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AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED,

A REPOSITORY OF
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DEVOTED TO

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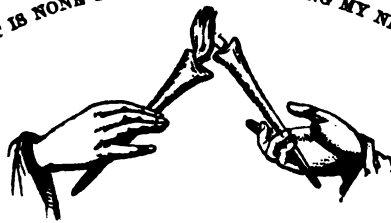
S. R. WELLS, EDITOR.

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1867.

MY LIGHT IS NONE THE LESS FOR LIGHTING MY NEIGHBOR'S.



DO UNTO OTHERS AS YE WOULD THEY SHOULD DO UNTO YOU.

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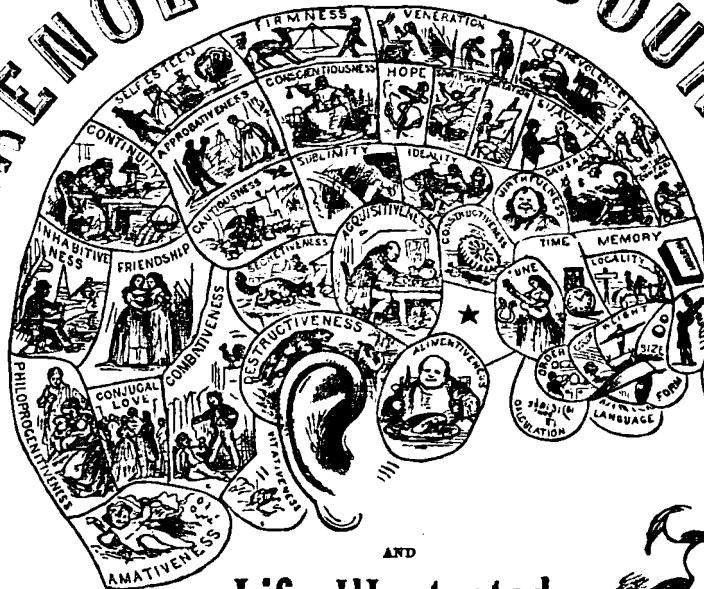
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PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL



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Life Illustrated,

FOR

S. R. WELLS, Editor.

1868.

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CALL

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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there; To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—Young.

MADAME ADELAIDE RISTORI.

So long as Shakspeare, Goldsmith, Corneille, Goethe, Schiller, Racine, and other dramatists are so universally read—so long as the human mind seeks entertainments and amusements—so long as man possesses a love for music, poetry, and oratory—so long as he possesses imitation, sympathy, affection, and love of art, so long will the theater, the opera, and the concert occupy a place in society. That there is any necessary connection between the drama and a low lewd life, we do not admit; but it is palpable that the theater, as conducted at the present day, almost everywhere, caters to *perverted* human nature. Contemplate the lascivious after-pieces, with their vulgar, bawdy, *double entendres*. Look at the ballet-dancers, with their immodest dresses and still more immodest gestures. Listen to the vulgar slang of the half-drunken clown. Lop off the excrescences, weed out the worthless parts, and what



PORTRAIT OF MADAME ADELAIDE RISTORI, MARCHIONESS CAPRANICA DEL GRILEN.

would be left on the common theatrical stage? Happily, now and then a moral, intellectual, and refined person, one who would do honor in any or every sphere of life, is to be found reflecting honor and sun-like radiance upon an otherwise decaying profession. We could name other ladies besides Madame Ristori who are believed to be of this description. But of the thousands who strut and blurt upon the boards, alas, how few there are who are not sadly perverted and hopelessly low! We say hopeless, knowing how strong the tendency downward is to those who are surrounded and impelled by such contaminating influences as pervade our play-houses. Look at the men play-actors. Who and what are they? Bloats, the majority of them. But this is not the place for a review of the theater. Let us look at Ristori.

Behold a woman! Not a weakly, effeminate, helpless, sickly apology of a woman, but a vigorous, healthy woman of mature years. Aside from her art, aside from her education and acquirements, taken simply as a human being, she is a rare specimen of an actress.

First, she is well; free from aches and pains. There is no whining, complaining, or unnecessary fault-finding. Her vital powers are ample—a good stomach, large heart, ample lungs. Being healthy, kindly, and loving, she is in feeling, hopeful, youthful, and joyous. The general make-up is symmetrical—in body, brain, and feature.

The brain is somewhat above the average in size, but the body is sufficient to support it, and its contour is at once shapely and womanly. Instead of rising prominently at the crown, which is peculiar to most men, her head is highest in the region of Benevolence and in Veneration. That is a fine top-head; the organs in the moral and spiritual group are prominent. The social group, comprising friendship, love of children, of friends, of home, and of husband, is well evinced, precisely as it should be in a woman.

The features, particularly from the nose up, are evidently like those of her father, whom she, no doubt, most resembles, and they seem to be massive and slightly masculine. Observe the very prominent nose, with something of the Roman in it, yet not enough to indicate belligerency. Observe the full and ample chin, the full lips and mouth, indicating vigor, strength, and affection. How prominently and evenly developed the entire forehead! Then note how well set and expressive the eye. It looks as though there were something above and behind it; and though the features be in perfect repose, such an eye would reveal the strong character of which it is the instrument. The head is broad at the temples between the ears, through Ideality, Constructiveness, and Sublimity, while Time, Tune, and Order are prominent. See how conspicuous the brow at Individuality, Size, Weight, Color, and Comparison! What a face to cut in marble! Ristori has been true to nature and herself. Her parentage, birth, education, and training have all been in the line of life she now leads, con-

sequently there is a oneness in both organization and character such as we seldom meet, and there is a pointedness and concentration of mind and spirit which make her what she is—the queen of the drama. The following biographical sketch must conclude our description of this gifted lady, whom weak and foolish people idolize.

BIOGRAPHY.

Madame Adelaide Ristori, Marchioness Capranica del Grillo, was born in 1826 at Civita di Friuli, which is on the border of northern Italy, between Venetia and Lombardy. Her parents were poor, and attached to a company of traveling comedians, called the Cavichi troupe. Her first appearance on the stage was at the very early age of two months, when she was introduced in a basket, in a play entitled "New Year's Gifts." In her fourth year she commenced to take child's parts, which she continued to do until twelve years of age, when the celebrated actor and director Moncalvo engaged her for *soubrette rôles*, under whose managership she made her first appearance, in 1840, as "Francesca di Rimini," in which character she achieved her first success and decided her future life.

Mademoiselle Ristori then abandoned her wandering life, and joined a theatrical company playing under the especial patronage of the King of Sardinia (Charles Albert, the father of the present king), under the directorship of Gaetano Bazzi, and with the advice and assistance of an admirable actress and estimable woman, Madame Carlotta Marchiona, under whose guidance she progressed rapidly.

In 1844, while at the theater of Livourne, Leghorn, Ristori may be said to have really commenced to establish her reputation in those wonderful creations which are now inseparably connected with her name as an accomplished actress. Henceforth her course was upward and onward to success.

In 1846, however, a marked epoch in Mademoiselle Ristori's life occurred. The Marquis Capranica del Grillo, the heir to one of the noblest Roman ducal families, became infatuated with the pretty young actress, and their marriage was solemnized shortly afterward. But the young heir had not obtained the consent of his parents to a match which they considered far below his station, and the consequence was a temporary estrangement between the families, which, happily, was soon restored. For a time succeeding her marriage Ristori withdrew from the stage, but returned to it as a tragic actress. Her success as a tragedian was not won in a single day. At first her impersonations in this new rôle were not very successful, but she studied to overcome the obstacles in her way, and at last was rewarded with a complete triumph, which was accorded for the first time on the occasion of her appearance in the character of "Francesca di Rimini," at the Italian opera-house in Paris, on the occasion of the opening of the *Exposition Universelle* in May, 1855. The audience that greeted the début was not a very large

one; but by chance Alexander Dumas, Eugene Scribe, and Jules Janin were present. On the next day the former wrote: "Last night I was at the representation of 'Francesca di Rimini' at the Salle Ventadour. I looked around the theater, but did not see Rachel. I beg that she will go and see how the death-scene is performed." M. Scribe called immediately on Ristori, and, in her absence, left his card, on which he inscribed: "Eugene Scribe, in acknowledgment of his admiration for Madame Ristori, and with thanks for the great pleasure he experienced last night." Jules Janin was the most enthusiastic in her favor. "Ristori, Ristori!" he wrote, "she is the rage of the day! She is tragedy itself. She is comedy itself. She is the drama. She reigns—she governs—she commands, and the crowd obeys." Her next appearance before a Parisian audience was in the more difficult part of "Myrrha"—a part in which the actress, as the impersonation of unnatural crime, has very little of the sympathy of the audience. But Ristori, true to the Grecian ideal, represented the guilty heroine as beautiful, with a dignity and grandeur almost divine, though the victim of unalterable fate. Her success was immense. The situation which she represented was one which is so common in Grecian tragedies—in which is portrayed the conflict of the heart as moved by human impulses, and the will as subject to destiny. She was no less successful as Mary Stuart, a character in which she was subject to comparison with other artists who had made the part peculiarly their own. But she created a new Mary Stuart, and her identity with the character was most complete.

The first season ended on the 10th of September. She gave thirty-six performances, the gross receipts of which amounted to half a million of francs. This success was so gratifying that she secured the theater for the three following years. During her residence in Paris she was the recipient of many generous testimonials of the estimation in which she was held by the most enlightened artists and literati of the country.

Ristori has met with the greatest success in England, Spain, Germany, and Russia, and her arrival in this country naturally excited great expectations. Her first appearance on the American stage was made on Thursday evening, the 20th of September, in the rôle of *Medea*, and her début was a perfect ovation. She has since made her appearance in the characters of Judith, Elizabeth, Francesca di Rimini, Phædre, Myrrha, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Mary Stuart, Deborah, Lady Macbeth, Bianca, Norma, and Semiramis, all with the greatest success.

The character of *Medea*, in which Ristori made her first appearance in this city, was a part refused by Rachel; but Ristori was so successful in this part, that the author of the play, M. Legouve, wrote in her album, "Rachel killed me; you have restored me to life."

Ristori has led an unblemished private life. Not even the breath of scandal has ever been raised against her. She is the mother of two interesting children, and is universally esteemed as a woman of piety and of generous instincts.

Madame Ristori is about five feet five inches in height, well formed, and compactly built, yet with that delicacy of complexion which one usually finds associated with elevation of mind and excellence of character. Her eyes are dark, soft, and subdued naturally, although when under the inspiration of tragic representation they glow with all the intensity of passionate emotion. Off the stage, she appears the quiet, dignified, courteous, yet modest and unassuming woman. The adulation received wherever she has favored an audience with her unsurpassed personations, has failed to render her vain or in the least degree pompous.

ONCE MORE—WHAT IS EDUCATION?

BY HON. JOHN NEAL.

Is *that* education which unfits a man for the business of life? that which breaks down his health and obliges him to become a teacher or a professor, that he may propagate error, and perpetuate the very system, whereby he has become emasculated?

Is *that* education, which, under the name of accomplishment, enfeebles the understanding, dissipates the time, and interferes continually with more serious occupation? Let us have embellishment, if you will—we need it, every hour and at every turn; let us have accomplishment, by all means, taking care that we do not misunderstand it for the business of life; unless we mean to be musicians or drawing-masters, linguists or riding-masters, professionally, which is making it a business, and a business worth following. In other words, as we can not hope to learn everything, or to be accomplished in everything, let us choose that for which we have most inclination, the inclination being almost always the evidence of inherent natural aptitude.

"Are you not ashamed to play so well?" said Philip to Alexander, on hearing him blow the flute like a master. And the same question, substantially, might be propounded to many of the accomplished around us, who, with something better to do, have wasted their time upon trifles, not for exercise, not for the wholesome purpose of recreation—as Dr. Beecher split wood or fiddled, or Jeremy Bentham played the organ, or John Pierpont turned little ivory boxes—not with a due regard to the proportions that should always be taken into view, between one study and another, or one amusement and another, when we consider that we have only so much time allowed us here; that every breath, every pulsation, is counted and predetermined for us, and that, inasmuch as we can not hope to be omniscient, whatever may be our inclinations or advantages, we should be satisfied with reasonable acquisitions.

It often happens that we ourselves do not know what we are good for. How, then, are others to know? Ask Phrenology.

Most men have to go through a long course of blundering experiment, only to be disappointed, baffled, and humiliated at every change, while the few, the very few, with a strong decided proclivity, launch into the very career a phrenologist would have recommended.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE NECESSARY TO A CHOICE.

We are to choose for ourselves among all the arts and sciences, and all the accomplishments of life; and choose at our peril, or life is a failure, if not altogether, at least so far as we have misapplied our faculties and our time.

How important, therefore, that we should understand ourselves; that we should know just what we are capable of, and what we are good for. And the sooner the better.

But how are we to know this? By interrogating Phrenology and Physiognomy, through the priesthood of these two sciences, and by studying *ourselves*, in the light of their experience. I know of no other way.

EDUCATED FOR AN EMERGENCY.

There is a story in the old "American Preceptor," or in "Webster's Third Part," I forget which, not having seen either for sixty years, which may serve the purpose of illustration. A vessel was wrecked upon some island inhabited by savages, with a terrible

reputation. A boat's crew and a few passengers reached the shore—I give the substance of the story, and only from recollection, without remembering the words. The savages gathered about them with fierce countenances and lifted spears; and having made prisoners of the whole party, among whom were scholars, and naturalists, and learned men, were holding a consultation together in a low voice, with gestures and looks not to be misunderstood. At this moment, a poor basket-maker, who happened to be among them, and who saw that they had no time to lose, if they hoped to conciliate the savages, began to make signs, which arrested their attention. First touching his head, then pointing to theirs, and then at a growth of tall sedge not far off—he signified his desire to gather some of it. Curious to see what he wanted to do, they signified their assent, and he soon gathered an armful of the flags, out of which he wove a tall showy cap, like a helmet, and placed it upon the head of the chief personage. He was delighted, and his followers were half crazy to see their leader crowned so adroitly, and so suddenly. The consequence was, that all the others, little and big, male and female, insisted on being capped and plumed in the same way. The basket-maker had his hands full. But what became of the others? of the scholars, and learned men, the sailors, and the naturalist? They were all spared for the sake of the poor basket-maker, who persuaded their captors that only a particular kind of sedge would answer his purpose, and that it would take all their time to hunt it up, if the manufacture was to be encouraged, and all the tribe furnished with caps. I dare say the story as I tell it now may be somewhat embellished, but as I have said before, it is the substance I am after, when I ask which of all this large party was the *educated* man? Of what use to all the others was all their learning and all their experience? By happening to understand the business of basket-making, the uneducated basket-maker, who it may well be supposed could neither read nor write, was able to save not only his own life, but the lives of all the rest. So far, then, was he not the only *educated* man of the whole?—educated, that is, for the emergency that had occurred.

Do not understand me to recommend the business of basket-making to everybody, without regard to his inclinations or aptitude; or the amusement of basket-making, to the overtasked theologian or professional man. No, indeed—not I—I should as soon think of recommending Latin and Greek, or the mathematics to everybody, either as a business, or by way of recreation. Of course, too, it will be seen at once that, under different circumstances, any of the others, even the sailors, might turn out to be the *educated*, and the only educated persons among those castaways.

ADVANTAGES OF MECHANICAL TRADE.

Another little anecdote, and we shall be prepared for a definition, and then, perhaps, the question propounded at the outset will have answered itself.

A vessel was captured by the Algerines and carried into port. On the prisoners being paraded before the Dey, they were severally questioned about their past lives and their occupations.

One was a sailmaker. The Dey ordered him off to the dockyard. Another was a cook, "Away with him to the bakery!" said His Highness; another was a carpenter, another a shoemaker, each of whom was instantly provided for. At last they came to a pale, cadaverous-looking body, who, when questioned as to what he was good for, answered that his pursuits were *sedentary*. "What kind of business is that?" said the Dey. On being answered through the interpreter or dragoman, that he made books, and wrote magazine sto-

ries for a living, the Dey ordered him a pair of feather breeches and set him to hatching chickens.

Of course, I shall not be understood to mean that everybody should learn everything, or that our unhappy author's education was neglected because he did not understand sail-making, nor the business of a pastry cook, nor that of a carpenter, or a shoemaker; I only mean to ask if, on the whole, a definition may not be supposed, and honestly accepted, whereby all the rest of the party might be shown to be educated men, while the book-wright was, for the time being at least, the *uneducated*?

THE DEFINITION.

To the question, therefore, which has been reiterated two or three times already, "What is education?" I answer, *that only is education which best fits a man for the discharge of all his duties in life, his duty to God, to his fellow-men, and to himself.*

Tried by this standard, how little is there of education among those who are called the educated! How little they know of themselves, how little of others, how much less of what may be regarded as the business of life, whereby children are to be trained, families provided for, and a worthy inheritance bequeathed to coming ages! What dreadful mistakes are made by having our business, our studies, and our opinions chosen for us, so that the professions are over-crowded, and ambitious young men are satisfied with being lawyers, or politicians, or doctors, or preachers, not because they have now, or ever had, a predilection for either pursuit, but because they are fitted for nothing else, want to be genteel and fashionable, and are, on the whole, rather proud of their helplessness, and small feet and dainty hands, and are not ashamed of being paupers—family paupers, at the best.

HOW TO CHOOSE A PURSUIT.

These considerations have now brought us to another stage of our inquiry. As we can not learn everything, and are not always able to choose for ourselves—to choose wisely, I mean—what are we to do, that our faculties may not run to waste? that our talents, whether many or few, may not be buried in a napkin, only to be reproduced at the Great Day, when to have been "too late" will bring down upon our heads a retribution too terrible to be thought of.

I answer. We are to study ourselves; and as I have said before, by the acknowledged lights of Phrenology and Physiognomy. Let us beware of undertaking too much. One step at a time is always enough; and one thing at a time, if by *thing* we may understand serious occupation, such as may be long continued, and is fitted by the elective affinities to link itself with other cognate pursuits, like parts of a dislocated map, till the student becomes a cyclopedia for himself, by a sort of spontaneous growth—supposing always that he does no violence to his own predilections, and is faithful to the suggestions of his understanding and conscience.

A MODEL SCHOOL.

And here let me give another very brief illustration. About five and forty years ago, Mr. Hill, an English barrister, son of the celebrated Rowland Hill, and the originator of cheap postage, set up a school at Bruze Castle, in England, where the scholars were encouraged to sit in judgment on themselves, and to govern themselves as a community. Though everything was taught which was deemed indispensable and gentlemanly, at Harrow and Eton and other like institutions, there was no *forcing*, and no exclusive standard of scholarship. A young man was not obliged to be either a mathematician or a blockhead, as at

Yale, where John Pierpont himself passed for a nobody, because he fell behind with his demonstrations, or at West Point, or at the Naval Academy, as well as at Cambridge and Oxford, where not to be a mathematician was to be unfitted for all the best business of life, yet, under another aspect, almost everything was taught; for in addition to their common school studies, which, of course, were to be pursued without much reference to aptitude or inclination, the boys were encouraged to try their hands, out of school hours, upon anything they had a fancy for.

Some betook themselves to whittling, and made kites, and cross-bows, built houses and boats; others to drawing or modeling in clay; others to dancing, or swimming, or rowing, and so on, till it was found, first, that there were no idlers; next, that constitutional preferences were continually declaring themselves, in a way not to be misunderstood; and thirdly, that in all these different occupations there was a continual reaching after the unattainable—in other words, after excellence, and a rivalry so generous, that every boy in the school seemed to share in the triumph of his companions, whatever might be the nature of their achievements. There seemed to be little or no jealousy, or heart-burning; but inasmuch, as even the dullest and slowest were always found to be good for something, and often capable of doing, in some way, what many of the brightest and cleverest could not do, all were encouraged and strengthened into self-respect and self-reliance.

PHRENOLOGY APPLIED UNAWARES.

Here we have the great leading principles of Phrenology reduced to practice; and that *unintentionally*, by a man, who, with all his vast comprehensiveness and foresight, had never made himself acquainted with Phrenology, or, at any rate, who had no idea of working out the great problems involved in that science, at Bruce Castle. And yet he did all this—and most effectually, so that the demonstration, though quite overlooked at the time, was complete and satisfactory to all who had made themselves acquainted with the system.

But how did he manage to stifle the instincts of jealousy, and to bring about such a feeling of brotherhood? *Simply by having many standards of excellence, instead of one.*

For example. The boy who wrote Latin verses would receive a certificate with a number upon it, corresponding to the degree of excellence. Another would have a similar certificate for good behavior, for reading, writing, or arithmetic; another for boat-building, another for playing the flute, another for gymnastics, etc., etc.

At the end of a month, all these items were added together, and as it was quite certain that no scholar would carry off the prizes in morals and manners, in languages and mathematics, in horsemanship and rowing, every one had a chance of being first in something; and as a matter of fact, almost every one proved to be first in something—if it were only at cricket, or in manifestations of bodily strength, or swiftness of foot.

Superadded to all this, however, was a system of self-government, which contributed to the growth of their conscientiousness and self-respect day by day.

Courses of inquiry were organized; judges or advocates and prosecutors appointed—or chosen, rather—and all offenses against morals or manners, or against what was understood as the common law of the school, were patiently tried, and upon conviction, the parties were fined, and the fines were deducted from the merit marks of the month or quarter, according to circumstances.

This beautiful system—so wise in itself, and so satisfactory in its results, year after year, has

been suffered to die out, probably on account of the death or absence of the originator. But something of its inherent vitality may still exist there as here.

THE ROUND-HILL SCHOOL.

It was introduced at Round Hill in this country, and the book, which the Messrs. Hills (brothers) published, giving the details of their system, ought to be in the hands of all our reformers and philanthropists, for the authors gave me two or three hundred copies for distribution, which I sent home while I was in England and had scattered "broadcast," as Mr. Everett would say, East, West, North, and South, all over the land.

But the Round-Hill Institution is no more; and although it did wonders for a time, I have had no opportunity of verifying there what I know happened over sea; nor do I know how much of the system was adopted, nor whether it was abandoned or improved upon here. But this I do know—that the Bruce Castle system ought to be substantially the groundwork of all our school education, from the lowest to the highest; for in no other way can the youth of our present generation ever become acquainted with themselves, before they are old enough to study Phrenology—or Physiognomy, which, after all, includes Phrenology so far as its external evidences are concerned, and lies within reach of all, without much regard to their ages, or qualifications, or opportunities.

THE INEVITABLE RECOURSE.

But if all our institutions of learning are so pitifully deficient; if our systems of education are so preposterous, and if there is no such school now upon the face of the earth as the Hills established at Bruce Castle—what are we to do?

We are to try our hands at *self-education*. But how?

In the first place, we are to make up our minds—we are to satisfy ourselves, once for all, about the meaning of the word *education*. Would it be education for a fisherman to be familiar with Latin, or Greek, or Hebrew? or with the laws of versification? If he were a whaler, to be sure, with a plenty of leisure and a long voyage before him, he might be encouraged—or if not encouraged, allowed—to study Hebrew or logarithms, if he had a fancy for either; provided, nevertheless, that he had first learned all that would be a help to him in the business of whale-fishing—navigation, for example, geography, and the relation of demand and supply, at least of spermaceti, in all the markets of the world; just as Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, might be indulged in studying fifteen or twenty different languages, after he had learnt all that could be of use to him in shoeing horses or tiring wheels—so long as he stuck to the forge and anvil. Or how much advantage would it be to a shoemaker to write poetry, to the neglect of his proper business, like Robert Bloomfield? And yet, if he had leisure, and a sincere relish for poetry, like Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, why should he not be encouraged? It might prolong his life, and make him a better shoemaker, by making him a happier man. We are to cultivate *all* our faculties, we are to cherish all our wholesome propensities, *if we can*, that is, if we have time for such self-indulgence, without sacrificing higher purposes. Otherwise, we are to subordinate even our aptitudes and preferences to the great business of life.

SOUND COUNSEL.

2ndly. We are to get introduced to ourselves, by studying Phrenology to begin with. But how?

If you happen to find yourself in New York, drop into Fowler & Wells, and get a chart of your character; buy a phrenological cast of the

life-size, with the organs carefully-marked and the groups colored, if such a thing is to be had.

3rdly. You must have a copy of the "New Physiognomy," by S. R. Wells, and study it carefully—I do not say *read* it—for the same reason that I would not say *read* a treatise on fluxions; but I say, *study* it carefully and patiently.

4thly. Subscribe for the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, and read it every month. This will keep you prepared, or booked up, as they have it on 'change, for whatever new discoveries may be made.

5thly. If you can not afford all this, even for so worthy an object as self-education, or if your circumstances will not allow you to visit New York, then go to the best practical phrenologist you can hear of, and get your head examined, and then call together two or three friends who may be disposed to put themselves in training, and send for the book and the JOURNAL, by mutual contribution. After which, you will soon find out what you are capable of, and may act accordingly. For your encouragement, allow me to mention a little circumstance which occurred more than forty years ago. I had an examination, by Deville, of the Strand, London, who told me that I wanted firmness, or, rather, that the organ of Firmness was deficient, or undeveloped. Nobody had ever suspected this before. I had often shown great firmness, and was even thought obstinate by some of my dearest friends. Nevertheless, I knew better; I had always had my misgivings, when great perseverance was called for, though I often persisted, under the most discouraging circumstances, till there were those who thought they knew me best, who used to say that one might as well undertake to turn the sun from its course with a straw, as me from any purpose I had once deliberately entered upon. And yet, if Deville was to be believed—if Phrenology was true, I wanted *firmness*! Deville was right! My perseverance was owing to the action of other organs—to self-esteem—to approbation—to the dread I had of myself; for I distrusted myself; I knew my own weakness, and often persevered, long after I wanted to give up, just as I have struck a bully when I felt pale and my teeth almost chattered, because I had not a tenth part of the personal courage that others gave me credit for, when, as a matter of fact, I was afraid of myself—afraid to be magnanimous, lest, upon after self-examination, I might find that my forbearance had been cowardice. And what has been the result? At this moment I have a large development of Firmness, a bunch half the size of a pigeon's egg, just where Deville found a smooth, plain surface, at the time I speak of.

But enough; what I have said about your JOURNAL, and about Mr. Wells's book, must have taken you by surprise; but knowing what I do, and believing what I do, I could not withhold what I believe to be the only means within reach for those who desire to educate themselves in the best possible way, in the shortest possible time, and the least possible cost.

Conclusion of the whole. Bear in mind, 1stly that what our young people are now, that will our country be, after a few years. Hence their duty.

2dly. That most people spend the greater part of their lives in a course of blundering, hazardous, and costly experiment, while trying to find out what they are good for—in other words, *what they are capable of*.

3dly. That if we would know the truth of ourselves, we must interrogate Phrenology, and follow out her teachings, as we would a course of religious training, after we had once become satisfied of the truth. And,

4thly. That the more we do, the more we may. Q. E. D.

On Psychology.

The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes infinite,
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless inner sight;
Lovely, but solemn it arose,
Unfolding what no more might close.—Mrs. Hemans.

THE MIND.

Within the brain lie mighty powers,
If rightly used on earth,
Which the immortal soul endows
With an imperial worth.

But if perverted be those powers
To weak and selfish ends,
'Twere better for this world of ours
If thou hadst never been.

Bridle thy selfish, sinful thoughts,
And tightly hold the rein,
For earnest zeal and faithful prayer
The wildest passions tame.

High in the dome is prayer and faith,
Should they not guide the soul?
While Conscientiousness holds place,
Each organ to control.

MARY E. B.

OBEYING A PRESENTIMENT.

A YOUNG lawyer, who had chambers in the Temple, had a nodding acquaintance with an old gentleman living on the same staircase. The old man was a wealthy old bachelor, and had a place in the country, to which he went for a week every Easter. His servants had charge of the place while he was away—an old married couple who had lived with him for twenty-seven years, and were types of the fine old English domestic. One Easter Tuesday the young lawyer was astonished to find the old gentleman on his Temple staircase, and made some remark about it. The old man asked him into his room, and said he had received a fearful shock. He had gone down, as usual, to his country place, had been received with intense cordiality, had found his dinner cooked to perfection, and everything as it had been from the beginning. When the cloth was removed, his faithful butler put his bottle of port on the table, and made the customary inquiries about master's health, hoped master was not fatigued by the journey, had enjoyed his cutlet, and so on. The old gentleman was left alone, his hand was on the neck of the bottle of port, when it suddenly flashed across his mind, "Here I am, a lonely old man; no one cares for me: there is no one here to help me if anything should happen to me. What if my old servant and his wife have been cheating and robbing me all this time? What if they want to get rid of me and have poisoned this bottle of wine?" The idea took hold of him so strongly that he could not touch his port. When the man came in again, he said he did not feel well, would have a cup of tea; no, he would have a glass of water and go to bed. In the morning he rang his bell, but no one answered. He got up, found his way down stairs; the house was empty—his two faithful old servants had vanished. And when he came to look further,

he found that his cellar, which ought to have contained two or three thousand pounds' worth of wine, was empty, and the bottle they had brought him the last night *was* poisoned.—*London Cornhill Magazine.*

MAN, THE FREE AGENT!

"THE world is what we make it." Each one of its denizens has to a great extent his destiny in his own hands. Fate is but a relic of heathenism, cherished by some in these days of metaphysical enlightenment. We can, if we will, control our own circumstances, and we do. There are men who say that they are *obliged* to do this or that by the mere force of concurrent events, and that it is impossible to avoid a particular result. In one respect, this is a virtual rejection of a great principle of human being—man's free agency. To say, "I am a creature of circumstance," is substantially declaring myself a feather in the breeze—a cork in the stream—a machine—a mere walking and talking automaton. It is to declare myself an irresponsible entity, a slave of fate. Away with such reflections—they are unworthy of a man! No, there is no man sunk so low in moral depravity, so hemmed in by brutalizing surroundings, who does not arrogate to himself individuality of opinion, individuality of interest, and a certain degree of independence of action. This would be best manifested by the attempt to restrict his liberty of action, or to convince him of weakness and servility. Go to the thief in prison and say to him, "Poor fellow, you are here by the absolute concurrence of events." He will answer, "Get out! I am here for stealing a thousand dollars, which I preferred to take in that way rather than to earn it by honest effort." The whole Scripture record, from Genesis to Revelation, abounds with evidences both illustrative and argumentative of man's free agency; the Spirit of God is given man, when he has made choice of the good, to aid him in carrying out his resolution. Man is held accountable for his acts, by his Maker, only on the ground of his individual will, and it is only so that he could be held responsible by a just God. Reason and Revelation are here in perfect correspondence.

Apart from the sphere of religion, men universally acknowledge their independence of choice. We daily hear men saying, "If I had done so and so, as I had opportunity, instead of doing as I have done, I would have secured such and such results;" thus perceiving and testifying to the freedom of choice which they possess. We at times hesitate long on the threshold of some undertaking, which we deem important, before coming to a determination, feeling that we hold results in our hands; and if our election is unfortunate in the results obtained, our intelligence does not suggest to us that Providence is against us, but that our failure is attributable to some carelessness or

oversight on our own part. Providence is against nobody. God and nature fight only against those who take up arms against God and nature, and refuse to be governed by the laws which regulate the universe. St. James enunciates this idea when he says, "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God; for God can not be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man, but every man is tempted when he is drawn away of *his own lust* and enticed." This of *his own lust* indicates the man's individuality of action. Things in nature, as ascertained by man, work by fixed laws, and can it be that man, the noblest work of God, is less considered than the mere herb or beast? Our reason and our experience indignantly answer No! We are conscious of the ability to attain to a higher degree of happiness than our present condition recognizes; and that by a closer conformity to the apparent rules and regulations which govern human being. We are not surprised when informed that this or that man is healthy and vigorous, when we know he is judicious in the choice of his food and prudent in his mental and physical exercises. To be healthy, we must live healthfully, avoiding extremes in all things. As with the physical man, so with the spiritual man. There will be health and vigor of mind and spirit in proportion as we observe the laws which govern *spiritual* being. To obtain a knowledge of these laws, we must study the Book of revelation and the book of nature, the former especially, and cull therefrom what is "written for our learning."

H. S. D.

VENTILATING A CAR.—Prof. Hamilton, the horse tamer, of Hagerstown, Indiana, is an original genius, and as fond of a joke as he is of fresh air. The other day on the train going home from Cincinnati, he tried to raise a window in the car where he was sitting, and could not move it. He called the conductor to assist him, but with no better result. Instantly he knocked the pane of glass out with his cane, saying, "Now we will have a little fresh air." "Sir," said the conductor, "you must pay for that." "How much?" asked the professor. "One dollar," answered the conductor. Prof. Hamilton passed him a two dollar bill. The conductor was about to hand back a dollar in change, when the cool tamer of wild animals quietly said: "Never mind, I'll take another pane," and with another stroke of his cane let God's atmosphere in through a second window. "Well," exclaimed the conductor, "you can't have any more at that price. It's not first cost."

[In the present improved modes of constructing railway carriages there would seem to be little to complain of. The facilities for ventilation certainly appear sufficient, but the trouble generally is, that after a car has been running a little while, the ventilating apparatus becomes unmanageable. To obtain a breath of fresh, cool air for oneself and our panting fellow-travelers, we have more than once tugged at a window sash, and found it either immovable or so tight as to require unusual effort to raise it.]

On Physiology.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—*Cubensis.*

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—*Isaiah* iv. 6.

AN APPEAL TO SEXTONS.

O sextons of our churches—who light the fires and gas, Remember we are mortals! and that all flesh is grass; Have mercy on our noses, and turn the gas screws tightly—

If you would have us come to church and learn to walk uprightly.

We know you sweep and dust the churches; at least we suppose so—

But sometimes we are skeptical when the dust flies in our nose so;

We know your salary's small—that in all sorts of weather

You come and go, through rain or snow, for many days together;

But, sextons, O forgive us! if now we dare to mention, That air costs nothing, and demands your most profound attention.

It raps against the window panes, in pity on the people; It never sleeps, but as it sweeps and roars above the steeple,

It wonders how the sexton can the audience so stifle; It screams out loud and lustily that murder is no trifle— To breathe each other's breath (and none are sweet as roses)—

Breath scrofulous, breath feverish, that oft regales our noses

Some fifty times a minute, while we in church are sitting.

Gasping and yawning, fidgeting, our thoughts from sermon flitting.

O sextons! you are certainly the blindest, queerest fellows,

If not aware that all our lungs are simply human bellows, By which the fire of life is kept both bright and strongly blazing.

Then how can bellows blow, if there's no air to raise 'em. Have mercy on us, sextons, and do let down the windows, Or else we'll be quite well inclined to deem you worse than Hindoos.

Air is to us as necessary as milk is to a baby, We can not live without it—sextons can, it may be.

If we can't breathe, what care we for Apolloes— Paul speaks in vain, for we are all somnoles; What eloquence can reach a sinner when he's soundly sleeping?

He heeds no solemn warning—no friend who may be weeping.

Let down the window, sexton! see how the preacher brightens

With thoughts that breathe and words that burn! now scathes, and now enlightens;

Behold the thoughtless waken, no longer wait and falter, But listening to those brilliant words resolve their lives to alter.

OBSERVER.

By one who has suffered for want of breath,
And who does not care to choke to death.

HEALTH AT HOME; OR, HYGIENE IN ITS PERSONAL AND HOUSE- HOLD RELATIONS

BY JOHN H. GRISCOM, M.D.

To be well is to be happy, and to be happy is to be virtuous. The corollary deducible from this axiom is, that ill health produces unhappiness and leads to misery and vice. This is equally true of individuals and communities—single families, villages, cities, and states. It has been well said that "the sources of fever and crime are identical," in other words, that a people,

community, or family exposed to general causes of ill-health will be found careless, reckless, indifferent to order and virtue, and hence prone to misdeeds.

Take for instance a single household with every member in the enjoyment of robust strength, good appetites and digestion, sound sleep, and not afraid of exercise and open air; such will, as a general rule, be good-natured, free from depression, ready to participate in any good work, agreeable in social life, industrious, and hence prosperous, minding their own business, and therefore virtuous. On the contrary, how different, in almost every one of these particulars, are those with whom sound health is the exception and not the rule! Even when a single individual in a family is sickly, and requires more attention than the others, how does it detract not only from his or her comfort and ability, but from those of every other member of the household having the least interest in the invalid! A restraint, greater or less, is thereby placed upon all in health—their freedom of action is curtailed, and their natures, restricted of their usual exercise, find vent in irritable tempers, restless deportment, and discomfort to themselves and others, only to be avoided by that rare virtue, rigid self-control.

It is therefore a duty for every one to keep well, to avoid whatever may produce sickness, not only for their own sake, but that of those upon whom they must be dependent in case of illness. In proportion to the number sick in a family, are all these discomforts increased and aggravated; and it is easy to see that in a family in which the time and attention of one half the members are demanded for the nursing of the other half, the affairs of all must be more or less disarranged and neglected, and evils, more or less serious, of a moral as well as physical character, must ensue.

How to keep well is therefore a most important study for every individual, whether in a private or family relation; and in a brief series of articles it is proposed to present a few plain facts and illustrations, relating to some of the more frequent and manifest causes of ill-health, prevalent in the households of our land, and to point out the means of avoiding much of the sickness which prevails; in other words, *How to keep the doctor out of the house.*

It is to be observed, in the first place, that every animal on the surface of the globe is dependent for its life upon two things, which are always immediately and absolutely essential—without which it can not live. These are *Air* and *Food*. There are two other influences, which, though not essential to animal life, are necessary for the maintenance of good health and a vigorous, active existence, viz., *Light* and *Exercise*.

These will be treated of in the order thus given:

1st, *Air*. The very first action of an animal on being ushered into independent existence is to inhale a portion of the great ocean of air which surrounds the globe. This ocean is estimated to be not less than forty miles in depth, and at the bottom of it we are placed, so that its whole weight, known to be about fifteen pounds upon every square inch of the earth's surface, may be exerted to force its way into the deepest recesses

of the lungs. The instant that the mouth of a new-born animal is exposed to the air, the pressure of the latter is exerted upon it, and by the expansion of the chest a certain volume rushes in and enters deep into its organism, and this action is continued at the average rate of eighteen times a minute, until the last moment of life.

This single fact is of itself sufficient to prove to even the most thoughtless, that the air which surrounds us is of the first consequence to life, and that its purity is of essential importance to health. While in theory these truths may be universally admitted, in practice there are few facts so generally disregarded. It is remarkable that only within a comparatively recent period in the history of science have the mutual relations of the air and the body become fully understood. As late as 1665 it was stated, in a discourse on Respiration, by the President of the College of Physicians of London, himself a Fellow of the Royal Society, that, "it is not to this day known, or concluded on among physicians, *nor to be done either*, how the action is managed by nature, or for what use it is."

In the infancy of physiological science we can admit this statement of the then ignorance of physicians on this important subject, but we can not so easily forgive the temerity of the assertion, that this item of knowledge was never to be acquired, which is evidently the meaning of the above words, quoted from *Pepys' Memoirs*. Now, every school boy and girl, whose teacher has had the good sense to instruct them in the elements of Anatomy and Physiology, knows "how the action of respiration is managed by nature," and "for what use it is."

We know that the action of the chest in taking in and throwing out air is on precisely the same principle as that of the bellows in blowing a fire. We expand the chest, as we pull apart the sides of the bellows, by muscular force, and the vacuum thus created enables the air to force its way in by its own pressure, through the mouth and nostrils in the one case, and through the valve and nozzle in the other. The chest, like the bellows, becomes thus filled with air, which is forced out again after it has done its work inside; the chest is reduced in size by muscular contraction, and the air forced out, just as we force it from the bellows by pressing its sides together.

The amount of air inhaled at each expansion of the chest averages about one pint, and we therefore imbibe eighteen pints each minute, or 1,080 pints every hour, making about fifty hogs-heads every twenty-four hours. This great amount is necessary for every human being of average age, to sustain his life and health.

Can any one believe that this enormous amount of air is taken into the body in such a continual stream without some exceedingly important work to perform? And what is that work? For what purpose does the atmosphere, without any thought or care on our part, force its way down deep into our living frames? Surely it must be for something more than the mere pleasurable sensation of breathing, which, with a different construction (like that of the fish, for instance), we might never have known, and would therefore not have missed.

The answer to this question is, in truth, connected with the very existence of our lives from moment to moment. Let any one attempt to close his mouth and nostrils for thirty seconds, and he will realize how essential is every single act of breathing to his comfort, to say nothing of his existence.

In proportion to the importance of this question has been the depth of the knowledge of chemistry and physiology necessary for its answer; but modern science has fully unraveled the great secret which, less than two centuries ago, it was thought never would be revealed; and we can now give the solution in a few words.

The principal objects of the atmosphere, in its relation to animals, are two, viz.:

First. *The conversion of the food into blood.*

Second. *The continual purification of the blood.*

There is another result of respiration, which, though quite as important as these, may be called *secondary*, inasmuch as it flows, as it were, from the second one above mentioned; it is, the maintenance of the warmth of the body.

These general results of inhalation of the atmosphere which surrounds us in limitless abundance, will be hereafter considered more in detail, and we conclude this article with this double axiom:

The air was made for the lungs, and the lungs were made for the air, as certainly as the eye for the light, and the light for the eye, and it is as absurd as it is unnatural to separate them.

MUSICAL NATIONALITY.—Among the nations of antiquity, the people of Judea were, perhaps, the greatest cultivators of music. Their temple worship was on the largest scale of musical magnificence; and for that worship they had the two most magnificent instruments known to antiquity—the trumpet and the harp. In later times, the horn is the instrument of the Swiss and Tyrolean mountaineers. Its long and wild modulations, its powerful tones, and its sweet and melancholy simplicity, make it the congenial instrument of loftiness, solitude, and the life of shepherds. The guitar is the natural instrument of a people like those of the Peninsula—the piano like those of England and America. The lightness, yet tenderness of a guitar, its depth of harmony, yet elegance of touch, its delicacy of tone, yet power of expression, adapt it to a race of men who love pleasure, yet hate to toil in its pursuit.

The rich genius of Ireland has transmitted to us some of the noblest strains in the world. But they are essentially strains of the harp—the modulations of a hand straying at will among a rich profusion of sounds, and inspiring them with taste, feeling, and beauty.

The violin is Italian in its birth, its powers, and its style—subtle, sweet, and brilliant—more immediately dependent on the mind than any other instrument—inferior to the voice in vividness, and superior to all else in tone, flexibility, and grace. The violin has a soul, and that soul is Italian.—*Watson's Art Journal.*

Our Social Relations.

Oh, happy they—the happiest of their kind—
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.—*Thomson.*

OUR NEIGHBOR—WHO IS HE?

BY MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLIS.

THAT'S what we would like to know. "Who is our neighbor?" and what are we expected to render up to him as our quota of the great "internal revenue" system of every-day life? In the country, everybody is supposed to be your neighbor, as far as you can see the smoke curling up from red-brick chimney tops or hear the cheerful sound of Sabbath-bells; in the city, the man that lives next door to you has no title to the name, for ten to one you know no more about him than you do about the Emperor of China. Is it the man who leaves his card at our front door once in a twelvemonth, and invites us to a party once in eighteen? Or is it the woman who "runs in" with her knitting and repertoire of scandal so perniciously often, that, contrary to the established rules of cause and effect, it seems as if she "runs out" again only one half as frequently? Is it the people who are forever watching our proceedings from the half-closed slats of their Venetian shutters—who practice the private detective system, and know to an ounce how much mutton you consume, whether you eat fish on Fridays, and how often your cook enjoys a "Sunday out?" Or is it the good soul who comes to tell you, in a spirit of the greatest kindness and affection, that deacon So and So thinks you little short of a heathen because you attend divine service only once a day instead of twice, and that Mrs. Faultfind says you really ought to give up wearing that old suit that looks as if it might have come out of the Ark?

After all, we don't think that good Samaritan, who figured in the early dawn of the Christian centuries, deserved so much credit. It was only subscribing to a charitable institution in embryo, and contributing a little oil and wine. Oil and wine don't cost much now-a-days, and charitable institutions are thicker than hops; but who can describe the amount of moral and mental heroism it takes to endure the neighbor of modern times, who is perpetually touching you up on the sorest points and overturning your most cherished projects and tormenting you with a dull repetition of platitudes, until you are ready to say with poor Rebekah, "I am weary of my life!"

Are we not all uncredited "good Samaritans" to a certain degree? If not, then there is no such thing as poetical justice in the world.

"Do be neighborly!" says the representative man or woman of this irritating class of society, which, freely translated, means "Do give up all your originality and individuality, and yield yourself a meek sacrifice to their claims." It means that you should hold yourself in readiness to be invaded at all times and

seasons—that you give up your delicious book or no less delicious reverie to "drop in socially" and hear about the children's measles and the price of tallow, starch, and candles—that you trim yourself off exactly according to their pattern, and attire yourself, figuratively speaking, precisely to their key-note!

No! better far a cheerful and contented existence in the Owhyhee Islands, where, at least, you can preserve your identity, untroubled by the vague doubt "whether I be I"—which assailed the old woman famed in nursery lore—than this state of "neighborly" servitude. Better a crust of bread in your own garret, with your old coat worn in your own way, than a banquet which imperatively involves a surrender of your pet characteristics, and a clanking of allegorical chains.

If one could only reduce society to an association, and pay in one's quarterly dues to be rid of the false and hollow things, what sum of money would be too formidable to purchase peaceable exemption? But, alas! no such compromise can be effected. We must pay, in our own selves—in the precious portions of our lives that can not be coined or minted. My neighbor is a conscienceless vampyre, who is content to prey upon humanity alone! Like Shylock, nothing but his "pound of flesh" will satisfy him!

Again, there are no clearly defined limits to endurance. My neighbor is to me what the ocean was to King Canute, and there is no more help for me than there was for his Saxon majesty! What do I owe him? How far am I to sacrifice my own rights and possessions to his? How am I to discriminate between my neighbor and the herd of social impostors that sail under the same colors? If he comes to me, seedy and importunate, and wants, in a husky whisper, to borrow five dollars (which he is certain of being able to repay next week), am I to ignore the fact that he has done the same thing half a dozen times before, without the least symptom of reimbursement, and lend him the five dollars, thereby nipping the tender bud of a new hat for myself? And if he comes the next week and wants five more, what then? Or, supposing me to be a woman and a housekeeper, am I obliged to get out my best china, and rub up my nicest silver, and sacrifice all manner of light biscuit and amber jelly and fragrant oolong to the social Moloch, once in so often? Shall I give up all my nicely planned morning, and let baking, washing, and mending go at loose ends, during all the weary hours that these tyrants choose to exact from me? I may declare stoutly that I won't, but then I know that's all mere empty sound and fury! When next my neighbor comes in her panoply of bonnet, shawl, and card-case, I shall go meekly down and lay my head under the Juggernaut wheels just the same as ever!

Slavery is not entirely abolished just yet! I am a slave, and so are you, unsuspecting reader, and Congress don't recognize our rights to relief!

Our social life is just at present slightly tintured with the universal essence of humbug, and we confess to a rabid desire for Reconstruction. We should like to shake "Our Neighbor" into his proper place—to keep meddling gossips at a distance, and set wearisome twaddlers at defiance, and boldly assert our own individual privileges. Our Neighbor should be the poor and suffering who have fallen by the wayside; has not the Saviour himself spoken it? he should be the weak-hearted and struggling in the great strife of existence—the bereaved and desolate! We need such neighbors as this, to keep alive the charity and tenderness that God implanted in our hearts. We need neighbors whose natures are congenial with our own—whose noble qualities excite our affectionate emulation—who are not afraid to tell us our faults and virtues alike, and who will love us and trust us through good and ill report! Not mere "fair-weather" neighbors, who guage us by money and rank, but strong, true hearts on which we may lean without fear of wearying or changing the steadfast support! Have not we all one such neighbor, to whom we may confide our troubles and carry our trials, confident of help and tenderness? And when we ask ourselves, "What is my duty toward my neighbor?" can we do better than remember what He was to the blind and the maimed, the poor and the outcast?

If we were all just such neighbors as God meant us to be, what a cosy, comfortable sort of world this would be to live in! There would be no quarreling, no discord, no petty jarring of the sweet bells of humanity! But just so long as I coax up my little selfishness, and he indulges his darling egotism, so long will my neighbor and I secretly yawn over each other's dullness and grumble, *sotto voce*, at the social arrangements that bring us into perpetual contact! And we shall both be to blame, and there will be no help for either of us!

"FOREVER THINE."

BY H. M. G.

"Forever thine," whate'er this heart betide,
"Forever thine," where'er our lot be cast;
Fate that may rob us of all wealth beside,
Shall leave us love till life itself be past.

The world may wrong us—we will brave its hate;
False friends may change, and false hopes decline;
Though bowed by cankering care, we'll smile at fate,
Since thou art mine, beloved, and I am thine.

Forever thine, when circling years have spread
Time's snowy blossoms o'er thy placid brow,
When youth's rich glow its purple light is fled,
And *lilies* bloom where *roses* flourish now.

Say! shall I love thy fading beauty less,
Whose spring-tide radiance has been wholly mine?
No! come what will, thy steadfast truth I'll bless,
In youth, in age, thine own, forever thine!

Forever thine at evening's dewy hour,
When gentle hearts to tenderest thoughts incline;
When balmy odors from each closing flower
Are breathing round me, thine, forever thine!

HE who never changed an opinion, never corrected any of his errors.



PORTRAIT OF REV. F. MAHONY—"FATHER PROUT."

REV. F. MAHONY—"FATHER PROUT."

THIS countenance beamed with good humor. There was a vein of the jolly closely interwoven with his mental and moral organization. His imagination was extensive and varied, as indicated by the wide-spread head in the regions of Ideality, Sublimity, Causality, and Mirthfulness. He could live in his thoughts and imaginations, and enjoy himself.

His nature was evidently an emotional and sensitive one, deeply impressed with a high sense of honor and integrity, and at all times alive to the claims of truth and propriety; but his Caution was not so influential as to cast a shadow over his love of the humorous, and to check his tendencies to an indulgence in the laughter provoking. His Benevolence was large, leading him to active charity, yet he would look upon poverty, squalor, and rags through the telescope of a good-nature, radiating warmth and cheerfulness.

He possessed large Hope, which gave to his disposition that earnestness of happy expectation which seemed to shed sunbeams wherever he went.

Possessing a large intellect, he appreciated keenly the merits of literature. There would be breadth and depth of thought in his composition—sound sense, sharpness, and the logic of utility in his sayings.

His head had considerable breadth in the region of Secretiveness and Acquisitiveness, showing that he was politic, shrewd, and economical, not caring to waste his time, or make any expenditure of mental or physical effort without its conducing to some substantial result.

He was evidently social in his tendencies; strongly appreciative of the good things of the table, and disposed to fraternize with those who did not look upon life from the restricted stand-point of the probationist. There was, in his opinion, something worth living for in this world, much of happiness to be experienced and afforded, and all things considered, he was one who would seek to live, not as an ascetic, but well and happily.

BIOGRAPHY.

Rev. Francis Mahony, better known as "Father Prout," whose death in Paris was recently announced, was a remarkable character. He was born in Cork, Ireland, and received his education at the hands of the Jesuits in France, but he cared less for religion than literature, and to the latter he mainly devoted his life. He soon became a leading member of that curious body known as Bohemians, his pungent wit and marvelous facility in writing giving him ready access to magazines and public journals.

He made his home in Paris, where his slashing Irish wit and rollicking Irish humor made him the nucleus of a large circle of admirers. His animal spirits were so exuberant, that when he got a chance to exercise his wit, his hitting was reckless. He lived by his intimate acquaintance with the poets and wits of classical antiquity, and showed great ingenuity in tasteful or whimsical applications of quotations to the occasion of the hour. But he had higher claims to the favorable regard of his contemporaries. Though not a great original genius, he was a genuine humorist in his own peculiar way, an able champion of the liberal cause in politics, social ethics, and religion, a pleasant comrade, and a man of genial, kindly temper.

The greater portion of his life's labors took the form of letters published in the London *Daily News* and *Globe*, wherein for twenty years he discussed the passing topics of the day. He was for a time a regular contributor to "Fraser's Magazine," in which his spirited and witty articles, written in the interest of the Tories, gained much popularity. Here he came into opposition with such liberal writers as Tom Moore and Sydney Smith, at whom his criticisms were aimed somewhat sharply, but whom he afterward learned to esteem and defend. It was most natural that he should single out "Tom Moore," the pet Irish poet and jester of the hostile party, for the object of his most particular attentions. A more magnificent literary joke was never conceived by mischief-loving wits than his critical essay on "The Rogueries of Tom Moore," in which he gravely and indignantly accused that minstrel of having stolen his most popular songs from

the French, Italian, Latin, and Greek originals, whereof true copies, ascribed to several half-forgotten authors, were supplied by the dexterity of Father Prout. This skill in the versification of different languages, though not very remarkable, considering the practice of our classical schools, was employed by Mahony with such an amusing effect in producing several versions of the most familiar ballads, that none of his performances are more likely to be kept in recollection. "The Groves of Blarney," "Judy Callaghan," and other popular compositions of his native Ireland, as well as the amatory lyrics of Moore, were thus disguised in the picked phrases of Catullus and Pindar, of Béranger and Ariosto, till the Muses of all nations seemed dancing a jig in a motley masquerade.

His pseudonym of "Father Prout" was one of his own invention. His "Reliques of Father Prout," began in "Fraser's Magazine" in 1834, collected into a volume in 1836, and reprinted in England in 1860, were a characteristic series of humorous sketches and learned disquisitions which met with great success, though they contained a great amount of nonsense, and many of the allusions have now lost their interest by the change of circumstances and of the public mind in thirty years since the Prout Papers were written.

He is described by an English biographer as a little elderly man, with an intellectual head, whose keen bluish eyes had a queer way of looking up sharply over the rims of his spectacles; his peculiarities made him a notorious person in Parisian society. He was "a clubbable man" as well as a skilled theologian; a song-writer and a profound Latinist, a gossiping old man and a companion of wild roysterers. He was also an indefatigable traveler and a linguist. He composed verses in various languages, wrote much on all sorts of subjects, and died in newspaper harness in Paris at the age of sixty-one, and has left a bright trace of his presence behind him in quitting this duller world.

NOVEL FUNERAL RITE.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "The Queen's late huntsman was buried at Sunninghill. Lord Colville, the noble master of the buckhounds, Major-General Hood, Major-General Seymour, and Colonel R. H. Vyse met the body at the church. The favorite hunter of the deceased was shot previous to the funeral, and the ears of the animal were placed upon his coffin when in the grave and buried with him. A large number of the neighboring gentry were present at the funeral."

[We should infer from the above that some of the heathenish practices of India had been imported and grafted upon the remnant of the old English customs.]

A COUNSEL being questioned by a judge to know "for whom he was concerned," replied, "I am concerned, my lord, for the plaintiff, but I am employed by the defendant."



THOMAS HUGHES.

THIS excellent profile of the noted Liberal evinces among other things the following:

A ready appreciation of facts, a clear perception of the material, a sound judgment, a mind remarkable for its critical acuteness, a ready appreciation of men and measures, a steady determination, a firmness which is not easily shaken, a feeling of self-reliance, and a solid, utilitarian practicality.

We would not consider him a great talker, nor at all disposed to prolixity of speech or copiousness of diction. He is one who, when fully bent upon an undertaking, can scarcely be checked or put down in his course.

He has a strongly social nature, a deep appreciation of domestic ties, and of the relations of the home to the state or nation. He has strong moral feelings, particularly in the direction of Benevolence. The brain large at the base, and well-supported by a good *physique*, renders him vigorous and thorough in the accomplishment of his purposes. The nose is a strong one. It impresses one with the idea of solidity, power, and indomitability. He is patriotic, strongly appreciating the ties of home and country, and rather inclined to make much of the place and the nation of which he is a native. The arch of the top-head is a fine one, showing strong sympathy with religious things, and a nature deeply pervaded with moral and religious truth.

BIOGRAPHY.

Thomas Hughes, well known as the author of "Tom Brown's School-Days," etc., and at present member of Parliament for the district of Lambeth, London, was born at Uffington, Berkshire, England, in 1823, being the second son of John Hughes, Esq., of Downington Priory, Newbury, in that county. He was educated at Rugby under the celebrated Dr. Arnold, and at Oriel College, Oxford. In 1845 he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, and subsequently that of Master of Arts. Having decided to embrace the legal profession, he entered, as a student, Lincoln's Inn; in 1848 he was called to the bar, and afterward practiced as a barrister, though social and political questions appear to have possessed greater charms for him than the solution of legal problems.

In 1856 he gave to the world "Tom Brown's School-Days," the publication of which, at the

age of thirty-three, elevated him at once to a high position in English literature. In 1858 he published "The Scouring of the White Horse," and in 1861 "Tom Brown at Oxford," which have also won a world-wide reputation. He was a frequent contributor to the periodical literature of the day, and edited for English readers editions of "Whitmore's Poems" and "The Biglow Papers."

In all his writings and speeches, Mr. Hughes was the firm friend and advocate of the working-men of London. The science of political economy was then comparatively unknown to the great bulk of the community. Many employers would recognize only such economical truths as told against the employed, who in their turn regarded with suspicion and dislike a science which was repeatedly used as a weapon against them. It was Mr. Hughes' aim to remove this feeling, to show to working-men that instead of denouncing political economy, they should make themselves acquainted with its principles, and turn the knowledge thus obtained to the advancement of their own interests and welfare.

At one period of his life he lived almost among London working-men, and was in constant and close social intercourse with many of the foremost leaders of the co-operative movement; and this insight into the routine of the working-class life was of immense advantage to him in his advocacy of their cause. He was a powerful defender of the working-class trade organizations, and in 1862, at the Glasgow Congress of the Social Science Association, during a discussion on "strikes" and "trades unions," made an eloquent and earnest defense of that system—and he has since, at various times, expressed his views on the same subject in several of the leading periodicals of London. In 1866, Mr. Hughes was induced to stand as candidate for member of Parliament for Lambeth. His constant advocacy of their cause had tended to make him extremely popular, and no sooner was it known that "Tom" Hughes had consented to stand as candidate, than every working-man seemed ready for action. There was no money spent in bribery, no free public houses opened, no paid committee men, as is generally the case in English elections, but the working-men had set their minds on electing "Tom" Hughes; the canvassing was all done by them gratuitously, and Mr. Hughes was elected member for Lambeth without a farthing of expense to himself. No doubt Mr. Hughes owed his election in part to the popularity of his books and to his quiet and unostentatious labors for the benefit of the working-classes of England. It was a fair advantage, however, and one that should not be grudged to him. The confidence of the people gained by Mr. Hughes is well shown in the following lines, which were sung in the streets of Lambeth at the time of his election:

"Now, it's not alone your book, Tom,
Straightforward, pure, and true,
Nor your kind and firmly look, Tom,
That won our hearts to you.

Nor yet alone that in the fight
You've fearless been and strong,
To help the poor man to his right,
To strive against the wrong.

Those count for much, I know, Tom,
But there's something stronger, too—
You've trusted us—and so, Tom,
We'll show that we'll trust you."

Mr. Hughes has long been an able and authentic literary champion of "Muscular Christianity," which he has both preached and practiced from his youth up. In all his works he has magnificently expounded and illustrated its doctrines; and his deeds in private have been no less earnest and useful in establishing them. A few years ago, in connection with a few friends, he established a Working-Man's College in Bloomsbury, London. In this college Mr. Hughes was the inspirer of a gymnastic department, which has been found of the greatest advantage to the pupils. He is said to be an ardent admirer of the gloves, although he is a detester of the prize ring, and does not disdain to take a "round" or two when he calls to look at the gymnastic department of the college.

We can not altogether pass over without remark his many expressions of good-will toward America. He has shown that the staunchest English patriotism is consistent with a cordial affection for the citizens of our own country, whose mighty struggle he watched in a sympathizing spirit. From the preface of the "Biglow Papers," edited by him in 1859, we select a few choice sentences, written a year before the election of President Lincoln, and no American need to be told that the man who could pen such lines could not be otherwise than a firm friend to the United States.

"Greece had her Aristophanes; Rome her Juvenal; France her Rabelais, her Moliere, her Voltaire; Germany her Jean Paul, her Heine; England her Swift, her Thackeray, and America her Lowell. By the side of all these great masters of satire the author of the 'Biglow Papers' holds his own place, distinct from each and all. The man who reads the book for the first time, and is capable of understanding it, has received a new sensation. In Lowell, the American mind has for the first time flowered out into thoroughly original genius. For real unmistakable genius, for that glorious fullness of power which knocks a man down at a blow for sheer admiration, and then makes him rush into the arms of the knocker-down, and swear eternal friendship with him for sheer delight, the 'Biglow Papers' stand alone. * * * * It is satisfactory, indeed, to think that Mr. Lowell's shafts have already, in a great measure, ceased to be required, or would have to be aimed at other bull's eyes. The servility of the Northern States to the South, which twelve years ago raised his indignation, has well-nigh ceased to be. The vital importance of the slavery question is now thoroughly recognized by the great Republican party, which, I trust, is year by year advancing toward an assured victory."

One of the first voices raised in England to cheer us was the voice of Thomas Hughes; on the platform, in the lecture-room, in the drawing-room, and through the columns of the magazines he has ever bravely and powerfully sustained our cause, and even now he is heard

appealing to his countrymen and entreating them to seize the greatest opportunity that will ever be given of making stronger the bands which tie them to the American people. At a meeting in London last April, for the purpose of promoting the "Freedmen's Aid Society," Mr. Hughes gave utterance to these noble words:

"But there is another reason why we should come forward on this occasion heartily and warmly, and that is the extraordinary importance of a cordial alliance between the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race to the future of mankind. It does seem to me that two great nations, possessing and glorying in the same traditions and the same history, struggling at this minute with the same trials, both political and social, and animated, I trust, by the same hopes—I say it does seem to me that two such peoples as these, enjoying too, as they do, the freest institutions that ever have obtained in great nations upon the face of the earth, should go forward, not with jealousy, not with distrust of any kind, but with a cordial and rational wish to advance civilization and Christianity over the whole of this earth, and, as far as peaceful efforts can do it, to impart to all down-trodden people, and to all people who are in need of them, the glorious ideas of freedom, and the glorious hopes, which we who speak the English tongue in all climates of the world possess and enjoy—I do think that we ought to be stirred up to great exertions in this matter. I do think that when we look at the grand, the magnificent way in which the Americans have met their own great trial, English men's and women's hearts ought to be warmed toward them, and that we should show, as emphatically as we possibly can, our deep respect and reverence for the work which they have done, and the way in which they have done it."

Willingly will every American echo back the shout raised by the working-men of London of "*Glorious Tom Hughes!*" That name will never be forgotten by a country who know full well how to appreciate the noble deeds performed in its darkest hour.

Mr. Hughes is of medium height, neither slender nor stout, with a ruddy, genial, earnest face, whiskers of sandy hue at the side, and altogether having a look of ample health, vigor, elasticity, kindness, intelligence, and success. He is said to be no orator. His style is quiet, simple, colloquial, full of point—not a word too much. He often hesitates, stumbles, gets into a maze, and comes out backward. He speaks only when he has got something to say, and he is a man whom the people always welcome upon their platforms and listen to with attention. He is no demagogue; he stands aloof from the vain turmoil of common political agitation; he does not set class against class, or appeal to the narrow prejudices and interests of one portion of the community to disparage and condemn the others. His chief aim, on the contrary, is to foster those sentiments of mutual respect and kindness among them all, without which the freest political institutions are but means of mischief.

The reports which reach us daily from England indicate great activity on the part of the "reformers," and "Tom" Hughes is not the man, at such times, to be "off duty."

SLEEP.—A gentleman writing to a New York paper from Storkville, N. Y., recently, says: "The following very strange and anomalous circumstances have just transpired in our community. Mr. Gabriel Ellis, a flourishing dry goods merchant, had frequently remarked that he could sit up three weeks without any detriment to his health; and that after the expiration of that time he could go to sleep, and sleep without waking until the loss was made up. He was led to believe this fact from experiments made on a small scale. In the early part of February he sold out his store and invested the capital thus raised in a farm, which gave him leisure; and in compliance with the wishes of several scientific gentlemen, he began on the 11th day of February to abstain from sleep. Gentlemen sat up by turns to satisfy themselves of his strange faculty, and to preclude the possibility of being accused of momentary snatches of sleep, he would read audibly all night long, and keep his feet all day—watched all the while at his own request. He would comment in a clear, forcible, and intellectual manner upon what he read—deploring the heartlessness of "Iago," laughing at the imitable drollery and humor of the "Army Straggler," etc. On the 16th day of March, at the urgent solicitation of friends, he went to sleep for the first time, and did not wake until the ninth day of the present month.

He expressed the opinion that he could stay awake a year, and then sleep in proportion, without injuring his constitution. He never gets sleepy until he closes his eyes and resigns himself to slumber, at which time he gets asleep almost instantly, without regard to the noise or excitement around him.

Periodicity is the order of nature. This order can not be reversed or long violated without fatal consequences. The eccentric referred to above may stand the racket a little while, but he would soon fetch up in an insane asylum, or sleep to wake no more. This going a long time without sleep may be classed with other strange feats, such, for example, as going a long time without food, and then gorging. All such experiments are fool-hardy, and a challenge to the Almighty. We have night and day, summer and winter, a time for sleep and repose, and a time for work and study. We must conform to all the ordinances of God, or suffer, sooner or later, the inevitable consequences of their violation.

To give brilliancy to the eyes, shut them early at night, and open them early in the morning; let the mind be constantly intent on the acquisition of human knowledge, or in the exercise of benevolent feelings. This will scarcely ever fail to impart to the eyes an intelligent and amiable expression.

A WEATHER INDICATOR.—A very cheap and reliable barometer may be made by mingling two drachms of camphor, half drachm of pure saltpeter, half drachm of muriate of ammonia, and two ounces of proof spirits in a glass tube or narrow phial. In dry weather the solution will remain clear. On the approach of change minute stars will rise up in the liquid; while stormy weather will be indicated by a very disturbed condition of the chemical combination.

Religious Department.

"The man is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his kind,
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distill;
For him the ax be bared;
For him the gibbet shall be built;
For him the stake prepared;
Him shall the scorn and wrath of man
Pursue with deadly aim;
And malice, envy, spite, and lies
Shall desecrate his name.
But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run.
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

TO MY MOTHER.

BY REV. EDEN R. LATTI.

I know thou art safe in the mansion of peace
Thy gracious Redeemer has given;
Then why should I weep at thy spirit's release,
Since thou art accepted in heaven?
Thou hast left us, and gone to thy dwelling above,
Where sorrow and grief can not come;
Thou hast sought and obtained a bright mansion of love,
And angels have welcomed thee home.
Thou art gone to that land where they need not the sun
To banish the shades of the night;
Where God, the all-seeing, omnipotent one,
Is the life, and the heat, and the light.
"And there is no night there," for darkness and gloom
Can not enter that far-away sphere,
Where daybeams celestial forever illumine,
And summer encircles the year.
I never beheld thee, dear Mother, these eyes
Having barely been opened to the light,
Ere thou hadst in fondness looked up to the skies,
And thy spirit had taken its flight;
Yet, oh! I believe thou didst gaze upon me
With a fondness that could not be told,
Ere heaven had opened its portals to thee,
Or thy form had grown lifeless and cold.
I love thee, dear Mother; and well do I know
I shall freely partake of thy love,
When, no longer a pilgrim and stranger below,
I shall go to be with thee above.
Grown weary of life, of its cares and its woes,
My father has gone to abide
With thee, in that land where no blast ever blows,
And is sleeping in peace at thy side.
And some of thy offspring, in life's early morn,
Were doomed like the flowers to fade;
And now they lie, wrapt in a slumber forlorn,
Near the spot where thy ashes are laid;
And I, too, am coming to join thee at last,
(All my sins and my follies forgiven.)
When life with its cares and its sufferings is past,
And will view thee the first time in heaven.

THE HEAVENLY CHRONOMETERS.

A NEW YEAR'S SERMON.

BY REV. B. J. GETTELHEIM.

TEXT: "And let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and for years."—Gen. i. 14.

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

THE heavens and the magnificent display of the starry host have at all times been appealed to as the highest testimony to the existence of a Creator, as wise as he is omnipotent. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth forth his handy work," is not only an axiom of Revelation, but an intuitive truth to every thinking mind. Who, in a calm unclouded night, can lift up his eyes and gaze

at the immense canopy spread above, studded with millions of twinkling lights, the lesser officered by the greater, all brigaded in groups, on parade—as it were—before their general, the moon, riding majestically over the vast arena, "telling the number of the stars, and calling them all by their names;" who can behold that thronging host, all living, moving, shining, dazzling, crossing each other's path, and yet always in their right place, none impeding the other; who, adding to the wonders of the night the continuous display of the greater luminary of the day, shedding down light and life on this lower world, can avoid becoming conscious of his own insignificance, or resist the inmost persuasion that there must be a Being of immense power and wisdom to control and harmonize such countless hosts of vast worlds?

THE UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT.

But greater still than this array of marvels painted on the sky is the argument drawn from the mathematical relations which the heavenly bodies sustain among themselves and bear to this sublunary globe. Deny it who may, yet it is an indisputable fact, that the sun, moon, and stars are in intimate, almost organic connection with each other and with this earth. Who has placed them in this admirable reciprocity? Who but the great Creator of all, intending and ordaining them to be for seasons, and years, and days, and to give light upon the earth. In vain will caviling philosophy try to persuade even the shallowest mind that matter is uncreated. If so, each globe is a separate and independent Eternal, in itself an absurdity, and rendering their harmonious co-operation quite inexplicable. Have sun, moon, and stars, impelled by reason or moved by charity, each assumed such positions in space as to make them mutually helpful to one another? When and where had they a conference to limit their respective orbits and agree upon an eternal peace? The unquestioned harmony, then, and the reciprocal, dutiful services of the immense globes composing the universe, though separated by inconceivable distances, must always stand forth an irrefutable evidence of the oneness of the whole visible universe, and the conclusion of its common origin be inferred from its common subjection to the same controlling powers.

PROOF OF THE DIVINE HUMILITY.

We have here, also, a presumptive evidence of a great gospel-principle, namely, that "the less is blessed by the greater," without derogation to true dignity. Human pride and unbelief may indeed wonder at the condescension of Jehovah, and question the amazing humility of the Highest displayed in the problem of redemption, and scarcely consider it proper that the lofty Eternal should trouble himself at all about such perishing worms as we are. Yet the physical world demonstrates that the huge flaming globe of the day is the servant of this little planet we inhabit, though but a wee homeopathic globulus compared with the sun; the vastly greater stars are our handmaidens, marking on the heavenly dial the hours of our short day, the seasons of our fleeting years, and the longer cycles in the history of our frail race. If, then, the heavenly bodies, however grand and majestic, lose none of their luster in being bodyguards of this humble earth, shall it be against reason that the great Soul of heaven, the Eternal Himself, shall revolve round the souls he has placed upon earth, and become their light and life? Away, then, with all the cavils of that school that places the Creator so high above his creatures as to make it unbecoming his grandeur to think of or care

for them. To us here, sun, moon, and stars, apparently, have no other reason of existence but to serve us, and so likewise has God willed it, that the moral purity of heaven should in Christ bodily appear on earth to serve our humble race, thereby giving the children of man the true idea of real greatness, for who has to stoop most evidently is the Highest.

THE ETERNAL MEASURE TIME.

What appears still stranger to the human mode of thinking is, that God, who inhabiteth eternity, should condescend to regulate time for short-lived mortals, and more, should ordain *this* the primary use of our satellites above. For the law: "Let them be for seasons, and for days, and for years" (i. 14), precedes their destination to "be for lights, to give light upon the earth" (i. 15). What can this mean but to impress us deeply with the importance of time, and the duty of its systematic subdivision in all our doings? The greatest element in our existence is time. Life is time. So searchingly did God look into the affairs of this world, and so well did he adapt it to the need and comfort of his creatures, as to provide a universal time-piece, never erring the least part of a second, whereby all our enterprises should be measured and regulated as to time and season. Labor of every kind, husbandry, navigation, commerce, science, all would languish, if not utterly fail, without attention to time and season. It is sun, moon, and stars that herald the return of smiling spring; and forewarned of the approach of the young year, the farmer prepares implements and seed, thus being ready to begin and finish his work in the proper season. And so of his summer, and so of his harvest. To whom the "ordinances of Heaven" are not "for seasons," he may begin too late and protract seed-time into the period allotted to growth. But what sort of a harvest will *his* be? The day-laborer looks up to the sun to know when the time of refreshment has come; and again he looks up when the sky wanes into night, to ask for a full day's well-earned wages. The merchant-princes who send, and the navigators who sail, valuable ships and cargoes, depend on seasons for favorable winds, and on the stars for safe guidance on the trackless ocean they traverse. And so do traveler and pilgrim in the sand-felts of the desert. Ah, what would frail mortals do without that kind provision of Heaven whereby their hours, days, and years are measured with utmost correctness and their steps guided into the desired haven? Take away dates and years from our historical records, what chaos of jumbling facts would all the past present to the inquirer after practical truth, whether belonging to science, morality, or national life! Truth is established by experience, by repeated observation, and often by periodically returning coincidences and similitudes. How could a correct record of the past activities of our race be kept without reference to time and its subdivisions? How gracious, then, of the great Artificer in constructing this vast universe to introduce a self-registering apparatus to mark times and seasons of every event!

OUR BODILY DEVELOPMENT SUBJECT TO SEASONS.

No less can it be doubted that our very individual bodies, as to their development, are strictly bound to time. What but time makes infancy, manhood, and old age? As the tree requires certain periods to grow, flower, and fruit, so does man. You can not hurry an infant into bulky manhood, do what you may. Time alone can do it. Successive months and years are required to harden soft masses into bones, develop teeth, strengthen and stiffen limbs for locomotion, increase the mass of the brain, expand the chest and abdomen, and so bring on the period of puberty, gradually slid-

ing into manhood and womanhood, and then again softly descending the declivity of waning life till it stops at the grave. All this is the work of God by immutable laws and relations established between our bodies and the revolution of sun, moon, and stars. Then, my friends, "let them be for seasons;" do not artificially push forward the natural development of your bodies. You will surely fail and hurt yourselves in the attempt. "Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?" Why, then, force unnatural precocity?

SEASONS FOR MORAL AND MENTAL PROGRESS.

But while not many—if indeed any—will doubt the truth of the position assumed, namely, that God has ordained seasons both for our individual, social, and historical life, few may ever have given it a thought, that the stars, as time measurers, are to mark also the seasons of our moral and mental progress, so that every age may have its appropriate degree of development both in body and mind. Every period of life, no doubt, has its own natural features, both bodily and intellectual, which will be predominant in their season, and these must therefore pre-eminently be developed. Infancy, for example, is emphatically the season of obedience. It is helpless, dependent on others in every respect—natural indication enough that the child, so far from being blindly indulged in unbecoming liberties, should be mainly trained to patience and submission. Progressive age, culture, and example will, early enough—alas, too early—teach it to know it has a mind of its own. Why then forestall what will come in its own natural season? Why, while yet in its teens, allow or even teach a child to revolt against its destiny, which is to submit cheerfully to what is reasonably imposed on it. If any "powers that be are ordained of God," surely that of the parent and appointed teacher not only, but of any reasonable adult person should be allowed full moral weight with the child, which in this way only will learn the laws becoming its age.

With equal certainty we may assume, that since feeling and affections precede mental capacity, the age of boyhood and girlhood is the season for moral and religious training much rather than for scientific instruction, even of the simplest kind. The grown-up child should be taught to love God and fellow-men, to restrain anger, to be supremely truthful, and to show mercy and kindness, even before it so much as hears of an A B C.

In the subsequent season of mental culture, objective knowledge should for years treasure the fresh memory of adolescence before speculative thought is allowed to fascinate the mind. Let our youth learn to know the physical world around them, stones, plants, and animals, geography, and even the heavenly map, and no effort be spared to draw lessons therefrom to strengthen their moral rectitude, built on the foundation of responsibility to an all-seeing God. Let them be trained to *enjoy* beauty and art in nature, to guard against expensive tastes; let personal cleanliness and neatness, frugality and self-sacrifice, be taught as laws of human happiness, and their neglect be reprobated as crime; let recitations and examinations be daily held in moral actions and feelings, and every subterfuge and erroneous principle be laid bare; let modesty, humility, zeal for good, good temper, peacefulness, loving kindness, and forbearance be entitled to reward and praise, and *success not sought*, but only acknowledged as unmerited favor from God to tune the heart to gratitude and cheerfulness; let the mind study how to guard the heart and assign reasons for doing good and hating evil; this will be a mental culture adapted to the season of intellectual spring, on which alone a well-poised character can be built up, if indeed our educational efforts are to help forward the solu-

tion of the great problem—the reformation of the world!

The next epoch, which may be comprised between the ages of thirteen and twenty, having due regard to out-spoken individual tendencies flowing from their respective organizations, our youth should be directed to employ in concentrating mental effort in the direction of their probable livelihood. In a new country, like ours, it is true, an unexpected chance may open new avenues of life even for men in advanced age, and give a new turn to old activities. But as a general rule, he who has not chosen his profession—learned or otherwise—in the morning of life, will ever continue a play-ball of circumstances. Let this season, then, be conscientiously employed for acquiring a thorough theoretical understanding of that branch of business we have concluded our youths are fit for; let them feel it morally just to make an honest living, and employ special God-given abilities in advancing certain human industries. This will sustain them under the fatigues of study, and give the growing tree time to become sturdy while preparing for fruit.

UNSEASONABLENESS TO BE DISCOURAGED.

I have dwelt with some minuteness on the season of childhood and youth, on the right employment of which alone rests the hope of a thorough amendment of our race. Time forbids to follow the subject further up, nor would it be easy to subdivide life into distinct compartments and point out exactly the limits of every season for its appropriate activities, seeing that every one of its periods imperceptibly fuses with the preceding and following, so as to preclude correct demarkation. What is intended is merely to invite attention to the fact that human life, as well as any other growth, has its seasons, and should not be expected, much less trained, to produce but what is befitting it. And were we to examine ourselves *habitually* as to fitness of age and station to particular actions we would soon acquire a proper sense of what is suitable or not, and be shocked at the many aberrations and inconsistencies in this respect of which society is guilty, and which are at the bottom of a load of human misery. Were our tastes well practiced in that direction, it would not appear more absurd to sow in the winter or plow in harvest-time, than to see "the child behave himself proudly against the ancient, and the base erect his head against the honorable," and we would be shocked at hearing an old man swear and curse, just as we are amazed on being told he married a maiden of sixteen. Contrast and incongruence are as striking in the one as in the other, only that the common sense of society is not yet trained to intuitive perception of moral as it is for that of physical disproportion, and it would therefore be doing good service to humanity in every age and condition of life to discourage what is out of season, and on the other hand to establish a habit of self-examination as to the relation of duty to age.

THE STARS TO BE FOR SIGNS.

It is in this view alone that we can fully comprehend the otherwise obscure phrase: "and for signs." What are we to understand hereby? Are we to look up to the stars with astrological superstition? Certainly not. (Deut. xviii. 10.) The stars are our servants, they are to be for lights and for the measurement of time, and not at all objects of veneration, or omens for good or evil. (Jer. x. 2.) No countenance is given by revelation or science either to the heathenish practice of inferring human fate from any combination of the heavenly bodies, all moving according to fixed laws.

We readily admit that, as testified in sacred history, the heavenly bodies often served to verify that the God of heaven rules also on earth. (Josh. x. 12, Is. xxxviii. 8.) The rain-

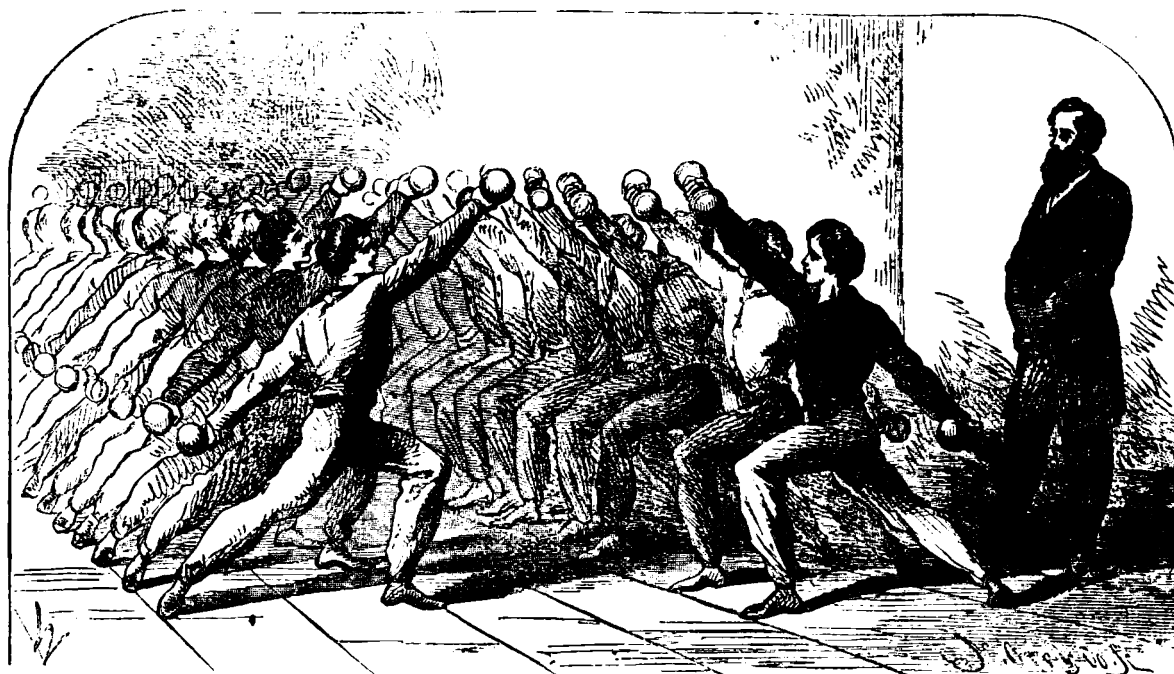
bow in its loveliness, off-spring of the sun and the cloud, will always continue a token of a covenant between God and his creatures here. (Gen. ix. 9.) The Star of Bethlehem was a mark in the sky crowning with radiance the spot underneath where the infant Saviour first touched the earth, and the promised sign of "the son of man" (Matt. xxiv. 30) to appear in heaven, and we may presume it will again range among the celestial bodies. In so far the stars literally were and will again be "for signs."

The polar and other stars serve as guides to lonely travelers in the woods and in the desert and become way-marks to the mariner on the trackless ocean, and no doubt they may also have been included in the scope of the service assigned to the stars.

When from the bright azure vault, by day or night, the upper luminaries smile down on any human gathering or festive procession, we usually take it as a favorable mark of Providence. Let a golden ray of the sun, suddenly breaking through the surrounding gloom, beam on a saintly face in its last gasp, or in its funeral bier, few would doubt but it was a smile sent down from Heaven expressing complacency with the departed and sympathy with the bereaved. To believe in such signs can hardly be charged to superstition.

But still more completely will the meaning of the phrase, "and let them be for signs," be exhausted, and the whole addition also best suit the context if we take it as a direct appointment of the stars to be signs to us in our moral and religious life. Sunrise and sunset make each a notch in time, which none with open eyes will not acknowledge as a sign reminding us of the rapid flight of time. Each marks a measured portion of existence irrevocably gone. Day after day the same phenomena occur, but we heed them not. Yet sun, moon, and stars have a divine charter, which says, "and let them be for signs." God ordained the stars to cut time up into measured portions, and to draw our attention to it, daily, monthly, and yearly, and be unto us a standing exhortation for its careful employment. As the sun rises to run his daily course, so should we with each morning gird ourselves to renewed moral and religious effort, and his setting should be the sign to calm reflection on the past day's work. The new moon is another interpunctuary stop in the longer annual period, and should be heeded and suitably marked. And were it not for our too utilitarian education, utterly forgetful of what is *above* the earth, our bright-eyed children could easily be taught to look up and make acquaintance, at least, with the zodiacal groups, and recognize the various constellations the sun traverses in his annual course, so that the very fixed stars would be unto us a sign, warning us, like the more familiar new sun and new moon, against heedlessly rushing by the divinely measured subdivisions of time without examining into the manner of our employing them severally. Ah, how can we lift up our eyes unto heaven in the face of that cloud of witnesses warning and telling us: "The morning cometh, and also the night; if ye will inquire, inquire ye," (Is. xxi. 12) and not solemnly determine that every period of our life should bring forth fruit corresponding with its season!

Come, then, friends and readers of whatever age we be, let us at the beginning of this year resolve, there shall be no "snow in the summer nor rain in the harvest" of our life, but that our youth be an uninterrupted course of warm-hearted and full-souled activity, and then in the evening of our day we shall gather in our sheaves with rejoicing, till ourselves shall be gathered to our fathers, and thus there will be evening and morning, according to God's ordinance, one day, every hour spent to its purpose, to God's glory, our own and others' good.



GYMNASTIC CHARGE.

POPULAR GYMNASTICS.

PHYSICAL exercise of some kind is absolutely necessary to the maintenance of substantial health of mind and of body, but it is important that such exercise should be natural—that is, adapted to man's peculiar organization. It is sufficient that we exercise just enough to keep ourselves in good condition, preserving a healthy balance between brain and body. To do this requires much care and attention, much more than most persons are aware of. Many of our eminent physicians are strongly opposed to gymnastics, as conducted in our public gymnasia, on the ground mainly that in those places of youthful resort there is too much of that spirit of emulation which leads young men to attempt to outvie each other in the performance of difficult feats, in the course of which, oftentimes, an external or internal injury of a serious character is sustained. Even under the eye of a careful leader, in a place where apparatus is put up of such a nature that the simplest attempt to use it requires the exertion of great strength, a youth will sometimes imperceptibly overdo or strain himself severely. Although immoderate exercise of any sort is injurious, and therefore to be carefully avoided, yet simple muscular movements and attitudinizing, if carefully practiced, are productive of much benefit to those whose employments are such as preclude them from out-of-door activity. Much can be said, and much has been said, adversely to the popular gymnasia because of their introducing artificial and extraordinary movements totally unnecessary to the maintenance of health. A few indiscreet persons there are who enter our public gymnasia for healthful objects, who take their simple exercise daily, and do not attempt any of the "airy flights" and "lofty tumbling"

of the ambitious. These few are really improved in health and spirits for the very reason that their exercises have been natural and simple.

Man, as is evident from his physiological conformation, was made to walk upright, with his head

—"erectus ad sidera,"

and not designed to imitate the gyrations of the elastic monkey or the agile cat. To hang with the head downward, suspended by one leg or foot; to stand on the head, turn double somersaults, or bend backward until the head touches the ground, are distortions of and gross insults to the human frame. Even those persons who visit circus performances and gymnastic exhibitions go away deprecating the violence of the muscular efforts and strange contortions of the acrobats as necessarily dangerous to health or limb. "What a fine monkey that man has made of himself!" we overheard a person remark to a friend as they were leaving Niblo's Garden, one afternoon after the conclusion of a *matinée* by the Ravel family. Yes, such is the fact; men by carrying the matter of physical exercise to an unnatural limit deteriorate the *human* in them and enhance the *animal*. It is notorious that circus actors and contortionists are not long-lived, and we have known private individuals who excelled as gymnasts complain bitterly of rheumatism and other affections of the muscles and nerves.

What exercise is taken should be had in the open air or in a well-ventilated apartment. Those artisan employments which require men to work out of doors a great part of their time are the most conducive to health. We remember reading of a young man who came, by the death of a wealthy relative, into the possession of a large fortune. So prodigal was he in expenditure, so lavish of costly favors on friend and

acquaintance, that in the course of a few years he reduced himself from affluence to poverty. Finding it necessary to do something for his support, he applied for a clerkship to the merchants and store-keepers of his native place. They knew of his late dissipated career, and refused peremptorily to employ one whose reputation was anything but commendable. Almost despairing, he rushed from the town to a part of the country where he was not known, and meeting with a gang of laborers breaking stone on the road, he applied to their overseer, who gave him a place among them. Some time afterward, a party of gentlemen returning from a pleasure excursion encountered a man on the road, with his hat off and hair streaming in the breeze, industriously applying a heavy hammer to the large pieces of stone which had been brought thither for the improvement of the turnpike. They recognized him immediately, sunburnt and dirty though he was, as the young man, formerly so wealthy, at whose table they were wont to make themselves comfortable and hilarious, and stopping, offered him money and assistance, urging him to throw down the toilsome hammer and accompany them to the city, where they would find some more respectable occupation for him. The inducement was strong, but after a moment's silence he resumed his stone-breaking with the reply, "I am obliged to you, gentlemen, for your kind offers, but I feel that I will be happier in remaining where I am. I get enough wages for my comfortable support, and when I go home at night, my supper tastes good, and I sleep soundly until morning, and never awake with a headache or a feeling of dullness. I fear should I go with you that my former wakeful nights and morning headaches would return, and I should then be miserable indeed. I now know what it is to be healthy

and happy—let me remain so." He no doubt had by stress of fortune, or "ill luck," as many would say, fallen into an occupation which well accorded with his physical organization, and appreciating its beneficial results was loth to leave it lest he might suffer in health by the change. But we would not advise all those who find their vocations ill adapted to the wants of their physical natures to go to breaking stone or wielding the blacksmith's hammer, for many of them have not the constitution or the large frame required for the successful prosecution of a severe manual employment. Such should take moderate exercises during the day. But those who need the most urging on this subject are the females, old and young, of our larger towns and cities. Many complain of their ignorance of the subject and the want of proper instruction. Many from diffidence shrink from the riding academy or the gymnasium. We are glad to know that for two or three years past physical culture in connection with mental training has received considerable attention from many of our public educators. Some schools have been established where the body as well as the brain is instructed and developed. The success with which these schools have been attended is surprising, and most happily in keeping with the views of the health reformers. Books, too, are not wanting, in which carefully prescribed modes of exercise are given. One of the best we have seen is "Watson's Manual of Calisthenics,"* which is adapted to the use of both sexes, old and young.

It contains an extended and varied course of physical exercises, *without apparatus*. The Introduction embraces all needful directions, rules, and explanations for instructors and pupils, with sections on phonetics and respiration. Throughout the book the exercises are arranged in accordance with well-known principles of anatomy, physiology, and hygiene. These exercises, practiced habitually and energetically, can not fail to yield to youth grace, agility, suppleness, a ready hand, as well as a robust health, solid strength, and power of endurance. Almost any school-room or parlor will suffice for the exercises. For those who wish to use the piano to enliven the exercises, there are several pieces of music prepared by the best masters.

The book is profusely and richly illustrated from original designs. It is printed on superior tinted paper, and is bound in the best style. A reviewer writes: "The work has evidently been prepared by one who is conversant of the requirements of the learner, and has studied the most effectual way of meeting and supplying them. To those in authority, whose influence would be effectual in promoting the circulation of this book, it becomes a positive duty so to do by every means in their power. All who have the physical welfare of the human race at heart, and understand how powerless the intellect is to contend against the burden of a feeble and emaciated frame, are equally interested in its teachings, and answerable, each in his own sphere, however small it be, for the consequences of neglecting them."

Our illustration, "A Gymnastic Charge," is taken from this work, and were it not that the dumb-bells held forward so menacingly by the joyous boys are represented to be of wood, instead of heavy iron, we would be led to fear some serious results from their gallant assault.

* This truly valuable work can be obtained from us, price \$2 25. We can also supply gymnastic apparatus, such as Indian clubs and dumb-bells of various weights, wooden rings, etc.

On Ethnology.

True Christianity will gain by every step which is made in the knowledge of man.—*Spurzheim*.

THE ABORIGINAL GRAPHIC SYSTEMS OF AMERICA.

BY E. G. SQUIER, M.A.

THE object of the following observations is to illustrate the true character of a portion of the so-called "Mexican Manuscripts" or paintings, which have been sent to Europe, at different periods, since the Spanish conquest of America, and which, falling into the hands of superficial investigators, have given rise to much erroneous speculation, and led to many absurd conclusions. I refer to a class of manuscripts and paintings, sometimes executed on prepared skins or paper of the *marquey*, but often on cloth and paper of European manufacture, which are the work of the early Spanish missionaries, or of natives employed by them, and originally designed to convey doctrinal instruction, the legends of the Church, and the mysteries of the Christian religion, to the minds of the Indians, through the medium of a system of representation already in existence, and with which the Indians were acquainted. In other words, the early missionaries made use of the Mexican hieroglyphical system, if I may adopt the term, for purposes of their own, in their communications with the Indians; and there is little doubt that considerably more than half of what are called Mexican Manuscripts now known had their origin in this practice. The well-informed student, therefore, will not be surprised to find in them those confirmations of Christian doctrine, and the Hebrew Scriptures, which so impressed the mind of Lord Kingsborough, and which are constantly adduced, in unscientific books, as illustrations of the various hypotheses of the unity of human origins, descent of the American aborigines from Asiatic tribes, a universal primitive religion, etc., etc. It is only requisite that the history and true character of this class of alleged Mexican MSS. shall be understood, to prevent future errors of this kind, and to put a stop to the unprofitable speculations of zealous but uncritical writers, who seek to support a system of religion and morals which needs no prop, by supposed confirmations, loosely drawn from the traditions and complicated systems of barbarous or but partially civilized nations, imperfectly recorded and imperfectly understood.

It is easier to advance from ignorance to knowledge than from error to truth; and hence it is, that American archæology, which, as a science, is just emerging from the chaos of idle speculation, fantastic hypothesis, and dogmatic assertions, has really to contend less with natural than with artificial difficulties. It has, at the outset, to grapple with prejudices and pre-occupations, and many of the minds which it addresses are less concerned to know if its

results be true, than if they confirm or oppose a favorite hypothesis or a foregone conclusion. For instance, the notion of the early colonization of America from the northwest, by Behring's Straits or the Aleutian Islands, and the origin of Central American and Mexican civilization from that direction, has been almost universally accepted; yet it had its foundation only in the presumed necessity of deriving the American nations from the Old World, and on the supposition that it was here that the migration could be most easily effected. It was not suggested, nor is it supported by a single well-authenticated tradition, by a single painted record, nor by a solitary architectural or other monument. But once accepted, on other grounds, the priests and monks were not slow to suppress and distort traditions, interpolate and misinterpret manuscripts, and altogether divert facts from their true significance to sustain an hypothesis which should, in turn, support their ideas of human origins, founded on the dogmas of the Church, and on their interpretation of Scripture. As a consequence, the manuscript which records the migration of the Aztecs from lake Michoacan to the valley of Anahuac, a distance of less than 400 miles, was not only interpreted as recording a migration from the plain of Shinar, but it was subjected to such emendations as should make it conform more exactly to the popular hypothesis. Traditions which referred to events or incidents, as occurring south and east, were altered with equal facility to refer to the north or northwest. The figure of *Cinteotl*, the goddess of abundance, the Mexican Venus, was as easily altered, in the ritual calendar, into that of the Virgin Mary, and the symbolical serpent of the benign *Quetzalcoatl* converted into the scaly tempter of the garden of Eden!

Thus, in addition to that large class of Mexican Manuscripts, so-called, which owe their origin to a period subsequent to the Conquest, we find a certain number of authentic Mexican Manuscripts, changed in copies, or altered in the originals which further embarrass investigation, and which require a special examination. Such an examination, however, is foreign to my present purpose, which is only, as I have already said, to direct attention to these manuscripts or paintings composed by the early priests and monks for the purpose of teaching the Christian doctrine, through the aid of the Mexican system of representation.

It is well known that among the semi-civilized of Mexico and Central America, previous to the discovery of America, there existed a system of representation by some called hieroglyphical, and by others denominated "picture writing." Careful investigations have convinced me that no single terms can adequately characterize this system, or rather systems, for there was more than one, and satisfied me also, that among the nations which had their principal seat around Na-chan or Palenque there existed a pure hieroglyphical system, while among the nations around Mexico, in the valley of Anahuac, a less perfect or mixed system prevailed,

which was composed of condensed pictures, an arbitrary or derivative representation of things, having a hieroglyphical approach, and a clear phonetic value. The capacity even of this imperfect or mixed system was considerable. By means of it the Mexicans compendiously recorded their history, composed their rituals and civil and religious almanacs, recorded titles to property, the judgments of courts, assessed taxes, defined genealogies, etc. When Cortez landed, full accounts of him, his equipment, men, and so far as he indicated them by word or action, of his purposes, were thus recorded and sent to Montezuma. The Spaniards were not a little surprised at the accuracy attained under a system obviously so imperfect; and the ecclesiastics who followed in the train of the conquering armies, animated by a zeal not surpassed, if equaled by the martial spirit of the military chiefs, readily conceived the purpose of using this system among nations whom it would have been a hopeless task to instruct in the Spanish language and alphabet, as a means of communicating and disseminating their doctrines. A very considerable, in fact, all the influential part of the native population, the officers and sacerdotal body, were thoroughly instructed in their hieroglyphical system, and the Catholic priests rightly valued the influence which their faith would have, if it could be conveyed to the Indians in what might be called a native garb. They therefore used their utmost exertions to acquaint themselves with this system and adapt it to their purposes.

The first attempt toward this adaptation, or perhaps the first use of pictorial representations in teaching the Indians, out of which this adaptation gradually grew, was within eight or nine years after the capture of Mexico, by Testera of Bayonne, brother of the chamberlain of Francis I. According to Torquemada, "Not being able to learn the language of the Indians so quickly as he wished, and impatient of delay, he took a new mode of preaching, by means of an interpreter, taking with him the mysteries of the faith, painted on a cloth, which the interpreter explained to the Indians as instructed by the servant of the Lord, and thus he converted numbers, availing himself greatly of the representations of pictures which he carried with him."

Testera became afterward commissary-general of the Indies, and his followers, the celebrated Sahagun, Motolinia, Peter of Ghent, and all the Franciscans, adopted his example of using pictures in their teachings. They extended the application of these paintings (which were doubtless originally simple exaggerations of those which to this day fill the churches of Italy, Spain, and Mexico) and incorporated with them many of the native figures. And as Testera went all over New Spain, through Central America and Yucatan, and even to Peru, it is not improbable that many traces or remains of his paintings may still exist in all those countries, where, according to Gonzaga, "the memory of Testera was long preserved,"

and where in the time of Barezzo Barezzi, the Indians every year celebrated a feast "in honor of their holy and glorious friend."

In the provinces near Mexico, as soon as the Franciscans commenced this adaptation, the interpreters and a great number of natives employed as missionaries, lent themselves zealously to promote it. Motolinia, in his MSS., informs us that he was literally overwhelmed with Indians, who presented themselves with their confessions in figures. From this time the adaptation advanced, and Valdez, in 1579, and Torquemada, nearly a century after the Conquest, received similar confessions. In their time, indeed, this system was preferred to alphabetical writing by Indians, who were perfectly versed in the latter.

There still exist, in the museum of Mexico and elsewhere, several kinds of catechetical compositions, under a more or less advanced adaptation of the native system, some of them approaching so nearly to absolute native originals, dating beyond the Conquest, as only to be distinguished from them by the material upon which they are painted. They exist of all dates, from the arrival of Testera in 1529 until 1600, the time when the industrious J. Baptista, still making use of the paintings, wrote his work, entitled "Hieroglyphics of Conversation, in which, by Means of Prints and Figures, the Natives are Taught to desire Heaven." These Christian paintings seem to have been of three kinds:

First: Those of Testera and the first Franciscans, which were simple paintings, more or less adapted to Indian conventionalisms, in their style of execution.

Second: Those of a mixed kind, in which some simple paintings were preserved, largely illustrated by Indian arbitrary and other figures, which, for lack of a better term, might be called hieroglyphics.

Third: Those in phonetic characters, in which there was a complete adoption of the Mexican system.

The mixed MSS. were only Testeran MSS. touched up by the natives, with proper and other names in phonetic *rebus*, and sometimes with a sign illustrating the action represented in the painting. The proper manner in which these paintings should be made, led to innumerable quarrels among the monastic orders, and, in Peru, ended in a battle, in which the Jesuits, on their side, had more than four hundred of their number slain.

In Mexico it required the energetic interposition of the secular arm to prevent them from coming to blows.

The third class of Christian, or post-Mexican, paintings phonetic in character are described as follows by Torquemada, who, Ixtlilxochitl assures us, was the first who succeeded in interpreting the pictures and poems of the Indians. After speaking of the mode in which some Indians learned the *Pater Noster*, he adds: "Others translated the Latin into words in their own language, which resembled them in sound, representing them, not by letters, but

by the things themselves signified—for they had no letters besides pictures, and it was by these that they understood each other. This will be more clear by an example. The word most nearly representing *Pater* being *Pantli*, the name of a sort of small flag, which served to express the number twenty, they put this small flag for *pater*. In place of *noster*, a word resembling their *nochtli*, they paint a tuna (*cactus*), fig, the name of which, *nochtli*, recalls the Latin *noster*, and so they proceed to the end of the prayer. By a similar process and similar characters they wrote down what they wished to learn by heart. This was during the first period of their conversion, for now (between 1592 and 1614) they no longer require to use these ancient characters."

This passage, which gives the true key to the Mexican writing, confirms what Torquemada elsewhere says of the real letters or hieroglyphics in use in his time. He speaks of the existence of a class of Totonac monks who were employed to compose, "to put in good style, and to write in figures the discourses which the pontiffs pronounced in public." Sahagun also assures us, as well as other authors, that there were school-books "containing poems in ancient characters."

Of course Testera's ignorance of the native languages precluded anything like *phoneticism* from his first compositions. On the other hand, they were too unconnected to deserve the name of *ideographic*. As I have said, they were only rude paintings, without any special significance in themselves, but simply expressive as illustrations of verbal discourse. It was practically these awkward exaggerations or Scriptural caricatures which led to the controversy between the Dominicans, to which order Testera belonged, and their rivals the Franciscans, for when the last, improving on the paintings of Testera, assimilated theirs more and more to the native paintings or records, the Dominicans attempted to appropriate the improvements to themselves. Now, although the friars became very expert in their use of the native systems, there were many things they could not express; either for want of a knowledge of the system or in consequence of its own defects. The more abstract ideas connected with their doctrines defied their ingenuity to render them, and in these cases it will be seen from the following passage from Acosta, they were compelled to resort to foreign, European, Greek or other characters, most likely, from their pedantry, or, in order to preserve stricter exactitude, Greek or Hebrew characters. In rendering any portions of the Bible, it is almost certain the characters last-named would be used.

The language of Acosta is as follows:

"One of our Jesuit fathers, an experienced and skillful man, assembled the old men of Tezcuco, Tula, and Mexico, and conferred much with them (in reference to the paintings). They showed him their libraries, their histories, their calendars, and other things worthy to be seen. They had figures and hieroglyphics which were thus employed in their paintings; things which

had a figure were represented by their own effigy, those which had not were rendered by other significant characters, and by this means they expressed all they desired. For dates they had complete signs, etc. But as their figures and characters were not so copious and efficient as our letters and writing, they could not so accurately render the words, but only the substance of the ideas. And as they still recite the harangues and discourses of their ancient orators and rhetoricians, and many poetical chants which it was impossible to learn by means of these hieroglyphics and characters, we must infer that the children were taught these by heart.

"Nevertheless, they wrote the same discourses by images and characters; and in order to convince myself of it, I have examined the prayers of Pater Noster, Ave Maria, Credo, etc., written in the same mode with the Indians, and they may well astonish whoever sees them. For, in order to express these words 'I confess myself,' they paint an Indian confessing on his knees at the feet of a monk; then, for the words 'to God Almighty,' they paint three heads crowned, to represent the Trinity; for 'to the glorious Virgin Mary,' they paint the face and bust of our Lady with a child; for St. Peter and St. Paul, two heads surrounded by a halo, with keys and a sword; and in this way the whole Confiteor is written in figures. Where figures are wanting," continues Acosta, "they put characters, as for 'which I have sinned.'"

Acosta has not told us what kind of characters he means, and they are variously supposed to have been European, Greek, or Hebrew, and ideographic. De Brosse, in his treatise on the Mechanical Formation of Languages (c. 7, s. 14), translates the chapter of Acosta from which I have quoted, and throughout understands Acosta to mean by "caracteres," Mexican characters. But when he comes to the passage in question, he suddenly translates the word "characters in our letters," and proceeds to say that the figured writing of the Mexicans never advanced as far as Acosta pretends, and that it failed the moment it became necessary to express some intellectual or moral idea, or anything relative or abstract. But De Brosse evidently underrates the capacity of the Mexican system, for if they were obliged to resort, as often as he pretends, to foreign alphabets, the accurate and scrupulous Acosta would have qualified his assertions and mentioned the fact.

Nevertheless there are paintings composed partly of figures, and partly of alphabetical writing, such as De Brosse meant. Such were the confessions which Torquemada mentions, in which the nonfigurative part is in European characters, well formed and perfectly legible.

Monastic Christianity is not always the same with ours, and sometimes is not over-scrupulous. For, in some of their painted prayers, etc., the monks took great liberties; St. Francis is interpolated by the Franciscans, after St. Peter and St. Paul, in the Confiteor. Instead of "in thought, word, or action," they said or painted "in eating, drinking, etc.," in figures not wholly decent. In some, Jesus Christ does not die on the cross, but has a battle with Herod, cuts in pieces his army, and then ascends into heaven. In others, he is delivered from the Jews by the Spaniards, by force of

arms. As late as 1853 I saw a sacred drama or representation at Soyopango, Central America, on Good Friday, in which the Spaniards were represented as interposing in behalf of Christ in the same manner. This explains the reproach of Remesal, "that the Indians never knew of the passion or death of Christ, because it had not been taught to them, the reason of which was that the Spaniards giving themselves out to be immortal, did not wish to admit that their God could die."

My friend M. Aubin, of Paris, has five of these Christian books, more or less in the Mexican figures, some of them having Spanish text interposed, others Otomi and Mexican text, in European characters. They have nearly the same figures, chiefly Testeran, and are evidently of Franciscan origin. But they differ from those purely Testeran, inasmuch as the immediately abstract terms, or those which have no proper image, are sometimes represented by phonetic characters of undoubted Indian origin. The best book of this kind in the museum of Mexico is in the Nahuatl or true Mexican language. In this two altars, or rather the figures of them, stand for *daily bread*, in the Lord's Prayer. Now, *daily bread* rendered literally in Nahuatl is *momoztli*, while an altar in the same language is *momoztli*. In other paintings of this prayer, the same phrase or term is represented by the figure of a roll of bread and that of the sun—a sun under the tropics being equivalent to a day. We even find Spanish phoneticism in paintings of this kind in the native languages. Thus in the title of the *Ave Maria* we observe a bird, *Ave* in Spanish standing for its first part.

The phonetic signs were sometimes sustained through whole prayers, without the slightest resort to ideography, and this fact gives us some idea of the capabilities of the pure Mexican system. Such is the case with a Pater Noster preserved in the museum of Mexico. It throws great light upon the Mexican paintings, and is a very good example of them. The manner in which the title *Pater Noster* is rendered, may serve to illustrate the whole:

Pa-te-noch-te.

Pa-tell-noch-tell.



First is the figure of a little flag, or *pan*, the root of which is *pan* or *pa*; second, the sign of stone, *tell*, root *te*, thus making, syllabically, *pate* for *Pater*, the *r* being wanting in Mexican. Next we have the sign of the fruit of the cactus, *nochtli* (root *noch*), and stone, *tell* (root *te*), as before making *noste*—the *r*, for the reason already given, being wanting. The whole is therefore the nearest possible approach to the Latin, represented by Mexican figures, of exact and unmistakable phonetic value.

A general comparison of the ancient and positively Mexican paintings leaves no doubt that this mode of representation, by syllabic phonetics, in which the roots of words only were to be understood by the figures, or sounded in

reading, was the mode universally accepted, more or less mixed up with ideographic signs and simple pictures.

And here I may observe, that although all the painted historical records, and civil and ritual calendars, on skins or paper of the *maguery*, which have been brought from Mexico and Central America, are loosely called Mexican, yet there is a wide distinction to be drawn between those found in Mexico and those obtained from Central America. Of those from the country last named, unfortunately but few examples are known to exist. The so-called Dresden MS., published by Lord Kingsborough, is perhaps the only perfect manuscript of this kind in Europe. But happily at Palenque and Copan, and those other Palmyras hidden among the tropical forests of America, we have left to us a great number of sculptured tablets and other monuments, bearing inscriptions, which equally illustrate the graphic system of Central America, as distinguished from all others, and which will ultimately reward the perseverance of the student with authentic revelations of the history and religion of the people who carved them in the stone. The elements of this Central American system seem to be few, and very exact in their application, not admitting of that variation which would naturally result from the caprice or varying individual conceptions or tastes of the persons employing the Mexican system. We discover in it no proper representations of things, except as pictures illustrative of what may be called the text of the manuscript; or in miniature in the text, when employed as signs or characters, having a fixed and constant value, or modified only by the addition of arbitrary signs, like the points in Oriental writings. Such, at least, is the hypothesis I have been led to form of the graphic system of Central America. And believing that the existing aboriginal population of that country is chiefly composed of the descendants of the authors of this system, the builders of the monuments to which I have adverted, and consequently speaking the same language which they spoke, or one but slightly modified from it, I conceive that as the hieroglyphics of Egypt could only be interpreted through the Coptic, so those of Central America can only be understood through that language of which the Maya, Kachiquel, Quichi, etc., are but dialects. Until these are carefully studied, and grammars and dictionaries of them obtained, I believe no real advance can be made toward the reading of the Central American inscriptions and manuscripts. Individually, therefore, I have confined my exertions to procuring accurate copies of the inscriptions, and such information respecting the languages referred to, as shall serve, in military phrase, as a basis of operations. Those interested in the subject may be gratified to know, that through my own exertions and the zeal of friends, I have been able to procure, besides many detached vocabularies and grammatical notices, complete grammars of the

Quiché and Kachiquel dialects, and also a dictionary of the Maya, of 27,000 words, and one of the Kachiquel of 16,000. Of the Maya, grammars are in existence and in print.

After these somewhat desultory references to two of the graphic systems of America, that of Mexico and that of Central America, I may perhaps be indulged in saying a word on that ruder system practiced by those Indian tribes occupying an intermediate position between the absolute barbarism of the Esquimaux and the Root Diggers of California, and the relative civilization of Mexico, and which more exactly than any other answers to the description of "picture writing."

The scope of this system, and the extent to which it was applied, have not been generally understood nor fully recognized. Without, however, going into an analysis of its principles and elements—an inquiry of much interest—it may be claimed, upon an array of evidence which will admit of no dispute, that under it the Indians were not only able to communicate events and transmit intelligence, but also to record chants and songs, often containing abstract ideas—allusions to the origin of things, the powers of nature, and to the elements of their religion. "The Indians," says Heckewelder, "have no alphabet, nor any mode of representing words to the eye, yet they have certain hieroglyphics by which they describe facts in so plain a manner, that those who are conversant with their marks, can understand them with the greatest ease—as easily, indeed, as they can understand a piece of writing." This author also asserts that the simple principles of the system are so well recognized, and of so general application, that the members of different tribes could interpret with the greatest facility the drawings of other and remote tribes.

Loskiel has recorded his testimony to the same effect. He says: "The Delawares use hieroglyphics on wood, trees, and stones, to give caution, for communication, to commemorate events, and preserve records. Every Indian understands their meaning, etc." It has also been observed of the Ojibways, that "every path hath its blazed and figured tree, conveying intelligence to all that pass, for all can understand these signs, which are taught to the young as carefully as our alphabet." Testimony might be accumulated upon this point, to an indefinite extent, were it necessary to to my purpose.

Most of the signs used in this system are representations of things; some, however, were derivative, others symbolical, and a few arbitrary. They, however, were not capable of doing more than to suggest classes of ideas, which would not be expressed in precisely the same words by different individuals. They were taught in connection with certain forms of expression, by which means they are made essentially *mnemonic*—a simple or compound sign serving to recall to mind an entire sentence, or a series of them. A single figure, with its adjuncts, would stand for the verse of

a song, or for a circumstance which it would require several sentences to explain.

Thus the famous *Metai song* of the Chipeways, presented by Mr. Catlin, although embracing but about thirty signs, occupied, in the slow, monotonous chant of the Indians, with their numerous repetitions, nearly an hour in its delivery. James observes, respecting the recorded Indian songs, "They are usually carved on a flat piece of wood, and the figures suggest to the minds of those who have learned the songs, the ideas and the order of their succession. The words are not variable, but must be taught; otherwise, though from an inspection of the figure the idea might be comprehended, no one would know how to sing." Most of the Indians lore being in the hands of the priests or medicine-men, the teaching of these songs was almost entirely monopolized by them. They taught them only to such as had distinguished themselves in war and the chase, and then only upon the payment of large prices. Tanner states that he was occupied more than a year in learning the great song for "medicine hunting," and then obtained his knowledge only at the expense of many beaver skins. After the introduction of Christianity, among some of the Western tribes, prayers were inscribed on pieces of wood, in mnemonic symbols, in the making and teaching of which to their followers some of the Christian chiefs obtained a profitable monopoly.

Admitting then, as we must do upon this evidence, that the American Indians had the means of imperfectly recording their traditions, songs, etc., we can readily understand how these might be taught by father to son, and perpetuated in great purity through a succession of priests—the sages of the aboriginal races. The fact that they were recorded, even in the rude way here indicated, would give them a degree of fixedness, and entitle them to a consideration which they would not possess if handed down in a simple oral form; and in this sense, the importance of preserving these "singing boards," as they were sometimes called, in connection with the songs of which they furnished the key, can not be over-estimated. For however much we may differ as to their historical value, yet they must always have the highest interest as illustrating a rude system of representation, which may be taken as the first advance beyond a simple oral transmission of ideas, and from which we may trace upward the course of human invention to its highest and noblest achievement, in the present perfected form of written language.

WORTH OF A HOME.

BETTER than gold is a peaceful home
Where all the fireside charities come;
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by Heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And center there, are better than gold.

EDINBURGH PHRENOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

—Through the polite attention of Mr. J. C. Smith, of Dundee, Scotland, we received the following account, copied from the *Daily Review* of Edinburgh:

This Association held its annual social meeting in the Phrenological Museum, Surgeon Square, on Monday evening (being the seventy-eighth anniversary of the birth of the late Mr. George Combe)—the President, Mr. A. Reid, in the chair. Among those present were Mr. J. W. Jackson, Glasgow; Mr. Wm. Brodie, R. S. A.; Mr. W. Neilson, W. S.; Messrs. Ferguson, Vernon, Laing, etc. After an excellent service, the secretary read letters of apology from Dr. W. A. F. Browne, Commissioner in Lunacy; Francis Farquharson, Esq., of Finzean; A. Trevelyan, Esq., etc. The President delivered an address, in which he gave an account of Mr. Combe's phrenological works, and the important influence they had exercised on the progress of society, concluding with some remarks on the proceedings of the Association during the past year, and the establishment, by the trustees, of the late Mr. W. R. Henderson, of a valuable lending library of works on mental and social science. Mr. George Dowie delivered an address on "The Influence of Language in the Development of Character," followed by Mr. J. W. Jackson, who spoke on "The Importance of Phrenology in Anthropological Investigations," in which he reviewed the whole of the controversy regarding the relationship of man and the lower animals asserting that the Huxley-Owen controversy was totally devoid of interest unless the combatants associated with the examination of the cranial structure an inquiry into the functions of that organ. Phrenology, he stated, was the instrument which showed the wild chasm between man and the lower animals. The audience, which completely filled the museum, were entertained at intervals with a number of songs by a select party of amateur vocalists. The meeting closed with votes of thanks to the speakers and singers.

DOTTINGS AND PERSONALITIES.

DR. B. H. WASHINGTON, of Augusta, Ga., has sent us copies of his recent articles on "Phrenological Hypothesis concerning Consciousness and Mental Action." His views are in some respects new, and well worth the attentive perusal of all who are interested in mental philosophy. We purpose to publish them *seriatim*.

MR. J. WOOD DAVIDSON, a good theoretical phrenologist and a versatile writer, is on the eve of his departure for Europe. He will remain in Paris during the great Exposition, acting as correspondent for prominent Northern and Southern newspapers.

OUR recent pupil, Mr. J. W. String, has made a very successful début before the Chicago public. The press report favorably of him.

AMONG the many elegant and appropriate gift-books for the holidays, Professor Longfellow's "Evangeline," illustrated by F. O. C. Darley; Mr. Whittier's "Maud Muller," illustrated by Mr. Hennessy; and Mr. Lowell's "Sir Launfal," illustrated by Mr. Eytzinger, are well calculated to win popular favor, because of the neat style of their bindings, the artistic finish of their engravings, and, above all, the reasonableness of their prices.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER has been announced a contributor to *The Methodist*. That paper will publish fortnightly a fresh sermon of the undoctored celebrity.

REV. CHAUNCEY GILES, for some time pastor of the New Jerusalem Church in this city, will deliver a course of six lectures on the Theological Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, in the church, 35th Street, between Fourth and Lexington avenues. This is a good opportunity for those who would know something of the great Swedish seer, and the church which he founded.

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1867.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Rue.*

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SALUTATORY.

HAPPY NEW YEAR, dear readers, one and all. May this volume—FORTY-FIVE—of our PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL open as auspiciously to your approval as the *best* volume of past years. The future—the ever glorious future is before us. Hope, with bright wings and rosy smile, beckons us on in the course we have chosen. Causality and Comparison bid us to cull from the stores which Individuality and Eventuality have been industriously gathering, from far and near, such material as will best illustrate the subjects we have to portray. Mirthfulness suggests that it is well, now and then, to be witty and facetious; that it is the most direct way to some hearts by an excitement of their risibles; that to make our adversary laugh is a point gained. Ideality and Sublimity urge the introduction of metaphor and figure, the use of our rhetorical acquirements, and an occasional sally in the "grandiloquent." Fine language, say they, is potential with those who are skilled in the "accomplishments" of society, and of course the Editor is not wanting in the refinements of the *beau monde*. Agreeableness indorses the counsels of these inspirers of the imagination, and suggests the propriety of a careful observance of the delicate prescriptions of etiquette. Cautiousness whispers, "Be careful that you do not get yourself into trouble by the too bold assertion of principles and facts which may be adverse to public sentiment." "Yes," chimes in Approbativeness, "keep as much as possible on the popular side, for you know that is the speediest route to applause and distinction; besides, you know, 'Custom's the world's great idol we adore.'" Self-Esteem insists, "Say what you think is

best for the occasion, and do not permit prejudice or favor to influence you; count your experience and opinions of the first importance, and announce them with the air of assured confidence in their superior worth." Staid Conscientiousness advises us to "be sure that we are right, and then go ahead," not sparing evil in whatsoever place we find it; giving and asking no quarter. Firmness blurts out, "Stick to what you say, right or wrong; don't budge an inch, and the world will be the more obsequious." Continuity would bolster up Firmness by urging us to "sift everything to the bottom; make sure work of finishing it before giving attention to anything else; and do not allow yourself to be drawn hither and thither by contending influences." Veneration enjoins respect for things old and things sacred, and would have us acknowledge a superintending Providence, and inculcate the requirements of piety. Faith gently murmurs, "Trust in the Lord, and he will do thee good. All things are possible to them that believe." Benevolence offers her most cordial sympathy, and thinks it consonant with true nobility of soul to be generous and kind in our comments, that "the gentle word quelleth the storm," and that it is best, if we err at all, to err on the side of mercy. Destructiveness forcibly prompts us to "act with vigor and effectiveness, to strike hard while the iron's hot, and not be sparing of our blows. If there be any opposition, rip it through, annihilate it, and don't stop to pick up the pieces." Combaticiveness says, "Be courageous, be bold, be irrepressible, and you will wrest the victory from the enemy in the midst of his camp." "Ah! hush," whispers Secretiveness, "a word in your ear—don't be caught napping, be shrewd and cunning if you would be successful. Bait your hook wisely. Ply your lines skillfully, and you will soon have enough fish in your basket." Acquisitiveness would have us consider pecuniary results, and puts the question, "Will it pay?" urging that we should set a good price on our wares, and make the "end and aim" of our business identical with those of the world—the acquisition of wealth." Constructiveness kindly offers to plan out any little undertaking we may have in hand. Friendship, Philoprogenitiveness, and Amativeness urge the necessity

of giving attention to the home and social circles if we would enjoy much of real happiness in this terrestrial sphere. They also have to suggest many good things in the way of the improvement of society, which good things we will request them to present through our columns as occasion may offer. Tune sings in our ear of the delights of music, and entreats us to say a word in her favor, so that joy, gratitude, and pleasure may find their fitting expression through her appropriate measures. Language owns the important part she has to bear in the realms of discussion and instruction, and offers her valuable instrumentalities in communicating our thoughts to world. Our little friends Time, Form, Size, Weight, Color, Order, and Number kindly offer us the privilege of calling on them for information in their respective lines whenever we need it.

What a host of assistants we have here, and how grateful we should be for their proffered aid! We will make them available, each, if we can, in his or her proper department, and as many simultaneously as the nature of the occasion or the subject demands. There is a possibility that one or more of these valuable coadjutors may now and then exercise too much influence in our considerations, overawing and preventing others from giving full expression to their views, and so forcing a verdict to a greater or less extent *ex parte*, and not in strict accordance with equity and candor. This possibility we must seek to avoid, at all times insisting that Benevolence, Causality, and Conscientiousness shall have the precedence in the debate. No knowledge is useless to the editor. The more he knows of *all* things, the better he can do any *one* thing. This axiom we have frequent occasion to appreciate. Persons write us from different sections of the country asking all sorts of questions, and had we the fabled wisdom of Apollo we would sometimes be at a loss to answer an inquiry. It is a very simple matter to *ask* questions—quite another to *answer* them.

What important events have taken place during the past year! The brief but weighty contest between Austria and Prussia has necessitated a considerable change in the map of continental Europe. Prussia has taken an advanced

position among the world's monarchies; Austria, hitherto recognized as a superior power, has receded into comparative insignificance; while poor, misguided, down-trodden Italy has emerged from the meanness and obscurity of centuries and taken a respectable stand among the nations. Glorious Garibaldi! But the most significant and the most important event of all, an event which looms up in the horizon of 1866 like some vast meteor of surpassing brilliancy, is the successful laying of the Atlantic cable. A pure triumph of science, and a marked advance in the measures of civilization. This new and magnetic bond of union between the Old and New Worlds will not be without its beneficial effects upon both. It will tend to maintain the identity of human nature on both sides of the Atlantic. The doctrine of "equal rights," as upheld in America, will through the agency of the telegraphic wire electrify the "men" of Europe, and prompt them to an assertion and maintenance of their rights as men, and so aid in bringing about that amelioration for which the lower classes there are sighing. The great Papal hierarchy, which for ages has issued its imperial mandates from the hills of the "Eternal City," seems unsteady and falling. The once proud disposer of thrones and principalities now holds the ancient seat by the sufferance of a single monarch. Whatever inferences may be drawn from prophecy with respect to this remarkable religious phenomenon we leave to the theologian, venturing no hypothesis on our own account, but feeling that the "just God, who presides over the destinies of nations," will make "all things work together for good."

In America we have had political thunder-storms which threatened serious results, but which passed by without damage, save to those who stood in the way of justice and progress. If bad men have been elevated to high places, they must themselves come up to the high plane demanded by the office, or they will be cast aside as so much useless lumber. If they were simply perverted, they may, nay, *must*, reform. Education, morality, religion, temperance, liberty, and progress will triumph. Enterprises are going forward; railways from the Atlantic to the Pacific are being pushed through; wild lands are being subdued and put

under cultivation; miners are bringing down from the mountains gold, silver, copper, and iron; farmers are flourishing; manufacturers are making money; and all classes of the temperate and industrious are thrifty and prosperous.

We now begin a new year and a new volume. May that beneficent Providence, who has cheered and prospered us in the past, graciously vouchsafe His direction and counsel in the future, that we, and all who help, may be enabled the more efficiently to perform the great work assigned us of promoting the physical, mental, and moral well-being of others.

YOU HAVE COME AGAIN.

It was painful for us to say "farewell," and to think of parting company with our old readers, which we did in the concluding number of the last volume—December, 1866. Our "good-bye" to former subscribers was uttered in a low mental whisper, and in sorrow at parting. We had come to feel a nearness to those with whom we had exchanged thoughts, and whose familiar names were on our books and constantly in our minds. Frequent mental interviews had begotten a feeling of sympathy and support. We should have claimed each, on meeting, as a friend, and felt "perfectly at home" in his or her presence.

But the parting word was said, and we turned again to our work, feeling grateful that we had met, and hopeful that we should meet again. How quickly have our hopes been realized! The "good-bye" was but for a day. Again we are greeted with those cheering and welcome words, "How do you do?" "Here we are again!" "Put us on your book for life." "I am in for the campaign." "The JOURNAL just suits me." "We can not keep house without it." "Make it weekly." "It does not come often enough." "How I regret I did not know of it sooner!" "We read it aloud in the family." "It is instructive and entertaining." "As good as preaching." "Will the EDITOR please give us his likeness in the JOURNAL?" [He would, but wife objects; fears others may fall in love with it—as she did—at first sight! What a whopper! Then how could she avoid being jealous? Wait awhile, till he gets a little gray and less fascinating, then it may be safe to put his picture in the JOURNAL.] Portraits of the great, the good, and the weak, and the bad will continue to appear—as formerly. Questions will be answered, as usual, by our oracle, who always has several dictionaries and encyclopedias in his head, having graduated in several schools, on sea and land. New books will be described, inventions noticed, and everything new and useful in our department of science and philosophy placed before our readers. It shall not be our fault, then, if the JOURNAL be not a welcome visitor in every family. We repeat to all former subscribers a hearty welcome, thrice welcome to a place in our new subscription books, and to our hearts. Toward new comers we feel like parents who have welcome additions to the family; while loving the first-born, we have no less affection for the last; and all who feel an interest in the cause we

advocate, and who are with us in thought, spirit, and sentiment, we extend the hand of welcome. We greet you, we grasp you, we welcome you. And may our frequent interviews during the year 1867 prove alike to all most "pleasant and profitable."

THE GREAT RAILROAD EXCURSION TOWARD THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

THE EDITOR is preparing for an early number of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL an account of the recent great railroad excursion to the one hundredth meridian of longitude, 250 miles west from Omaha, Nebraska, in which he was a most happy participant. Portraits of the leading railroad men, and of the members of Congress who formed part of the two hundred or more invited guests, are now being engraved. When ready, we shall try to "show up" this, one of the greatest of modern events in its true colors.

We of the East, with all our book knowledge of geography, do not comprehend the vast magnitude of the West! With our best conceptions, our view of the country may be likened to our looking at the great globe through a keyhole. We shall try to describe just a little of what we lately saw on the road to the Rocky Mountains.

PAWNEE INDIAN SKULLS.—To the Hon. J. E. Kelly—member of the Legislature of Nebraska, and president of the Columbus (Nebraska) Phrenological Society, the first one established between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains—the Editor is indebted for polite attentions when on his recent excursion to celebrate the opening of the Union Pacific Railroad, and for a fine specimen of a Pawnee Indian skull; also to Mr. Smith, postmaster of Omaha, for similar attentions, and for another skull of the same tribe, both of which now form a part of the large collection at 389 Broadway, New York. The Editor would also make his grateful acknowledgments to the American Express Company, for kindly franking to his address the package containing the skulls.

PROF. AGASSIZ IN NEW YORK.—The *New York Association for the Advancement of Science and Art*, which has for the past two years been industriously engaged in bringing before the public numerous subjects of interest, is now making preparations for a course of popular lectures by the distinguished naturalist, Prof. LOTIS AGASSIZ, whose recent thorough investigation and study of the geographical, botanical, zoological, aquatic, and ethnological character of Brazil has furnished him with an amount of material for the purpose unequalled by that of any other individual. The course is to consist of six lectures, which will afford the learned gentleman an opportunity to illustrate, in his peculiarly happy and attractive style, a large variety of interesting topics. The size of the audience will be limited to the seating accommodations of the Lecture Hall of the Cooper Institute, and those who may be so fortunate as to secure tickets for the course will be treated to a very rare and profitable entertainment. The lectures will be delivered some time in the month of February.

SING AWAY YOUR GRIEF.

WE can sing our cares away easier than we can reason them away. Sing in the morning. The birds are the earliest to sing, the birds are more without care than anything else that I know of. Sing at evening. Singing is the last thing that robins do. When they have done their daily work; when they have flown their last flight, and picked up their last morsel of food, and cleaned their bill on a napkin of a bough, then, on a topmost twig, they sing one song of praise. I know they sleep sweeter for it. They dream music; for sometimes in the night they break forth in singing, and stop suddenly after the first note, startled by their own voice. O that we might sing evening and morning, and let song touch song all the way through!

As I was returning from the country the other evening, between six and seven o'clock, bearing a basket of flowers, I met a man that was apparently the tender of a mason. He looked brick and mortar all over! He had worked the entire day, and he had the appearance of a man that would not be afraid of work. He was walking with a lithe step, and singing to himself as he passed down the street, though he had been working the whole day, and nearly the whole week. Were it not that my good thoughts always come too late, I should have given him a large allotment of my flowers. If he had not been out of sight when the idea occurred to me, I should have hailed him, and said, "Have you worked all day?" "Of course I have," he would have said. "And are you singing?" "Of course I am." "Then take these flowers home, and give them to your wife, and tell her what a blessing she has in you."

O that we could put songs under our burdens! O that we could extract the sense of sorrow by song! Then these things would not poison so much. Sing in the house. Teach your children to sing. When troubles come, go at them with songs. When griefs rise up, sing them down. Lift the voice of song against cares. Praise God by singing; that will lift you above trials of every sort. Attempt it. They sing in heaven; and among God's people upon earth song is the appropriate language of Christian feeling. BEECHER.

[Sensible. Do we not sing the restless baby to sleep? Do we not sing "Hail, Columbia," to express our love of country, and sacred songs to express our gratitude to God? So we may drive away melancholy, and divert the mind from painful subjects, by the aid of music. We vote for music, morning, noon, and night. Should a mad man attack us, we might try to sing him down, as did the fiddler when chased by a wild bull.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.")

BRavery.—"Now, then, my hearties," said a gallant captain, "you have a tough battle before you. Fight like heroes till your powder's gone; then—run! I'm a little lame, and I'll start now."



PORTRAIT OF ELIZA COOK.

AUTHOR OF "THE OLD ARM CHAIR."

ELIZA COOK, well known as a metrical and prose writer, author of "The Old Arm-Chair," was born in London about the year 1818. At the age of fifteen she lost her mother, a woman of culture and refinement, much above her social condition. Her own disposition and tastes being of an elevated character, she thereafter found little in her domestic associations in sympathy with those feelings. Actuated by the desire to emancipate herself from the uncongenial circumstances by which she was surrounded, she attempted the expression of her feelings in poetry, and was successful, meeting with a cordial reception. Subsequently she became the editress of "Eliza Cook's Journal," a weekly publication, and achieved fortune and reputation with her vigorous pen. She now contributes, both in prose and verse, to several British periodicals.

In Eliza Cook we have a happy illustration of a full vital temperament associated with authorship, which is quite in contravention of the generally received idea of "spare and lean writers." She is, however, truly English. The head is evidently much larger than the average of woman, especially in the regions of Ideality, Sublimity, and Mirthfulness. She should be known for imagination and sprightliness conjoined to a strong vein of the mirthful and humorous. The emotional and reflective organs predominate over the perceptive and merely passional; still, the base-of-brain is large enough to render her hold on life and society tenacious. Hope is also strong, which renders life attractive in its many phases. Buoyancy, elasticity, and exhilaration should be characteristics of her disposition, and impart their inspiration to her pen. That is a jovial, happy face, almost rollicking. Good-humor and good health are clearly expressed in this full-formed English woman.

STERNE says, "The grand error of life is, we look too far; we scale the heavens; we dig down to the center of the earth for systems; and we forget ourselves. Truth lies before us; it is in the highway path, and the plowman treads on it with clouted shoes."

* From our Illustrated Annual of Phrenology and Physiognomy for 1867. Sent post-paid for 30 cents.

TWO CAREERS OF WOMANHOOD.
ILLUSTRATED.

IN our January number of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL we published an article entitled "The Two Paths," or, a portraiture of the lives of two boys reared under different auspices, the one terminating happily and successfully, the other making a total wreck of life. That article excited considerable attention, and was favorably commented upon by the press at large. We now present our readers with a brief description of female life in its two most marked phases. Our hypothesis is as follows: Figures 1 and 2 represent two little girls just in the dawn of life, fresh, joyous, and pure in their childish simplicity. Yet we must mark a difference in their infantile faces, and the source of that difference can be traced in their parentage, birth, and surroundings. The parents of the first are plain, retired people, possessing strong religious principles and considerable intellectual culture. Their child is the object of tender solicitude. Her playmates are carefully selected for her, and the utmost regard is paid to her moral and mental training. Surrounded by the best influences, she becomes a quiet, unobtrusive, sweet-tempered girl. The parents of the second, although on the same plane in society with those of the first, are more worldly people. They are free and easy in their mode of life, fond of company and indulgent, allowing their child the utmost latitude. She "runs the streets," picking up any one she fancies as a playmate, in fact, associating promiscuously. She becomes dashing, pert, pleases the adult visitors at her parents' house, to say nothing of the inward satisfaction which her parents feel, by her smart "speeches, forwardness, and so cunning" ways.

Time passes on—eighteen years have gone by, and No. 1 has grown up into the sweet modest maiden. She is simple and unaffected in her manner. Her mind, though not overtasked with study, under judicious culture, is well stored with such information as is necessary to the performance of the duties appertenant to woman. She is quiet and unostentatious, with enough of dignity to prevent insolent familiarity. To be sure, she knows, personally, little about vice and crime as it exists in the world; but she has been taught its nature, and her high moral tone renders sin a matter of the deepest abhorrence to her. The spiritual instruction of her parents and teachers, and the precepts of the sacred Word of God, are kept as the most valuable of her treasures. At home, among her friends—at school, among her associates, she is loved and respected. Her health having been well cared for, nick-nacks, confections, and the whole host of poisonous sweets which, unfortunately, so many children are allowed to riot in, having been excluded from her dietary, she is well fortified by a substantial constitution against the common ailments of life. Happy are her prospects!

Meanwhile, No. 2 has grown up in her own way, according to her own devices. She is now a wild, fly-away "young lady." Her associations, which her parents allowed her to choose, or rather to "pick up," have brought her in contact with sin. Look in her countenance (fig. 4), and behold those voluptuous indications which are distinctive marks of the young woman of pleasure. There is no mistaking that face. And yet so young! Yes! She chases the gaudy bauble of pleasure as the only joy of earth. Permitted in her youth to have her own way, self-willed and capricious, without those high and holy influences which would have tended to draw her up and beyond temptation's snare, her propensities have attained the ascendancy over her moral nature, and she only finds delight now in what she terms the joys of life. Excitement, the giddy throng, the swell of passion, seductive musics, and the mazy whirl of the dance are her delights. We pause, and gaze upon her face, pityingly, when we meet her in the crowded thoroughfare. We can not but experience a pang of sorrow, for her countenance tells unmistakably of her downward course.

Many years have passed by, and we find her, whom we last considered as an amiable and intelligent girl of eighteen, now become a fully matured woman (fig. 5). She is married, and that discreetly; for, considering the careful culture of her youth, and the kind suggestions which she has doubtless received on so important a subject as marriage from interested friends, and the earnest thought which she herself has bestowed upon it, she could not hastily make a choice of her life's partner; but, deliberately considering the consequences, she has given her hand with her heart to him whom she could honor as well as love. It is probable that she has not been without her share of life's trials and disappointments. Perhaps bereavement has visited her bright home; but being sustained by a strong faith in that Saviour whom she was early taught to love and confide in, she can be resigned yet cheerful under the severest affliction. Her house is a place of quiet domestic enjoyment; her children, trained up carefully, do not annoy visitors by their rudeness; but all

who visit her desire to go again. Her husband while with her finds the cares of his business grow lighter, and his spirits rise under the



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

influence of his wife's cheerful voice and sweet inspiring smile. She does not seem to grow old; the girl is, in fact, impressed upon that



FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.

fresh countenance, and imparts buoyancy and dignity to the woman. In fig. 6 we see the reckless, cold-hearted, miserable woman; surviv-



FIG. 5.



FIG. 6.

ing the exciting and pernicious course of her early years, she has become a gloomy, indifferent, and apparently heartless woman, caring



FIG. 7.



FIG. 8.

nothing for others, and thinking that others care nothing for her. She has had her fill of worldly pleasure. But how unsatisfactory it has all

been! How painful its consequence! She regards the world as mean, sordid, and corrupt. Her days of youth and happiness are past, for her manner of life has rendered her prematurely old. The fiery draught is now her only friend, for in its intoxicating depths she can temporarily forget the maddening recollection of her shame. Perhaps she, too, has been married. But what man, except he be as abandoned as herself, could live with her? In the street she is regarded with loathing and contempt by the passers-by. "Friends she has none!" There is no kind word of sympathy expressed for her! She has lost all friends, and misery, only misery, seems to be her inevitable portion, for she lives obstinately and willfully, without repentance and without grace! We see no encouragement in that half-frenzied face, and we turn from it with a sigh of relief and of sadness.

In the midst of her home, among the many friends whom her kindness and ready sympathy have closely attached to her, No. 1 grows old indeed "gracefully." The silver threads, which passing years have imperceptibly interwoven one by one with her shining tresses, announce her advanced age. How beautiful she appears, the aged Christian, the admired, the revered center of an extensive circle! Her presence is ever welcome, and her counsel gratefully received; and when the sun of her earthly existence shall set, in what a halo of glory it will take place! What sweet memories will linger on earth to console those in whose hearts she was held so dear! Her life, while she lives, is the life of faith, and her death, when she dies, will be a joyful transition to a blissful immortality.

But how different is the picture presented by No. 2, in the closing scene of her career, supposing that she has been suffered to live and grow old! She is probably the inmate of some poor-house, prison, hospital, or asylum, a tax upon the state, an object of cure to those who will not regret her decease. She will go down to the grave uncared-for and unmourned. If not under the care of the civil authorities, she worries through the remnant of her days in some lonely, squalid, out-of-the-way garret, among wretches almost as miserable as herself. She is an object

of aversion to her neighbors, and of dread to their dirty children; for now and then, alcohol and her unbridled passions drive her to the extremities of delirium, and in one of those paroxysms of madness, death comes, either by her own hand, or her diseased and broken-down body finally succumbs to its natural destiny, and her staring eyes are fixed until the last trump shall awaken her to judgment. Sad, fearful end! the inevitable result of a life of sin! Reader, ponder well these two sketches, and gather therefrom the instruction we have sought to impart. Choose Wisdom's ways, for "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

RATIONALISM.*

RATIONALISM, strictly speaking, signifies what is conformable to reason; that which possesses the attributes and methods of reason. It is that method of thought which in matters of religion not only allows the use of reason, but considers it indispensable. The term has now, however, acquired a wider meaning, and stands in opposition to *supernaturalism*, or the belief in the miracles recorded in the Bible, the genuineness and accuracy of which it questions. It proceeds farther, and denies the presence of any element other than human in the Bible, or that there is any satisfactory evidence of the truth of its alleged supernaturalism; and the word Rationalism has now become synonymous with or a species of infidelity. This system of interpretation upon the principles of human reason has become famous in the present day by the opposition in which it stands to Protestantism; but to comprehend rightly the struggle between Rationalism and Protestantism, we must look at it from a historical point of view.

Much has been written on this subject, and the most recent defense of it is by Mr. Lecky, following closely in the steps of Mr. Buckle in his "History of Civilization." According to Lecky, human reason is the only factor of history; the agency of God is ignored; elaborate creeds and liturgical services are a barrier to the mind's progress, because they shackle the intellect by impure traditions; and Rationalism is the only relief of these later times; and he totally disclaims the agency of the Holy Spirit in giving inspired truth to the world or in educating the Church, etc.

That such views should be repudiated and their influence counteracted was a matter of necessity, and Mr. Hurst, in his late volume on the "History of Rationalism," and which has called our attention to the subject, has come boldly forward to the self-imposed task in repelling the invasion of such skepticism.

Mr. Hurst bases his discussion on the present theme on three great principles, namely: 1. That infidelity presents a systematic and harmonious history. 2. A history of a mischievous tendency is the very best method for its refutation and ex-

tirpation. 3. Of Rationalism it may be affirmed, as of all the phases of infidelity, that it is not in its results an unmixed evil, since God overrules its work for the purification and progress of His Church.

Upon these principles Mr. Hurst lays the foundation of his "History." To do justice to the excellent work which Mr. Hurst presents would require too much of our very limited space, and we must therefore content ourselves with presenting to our readers but a brief synopsis of those interesting chapters which relate chiefly to our own land and to Great Britain.

RATIONALISM NOT AN UNMIXED EVIL.

The third great principle underlying Mr. Hurst's work, namely, "Of Rationalism it may be affirmed, as of all the phases of infidelity, that it is not in its results an unmixed evil, since God overrules its work for the purification and progress of His Church," is thus substantiated by him when he says: "A nation is never so pure as when emerging from the seven-fold heated furnace. . . . The whole history of religious error shows that the Church is cold, formal, and controversial before the visitation of skepticism. When every power is in full exercise, infidelity stands aloof. God has so provided for his people that he has even caused the delusion by which they have suffered to contribute great benefits but little anticipated by the deluded or the deluders themselves. The intellectual labors of the German Rationalists have already shed an incalculable degree of light on the sacred books, and upon most every branch in theology. But thus has God ever caused the wrath of man to praise Him. . . . Church history was crude and ill-written before the Rationalists expended their toil and learning upon it. They investigated the fountains; made the storm-beaten monuments, old coins, and medals disclose their long-kept secrets; and threaded the labyrinths of secular history, written in almost every European language, in order that nothing serviceable to their cause might be lost."

After defining the meaning of the word Rationalism as accepted by other writers, Mr. Hurst proceeds to investigate the causes and results of the success of Rationalism. He says that it must be confessed that the German Protestant Church, both the Lutheran and Reformed, called loudly for reinvigoration. But it was faith; and not reason, that could furnish the remedy; and had Pietism, with all its extravagances, been fostered by the intellect of the pulpits and universities, it would have accomplished the same work for Germany in the seventeenth century that the Wesleys and Whitfield wrought in England in the eighteenth century. The influence of Rationalistic doctrines in Germany at that time is seen now even among the humblest peasants, who stepping on our shores at Castle Garden, will stare in wonder as you speak of the final judgment, the immortality of the soul, and the authenticity of the Scriptures. Thus has Rationalism corrupted a land for several generations. "But," continues the author, "the Church has proved herself able to depose many corruptions of her faith; yet this attack upon her faith she has still to vanquish thoroughly. . . . Our task is simply to lift the finger of warning against the increas-

ing influx of Rationalistic tendencies from France and England; which lands had first received them from Germany. One of our great dangers lies in permitting reason to take our premises and build her own conclusions upon them."

ENGLISH RATIONALISM.

The religious lesson taught by the condition of England during the eighteenth century is the inevitable moral prostration to which skepticism reduces a nation, and the utter incapacity of literature to afford relief. Mr. Hurst, after having faithfully sketched the rise and progress of Rationalism in Germany, Holland, France, and Switzerland, and the declination of those powers during their periods of religious skepticism, to which he devotes fifteen chapters, then proceeds to discuss the present position of Rationalism in England, and to show how the soil was prepared for its introduction by the Deists, who were ever steady in the pursuit of anything which would help to maintain their cause. Another great influence in promulgating skepticism is found in the literature of that day, of which he says: "The literature of England during the most of the last century presents a picture of literary ostentation. The Deists had toiled to build up a system of natural religion which would not only be a monument to their genius, but serve as an impassable barrier to all such claims as were urged by the zealous and loud-spoken Puritans. But early Deism lacked an indispensable element of strength—the power of adapting itself to the people. Its best priests could not leave the tripod, though many of the oracular responses were heard some distance from the temple doors. In time, there arose a group of essayists and poets, who, with a similar coterie of novelists, dictated religion, morals, politics, and literature to the country. Their influence was so great, that when they flattered the heads of government, the latter were equally assiduous in playing the Mæcenas to them." . . . Still other influences were at work. French society, French literature, French fashions, and French infidelity pervaded the whole land, mainly through the agency of the aristocracy. "The attempt," says Mr. Hurst, "to rear a Paris on English soil was an immense success. The young were delighted with the result; the aged had been too ill-taught in early life to raise the voice of remonstrance. With the exception of the Puritan opposition, the gratification was universal; and that took place in religion and literature which, had it occurred in warfare, would have kindled a flame of national indignation in every breast; England fell powerless, contented, and doomed into the arms of France."

Mr. Hurst then criticises the attacks of Hume and Gibbon on the divine origin of Christianity, whose mischievous influence imparted he classes with the elder school of Deists and French infidelity, of which he says: "The Church had not the moral power or purity to assert her own authority. She had lost the respect of the world because she had no respect for herself. She was therefore enervated at a time when all her power was needed to resist the skeptical and immoral tendencies of the day. But a new religious power, from an unexpected source, began to influence the public mind."

This was the movement inaugurated by Wesley and Whitfield, the influence of which is to be seen even at the present day; the rise and progress of which Mr. Hurst describes in a very lucid and eloquent manner. He then proceeds to criticise the philosophical and literary Rationalism of Coleridge and Carlyle; the critical Rationalism

* History of Rationalism, embracing a Survey of the Present State of Protestant Theology, with an Appendix on Literature. By the Rev. John F. Hurst, A.M., D.D. Second edition, revised. New York: Carlton & Porter and Charles Scribner & Co. Svo, pp. 633. Price \$3 50.

of Jowett; the Essays and Reviews, and Bishop Colenso, and continues with a survey of the existing church parties, and concludes his chapters on the English Church with the following exhortation: "The Protestant Church of Great Britain has no time for idleness, and can not afford to waste any truth power while so many enemies are assailing its walls. When the crisis shall have passed, it will be seen that not a superfluous hand was lifted in the combat. What British and American Protestantism needs to-day is not a class of discoverers of new truth, but that the defenders of the old truth, availing themselves of every new step of science and criticism, be chivalric in opposing their adversaries and watchful of the interests which God has placed in their keeping."

RATIONALISM IN AMERICA.

The author then turns his attention to our own country. He says: "What, then, has been the reception in America of that system of skepticism which has produced ravages on the Continent and now forebodes evil in our English mother-land? Is Rationalism likely to run its destructive cycle in the United States? Has the American Church no antidote for the great theological errors of the present age?" These are questions of vital importance to the prosperity of American Protestantism, to which Mr. Hurst devotes a lengthy discussion. He considers it a matter of surprise that French infidelity has not acquired a greater influence over our people. But it was not wholly without power, and the first twenty-five years of the history of the Church witnessed greater religious disasters than have appeared at any subsequent time. Still, it may be said that skepticism has not yet gained a permanent foothold here. He urges the necessity of the American Church making efforts against the inroads of this tendency. He warns them that the last effort of Rationalism may address itself to the American Church. "The Church in this country has partaken of the pride awakened by our unexampled national prosperity; and many of her noblest sons had well-nigh come to the conclusion, before the outbreak of the late civil war, that she must inevitably prosper, simply because of the remarkable temporal blessings which God had lavishly given. But without faith nothing can be accomplished, and three decades may be sufficient to so change the whole aspect of our religious life that the Church may become thoroughly Rationalistic. . . . Our civilization is undergoing a complete revolution. The field is newly plowed by the events of the last few years, and it becomes the Church to scatter the seeds of truth with an unsparing hand. If this land is to be blessed with pure faith, as in past years, a faith strong enough to repel every blow of skepticism, to the Church as an instrument, and not to our natural growth, shall be attributed this popular prosperity. If we would secure for future years an uncorrupted faith, the enactment of pure laws, the introduction of the Gospel into every social class, an increased enthusiasm in missionary labors, the intense union of all parts of our country, and the united progress of piety and theological science, the duty of the present hour must be discharged."

In conclusion, Mr. Hurst takes a very hopeful view of the future of the Protestant Church, regarding the most important successes of man as born of his severest trials; "the wrath of man being made to praise Him."

For a clear, concise, and truthful history of the rise, progress, and consequences of Rationalism, and its influence upon civilization, written in a clear and strong yet fascinating style, and from a purely orthodox stand-point, we refer our readers to Mr. Hurst's work. We have endeavored to give an idea of what the author aims at in presenting his history to the world.

Justice can not be done to a work of this description unless it be thoroughly studied, as it is necessary that the circumstances which attended its inception and subsequent movement, its origin, character, effects, and apostles, should be understood.



ALEXANDER POPE.

An intense mental temperament, a keenly susceptible and sensitive organization, and a bodily constitution weak and delicate from his birth, were the most prominent features of Pope's make-up. The appearance of the face is that of ill health and depressed spirits. The ungainly cap or turban rather adds to the sadness of the expression. The prominence of the eyebrows indicates power of perception and a keen appreciation of material things. Imitation, Ideality, and Language were largely developed, imparting the ability to copy the models he admired, to cull from the world of fancy choice flowers, and to express his burning thoughts in suitable language. He was evidently courageous, though very sensitive to criticism, and his courage imparted boldness in the execution of his ambitious projects. His sympathy appears to have been strong and his affection tender and impulsive. Vitativeness was influential, and the basilar organs generally well indicated, giving him much tenacity of life and an appreciation of those things which are conducive to existence; so that, notwithstanding deformity and a naturally delicate constitution, he attained to the age of fifty-six.

Alexander Pope, the author of the "Essay on Man"—an installment of which we present to our readers in the present number of the JOURNAL—was born in London, May 21, 1688. His father was a wealthy linen-merchant of London, and his mother was of a "good Yorkshire family." The former died in 1717, and young Pope went with his mother to reside at Twickenham, on the banks of the Thames.

Pope had not the advantages of a thorough education, but acquired a good knowledge of Latin, and some Greek, French, and Italian. He was a poet almost from infancy; he "lisp'd in numbers," and when a mere youth he surpassed all his cotemporaries in metrical harmony and correctness. Several pastorals and translations of his appeared in 1709, but were written three or four years earlier. These were followed by the "Essay on Criticism," 1711; "Rape of the Lock," 1712-1714; "Windsor Forest," 1713; "Temple of Fame," 1715; "Epistle of Eloisa," and "Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady," in 1716, 1717, two poems inimi-

table for pathetic beauty and finished versification. From 1715 till 1726 he was chiefly engaged on his translations of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," which realized to him the sum of \$40,000.

He next edited an edition of Shakspeare, which proved unworthy of his reputation. In 1728, 1729 he published a satire called "The Dunciad," an attack on some persons against whom the sensitive poet had conceived an enmity. In 1737 he gave to the world a volume of "Literary Correspondence." Between the years 1731 and 1739 he issued a series of poetical essays, moral and philosophical, with satires and imitations of Horace, all admired for their sense, wit, spirit, and brilliancy. Of those delightful productions, the most celebrated is the "Essay on Man," the first epistle of which appeared, anonymously, in 1733. A general revision of his earlier works closed the poet's literary cares and toils. He died on the 30th of May, 1744, and was buried in the church at Twickenham.

Pope was of very diminutive stature, and deformed from birth. His physical infirmity, susceptible temperament, and incessant study rendered his life "one long disease." He was irritable, offended by trifles, never forgetting or forgiving them; yet, when no literary vanity or rivalry intervened, he was generous and affectionate, and showed a manly and independent spirit. As a literary artist, and brilliant declaimer, satirist, and moralizer in verse, Pope stands unsurpassed.

EUGENIE'S RELIQUARY.—*La France*, in its obituary notice of Count Baciocchi, who died in Paris recently, says that the Empress "sent to him, as an act of unexampled favor, to keep in his room, so long as his illness should last, as she had kept it in hers at the moment of the birth of the Prince Imperial, a jewel which is assuredly the most precious of the crown of France. This is a reliquary, the skillful work of Froment Meurice, in which is seen a shred of the swaddling clothes of Jesus Christ, a bit of the Virgin's veil, a strip of St. John the Baptist's winding sheet, and in the middle, suspended in the manner of a pendulum, Charlemagne's talisman—given by the magistrates of Aix-la-Chapelle to the first Napoleon—about the dimensions of a crown-piece, and formed of an *aqua marina*, within which is seen, crossed, two fragments of the true cross. This rare medley of powerful relics is reinforced by a splinter of the bone of Charlemagne's own right arm." Nevertheless death was too powerful for the Empress' famous reliquary.

[Is this indicative of civilization and royal intelligence? Comment is needless.]

"SAMMY, Sammy, my son, don't stand there scratching your head—stir your stumps, or you will make no progress in life." "Why, father," replied the hopeful, "I've often heard you say that the only way to get on in this world was to scratch a head!"

DO YOUR WORK WELL.—Training the hand and eye to do work well, leads individuals to form correct habits in other respects, and a good workman is, in most cases, a good citizen. No one need hope to rise above his present situation who suffers small things to pass by unimproved, or who neglects, metaphorically speaking, to pick up a cent because it is not a dollar.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.

Two dollars in greenbacks will pay for a single copy of the *PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED* a year, or from January, 1867, to January, 1868. Our club rates are as follows: Five copies, \$9; Ten copies, \$15; Twenty copies, \$30, and, for premium, a copy of "New Physiognomy," value \$5; Thirty copies, \$45, and a Student's Set, value \$10; Forty copies, \$60, and a Student's Set with "New Physiognomy," value \$15; Fifty copies, \$75, and \$20 dollars worth of our own publications as a premium; One Hundred copies, \$150, and \$50 in our publications as a premium.

CLUBS may be made up at one or a hundred different post-offices, but should be sent in before, or as near the 1st of January as possible, up to which date these terms will hold good.

Premiums will be sent as per order, by post or express, at the cost of the receiver. The postage on "New Physiognomy," when prepaid, is 50 cents. The larger premiums, including books or busts, must go by express or as freight. We are now ready to record new names or re-enter present subscribers on our new books for 1867. Let clubs be made up at once.

ADDITIONAL PREMIUMS.

For One Thousand Dollars, we will send Five Hundred copies of the *JOURNAL* to Five Hundred new subscribers a year, and one of STEINWAY AND SONS' best Rosewood Seven Octave Pianos—manufacturers' price, \$625.

For Four Hundred Dollars, Two Hundred *JOURNALS* to new subscribers, and one of GROVERSTEIN & CO.'s best \$350 pianos.

For Two Hundred Dollars, One Hundred copies of the *JOURNAL* to new subscribers, and one of MARON AND HAMLIN'S Fine Octave Cabinet Organs—price \$130.

For One Hundred and Fifty Dollars, One Hundred copies of the *JOURNAL*, and a set of Forty Portraits, intended for Lecturers on Phrenology—value \$30.

For Eighty Dollars, Forty *JOURNALS* a year, and one of HOWARD'S New Breech-Loading Rifles, called the Thunderbolt. The best sporting gun ever made—value \$28.

For Seventy Dollars, Thirty-five *JOURNALS* to new subscribers, and either Wheeler and Wilson's, Weed's, Wilcox and Gibbs', or the Empire Sewing Machine, or Dalton's Knitting Machine, as may be preferred—\$55.

For Forty Dollars, Twenty *JOURNALS* a year, and one of Doty's Washing Machines—value \$15; or, if preferred, one of the best Clothes Wringers—price the same. Every house ought to be furnished with one of these labor-saving machines.

It is scarcely necessary for us to describe at length the merits of the premiums we offer. Suffice it, the Pianos and Melodeons are among the best; the Sewing Machines have a world-wide reputation; the New Sporting Rifle is the best gun we ever saw; the Washing Machine and the Clothes Wringer are the best of their kind.

Failing to obtain the full number of subscribers to make up a club for either of the premiums, we will accept the amount and number of names sent at the same rates, and receive cash to balance. In such cases no effort, though but partially successful, will be lost. We wish the agent to be liberally remunerated for his services; though many will work *gratis* for the good they may do.

Our object is to induce our friends to place a copy of the *JOURNAL* in the hands of every family. May God bless the efforts of ALL who work in the interest of humanity.

Communications.

Under this head we publish such voluntary contributions as we deem sufficiently interesting or suggestive to merit a place here, but without indulging either the opinions or the alleged facts set forth.

A PLEA FOR THE FINE ARTS.

In glancing over the columns of an old magazine, my eyes fell upon an article of rare merit, the production of an old poet-friend, who, rather than struggle with poverty in the pursuance of his choice, had abandoned the life of a poet for that of a physician. And who is not aware that through the ages of the past, genius has often walked hand in hand with want? It has become proverbial, that "poets are always poor," and too often, alas! has the fear of such calamity diverted the young aspirant from the paths of superior usefulness and eminence to the ordinary walks of life.

But this is a progressive age. The shadows that have hung so darkly over the centuries gone are folding their wings and hiding themselves away. Many are the facilities of the present day for the spread of knowledge and the development of genius which the past never knew. Institutions of learning, reared upon a permanent and noble basis, are being rapidly multiplied, while every year large endowments are made to augment their numerical strength and usefulness. Every department of science has been duly regarded; the modern scholar is fully prepared to drink at the fountain of pristine lore and hold communion with the sages of ancient Greece or Rome.

But though the temple of knowledge is rapidly attaining proud dimensions, and casts its welcome shadow over our land, the admiring beholder must perceive with regret that its embellishment has been for the most part disregarded, and that the fine arts have hitherto received far less attention than their importance demands. It is true, Art has had many admirers; but seldom has it shared that substantial support which has been so freely bestowed upon the ordinary academic course. And thus it is, that while many are enabled to bow at learning's shrine, artistic genius, one of the purest gifts of Heaven, is often permitted to be trampled in the dust. But not until it shall receive among us its just desert, may America hope to boast of a Milton, a Mozart, a Raphael, or a Canova.

But why delay? Why may there not be from among the millions that are dropping so freely from the hand of philanthropic wealth, a fund appropriated that shall nobly meet the present need, and prepare the way for the most ample results in the future—a fund that will not merely enable the needy pupil to acquire a knowledge of the principles of his favorite art, but will bear him along upon its beneficent tide until he shall have become somewhat established in his peculiar sphere?

Oh, ye of noble heart and willing hand! ye heirs alike of fortune and of taste! within whose homes, on ornamented shelf, stands many a gilded volume inspired by the poetic muse, whose walls are decked with rare productions of the painter's pencil or the sculptor's chisel, amid whose halls the harp's sweet murmur or the organ's grand swell awakes in the soul deep melody, to you I speak!

Amid the hills and vales of our own loved land, in many a cottage home, dwells the germ of future greatness! Nature hath planted her choicest gifts within our mental soil, hope hath watered them, and all that is needed are the means to facilitate their free development and insure their highest success.

Thus may the child of genius, so often of humble birth, be permitted to take his appropriate position amid the ranks of men! This would be placed a new gem in the crown of our nation's glory, which, illumined by the light of truth, might shed its effulgent beams far over the realms of earth!

DEAR JOURNAL: You have asked for our best thoughts, and most surely our best thoughts are those on God; "Our Father which art in heaven," who is the same just, merciful Being yesterday, to-day, forever, on him who in infinite love did provide for sinful man a way to escape the condemnation he so justly deserved, surely on such a Being should our best thoughts dwell.

The same hand which can create can also destroy, and if we are reserved for brighter scenes, it is all through infinite love. The love which placed man in Eden, the love which gave sinful man a way to escape from death

eternal, the love with which Jesus forgave his murderers, and which gave blessing for cursing—aye! the love which now says, "He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," this love should have our first, best thoughts, and our heartfelt gratitude. And what do we do to return this boundless love? Alas! the best do but little, comparatively. Alas! there are nine out of ten, if not more, who receive the blessings of God in great abundance, and yet never so much as think of thanking the Giver, and whose sole aim seems to be to get rich, to hoard up the almighty dollar, regardless both of body and soul. Well might Jesus ask of the leper, "Where are the nine?" Ten had received alike a great blessing, but one only gave God the glory.

Well may the world cry, "Miserable sinners!" (that mock expression, too often), for, indeed, all are sinners; yet far greater are they who toil day by day, year by year, till life is forfeited, eternal life, for the sake of gold.

Surely our thoughts should be centered on Him, for our thoughts should be pure; and who can make them pure but He whose life and daily walk was purity itself? "The pure in heart shall see God," is as true now as it was eighteen hundred years ago. We wish, many do, to see Him in our future existence, and yet can we expect to if our thoughts are evil? Never; they of evil thoughts must take their lot with the fallen. Let us all be pure—pure in mind, pure in heart, pure as we can be with God's help in all things; and especially should the young cultivate purity, for if their thoughts are pure while they are young, they will very likely be pure when older. "Can grapes come of thorns?" Nay, good deeds spring alone from a pure heart, and a pure heart comes alone from God. Our best thoughts are our pure thoughts.

DERFLA.

WHAT MAKES A MAN.

A TRUTHFUL soul, a loving mind,
Full of affection for its kind;
A spirit firm, erect, and free,
That never basely bends the knee;
That will not bear a feather's weight
Of slavery's chain for small or great;
That truly speaks from God within;
That never makes a lie go with sin;
That snaps the fetters of our makes,
And loves the truth for its own sake;
That worships God, and Him alone,
And bows no more than at his throne;
And trembles at no tyrant's nod;
A soul that fears no one but God,
And thus can smile at ease or ban;
This is the soul that makes a man.

EX.

FRIENDSHIP.

How often we speak of friends as though they might be found on every hand; and yet how little real friendship we find in this busy world! A true friend is one who will cling to you in adversity, sympathize with you in sorrow, and rejoice with you in prosperity. He is a being who feels, who thinks, who acts from the purest motives. Friendship is one of the noblest feelings—one of the grandest privileges of humanity; it can only be found in connection with noble souls, of merit and virtue united. In fact, to possess true friends, you need the most complete and nicest power of discrimination in selecting them, a natural gift to cherish them, with the most unselfishness.

Young ladies, young men, and all, be generous; be kind to those around you, especially to those who are the least attractive, and who are often the least noticed. Try to merit the real name of friend; it will fill you with a deeper joy than you have ever experienced; it will cause you to be beloved and esteemed by all around you. Practice self-denial, and you will feel its ennobling influence; it brings the happy consciousness of having given pleasure to others, which is of itself ample remuneration for all the inconvenience you could have suffered by so doing.

Life indeed is sad and drear,
When friendship's voice we never hear;
On rank and wealth what joys attend?
They ne'er can buy a faithful friend.

N. P. T.

To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will try to respond in the "next number." Your "BEST THOUGHTS" solicited.

THE AVERTED EYE.—Why is it that we meet persons who will not look us squarely in the eye while conversing? Is it a depressed or uncultivated state of Conscientiousness?

Ans. There are various reasons for averting the eye. One is diffidence arising from small Self-Esteem, small Combative-ness, moderate Hope, large Veneration, and large Cautiousness. Sometimes it arises from large Secretiveness, or excessive Approbateness, and a consciousness of inferior culture or position, and sometimes from a guilty and base condition of the mind and character.

DEBATING SOCIETY.—The following will serve for profitable consideration:

1. The encouragement of freedom of speech among younger members, by repressing criticism, ridicule, uncharitable reflection, and the avoiding of attempts, on the part of the older and more experienced members, to overawe or intimidate the younger.

2. The promotion of good fellowship by discouraging reserve, coldness, and pomposity.

3. The promotion of temperance, sobriety, and good habits generally, not disregarding the excellent rule of "early to bed."

4. The discussion of questions of material interest to all connected with the society. Many of these questions will naturally suggest themselves.

RELIGION.—Why are there so many different sects of religion when there is but one true God? and which religion is considered the best, and why?

Ans. The opinions of men differ with respect to the simplest known facts, and why should they not with respect to religious subjects? The mental organization in one man differs more or less from that in all other men, consequently his rational view of matters religious and secular differs more or less from that of others. In regard to your second question, we can not take it upon ourselves to rate any one orthodox sect as superior and pre-eminent above all others. We are advised by St. Paul, in the Epistle to the Ephesians, very clearly as to our duty and privileges as Christians; read that Epistle, and follow its teachings, and we will not be asked again to indicate a "best" sect or religion.

CULTIVATION OF ORGANS.—Can Self-Esteem and Continuity be cultivated? and how?

Ans. Yes. It is one of the prominent doctrines of Phrenology that organs are enlarged and their faculties strengthened by proper exercise. Not less than six times a year the JOURNAL announces and reiterates this statement in answer to inquiries. We are surprised to have such questions propounded by persons who have had an examination of the head, with the "Self-Instructor" marked as a chart. That work sets forth how all the faculties and propensities may be increased or decreased, cultivated or restrained. To all who would

learn how to improve the weak and repress the strong qualities of their mental nature, we recommend the perusal of that work. It will be sent by mail for 75 cents. Those who have it, will find in it answers to many of their questions.

CROSS-EYED.—Would you be good enough to inform one of your readers what is the cause and cure of strabismus, or squinting? Is it true that it is cured in a minute or two by oculists? If so, is the operation in any way injurious to the eye? Have you ever heard that the patient will be benefited or cured if he use only one eye, the other being kept entirely closed from the light? Do you think there would be any advantage in his doing so?

Ans. Go to an oculist, and he will take out the kink quickly, and that, too, without injury. There is no truth in the statement, that a patient would be benefited by using only one eye.

SOUL AND SPIRIT.—See article "Man-Triplicate," in the November JOURNAL of 1866, for a clear explanation of this subject.

SKIN DISEASE.—You may have inherited the conditions which induce skin disease. The best remedy in addition to general good habits is a full warm bath three times a week in a warm room so as to promote vigorous circulation in the capillaries and to some extent produce perspiration.

Literary Notices.

[All works noticed in THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.]

THE SOLDIER'S ORPHANS. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, author of "Fashion and Famine," "The Old Homestead," "Mary Derwent," "The Heiress," "The Gold Brick," "Silent Struggles," "Rejected Wife," "Wife's Secret," etc., etc. Cloth. Price \$2.

No one can deny that Mrs. Stephens possesses the power of producing a most absorbing novel. "The Soldier's Orphans" is not unnatural, but is a tale of the children of a volunteer—a simple story which probably actually has occurred a score of times within the past five years. The scene of her story is laid in our very midst, and possesses much interest from dealing in facts still fresh in the public mind, and which have not yet lost their power to stir the enthusiasm of patriotism. In fact, the book is one of the better kind of novels, and worth the reading.

STORY OF A STOMACH: an Egotism. By a Reformed Dyspeptic. 75 cents. Fowler and Wells, New York.

The chief merit of this elegantly printed brochure is its basis of fact. In a marvelously small space it develops a complete theory of hygiene, adapted to civilized life, founded on the personal experiences of the author, and illustrated by incidents in his history.

While agreeing, in many essential respects, with the principles advocated in this JOURNAL, the "story" differs boldly from others, and strikes out on a line of reasoning adverse to many of our conclusions. We do not like it the less for this, and should be glad if all our readers could examine and judge of the arguments for themselves. And if the author sometimes deals a blow at the hydropathic practice, it is consolatory to know that he hits the allopathists much more severely.

If he is right in his belief, health is an easy and inexpensive luxury, quite within the reach of the mass of sedentary people

who now suffer from the afflictions of dyspepsia. His remedies cost nothing, being simply an improvement upon our usual habits, and they are certainly incapable of producing harm. As the book can be read in an hour by any one interested in its subject, and is published at a trifling cost, we abstain from any quotations or abstract of its contents.

AFLOAT IN THE FOREST; OR, A Voyage among the Tree-Tops. By Captain Mayne Reid. With illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867. \$1 50.

"Afloat in the Forest" is an account of the marvelous adventures and hair-breadth escapes incident to a voyage down the Amazon, and will be eagerly read by "the boys" of a romantic turn of mind. Captain Mayne Reid, however, does not forget to give instruction with entertainment. The scenery, the various and innumerable curiosities of natural history and vegetable life, etc., as seen in the tropics of South America, are interestingly described.

STORIES OF MANY LANDS. By Grace Greenwood, author of "History of My Pets," "Merrie England," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Price \$1 25.

Grace Greenwood's juvenile story books are always interesting and diverting. In this new collection she gives pleasing tales having reference to England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Switzerland, Italy, and Home; here and there sprinkling a short poem, a rebus, or a charade. There are also several neat illustrations, which add materially to the attractiveness of the book.

FLOWER-DE-LUCE. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. With illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. Cloth, gilt. Price \$2 50.

Not only Flower-de-Luce, but twelve other charming little poems of our loved poet. Always happy, gushing, and tender, remarkable both for his metrical variety and power of metrical adaptation, Professor Longfellow never sends anything out to the world that is not well considered and warmly welcomed. The twelve other poems are—Palingenesis, The Bridge of Cloud, Hawthorne, Christmas Bells, Kambalu, The Wind over the Chimney, The Bells of Lynn, Killed at the Ford, Giotto's Tower, To-morrow, Divina Commedia, Noël. The neat illustrations are in excellent keeping with the sentiment.

SARATOGA, an Indian Tale of Frontier Life. A true story of 1787. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street. Cloth. Price \$1 50.

This is an interesting love story woven in with incidents of frontier life. The book has found a ready sale in previous editions, and its republication will probably receive considerable patronage from the novel-reading class.

THE JUBILATE: a collection of Sacred Music for Choirs, Singing-Schools, Musical Conventions, etc. By L. O. Emerson, author of the "Harp of Judah," "Golden Wreath," etc. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. Price \$1 38; per dozen, \$12.

We rather like this new collection of Sacred Music. It departs from the old method which has been practiced by most musical editors of collating and arranging under metrical heads the same tunes without much in the way of novelty. It presents us with an array of new airs, many of them beautiful, but does not omit altogether those fine old tunes which never lose their inspirational power by repetition, such as Palermo, Arlington, Hebron, Duke Street, Olmutz, etc.

MAUD MULLER. By John G. Whittier. With illustrations by W. J. Henney. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Large 8vo. Fancy cloth, gilt. \$3 50.

A handsomely gotten-up presentation of this charming pastoral by our loved Quaker poet. The engravings, of which each page has one, are admirable wood-cuts. Does any one meditate giving a neat and pleasing holiday present, which will cost but little, "Maud Muller" in this new dress would serve his purpose.

HOW TO GET RICH; OR, A Key to Honest Wealth. Being a Practical Guide to Business Success. Applicable to all Trades and Professions. By Ascher L. Smith and J. W. Parkhurst. New York. Cloth. Price \$1.

This book is a compilation of business axioms, with excellent reflections thereon by the authors. Some of its best features are extracts from well-known works on practical economies, among which is included "The Way to Wealth," by "Poor Richard," which alone is worth the price of the book.

Some extracts from the publications of Fowler and Wells appear at good advantage in the book, but what work is alluded to on the 124th page we are at a loss to conjecture.

THE NATIONAL COOK BOOK.

By a Lady of Philadelphia, a practical housewife, and author of the "Family Save-All." Containing 578 New Receipts, never before published, for preparing all sorts of dishes. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Cloth. Price \$2.

As we are not epicures in the usual sense of the term, and have no desire to be, the "proof of the pudding" in the way of a practical test of the merits of this new Cook Book must be dispensed with on our part. The brevity and definiteness of the recipes are commendable; and with the space allotted to fruits and simple preparations of the farinacea we are pleased; yet the odors of lard and steaming butter in imagination assail our olfactory powerfully, and our liver involuntarily grows torpid while we think of the billows of grease that are here prescribed as irresistibly tempting to the palate of the fastidious.

ÆSOP'S FABLES. Illustrated. The People's Edition. New York: Fowler and Wells, Publishers, 389 Broadway. 1867. Octavo Edition. Cloth, richly gilt. Price \$1.

This beautiful edition of the sayings of the slave of Athens is the publication in a collected form of the Fables published in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL during 1866. The volume is complete, containing over two hundred Fables and upward of fifty fine-lined wood engravings, printed on tinted paper. The book is a cheap one, and well calculated for a popular gift-book to old and young.

Books intended for notice or review may be sent direct to the office, 389 Broadway, or left with Messrs. Lee & Shepard, 149 Washington Street, Boston; John L. Capen, 722 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; Mr. J. Burns, No. 1 Wellington Road, Camberwell, London; or with Mr. William Tweedie, 337 Strand, London, who will forward the same to this office. Newspapers, magazines, music, pictures, and pamphlets may be sent direct by post.

NEW MUSIC.—Mr. C. M. Tremaine, the successor of Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, has sent us the following choice pieces: "Do Not Heed Her Warning," reply to the Gipsies' Warning, music by Henry Tucker, price 30 cents; "Near and Dearest," by W. C. Baker and J. R. Thomas, 50 cents; "The Bonnie Brown Cottage," by W. C. Baker, price 40 cents.

THE GREAT UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD Excursion to the One Hundredth Meridian, October, 1886. Photographed and Published by John Carbutt, 134 Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois.

List of Stereoscopic Views: Landing of the U. P. R. R. Excursionists at Omaha (1); Do. No. 2; Steamers Denver and Colorado, U. P. R. R.; Group of Excursionists at Camp No. 1, Columbus, Nebraska; Camp of Pawnee Indians on the Platte Valley; Group of Mounted Pawnee Warriors; Group of Pawnee Warriors, and Palate Cars of U. P. R. R.; The Excursion Train going West; Excursion Party 275 miles west of Omaha, October 24, 1886 (1) and (2); Westward the Monarch Capital makes its way; Laying the Rails of U. P. R. R.—two miles a day; The Elkhorn Club on the banks of the Platte; the Platte River opposite Platte City; The Platte River and Kingley's Brigade; Commissioners and Directors of the U. P. R. R.; View of Camp No. 2 from Prospect Hill; Headquarters, Platte City, October 25th, 1886; Representatives of the Press, with the Excursion; The Boys that made us Comfortable, All-Hall; The Train at the One Hundredth Meridian, returning from the West; The Directors of the U. P. R. R. at the One Hundredth Meridian; Group of Distinguished Guests of U. P. R. R. at One Hundredth Meridian (1) and (2); Burnettizing Works of the U. P. R. R. at Omaha (1) and (2); T. C. Durant, Esq., and Heads of Departments, U. P. R. R. Engine-house and Workshops of U. P. R. R. at Omaha; South end east front U. P. R. Works at Omaha; North end east front U. P. R. Works at Omaha; U. P. R. Works and Depot, Omaha; North and west front U. P. R. Works, Omaha; View of Omaha, N. T., from Capitol Hill (1) and (2); Horn-don House, Omaha, N. T.; Construction Train of the U. P. R. R.

Dr. T. C. Durant, superintendent of the road, expressed his entire satisfaction of the views. The set of thirty-seven will be sent on receipt of ten dollars, post free.

OUR THREE ANNUALS, FOR 1886-6-7.—The best books for beginners, through which to get an outline of the first principles of Phrenology and Physiognomy, are these Illustrated Annuals for the three years 1885-6-7. They contain the gist of ponderous volumes, with more than 50 engraved illustrations. The three will be sent by return post on receipt of 40 cents. Address this office.

OUR SCHOOLDAY VISITOR.—ENLARGEMENT.—That very popular young people's magazine, "Clark's School Visitor," has been enlarged to double its former size, and otherwise materially improved. "Our Schoolday Visitor," now entering upon the eleventh year of its publication, richly merits the very liberal patronage it will everywhere receive. Terms, \$1 25 a year. To clubs \$1, with handsome premiums. Specimen numbers, ten cents. Address J. W. DAVIDSON, Publisher, 1808 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE METRIC SYSTEM. Published for the use of schools, and authorized by the Board of Public Instruction. Price 50 cents.

MESSRS. HURD & HOUGHTON, of 459 Broome Street, have announced a new magazine to be issued monthly under the name of "The Riverside Magazine for Young People." According to the terms of the prospectus this juvenile monthly will abound in reading intended to interest, amuse, and improve the youthful

mind. We trust the stories published will possess that sincere impressive character and that pure Christian sentiment which shall sow the seeds of piety and truth in tender hearts.

We have received from D. Appleton & Co. "The Children of the Frontier," a story of Western life for the "young folks." It is full of varied incident, told in a sprightly and attractive manner. Indeed, *adulthood* can find much pleasure in reading this graphic story of the joys and trials of two children in the "far West." It is illustrated from designs by the author, and issued in the Appletons' usually neat style of binding, etc.

We have received the following magazines for December: *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Hunt's Merchant's Magazine* and *Commercial Review*, *Hours at Home*, *Beadle's Monthly*, *American Educational Monthly*, *Dental Cosmos*, *Arthur's Home Magazine*, *Our Young Folks*, *Catholic World*. We would also acknowledge the receipt of *The Quarterly* of the Young Men's Christian Associations of America, *Journal de Médecine Mentale*, of Paris, for October, *Nashville Journal of Medicine and Surgery* for November.

THE NEW ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY for 1887 is having a very extensive sale. Agents are doing well with it. We have already printed four large editions, and the demand is increasing. Every family should have a copy. Sent post-paid for 30 cents. The article on *BASELINESS—Its Causes and Cure*—is alone worth ten times its cost.

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA, a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People, is drawing toward completion. We have received parts 111 and 112. In the latter the elaborate article on "Telegraph" is well presented, both with respect to matter and illustration. No library in any well-ordered household should be without a copy of this most interesting and instructive compilation of the Brothers Chambers.

New Books.

[Among the late issues of the *press* not elsewhere noticed in these pages, we may mention the following, all of which may be ordered through us, as in various ways and degrees valuable and interesting:]

ARABIAN (THE) NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS. A New Edition, revised, with Notes, by Rev. G. F. Townsend. With Sixteen Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, pp. 583. Cloth, \$2 25.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES from the Discovery of the American Continent. By George Bancroft. Volume IX. (The American Revolution, Volume III.) 8vo, pp. 506. Cloth, \$2 25.

THE PRACTICE OF THE SUPERIOR COURTS OF INDIANA IN CRIMINAL CASES. By George A. Ricknell, LL.D., author of "Indiana Civil Practice." 8vo, pp. vii., 518. \$5 50.

A WALK TO THE COMMUNION TABLE. By Rev. J. R. Boyd. Sq. 18mo, pp. 122. Cloth, \$1 15.

CURIOUS QUESTIONS. By Rev. Henry A. Brown, D.D. 18mo, pp. 292. Cloth, \$3 25.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT; or, Charley's Disappointment. By Mrs. Carey Brock. 18mo, pp. 80. Cloth, 60 cts.

MORE WAYS THAN ONE; OR, The Little Missionary. By Mrs. Carey Brock. 18mo, pp. 74. Cloth, 60 cts.

OUR ARTIST IN PERU. [Fifty Drawings on Wood.] Leaves from the Sketch-Book of a Traveler, during the Winter of 1865-66. By George W. Carleton. Sm. 4to, tinted paper, pp. viii., 50. Cloth, \$1 75.

THE MINOR PROPHETS; with Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, designed for both Pastors and People. By Rev. Henry Cowles. 12mo, pp. x., 435. Cloth, \$3 50.

RED-LETTER DAYS IN APPLETON. By Gail Hamilton (Miss M. A. Dodge). Sq. 16mo, pp. 141. Cloth, \$1 75.

THE CULPRIT FAY. A POOM. By Joseph Rodman Drake. With 100 illustrations by Arthur Lumley. Sm. 4to, tinted paper, pp. 118. Cloth, gilt sides and edges, \$5 50. Small edition, \$1 50.

FRANK'S HUNT FOR SEA-SHELLS. By H. F. P. 16mo, pp. 352. Cloth, \$1 50.

MILLY; or, The Hidden Cross. By Lucy Ellen Guernsey. 12mo, pp. 166. Cloth, \$1 75.

MARTYRIA; or, the Andersonville Prison. By Augustus C. Hamlin. Illustrated by the Author. 12mo, pp. 256. Cloth, \$2 25.

THE PILLARS OF TRUTH: a Series of Sermons on the Decalogue. By E. O. Haven, D.D., LL.D. 16mo, pp. 240. Cloth, \$1 50.

HORSE (THE) BOOK; being Simple Rules for Managing and Keeping a Horse. To which are added a Few Words on the Horse's Eye, Foot, and Stomach, with Hints on Draught. Sq. 24mo, pp. 62. Paper, 25 cents.

THE GOLD BRACELET; or, Florence Archer's Temptations. By Caroline E. Kelly. 16mo, pp. 252. Cloth, \$1 25.

NELLIE WARREN; or, The Lost Watch. By Lawrence Lancelwood, Esq. 16mo, pp. 256. Cloth, \$1 50.

THE LIFE OF SIMON BOLIVAR, Liberator of Colombia and Peru. By Dr. Felipe Larrazabal. With Two Portraits on Steel. Volume I. 8vo, pp. viii., 410. Paper, \$2; cloth, \$2 75.

MELIBCEUS-HIPPONAX. The Biglow Papers. Second Series. 16mo, pp. lxxx., 258. Cloth, \$1 75.

MADGE GRAVES. By the Author of "Bessie Lovell." 18mo, pp. 268. Cloth, \$1 50.

ELEMENTS OF MEDICAL CHEMISTRY. By B. Howard Rand, M.D. 12mo, pp. 309. Cloth, \$3 25.

ROSES AND HOLLY: a Gift-Book for All the Year. With Original Illustrations by Steele, Herdman, Stanton, etc., etc. Sm. 4to, pp. xii., 146. Cloth full gilt, \$5 75.

A PRECIOUS SAVIOUR; or, What Jesus is to Me. By Rev. J. B. Waterbury, D.D. Sq. 18mo, pp. 160. Cloth, gilt edges, \$1 50.

PROSE WORKS OF JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Two Vols. Portrait. 12mo, pp. 473, 305. Cloth, \$5 50.

THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES. Including also The Divine Trinity. A Treatise on the Divine Love and Wisdom, and Correspondence. From the "Apocalypse Explained" of Emanuel Swedenborg. 12mo, pp. 390. Cloth, \$2 25.

LAUS VENERIS, and other Poems and Ballads. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. 12mo, pp. vii., 328. Cloth, \$2.

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON THE DISEASES OF INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD. By T. H. Tanner, M.D., etc. Second American Edition. 8vo, pp. 464. \$3 25.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALFRED THOMSON. Complete Edition. Sq. 16mo, pp. 270. Cloth, \$1 50.

THE TRUE CHURCH. By Theodore Tilton. Illustrated from Designs by Granville Perkins. Sm. 4to, pp. 30. Cloth, full gilt, \$4.

THE SCIENCE OF WEALTH: a Manual of Political Economy. Embracing the Laws of Trade, Currency, and Finance. By Amasa Walker. 8vo, pp. xxx., 478. Cloth, \$3 50.

PRINCIPLES OF THE LAW OF PERSONAL PROPERTY. Intended for the Use of Students in Conveyancing. By Joshua Williams. American Editors, B. Gerhard and S. Wetherill. Third American from the Fifth London Edition. With Notes and References by S. Wetherill. 8vo, pp. ciii., 570. Sheep, \$6 50.

PRINCIPLES OF THE LAW OF REAL PROPERTY. Intended as a First Book for the Use of Students in Conveyancing. By Joshua Williams. Third American from the Seventh English Edition, with the Notes and References to the Previous American Editions by W. H. Rawle, and Additional Notes and References by James T. Mitchell. 8vo, pp. 409. \$5 50.

THE CHURCH CENTENARY MEMORIAL or Exhibition Book. By Daniel Wise, D.D. 18mo, pp. 117. Cloth, 70 cts.

Publishers' Department.

ADVERTISERS cram our pages, inside and out, with their announcements. The *Evening Post* repeats its demand for "free soil," "free speech," "free labor," "free men," and "free trade." In its proper—not party—sense, this JOURNAL has always been thoroughly democratic. Its prospectus states what are its aims, objects, and ends.

HARPER'S WEEKLY claims to give a "complete pictorial History of the Times," and says of the Monthly, that "it is the foremost magazine of the day." With capital, talent, and enterprise, there is no good reason why these claims should not be made good. The Messrs. Harper ride no hobbies, project no new schemes, start no reforms, but simply manufacture newspapers, magazines, and books as others manufacture boots, shoes, and hats: turpentine, tar, and tobacco—or as farmers grow "hog and hominy"—simply to sell.

THE GALAXY is pushing for popular favor, and gets it. Published twice a month, its interest never cools, and keeps alive that once awakened. Its prospectus speaks for it.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.—Mr. Sewell's Western juvenile surpasses, both in real merit and in circulation, any similar attempt, East or West. His success excites the cupidity of others, and we now have a swarm of juvenile journals launched on the uncertain sea of experiment. While we wish well to all good endeavors, we must award the credit to the *Little Corporal* of leading the van.

THE CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER speaks moderately and modestly of its mission. It purports to be "A Religious Family Newspaper," with the venerable E. S. Porter, D.D., as its editor. It must continue to be in the future what it has been in the past, conservative of the true and the good, and radical in uprooting and removing the false and the bad. As the long-established organ of the Reformed Dutch Church, it will command the respect of all who read it.

THE METHODIST blends, happily, the religious and the secular in one large and handsomely printed double sheet, and serves up weekly enough of the true and the useful to save a nation—if a nation would but follow its counsels. Nor is it so exclusively a "Methodist" as to obtain its substance or confine its teachings to this sect, but it draws inspiration from every source; even our Brooklyn Heights thunderer, Henry Ward Beecher, is permitted to transmit his intellectual lightning through its pages. Of course the paper will live and flourish.

THE AMERICAN BAPTIST is, perhaps, the most thoroughly radical of all our religious journals. It favors no compromise with error, no conditions but repentance and reform for wicked sinners. There is a large head in its editorial chair, and he deals in thoughts and principles, evincing a purpose.

DOLBEAR'S COMMERCIAL INSTRUCTIONS.—Who has not heard of these famous writing masters? What young thick-thumbed bungler in penmanship has not looked at their "specimens," hung up in the doorway, with wonder and admiration? Reader, do you not almost envy the man who can perform such astonishing feats with pen and ink? The Dolbears—father and sons—have schools in several cities, and have probably taught more private pupils than any other half dozen men in America. See their advertisement.

PAPER FASTENER AND BINDER.—A most useful and convenient invention is advertised under the above title in our present number. We have used them for several years, and find them well-nigh indispensable. All our written descriptions of character are fastened with this little metallic patent.

THE LORD'S PRAYER PICTURE.—Mr. L. Cowles, No. 58 Fulton St., New York, has brought out a very fine picture, in which the Lord's Prayer, the Last Supper, and the heads of the Twelve Apostles are given. There is a vast amount of work in the picture, and the effect is both striking and impressive. The effect of the picture would tend to awaken a devotional feeling even among children, and we cheerfully commend it to the heads of families, teachers, and others.

OUR AGENTS ABROAD.—In London, our publications may be had of Mr. James Burns, No. 1 Wellington Road, Camberwell, S., and of Mr. Wm. Tweedie,

387 Strand, and other booksellers. In Leipzig, F. A. Brockhaus; Amsterdam, Frederic Muller; Paris, Gustave Bossange & Co., 25 Quai Voltaire; Brussels, Charles Muquardt; Naples, Albert Detken; Madrid, Henry Lemming, 9 Calle de la Paz; South America, George N. Davis, 119 Rua Direita; Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, California, and the Pacific Coast, A. Roman, San Francisco, Cal.; West Indies, Stephens & Co., 10 Calle Mercaderes, Habana.

INSTRUCTION IN READING AND ORATORY.—Mrs. Leadenier is giving instruction to classes of ladies and gentlemen in New York, in these interesting subjects. She also lectures before literary and other societies, always with acceptance. She may be addressed at this office.

HON. CALEB LYON, of Lyondale, ex-Governor of Idaho, will accept invitations to lecture on "the resources of the Pacific Slope." We have evidence to warrant us in stating that the scientific observations made by Mr. Lyon in the Rocky Mountains will enable him to impart a vast fund of valuable information to those who may be fortunate enough to hear him. He is thoroughly posted as to the minerals and the men of the West.

A VERY GOOD PEN.—Stimpson's scientific steel pen, with ink-retaining-holders, is really a great improvement on the common sort. For \$2 we can send by post a few dozen with holder—enough, with good usage, to last a year or more. Try it.

POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN.—We give the first installment of this grand old poem in our present number. It will be continued, with illustrations, in future issues. Coming to the reader in this way, it will be read by all.

THE TWO PATHS IN THE LIFE OF WOMAN is an impressive lesson, and must tend to warn the weak and fortify all in well doing. Would the young lady reader be comely?—she must be good. Would she be beautiful?—she must be healthy and virtuous. The illustrations enforce the truth of our statement.

OUR PHRENOLOGICAL CLASS is now full. Students will be in attendance at the appointed time, namely, the second Monday in January, which is the 7th. Whether or not a second class may be formed will depend on the number of applicants not admitted to the first.

THAT NEW RIFLE.—The THUNDERBOLT is proving itself to be all, and even more than the inventors predicted for it. Reports reach us from all quarters to the effect that it carries off the prizes at the shooting matches, and that it brings down the game at long or short range. Such improvements have been made in the gun as to compel an advance of \$3 on each, i. e., from \$25 to \$28. At this price it is still the cheapest sporting rifle in the market. It is the intention of the manufacturers to add such ornaments, in gold and silver, as will make it more attractive to the eye, and suitable for a present. For these the prices will range from \$40 to \$50. But those of our subscribers who secure the rifle as a *premium* will get one of the best for use.

BOUND VOLUMES.—Copies of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1865 and for 1866, nicely bound and lettered on the back, may be had post-paid at \$3 50 per copy. There is matter enough in each

year's numbers to make a common-sized 12mo. volume of rich reading matter of more than a thousand pages, and it is worth saving.

WE MUST DO IT.—Until further notice the subscription price of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL will be only \$3 a year. But—ah, those dreadful "buts!" We must make such improvements in the JOURNAL as will involve the outlay of more money than our present profits will admit. We must make the JOURNAL better than it has been, in order to be "up with the times" and "keep the lead."

We can winter horses, cattle, and sheep in cold latitudes on dry husks and straw, but they will come out poor in the spring. If fed on rich hay, grain, and roots, they will thrive and shine.

We can keep the JOURNAL alive at the present price; but we will do more than this with the extra dollar we intend to ask for: we will make it fat and comely—good looking—well filled and well dressed. It shall be open to all knowledge the tendency of which shall be onward and upward, attuned to the music of the faculties, responsive to the demands of the useful and the beautiful.

Greenbacks are good, but gold is better. Give us \$3 in greenbacks, or \$2 in gold, and we will make a good JOURNAL, such a work as shall be creditable to the cause, and not unprofitable to ourselves.

Our readers are generous as well as just. They would not have us publish at a loss, nor diminish the matter. They will appreciate improvements. It is easy to fill cheap periodicals with cheap twaddle; cheap teachers fail to call out the faculties of their pupils; cheap preachers can not obtain books and other materials with which to make rich sermons; cheap mortar will not make strong walls; cheap sugar is dirty; cheap jewelry is tawdry; and cheap JOURNALS are no benefit to a community. We go on the principle that the best periodicals, the best teachers, preachers, mortar, sugar, and jewelry are what every one should have. Indeed, we will be satisfied with nothing less. Good food makes good blood; poor food, poor blood. Good thoughts, paper, ink, types, engravings, presses, and so forth, make good JOURNALS; books, and newspapers.

We want to serve up something respectable; something weighty, yet lively; something soon. At \$3 a year for single subscriptions, and at \$2 in clubs of ten or more, we could realize our own wishes, give our readers something even more sound and sensible in the way of journalism than they have had before.

The new terms will probably be announced to take effect at the beginning of the next volume, in July of the present year. Those who subscribe previous to that date will, of course, be supplied at present rates.

THE MOON PHOTOGRAPHED.—We recently had the pleasure of receiving from Mr. Wakely one of those fine photographs of the moon which rank among the curiosities of science. It is marvelous how accurately the telescopic appearance of the "goddess of night," with her hills and vales and other superficial irregularities, has been transferred to the paper. Every one who takes any interest in astronomy should have one of these fine pictures of silvery Luna.

We have received valuable favors from time to time from Mr. Timothy C. Smith, United States Consul at Odessa, and would now take the opportunity to

acknowledge them. The particulars relating to the *personae* of Thomas Aldridge, the celebrated negro tragedian, which we published a few months back, were procured for us by Mr. Smith.

AN APPROPRIATE PRESENT.—A correspondent says:

I was presented with your "New Physiognomy" a few days ago, by J. G. F., of C., and think it the finest present I ever received.

Should any reader be yet undetermined as to a suitable Christmas or New Year's present for his or her "best friend," we may name "New Physiognomy" as every way appropriate. Prices range as follows: nicely bound in muslin, \$5; in heavy calf, \$8; in rich Turkey morocco, full gilt, \$10. May be sent by return post.

General Items.

PHRENOLOGY IN PHILADELPHIA.—Mr. John L. Capen, phrenologist, has removed from South Street to 723 Chestnut Street, in the building with Messrs. Lee & Walker, music publishers. In this, the main public thoroughfare, we doubt not Mr. Capen's services will be more largely sought by the good people of the Quaker City.

A POCKET LANTERN.—One of the most ingenious, convenient, and useful little lanterns we ever saw—recently invented—is now manufactured by Julius Ives & Co., 40 Maiden Lane, New York, and sells for a dollar. Circulars describing the same will, no doubt, be sent on application.

DEPARTED.—Our esteemed young friend Mr. Charles V. Segar, of Providence, R. I., for some time phonographic reporter in our employ, afterward in the Treasury department at Washington, as private secretary to Mr. Chase, and recently in the banking-house of Jay Cooke & Co., where his services were highly appreciated. The Providence Journal says, "So far as human judgment could decide, Mr. Segar had a bright future before him, with every prospect of acquiring fortune and distinction. He had been suffering from intermittent fever, but had so far recovered that he left Washington for home; but at Westerly, where he stopped on his way, he was seized with a relapse, and died suddenly. Mr. Segar was 31 years of age, and unmarried."

ACADEMY OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.—Mrs. L. R. Plumb has opened a new hall, No. 82 Fifth Avenue, for the reception and training of pupils in light gymnastics. Her classes meet on Mondays and Tuesdays, at 3.30 p.m. Mrs. Plumb also gives instruction in ladies' seminaries, public schools, etc., and private lessons when not engaged with classes. We wish the lady the best success, believing her mission to be most useful, not only to the youth of our city, but to adults as well.

INCOME AND EXPENDITURES.—A recent writer in discussing the proper portion of one's revenue which ought to be allotted to the table, says: "In old times, one third part of one's whole income was always allotted to the table. Since women have grown so extravagant of money on their dress, perhaps one may be excused if he allows only one fourth part of his revenue to the table, but no man with the least self-respect will consent to reduce the table allowance one farthing less than this share of his income."

Business

[Under this head we publish, for a consideration, such matters as rightfully belong to this department. We disclaim responsibility for what may herein appear. Matter will be LEADED and charged according to the space occupied, at the rate of 25 cents a line.]

TURKISH BATHS. — No. 63 COLUMBIA STREET, BROOKLYN HEIGHTS.

Encouraged by the favor with which the TURKISH BATH has been received, the undersigned is now prepared to make it still more efficient and attractive, by the introduction of various improvements suggested by an examination of similar baths in London, Constantinople, and elsewhere, during a visit lately made to Europe for that purpose.

Pleasant rooms, with board, can be furnished to a limited number of persons, who may desire to avail themselves of the Bath in connection with other hygienic agencies. CHAS. H. SHEPARD, M.D.

HOURS.—For Ladies from 9 to 12 A.M. For Gentlemen, from 2 to 3 P.M.

MRS. E. DE LA VERGNE, M.D., 149 CARLTON AVENUE, BROOKLYN.

THE HYGIENIC HOME. — At this establishment all the Water-Cure appliances are given, with the Swedish Movements and Electricity. Send for our circular. Address A. SMITH, M.D., Wernersville, Berks County, Pa.

THE MOVEMENT - CURE. — Chronic Invalids may learn the particulars of this mode of treatment by sending for Dr. Geo. H. Taylor's illustrated sketch of the Movement-Cure, 25 cents. Address 67 West 38th Street, New York City.

SWARTWOUT'S PATENT METALLIC PAPER FASTENER AND BINDER, for fastening Law Papers, Specifications, Patent Papers, Cloth Samples, Manuscripts of every description; and for binding Magazines, Sheet Music, Newspapers, Periodicals, Pamphlets, etc., etc., of all kinds. Combining Security and Durability with Rapidity and Economy.

This article is designed for fastening papers of all kinds, temporarily or permanently, as may be desired.

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Sixth—It presents a neat and ornamental appearance, and is so compact as not to interfere with the smooth folding of the papers.

Simple Cutting Tool and Hammers used on Lever Press, for applying. Sold by all stationers.

(See illustrated book.)

W. R. SWARTWOUT, 100 Liberty St., New York.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher will furnish Regular Contributions to the columns of

THE METHODIST

during the present year, consisting of Fortnightly Sermons, and "Lecture-Room Talks," reported expressly for *The Methodist*, revised by Mr. Beecher, and protected by Copyright. Also a series of valuable and instructive Sermons, by the most eminent Pulpit Orators of the Methodist and other Churches.

THE METHODIST

is an eight-page Weekly Newspaper, in its eighth volume. It is Religious and Literary, Independent, Fraternal, Loyal, and Progressive.

As a Family Paper it is unsurpassed, and is largely patronized by Christians of every name. It is edited by

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REV. B. H. NADAL, D.D., and

PROF. A. J. SCHEM.

It has a valuable Correspondence, both Domestic and Foreign; a fresh story every week for the Children, a Financial, Commercial, Mercantile, and Agricultural Department, a valuable Religious and Secular News Summary, brought up to the hour of going to press.

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It may be proper to observe, that some passages in the Essay on Man having been unjustly suspected of a tendency toward fate and naturalism, the author composed the following prayer as the sum of all, to show that his system was founded in free-will, and terminated in piety; that the First Cause was as well the Lord and Governor of the universe as the Creator of it; and that by submission to his will (the great principle enforced throughout the Essay) was not meant the suffering ourselves to be carried along by a blind determination, but a resting in a religious acquiescence, and confidence full of hope and immortality. To give all this the greater weight, the poet chose for his model the Lord's Prayer, which of all others best deserves the title prefixed to this paraphrase.

A UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill,
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human will;

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives;
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are 'round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let THY will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all beings raise!
All nature's incense rise!

AN ESSAY ON MAN.



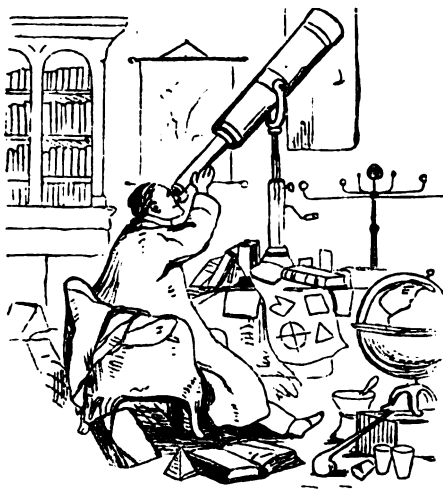
EPISTLE I.—OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO THE UNIVERSE. — Of Man, in the abstract. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things. That man is not to be deemed imperfect—as he came from the hand of the Creator—but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations. The absurdity of conceiving himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world which is not in the natural. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfections of the angels, on the other the bodily qualifications of the brutes. That to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree would render him miserable. That throughout the whole visible world a universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that reason alone countervails all the other faculties—save the spiritual. How much farther this order and subordination of living creatures may extend above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire. The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state.

AWAKE, my ST. JOHN! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of kings;
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatriate free o'er all this scene of man,
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot;
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit;
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore,
Of all who blindly creep or sightless soar;
Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.*

I. Say first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason but from what we know?
Of man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd though the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.

* That is, to put man in right relations with the laws of life, health, and happiness. See Spurzheim's "Natural Laws of Man" for an elaboration of this thought.

He who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,



What varied being peoples every star,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd through? Or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

II. Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove.

Of systems possible, if 'tis confest,
That wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must fall or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reasoning life 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man;
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has placed him wrong?
Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.*
In human works, though labored on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce,
Yet serves to second, too, some other use.
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Now wears a garland, an Egyptian god;
Then shall man's pride and dullness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's use and end;†

* In other words, man was made to fill a certain sphere on earth—was made just as God intended him to be, with all the faculties and functions necessary for his use in perpetuating his race. But man has "fallen," become "perverted," has violated the laws of his being, and, by dissipation, crime, and disease, is not permitted to "live out half his days." God made him man. He becomes, by his own perversity, what he most assuredly is, a miserable sinner in more ways than one.

† We are told in the inspired Word that worldly wisdom is but foolishness with

Why doing, suffering, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought;
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place,
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there?
The blest to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.*

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know;
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
O blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven,
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar
Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore:
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blest:
The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates on a life to come.†

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds or hears him in the wind;
His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way;



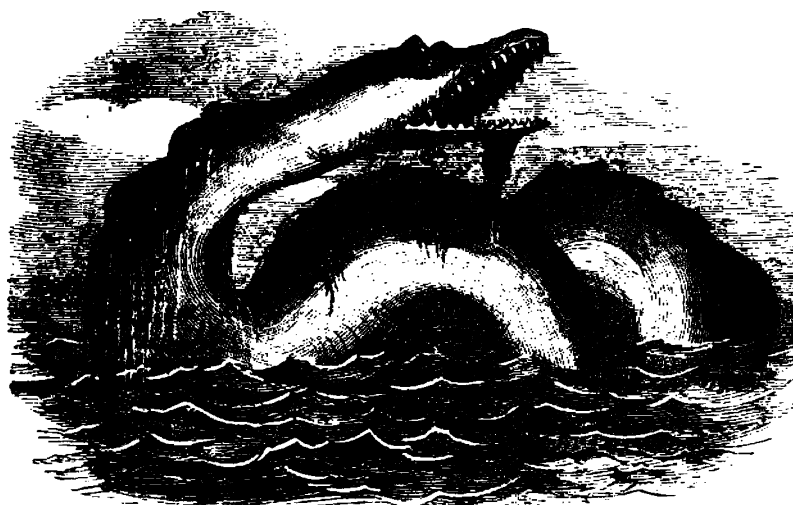
Yet simple nature to his hope has given
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill an humbler heaven,
Some safer world, in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

God. Those who would understand their natures, the relations which they bear to the world around them, must be willing to commence with the minutest objects about them; must bring a simple, humble mind yearning for information to the task, not the pride and willfulness of lordly assumption. They are most learned who in their appreciation of the infinitude of universal intelligence meekly acknowledge their ignorance.

* The good man, the true man, finds a heaven here below, but the perverted finds only torment.

† Let the desponding try to cultivate the sentiment of Hope, or at least the spirit of acquiescence in the will of God. Let him learn to say, and to feel, "Thy will be done," and his troubles will depart and his happiness begin.



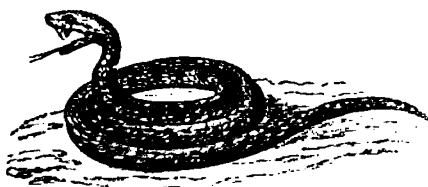
THE GREAT SEA-SERPENT.

SNAKES.

FROM time immemorial, or at least since the day that our first parents sinned in Paradise, the serpent has been an object of abhorrence to the most of mankind. Especially is this the case with the refined and educated classes of civilized society. Should one speak of "snakes," when in company, there will be immediately manifested expressions of dread or strong aversion. Whether or not the account of the "fall of man" from his first estate through the machination of the evil one in the form of a serpent gave rise to this general detestation of the ophidian race, we would not presume to say, but certain it is, that the dislike we entertain toward snakes is essentially different from the fear we have for any of the savage beasts which haunt the wilderness.

Snakes, however, are not without some interesting features, and naturalists who have been to considerable trouble in studying the habits and peculiarities of the serpent tribe, have felt themselves amply rewarded by the information obtained. Probably the most interesting subject for inquiry is that singular power possessed by some snakes to charm or fascinate their prey. Many are the instances of this charming property recorded in books of travel. Nearly every school-boy knows by heart the little poem about "The Boy and the Snake," which has a place in almost every "reader." This boy was so fascinated by a gray snake, that every morning, until the spell was broken, he took his breakfast of bread and milk out back of his father's barn, and divided it with the reptile. A gentleman residing in one of the Western States tells the following story of a recent experience in this line. He was walking across an unowed field near his house, when his ear suddenly caught the sharp, clinking sound of a rattlesnake. On looking to the left he saw, not over twenty feet distant, a large rattlesnake, with its head erect, and brilliant eyes. As it made no other movement

than a gentle oscillation of its glistening neck, the man paused in his walk and looked at it. "Hardly," he says, "had I bent my eyes upon the snake, when I became conscious of the most singular sensations. The rattle seemed to subside into music of the softest and most thrilling nature. As I continued to gaze at the serpent, it seemed to change into the most brilliant hues, while feelings the most exquisite flowed over my soul. How long I stood there looking at the thing I can not say, but all at once a sudden movement on the part of the rattlesnake, perhaps to spring, awakened me to some realization of my situation, and by a great effort I sprang from the spot and rushed away. The effect on my nervous system was such, that for a long time afterward the slightest noise would shock me, and any sudden occurrence induce strong mental excitement." In some of the Eastern countries the natives exercise astonishing control over the most poisonous serpents. The snake-charmers of Hindostan have a world-wide reputation. Lulled by their music, rude as it is at the best, serpents will crawl from their hiding-places and submit to be handled *ad libitum* by the charmer.



THE BOA-CONSTRICTOR.

Our large engraving above is taken from "Beadle's Monthly," and is intended to represent that great monster of the briny deep which, some maintain, has a veritable existence. The writer of the article descriptive of the "serpent" in said monthly is a gentleman whose statements are entitled to credit; but whether his graphic portraiture is or is not the product of a vivid imagination we will not assert. Many years ago, when the stirring

pages of the "Mariner's Chronicle" were our delight, the thrilling account of the sea-serpent commanded our wonder, but we can not give our indorsement to the story as yet. The appearances of the monster have been so infrequent, and the accounts of these appearances have been so garnished with romance, that the practical reader is inclined to consider the whole thing a fabrication. The most satisfactory version of the sea-serpent is that given by Capt. Kidd. He says that which has been supposed to be a veritable reptile, was nothing more nor less than a school of porpoises following each other rapidly in Indian file, each coming frequently to the surface at short and regular distances, thus exhibiting the appearance of the coils of a single object, twenty or more porpoises extending from one hundred to three hundred feet. We ourselves have frequently seen this sort of sea-serpent, but nothing like that figured at the head of this article. The gigantic boa-constrictor of South America may have his ocean complement, and we have little doubt of it; but when it is said that an immense ophidian exists in the sea some hundreds of feet long, it certainly is a "fish story" on a grand scale; and we would have a specimen in some accessible museum to refer to, so that the rising sneer, when allusion is made to a "sea-serpent," may be effectually suppressed. The most beautiful and the most poisonous varieties of snakes are found in the countries bordering on the equator. The rattlesnake is found in nearly all parts of America, though probably a native of a warm climate. The small illustration represents a rattlesnake prepared to spring or bite. Wild hogs are said to hold the rattlesnake in the utmost contempt, pursuing and tearing the reptile to pieces wherever found, and apparently without harm to themselves. In clearing new land in the West or South, pigs have been found valuable coadjutors in exterminating the dangerous rattlesnake tribe.

SKULLS OF BIRDS.—Mr. J. F. Le Baron, of Ipswich, Mass., kindly proposes to send us a collection of the skulls of birds for exhibition in our cabinet. Mr. Le Baron is engaged in ornithological researches, and is a taxidermist, from whom we hope to perfect our collection in this respect.

THE
PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL,

S. R. WELLS, EDITOR,

Is devoted to The Science of Man, in all its branches, including Purgology, Physiology, Physiognomy, Psychology, Ethnology, Sociology, etc. It furnishes a guide in Choosing a Pursuit, in selecting a Wife or a Husband, and in judging of the dispositions of those around us, by all the known external "Signs of Character."

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PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCESS DAGMAR OF DENMARK.



PORTRAIT OF THE CZAREWITCH OF RUSSIA.

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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—Young.

THE CZAREWITCH AND PRINCESS DAGMAR.

IN Scottish parlance we should say, "Here is a handsome laddie with a handsome lassie." The combination and blending of the robust Russian and the beautiful Dane must prove every way satisfactory. Of course, being so young, they have developed but little in character; and nothing more can be said of them than that they come of good stock—nay, the best; that they are sound, healthy, vigorous, sensible, and temperate; they have been well brought up; educated in the best schools

of their countries; and they would pass anywhere for "nice young persons."

The Czarewitch has a broad, high head and a comely face, with an intelligent expression, an amply developed forehead, mouth, lips, chin, etc., indicating a strongly social, and we may say a slightly voluptuous, nature.

The Princess Dagmar is meek, modest, refined, and sensitive. She has such an expression as would win one and all. Indeed, she is a sweet-looking girl—very much like some American girls whom we know; and is something like our Mary, our Emma, our Lizzie, and our Sarah. Then, she dresses her hair so sensibly, without those great, pendant what-you-call-ems. Those are pretty eyes, sweet lips, a handsome chin, and a loving mouth. We think she has kindness, integrity, and

devotion, also well developed Tune, Time, Ideality, Imitation, and a strong imagination. We repeat, she is a nice young lady, and will, no doubt, make the young man an agreeable companion, a good wife, and a loving mother.

We shall doubtless hear more of them in time to come. We shall now venture the prediction, that the Czarewitch will improve on further acquaintance—that he is reformatory, enterprising, liberal, and progressive.

We can not withhold our best wishes for the future usefulness and happiness of this truly handsome young couple who start in wedded life under auspices so favorable.

BIOGRAPHY.

His Imperial Highness the Czarewitch, the hereditary Grand Duke Alexander—Alexandrowitch—the future monarch of all the Russias, has as yet obtained but little reputation beyond his own country; all that is known of him as a public character is, that he has commanded a regiment of dragoons. He was born on March 10th (February 26th, old style), 1845, and is consequently upwards of twenty-one years of age. He is the second but eldest surviving son of Alexander II., the reigning emperor, and of the Empress Maria, a princess of the Grand Ducal family of Hesse. His elder brother, the late Czarewitch, Nicholas Alexandrowitch, died at Nice last year.

Princess Maria Sophia Frederica Dagmar, late of Denmark, whose title is now the Grand Duchess Maria Fedorowna of Russia, is the fourth child but second daughter of the King and Queen of Denmark. She was born November 26th, 1847, and has thus completed her nineteenth birthday. Though still young, the Princess has not been without severe bereavement. She was to have occupied the same position to the late Czarewitch Nicholas Alexandrowitch that she now does to his younger brother. The ceremony of betrothal had taken place, and the time for the marriage was all but fixed, when death claimed the expectant bridegroom. She was then affianced to his younger brother, her present husband; but the recollection of her former love, it is said, still lingers, and though her hand belongs to the Czarewitch Alexander, her heart still beats for her lost love, the Czarewitch Nicholas, as the following story attests:

On the day of her confirmation at St. Petersburg, the Princess, in passing along one of the salons of the Winter Palace, accompanied by the Grand Duke Alexander, her future husband, found herself all at once in the presence of the portrait of the Prince to whom she had been first betrothed. Happy remembrances, nearly forgotten in her present enjoyment, were immediately brought to mind, and she could not refrain from weeping. "You are right," said the Grand Duke Alexander, "for he loved you dearly. We will weep for him together, and we will often talk about him." Their marriage took place on the 9th of November, 1866, at St. Petersburg, amid great festivities and rejoicings.

PHRENOLOGICAL THEORY OF MAN'S ORGANIZATION.

BY BEVERLY H. WASHINGTON A.M., M.D.

METAPHYSICIANS have handed out to us from the temple of science a vast number of charts to guide us in our investigations into the nature of that "fearfully and wonderfully made" creature, Man; but they are so defective, confused, contradictory, and incomprehensible, we have concluded to reject them altogether, and travel by a chart we have picked up by the wayside. Lieutenant Maury says that whenever, in his investigations into the secrets of the ocean or the air, he could find any hint in the Bible on the subject, he always felt confident that he was in the right course, for all previous investigations had shown that all its allusions were in perfect harmony with the truths of natural science. A remarkable harmony of the Bible with phrenological revelations will be found wherever there are any allusions to the nature of man, and we may therefore feel the same confidence that we are in the right course, which Lieutenant Maury does, when we find the Bible holding out the finger-board to mark our course in phrenological investigations, for the Lord of truth is the author of both, and the truths of one can never be found to conflict with the other.

The first hint from the Bible in relation to man's organization which we shall examine is found in Romans viii. 7: "Because the carnal mind [Gr., *minding of the flesh*] is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." We shall not stop to examine any exposition of this passage by metaphysico-theological expositors, but will proceed to say that this passage presents no difficulty to one acquainted with phrenological revelations, which harmonize most admirably with it, and receive from it a strong confirmation. The organ of Tune takes cognizance of tune alone, and can not possibly attend to mathematical calculations, nor can calculation take cognizance of the form of any object; that is left to the organ of Form alone. Neither can the organ of Benevolence note the color of any object, nor the organ of Color appreciate any feelings of sympathy for distress; and so on through the whole catalogue, each organ is confined to its own appropriate sphere. Bearing this in mind, let us examine the passage again. It is said "the carnal mind is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." This is clear enough, for the organs of the animal group have to attend to their own appropriate functions, and can not possibly take cognizance of anything out of their own sphere, and of course can not comprehend anything addressed to man's spiritual nature. For instance, the organ of Amistiveness can never apprehend or comprehend anything addressed to Conscientiousness; that is an organ of the spiritual group of faculties, and can alone induce one to desire to do right. Nor can Combaticiveness feel inspired by any glorious hope of heaven; nor can Destructiveness be softened at the

sight of a praying saint; Benevolence steps in and drops the tear of sympathy; nor will Alimentiveness cause any "watering of the mouth" where prayer is talked of. Those are objects included in the range of the faculties of the spiritual group. The spiritual group of organs, or "the spiritual man," and the animal group of organs, or "the animal man," are confined to their own appropriate spheres by the fiat of the Creator. Hence it is absolutely impossible for the carnal mind to become subject to the law of God, for those faculties can not comprehend anything intended for the spiritual faculties, but must remain within their own sphere. But because one of the attributes or natures of man is so organized in the wisdom of the Creator that it can not apprehend or comprehend spiritual truths, that portion of man which the Creator designed for the special purpose is not by any means debarred from apprehending or comprehending spiritual truths, thereby enabling man to become obedient to the law of God.

So much for that nature or attribute of man which can not become subject to the law of God; now let us turn to that portion which can become subject to the law. In the 17th chapter of Acts we have Paul's address to the Athenians, and it is said that "certain men clave unto him and believed," having heard Paul speak.

1st. It is a fact which will admit of no dispute, that the Athenians were greatly addicted to religious worship. This establishes the point, then, that they possessed some disposition, desire, or faculty which, anterior to Paul's address, impelled them to worship the gods.

2d. It is evident that they possessed some disposition, desire, or faculty which induced them to believe in gods and goddesses, and in an existence after death.

3d. It is evident that they deemed it right to build splendid temples and offer costly sacrifices to their gods. The essays concerning right and wrong which have descended from that age down to the present time, show that they possessed some disposition, desire, or faculty which impelled them to try to do right.

4th. It is evident from the traditions concerning the delights of the Elysian fields, that they had some disposition, desire, or faculty which led them to hope for something beyond the grave.

There can be no dispute, then, that these faculties of Veneration, Marvelousness or faith, Conscientiousness and Hope were possessed by the Athenians anterior to Paul's advent, and of course that those faculties were not conferred on them by any extraordinary operation of the Holy Spirit. Paul was well aware that they possessed those faculties, and addressed himself directly to the task of showing them how they should be guided, and without any circumlocution made known to them the character and attributes of the true God; and when they, through their intellects, became acquainted with his character, they abandoned the worship of Bacchus, Venus, Mars, etc., and worshiped the true

God; and had not their minds been enlightened, they never would have abandoned the worship of the gods and goddesses.

Thus we find the organ of Veneration which impelled them to worship idols, guided by the intellect to the worship of the true God; and we shall also find, what Phrenology does not indicate, that the God of heaven has himself furnished the proper guide for each one of those faculties in his own infallible Word.

Let us now take the faculty of Marvelousness, Spirituality, or more properly faith, which yearns for something to believe in, especially in regard to the spiritual and supernatural, and we find Paul providing for this faculty of the spiritual man by enlightening the minds of the Athenians in regard to what they should believe. Again in Romans he writes: "How shall they call on him in whom they have not believed, and how shall they hear without a preacher? * * So, then, faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." Thus the Bible proves Phrenology to be true, when it asserts that the faculty which yearns for something to believe in must be guided by the intellect, and in addition it goes one step farther, and informs us that the hearing which is to enlighten the mind must come "by the word of God."

Paul also reached the faculty of Hope in the Athenians. Previous to his advent they hoped for the delights of the Elysian fields; subsequently, when their minds were enlightened, they hoped to obtain the bliss of heaven through the Saviour. Paul also writes in Ephesians: "The eyes of your understanding being enlightened, that ye may know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance among the saints." Thus we find that the Creator has provided for the faculty of Hope through the intellect.

In regard to Conscientiousness, there is a passage in Isaiah which shows clearly that knowledge is necessary for its guidance: "For before the child shall know to refuse the evil and to choose the good." This, therefore, proves the phrenological proposition, that conscientiousness is a blind desire which must be guided by the intellect.

Of Conscientiousness, our Saviour has given the best definition which has ever been given, and it confirms the phrenological. He says: "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness;" as in the physical system hunger and thirst impel a man to suitable actions to gratify them, so hungering and thirsting after righteousness impel a man to action; but the faculty of Conscientiousness can not tell any more than the stomach what is not suitable. Paul's Conscientiousness led him to persecute the Christians; the Lord appeared to him by the way, and having enlightened his understanding, that same conscientiousness, or hungering and thirsting after righteousness, impelled him to suffer stripes, imprisonment, and finally death itself, for the sake of that cause which he had formerly opposed; in both cases his conscientiousness was blind, but impelled him to that course of action which his intellect decided was right.

On Psychology.

The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes infinite,
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless lonely nights;
Lovely, but solemn it arose,
Unfolding what no more might close.—Mrs. Hemans.

THE SUM OF LIFE.

BY J. O. ROCKWELL.

SEARCHER of Gold, whose days and nights
All waste away in anxious care—
Estranged from all of life's delights,
Unlearned in all that is most fair—
Who sailest, not with easy glide,
But delvest in the depths of tide,
And strugglest in the foam—
Oh! come and view this land of graves—
Death's northern sea of frozen waves—
And mark thee out thy home.

Lover of Woman, whose sad heart
Wastes like a fountain in the sun,
Clings most where most its pain doth start,
Dies by the light it lives upon—
Come to the land of graves; for here
Are beauty's smile and beauty's tear,
Gathered in holy trust;
Here slumber forms as fair as those
Whose cheeks, now living, shame the rose—
Their glory turned to dust.

Lover of Fame, whose foolish thought
Steals onward from the waves of time—
Tell me, what goodness hath it brought,
Atoning for that restless crime?
The spirit mansion desolate,
And open to the storms of fate,
The absent soul in fear—
Bring home thy thoughts, and come with me,
And see where all thy pride must be:
Searcher of Fame, look here!

And Warrior, thou with snowy plume,
That goest to the bugle's call—
Come and look down—this lonely tomb
Shall hold thee and thy glories all;
The haughty brow—the manly frame—
The darling deeds—the sounding fame—
Are trophies but for death!
And millions who have toiled like thee
Are stayed, and there they sleep; and see,
Does glory lend them breath?

MIND IN MAN AND ANIMALS.

BY CHARLES E. TOWNSEND.

[ALTHOUGH the writer does not add much, substantially, to the general stock of information relating to the mind, yet as his views of animal intelligence are somewhat novel, especially in the manner of their presentation, we offer them to our thoughtful readers. The style of reasoning reminds one of Edgar A. Poe's Sleep-walker.—EDITOR A. P. J.]

The animal body has no power in the absence of mind, therefore mind, like electricity, has force, has power to move ponderable matter, and, like electricity, its action is instantaneous; so, too, mind and electricity are both something. As anything and everything are something, all things are, necessarily, material; the converse of which is nothing, a void, a vacuum, the absence of materiality, which is inoperative, without power; hence immateriality can no more represent mental force, than such vacuum can represent electric force.

MIND AND ITS MATERIAL CONNECTIONS.

As there exists a material connection between mind and inert matter, through the brain and the nerves, by which we obtain all our knowledge of creation, outside of our individual selves, it follows as a necessary sequence, in the chain of operations, that mind, too, must be material, though of a high degree of subtilty, possessing a comparatively infinite expansion, pervasion, transmission, and power, as there can be no possible connection between something and nothing, existence and non-existence of an abstract spirit-mind. If mind was simply a function or quality of brain matter (as some claim), it could possess no force of action, as all forces imply something in motion, i. e. material translation or evolution; whereas as an active, subtle, and refined material, it possesses an undefined but marvelous force, as well as a capacity, far transcending, in its sphere, that important subtle element Electricity, which permeates space with its power of attracting and repelling all atoms and compound bodies, holding great worlds in its embrace; as well as in the construction, maintenance, and dissolution of their material compounds, including all animate and inanimate combinations. As such is the wondrous power of subtle electric matter, who can set bounds to the capacities of a still more ethereal matter, to the end of realizing all the powers of human intellectual capacity, and yet infinitely more, by and through the instrumentality of material minds?

All parts of observed creation, outside of mind, are known to be material, and as there is every grade of materiality, from that which we vulgarly conceive to be the most gross, to almost inconceivable subtilty, so refined and pure, and yet unceasingly operative, as Electricity and Gravitation, of which we can conceive no grossness, associated, or termination of its existence, or force of action, it thence follows, that viewing mind as material, it may be so infinitely more subtle than Electricity, that it partakes of what we vaguely call spirit, which is but the essence of refined materiality, that, therefore, there can be no derogation in conceiving the Infinite, as well as the finite mind, to be partakers of His wholly material Universe.

EFFECT OF MIND ON MATTER.

With such conception, we can comprehend the operation of mind upon inert matter, and conversely of such matter upon mind, thus harmoniously connected, as well as we can understand the effect of Electricity, in its dual character of attraction and repulsion, both in construction and dissolution, which we know it is eternally effecting. I say, eternally, because we know that all matter, of which Electricity is an essential ingredient, though subject to change in combination or place, can not by possibility cease to exist; and so, too, of material minds, ever capable of refining, and always to be perpetuated. With such prospective considerations of mind, it retrospectively follows, that incipient mind must have been less subtle, less refined, i. e., more gross, and

that education, which is experience and knowledge, virtue and aspirations, which are the true, and therefore the designed uses of education, are both mentally refining and etherealizing; hence minds expand with a healthy growth of brain, as in knowledge, having more brain to connect with, encompassing a large area; and more powerful, because more ethereally operative (all elements increasing in power with their increase in ethereality) as we advance in the grasp of observation and aspiration of thought, until the mind becomes, by absolute growth or expansion, as metaphorically expressed, a giant intellect.

As greater grossness and imbecility exist in the infant than in the matured mind, it is inconceivable that the same capacity for observation and thought is present in each; and as we know that brain grows and nerve connections become larger and more sensitive as we increase in knowledge, it is but rational to assume a corresponding growth, increase, and etherealizing of mind, to enable it to encompass and control the larger brain, and thus the greater sensitiveness of connection with material creation, as well as a necessity for expanding in abstract thought, through the greater compass of the mind.

THE INFLUENCE OF BRAIN UPON MIND

would seem sufficient to prove that the latter is, also, material; while thought is manifestly a material operation, since it is the product of activity or movement of the mind, involving motion and combustion in the brain, its immediate material connection; which has to be replaced, in the bodily organization, by new deposits of blood, to keep the animal machine in working order—though in the mere act of thought no muscular power is required, yet the brain moves when the mind only thinks—hence such movement, wear, and consumption of brain-material must be by mental material concussion or friction, which, like Electricity, is itself not consumed, but by the rapidity of its movement changes, more or less, that with which it comes in contact.

If the sentient principle of creation be a subtle material infusion, emanating from the self-animating First Cause of all wisdom, the Eternal God and Creator, as I believe, then such infused principle, as partaking of its Author, can never cease to exist, but through progress, only, changes its bodily connections. As this sentient principle educates itself, through bodily organization, it becomes adapted to a higher, i.e., more sensitive, bodily organization, furnished it through transition, by death, from the present body, thus to connect it by progress or advancement, in time, with a finer comprehension of unlimited variety in creation, to the end of approaching the sublimity of Eternal Beauty and Truth.

MIND NOT A MERE FUNCTION OF THE BRAIN.

"Mind is claimed by Atheists to be a mere function of the brain, and as such necessarily dies with it." Mind ~~may~~ be ostensibly a function of the brain, in so much that it is

dependent upon those organs to connect it cognizantly with material things; but that does not define that mind is a part of and dies with the brain, or that it may not connect with other brain organizations elsewhere, in endless succession. Mind may be, more philosophically, claimed as an independent subtle materiality, and like all materiality changes in combination and place, but is never annihilated. Mind and its connection with brain can not be strictly solved by science, and therefore the theory of Atheists, who claim annihilation of mind, while they must admit the eternity of brain matter, in some form and place, is necessarily a gratuitous and absurd assumption.

Animal organs, by nerve connections, are double in their actions and their functions, as well as causes of action, are, doubtless, due to magnetic or electric force, which is constant so long as appropriate food and air are supplied, and a healthy nervous action is maintained for their dissemination. These functions, as digestion, secretions, excretions, inhalation, exhalation, circulation, etc., are carried on, thus mechanically, without our volition. The function of the magnetic battery of the brain is to receive or centralize electric impressions, from its dual nervous connections with the outward senses, and by the action of the mind to convey reflex action, through nerve and muscle, by electro-magnetic force to produce muscular action. Mind and brain, in their mutual action thus upon each other, serve to deceive the human reason into considering itself as only a function of the brain, living and dying with it; whereas the functions of the brain are only to receive impressions for the use of, and convey the reflex behests of a self-existing mind, dependent upon brain organization only for its material connections, through the animal senses, with the outer world, whereby it is instructed, and when thus educated is capable of independent action in thought and reason—thus proving that mind is not a mere function of the brain.

To claim that mind is a function of the brain, is to say that mere brain matter is capable of thinking and reasoning, which is too palpably absurd to deserve refutation, as we know to the contrary, for thinking ceases to manifest itself at death, although brain matter still remains intact; then such claim must be reduced to the peculiar organism, rather than to the matter; and here the refutation is again complete, since instantaneous death may not in the least disturb that organism, and yet, the master worker having left, thinking has ceased to manifest itself through that still perfect brain. Hence, then, we must look to an independent cause which has animated that brain, *the mind*, which therefore can not be a function of the brain; but the brain is only the medium of operation for the mind, by communication with the senses and muscles, consequently of manifestation to other minds, or with the outward world; and as the tool can not be the master, therefore the mind can not be a function of the brain.

MIND AND SENSATION.

All machines work without fatigue, and so of that portion of the animal machine which works without our volition, as breathing, digestion, circulation, etc., whereas constant mental stimulus is requisite for locomotion and general muscular action, which reacting upon the mind, together produce mental exhaustion. It is impossible to conceive of a bodily organization endowed with feeling, unless connected with mind. As the body has no sensation independent of the mind, therefore all sensations belong exclusively to the mind; hence fatigue is a mental sensation, and by continuing muscular action when the full stimulus of mind is not adequately supplied to the muscles, for their healthy action, they become injured by further use. The nerves convey impressions from the five senses to the brain, the seat of sensation, where the connecting mind alone feels the effects, be it from external motion fatigue, disease, or wounds. Thus the mind only is made to feel the effects of over-exertion or injury to the bodily organs, thereby clearly proving that the mind is not a function of the brain, or part of the animal machine, but the independent master-worker of it, like an engineer furnishing to his engine the appropriate material, the stimulus for exertion, the motive principle of its operations; therefore the mind, like the engineer, has a separate existence, a vital self, an individuality, capable of infusing its behests into the body, as the machine, its mechanical organization and tool of operation.

Science arrogates most unwarrantably, for the human being, the exclusive possession of an immortal soul and reasoning powers, based simply on the size, weight, and peculiar convolutions of his brain, as compared with the brain organization of all other animals. In fact, we know little of the precise governing connection between mind and brain, though Electricity is doubtless the medium; still less of the necessity for peculiar form, size, or weight of brain, as infallibly corresponding to mental development and capacity, since insanity may ensue without any apparent change in either form, size, or weight of brain; and certainly we know but vaguely of the capacity for thought, consciousness of responsibility, and mental destiny, involving immortality, with other animals, as compared to man's similar characteristics, as to thus deny to animals what we know so little of for ourselves.

A noted anatomist, examining a fossil human skull, said (in allusion to its size), "It might have belonged to a philosopher, or a thoughtless savage;" so truly may a small brain, nervously sensitive, and of finer quality, be superior to a large brain, without a sensitive nerve organization. As Phrenology is an established science, so it should be understood that the highest development of mind is in a great measure dependent upon the quality of brain matter, as the activity of the nerves, concentrating in the brain, alone constitutes its quality; hence such force develops the indica-

tive configuration of the brain, which science locates, and so successfully manipulates in determining character.

Notwithstanding the boasted advantages of the human brain over all other brain organizations, there is far more difference in mental developments with individuals of mankind, at various stages of growth, from the infant to the matured mind; and in the different capacities of the human intellect in adults, from its highest manifestations in the Caucasian type, to the lowest in the Hottentot, than exists between the intelligence of an ordinary man and that of some animals. Hence we are not warranted in drawing conclusions adverse to mental capacity and future progress in other animals, as compared with our own, simply on the basis of comparative brain organization, seeing that the human mental capacity admits of all the variation which is claimed to separate man from the lower animals.

DESTINY OF MIND.

Again, it is claimed by some that there can be no similar destiny or equality for animals, or idiot man, as for his intellectual, but temporarily favored, brother. If it is admitted that mind, like matter, once created, can never be annihilated, though both are subject to change in combination and place, then we will readily comprehend that all, from the highest to the lowest mental organization, may progressively develop in time, and ultimately reach the same high destiny.

Viewing all minds as immortal, the temporary advantages of an earlier perfected organization of brain, in this short life, is but of small consequence in the lapse of eternity, and all our attainments in this world weigh but lightly on the results of progressive advancement to be continued through all eternity; which is, doubtless, equally applicable, as the grand feature of progress in creation, to the lowest as well as the highest mental organization; and to existing imperfections in individuals or species, as in the case of decease of infants with immatured minds.

Mundane attainments in knowledge and virtue are but the initiatory steps in the progress of future schooling, which thus earlier prepares us for advancement hereafter. So that well-applied hours here are so much gain there; while all deficiencies here must be rudimentally overcome there. As progress is marked by intellectual and moral attainment, both here and hereafter, the earlier the advance, the more rapid the progress in knowledge and happiness, the main objects of creation.

The future advancement of all sentient beings is doubtless continued and perpetuated by new bodily organizations, having some analogy to those now furnished with organs of sense, there as here, to enable our minds, through these organs, to connect with and appreciate the mighty works of God everywhere, as well as thus to continue our usefulness, throughout all time, by aiding to improve, as co-workers in the arts and sciences, the useful and ornamental adaptability of creation everywhere.

Such usefulness, through all time, connects us intelligibly and intelligently with a boundless creation; and with His universal pervading beneficence associates all His sentient creatures, each in their attained sphere of development, with every prepared bounty, both here and hereafter, which improving virtue and growing intelligence are capable of appreciating.

Such rational conclusions and charitable considerations should teach mankind humility, as being ourselves but individuals in the vast multiplicity of a wide-spread sentient creation, and admonish us to acts of kindness toward other members of innumerable forms and characteristics, whose equal claims to consideration, in their sphere, man can not decide.

Nor limit future bliss to man,
Since all life has God's care;
And His free love with equal span,
Insures to each a share.

THE CYNIC.

THE cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind in light, mousing for vermin and never seeing noble game. The cynic puts all human actions in two classes, openly bad and secretly bad. All virtue and generosity and disinterestedness are merely the appearance of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a thing except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear them, to send you away sour and morose. His criticisms and innuendoes fall indiscriminately upon every lovely thing, like frost upon flowers. If a man is said to be pure and chaste, he answers: Yes, in the daytime. If a woman is pronounced virtuous, he will reply: Yes, as yet. Mr. A. is religious: Yes, on Sundays. Mr. B. has just joined the church: Certainly, the elections are coming on. The minister of the gospel is called an example of diligence: It is his trade. Such a man is generous: Of other men's money. That man is obliging: To lull suspicion and cheat you. This man is upright: Because he is green. Thus his eye strains out every good quality, and takes in only the bad—as the vulture, when in the highest heaven, will sail by living flocks and herds, but comes like an arrow down upon the smallest carcass. To him religion is hypocrisy, honesty a preparation for fraud, virtue only a want of opportunity, and undeniable purity, asceticism. The live-long day he will coolly sit with sneering lip, uttering sharp speeches in the quietest manner, and in polished phrase transfixing every character which is presented; "His words are softer than oil, yet they are drawn swords."—Ps. v. 21. All this to the young seems a wonderful knowledge of human nature; they honor a man who appears to have found out mankind. They begin to indulge themselves in flippant sneers; and with supercilious brow, and impudent tongue wagging to an empty brain, call to naught the wise, the long-tried, and the venerable.—H. W. Beecher.

The phrenology and physiology of the cynic are in themselves a study. He is of the nervous-bilious temperament; is extremely sensitive, and very intense. His nerves are bathed with bile and steeped in bitterness. He never feels well unless he feels badly. He craves to be carried against the grain, is never more happy than

when very unhappy, for then he has an excuse to pick at somebody, and find fault with "society." His brain, like his nerves, fed on bile, instead of generous blood, causes his faculties to pervert and distort all that is good and gracious in others, and to magnify all that is mean and unworthy. His Self-Esteem is not only large but perverted, and he looks with contempt on all who differ from himself. His Approbativeness is strong, but it gives him a mean jealousy of every excellence in others. His Combativeness is not of the kind to inspire manly courage, but is bitter, cutting, and vexatious in its action. His Destructiveness, instead of giving steady strength and executiveness to his character and language, imparts a biting sarcasm and a relish for all that is pungent, cutting, and cruel. His wit, instead of being a plaything and a joy, is made a scorpion lash to scourge innocent ignorance and purity, or becomes a kind of turkey-buzzard groping for purulent spots in the body politic, and delights to gorge its greediness in moral gangrene. His social organs take on a jealous and querulous action, and his unfortunate friends have a tough time with him. His criticisms are as plentiful as the quills of the porcupine, and quite as sharp. His Conscientiousness has but one eye, and that magnifies the faults of others, and with large and active Secretiveness he doubts and mistrusts every good thing people do. The cynic is generally a dyspeptic, and all his functions of body are warped, and all the emotions of his mental life are depraved.

In short, it is the result of the perverted action of all the organs of the brain and all the functions of the body. God pity and cure him. Reader, do you know anybody who could fitly sit for such a picture?

FREEDOM.

I DREAMED of a spirit free,
Released from mortal coils—
Free as the light and as the air,
From all earth's cares and toils!

A spirit that through endless space
Shall waft its onward way;
No earthsome dusks, no drear shadows
Shall end the light and day.

Oh, heart! take courage! pine not now!
These clogs will lose their hold,
And thou shalt float, a spirit fair,
Into yon blissful fold.

There countless years their chimes shall sing
'Round thy aspiring breath,
But to the mines of knowledge there,
The golden key is death.

Then come, oh, death! and make me free;
Ope now my prison doors!
The bolts fly back, the hinges creak—
Upward my spirit soars!"

So fond is an American actor in Mobile of his profession, that he has actually bequeathed his head to the theater, to serve, when he has shuffled off this mortal coil, as a "Yorick's skull." "Alas, poor Yorick!"

Our Social Relations.

Oh, happy they—the happiest of their kind—
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one life
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.—*Thomson.*

WHIP HIM FOR HIS MOTHER.

Let me whip him for his mother,
He's such a naughty boy;
He baby tried to smother,
And he's broken Emma's toy.
Of the doll I gave to Ellen,
He has melted off the nose,
And there really is no telling
To what length his mischief goes.

Last night he put a cracker
'Neath his Aunt Jemima's chair,
And he told me such a whacker
When I asked how it came there.
Then when poor old Mrs. Toodles
Was just starting off by rail,
He tied her two fat poodles
Fast together by the tail!

It really is quite shocking
How one's nerves he daily jars;
He puts pins into one's stockings,
And Cayenne in one's cigars.
You may guess that many another
Boyish trick he's daily at,
So I'll whip him for his mother,
As a tiresome little brat.

TRAVEL AND TRAVELERS.

BY MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLIE.

Don't tell us about labor being a hardship. That is entirely a misapprehension, as we know very well by experience. We maintain that there is nothing on earth harder to do than to keep still. Didn't we make that discovery long before we were put into our first ruffled apron, and haven't we kept on enlarging our experience ever since? And can not we prove by the data of silent observation and diligent investigation, during all our succeeding years, that other people have very much the same failing, if failing it may be called? Those vagabond old people that we read about in the Bible, who were forever pulling up their tents, and packing up their goods, and trudging round the country—whose nomadic life was a perpetual First of May—were stay-at-home and peaceable folk in comparison to this restless-souled generation of ours! We live in one place, eat our dinners in another, transact our business in a third, and buy our shoe-strings and paper collars in a fourth, putting a girdle around the earth in a way that old William Shakspeare never dreamed of. Half our existence is passed in railroad depôts, or on the promenade-decks of steamboats. We make no more of a fifty-miles journey by steam than our ancestors used to make of "going out to tea," and not half so much as they did of the weekly journey to church, when the shaggy brown horses were harnessed, and the wagon-

wheels washed, and the faded buffalo-robos brought out of their corner in the barn. Who wants to go back into a slow, dreamy existence of those last century days? No one; and yet what a relief it is, sometimes, to close our eyes an instant on the rush and whirl and perpetual tumult of to-day, and remember the tranquil lives of which no trace remains save a row of graves in far-away country churchyards. Peace to their ashes! But we do things after a different fashion. There is nothing of the stand-still in our elements. And you would be astonished yourself, reader, were you seriously to compute how much of your time is spent in railroad cars, steamboats, ferries, and stages! Little worlds of humanity plow our waters and thunder over the iron paths that thread our country villages. We button up our overcoats, and tie our bonnet strings, and say, "Well, I think I'll take the one-o'clock train to New York," with a coolness that would have furnished our ancestors with strong collateral evidence for putting us into a lunatic asylum! What do we care for the miles of river and the acres of woodland that may separate us from the modern Babel? Perhaps a century hence our grandchildren may talk of taking the two-o'clock express to Palestine, and price oranges for dinner along the banks of the Niger! What slow old characters they will think us! well, let 'em; it will make very little difference to us, one way or the other, that's an all-sufficient consolation.

There is no atmosphere in which one can study human nature to better advantage than that of travel. People develop their true characters with marvelous rapidity when they enter a public conveyance. There is no necessity for subjecting our fellow-creatures to the ordeal of the "Palace of Truth" as long as railroad cars are patronized as fully and freely as at present.

"Manners *is* manners," says the old lady of traditionary lore; but people who travel appear to be impressed with the idea that manners *isn't* manners, as far as they, personally, are concerned; why, we have seen more wild beasts in the course of half an hour's journey on a railroad, than Van Amburgh has got in his whole menagerie! And, what makes the matter more serious, they travel without any keeper to repress their strong brute instincts.

First, there is the Hyena; generally, we regret to say, of the feminine gender, who comes in with baskets and bundles and boxes innumerable, which she puts on the vacant seat beside her, and then sits eying the passers-by, as if she would say, "I'd like to see any one presume to take that seat!" To be sure, she has only paid for one seat, and she is occupying two, while some one else is obliged to stand; but then she is a Hyena, and it takes more moral courage than most people possess to dislodge a human Hyena from her fastnesses.

Then there is the Bear, usually a fat man with caloric to spare, and overcoats, scarfs, and fur wrappings enough for three ordinary mortals, who comes in with a heavy step and

immediately opens all the windows within reach of his bear-y paw. Fresh air is a fine thing, especially for bears who have long fur and plenty of vitality; but the Bear's neighbor, in a thin shawl, with a consumptive cough and chattering teeth, may possibly entertain a different opinion.

"I suppose there are plenty of other seats in the car, if you don't like it, me'arn," says the Bear; "I believe in sufficient ventilation."

So the Bear shows his teeth and reads his newspaper, and nobody else ventures upon a word of remonstrance, however they may disapprove of his theory.

Moreover, we frequently travel with an Elephant, clumsy of foot and ponderous of gait, who treads on your dress until the gathers "crack, crack" in a manner to make your hair stand on end, and hits his elbow against your bonnet, and pushes his elephantine way onward without the little courtesy of "I beg your pardon," that sweetens so many a feminine cup of bitterness. We suppose he is decently polite at home—if not, we feel sincerely sorry for his wife and sisters; but he is an aboriginal savage, all but the scalp-lock and tomahawk.

Then there is the selfish man, who crowds past you at the ticket office, and thrusts his arm over your shoulder, "One, to New York." Yes, just *one*—the great, paramount, all-important one, to whose unity everybody and everything else must be content to become secondary. So long as One gets his ticket in time, and secures the nicest place, at just the costliest distance from the fire, all the other eight digits can shift for themselves. No matter how inconvenient and disagreeable he makes it to others, One must be promptly served and duly accommodated. Now, two minutes make no particular difference, and if One had stood back, and allowed the shrinking widow, and the little girl standing on tip-toe, with her pennies wrapped in her postage currency, and the shy young ladies and the feeble old woman to be served first, wherein would One have been permanently the worse? And then he rushes off with his hands in his pockets, and answers the timid inquiry of the country people on the platform, "Does this train go to such a place?" with a crusty, "Don't know anything about it." No, he *don't* know, and he don't mean ever to know anything that does not directly concern Number One.

To go to the opposite extreme, there are the travelers, male and female, who settle down socially beside you, and take it for granted that you are in a friendly mood, and talk—talk—talk until you would welcome any interruption short of an apoplectic fit or a railroad accident, with the utmost delight! And there are the people somewhere in the middle of the car who are discussing domestic affairs in voices pitched considerably above high C, and who unconsciously enlighten all the other passengers with various items concerning Martha's wedding, Johnny's base-ball exploits, and Jotham's narrow escape from the small-pox, until naps become impossible, newspaper

reading impracticable; and nothing but resignation remains to the victims. Mrs. Smith and Mr. Brown would be horrified at the idea of speaking so loudly in a private house; but a railroad car is quite a different matter, you know.

Then there is the—Beast (it is difficult to class him exactly), who chews tobacco and blindly expectorates right and left; heedless of ladies' dresses or gentleman's boots—the creature one degree less respectable than a decent quadruped, and two degrees more intolerable than all the other nuisances put together. Why is he allowed to disgrace humanity by walking about, like any other biped? Why isn't he compelled to ride in the freight cars, with the other swinish multitudes? Isn't there a smoking-car specially provided for those who are not decent enough to travel without the Virginia-weed appendage? And why don't the animal betake himself thereto? We beg pardon of the *Ménagerie* for reducing them to such a level of comparison; but this last specimen of the traveling community really does not deserve the title Human.

We feel ourselves getting out of temper very rapidly, and we remember a maxim often repeated to us in childish days, "Never *speaks* when you are angry!" So for the present we hold our peace; but don't imagine, Mr. and Mrs. Public, that the subject of travel is exhausted. There is plenty to be said yet, in due time.

JOHN HENRY BENEDICT, SENIOR.

BY A. A. G.

JOHN HENRY BENEDICT came home again a few nights ago, not "from a foreign shore," where it would be well for his family if he would go and stay for the next fifty years, but from his own little world, his office, No. 28 Liberty Row, a kind of heaven below, where he is at liberty to be pleasant or cross, sweet or sour, angelic or human, just as he pleases; a kind of earthly paradise, where he may not only do a great amount of business, and earn a great amount of money, but take a great amount of comfort in sitting with his heels on the highest elbow of the stove-pipe, dreaming blissful dreams about unmarried life, which was his before he doubled himself in Mrs. John Henry Benedict, and tripled himself in John Henry Benedict, Junior.

Well, as has been said, he came home a few nights ago—poor man, he has to come home every night—in a shadier mood than usual, and with a firmer determination to have "that little nervous fly-about" keep still and not interfere with shin-toasting or newspaper-reading. Fortunately for John Henry Benedict, Junior, it was a pleasant evening, and he was out-doors.

Out-doors! Surely it was made on purpose for children. To them houses are too often Dismal Swamps, black holes, prisons, for there the John Henry Benedicts of the world cast their long, dark shadows; but there are no

such terrors out-doors. Blessed forever be out-doors!

Out-doors! pouring into the ears of children the song of the birds, and filling their laps with flowers, and giving them what they never can have in the house, plenty of room—room to play marbles, room to play horse, room to play hide-and-go-seek, room to ride horseback, room—room for everything.

John Henry Benedict, Junior, was out-doors, and out of sight too, as his solemn-faced sire passed into the house, saying to himself: "I'll send the child into the nursery if he is making his usual racket; for I've got a touch of the nervous headache."

You never need to do that, sir, when "John Henry" is out-doors, for out-doors never objects to a racket. Out-doors can stand any amount of noise, and help to make it too, for he is continually stirring up his robins and orioles and wrens, and even his unmusical squirrels and crows. He lets all creation sing and shout. He has no nerves.

John Henry Benedict, Senior, was not aware of the fact, that John Henry Benedict, Junior, was playing in the large, pleasant nursery of out-doors, or he wouldn't have gone in with any nervous thought of sending him into the small, sunless nursery of the house, but rather with a thankful thought of the great blessing of out-doors. He would even have paused a moment and raised his Ebenezer on the steps, and yet his mercies were not so many nor so great as might at first be supposed.

He shut out the voices of nature, it's true, when he shut the door. No child's or bird's song could reach his ears; but he had no sooner taken his seat in the house than a wild Irish song was heard from the direction of the kitchen. Biddy had entirely forgotten that John Henry Benedict, Senior, was a nervous man, but he had not forgotten it. He never forgets that he has nerves, and that they need constant looking after.

He forgets to pick up what he drops on the floor; he forgets to thank Mrs. John Henry Benedict for doing it for him; he forgets to take her out for a ride when she needs it; he forgets to give her a smile when it would cost him nothing but a little good-nature; he forgets to humor her by using the scraper before he comes in; he forgets to say good-night to his child; he forgets to say good-morning to him; he forgets that home is the place where a man ought to make himself agreeable; he forgets that the world is a place where a man ought to show himself kind; he forgets the poor; he forgets the sick. Ah! and he forgets his God, but he never forgets his nerves! He thinks there is nothing so good for nerves as everlasting silence, and if he had the ordering of things, the whole universe would be made to hold its tongue. He would give all children, at the moment of their entrance into life, the lockjaw, and would have them so framed as not to be able to skip, hop, or jump, but only to walk. He would have all birds born without the talent or the desire for sing-

ing, for they wake him up mornings. He would have all that exist in the world he lives in, to say nothing about the existences of other worlds, carrying on their intercourse by signs. He would have blessed, unbroken stillness from pole to pole, for it is so good for his nerves!

What can be done for John Henry Benedict's nerves? Stuffed birds, wax flowers, coral, shells, and a thousand other things can be protected by a glass covering and kept secure from injury, but where can he find a covering for the nerves in question? What is there that will not convey sound, and in which Mr. John Henry Benedict may encase his nerves and find rest? Nothing—nothing. Sound travels everywhere, and travels fast. It makes a lightning passage for itself through everything, and is very fond of going to Mr. John Henry Benedict's ears. What can be done for him?

All creation is growing noisier and noisier. The birds, instead of getting tired of their own music—Mr. John Henry Benedict wonders they don't—are daily composing something new, and devoting themselves almost entirely to music. And children are refusing more stoutly than ever to be proper, well-behaved children, and sit in delicious silence. Their hearts are fuller of music, and their throats are fuller of sound. They give their lungs and their voices less and less rest. They vie with each other, as never before, in making a noise; and how can Mr. John Henry Benedict hope that the time will come when not only wars, but noise will cease in all the earth? He does not hope. Noise is so on the increase, especially under his own roof, that his "bump" of Hope has fallen in. Everywhere, everything that hath breath is full of noise, and Mr. John Henry Benedict's nerves are, therefore, full of pain and unrest, and his "bump" of Hope going fast to decay. Could he only be transplanted at once to the land where, it is hoped—nervous people hope so—children are developed rapidly into men and women, and become superior to the folly of making a noise, and where there are no more children to be born, as in this earthly sphere, it would be the best thing that could happen to him. But this will probably not be at present. There are, it is true, sudden changes and sudden deaths, but Mr. John Henry Benedict, Senior, is remarkably well preserved. There is not a bone in his body that is not nicely rounded over with fat. Beef and beer have been so assimilated that no one would suspect him of having an osseous system. But there are the nerves! They "continue as they were from the beginning," and Mr. John Henry Benedict is a most wretched man, and the people who live with him are most wretched people. John Henry Benedict, Junior, should, however, be excepted. Although he has to endure the sorrows of those who may not make a noise in the house, he rejoices more and more in the consciousness that he has all out-doors to himself, and can, at any time, get at a delightful distance

from John Henry Benedict, Senior. He has so long been called "little torment," "little plague," "little nuisance," "little scamp," and so many switches—not quite so little—have been broken over him, that he has become used both to hard names and switches, as eels get used to the process of skinning, or as soldiers get used to powder and shot. And more than this, he loves his mother, and she loves him, and they both love *out-doors*, and fit each other exactly, so that nothing need be done for the boy. But what shall be done for the man? What shall be done for John Henry Benedict, Senior?

He might take all the quack medicines that have ever enriched newspapers, but not one of them would help him. And whatever he takes, the cure would doubtless be slow, he has so long had *nerves*.

But we would recommend to him to begin immediately to put himself in the way of a cure. We would advise him to try, for one hour, to enjoy other people's liberty as well as his own, and it may be that while he is trying, he'll find he can.

Just try this, Mr. John Henry Benedict. Compel yourself to tolerate pleasantly, if you can not positively enjoy, what others enjoy.

Drive forever out of your head the notion that all of the race who come in contact with you, or who live in daily contact with you, must humor your taste for silence, and ever bear in mind that you have *nerves*.

Get a larger heart as soon as possible, and you will find that that is doing much to strengthen and fortify your *nerves* for the noise that must inevitably be made in this world.

Cultivate in your heart the love of children, especially the love of John Henry Benedict, Junior, and you'll presently find that love makes all things pleasant, even a *noise*!

LITTLE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

WHAT are you good for, my brave little man?

Answer that question for me if you can—

You, with your fingers as white as a nun,
You, with your ringlets as bright as the sun.
All the day long with your busy contriving,
Into all mischief and fun you are driving;
See if your wise little noddle can tell
What you are good for—now ponder it well.

Over the carpet the dear little feet
Came with a patter to climb on my seat;
Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee,
Under their lashes looked up unto me;
Two little hands pressing soft on my face,
Drew me down close in a loving embrace;
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true—
"Good to love you, mamma; good to love you."

A SCHOOLMASTER, who had an inveterate habit of talking to himself when alone, was asked what motive he could have in talking to himself. Jonathan replied that he had two good substantial reasons: In the first place, he liked to talk to a sensible man; and, in the next place, he liked to hear a man of sense talk.



PORTRAIT OF CAPTAIN E. B. WARD.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF MICHIGAN.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAT.

CAPTAIN E. B. WARD.

A WELL-ORGANIZED human being, one who has a sane mind in a sound body, will be more or less educated by the events of his life, and sculptured into symmetry and fitness by his surroundings. The mountains have ever been the fortresses of freedom, and the thrones on which liberty has been crowned with honor. Those who were born and cradled on the hills are pretty sure to have a taste for the picturesque and sublime, and massive ideas are as natural to mountain scenery as its giant shadows are when the unclouded sun is in the heavens.

Prairie and lake views, like the water-scene of the ocean, have a natural tendency to broaden human nature whenever it is susceptible of expansion. Narrow notions of commerce, of culture, of religion, of progress, and of human development generally, are not normal to the West. Nature has widened the lakes to the dimensions of inland seas, and you might drop some of the New England States into them without causing their waters to overflow; the vast prairies, walled by the blue horizon, suggest unmeasured territory beyond, and the iron horse hastening over the iron road seems forever approaching yet never reaching the hill country in the distance.

These great pages constantly spread before an active intellect, can not fail to broaden the nature of a well-organized man or woman, hence we find that the true man of the West is an Eastern man expanded—or a native to the manor born enlarged by his relationship to the broad meadows and waters about him.

At the West we find farms whose boundaries embrace entire townships; floating-palaces that can carry a whole parish of passengers;

iron-works, the tall chimneys of which, plumed with smoke, might fire the ambition of Vulcan could he emerge from the mythology of the past and be a part of the living present.

It is not a matter of surprise that such surroundings have developed men who have been able to shape the material world within their reach to their own profit; making it yield to the pressure of their strength and skill, and getting from it wealth, and the ease, elegance, and independence which wealth can purchase; making the "wilderness blossom like the rose;" supplanting the log-house with the palace, and placing within their grasp the instruments of labor, of instruction, and of refinement.

Among those representative men of the West who have been able to create events, and then shape them to their own use, so as to secure thrift, and then win wealth and distinction, Captain Eben B. Ward is conspicuous.

When Michigan was considered the far West, and Detroit was in its infancy, Captain Ward, then a very young man, began his career as a seaman on Lake Michigan. As master of a humble craft he pursued his perilous adventures, year after year toughening his stout frame into healthy endurance and iron strength by hardship and exposure, and educating his natural courage by danger and shipwreck, and the incidents of "life upon the waves," so that he had the pluck to take hold of any new enterprise that promised a good reward for risk and labor. When the great railroad, that epic of iron with its couplet of bars, touched the shores of the lake, he saw at a glance that water communication with the great West beyond would inevitably be a source of immediate profit, and the men of capital, who knew of his seamanship and his trustworthiness, gave him all the material help he needed to start the enterprise. His energy, courtesy, and correct business habits won for him a large number of friends, and laid the foundation of the great fortune he has gained.

With that vision and foresight which is so marked in some of our enterprising men of trade, he saw that the iron and the timber of Michigan must eventually be in great demand, that these treasures of nature were designed to build up great towns and cities at the West; and he might have used the language of the poet, and have said:

"The trees are teachers that I love;
Their leafy book I oft have read;
Their boughs point to the world above;
Their roots point to the world that's dead.

O quickening thought, the wood so lone
In winter, and in spring so fair,
Holds in its trunks for the unborn,
Cities and ships and coffins there."

With his rapidly increasing fortune, he purchased immense tracts of land and beds of

iron-ore, both of which he turned to the best account. His immense iron-works at Wyandotte, at Chicago, at Milwaukee, attest his enterprise. In these establishments he has invested immense sums of money, and in them he employs hundreds of men. From the period of his young manhood up to the present time, the radius of his business has been constantly widening, and it is a cause of astonishment, even to men deeply engaged in commerce and finance, that he can transact his vast business, with its complicated relations, and yet remain self-poised at his desk; always ready and willing to receive and entertain those who call upon him, turning abruptly from columns of figures and packages of business letters and bank accounts to the discussion of the topics of the times, proving himself thoroughly posted on local, State, and national affairs.

This Ajax of the Western business men bears upon his shoulders a weight of responsibility that would utterly crush a common man, but he bears the burden without loss of temper or of sleep or appetite, and his smoothly-shaved and full-orbed face indicates an easy conscience and good digestion. The lines upon his mathematical forehead show that he is a practical thinker, and that his thoughts run in a connected channel, and his emphatic utterances show him to be a brave and earnest man. It is evident that he is an absolute and hearty hater of shams and hypocrisy; indeed, his outspoken style of conversation must be startling to timid men, and offensive to those who are mean and given to dissimulation. His half-shut eyes seem to be condensed lens, through which he looks into the future; and he sees more with these mere slits of light under his lashes, than most men do who look with open-eyed wonder at the world. His finely-cut mouth and chin are guarantees of that good taste which he has shown in the erection of his house, the planning and planting of his grounds, and the excellent collection of books in his library, all of which, save the books of reference, he has read. He is physically a massive man, weighing at least two hundred pounds, broad-shouldered and symmetrical, with a large head covered with abundant hair, now tinged with silver. His forehead is prominent, and marked with lines of thought; his eyes are half closed, as though they would concentrate the light of the brain in order to look into that which is distant, and see through the darkness of the present.

He is fifty-five years of age, with a strong and vigorous body, and I have no doubt there are thirty years of good life in him yet. He does not belong to that class of men who feather their nest, and crow in luxurious indolence over their neighbors. He continues the active pursuits of life because it is his duty to work; wealth is no excuse for idleness, be-



PORTRAIT OF JACOB M. HOWARD.

cause at least a thousand men are dependent on him for their daily wages and for their daily work; because he does not consider that the plans of his life are crystallized into completeness. Captain Ward has a good share of that uncommon attribute common sense, allied to shrewdness and quickness of perception and untiring energy, and I may add courage. No disaster can conquer such a man. You may strip him of his possessions, but he will not yield—he will rub his hands and take a fresh hold. Should he fall and fracture a rib, he will be thankful that his neck is not broken. What a grand commissary of subsistence he would have made! He could feed and move armies as easily as he can kindle forges and push steamboats and locomotives about him. He has the enterprise of Vanderbilt, with more vigor and a larger brain—a brain cultivated by reading the best books in the language. In general intelligence, the fast old gentleman of New York would suffer if placed in contrast with our Western sailor. With his powerful physique and indomitable will, he would have risen to distinction in any useful vocation. Captain Ward is a millionaire. His fortune is the fruit of industry and enterprise. His steamboats have been commercial shuttles on the Western waters, weaving the warp of the East with the woof of the West. No man of the West has done more to develop the resources of this State and to promote its commercial welfare than Capt. Ward. No man is more widely known at the West, and I therefore present him to the reader as a representative man. At the great show-case of the world, the Exhibition at Paris, there will be a specimen of his skill—a piece of railroad iron encased in steel, an invention which will revolutionize the system of building railroads. Rails constructed on his new plan will wear much longer and be far less liable to break than those now in use.

JACOB M. HOWARD.

I have spoken of the influence of mountain scenery on the mind and character of man. The subject of this sketch was born and educated in Vermont, and afterward expanded into greatness at the West, where he has been crowned with the highest honors the State of his adoption could bestow upon him. He, with Mr. Z. Chandler, represents Michigan in the Senate of the United States, and the State never had an abler representative. He has the culture of Cass, with a broader and more liberal intellect, and a more generous nature. Indeed, it is not extravagant praise to say that, as an orator, he is a head and shoulders taller than the shrewd diplomatist was in the prime of his life. Cass was a statesman of the school the students of which were cunning politicians, and he devoted to his own pecuniary interests and political advancement the energies he should have given to the country. By accepting office he entered into a contract to labor for the welfare of the nation, but he never lost sight of the golden opportunities which promised him personal emolument; hence he died rich in money, but left only a small legacy of political capital to his party.

Howard is a good statesman, but a poor financier—his own interests seem to be lost in the all-absorbing interests of the State and the nation. He represents Michigan, and not himself, at the Capitol.

General Cass, who had many excellent traits, could have used the language of Lord Erskine to Lord Eldon, who held high office for many years, when he said, "*Seals afford a good living.*" Howard is in statesmanship what Ward is in business—a leader—a head man—one who will be driver, and will not be horse. His opinions are sure to be sound, and he can express them with great power and eloquence. He has the vital, the emotional, and the intellectual force, and the flow of speech which the speaker must have in order to be truly eloquent. Cold words may be correctly spoken and elegant, but if there be no heart-pulse in them, they fall like flakes of snow from a statue of ice. I do not over-praise the prototype of this pen-and-ink type when I say that he has a Websterian mind. He has enlarged and lofty views of political economy and constitutional government, and looks beyond and above mere local issues further and higher than the district which embraces his residence and the bank where he keeps his deposits. Without neglecting the interests of his constituents, he considers the needs of the entire nation, and when he speaks in the Senate, he has a nation for an audience, and his judgment is considered authority at home and abroad. He may be called a solid man—a man of weight; his words move the scale in which they fall, and they palpitate with thought and feeling. He is a scholarly man, has been a most industrious student of books, and has gleaned a great deal of useful learning, which he turns to good account in his public efforts.

In speaking, he usually begins slowly and

deliberately, as though he would caress his lips into quicker life and feeling. When he has measured his auditors, and fairly launched his voice, the blood hastens to the vital organs and the brain, and he warms with the subject of discussion, every syllable coming clean cut and fervid from his tongue, while his large eyes glow with magnetic fire, his whole face lighting up with gleams of emotion. There is no haste in his utterance, and no hesitation; it flows on like the "Pontiac wave," gathering volume and power as it proceeds, sweeping before it the sophistry and even the argument of his opponent, as the waves do the weeds of the sea. His efforts are not of the spread-eagle style; there are no rhetorical displays of language; no sophomorical lugging of figures into his argument for the purpose of ornamentation. What he says is pertinent, and in the plainest and most effective English. A few extracts from one of his best efforts will give the reader an idea of his style.

Mr. Howard's funeral oration in memory of our late President, Abraham Lincoln, is fully equal to the effort of Mr. Bancroft on the same subject:

"Often during our country's yet unfinished trials we have seen in our streets the slow funeral procession with its gloomy hearse and sable trappings, and listened with sad hearts to the muffled drum as the remains of some hero lately fallen in our defense passed to the long rest of the grave. Martyrs to the holy cause in which we were forced to take up arms, our Richardson, Fairbanks, Roberts, Broadhead, Williams, Whittlesey, Speed, Buhl, and many—alas how many others! noble, brave, and generous—have been returned to us from the battle-field lifeless, but proud and enduring proofs both of the obstinacy of the conflict and the unconquerable spirit of freemen engaged in a righteous cause; and every town and hamlet in the land has witnessed the like pageants of sorrow, as the chances of war have enabled the friends of our slaughtered soldiers, fallen under the blows of the enemy, to reclaim their remains, and entomb them where a mother or a sister's, father's or a brother's tears could moisten their grave. The hero dust lends sacredness to the spot, and often, aye, for ages to come, shall the hand of friendship plant and nourish there the amaranth of undying love and gratitude.

"Compared, however, with the multitudes who have succumbed on the field of battle, and in the midst of the crash and clamor of the conflict, and have been lost sight of, those who are thus snatched from among the undistinguished dead are few indeed. The memories of all alike are dear to our hearts; and the land has mourned, and still mourns as never nation mourned, for these her martyred children, whether in life they were high or low, rich or poor. And everywhere, whether in the costly mansion of wealth, or in the humble cottage of poverty, wherever the great grief has penetrated, the spirit of a just and sympathizing country has been present to whisper consolation to the mourner, and to bind up the wounds of private sorrow. Yes, we have a right to assert, and do here assert, a great and striking truth, that the passions aroused and put into activity by four years of war, the bloodiest of the century, have not in any perceptible degree hardened the sensibilities of the American people to scenes of private grief; but, thanks to the sound, pervading moral and religious instruction which underlies our civilization, those sensibilities, of which the love

of liberty is the greatest element, are as fresh, as kindly as ever."

"The sun had set upon the wide-spread joy and the shades of night had closed over the land; but the flags of our gladness still fluttered along every street, and from millions of homes throughout the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific seas. The man in public employment had for a moment dismissed the anxieties of his position; the minister of God was on his knees, praying for his country, his people and his race; labor had laid aside the implements of toil and was smiling joyfully in the bosom of home and family; fireside circles were jubilant over the achievement of so many and such glorious triumphs, and the pale cheek of bereavement that had saddened over the death of heroic husbands and sons smiled from beneath its weeds, and in the general joy began to feel the relents of forgiveness for their slayers; patriot fathers at countless hearths were returning fervent thanks to God for the salvation of their country and the sweets of peace, under whose smiles their sons were about to be restored to their arms. All was buoyancy of spirit, gladness, and hope. A nation retiring to rest was blessing Abraham Lincoln for the part he had acted in securing this almost heavenly contentment and joy. Fatigued with the heavy cares of state he had as a means of relaxation—for which he had a fondness—repaired with his wife and only one attendant to the theater, where, in his box, he was quietly witnessing the play. Doubtless his active and benevolent mind, filled with the common gladness and enjoying in anticipation the glory of leadership in the great work of pacification, was at this supreme moment revolving the means fitted for that end, and his soul reaching anxiously forward to grasp the highest prize to which humanity can aspire. He saw the wounds of a bleeding country staunch; he saw prosperity restored; the hand of industry again tilling the field. It should reap; commerce again enlivening the land and the sea; labor and skill hiding from view the furrows of war; the masses of the people of the North and of the South again united in the sacred bond of friendship, protecting and protected by each other, both clinging to the principles and government bequeathed us by a common ancestry; and he saw—glorious vision!—transcendent evidence of his greatness and goodness!—the blessings of LIBERTY given to every child of humanity, without reference to the color of his skin, throughout the broad possessions of the Republic; calmly the great and good man sits, the center of a nation's love and gratitude—the hope, the only sure hope even of his enemies; when suddenly, without warning, without the means of defense, and without even a moment to prepare for the Hereafter, he sinks under the blow of the malignant assassin."

"Mr. Lincoln was a great man—not great by culture or study, for the necessities of his early condition deprived him of the means of education, but great in his moral nature and in the native powers of his mind. Cradled in honest poverty, he was literally one of the toiling millions. No family opulence came to his aid. Left motherless in his infancy, the father who reared him was too poor to give him instruction in any art but that of earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. He labored with his own hands at the hard and rugged tasks of the early pioneer in the forest. The woods rang with the axe of Abraham Lincoln, and the strong division fence between neighbors was the work of his hands. The wants, the tastes, the habits, the amusements of the hard-working settler—he was familiar with them all, because he had participated in them all.

His character was molded by them; his sympathies were with them; and though by his own almost unaided efforts he obtained an education that lifted him above them and placed him in the legal profession, he never felt above them. The life of the pioneer is the school from which are drawn the true lessons of 'liberty, equality, and fraternity;' and no one drank more deeply of this fountain of instruction than he. It was the source of that perpetual flow of laughter-moving anecdotes, quaint comparisons, and piquant illustrations which filled his speeches, writings, and conversations, and furnished alimant for that singular love of the ridiculous and the comic which distinguished him, and which often showed itself in the most solemn transactions. His temperament was buoyant and hopeful, and his feelings remained placid and unruffled under the most perplexing and irritating circumstances. He was resolute and courageous, but these qualities were modified by cautiousness that often looked like wariness, and even timidity, for he was ambitious of success, and well knew the uncertainty of events. No man was more patient and circumspect in weighing the considerations on both sides of a question and coming to a just conclusion; and when his purpose was finally taken, he adhered to it with manly tenacity. His word was that of a man of honor and honesty, and he scorned to shrink from the responsibility it imposed. He resorted to no artifice or arrangements to avoid or evade it; and consequently he never allowed himself to make hasty or ill-considered promises. Although slow in adopting a conclusion in matters of grave importance, his faculties were active and quick in their movements. His power of generalization was most vigorous and rapid, showing a keenness and justness of observation, a quickness and force of analysis, and a clearness of reasoning that fall to the lot of very few. This, united to the habit of unceasing industry and attention to the minutest details as well as the general effect of his plans, made him a most prominent counselor as well as actor. His self reliance was great because his sagacity was great; and those err egregiously who suppose that the leading features of his policy were merely the suggestions of other minds. This trait of his character was especially displayed during the first two years of the war in his retention in command of Generals so violently opposed to his political views as in the opinion of the great mass of his party greatly to weaken the military efforts of the Government. And it must be said in his praise, that in this his object and intention were to unite all loyal men, whatever might be their mere party divisions, in one grand and cordial effort to crush the rebellion. I have formed the opinion that the qualities of his mind were eminently those essential to the profession of arms. He was courageous without rashness, bold but wary, of a quick perception of the nature of his own position and that of his adversary, and of a mind fruitful in resources, filled with a profound knowledge of human nature. With proper education and experience he would have made a distinguished commander, for he had all the true elements of military genius, and he was not without some confidence in his ability to direct the operations of armies, as the history of his labors during the first three years of the war abundantly show; though they also prove that his interference arose rather from his anxiety for the immediate suppression of the rebellion than from the conviction of his own fitness to guide our military movements. With all his affability and simplicity of manners he was gifted by nature with the spirit of command. You had but to look upon that deep eye, that calm, contem-

plative brow and tall, stately person, to feel that you were in the presence of one endowed by nature with superior qualities, with a will, a purpose of his own, fitted for some great leadership among men; though the plainness of his manners, and that native modesty which he wore as a garment, relieved you at once of all sensation of awe or uneasiness. A child of the people, a worshiper, himself, of liberty, that regulated liberty to which under God he owed all that he was, all the fame he had won, or could win, his soul yearned with but one ambition, the preservation of that people and their benign institutions, and the extension of that liberty to all the sons of men.

"Look at him in his true light—the penniless boy laboring for bread in the coarse life of the settler, eking out by his own hard toil, without the compassionate aid of a friend, the scanty means of personal subsistence; rising at length to what was to him the raptures of a moderate education, won by the same means; then taking rank with the foremost of his State in a laborious, learned profession; then shining as the most brilliant light in the discussion of the greatest question in which the liberties of this country were ever involved; then elevated to the chief magistracy by an unprecedented majority of his countrymen; and then, after four years of civil war of the greatest magnitude, and domestic dissensions of the most frightful type, again and by a far more numerous vote elevated to the same high trust, look, citizens of the Republic! look, ye judges of human character all over the world! and tell me, Was this man a tyrant? To bring such a charge is to accuse a whole people of hypocrisy when they say they love liberty and hate tyranny; it is to pronounce them liberticides while they are pouring out their blood like water in the holy cause of their own freedom and that of their children. It is an absurdity so great that human instincts, unaided by reasoning, rise up and rebuke it.

"Mr. Lincoln's moral character was without stain or suspicion. He loved justice, and was honest. I think no man can say that in the most difficult circumstances or in the most obstinate disputations he ever showed a want of frankness. He loved truth because its whiteness and purity were akin to his own nature. He was an utter stranger to what are called the *arts* of statesmanship. He loved simplicity of equipage and simplicity of living, for his condition had once been lowly, and he carried into public life the economical tastes which grew up with him; and his head was too sound to be made dizzy by the elevation. Temperate and abstemious in his habits, blessed with vigorous health and a physical frame capable of great endurance, the morning light found him devoted to his great task; and no hour of the day found or left him unemployed in the service of his country. Plain but courteous in his intercourse and manners, retaining much of the honesty, simplicity, and familiarity of demeanor of his early life, his good sense and good taste never so far lost their control of him as to permit him to attempt to copy the manners of others. The humblest as well as the highest found himself "at home" in his presence, and his ear and his heart were open to both alike.

"He loved his country. She first, she last, she ever, was the object of his care and his love. She was to him a revered mother, every pang of whose struggling heart found a response in his own. How did he weep over her slain children, his own brothers, his own flesh and blood; and when that mother, wringing her hands in agony, though not in despair, called upon him with her resistless voice to make further efforts to save her honor and her life, with what heroic, what almost superhuman fortitude did he obey her commands! With

his hopes centred in the JUSTICE OF HER CAUSE, and his heart resting upon the undoubted favor of God, he executed her repeated mandates; and with that confiding, weeping mother following him through clouds and darkness and seas of blood, he held his onward way till, arriving at the light of complete triumph over her foes, assured peace and doubly assured liberty, his Heavenly Father recalled him home and left us to mourn him and to pay these sad honors to his memory.

"Noble spirit!—he has finished his course—he has kept the faith; he has done his duty to his beloved country, and therefore the land mourns him. Farewell, hero of liberty, friend of the race! go to the companionship of Washington, Warren, and the great of other days! Prophet of the New Era! ascend to the rewards of a martyrdom hardly less dear to mankind than those which crowned the throng which came up out of much tribulation, and washed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb. Take thy seat in the midst of the great and good, whom in all ages the tears of grateful humanity have followed to the tomb. Thou art their peer!

"Thy dust needs no stately mausoleum to remind posterity of thy deeds or thy character. Thy enduring monument is in the hearts of the friends of their country and of liberty. Well fulfilled is thy mission. A thousand years shall pass and the name of Abraham Lincoln shall be as familiar to the inhabitants of this broad continent as are the names of Numa Pompilius in Roman, Alfred in British, or Washington in American story. Yes, gentle but heroic chief! we dismiss thee from the mighty task thou has performed, to the rewards which await good deeds in a better world, and to a fame as immortal as the love of liberty!"

If any American has given the world a purer and better utterance than this, I should like to read it.

Mr. Howard is about fifty-five years of age, and above the ordinary size and stature. His Atlantean shoulders are surmounted with a large and well-balanced head. His hair is brown and mixed with gray, and his face, which is broad and ruddy, is lighted with large dark eyes. The eagle nose and compressed lips show power, firmness, and the love of command. The symmetry of the face indicates evenness of temper, self-control, and steadiness which would not yield to an assault from the opposite side of the House. He is a most formidable opponent, and when he strikes, his blows fall like the thunder of Thor.

PROOFS OF PHRENOLOGY, DRAWN FROM PATHOLOGICAL DATA.

WITHIN the past five years French and English medical men have observed a number of cases of a very peculiar disease, consisting of the deprivation of the faculty of expressing *certain* ideas by the appropriate words. This has been called Aphasia; and it may suspend or destroy the capacity of the subject to command either or all of the four classes of signs by means of which man signifies his ideas—i. e., speech, gesture, writing, and drawing. The peculiarity of it is, that this disturbance (for in some instances it is only temporary) is a direct though unanticipated proof of Phrenology.

The subject was recently discussed in the

French Academy of Medicine, on the occasion of the reading of a memoir, upon the coincidence of the derangement of speech with lesions of the left hemisphere of the brain. If any one doubts that these cases furnished a proof, and an indisputable one, of Phrenology, let him find settled conviction thereof in the declaration of M. Sulet, a prominent member of the Academy, who said "the inferences of the author from his numerous cases would lead to phrenological conclusions, and that as his mind was long since made up as to the fallacy of these, he declined to discuss the paper." In short, since his mind was made up, M. Sulet refused to be bothered with the facts collected by M. Dox, the author of the memoir.

We all remember how the first, and as far as we know the only, book pretending to be of scientific character, yet written in recantation of Phrenology, was by a Frenchman, and yet here are facts which the French Academy can not dispose of without admitting the principles of Phrenology, that there is a special location in the hemisphere of the brain for the different faculties, though there is the alternative that, like M. Sulet, the Academy may refuse to debate or consider them, because "they lead to phrenological conclusions," as he declares.

But fortunately for the cause of science (and Phrenology can only stand or fall with that), other members of the Academy refused to accept this dictum, and insisted that the "memoir" of facts should be discussed.

This memoir, so far as we observe, consisted wholly of facts. In the discussion, M. Bouilland, who for the last forty years has advocated the localization of the faculty of articulate language in the anterior lobes, while he did not (at the time) "contend for the truth of craniology," maintained that Phrenology, properly so-called, really possessed a scientific foundation.

M. Trousseau, the greatest of French medical men, in a remarkable discourse prolonged over two meetings, entered into a complete exposition of the disturbances of articulated language called Aphasia. He cited numerous instances from his abundant clinical resources exhibiting this general or partial deprivation of the means of communicating ideas. Essential differences he showed exist between this condition and the impediment of articulation consequent on paralysis. At first sight, the asserted localization of a function in one side of an organ so apparently symmetrical as the brain, seems highly improbable; "but singular as it may seem, it must be accepted," M. Trousseau said.

Taking the general statement of M. Bouilland and Dox, that the anterior lobes are those in which the faculty of language is seated, M. Trousseau is able to adduce eighteen cases favoring this view. It may therefore be left undoubted, so far as this class of proofs is concerned (and this is the *highest* class), that the localization of the faculty of language is certain, for if not, any independent research but pathology itself, seen from the standpoint of medical men, presents facts which can be understood on no other ground than the admission of Phrenology in its proper and truest sense; and we may say that no better proof is possible to establish any doctrine in science.

If we are still uncertain, or would remain so, with M. Sulet, of the French Academy, we have only, as an *alternative*, to make up our minds, first, as to the "fallacy" of "phrenological conclusions," because the "facts" lead to them, or, second, refuse to make up our minds about the facts, because they lead to *phrenological* conclusions. R. K. BROWN, M.D.

On Physiology.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—*Cuvier*.

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—*Isaiah* iv. 6.

HEALTH AT HOME; OR, HYGIENE IN ITS PERSONAL AND HOUSE- HOLD RELATIONS.—No. II.

BY JOHN H. GRISCOM, M.D.

OUR previous number concluded with a brief announcement of the principal purposes for which the air surrounding the globe is carried into the interior of the body. The first object, if we may be allowed to speak of either one as second, where all are so important, is to *convert the Food into Blood*. The particular part performed by the atmosphere in this operation, we will endeavor to make clear in a few words.

Every one is at least aware of the pleasure of eating and drinking, of the gratification experienced in the act of appeasing hunger, that mysterious *feeling* which apparently has its seat in the stomach, but which that organ has no more particular interest in than any other part of the body. The *sensation* of hunger is manifested in the stomach merely as an indication that it is through that organ the wants of the whole body are to be supplied; just as the sensation of sleepiness is manifested in the eyelids, as an indication that they must be closed to shut out the light from the eyes, in order that the whole body may obtain uninterrupted rest. In that case it is not the eyelids only, but the entire system which demands repose, as it requires a fresh supply of food when hunger is felt.

It is a popular supposition that the digestion of the food is confined to, and completed by, the operations carried on in the stomach. This idea has doubtless grown out of the fact, that by taking food into the stomach, hunger is appeased. It is certain that no further sensation is experienced in the process of digestion after hunger is relieved by eating, except the stomach be overloaded with food, producing temporary inconvenience, or when its power of performing its duty is impaired by disease, producing dyspepsia. The work of supplying the whole body with nourishment is at that moment *apparently*, so far as all sensation is concerned, completed. But the reception of food into the stomach, and the action of that organ upon it, preparing it for other stages of the process, is in fact only the first step in a long and complicated chemico-physiological operation. It is not designed here to go into a description of the various parts of the process, interesting as they are to the student of anatomy and physiology, and might be to many readers; it is intended in this connection, merely to call attention to the part which the atmosphere plays in the process, for it is literally true, strange as it may appear to those who have not thought upon the subject, that *Respiration is a part and the last act of Digestion*. Without

the admission of air into the lungs, and its contact and mixture there with the food, the most nutritious articles of diet, though carried through every other stage of the digestive process, would be as useless as so much sand or sawdust. It is, indeed, the vitalizing influence of the atmosphere which gives the food its power of nutrition, and enables it to impart its growing and strengthening properties to the body.

The atmosphere, as every student of chemistry knows, is an agent of the most powerful character in many operations, both upon animate and inanimate matter. Its action is most strikingly illustrated in the phenomena of combustion. A piece of wood or charcoal, or the oil and candles used in illumination, when brought into certain relations with the atmosphere, are totally changed in character, and in the process of change give out great volumes of heat and light. This process of combustion, or the conversion of wood, coal, and oil into other and different combinations, is analogous to the conversion of food into the living tissue of the body. When the food, in a crude and bulky state, is admitted into the stomach, it is there, with the assistance of the liver, the spleen, the intestines, etc., prepared by a certain mode of refinement and distillation, to be brought finally into contact with the atmosphere for its *sanguification*—in other words, its *conversion into blood*.

This process may be compared to that by which gas is prepared for illuminating our houses. The raw material, oil or coal or resin, dug out of the bowels of the earth or gathered from the trees, is put through a process of distillation, or digestion, in crucibles and retorts, by which the useless dross is separated from the finer parts, and thus there is derived from it the invisible substance called Gas, which is collected in reservoirs and held in readiness to be conveyed to our houses for instant use when needed. It is plain to every one that without contact with the atmosphere, under such circumstances as will enable them to unite chemically, the gas thus separated would be quite useless; but when thus united, a volume of light and heat is the consequence. So it is with the food of the body; introduced in its crude form into the stomach, digestion, as it is commonly understood, is but a preparation of it by the separation of the finer from the grosser parts—the available from the unavailable—the rejection of the latter out “into the draught”—and the transmission of the former, refined and pure, to be united with the vitalizing property of the air, whence come life, and warmth, and strength.

Pure air consists of two distinct parts or gases, viz.: *Nitrogen*, composing about four fifths, and *Oxygen*, the remaining one fifth, of its volume. The latter, Oxygen, is the sole vitalizing power of the air, and possesses the most surprising properties. It is called, technically, a *supporter of combustion*, as it is one of a small class of substances possessing that property; but it is in fact itself the cause of com-

bustion, in the way in which that action is generally understood. The combustion of a body in the air is nothing more or less than the union of the burning body with the oxygen of the air, whereby the oxygen disappears from the air, and its place is occupied by the resulting compound gases, the chief of which is carbonic acid gas, formed by the union of the oxygen with the carbon of the burning substance. In open-air-combustion there are other products, according to the nature of the burning body, such as light, heat, aqueous vapor, carbonic oxide, etc. The rusting of iron by its exposure to the air is also one form of combustion, i. e., a union of oxygen with the iron. In this the heat and light, if any are produced, are imperceptible, because of the slowness of the process.

The nitrogen in the atmosphere seems to have no other part to perform in the function of respiration than to distribute the oxygen and dilute its activity, which otherwise would be too great for the safety of the vital tissues with which it comes in contact, and through which it operates.

The action of the oxygen of the air in the living body is chemically analogous to that of combustion out of the body, and within certain limits has the same results. That part of the food which has been properly prepared in the stomach and other lower organs, is transmitted upward to be mingled with the current of blood already in the body, and is sent to the lungs where it is immediately oxidized, and receives its living properties.

The anatomist can trace the movements of the food, as it passes from the mouth, where it is masticated and insalivated, through the stomach, where the gastric juice dissolves it, into the duodenum or second stomach, where the bile acts upon it, into the small intestines lined with the mouths of innumerable little ducts (lacteals), which absorb the refined and useful, separating it from the dross and useless portion and convey it to a common duct, through which, in the form of a white creamy fluid, it is emptied directly in the current of venous blood, to be distributed through the lungs for the direct action upon it of the oxygen of the air.

In the form in which the food is mingled with the current of blood it is called *Chyle*, and this is the analogue of the illuminating gas, in the comparison we have drawn. It is carried by the blood-current directly into contact with the oxygen, when, like the gas in our houses, it is *burned* by union with it.

This phrase, “being burned,” is not inapplicable, as it may appear to some in this connection, but is strictly correct as applied to the action of the oxygen upon the food. The only differences between the two operations of burning gas in the open air, and the oxidation of the food in the lungs, relate to the mode and the apparatus in which they are conducted, while the *principle* of the two actions is the same.

At the same time that the oxygen is impart-

ing its vitalizing properties to the new material in the great life-current, the old blood, which in the round of its circulation has parted with a large portion of its life-sustaining properties and absorbed much old and effete material, is at the same time and in the same place also subjected to the oxygenizing influence of the atmosphere. In fact, a large proportion of the impurity which it has taken up and brings to the lungs to be got rid of is carbon, identical in character with the carbon of wood, or gas, or coal.

This carbon, when in contact with the oxygen in the air-cells of the lungs, unites with it to form carbonic acid, precisely of the same nature as that produced by the combustion of gas or charcoal. A simple experiment which any one can perform will demonstrate this. Take a vial full of common lime water, and insert to the bottom of it a pipe stem, or any other kind of tube (a stiff straw will answer), and blow the breath through it. In a few minutes the pellucid lime water will become cloudy and opaque, and if the operation is continued long enough, the whole of the liquid will assume a milky appearance. When allowed to stand still after this, the liquid will again become clear by the precipitation to the bottom of a fine powder, which is the carbonate of lime, formed by the combination of the lime of the lime water with the carbonic acid of the breath.

We thus prove that there is carbonic acid in the air exhaled from the lungs, and this can only be derived from the union of the carbon of the venous blood with the oxygen of the air.

It has already been stated that carbonic acid is one of the direct products of combustion, and we have therefore in this simple experiment a proof of the combustion or burning of the carbon of the blood. But, some one may ask, where are the other products of combustion, the heat and light? We recall the statement about the rusting or oxidation of iron, to show that in a very slow combustion the visible results differ from those of a rapid combustion; and the combustion of the carbon of the blood is a much slower process than that of gas or wood in the open air, and can not therefore yield the same degree of results. Nevertheless, one of these products does ensue, viz., *Heat*, and it is by this means that the animal temperature is maintained above that of surrounding inanimate bodies.

Thus are demonstrated the three physiological truths with which we set out, viz.: 1st. That the air serves to convert the food into blood; 2d. To keep the blood pure by removing its carbon and some other elements; and 3d. That by it the elevated temperature of the body is maintained;—three operations essential every moment to the life of the individual.

This view of the use of the atmosphere in digestion demonstrates the need of its purity and abundance, and also that any diminution of either must proportionately impair the usefulness of our food, and consequently the nutrition and strength of the body.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

THE Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says that amusements should always be selected that promote health, vigor, and skill. They should not be simple, aimless wanderings after mere pleasure. It is the true doctrine of amusement, that it should be such as to contribute to the well-being of the body. It is, therefore, important, especially in cities, that great provision should be made for athletic sports of every kind. Boating is good. Riding and driving are good. Gymnastics are good. Various games of ball are good. Bowling and billiards are good. And it is desirable that they should be put within the reach of those that live by the taxation of the brain. The vast multitude of professional men—lawyers, physicians, teachers, and, above all, ministers of the Gospel—ought to have an opportunity for cheerful, exciting, physical exercise.

It is said that these things tend to bring men into bad society. It is not necessarily so. It is true that a man may join a yacht-club whose convivial habits are such that he will be in danger perpetually; but he ought not to join such a club. It is in the fact, not that yachting is bad, but that the man makes a bad choice. A man may go to the Astor House or the St. Nicholas; and if he goes to a disreputable house it is his own fault. He ought to go to a reputable one. It is the joining a bad club, and not the joining a club, that is dangerous. And there ought to be so many clubs under moral and Christian influences that it shall be the fault of every young man if he joins a bad one.

And that is true of almost all athletic games, of all gymnastic associations, of all clubs for ball-playing, of bowling alleys. And the time has come when if a man goes to a bad place, it is because he chooses to associate with bad company. He may, if he chooses, go to places that are not bad. For there are some places where a man may go and play billiards, and not lose his reputation. The time has come when gentlemen will have this and other amusements as a part of household economy, so that they shall not be obliged to go among professional gamblers to find healthful recreation.

In cities, particularly, these athletic sports furnish almost the only exercise; and more men break down and die for want of some such relaxation, than are corrupted by them even in their worst estates.

All athletic sports that turn mainly on skill and exhilaration, and afford opportunities for social enjoyment, are, as a general thing, beneficial, and should be so provided that a young man can choose them without choosing with them degrading company. And, further than that, if in any special instance it is found that a man is tempted into wrong and injured by them, then he should abstain from indulging in them.

NERVE TELEGRAPH.

HELMHOLTZ and Du Bois Raymond have recently investigated and accurately ascertained the rate of propagation of the nerve-force. The latter first demonstrated that there really was something passing along the nerve; this something is to be conceived merely as a "pulse" through the nerve.

Du Bois Raymond has illustrated the way in which this pulse is transmitted.

A number of double magnetic needles are suspended in a long row within a glass case, so that the end of each needle was in a line with and close to, but not touching, the needle

in front. Pushing the initial needle obliquely aside, the attraction it exercised in its new position obliquely displaced the next adjoining needle in a contrary direction.

This displaced the next, and that in its turn the next, and thus a zigzag motion ran along the row of needles to the far end, where the movements of the terminal one rang an electric bell.

To show the actual transmission of the nervous agent, the Professor took a frog, and from the hind legs of this frog dissected a muscle with its attached nerve; stimulating the free end of the nerve by a feeble electric current, the muscle announced the reception of this stimulant by a violent contraction, rendered visible to the audience by the lifting of a colored disk. The nerve was now tied in the needle and again stimulated; this, time no contraction of the muscle ensued, for the ligature had prevented its passage.

This proves that the agent is quite different from electricity, for that force would not have been hindered in its transit by the mere tying of the conducting nerve.

The next problem was, how to determine the rate at which this change proceeds along the nerve. A few years ago the solution of this problem was deemed impossible on account of experimental difficulties. Yet it has been accurately done by a method first suggested by M. Poréellet for measuring the velocity of its projectiles.

When a current of electricity of very short duration is passed through a galvanometer, the deflection is proportionate to the duration, and hence the time taken by any transient phenomenon may be easily ascertained, provided its beginning and its end can be made coincident with the beginning and end of an electric current.

This coincidence in time M. Poréellet accomplished by a most ingenious experiment. This method has been successfully applied to measure the comparative duration of the passage of the nervous agent.

The result of these investigations on the velocity of the nerve-force is one which at first sight seems impossible, for as compared with light and electricity the propagation is very slow. The velocity of light is about 190,000 miles per second, and of electricity even more; but the velocity of nerve-force is only 90 feet per second, $\frac{1}{25}$ the velocity of a cannon-ball, about $\frac{1}{10}$ the velocity of sound in air, and not exceeding, but equal to the speed of an express train.

A very interesting fact connected with nerve transmission was mentioned by the experimenter.

This was the effect of temperature on the velocity of the nerve-force. When the nerve was warm, the curves drawn by another mode of measurement, identical in its results with that we have described, were close together; but when ice-cold water was flowed over the nerve, the curves were widely separated from each other, showing that in the latter case the nervous force had traveled at a slower rate than in the former.

Besides the time, however, required for the transmission of a stimulus through the nerve, the consciousness requires a certain time to appreciate the stimulus or impression.

Thus the passage of a rifle bullet through the brain would not occupy more than the 1-1000 of a second; a stroke of lightning would pass through the body in inconceivably less time; and thus a person killed by either of these means would die without consciousness having time to be produced. The placid aspect of those who have thus died, and the testimony of those who have recovered from a lightning stroke, is now explained.

Religious Department.

"The man is thought a knave or fool,
Or blasphe' plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his kind,
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distill;
For him the ax be lured;
For him the gibbet shall be built;
For him the stake prepared;
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim;
And malice, envy, spite, and lies
Shall desecrate his name.
But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever to justice done."

YOUR LIKENESS.

A SERMON PREACHED BY REV. S. H. WESTON,
D.D., OF NEW YORK.

Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love.—*Rev. II. 4.*

AN Italian artist meeting a child of exquisite beauty, wished to preserve its features, for fear he should never see such loveliness again. So he painted the charming face upon canvas and hung it upon the walls of his studio. In his somberest hours, that sweet, gentle countenance was like an angel of light to him. Its presence filled his soul with the purest aspirations. "If ever I find," he said, "a perfect contrast to this beautiful face, I will paint that also, and hang them side by side as an ideal of heaven and hell!"

Long years passed away. At length, in a distant land, he saw, in a prison he visited, the most hideous object he ever gazed upon—a fierce, haggard fiend with glaring eyes, and cheeks deeply furrowed with lust and crime. The artist remembered his vow, and immediately painted a picture of this loathsome form to hang beside the portrait of the lovely boy. The contrast was perfect. His dream was realized. The two poles of the moral universe were before him. But what was the surprise of the artist, when on inquiring into the history of this wretch, to find that he was that once lovely little boy he had painted years before. Both of these pictures, the angel and the demon of the same soul, now hang side by side in a Tuscan gallery. Such is the alchemy of vice—such the transforming power of sin; a contrast which no mortal hand could transfer to canvas, but which the "archangel ruined" may have furnished to celestial eyes. In his innocence the mighty seraph; with visage resplendent with all the glory of heaven; in his fall a face darkened by immortal hate, with revenge and despair throned on his "thunder-blasted brow." But we need not go to the deathless pictures of a Milton or to the gallery of the Italian artist for examples of the deforming, brutalizing power of vice. Alas! such instances are but too common in our very midst. In all coarser transgressions, soul and body sympathize.

Sin, however concealed, writes his autograph on his victim with a bold, legible hand that all recognize. The eyes are the windows of the soul, and where once an angel smiled on you,

now a frowning fiend may look forth with a Gorgon stare. The pollutions of the heart are at last engraved in the face, and that image of God transformed into the likeness of Satan. Look on that bloated form, that frenzied look, that haggard brow! Could even a fond father's eye detect in those disgusting lineaments the noble boy that once climbed his knees the envied kiss to share? Behold that shameless creature that nightly prowls the street for her prey! Could the fond mother in that incarnation of impurity recognize her angel girl whose little hands she once held in prayer? But this sad transformation in the face of that beautiful boy was not wrought in a day. Time is a tardy painter, and works slowly but industriously. Had some prophetic hand drawn the curtain of the future, and shown this child his portrait in the ripeness of manhood, how would he have been startled and shocked at the revelation! But had a faithful likeness been painted each day of his life and hung side by side, in the almost imperceptible changes could have been traced the slow but sure decline, showing every shade of color, from the noon-day of purity to the midnight of depravity.

There is an eloquent sermon in those two portraits in yon Tuscan gallery, and this is the lesson. That advance in iniquity is always gradual; it may not appear so, and the seeming saint may change at once into the incorrigible sinner, like Satan in Eden under the touch of Ithuriel's spear. But the hidden fires of guilt, like a slumbering volcano, had long been burning within, until gathering force no longer to be repressed, they suddenly burst forth.

The approach will be gradual. Satan is too wary an adversary to tempt us by glaring sins that would shock and disgust us. He will bide his time, and sometimes retreat, but only like the hungry wave, to make a new advance. Even a lifetime is not too long to secure his captive if he can enslave him forever. It was an aphorism of the heathen, that no one suddenly becomes very base. No one becomes an inebriate, or a profane swearer, a Sabbath-breaker, a thief, or a voluptuary at once. The germ is in the heart, but it does not, like Jonah's gourd, grow up in a single night. The century plant is of slow growth, but it blooms at the end of a hundred years. We are not treading on fairy ground.

There are young men and young women to-day who may need this lesson. Perchance away from their natural guardians, their fond parents, dismissed from the Eden of home with many tears and prayers, they are environed by temptation—the young man mailed in honor, and strong in his integrity; the maiden guarded by the memory of a mother's virtue, and lovely in her stainless purity. But they may have already insensibly given the artist his first sitting for the second portrait. Let them be warned, lest in the end they furnish the revolting contrast of our story. Young woman, be warned! you may be parleying with what at last will bite like a serpent and sting like an adder. Young man, beware! "Her feet

go down to death, and her steps take hold on hell!"

Fleshly sins deform body and soul, but spiritual sins may deface only the soul, and the latter may be the more dangerous, because they are less obvious to us and the world, and we wish to make use of our subject to illustrate the deterioration that may take place in the spiritual likeness of Christians. This is a more subtle change, because the world will not be likely to observe it; and even we ourselves, through neglect of self-examination, may be unconscious that the finer lineaments of the soul are gradually growing coarse and unseemly. A look into the mirror, or the caution of a friend, might warn the inebriate that the clear, manly outlines of the youthful face were being blotted out. Men look oftener into their mirror than in their own hearts. Let us then scrutinize our inner life, and see if our moral portrait still retains the delicacy and symmetry of earlier years. Let us be honest with ourselves in probing the heart, and as we would wish our physician to be when probing a dangerous wound.

Look back, then, to the period when you first awoke to your responsibilities as Christian men and women. With many (it ought to be so with all) this will be the morning of life—while the baptismal dews yet sparkled on your brow—while the confirmation vows were yet fresh on the lips—when in that solemn era of your life you partook of your first communion. With others, this responsibility will be at a maturer age, when convicted of sin, through the influence of the Holy Spirit, they gave their hearts to God. Has there not with some been a spiritual degeneracy? Could photographs of the heart, taken then and now, be hung side by side, would not the contrast startle and alarm them, and make them tremble for the last impression that the Searcher of hearts will reserve to confront them at the last day?

A friend after a long separation discovers how much we have altered in our personal appearance since the last meeting, and even we sometimes have the truth brought suddenly and powerfully home to us when we glance into our faithful mirrors. We are admonished that we are advancing in age. There are tokens that do not deceive—the silvering hair, the scarcely perceptible furrow on the brow, the bowing of the strong frame. Let us bring the soul to the mirror of self-examination and see if we have grown in grace as in years. Let conscience paint us as we are, concealing no blemish, hiding no defect. That stern moralist is an artist that never flatters; and if the freshness and purity of our moral image has been soiled and dimmed, the impartial painter will faithfully delineate the change and show us our deformity. In some, the second portrait may be almost a counterpart of the first—the tender purity and grace hardly obscured; in others, it may exceed the loveliness of the first; while in others, more essential features of true holiness may be effaced, and we, be scarcely able to recognize ourselves; and what are some

of the tests by which we try ourselves and hold the mirror up to nature?

First. One of the well-defined features in the first portrait is that we were often earnest in prayer and the reading of God's Word. We realize that prayer was God's appointed medium of intercourse with Him—by which we confessed our sins and sought their pardon, made known our wants, and returned our thanks; that the study of the Holy Scriptures made us wise unto salvation. Is it so now? or have we become indifferent in our private devotions? Do we shorten them on the slightest excuse? Do we sometimes omit them altogether? Are we wearied by the exercises, and glad when they are concluded? Do we read the Bible as a mere form, from habit, because conscience would upbraid us if omitted? Do we make the lesson as brief as possible? Have we less reverence for its teachings? Do we begin even to question some of its declarations and turn from it with alacrity to devour greedily the more fascinating pages of fiction? If so, then have we cause to fear! The spiritual lineaments of early days are wavering, unsettling, and growing faint, and repulsive features are being impressed on the moral canvas of the soul.

Or a *second* test in your public religious duties, in church attendance and church ordinances. In your "first love," when the image of Christ was stamped fresh on your heart, how highly did you prize these inestimable privileges! You then realized the truth of the inspired declaration—"Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary!" "How amiable are thy tabernacles!" "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord;" and when there, with what eagerness did you listen to the preached word, no matter how plain and simple the garb in which it was clothed! With what awe and solemn joy did you approach the table of your Lord! You looked forward to the sacred season with a holy impatience, and yearned for it as the hungry man does for the expected feast; you were not content to forego a single opportunity, and with what emotion did you kneel at that altar and partake of the consecrated elements! You listened to the preacher, not with critical ears, but with humility, regarding him, however plain in speech, as an ambassador of Christ, and one in Christ's heart entreating sinners to be reconciled to God; and you allowed no ordinary obstacle to keep you from the sanctuary. Is it so now? "Look on this picture, and then on that." Do you sometimes make the most idle excuses for absenting yourself from public worship all day? Do you often attend but half the day, pleading in palliation of your absence ill health or indisposition that is not allowed to interfere with your ordinary secular duties?

In the ordinance of preaching, once satisfied with the plain, simple truth, that without ornament or eloquence which showed you how you could be saved, have you, with itching ears, become fastidious, exacting? Do you demand oratorical powers? prize rhetoric more than truth?

poetical embellishments more than sound doctrine? Do you seek the gratification of your taste more than the edification of your soul? Do you put preaching above praying? Is the sermon "unto you as a very lovely song, of one that hath a very pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument?" We might instance many other tests, but will give only one or two more. One of the most ardent feelings of a sound, healthy Christian is a desire to disseminate the Gospel. He wishes others to enjoy the same privileges he is enjoying; his sympathy with humanity, gratitude for his own unspeakable blessings, and his apprehension for the impenitent make him liberal in his gifts and active in his efforts to diffuse Christianity among those "ready to perish."

Now, have you become comparatively indifferent to the propagation of the Gospel? Do you give with a less liberal hand, or while giving, as usual, is it done "grudgingly?" Do you regard sin with the same abhorrence you once felt? Do you draw the line of demarcation between you and the world with the same strictness as in former days? Do you guard your thoughts with the same jealous care, or do you find that deeds which once shocked your moral sensibilities can now be regarded with complacency, and you conclude that you were once too exacting and over-strict in your estimate of careless, worldly people? Do you admit idle, impure thoughts that were once rigidly excluded? If so, these are sure tokens that the delicate bloom of early piety—in the cold, uncongenial atmosphere of the world—is withering away like "fern in the frost."

You will observe we are not supposing the case of the utterly reprobate or of the open-avowed apostate or backslider, but of those who appear to others, and even to themselves, to have held fast to their Christian integrity, and who may still be active in works of charity and liberal in their alms-giving. They may be doing all to satisfy their consciences, or maintain their reputation for Christian liberality. An individual once remarked, while gazing on the painted image of one long dead: "Blessed be the art that can immortalize." This is the reality—we are the shadows; this remains intact—the original is dust and ashes. We are all limning the portraits of our souls, and they will wear the color and lineaments of the last touch of our pencil when we are in our graves. We may make them those of an angel or a fiend. "In a long time, but for a long time," exclaimed a great master when reproached for the tardiness of his work. Life is our time—to complete the soul's features it must wear through eternity. We are sketching and coloring by repeated touches every day. You may have mended or marred the likeness during the past week; you may add a trait of beauty and an expression of holy purity to-morrow. Let there then be no delay, oh, artist! for you paint for eternity! Work industriously, wisely, and well. Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect. Seek to be conformed to

the image of His Son. Take Christ for your model, young artists; take the masters for your model; and then as we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly; and if we have been planted in the likeness of His death, we shall also be in the likeness of His resurrection. In a few years the spiritual portrait of all here will be completed, and we shall go to our long sleep; but when we awake in His likeness, we shall be satisfied.

A DAY'S MARCH.

BY EMILY S. TANNER.

THE night bends slowly down her somber face,
The thousand clamors of the day grow dim;
The thousand silences, low-breathing through the skies,
Seem muffled echoes of some angel's hymn.

Through morning-purple mists, through noontide glare,
Until the sunset fires were low,
And each broad ember slow was quenched
Within December's skies of snow,

Have pressed my feet along the Great Highway,
Waiting the stars to hold their nightly trust;
And now I lay my pilgrim staff aside,
And from my sandals shake the dust.

Oh, languid feet, what met ye on the road?
Oh, drooping eyes, what visions seen to-day?
Oh, drowsy ears, what voices have ye heard
Along the dusty Great Highway?

I only met a few worn travelers;
I only saw the light and shade of day;
I heard one voice that sang this solemn song,
Along the dusty Great Highway:

"Thou art a day's march farther, farther from
Time's slippery and narrow strand;
Thou hast one less watch upon the shore to keep—
A few less footsteps in the sand.

"Farther from strong, sweet ties of earthly love,
From haunting griefs, from sin's deep goad;
And old bereavements hide their funeral robes
A day's march backward, on the road.

"Farther from many a rough and heavy cross,
Carried with tears through weary hours,
And at each step embalméd and sprinkled with
The blood and dew of passion-flowers.

"Farther from fields of wild, unequal strife,
Farther from exile in a homesick land,
Yet nearer, nearer to the gates of peace—
A day's march nearer Fatherland!

"A day's march nearer, nearer to the sea,
The sea of Infinite mystery,
Whose pulses beat the phantom shoals of Time,
And thrill the borders of Eternity.

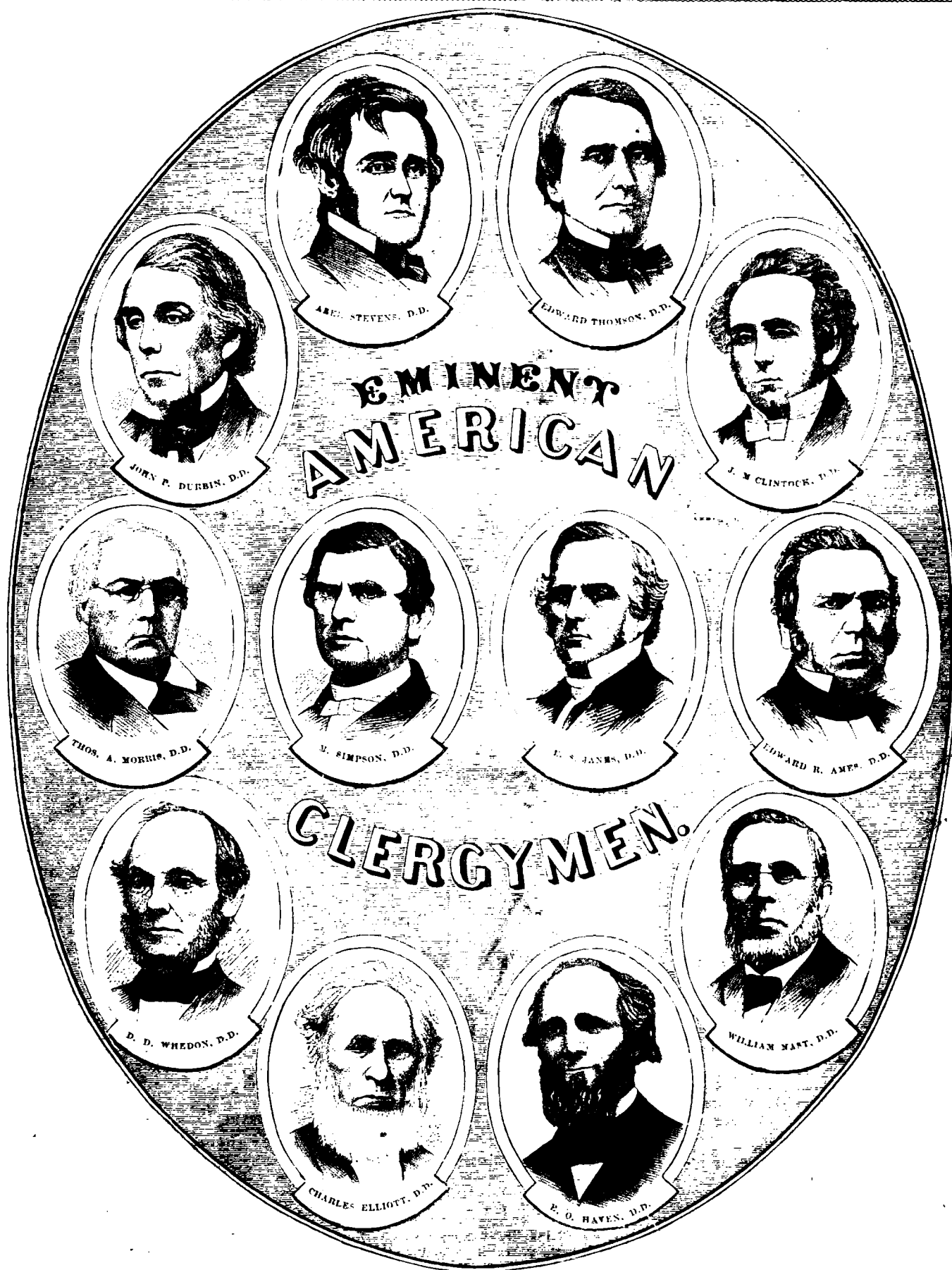
"Nearer the place beside thy sleeping loves,
Where Earth, above thy low-laid head,
Shall drop her perfumed flowers, and gently draw
Her emerald curtains round thy bed.

"A day's march nearer, too, oh, pilgrim feet,
Where through the dusks of even,
On the far slopes of the celestial hills,
Spread the white tents of heaven!

"Nearer, where each deep hunger of the heart shall by
Immortal manna be supplied,
Where each long-baffled aspiration, high,
Shall fold its pinions, satisfied."

This was the voice amid the dust and damps
That on the march sang sad and solemnly.
And yet I felt no Presence near me stand—
There was no face or form revealed to me.

But when the song died to a holy hush,
Through the deep silence of the evening sky,
I heard the faintest rush of silver wings,
And knew an angel passed me by.



OUR EMINENT DIVINES. BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES WITH PORTRAITS.

METHODISM may justly be called the pioneer religion, and is most strongly characterized by its intense missionary spirit. It goes with the advancing army of civilization into the new States and Territories, and holds forth on the border, along the water-courses, in the mountains, where the more fastidious and delicate worshippers have not reached. It takes hold of the rougher elements of humanity—mollifies and improves them. It appeals warmly to the feelings and emotions, while Unitarianism appeals to the colder reason, Episcopalianism to the ideal, the grand, Universalism to benevolent sympathies, Presbyterianism to a sterner and rigid justice, and some others appeal to blind belief—to images and gods of wood and stone. The Methodist considers the useful rather than the beautiful, and almost ignores mere ornamentation. In this he is almost Quaker-like in simplicity, regarding display in dress, in architecture, etc., as mere vanity. His representative house of worship is a plain edifice—without steeple or stained-glass windows; and he is a most emphatic and zealous worker in the vineyard of the Lord. His head is high, long, and narrow rather than broad, and he has much more Benevolence, Veneration, and social affection than Ideality or Sublimity. Benevolence in him excites benevolence in another, and it is through this feeling that immense contributions for church and charitable objects are obtained. It has been ironically stated, that wherever as many as three Methodists happen to meet, a collection is taken up. There is no Protestant denomination in a more thrifty condition at present than the Methodists. May all their good efforts be blessed with the best success!

REV. EDMUND STONER JAMES, D.D., a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was born in Sheffield, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, April 27, 1807. At seventeen years of age he commenced to teach, and employed his leisure time in the study of law. He subsequently formed an engagement to practice that profession, but the sudden death of his intended partner interrupted his plan and changed his purpose. From this time he resolved to preach the Gospel, and in April, 1830, he started for his appointment in the Philadelphia Conference. After studying of theology six years, and while engaged in the active duties of his pastoral work, he took up the study of medicine, though with no intention of becoming a practicing physician. In 1833 he was ordained a deacon, and in 1834 an elder. In May, 1840, he was elected financial secretary of the American Bible Society, and continued in that office until he was elected Bishop, in 1844. Bishop James has visited the California churches and the Methodist missions in Europe, and is one of the most efficient and laborious ministers in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Unless Physiognomy be easily at fault, we discern in the features of Bishop James those qualities which would most likely secure for their possessor precedence in whatever calling he might adopt. The characteristic of command is crystallized upon his countenance; yet there is a softness and delicacy permeating through the whole facial composition which renders it attractive. The intellectual faculties are of superior size and quality; and these co-operating with other large organs, impart force, acuteness, and efficient activity to his operations. He has that mental organization which would have rendered him prominent in commercial life as a financier or general business man. His large Benevolence indicates no inconsiderable supply of the milk of human kindness. Suavity of manner, ease and aptness of expression, cordiality, and fervor without affectation are among the more striking of his qualities. His head is large, but is sustained by an ample vital power. He can labor assiduously, and labor long without suffering much from mental or physical depression. At all events, he has far more endurance than the average of clergymen.

REV. MATTHEW SIMPSON, D.D., a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is a native of Cadiz, Ohio, and was born June 21, 1810. His parents were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and their house was the home and preaching place of traveling

ministers, a frequent occurrence which had much to do with his subsequent religious tendencies. His intellectual training commenced very early. When but eight years of age he commenced the study of the German language; and Latin, Greek, and French were studied by him when but four years older. He entered Madison College as a student in 1827, and shortly after received an appointment as tutor. In 1839 he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and immediately engaged in active religious duties as a teacher and class-leader. His health failing, however, he turned his attention to the study of medicine, and was licensed as a physician in 1833, but never practiced, feeling it to be his duty to preach the Gospel. His first circuit was West Wheeling, and he was subsequently stationed at Pittsburg and Monongahela City. In 1835 he was ordained deacon, and in 1837 elder. He then accepted the professorship of natural sciences and the vice-presidency of Alleghany College, and 1839 was elected president of the Indiana Asbury University, which became under his auspices one of the strongest literary institutions of American Methodism. In 1848 he was elected editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*. Shortly after his election he was tendered, by the faculty of Dickinson College, the presidency of that institution, but declined it. The presidency of the Wesleyan University was subsequently offered him. Dr. Simpson received the title of A.M. from Alleghany College in 1835, and that of D.D. from the Wesleyan University in 1843; and was ordained Bishop in 1852. He is now the president of the Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Illinois. Dr. Simpson is one of the most powerful preachers in his Church. His sermons abound in happy and brilliant illustrations; his voice is peculiar and monotonous, but his vigorous intellect and vivid sensibility give his sermons irresistible power.

There is genuine masculine vigor in this powerful Motive temperament. The dense, compact, and vigorous frame, the deep chest and ample digestive organs contribute abundantly to the maintenance of the large brain. There is an openness and directness of manifestation which unequivocally evince both moral and physical courage. Prompted by his sense of right, there would be no retreat; no fear of failure on his part when advocating a matter, either religious or secular. The prominent forehead, and very large perceptive faculties, nose, mouth, and chin, are in keeping with the character of the man. There is something of the Roman in that face. The penetrating eye evinces the desire to know for himself, to appreciate the realities of things. The organs which impart activity, executive power, and power to mental manifestation are large. He would not only be earnest in the performance of the duties of his calling, but he would also be efficient in the assertion of personal and social rights. He would be direct, matter-of-fact, and when his feelings are interested, a warm speaker. Clearness and aptness should be leading features in his oratory. His perception of actual things, his appreciation of the practical and the mechanical, and his acute discrimination make him pointed, positive, and successful as a preacher of practical truth.

REV. THOMAS A. MORRIS, D.D., of Ohio, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was born in Kanawha County, Virginia, April 28, 1794. His early advantages were few and his education mostly self-acquired; yet he has, by his practical common sense, a natural and easy diction, and by methodical and persistent effort, won an honorable position in his Church. He became a member of the Church in 1813, and was soon after made a class-leader and exhorter. In 1814 he was licensed to preach, and was received as a traveling preacher into the Ohio Conference in 1816. He was subsequently ordained deacon by Bishop George, and elder by Bishop Roberts; and pursued his itinerancy in Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee until 1836, when he was elected editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, at Cincinnati—he being its first editor—whence position he filled with great credit for three years. In 1836 he was elected Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church by the General Conference; and in 1841 the degree of D.D. was conferred upon him by McKendree College, Illinois. He is now the president of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Few men have traveled more extensively in

the United States and Territories in the service of the Church than Bishop Morris. Though naturally diffident when a youth, he is now warm and companionable in his social life, but not loquacious. He is an able, prudent, and exemplary member of his Church; extremely laconic in speech, brief, pointed, yet entertaining. As a presiding officer he is regarded as a patriarch rather than a prelate; while in the council he is firm, yet courteous and obliging.

The snowy hair of the venerable Bishop attests his age rather than the full habit, and the general freshness is hardly in keeping with his seventy-three years. He is a man of large experience, one who has mingled much with all classes and characters of men. His head is large and somewhat wider than is usual. All the parietal organs are well developed. The basilar organs are large, indicating that the brain and body stand intimately related, the excellent sanitary condition of one supplementing the activity and strength of the other. The forehead is wide, the reflective organs being well indicated, especially Human Nature and Comparison. Mirthfulness is prominently shown. In his discourses there would be a strong coloring of humor. He appreciates keenly the incongruous and ludicrous. He believes in a steady adherence to fact as fact, and to truth as truth. What he firmly believes he earnestly indorses. He prefers the utilitarian and the direct to the fanciful and merely ornamental. The actual use and practical features of things he can appreciate. That which actually promotes the welfare of society he would be among the foremost to adopt. It is a goodly expression, and he doubtless resembles most his mother.

REV. EDWARD RAYMOND AMES, D.D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was born at Athens, Ohio, in 1806. He received his education in the Ohio University, and was subsequently for three years instructor in a college in Illinois. He was licensed to preach in 1830 by the Illinois Conference, and was soon after assigned to the Indiana Conference. In 1840 he took part in the General Conference of the Methodists held in Baltimore. In 1843 he officiated as chaplain to a council of Choctaws, being the first chaplain ever elected by an assembly of Indians. From 1844 until 1853, when he was made a Bishop, he traveled as presiding elder through various districts of Indiana. His personal appearance commands respect, and he is noted for his devotion and sagacity in the affairs of his denomination.

Strength, vigor, and indomitable resolution would characterize this head. The closely-set lips, the prominent nose, and the practical intellect indicate the earnestness, directness, and thoroughness of the man. He would be no time-server, no worshiper of forms and ceremonials. He would not respect the dogmas of antiquity, nor tread the paths of his forefathers if they had nothing in them of virtue other than their age. But he would be straight forward, bluff, and hearty in the performance of what he deems his duty and the requirements of his office. His head and body are symmetrical and built for power and endurance. He would carry his point by heavy blows; he would make thorough work of his mission. There would be no dillying, no kid-glove proceeding on his part. Were the whole fabric of error adjusted so as to fairly receive his assault, it would be thoroughly demolished. He would not leave one stone upon another. He would not consider the destruction complete until the fragments had been literally ground to powder, scattered to the four winds so as to be utterly irrecoverable. He has a strong and hardy constitution—the very man for a pioneer life. He thinks, not perhaps as rapidly as some, but there is power and depth in his thought. He understands men, and views matters in general from the stand-point of experience.

REV. EDWARD THOMSON, D.D., LL.D., a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was born at Portsea, England, in 1810, of highly respectable parents. In 1818 they, with young Edward, emigrated to America, where he subsequently attended medical lectures in Philadelphia and Cincinnati, and entered upon the practice of his profession in 1839. In 1838, however, he abandoned his profession, and entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was stationed successively at Norwalk, Sandusky, Cincinnati, Wooster, and Detroit. In 1853 he was chosen president of

Norwalk Seminary, which position he occupied for six years. He was then elected professor of mental and moral philosophy in the University of Michigan, but never entered upon his duties there, as at the time he expected to do so he was elected editor of the *Ladies' Repository*. Subsequently he was called to the position of president of the Ohio Wesleyan University. At the General Conference in 1860 he was elected editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*. He was made a Bishop in 1864. Dr. Thomson belongs to the progressive school, ecclesiastically and politically, and is an ardent advocate for general education and universal emancipation. He is a polished writer and speaker, and is greatly esteemed.

This eminent Methodist dignity has a head strikingly high, rather broad at the top, less than the average in width, and decidedly long, with an exquisite mental temperament. The moral sentiments predominate; Veneration, Benevolence, Conscientiousness, and perhaps Firmness, are large or very large. He is not without ambition; Self-Esteem is fairly represented; precedence is acceptable to him, and he feels able to meet the requirements of position. He would be likely to press the claims of duty and moral rectitude with earnestness, and would feel the force of moral obligation. His hope is not so much grounded upon development of the organ as upon his spiritual discernment of revealed truth. The gospel which he preaches furnishes the basis of his hope, and therefore he would be rather serene, mild, and resigned. The countenance is clear and expressive; the forehead prominent; the nose shapely; the lips firm; the mouth well cut; the chin prominent; the eyes steady—all of which pronounce him a quiet, unassuming, and graceful man; one whose movements would be characterized by evenness and directness rather than by spasmodic effort.

REV. JOHN MCCLINTOCK, D.D., was born in Philadelphia in 1814; he graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in 1835; entered the Methodist ministry, and became a member of the New Jersey Conference. He was then elected professor of mathematics in Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, and in 1839 was transferred to the chair of ancient languages. In 1848 he was elected editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*. In 1856 he was appointed by the General Conference, in connection with Bishop Simpson, a delegate to represent the American M. E. Church in the English, Irish, French, and German Conferences. He was also sent as a delegate to the World's Convention, held in Berlin, during the same year. In 1857 he was elected president of the Troy University. In the interim of the college classes he was pastor of St. Paul's Church, New York. In June, 1860, he called for Paris, to take charge of the American Chapel there, under the auspices of the American and Foreign Christian Union. During his residence at Carlele he translated, in company with Professor Blumenthal, Neander's "Life of Christ," and a number of Latin and Greek text-books. For several years past, in connection with Dr. Strong, of the Troy University, he has been preparing a "Biblical and Theological Dictionary." He has also published "Analysis of Watson's Theological Institutes," "Temporal Power of the Pope," and "Sketches of Eminent Methodist Ministers."

The first inference drawn by the physiognomist with reference to this gentleman is that his appreciation of the delicate, the refined, the artistic, in fact the whole realm of esthetics, is keen and influential, permeating his entire organization, giving direction to the whole, and rendering him attractive and agreeable in society. As a speaker he should be known for his observance of the proprieties of language and his tendency to clothe his expressions with metaphor and polished phrase. He appreciates the requirements of social position. He aims to perform his part in life acceptably to others. He has a warm heart, strong love of home and domestic life. He has a fervent, sympathetic nature; is inclined to cordially respond to the requisitions of sympathy and humanity. He recognizes configuration and form; he remembers appearances well; can imitate or copy with more than average ability, and would not be so much known for originality or the tendency to individualize his actions and expressions as for imparting a superior finish to what he might derive from other sources.

REV. JOHN P. DURBIN, D.D., was born in October, 1800. His parents were in moderate circumstances, and resided in Bourbon County, Ky. The Bible, Scott's First Lessons, and an old English History are said to have composed his father's library. In 1818 he became a member of the Western Conference as a pioneer preacher in Ohio and Indiana, a fortnight after his admission to church membership, and in 1819 he was appointed to the northwestern corner of Ohio by the Conference. He soon felt the disadvantages of his poor education, and commenced to study English grammar, and in a few years took up Greek and Latin, which he pursued advantageously at the Miami University. He completed his collegiate course at Cincinnati College, and received the degree of A.M. He was then elected professor of ancient languages in Augusta College, Kentucky. In 1831 he was elected chaplain of the Senate of the United States, after being defeated in 1829 by one vote. In 1832 he was appointed professor of natural sciences in the Wesleyan University. In 1833 he was elected editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, and in 1834 was called to the presidency of Dickinson College. In 1845 he resigned that position and removed to Philadelphia, having been appointed presiding elder of the churches in that city. In 1850 he was unanimously elected corresponding secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which responsible position he still occupies. Dr. Durbin's name stands as one of the most powerful and controlling in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He is an eloquent and popular pulpit orator.

Dr. Durbin possesses a temperament essentially mental. His portrait evinces acute sensibilities, a quick and warm appreciation of the sympathetic and devotional; that which appeals to the sympathies of man meets with a fervent response from him. He has a strong imagination, but it is an imagination through which pervades all the more striking elements of social life. As a missionary he would feel the object of his mission, and present it with fervor and effect. There is a good deal of the poetic in his organization; the sentimental takes deep hold upon his feelings. He appreciates the gravity and importance of religious truth, and the necessity of extending a helping hand to aid men in the way of salvation. True to the claims of his denomination and the spirit of orthodox theology, he would depict in vivid colors the happiness of the blessed or the misery of the lost. The activity of this life has been such that the vitality furnished by the nourishing organs has been exhausted as rapidly as made, consequently he does not appear to possess excellent health.

REV. ABEL STEVENS, D.D., LL.D., was born in Philadelphia, Jan. 19, 1815. His parents dying when he was quite young, he was thrown upon his own resources, and much of his later success is probably due to this fact. In his sixteenth year he commenced to study for the ministry at Wilbraham Academy, Massachusetts, and subsequently graduated from Middletown University, Connecticut. In 1834 he left the University and preached in Boston for three or four years, purining his studies in the mean time. In 1837 he traveled extensively in Europe, and after his return was stationed at Providence, Rhode Island, where he attracted crowded audiences. In the same year he received the degree of A.M. In 1840 he again removed to Boston, where he took charge of *Zion's Herald*, and was well known as a strong opponent of slavery and a staunch free-soiler. In 1852 he was appointed editor of the *National Magazine* in New York; and in 1856, after a brief visit to Europe, was elected editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, which position he still occupies. Dr. Stevens is one of the most prolific authors of his Church. Besides his editorials and frequent articles for the Methodist reviews and magazines for the last twenty-five years, he has published the following volumes: "Memorials of the Introduction of Methodism into New England;" "Memorials of the Progress of Methodism in the Eastern States;" "Church Polity;" "The Preaching Required by the Times;" two volumes entitled "Sketches and Incidents;" a volume of "Sketches by an Itinerant;" a prize essay, called the "Great Reform, or Systematic Beneficence;" "A Complete History of Methodism from the Beginning," in three volumes; "Victory of the Methodist Episcopal Church," in two volumes; "The Women

of Methodism;" "Centenary of Methodism;" "Life and Times of Dr. Bangs," etc. Dr. Stevens is considered a "progressionist" by his Church; an advocate of lay representation, and of other improvements in church government. He is one of the most eminent thinkers and writers in his denomination.

Dr. Stevens has a fine quality of organization. His head is decidedly high and long rather than broad, and his temperament indicates mental vigor and sprightliness. He is disposed to rise; considers position desirable, and the accomplishment of something which would command the respectful attention of others, one of the true purposes of life. Conscientiousness is influential, giving him the disposition to maintain the right with persistent fortitude. Language is large, which enables him to be fluent as a writer and speaker. Those organs which give the appreciation of the beautiful are well marked, while his strong Spirituality leads him to love that which is new or derived from psychological sources. Intellectually considered, he appreciates principles, facts, and details; and has power to apply his knowledge. He has vivid imagination, a brilliant fancy, a kind of poetical, expansive spirit which gives enthusiasm. As a speaker or writer, his style would be clear, copious, and vigorous, abounding in argument, metaphor, and illustration.

REV. WILLIAM NAST, D.D., "the Father of German Methodism," he being the first German missionary of the M. E. Church, was born June 15, 1807, in Stuttgart, the capital of the kingdom of Wurtemberg. He was educated at the University of Tübingen, with the view to entering the Lutheran Church, but after completing a philosophical course devoted himself to literature. When twenty-one years of age he came to America, where he was for a time tutor in a wealthy Methodist family, and next held the position of teacher of the German language at West Point Military Academy; subsequently he received a call to a professorship in Kenyon College, Ohio. In 1836 he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was soon afterward licensed to preach; and at the Conference of the same year was appointed pioneer German missionary in Cincinnati, Ohio, where he was successful in establishing a German mission, which has been the nucleus of a large number of German Methodist Episcopal Churches established in the United States and in various parts of Germany and Scandinavia. In 1838 he was appointed editor of the *Christian Apologist*, which has steadily increased in circulation and power under his charge to the present day. In 1844 the German mission work of the Methodist Episcopal Church had grown to such proportions and assumed such an importance, that Dr. Nast was ordered by the General Conference to proceed to Germany to commence the missionary work of Methodism in Germany, which has since become such a wonderful field for Methodism. Dr. Nast has translated a large number of Methodist books into German, besides writing several in that language. In 1853 he was commissioned by the General Conference to prepare a German commentary on the New Testament, which has since been translated into English, and has received the highest commendation. Dr. Nast is distinguished as a fine scholar and a brilliant writer and pulpit orator. He has led an active and even toilsome life; indefatigable industry and unreserved devotion to his great work have been needed to carry him through it. At present he is the president of the German Wallace College, Berea, Ohio.

Dr. Nast has that class of countenance which pleases at first sight. We would judge him to be obliging, urbane, and liberal-minded. No vain conceits worry "his anxious soul," but he is one disposed to keep on the even tenor of his way, not allowing this or that circumstance to influence or to draw his attention aside from the duty in hand. He possesses a good deal of natural dignity. The patient scholar is crystallized in the features, and the theologian of keen penetration looks out through the steady eyes. The mouth indicates strength of will and firmness of purpose. The prominent nose indicates development. In society he would be known for courtesy and refinement; at home, for his warm interest in all that belongs to domestic association. As a writer he should be polished, presenting his ideas with clearness and freedom from tautology.

REV. DANIEL DENISON WHEDON, D.D., editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, was born in Onondaga, New York, March 20, 1806. He was graduated at Hamilton College, New York, in 1823, and afterward studied law at Rochester. In 1831 he was appointed tutor in Hamilton College. In 1832 he was elected professor of ancient languages and literature in the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, which office he held till 1843. In 1836 he was ordained as a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1845 he was elected professor of rhetoric, logic, and history in the University of Michigan, which post he filled for eight years. In 1856 he was elected by the General Conference editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, and general editor of the Methodist Book Concern, a position which he still occupies. Dr. Whedon has published a volume of "Public Addresses, Colleague and Popular," and a "Commentary on the Gospels," besides numerous articles in the *Methodist Quarterly*, "*Bibliotheca Sacra*," and other religious reviews and periodicals. He is considered the metaphysician of his Church.

Dr. Whedon possesses a considerable stock of nervous susceptibility. His perception is keen and accurate. The reasoning intellect is well-developed and strongly marked, especially Comparison, which adapts him for the employment of the analyst or literary critic. The countenance bears the impress of deep thought; not carefree or occasional meditation, but a continuous and steady application of the mental powers to the evolution of ideas. The nervous temperament is strikingly predominant. The emotional or sensitive nature is also strong. He can enjoy ideas; he can with real zest live much in the realm of philosophy, faith, and imagination. He is a careful man, not inclined to attempt things which would be likely to embarrass or confuse him. He would see his way clearly in the outset of an enterprise, neither would he be inclined to overreach himself or others. The large and mobile mouth readily responds to the requisitions of the intellect for expression. The full eye evinces lingual ability. With good health his memory would be retentive. His memory of thoughts, experiences, and objects is excellent. He should be ingenious in construction, and show power to plan and organize, as well as to execute. His forte would be in the line of philosophy and psychology.

REV. CHARLES ELLIOTT, D.D., was born in Killbegg, Donegal, Ireland, May 16, 1792. In his youth he became a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Society, and began a course of study preparatory for the ministry. In 1816 he applied to Dublin University for admission, but was refused because he could not conscientiously submit to the established test. He then emigrated to America, and proceeded to Ohio, where he was received into the travelling connection of the Ohio Conference in 1818, and traveled in his circuit for four years. In 1822 he was appointed superintendent of the mission among the Wyandot Indians at Upper Sandusky; and was subsequently for five years presiding elder of the Ohio district. In 1827 he was elected professor of languages in Madison College, Uniontown, Pennsylvania, where he remained four years. In 1831 he was stationed at Pittsburg, and was subsequently presiding elder of that district. He was afterward elected editor of the *Pittsburg Conference Journal*, and was subsequently transferred to the editorship of the *Western Christian Advocate* at Cincinnati, and was re-elected to that position in 1852, which office he filled until 1856, making in all about fifteen years of editorial service. He has written a "Treatise on Baptism;" "Life of Bishop Roberts;" "Delineation of Roman Catholicism," and "History of the Great Secession from the Methodist Episcopal Church." Dr. Elliott is now president of the Iowa Wesleyan University.

Our inferior portrait of Dr. Elliott fails to convey an adequate impression of his character. The Motive and Mental temperaments are manifested, however, and furnish their stimuli to his mental manifestations, rendering him vigorous, earnest, and powerful. The *loud ensemble* indicates a close student, the man who has sought both in reading and in writing the evidences of what he would believe. He is not the man to dissemble or evade, but would be free in the utterance of opinion rather than show policy or cunning in the announcement of his sentiments. We do not mean that he would be

open to all comers, that he could be read and known of all men, but that what he considers valuable in doctrine and practice should be imparted to others and not kept as the special property of any one.

REV. ERASTUS OTIS HAVEN, D.D., president of the University of Michigan, was born in Boston, November 1, 1830. He graduated at the Wesleyan University of Middletown, Ct., with high honor, in 1842, and soon after opened a private high school at Sudbury. He was then called to teach natural science in a large seminary at Amenia, N. Y., of which he was elected principal in 1845. A few years afterward he entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the city of New York. In 1833 he was elected professor of Latin, and afterward professor of History and English Literature in the University of Michigan. While here he published a book entitled "The Young Man Advised, or Confirmations of the Bible from History and Philosophy," and received the title of D.D. from Union College, in Schenectady, New York. In 1856 he was elected editor of *Zion's Herald*, published in Boston, and soon after took up his residence in Malden, where he served on the School Committee. In 1858 he was appointed, by Gov. N. P. Banks, a member of the Massachusetts Board of Education for six years. In 1860 he was elected member of the General Conference from New England. In 1862 he was elected a member of the Massachusetts Senate, and was re-elected in 1863. In 1863 he received the degree of LL.D. from Ohio Wesleyan University, and in the same year was elected president of the University of Michigan. He has since published a work entitled "The Pillars of Truth—a Series of Discourses on the Decalogue." Dr. Haven is a preacher of more than ordinary power—remarkably clear and methodical in the presentation of his subject, which he follows up calmly and persistently with Scripture and argument, to the universal conviction of his auditors.

Dr. Haven has a happiness of expression which indicates peace within and without, a mind settled and tranquil, a disposition kind, forbearing, and perhaps indulgent. The prominence of the perceptive faculties, the keenness of the eye, and the general sharpness of the features indicate the man of activity and enterprise. He believes in the motions of the spirit, and that those motions are energetic and quick. He is the opposite of a languid, dull man. The activity and sprightliness of his mentality finds food for thought in all things. He does not believe in a long-faced or cadaverous Christianity. The sympathetic, the genial, and the humorous are alike appreciated by him. He has resolution, and considerable back-bone in the prosecution of those enterprises which he deems important. Large Language and a keen appreciation of the ludicrous, combined with an acute criticism, impart vitality, sprightliness, humor, and clearness to his expressions. In the presentation of religious truth he would exhibit both peripatetic and method, perceiving the practical bearings of his theme. He would not be dogmatic or merely assertatory, but by apt illustration substantiate his claim.

DOCTRINAL FEATURES.

Methodism, viewed as an outgrowth from Episcopalianism, at a period when lukewarmness and infidelity characterized the Church of England, rests upon the same sound basis so far as doctrinal essentials are concerned. The infidelity and intellectual coldness of Oxford in the early part of the eighteenth century found no sympathy in the earnest natures of men like Whitefield and the Wesleys, but drove them to seek in the pages of Inspiration the spiritual warmth and energy they longed for. It was not novelty of opinion which separated Methodism from the Anglican Church, but rather the earnestness and zeal which its pioneers evinced in declaring the standard doctrines of the Church, that earnestness and zeal provoking opposition and censure instead

of support. Susanna Wesley, the mother of John and Charles, was a woman of fervent piety, and with earnest solicitude instructed her sons in religious matters. The early impressions thus received by the Wesleys developed in them an evangelical zeal which in time established the Arminian branch of the Methodist Church. John Wesley may be regarded its chief apostle and organizer, while Charles Wesley was one of its ablest preachers and the author of its psalmody. Wesleyan Methodism is the Methodism predominant in the United States. Its tenets, or articles of faith are fairly set forth in the "Articles of Religion" prepared by Wesley from the "Thirty-nine Articles" of the Church of England, and they convey no tenet which is not received by that Church. Without quoting from these, we present, in the words of Dr. Stevens, author of "The Centenary of American Methodism," a condensed statement of the *animus* of the denomination. "Methodism has been described as 'a revival church in its spirit, a missionary church in its organization,' a resuscitation of the spiritual life and practical aims of primitive Christianity. This is its genuine stand-point, the only one from which its history and its theological and practical systems can be interpreted." The government of the Methodist Church is representative and episcopal. The legislative authority resides in the General Conference, which is composed of delegates from the several Annual Conferences. The General Conference meets once in four years. The territory of an Annual Conference may constitute an entire State or more, according to the population, and is divided into presiding elders' districts; and these districts are divided into circuits and stations. At the Annual Conference, which is presided over by a bishop, the main business transacted is the admission and ordination of preachers, the appointment of local and itinerant ministers, and a review of the condition and general interests of the Church work. Besides bishops, elders, and preachers, there are stewards and class-leaders, who are required to take a prominent part, under the preacher, in the religious conduct of the particular congregation with which they are connected.

The latest reports furnish the following statistics with reference to the growth of Methodism in the United States and Canada: 1,972,770 communicants, 13,650 travelling preachers, 15,000 local preachers, nearly 300 colleges and academies, and more than 30 periodical publications. In these statements we have included the minor branches of the Methodist persuasion, the Methodist Protestant Church, the American Wesleyan Methodists, the African Methodist Episcopal Church, and others—the total membership of which does not exceed 265,000.

"THE work of a thousand men for four years" is the inscription upon the immense railroad bridge which has just been erected across the Susquehanna River at Havre de Grace, Md.

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FEBRUARY, 1867.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron bands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Pte.*

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SELF-GOVERNMENT.

UNDER most monarchies, where a few privileged persons rule the great mass of the people, who have little or no voice in the government, and where free schools do not exist, there is little thought of self-government. In such countries it is the duty of the police, who are everywhere visible, to regulate the ignorant populace. How absurd to suppose that twenty millions of uneducated, landless paupers, who have nothing at stake—no chance or hope for culture, promotion, or advancement—will try to regulate themselves or to voluntarily maintain a government that holds them in subjection! If it be aristocracy that withhold those rights and privileges from the people which would fit them for self-government, then aristocracy is wrong. If it be the priests, then *they* are wrong. No matter who it is, it is the duty of those in authority to enable the people to regulate themselves, to fit them for self-government. In the sight of God, each individual is *personally* accountable to *Him* rather than to men.

The best government on earth is that which governs least, and that which comes nearest to be a perfect government is that of a self-regulating Republic.

The place to begin to fit persons to govern themselves is in the family and in the public school. We have advocated this doctrine for many years, and just now begin to see the fruits of our teachings. Here is a statement from the *Evening Post*, which shows the working of the system. It will be introduced into other schools, and finally become the system throughout the world.

It is a singular fact, that scarcely one

of the admirers of self-government has thought of applying it in schools. An account of an experiment in one of our city schools may not be out of place.

One morning, during a recitation, the boys of a certain school were asked: "What is the government of our country?" "A republic." "What is the government of our school?" "A republic." "No." "What is it then, sir?" "A limited monarchy." "Why! we are not your subjects, sir!" "Yes, you are," replied the teacher; "your parents have delegated to me certain powers, and you must obey my orders as long as they see fit to leave you here." "Well, sir, but we don't like to be any one's subjects; we prefer to be republicans." "Do you think yourselves capable of self-government?" "Yes, sir." "Well," said the teacher, "I have no objection to trying you; but we must go by degrees. I will try you at first for one hour." "What, sir, won't you mark us at all for anything we do?" "No; always provided that you do not disturb the business of the school, for that must go on." "Very well, sir."

It was tried for an hour, then for two hours, then for a day, then for a week. At the end of the week the boys were told, writes the teacher, "that I was much gratified with their power of self-government, and proposed as a reward that we should go on Tuesday afternoon to visit a large book-printing establishment; but, alas! on Monday they received two warnings, and were told that a third disturbance would cause the downfall of their republic. The warning was not heeded; a third came—crash went the republic, and the old monarchy was restored upon its ruins. The contrast was disagreeable. The free republican of a moment ago, who had been 'a law unto himself,' was a subject 'cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd,' his incomings and his outgoings noted, and all his shortcomings certainly marked.

"One bright, open-faced youngster soon came up, however, and said: 'It isn't fair to expect so much of us on Monday, because it comes right after Saturday and Sunday, and it takes us some time to get into the school ways again.' 'Then you are not to be considered as capable of self-government unless you can resist the influences of Monday as well as all the other days?' 'Yes, sir.' We tried again. They succeeded in governing themselves for the rest of the week and the Monday following. We went to the printing establishment and enjoyed it. Then, however, graver questions arose.

"If the boys were to govern themselves entirely, they must decide about everything; yet the lessons must be learned and recited, order must be kept, and the school work must go on. To

satisfy these different ideas it was agreed that the teacher should be just as absolute as before; that the boys should be marked for conduct and lessons as before; prompt obedience should be required, and no discussions allowed during school-time; but at recess or after school, any boy might appeal from any one of the teachers' decisions to a jury of three boys, one chosen by himself, one by the teacher, and a third by these two; and from the decision of the jury there should be no appeal." The teacher writes:

"This seemed a hazardous experiment, and it was so. Their virtue was not strong enough at first to resist the temptation. The troublesome boys appealed to have their conduct marks canceled, and the lazy boys to have their recitation marks increased. Their comrades on the juries obeyed their fellow-feeling rather than their sense of justice. I protested against many of the decisions as outrageously unjust, and warned them that continued injustice would necessarily cause the downfall of their republic.

"I submitted, however, to all the decisions of the juries, waiting patiently for the tide to turn; and it did so. I had previously prepared their minds for this state of things by conversations, the drift of which they had not perceived. Their own consciences whispered to them of their own injustice to one who submitted while he protested, and the industrious boys began to see that the lazy fellows were getting just as high marks as they were, without the trouble of working for them. All these causes combined to turn the tide. My patient submission to unjust decisions was rewarded.

"When the culprits grumbled at the jurymen who decided against them, I could say to them with unction, 'Protest if you choose, but you must submit as I did.'

"Our experiment succeeded, and for seven years our school has been thus governed. There is an appeal from every teacher to the principal, and an appeal from him to three jurymen, or judges, as they are more commonly called.

"It has proved an admirable method of training boys' judgments, and in all cases where partiality is charged it has proved a specific, for when a boy is condemned by his comrades also, all such charges fall to the ground. Some very droll scenes have occurred at these trials, and some curious developments of character have been made.

"On one occasion six boys were on trial for having detained another boy by force in the play-room. Our play-room is large enough to play base ball in, and several boys were playing after school. Four o'clock came, and one of the boys said he had orders to go home at that

time. His side had just been 'caught out,' and the other side declared that he must stay, and let them have their 'innings.' He resisted and they insisted, but finally let him go. Next morning my housekeeper told me that there had been a disturbance in the play-room; that some of the boys had been keeping another there against his will, and that he had been crying a good deal. She did not know his name, but pointed him out to me. I asked him if he had any complaint to make against any one? He said no, and of course I did not press the matter. After prayers, I asked those who had forcibly detained William — to step forward. Six of them immediately did so. I gave all parties notice to appear before me at two o'clock. The case was regularly tried, and my decision was, that the six young gentlemen in question were in the wrong, and must be excluded from the play-room for one week.

"They were dissatisfied, and appealed. One of the judges chosen was a chunky, plucky fellow, Gardiner S—, one of the best boys in the school. I happened to be standing behind the judges, as they took their seats opposite the criminals, and was quite amused at hearing Gardiner say, laughingly, to a brother judge: 'Harry, do you think we can "lick" those fellows over there if we decide against them?' They did decide against them, and confirmed in all respects the decision of 'the lower court.'"

The correspondent from whose letter we have taken this account, writes: "The results of our system, now tried for seven years, have been nothing but good, and I can cordially recommend this method of school government to all who care to try it, cautioning them at the same time that very careful handling is requisite to insure success."

[The first condition necessary to the carrying out of a plan of this sort is, the perfect self-government of the teacher. He must have patience, kindness, justice, authority, dignity, and intelligence to command the respect of his pupils. With all these properly exercised, he can teach children that most important lesson, namely, "self-government."]

Among the topics chosen for an early number is that of Flogging in Families, Schools, and elsewhere. The subject will be examined from a phrenological and physiological stand-point. Another is that inexhaustible theme "Female Suffrage." A member of Congress promises us an elaborate article showing up the subject, "*pro and con*," from every point of view. We may reach them in our next number.

A WOMAN'S COMPLAINT.

"A PLACE for everything, and everything in its place." Yes, it is very easy to talk—so easy that we have not unfrequently seen words absorb deeds entirely. Mr. Green quotes the old proverb at you with appalling distinctness when you have committed the error of putting his slippers under the wrong corner of the sofa; but when you are turning the whole house upside down after the book that he has lost, you would imagine there wasn't such a thing as a proverb in the created world!

Now, that is hardly even-handed justice. Fair play is only reasonable, even if you do happen to be a woman! Why should Mr. Green think himself privileged to grumble at the disorder of the room where you have amused cross children, cut down big trowsers into little ones, patched, mended, and darned all day long, and then look surprised and persecuted because you object to his tossing his newspaper into one corner, and his hat into another, and his bootjack into a third. No—it is *not* fair! "There is a time for all things." That's what Mr. Green says when you hint that you would like a little relaxation in the way of theater, opera, or concert—or when you ask him, meekly, when he is going to put a drop of oil on the creaking hinges of the parlor door, or sharpen the dull carving-knife. Is there? Well, then, when is the time coming for that jaunt to the Catskills that has been promised you ever since you can remember? When is the time coming for the reading aloud of newspapers and interesting extracts from spicy books? When is the time coming for him to set plants and shrubs in the deserted little back garden, instead of smoking an evening cigar on the front balcony with his heels considerably higher than his head?

"Silks and satins put out the kitchen fire." Mr. Green thinks you can make the old gray poplin answer very well for a year or two longer. It's old fashioned and shabby, and Mr. Green wonders "why his wife can't look a little more like other people." It is inappropriate to wear on many occasions, and the impracticable Green "don't see why you're not ready to go out with him when he asks you. Women never *are* ready!" If silks and satins put out the kitchen fire, what is the relative effect of broadcloth and cassimere, patent leather boots and diamond rings?

"Take care of the cents, and the dollars will take care of themselves." "Be a little more economical in your shopping, my dear. Twenty-two cents a yard for calico, when I saw very decent on the Bowery for eighteen. I call that extravagant. Four cents a yard is worth saving." And if you were to try until doomsday, you could not persuade my lord satocrat that twenty-two cent calico is actually cheaper for little frocks and sleeved aprons than the elegant article he saw on the Bowery. But as for wearing anything less than the highest-priced hats, or denying himself two pair of kid gloves per month—"My dear, you don't

understand these things. A man *must* go well dressed down town!"

Now, you see, you can't say anything in self-defense, because Mr. Green says "a contentious woman is like a continual dropping on a very rainy day." You can only shut your mouth and crowd back the rebellious answers, and wish in your secret heart that all the proverbs your husband has so ready at his tongue's end were not so very applicable to one side of the question. What are all the antique old word-desiccations good for if they won't work both ways? You never had a nice little plan yet, but Mr. Green cut its tender head off with one of these merciless packages of wisdom; and you are almost tempted to wish that Poor Richard had never been born, and that Solomon had died before he went into the Proverb business.

It is hard to endure; but then, after all, it's rather a consolation to be able to tell your troubles in print. You wonder what Green will say when he reads this article? Of course, though, he will never suspect it is *he*. Men never know themselves in such a very faithful looking-glass—more's the pity! *

A NEW WORK ON PHONOGRAPHY AND REPORTING.*

THE demand for shorthand writers is increasing with every year; and increasing even more rapidly than the supply. Ten years ago some half dozen stenographers were able to do all the shorthand reporting that was required in the city of New York; and they were employed but a small portion of the time at that. Now the number of regular professional reporters in the city is probably not far from thirty, and most of these find constant work. In the future, however, reporters will find their widest and best field in the large towns and cities of the interior of the country, as they are there just beginning to understand, and consequently to appreciate, the benefits of verbatim reporting, in recording the proceedings of courts, conventions, legislatures, political meetings, etc.

Stenography is also used for many other purposes than mere reporting. Almost all our leading public officials who have much writing to do, many business correspondents for large houses, besides newspaper editors and literary writers, etc., now have their shorthand amanuenses to relieve them from the drudgery of the pen.

The origin, growth, and development of the stenographic art is a very curious and instructive subject for study; and it is one in which we have always taken a great interest. Hence we have been pleased whenever any new work on the subject has appeared that was an improvement upon its predecessors. We do not

* The Complete Phonographer: being an Inductive Exposition of Phonography, with its application to all Branches of Reporting, and affording the fullest instruction to those who have not the assistance of an Oral Teacher. By JAMES E. MCNISON, Official Stenographer to the Surrogate's Court. New York: Fowler and Wells. Price, post-paid, \$3 25.

hesitate to say that the publication of "The Complete Phonographer" marks an important epoch in the history of that art. While Phonography has always been, since its invention, by far the best system of stenography in use, yet it can not be denied that in its details it has become so complicated with anomalies and exceptional expedients, that the labor of learning it is very much increased, and, when acquired, its usefulness very seriously impaired. This fact, as well as the object of the book, is well stated in the following extract from the preface:

"The leading features of Phonography are the result of the labors of Mr. Isaac Pitman of England, who for nearly thirty years has devoted much of his time to its development and propagation; but the high degree of perfection to which it has been brought, is owing in great measure to the suggestions of thousands of practical phonographers, both in England and the United States. This mode of development has its merits and demerits. Coming as it has from the brains of such a vast number and variety of people, Phonography possesses a richness of material which could hardly have been obtained in any other way; but, on the other hand, this kind of growth has had a tendency to render the system less uniform and consistent in matters of detail than it would have been had it emanated from a single mind. Now, my first aim has been to restore, as far as possible, simplicity and harmony, by adhering to general principles and discarding all unnecessary expedients; and my second, to more completely adapt the system to the requirements of the reporter."

Mr. Munson, we believe, is the first writer on the subject of Phonography who has had the boldness to seriously attempt, or the perseverance to carry through, a reformation of the system in this respect. But he has done his work successfully and well. Indeed, he has so simplified the system, that we believe it will not require over half or two thirds the time now to learn it that has been heretofore necessary; and the number of those who commence the study, but afterward give it up and fall out by the wayside, will certainly be greatly reduced.

Our space will not permit us to do more than allude to some of the leading features of the work. The rules are very full and clear, and fully illustrated. The arrangement of the lessons is nearly if not quite perfect, they being presented in the order that a good teacher would naturally adopt, thus making the book an excellent self-instructor. All the old anomalous exceptions to general rules, such as turning over *F*, *V*, *TH*, and *DH*, and shading *M*, to put on the *r*-hook; halving some stems, and not others, to add *t* or *d*; lengthening some of the curves to add certain sounds, and other curves to add other sounds, etc., are entirely obviated. The chapter on Phonographic Analysis will be of great assistance to beginners. The chapters on preparing copy, proof-reading, and reporting are novel, though very appropriate, features in a work of this kind, and they will render the book highly useful to any reporter, whatever system he may write. The mechanical execution of the book, especially as regards the engraved illustrations and exercises, the binding, etc., is superior to that of any previous work of the kind.

SMALL POTATOES; OR, THE STORY OF A MAN.

BY A. A. G.

THERE was once a man who told this story of himself—of himself as he was when a boy. He did not tell it, so far as I know, until he became a man, so I call it "the story of a man," although it might be better called the story of a boy.

"When I was between the ages of ten and fifteen," he said, "I didn't bid fair to make a very smart man. My taste didn't run in the direction of books, but wound its way up in the air with the kites I used to fly, and down into the water after the fish I used to catch. It drew me to the circus, and to the juggler's performances, and to shows of all kinds.

"One or all of these diversions would have been well enough if I could have enjoyed them in moderation, but I didn't. I gave myself, body and soul, to them, and felt whenever I sat down with a book in my hand that I was losing just so much of life. And instead of studying, I was thinking of the man that pulled yards and yards of ribbon out of his mouth, and tore up fine pocket-handkerchiefs and handed them back to the owners in the audience *whole*. I was thinking how I'd like to learn the strange art myself, and make heaps of money by surprising people with curious tricks. Or I was thinking of the next circus that was to come along in a week or two, and wishing I could ride tip-toe on a fast horse, and be a smart circus actor. If I didn't happen to be thinking of being a juggler or circus actor, I was thinking of the royal fun I'd have the next time that Charles Jenkins and Ben Wyles and I went a fishing.

"In consequence of all this, I became celebrated as a 'booby.' Indeed, it was so common for me to disgrace myself at my recitations, that I was often called 'Booby Powell,' instead of Harry. To be so nicknamed sometimes started my 'dander,' but one of my rich and various amusements soon made me forget the contemptuous epithet, and I would think no more about it until I heard it again, when up would start my 'dander,' but from all these persecutions, as I called them, I sought relief in the things that pleased me most, and had what I always wanted, a good time, with scarcely a disturbing thought about the years of manhood.

"But a change came over me at last. I had been called 'Booby Powell,' and 'Goose Powell,' and 'Know-nothing Powell,' but the crowning title, and to me the most irritating one, was not reached until I was called 'Small Potatoes.' That had a sound that was a little beyond my powers of endurance. What made it still worse was, that it had its origin in the teacher himself. Mr. Crowley was very kindly disposed toward all the scholars, not excepting even me; but he told one of the school committee, in my hearing, although he didn't intend I should hear it, that he had

'given me up for small potatoes.' This happened to be overheard by another boy, too, Jim Stokes, a boy I particularly disliked. I had a suspicion that he heard it, but didn't know it until the next morning, when, as I was on my way to school, he sung out from the opposite side of the street, 'Oh, potatoes, they grow small over there!' 'Over there,' he repeated, in a slow, melancholy tone, rolling his eyes across the street at me and putting his tongue in the corner of his mouth, as if he would say, 'The secret's out. I heard what Mr. Crowley said about you.' This lighted a great fire in my blood at once, and before I was half way to school it was a raging fire. I felt as if I would have killed that boy, if I had only been on the same side of the street and had had the proper tools. This fire, instead of going down, grew worse and worse. It grew down to the tips of my toes and up to the top of my brains. It wrapped me all around. It scorched me—it burned me.

"Oh, potatoes, they grow small over there!" I repeated to myself. 'We'll see about that. I'll make Jim Stokes change his tune, and the words, too.' That night, when darkness covered me, and all under my father's roof were asleep, I lay awake, gnashing my teeth at that boy who had had the impudence to turn me into derision. 'Small potatoes!' I said. 'He'll see, before he's much older, that small potatoes can grow large. I'll get ahead of him, if I never fly another kite, or catch another fish, or see another circus-actor ride tip-toe on a fast horse.' My feelings toward Jim Stokes were far from being good and noble, but I had had a very healthy stirring up, and the next morning I went to school determined to work at myself, just as people work at 'small potatoes' when they want 'em to grow. 'And how do they work?' I asked myself. 'Hoe, hoe, hoe till they sweat.' I began the work without any delay—began it with all my aversion for books, an aversion I carried even so far as the art of printing. I had often called it the meanest of the arts, and wished that it had never been discovered, because it had introduced the fashion of books. I hadn't really changed my mind at the time. I vowed to pose over them and bone down to them and dig into them; but I had set my face toward one thing, and that was making small potatoes grow large. I did it, too. I reached the highest standard of scholarship in the school—reached it, it's true, as some people reach heaven, 'through much tribulation'; but then I reached it, and had the satisfaction not only of knowing that I was a good scholar, but of knowing, too, that I had forever closed Jim Stokes' mouth, and that he had sung for the last time: 'Oh, potatoes, they grow small over there!'"

It is better to be the founder of a great name than its unworthy survivor. When a marshal of France was reminded by others of the obscurity of his birth, he proudly replied, "I am my own ancestor."

To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will try to respond in the "next number." Your "BEST THOUGHTS" solicited.

AN ORDER FOR BOOKS, JOURNALS, etc., must be written on a sheet by itself. Questions for this department—TO CORRESPONDENTS—and communications for the Editor, must be written on SEPARATE SLIPS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Owing to the crowded state of our columns generally, and the pressure upon this department in particular, we shall be compelled hereafter to decline all questions relating to subjects not properly coming within the scope of this JOURNAL. Queries relating to PHYSIOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY, PSYCHOLOGY, ETHERNOLOGY, and ANTHROPOLOGY, or the GENERAL SCIENCE OF MAN, will still be in order, provided they shall be deemed of GENERAL INTEREST. Write your question plainly on a SEPARATE SLIP OF PAPER, and send us only ONE at a time.

BOGUS PRIZE CERTIFICATES.

—Inclosed you will find a prize certificate for a seven-shooter silver-plated revolver, valued at \$25, which Messrs. M. & Co., of your city, promised to send on the receipt of \$3 50. I wish you to let the subscribers of your JOURNAL know if any such house exists in New York, and what is the character of said house.

Ans. We have repeatedly spoken of the character of these so-called prize lotteries. The firm you mention, like all of their class, are base swindlers. We again advise our friends not to have anything to do with such firms. When you need a silver-plated revolver, buy one through us, or others, at the regular market rate, and thus make sure of getting your money's worth.

ANGELS.—Is there anything in man's nature which proves the existence of angels?

Ans. Yes, fallen angels. From anything we know of man, there would not seem to be any hint of beings called angels; and it is only through Divine revelation that any such idea is derived. Woman is poetically, and by lovers, called angelic, but she generally has so much of the father's blood, that she is angelic chiefly in looks.

NERVOUSNESS.—How shall I cure nervousness and trembling?

Ans. We have not the space to give all the symptoms and treatment which such a case requires. And it were better for persons to consult some responsible physician in their own neighborhood who knows their habits of life, and who could talk with them and give them extended advice. Three quarters of the nervousness originates in bad habits and bad living, and it is impossible, without knowing a man's habits, to undertake to prescribe. Avoid stimulants, sleep plentifully, and live much in the open air. Avoid exciting novels and social dissipation. If you are nervous you had better not study phonography.

OBSTINACY.—What organs does a very obstinate person have largely developed?

Ans. Firmness with little intellect, or an uncultivated mind. Ignorance and obstinacy usually go together.

LABORERS WANTED.

EDITOR AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL: Not knowing whom to address for desired information, I write to you. I wish to know if there is any chance of getting twelve or fifteen men to labor on a farm in this county. I want sober, honest, industrious men, and care not for their politics, their religion, nor their nationality. I will pay liberal wages per month, or will give one half of all the crops made, each party paying half the expenses of growing the same. Union men are as safe here as in New York. The only danger is that a radical Congress may legislate adversely to their interest. Yours respectfully, J. B. C. Woodville, Wilkinson Co., Mississippi.

Ans. We have no fears that Congress will legislate adversely to the true interests of North or South. Noley, blatant demagogues will strut, swell, and swear, to call attention to themselves, making mischief and stirring up strife rather than "minding their business," and thus keep the sections in a broil. Northern men, capitalists, laborers, and mechanics will go South when they feel safe and welcome. But with a "great West" open to them, where "labor is respected, and where person and property are secure," men will run no considerable risks by venturing on inhospitable ground in the sunny South. Settle your political disputes, come under the Stars and Stripes, and declare for the Union of these United States, and the North will go South as well as West, and the whole country be improved.

GRAY HAIR.—What is the cause of people's hair turning gray? I have heard say it is caused by trouble, and I have heard of two or three men's hair turning gray in one night. Also, what is the cause of baldness?

Ans. When the hair is not sufficiently nourished at the roots, it becomes weak, and disposed to fall out or turn gray. See JOURNAL for 1866, for further remarks on the same subject.

LEAVES, AND OTHER GREEN THINGS.—Why do leaves change their color and fall off in autumn when house-plants do not? Is the sun the cause of the beautiful color of ripe fruits?

Ans. This brace of questions we insert to show what questions intelligent adult persons ask us. Without attempting a scientific solution, let us think a moment. Do the leaves fall in autumn from all trees that grow in a climate which has a winter? The pine, the cedar, the fir, the hemlock, and the laurel are exceptions. Then it must be according to the nature of some trees to ripen and cast their leaves in autumn. The color of some leaves is gorgeous because of certain chemical qualities which they possess, and in decay these colors appear. Other trees in the same forest have leaves which quietly turn brown in the midst of maples and oaks which have such richly colored leaves. House-plants cast their leaves when they are ripened, but not all at once in autumn, like outdoor plants, and these are natives of warm climates, hence they must be kept indoors. The sun does not make all fruits of beautiful colors. The color depends on the kind of fruit. The sun is primarily the cause of all vegetable growth, and secondarily of the color of fruits.

What class of women make the best wives for professional men?

Ans. Those who have a good stock of health and common sense. It is not desirable or profitable for their domestic welfare that the wife of a lawyer, clergyman, physician, or editor be a "blue-stocking," but she should have a sufficient education to appreciate literature and the nature of her husband's calling, so as the

better to afford him that true sympathy which will encourage and strengthen him in difficulty. We have known more than one happy alliance where the wife was uncultured but sensible, while the husband was of superior intellectual mold; the former was a good housekeeper, an excellent mother, and an affectionate wife—what man could ask for more?

EYEBROWS, ETC.—1. What is indicated when the hair grows on a lady's nose, between the eyebrows? 2. What is the secret of successful local advertising? 3. Is there anything in the philosophy of proper names to indicate or detect their correct or incorrect orthography?

Ans. 1. It indicates a strongly masculine character, i. e., much will-power and executiveness. It is said by some to indicate irritability of temper. 2. Tact and intelligence. 3. Yes—much; see some good dictionary of proper names.

"A true friend to the cause of health," Brooklyn, did not give us his name. Our January number had been on press ten days before his note reached us.

MAGNETISM.—Are there any beneficial results to be derived from putting in practice the theory of sleeping with the head to the north? Do you believe there is anything in it?

Ans. If a bar of iron by being placed horizontally north and south becomes in a few years polarized by the natural currents of the earth's magnetism, we see no reason why sleeping with the head to the north should not have a favorable effect on the brain.

HEART DISEASE.—What is heart disease, and in how many ways does it manifest itself? What are the influences and results to and on the person having it? Is it curable, and by what means? By answering which, fully, you will very much oblige your subscriber and friend.

Ans. Heart disease exists under a great variety of forms, to explain which "fully" would require many pages of the JOURNAL. The heart is more often diseased functionally than organically. The use of coffee, tobacco, spices, alcoholic liquors, unnatural or excessive sexual excitement are the most common causes of the functional derangement of the heart. Organic disease of the heart exists under many forms, such as ossification, abscess, induration, atrophy or wasting, aneurism, and many others. The treatment we can not enter upon at length, but temperance, healthful exercise, and such treatment as tends to promote general health, are the best that can be recommended. Nine out of ten of those who are troubled with palpitation and spasmodic and rheumatic derangement of the heart would be cured by bathing, exercise, plain food, and the avoidance of coffee, spices, tobacco, and stimulants generally.

COLOR OF THE HAIR.—Are the so-called hair restoratives injurious in their use? composed, as I suppose they all are principally, of sugar of lead and sulphur. If so, in what way are they so? Would you recommend a person forty-five years of age, whose hair has been growing gray for five or six years, and now changing to white, as white as the hair of a person eighty years old, to use any of the so-called restoratives. Some say the use of them causes neuralgia in the face and gradually injures the sight. Is it so? Please answer one who is perplexed.

Ans. Be true to nature—put on no false colors; you will be just as good, and as much loved, with your complexion and the color of hair nature gave you, as with anything art can give. Be kindly, be honest, be loving, be humble, be good, and you will be happy, no matter what may be the color of your hair.

EXERCISE OF BRAIN.—Should the brain be exercised at regular intervals in order to its highest and most healthy development?

Ans. We have no doubt that periodicity is one of nature's laws, applicable alike to brain-culture and culture of muscle. Even plants grow by periods. Rose-bushes and geraniums will shoot up rapidly, and then stop growing at the top and begin growing at the roots. When a new set of roots are developed, the top takes a fresh start, and so on alternately. Health is best promoted if we eat, exercise, and sleep at particular times respectively.

THE TREATISE ON THE ORGANIC LAWS has been out of print for several years. We can obtain three or four copies, at \$1 50 each.

THE SKULL.—Does the internal surface of the skull correspond with the external?

Ans. Yes, generally, except in malformations, this is the case. Greater activity of one organ of the brain sometimes makes the skull thinner in one part than in another, and the reverse. A thick skull is found over a dull and sluggish brain. It is the brain which gives shape to the skull, and not the skull which shapes the brain. As the bark fits the tree, and as the glove fits the hand, so the skull fits the brain.

Literary Notices.

[All works noticed in THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.]

THE NATURAL LAWS OF MAN.

A Philosophical Catechism. By J. G. SPRUELL, M.D., contains answers to the following questions, and a thousand others. One volume, 18mo. Price, in muslin, post-paid, 75 cents. New York: FOWLER AND WELLS.

Many of the questions relating to Phrenology, and its application to the various interests of life, are anticipated and answered in this work. The following are examples: What is the meaning of the word Philosopher? What is understood by Wisdom? What is understood by a Law? What is the signification of the word Nature? What are the characteristics of natural laws as established by the Creator? Are the natural laws conformable to reason? Is the study of man a study of great importance? Is mankind happy? Wherein consists the happiness of man? In what does the misery of man consist? What natural laws of man are vegetative? Does the quality of man's food demand attention? Are the dietetic rules of the Jews of Palestine and of the Egyptians adapted to the nations of the North? What are the laws of marriage? and of hereditary descent? What is Intelligence, or Understanding? What can man know of his own nature? What is Will? How are the intellectual faculties defined? What is Judgment? Is reason a fundamental power of the mind? What is understood by the Passions, and by the Affections? How do sensations become conceptions or ideas? What is actually innate in man? To what extent do extraneous circumstances influence man's actions? What is meant by a universal genius? What are the moral laws of man? What are the advantages of Revelation? Who are Atheists? How far are man's actions free? Is there a natural cause of moral evil? Are there any bad faculties in man? What is man's destiny? Is pleasure good or evil?

Can pleasure be the end or aim of man's existence? How to be happy? What are the Divine Laws? What is Morality? What is man's duty toward his Maker? What effects attend on Celibacy? Is polygamy contrary to moral law? Who should and who should not marry? Is marriage an institution of nature? Is divorce permissible? What are the duties of parents, of children, of husband, and of wife? Is courage in itself either virtue or vice? Has man a right to slay his fellow-men? Is capital punishment admissible in society? Is belief natural to man? Why is man's ignorance so great? Is ignorance despicable? What are the essential requisites for a legislator? Has the phrenologist a right to inquire into religion? What is Religion? What is Polytheism, Monotheism, Atheism? What is the difference between Natural and Revealed Religion? Can God be partial, cruel, jealous, envious, vindictive, or can He contradict himself? Is reason opposed to the belief in Revelation? Should the phrenologist decide about the truth of any religious belief? What is a miracle? What is pure Christianity? and is Phrenology opposed to it? In what does Christian morality exist? What is the "Love of God"? Can any Church become universal and permanent? What should form the groundwork for religion? All these, and a thousand other important questions relative to the natural laws of man, are answered in this excellent work.

THE STORY OF A STOMACH, by a Reformed Dyspeptic. 12mo, paper 50 cents, muslin 75 cents. New York, FOWLER AND WELLS.

A second edition of this work has already been printed. It met at once a welcome audience, among whom we suppose not a few were sufferers from that distressing malady, dyspepsia. The review, almost without exception, noticed it kindly. We give a few extracts. The New York Tribune says:

A piquant contribution to the popular hygienic sciences which is now so much the order of the day is presented in a little treatise entitled "The Story of a Stomach," by a Reformed Dyspeptic. In a vein of dry humor, which seems to have become a second nature with the writer, he gravely relates his experience under the miseries of dyspepsia, and the dietetic methods in which he found relief. He maintains that the duties of the table are of no less sacred importance than those of other human relations, and that they should be embellished by all the appliances of art, so as to be made a source of æsthetic and social delight, instead of ministering to merely sensual gratification. His remarks are founded on the principles of common sense as well as on personal experience, and offer many valuable suggestions, not only to the chronic invalid, to whom daily life is a torture, but to all who wish to find true enjoyment in existence.

The *Christian Intelligencer* says: The author narrates how he abused, then pined, then grew angry at his stomach; how he got the mastery over him, took away his spirits and energy; how he fought with dreadful doses, potions, nostrums, until it almost "quacked;" then how he made friends with it and conquered it by putting confidence in it, and giving it no more mean servile work to do, but treated it as a prudent counselor and a rational companion.

The *New Yorker* says: If its revelation be carefully considered, it holds out assured relief to all sufferers by remedies neither difficult nor disagreeable.

The *Nation* says: Dyspepsia is always among the possibilities, and it may be well enough to read books like this which "a reformed dyspeptic" has written, and learn not only what things are to be done, and what not done, but also see, if possible, how the stomach may be made a source of positive delight to its owner.

The *Cincinnati Daily Gazette* says: The author's record of his experience in curing

his dyspepsia is very well told, and in the main sensible enough for all the afflicted to study and profit by.

The *Christian Advocate* says: This is one of the most sensible treatises upon its subject that we have read. The writer, from his own experience as a self-cured dyspeptic, deduced certain valuable laws of health, following nobody's theory, nor yet framing one. It must be read to be understood.

A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLD-THWAITE'S LIFE. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, author of "Faith Gartery's Girlhood," "The Gayworthys," etc., with Illustrations by Augustus Hopkin. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cloth, \$1 75.

This sprightly volume will prove irresistible to the youthful reader. It relates in just the buoyant style calculated to please, the incidents of a visit to the White Mountains by a young girl fresh from her school-books. The enthusiasm of a thoughtful maiden, for the first time brought in contact with some of the grandest scenes of nature, is portrayed with all the delicacy of a cultivated pen. The book would make an excellent holiday present for any of our girlish friends, although we would by no means advise them to make matrimonial engagements so easily and so early.

HOW NEW YORK CITY IS GOVERNED. By James Parton. 12mo, pp. 48. Price 30 cents. Ticknor & Fields.

A searching review of the *modus operandi* by which this metropolis has been misgoverned and swindled. It would be well for our citizens, one and all, to read this document. Indeed, a fund should be raised by those who wish well to New York to print and place copies in the hands of every citizen. It would beget such a feeling of indignation as would rouse every voter from his apathy and indifference and determine him to do his duty. "How long, O Lord, how long," shall the government of New York be left in the hands and at the mercy of low, bad men? How long must we be subject to the rule of swindlers, thieves, and robbers? Read Mr. Parton's pamphlet, and remain longer passive if you can!

THE BRIDE OF LLEWELLYN. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, author of "Allworth Abbey," "Deserted Wife," "Lost Heiress," etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Price, \$1 50 in paper; \$3 in cloth.

In light romance Mrs. Southworth has secured a high position. Her narratives are always spirited and vivid, commanding the reader's ready interest from introduction to *finis*. "The Bride of Llewellyn" ranks among the best of the productions of her pen, and unlike most of the wordy novels of the day, it appears to have been written from a good motive, to inculcate a moral. This consideration may serve to compensate for the very apparent exaggeration in some of the incidents portrayed.

AMERICAN LEAVES. Familiar Notes of Thought and Life. By Samuel Osgood, author of "The Heartstone," "Studies in Biography," etc. Harper and Brothers, N. Y. 12mo. Cloth, \$1 75.

These droppings from Dr. Osgood's delicate pen are very pleasant to read and re-read. He writes in no off-hand, sketchy manner, but thoughtfully, earnestly, and what we find in this collection of occasional essays is the product of close observation and reflection. The articles on "American Boys," "American Girls," and "American Nerves" are not considered from a dry, abstract point of view, but from the standpoint of the careful educator and humanitarian. The modifications he would make in the general system of education look to the physical benefit of American youth and

the avoidance of that intellectual precocity in children which is becoming the bane of respectable society. He would have boys be boys and girls be girls, laying up for themselves a good stock of animal vitality which shall sustain them in mature age. We like the views set forth, and it would be well for society did all educated men appreciate the importance of physical stamina to the extent Dr. Osgood appears to appreciate it.

THE DEAD LETTER. An American Romance. By Seelye Regeater. New York: Beadle & Company. Cloth, \$1 50.

A novel, twelve thousand copies of which have been sold in three months, must have some genuine merit in its composition, apart from the gloss which adorns the great mass of modern novels. The new library edition is neatly bound, and illustrated with six full-page engravings, and is cheap in price compared with other 12mo publications. As some testimony of its merit, it may be added that "The Dead Letter" has commanded an extensive sale in England, in a republished form.

THE GIRAFFE HUNTERS. By Captain Mayne Reid, author of "The Deserted Home," "The Ocean Waifs," etc. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Capt. Reid is a most prolific author, and has a department of story-telling quite to himself. His tales of hunting-life are graphic and absorbing. He does not appear to strain his imagination to produce something beyond the real, but writes with the air of "one who has been there," and understands the nature of things. "The Giraffe Hunters" contains a sprightly description of sporting life in Africa, and informs the reader how ivory is obtained there.

THE VOW AT THE BARS, and the Spire that led the Ship Astray. By Rev. Wm. M. Blackburn. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. 18mo. Cloth, 50 cts.

This little book, written with all the tenderness of earnest effort to reclaim the inebriate, is a gem in its way. Besides the two life-like narratives specified in the title, there are two others, "The Door in the Heart" and "The Man in the Well," which are sufficiently pathetic to melt even an ice-ribbed heart. Such books as this, judiciously distributed, must avail much toward abating that terrible evil—drunkenness.

THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL ALMANAC for the year of our Lord 1867 is a compact statistical record of the Church in the States and Territories. The names of the clergy with their post-office address are given alphabetically, besides statements at length of the condition of the different dioceses. Pp. 104. Price 30 cents.

DAILY COMMUNINGS. WITH GOD. Selected chiefly from the writings of Archbishop Leighton. By Halsted E. C. Cobden, M.A. A book for all Christians. Eighth Edition. Revised and corrected. Fancy cloth, gilt. 16mo. \$1 25.

PETERSON'S PHILADELPHIA COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR is issued on the 1st and 15th of each month. Besides distinctive articles upon forged Treasury Notes and imitations of National Bank Notes, it shows the par value of all notes in every State in the Union, and gives regular lists of all new Counterfeits and Broken Banks. Terms of subscription, for the Monthly issue (per annum), \$1 50; Semi-Monthly (per annum), \$3; single numbers, 15 cents. Terms cash in advance. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

AN ILLUSTRATED CHART OF PHYSIOGNOMY, in Map Form, with 57 Engravings. By S. R. Wells. The Chart explaining What is Physiognomy? How to Read the Signs of Character; First Impressions; Temperaments; Faces Classified; Individual Features; Character in Action; General Forms, and What they Mean; Length and Breadth; Broad Heads vs. Narrow Heads; Prominence and Sharpness; Signs of Character in particular Features: the Neck, the Chin, the Jaws, the Mouth, the Ears, the Eyes, the Nose; Physiognomy Practically Applied; Personal Improvement; Matrimonial Hints. With Portraits to illustrate each particular feature. Printed on handsome tinted paper, suitable for framing. Sent post-paid for 25 cents.

OUR SCHOOLDAY VISITOR, a Young People's Magazine of thirty-two large octavo pages, published monthly, at \$1 25 a year, by J. W. Daughaday & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., is one of the most attractive periodicals of the kind, and is certainly one of the cheapest now published. We do not know a better man than the Rev. Mr. Clark, its editor, to cater to the minds of our youth. He has been a practical teacher and an editor from his youth up, thoroughly understands the dispositions of children, anticipates their wants, and supplies them. We advise our readers to send to the publisher, at least for a specimen number of "Our Schoolday Visitor," and judge for themselves of its merits. It is now in its eleventh volume. We give a sample of its contents, under the head of "The Fishes in Convention," in our next number.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—There are movements, in the religious world, looking to a union of the Protestant Churches. A new weekly has just been started in Brooklyn, N. Y.—that city of churches—which will represent the new order. We copy the following

BOND OF UNION.

"We, the undersigned, believers in the doctrines of the Holy Scriptures as set forth in the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds, do hereby pledge ourselves to secure, under God, an open communion, and the recognition of one evangelical ministry, by the interchange of pulpits, thus to make visible the unity of the Church.

"And we furthermore solemnly pledge ourselves to stand by each other in securing these ends."

Writers of every denomination, from bishops to laymen, will write for the *Church Union*, which is to be published weekly at \$2 50 per year. Address Publishers Church Union, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE PROTESTANT CHURCHMAN is a new weekly just commenced in New York in the interest of the Episcopalian. It is a handsome eight-page paper, published at \$4 00 a year, by Messrs. McCalla, Staveland & Co., 633 Broadway, New York.

Sermons by prominent clergymen will be given in the new journal.

THE AMBASSADOR, Universalist, has imbibed the spirit of "progress and improvement," donned a new dress, and secured the best talent of that Church for its editorial chair. The Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin, the orator and author, will furnish a fresh sermon each week for the *Ambassador*, which will, in itself, give the paper a "lift," and help to place it in the ranks of first-class journals.

THE MASONIC ECLECTIC; OR, Gleanings from the Harvest Field of Masonic Literature and the Kindred Sciences, for January, contains several interesting features in the way of reading matter.

MONTHLIES.—The new juvenile monthly, "The Riverside Magazine," comes out fresh and fair, as might be expected from so well-known a press. The illuminated title page, neat engravings, and simple stories will please young America mightily.

Harper's Monthly Magazine turns over a new leaf for the new year, and for 1867 is well adapted to the general taste.

The Atlantic Monthly for January furnishes a first-class list of writers, and barring the rarity of its theological air, is first-class reading. Jumping from the rare into the dense, we find the *Catholic World*, supported by decidedly superior talent. Its columns are not all given up to religious polemics; but he who dislikes sectarian egotisms will find other matter worthy his consideration therein.

New Books.

[Among the late issues of the press not elsewhere noticed in these pages, we may mention the following, all of which may be ordered through us, as in various ways and degrees valuable and interesting:]

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS FROM THIS WORLD TO THAT WHICH IS TO COME. Delivered under the Similitude of a Dream. By John Bunyan. 12mo, pp. c., 440. Cloth, gilt, \$5 50; morocco, gilt, \$10. (London print.)

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT. By Robert Burns. Illustrated by F. A. Chapman. Small 4to, pp. 47. Thick tinted paper. Morocco, full gilt, \$10; cloth, \$5 50.

JENNY JUNE'S AMERICAN COOKERY BOOK, containing upwards of Twelve Hundred choice and carefully tested Receipts. Also, a Chapter for Invalids, for Infants, one on Jewish Cookery, etc. by Mrs. J. C. Croly (Jennie June). 12mo, pp. vii., 343. Cloth, \$3.

UNCLE DOWNIE'S HOME. The Boys and Girls at Donaldton. By Glance Gayford. 18mo, pp. 156. Cloth, 60 cents.

ENGLAND TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO. By E. H. Gillett. 16mo, pp. 362. Cloth, \$1 50.

EVANGELINE; a Tale of Acadie. By Henry W. Longfellow. With Illustrations by F. O. C. Darley. Sm. 4to, pp. 167. Cloth, gilt, \$3 50.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF H. W. LONGFELLOW. In 4 volumes. 16mo, pp. 318, 268, 251, 373. Cloth, \$11.

THE PROSE WORKS OF H. W. LONGFELLOW. Revised Edition. In 3 volumes. 16mo, pp. 364, 391, 365. Cloth, \$3.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNCELOT. By J. R. Lowell. With Illustrations by S. Eytzinger, Jr. Small 4to, 30 folios. Cloth, gilt, \$2 75.

FOLK SONGS. Selected and edited by J. W. Palmer, M.D. Illustrated from Original Designs. A New Edition, revised and enlarged. Sm. 4to, pp. xxxviii., 506. Cloth, \$16 50; morocco, full gilt, \$20.

MANUAL FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF "RINGS," Railroad and Political; with a History of the Grand Chicago and Northwestern "Ring," etc. Edited by Jas. Parton. 24mo, pp. 74. Paper, 60 cts.

ON DEMOCRACY. By J. A. Partridge. 8vo, pp. xxii., 418. Cloth, \$4 50. (London print.)

THE MAKING OF THE AMERICAN NATION; OR, The Rise and Decline of Oligarchy in the West. By J. A. Partridge. 8vo, pp. xxxvii., 532. Cloth, \$5 40. (London print.)

WITH GENERAL SHERIDAN IN LEE'S LAST CAMPAIGN. By a Staff Officer. Portrait. 12mo, pp. 235. Cloth, \$2.

AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL LAW; the Law of Religious Societies, Church Government and Creed, Disturbing Religious Meetings, and the Law of Burial-Grounds, in the United States. With Practical Forms. By R. H. Tyler, Counselor at Law. 8vo, pp. viii., 539. Sheep, \$4.

MAUD MULLER. By J. G. Whittier. With Illustrations by W. J. Hennessy. Sm. 4to, 12 folios. Cloth, gilt, \$3 75.

HO! FOR BRAZIL! WHAT ABOUT BRAZIL? Question Answered. A Pamphlet of General and Special Information for American-Brazilian Emigrants. By Wm. Wallace W. Wood, of Natchez. 8vo, pp. 50. Paper, \$1 25.

WINNIE AND HER GRANDFATHER; OR, The Way to Overcome Evil with Good. 18mo, pp. 144. Cloth, 60 cts.

HOPE AND HAVE; OR, Fanny Grant Among the Indians. A Story for Young People. By Oliver Optic (W. T. Adams). 16mo, pp. 283. Cloth, \$1 50.

CHARLIE CODMAN'S CRUISE. A Story for Boys. By Horatio Alger, Jr. 12mo, pp. 231. Cloth, \$1 50.

THE AMERICAN MINSTREL, Comprising a Choice Collection of National, Patriotic, and Popular Songs. 16mo, pp. 300. Paper, 60 cents.

ATHLETIC SPORTS FOR BOYS: a Repository of Graceful Recreations for Youth. Containing Instructions in Gymnastics, Skating, Swimming, Rowing, Sailing, etc., etc. 16mo, pp. 174. Cloth, \$1 25.

BINDING THE SHEAVES. By the Author of the "Win and Wear" Series. 16mo, pp. 416. Cloth, \$1 50.

THE BOOK OF HOUSEHOLD PETS, and How to Manage Them. Containing Instructions about the Breeding and Management of the Canary, Pigeons, Fancy Poultry, Rabbits, etc. With 123 fine Woodcuts. 16mo. Cloth, 85 cents.

THE ORIGIN OF THE STARS, and the Causes of their Motions and their Light. By Jacob Ennis. 12mo, pp. 304. Cloth, \$2 50.

GUIDE TO HEALTH AND LONG LIFE: or, What to Eat, Drink, and Avoid; What Exercises to Take, etc., etc., with an Exposition of Liebig's Theory on Life, Health, and Disease. By R. J. Culverwell, M.D. 12mo, pp. 100. Cloth, \$1 25.

THE HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA. From the Spanish of Cervantes, with Illustrations after Doré. 12mo, pp. 434. Cloth, \$1 75.

A COMMENTARY ON THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. By J. P. Lange, D.D. Translated and Edited by P. Schaff, D.D., and others. Vol. IV.: of New-Testament; being the Acts of the Apostles. Exegetical and Doctrinal Commentary, by G. V. Lechler, D.D., with Homiletical Additions, by Rev. C. Gerok. Translated from the second German Edition, with Additions, by C. F. Schaeffer, D.D. Large 8vo, pp. ix., 480. Cloth, \$5 50.

A FRENCH GRAMMAR: being an attempt to Present, in a Concise and Systematic Form, the Essential Principle of the French Language; Including English Exercises to be Translated into French, etc. With a French, English, and Latin Vocabulary. By Edward H. Magill. 12mo, pp. 237. Cloth, \$2.

THE SANCTUARY: a Story of the Civil War. By George Ward Nichols. With Illustrations. 12mo, pp. 288. Cloth, \$2 25.

AFLOAT IN THE FOREST; OR, A Voyage Among the Tree-Tops. By Capt. Mayne Reid. With Illustrations. 12mo, pp. 292. Cloth, \$1 75.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF DISTINGUISHED GENERALS. By W. F. G. Shanks. 12mo, pp. 352. Cloth, \$3.

HOW TO GET RICH; OR, a Key to Honest Wealth. Being a Practical Guide to Business Success. Applicable to all Trades and Professions. By Asher L. Smith and J. W. Hawxburst. Revised and Enlarged. 12mo, pp. 144. Paper, 60 cts.

TRUE MANLINESS; OR, The Landscape Gardener. A Book for Boys and Girls. By Mrs. L. C. Tuthill. 16mo, pp. 256. Cloth, \$1 50.

A LITTLE DINNER AT TIMMINS, to which are added The Bedford-Row Conspiracy, the Fitz-Boodle Papers, and A Shabby-Genteel Story. By W. M. Thackeray. Copyright Edition. Sq. 16mo, pp. 311. Cloth, \$1 60.

SKETCHES AND TRAVELS IN LONDON, to which are added, Novels by Eminent Hands, and Character Sketches. By W. M. Thackeray. Copyright Edition. Sq. 16mo, pp. 332. Cloth, \$1 50.

Publishers' Department.

THE crowded state of our columns has precluded us from giving to our readers several choice contributed articles which we had intended to serve up for them this month. One, "Visiting the Sick," shall certainly appear in our next issue, and we trust will receive the indorsement it richly merits.

DOUBEAR'S COMMERCIAL INSTITUTIONS.—We regret that a typographical error caused the advertisement of these institutions on the cover of the JOURNAL of last month to read "stiffness, cramping, or tumbling," instead of which it should have been, "stiffness, cramping, or trembling."

Our enterprising friend Mr. Cook, the excursionist and tourist conductor, has recently made extensive arrangements for the transportation of those who intend visiting the great Paris Exposition. He has been authorized by the French Emperor, who has furnished a large block of new building for the purpose, to provide for those who travel with his

tickets, comfortable apartments at a moderate charge during their stay in Paris. Guides will also be furnished to Cook's tourists, who will thus be enabled to see Paris and the fair in an effective and satisfactory manner without extra charge. For further particulars, fares, etc., see Cook's circular, procurable at this office.

MR. GEORGE R. BUNGAY, our frequent contributor, is now making a tour through the States of the great West, and will furnish for our columns sketches of distinguished Western characters as he proceeds. We give two such sketches in our present number.

An esteemed correspondent, residing among the Pine Hills of Georgia, writes us very favorably of the feelings of Georgians toward Northerners who have settled among them, or who propose to settle among them. Georgia, for either agricultural or manufacturing enterprises, is one of the finest States in the South. The climate is mild and equable. We rejoice in this happy state of affairs in Georgia; but we have heard from one or two other Southern States recently, that their social status was not in all respects congenial to the Northern immigrant. We trust that before long all animosity and all bitterness in every portion of the country will give way to mutual friendship and genuine sympathy. The sooner social harmony is established, the sooner will substantial advancement commence in those things which constitute a state's prosperity and happiness.

PREMIUMS.—Many friends write asking us to extend the time for closing up. One says: "Extend the time till April, and I can make up a club of one hundred;" another says: "I can give but a portion of my time to the work, and have not thus far accomplished all I have hoped to do. Give me till March, and I will have a club large enough to secure a piano for my wife." Others ask for more time on account of the difficulty of "getting around" among the neighbors during the frosty and snowy season. In view of all these circumstances, we have concluded to furnish the JOURNAL at the rates named in the January number, including premiums, up to the first of May. A list of *Thirty-five* subscribers at \$5 each, secures to the getter-up of the club a Fifty-dollar Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine. Remittances may be safely made through the express companies, by post-office orders, or by checks payable to the order of Fowler and Wells, or to S. R. Wells, New York.

PLANT TREES.—We would call the attention of readers to the advertisement of Messrs E. G. Evans & Co., York, Pa., relating to fruit and ornamental trees, shrubs, vines, etc., in our present number. Send stamps for catalogue.

GOOD PENS, INK, AND PAPER are necessary for good writing. Poor materials, rusty pens, pale ink, and coarse, slaty paper are unfit for any writing. Letters written in pencil—which we had rather be excused from reading—reflect no credit on the writer, and occasion much delay and vexation. Many errors and losses occur by carelessness in these things. Clear, short, well-written letters, with post-office, county, and State given, properly signed by the writer, are sure to get prompt attention, while the more wordy and indistinctly written epistles lie over. Our correspondents who

have read the hand-books *How to Write, How to Talk, How to Behave, and How to Do Business*, write right; many who have not read them, write wrong, and then find fault with us when they are themselves to blame. "Uncle Sam" miscarries sometimes; gets blocked up by snow-storms, run into rivers, or burned on railways. But proper care will secure to correspondents prompt attention, with the aforesaid extraordinary exceptions.

General Items.

COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES.—The annual value of our trade with England and her North American Colonies amounts to something like \$500,000,000 per annum; and if we take the average time of passage between England and America at about fourteen days, we may say that something like \$30,000,000 worth of property are at any given moment afloat between England and America. On an average 9,000,000 cwt. of wheat or wheat flour is exported to England from America, or about 35 per cent. of the whole of the wheat and wheat flour brought into England, while importations of raw cotton used formerly to be 80 per cent., and are now something short of 30 per cent. America is producing materials with which to feed and clothe our Old Country cousins. When our coal, iron, copper, lead, silver, and gold mines shall be fully developed, we can supply the world not only with food and clothing, but with fuel, and the precious metals as well. Isn't it comforting to be an American?

AN IMPOSTOR.—A fellow announcing himself as "Professor," issues a show bill, proposing to lecture on Phrenology, Physiognomy, Mesmerism, Psychology, and Fortune-Telling. He advertises also as a "Practical Physician for healing all kinds of Diseases." Of course he is simply an impostor, totally unworthy of attention.

HOW TO GET UP A MONEY PANIC.—Let all the long-faced, dyspeptic, desponding, tobacco-chewing, whisky-drinking "miserable sinners" who edit low newspapers, start a prediction that everything is going to smash, because they happen to be out of office, and all the silly stupids echo the cry, and lo, the panic comes! We are an excitable, scary people, and our fears are easily worked up by designing knaves.

HOW TO HAVE CLEAN CLOTHES.—In Belgium and Holland linen is prepared beautifully, because the washerwomen use refined borax instead of soda, as a washing powder. One large handful of borax is used to every ten gallons of boiling water, and the saving is said to be one half. For laces and cambrics an extra quantity is used. Borax does not injure the linen, and it softens the hardest water. A teaspoonful of borax added to an ordinary-sized kettle of hard water, in which it is allowed to boil, will effectually soften the water.

NOT READY.—We could not get portraits of all the members of Congress and Railway men, composed our great excursion party to the top of the Rocky Mountains, in time for the present number. A pressure of business prevents one from sitting; modesty prevents another, and so we are kept waiting. If patience and perseverance will secure the end desired, we will have them some time.

"DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?"—It is gratifying to learn, through kind letters, that the A. P. J. was "missed" in many families, until the "head center" renewed his subscription. We intend to make our monthly visits indispensable to the happiness of all intelligent, reformatory, progressive families—to make it not only a *luxury*, but a *necessity*.

A LECTURER.—The Rev. Dr. Deems, of North Carolina, is now residing in this city, and preaching every Sunday morning to a congregation in the chapel of the University. Lately he was called to lecture in the Capitol in Raleigh, N. C., and from the criticism of the Raleigh *Sentinel* on his effort, we are led to think him a lecturer of no mean order. He is instructive and entertaining, and very likely to gain the favorable support of the intelligent public. We cordially commend his name to associations seeking lecturers.

We have before us the Annual Report of the New York Central R.R. Company for the year ending Sept. 30, 1886, which gives a clear statement of the condition of that extensive concern. The total amount of paid in capital stock is \$34,801,000. Funded debt, \$14,065,804 34. Total length of road, including branch lines, 555.88 miles. Number of locomotive engines, 276; passenger cars, 292; other cars of all kinds, 5,309. Total cost of road and equipment, \$34,183,811 35. Receipts reported for the year, \$14,596,786 68; expenditures, interest, and rent, \$12,557,771 47; net earnings, \$2,039,014 21, equal to 7.83 per cent. (and U. S. tax) on capital stock.

ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.—On the 18th ult., the annual meeting of the Association for the Advancement of the Arts and Sciences was held in their rooms at Cooper Institute. From a report read by Professor L. D. Gale, it was shown that the operations of the Association during the past year had been very successful. The election of officers for 1887 resulted as follows: President, John H. Griscom; Vice-Presidents, E. Hamilton Davis, Alfred W. Craven, Charles P. Kirkland, and S. J. Prime; General Secretary, Leonard D. Gale; Foreign Corresponding Secretary, Robert M. C. Graham; Domestic Corresponding Secretary, C. F. Hartt; Treasurer, Christopher Z. Wemple; Librarian, John Disturnell; Council, J. W. Richards, Lorenzo Sherwood, Henry O'Reilly, E. M. Barnum, R. H. Williams, Andrew H. Green, John Allen, Jos. B. Varnum, Jr., Harvey B. Lane, John Priestley, Charles A. Macy, Matthew Manry, Jeremiah Loder, S. R. Wells, Wm. E. Hagan.

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PHONOGRAPHY, OR SHORT-HAND WRITING.—When writing is a necessity, as in this age it has become to all persons of culture and intelligence, it is certainly desirable to possess the best and speediest means of committing thoughts to paper. Phonography, a strictly philologic and legible system of phonetic

shorthand, provides the means of writing words as rapidly as they are spoken. If you would secure the subtle thoughts that flow into your own mind, or that you feel worth preserving while listening to the spoken thoughts of others, learn phonography. If you are a physician, and would preserve a record of your cases, so that from your accumulated experience you may help to evolve the laws of health and disease, learn phonography. If you are a minister, and would save five sixths of the time you at present employ in writing your notes or elaborating your sermons in full, learn phonography. If you are a lawyer, and would secure the fleeting testimony on which may depend the fortune, life, or honor of your client, learn phonography. If you are a student, and would fully benefit by the oral instruction of your professors and teachers, learn phonography. If you are desirous of qualifying yourself for the useful and honorable profession of a reporter—should your education and abilities in other respects warrant such a determination—learn phonography, for it is not only a lucrative calling, but to young men of talent it is one of the most certain stepping-stones to a position of honor and emolument.—*Ben. Pitman.*

[We concur in the above, and add, that the means by which to learn phonography may be found in a circular sent from this office, on receipt of stamp with which to pay return postage.]

LONG LIFE.—Mr. Andrew Loveland and wife, of Otter Creek township, are perhaps the oldest couple in Mercer County, Pa. Mr. Loveland was born in Massachusetts in the year 1771. His wife, now living, is in her ninetieth year. He has been married twice, his first wife having died over half a century ago. He is father of twenty children, eleven of whom are yet living. His oldest son is still alive, and in his seventy-third year. Mr. Loveland and lady live alone, and do their cooking and work. This fall he made over five thousand shingles, and intends to make sufficient to cover his house. He works, not because he has to, but because he prefers to. He has still an excellent memory, reads the news of the day, and has not used glasses for over twenty-five years. He voted for Gen. Washington the second time he was a candidate for President, and has voted every Presidential election since that time. Of course he is a temperance man.

COCK-FIGHTING has its patrons in the country—England—as well as in town. At a petty sessions of Cheshire magistrates, held on Monday in Deane Forest, two dozen officers, squires, and sportsmen of less degree were summoned, at the instance of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for taking part in a cock-fighting match at the Peel Hall farm, near Tarvin, on the 28th ult. They all pleaded guilty to one of the charges made against them, and were fined sums varying from \$12 to \$25.—*Illustrated London News.*

[Our dignified English cousins who lament the waywardness of their American children, still keep up the custom of cock-fighting, pugilistic exhibitions, horse-racing, and other gentled sports. They charge us with being little better than North American savages, and on the road to swift and certain destruction. While we candidly admit that certain recently imported American citizens are no better than they ought to be, we can not see that the children of Uncle Sam have fallen far below their virtuous transatlantic kin. In some respects, we think the former the more circumspect.]

"ALL."—We would refer our readers to the advertisement of Mr. D., the agent for B. & Co.'s celebrated Ale. Those who wish to recommend ale to their patients will do well to examine the quality of the article offered for sale by Mr. D.—*Chicago Medical Journal for Oct., 1886.*

Tut, tut, tut, Mr. C. M. J. Arn't you off the track? Is this the course to secure the best interests of the medical profession and the public? In California, seven out of ten of the best physicians have died drunkards! How is it in Illinois?

By the recommendation of bitters and other alcoholic stimulants to their patients, physicians are doing irreparable injury to the bodies and souls of men, women, and children. May God open their eyes to the evil they are doing!

AMERICA IN MINIATURE.—A great national park is to be established in Washington. A correspondent says that it is proposed to make the park a "working model" of the United States—"to delineate, if not to reproduce in miniature, the topography of the continent—to set Huron and Ontario in reduced scale upon a living map some two miles long, not in water colors, but in the element itself—to lead a toy Mississippi, from its baby nursery in the Rocky Mountains, of real rock, through a little continent to a small Gulf of Mexico. The St. Lawrence and the Colorado, and all other great rivers, are to be represented by mimic streams; and without intending any allusion to the exclusion of the States lately in rebellion, all the States and Territories are to be represented, preserving their relative position and proportion. It is proposed that museums shall be erected upon each of these little representative tracts, and that the States and citizens shall be invited to contribute to their cabinets specimens of the natural and artificial productions of the States represented."

This is a grand scheme, and will require considerable ingenuity and labor to carry it out. It would be altogether unique, and a great addition to the attractions of the capital.

Let the thing be done. It would assist in teaching the geography of Uncle Samuel's farm. There are few who can spare the time and money to go over the whole ground, but all would like to see it in miniature.

TEMPER AND HOUSES.—Downing says that a person's temper depends a good deal on the kind of house which he occupies. Downing is right. If you wish to find a cross, crabbed, fretful old fellow, call on some gentleman in the country who lives in a leaky house, unprotected by shade trees. We believe that a dwelling is such a perfect counterpart of the tenant that occupies it, that we think we could tell the residence of a small-souled man by just examining his doorway. Such men always build their stoops without seats. Make a memorandum of it, and when you come across an ample porch, with all the conveniences of shade and comfort, just say to yourself—here dwells a generous heart and a fat kitchen. Knock and enter.—*Country Gentlemen.*

Yes! The Indian lives in a rude but not wigwam; the "border ruffian" in a shanty; the low lout in a hovel; and gipsies and Arabs in tents. Cultivated people build fine houses in beautiful situations, and surround them with shrubs, vines, and trees. They make their homes as beautiful and as happy as circumstances will permit. And this is an evidence of their cultivation, refinement, and civilization.

So should we live, that every hour should die, as does a natural flower. A self-reviving thing of power: That every thought and every deed May hold within itself the seed Of future good and future need.

Business.

[Under this head we publish, for a consideration, such matters as rightfully belong to this department. We disclaim responsibility for what may herein appear. Matter will be LEADED and charged according to the space occupied, at the rate of 50 cents a line.]

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AN ESSAY ON MAN.

IN FOUR EPISTLES TO ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE. BY ALEXANDER POPE. WITH NOTES, AND FIFTEEN ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

[CONTINUED FROM JANUARY NUMBER.]

To BE, contents his natural desire;
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire,
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.*

IV. Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection, what thou fanciest such,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much;
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet say, if man's unhappy, God's unjust.
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there;
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit the sphere, and rush into the skies.†
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel;
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against the eternal cause.‡

V. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine?
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "Tis for mine;
For me kind nature wakes her genial power;
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower;
Annual for me, the grape, the rose, renew
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

But errs not nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
"No," 'tis replied, "the first almighty cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws;
The exceptions few; some change since all began;
And what created perfect?"—Why then man?
If the great end be human happiness,
Then nature deviates; and can man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of show'rs and sunshine, as of man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men forever temperate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
Why then a Borgia or a Catiline?
Who knows, but He whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms,

* Without "fire-water," and without the selfish interference of the bad white man, the Indian is comparatively happy. But he will not readily adopt the manners and customs of civilization and conform. He has little Imitation, little Constructiveness or Invention, little Benevolence; but large Firmness, Self-Esteem, Combativeness, and Destructiveness, with large perceptive and moderate reflective faculties. Our North American Indians have been much wronged, and, except the few who become civilized and absorbed in the whites, are likely to soon pass away and become extinct.

† Men of towering intellects and of the highest culture, unless they be softened by Christian grace, are apt to rush into excesses of rationalism. Certainly topics and subjects enough are furnished by the very nature of man's social and physical condition for the investigation of the most acute understanding; and in the investigation of these, true benefit may result to man. But those who ambitiously leave the sphere of material things and soar into the regions of speculation, are apt to lose themselves in the mazes of infinity, and but "wrestle to their own destruction," and the injury of those on whom their superior intelligence exerts a powerful influence. Faith begins where reason ends. As the reflective faculties, which are peculiar to man, are located above the perceptive—instincts—so the moral or spiritual faculties are located above the reflective, or reasoning faculties. Man is not all instinct, all reason, nor all spiritual, but he combines them all, and each should be permitted to exert its due influence.

‡ Has this any application to our political relations?

Pours fierce ambition in a Caesar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reason springs;
Account for moral as for natural things:
Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right, is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never passion discompos'd the mind.
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life.
The general order, since the whole began,
Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.

VI. What would this man? Now upward will he soar,
And, little less than angel, would be more;
Now looking downward, just as grieved appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the powers of all?
Nature to these, without profusion kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assign'd;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
All in exact proportion to their state,
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleased with nothing, if not blest with all?
The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think BEYOND mankind;
No powers of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics given,
To inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart, and agonize at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
The whispering zephyr and the purling rill!
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what he gives, and what denies?*

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight, betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
A hound sagacious on the tainted green;
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood!
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine,
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true,
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew!

* The poet has been answering certain general questions adduced by the skeptic, and now takes the five senses in order, asking, first, "Why has not man a microscopic eye?" That is, why was not the eye of man formed to examine the minutest objects? The answer is, because "man is not a fly." A fly has a microscopic eye, but can only take in a small portion of space at a time, but that is sufficient for its small purpose. Man has an eye which can take in a large space, and distinguish objects within it sufficiently for his purpose. Were the sense of touch very acute, we would be startled by the slightest motion, and it would be a source of constant agitation and pain to us. Again, were the nerves which appreciate odors exceedingly sensitive, man would experience much suffering in consequence; and again, all other things being the same as now, were the sense of hearing increased indefinitely, he would be overwhelmed by sounds.

How instinct varies in the groveling swine,
Compared, half reasoning elephant, with thine!
Twixt that, and reason, what a nice barrier;
Forever separate, yet forever near!
Remembrance and reflection, how allied;
What thin partitions sense from thought divide!
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass the insuperable line!
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these powers in one?*

VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no man can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee;
From thee to nothing.—On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed:
From nature's chain, whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
And, if each system in gradation roll,
Alike essential to the amazing whole;
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole, must fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd,* from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their center nod,
And nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread order break—For whom? For thee?
Vile worm! O madness! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd, for any part to claim
To be another in this general frame;
Just as absurd, to mourn the task or pains,
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
That, chang'd through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns;
To him, no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects and equals all.

X. Cease then, nor ORDER Imperfection name;
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.

* Phrenology is the only means by which a line may be drawn between instinct and reason. Animals have only the instinct manifested through the perceptive faculties; man has the same, with reason added—the reflective faculties—and in addition to these he has moral sentiments—denied to all animals—which make him a religious being, allied to angels and to God. Man may be said to have a brain like a house three stories high, corresponding with the kitchen, drawing-room, and chambers; while the animal has a brain with but a single story, and that only a basement. See "New Physiognomy" for a comprehensive article on this subject.

Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear;
Safe in the hand of one disposing power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, "Whatever is, is right."*



EPISTLE II.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN, WITH RESPECT TO HIMSELF AS AN INDIVIDUAL.

The business of man, to study himself. His middle nature; his powers and frailties, and his capacity. The two principles of man, self-love and reason, both necessary; self-love the stronger, and why; their end the same. The passions, and their use. The predominant passion, and its force. Its tendency in directing men to different purposes. Its providential use, in fixing our principle and ascertaining our virtue. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident. What is the office of reason. How odious vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it. That, however, the ends of Providence and general good are answered in our passions and imperfections. How usefully they are distributed to all orders of men. How useful they are to society and to individuals in every state, and in every age of life.



I. KNOW then thyself, presume
not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is
Man.
Placed on this isthmus of a mid-
dle state,
A being darkly wise and rudely
great;
With too much knowledge for the
skeptical side,
With too much weakness for the
Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act
or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a God or
beast;
In doubt, his mind or body to pre-
fer;

Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little or too much;
Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;
Still by himself abused or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!†

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* "Whatever is, is right," is true in the abstract, or in relation to the laws by which God governs the universe. War is an evil in itself, but good may grow out of it. Disease is made a warning against dissipation and improper living, and by some is regarded as remedial. Thunder-storms and earthquakes are counted evils, but who can prove that they are not blessings in disguise? If we would not quarrel with Providence, we must accept the statement, that, "Whatever is, is right."
† Referring to man's two-fold nature, "There is a warring of the flesh against the spirit." The animal propensities against the moral sentiments. The passions crave gratification, which the intellect and the moral sense resist. If a man subordinates the propensities to the moral sense, he is master of himself. Phrenology alone solves the "riddle."



KERI-KERI, AN AUSTRALIAN CANNIBAL.

CANNIBAL OF CENTRAL AUSTRALIA.

OUR readers will be interested in the following sketch of a veritable Australian cannibal. What a hideous countenance! and yet in human form! There are even lower types than this, and more savage. Some of our North American Indians have broader heads, and even less intellect. So among the Hottentots there are lower specimens; and also among the Feejee Islanders, and the Caribs. But this is bad enough! Little can be said of his intelligence. The perceptive faculties seem to be immensely large; but the forehead recedes rapidly; and there is in reality less intellect than is indicated in the picture. There is little space between the ear and eye, consequently little room for those faculties which are more largely indicated in the civilized brain. There would be some mechanical skill, and the necessary faculties to enable him entrap game without the higher order of mechanism. Little can be said of the social nature of this specimen; still less of the moral or religious. He is little more than an animal, and yet he has the same number of bones, muscles, faculties, and organs that the best of us have. But there is evidently work here for missionaries. If they can so manage as to escape the gridiron, they may, in time, produce some good effects on the character of these and other cannibals.

Only a few years ago Central Australia was shrouded in mystery. It was then said that the foot of the white man had never trodden its desolate plains in the far interior. The sad fate of the Burke exploring expedition is well known. The subsequent discoveries of McKinlay, in 1862, while searching after Mr. Burke,

have been of vast importance in giving us an insight into that dread interior. McKinlay and his party discovered numerous indications of the white man's presence in these solitudes—tin utensils, cartridges, wearing apparel, horse-hair, and other relics, together with the skeleton remains of white men. But they could not tell to what party these had belonged. They could not have belonged to Burke, as Mr. Howitt had discovered the remains of his expedition previously. The mystery has never been unraveled. Nothing by which to identify the bodies was found, with the exception of a nautical almanac, bearing date 1858. They were, undoubtedly, the remains of a party of pioneers, of whose movements no one has ever heard.

Mr. McKinlay, however, did more than discover the remains of Europeans. He collected indisputable evidences that these Europeans had been massacred, and that the natives of the district were cannibals, they having confessed to the murder of the party, and acknowledged that they had feasted on the remains of their victims.

From the diary of Mr. Hodgkinson, one of McKinlay's party, we extract the account of their meeting with Keri-Keri:

Oct. 22, Kadhi Bieri.—We had just saddled the horses this morning, purposing to ride some three miles beyond Burke Swamp, when our attention was attracted by some natives walking from the north toward the wurlies where I had found the pannican and canteen. They were five in number, a man and four lubras (women), and did not at first perceive our presence on the lake. The flutter of our blankets, which were hanging on the branch of a tree, at length aroused their fears, and away they posted in the direction from which they had come. Mr. McKinlay, Bulingani (a native), and I were after them at full gallop in an instant, but Bulingani, unaccustomed to such rapid motion, parted with his horse, which still continued the pursuit. In about a mile we two riders, with our three horses, collared the dark individual, and certainly a more expressive subject of mingled fear and rage could not be found. With hanging jaw to show his fear, distended nostrils his surprise, and glaring eye his hate, there he stood, covered by my gun, convulsively twitching his waddy, as if meditating to hurl it at one or other. Bulingani coming up, however, somewhat assuaged his fears, and ultimately forced a maniacal laugh from him. With a few shrill cries he let his lubras know no immediate harm was intended, and forth from their place of concealment came these hideous objects of his solicitude. On being questioned as to the white fellows, he led us to an adjacent sandhill, and without hesitation commenced scratching on a spot from which he brought to view a quantity of burnt horse-hair, used for the stuffing of saddles. He was then taken to our camp, fed, and more closely examined. A wound on his knee attracting our attention, he showed how he had been shot, by pointing to my gun, and carried from the spot on another native's back. Besides the wound on his knee, there was another bullet-mark on his chest, reissuing between the shoulders, and four buckshot still protruding from the center of his back. He corroborated all Bulingani had said relative to the massacre and its cannibalistic dénouement, distinctly

stated that four whites were killed, and ultimately departed, leaving his lubras as a hostage, for the purpose of fetching a pistol in the possession of his tribe.

Kadhi Bieri, named by McKinlay's party Massacre Lake, on account of their finding the remains of murdered white men near it, is described as being a small lake, shallow, but with good water, encircled by a ring of thick box and polygonum scrub, and open at its northwest end, whence its feeder courses through a richly-grassed and wide flat.

RENAN'S AND STRAUSS' LIVES OF JESUS.

In his "History of Rationalism," Mr. Hurst thus sums up the influence produced by Renan and Strauss in their Lives of Jesus.

"Taking the past as a present instructor, we fear no permanent evil from the recent popular Lives of Jesus by Renan and Strauss. These men have written for the masses, and their appeal is to the plain mind. They would portray Christ in such a light that even the least intelligent mind might be brought into living sympathy with his humanity. Now, when their view of him shall have been faithfully answered by presenting his divine character to the common understanding, who will say that the present generation of Christ's skeptical biographers have written in vain? Those authors, having seen the necessity of a popular understanding of Christ, describe him as a man like ourselves. They have written from a wrong stand-point; but if their labors can suggest to evangelical theologians the immediate necessity of a popular view of Christ as our Redeemer, we will not believe that their labors, though exerted for a different purpose, are without good fruits. The people need to perceive clearly the character of Christ—not to look upon him as far off, but near at hand, not to regard him as the cold, indifferent observer of our conduct, but as that Friend who, being our Elder Brother, enters into sympathy with the humblest of his followers, and suffers not a sparrow to fall without his notice."

The author does not apprehend any ultimate disaster from the works of Darwin, Buckle, and others. In regard to the Darwinian theory he says: "Mr. Darwin's theory of development seems to be in outright opposition to the Scriptural account of the animal creation. But there is no occasion for alarm at what he has said, for neither he nor all who think with him can invalidate the truths of Scripture. We should despise no theory that aims at our better comprehension of great truths; for the day will come when science, in its mature glory and strength, shall cast its human master on all the pages of divine truth."

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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—Young.

THOMAS C. DURANT.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.

THIS organization may be likened to that of a highly-bred race-horse, that would, if he could, go "a mile a minute." It is active, wide-awake, restless, impatient, nervous, intense. It is a concentration of the eager, go-ahead spirit. The severest punishment that could be inflicted on such a nature would be restraint. He is lacking in that disposition to take repose which the physical processes of recuperation require. Instead of being made up of coarse material, heavy muscle, and ample adipose tissue, the predominant physical ingredients appear to be chiefly bone, nerve, and tendon. He is, perhaps, as good a specimen of the native American organization as can be found. In build, he is tall and slim, wiry and mobile. The framework is sufficient for a vigorous, long-lived man. The brain is quite large enough for the body, and possesses that intense nervous susceptibility which consumes with great rapidity the nourishment supplied



PORTRAIT OF THOMAS C. DURANT.

by the vital functions. There is, in fact, a lack of vitality, and his danger lies in the direction of premature exhaustion by over-mental action. He should live a very temperate life, if

he would live healthfully and long. There is no mud in this brain; nothing to impede the freest action of the mind.

His Cautiousness, Secretiveness, and Acquisitiveness are only moderately developed. He is almost without the sense of fear, danger, or timidity; has no cunning, or that foxy trait of character which lies low and keeps dark, but is as transparent as daylight itself. He is as free, generous, and open-handed as he is ambitious, enterprising, and venturesome. He has an ample base and a full crown to his brain, which give self-reliance, will, perseverance, and push. He is combative, resolute, and executive. He may listen to criticism, but he will not give much heed to objections.

Intellectually considered, he possesses an intuitive readiness of perception which is seldom equaled. If he does not comprehend the source and all the bearings of a principle, he can trace its application in a line to the end. There are no indications of love for abstract theories or for the marvelous, but the scientific, the definite, and the exact claim his closest attention.

His is an eminently practical rather than a philosophical cast of mind. He is a natural engineer, navigator, explorer; would go to the ends of the earth to carry out a purpose or to gratify a desire which he believed to be practically valuable. Nothing but death could stop him. He is inclined to subordinate all minor matters, all pleasures of the social circle, the love of gain, and the appetite itself to the development of a grand idea. If he fail, it will be owing to the incapacity of others to conceive and carry out his plans.

The hair, skin, muscle, bone, and nerve are more like silk than like hemp or flax; and the whole is tough, wiry, and enduring. The brain is especially developed in the following centers: in the crown, in the forehead, at the perceptive, and at Constructiveness, Comparison, Human Nature, and in the executive elements of Combativeness and Destructiveness. The organs which relate to the affections, which give feeling and ardor to the whole man, are well indicated. Concentrativeness is moderate, hence he is never tedious or prolix, but is facile and versatile. Ideality, Sublimity, and Imitation are fully developed. Veneration, Benevolence, and Conscientiousness are full or large, so is Spirituality; while rather strong Hope—unrestrained by Cautiousness—buoys him up and paints all things in vivid and attractive colors. He will not underrate his prospects, nor pay much respect to admonitions of restraint. He believes in action, agitation, pluck, and boldness, and that all things are possible to the earnest worker.

Notice the features. See how prominent! yes, defensive and belligerent, the nose! How high at the bridge! See how large the nostril! indicating copious breathing power and sprightliness of movement. How large and how expressive the eye! indicating power of expression, ability to say much in few words—if not affluence of statement. He has ability to

acquire knowledge, to receive impressions and to communicate the same. The upper lip is long, corresponding with his strong Firmness and Self-Esteem, while the jaws are long and strong. The chin is prominent and pointed, and the mouth, though not fairly visible in our engraving, is perhaps one of the strongest indications of the powers of this very remarkable man.

BIOGRAPHY.

Thomas C. Durant, M.D., Vice-President of the Union Pacific Railroad, was born in Berkshire Co., Mass., in 1820. What influence the vigorous air of that rugged region may have had in molding his racy and enterprising mental character, it is not for us to say; but doubtless the Green Mountain climate exerted its powerful and animating tendencies in rapidly developing his intellect and in sharpening his inherently quick perception. Selecting medicine and surgery as the field in which he might employ his natural and acquired talents advantageously, he entered the Albany Medical College at the early age of eighteen, and was graduated therefrom with full honors at twenty, receiving his diploma a year earlier than it is customary for medical schools to grant such license. Dr. Durant did not find in the practice of his profession scope enough; his mind yearned for larger fields, more extensive interests, and more comprehensive considerations, and having an opportunity to engage in mercantile life, after but a brief experience of three years as a physician, he accepted it, and became a partner in the firm of Durant, Lathrop & Co., of Albany. The business of this house was very extensive, having branches in Buffalo, Chicago, and New York, with numerous agents at different points, besides owning and employing a large number of vessels for the transportation of merchandise. Their operations were chiefly in flour and grain, and their transactions were conducted on a scale unsurpassed by any other dealers in their line. Mr. Durant had special charge of the New York branch, and shipped very largely to all the principal European ports.

The business was carried on with unexampled success until the breaking out of the French Revolution in 1848. Previous to that time the foreign demand for cereal productions had been very great, and the shipments of Durant, Lathrop & Co. were enormous. Soon after this contingency had been provided for, Mr. Durant directed his attention to railway matters. The knowledge of the resources of the great West, obtained in the course of his mercantile career, made him an earnest advocate of internal improvements, especially in the line of land and water transportation. He appreciated, with all the clearness and foresight of a De Witt Clinton, the importance of bringing the East and the West—the Atlantic and the Pacific—into a closer connection, strengthened by iron bands, and greatly improved commercial relations. He assisted very materially in promoting the interests of the Michigan, Southern, the Bureau-Valley, the Rock Island,

and the Mississippi and Missouri railroads. Exhibiting boldness, sagacity, and tact in manipulating stocks, he became one of the most successful operators of the stock exchange, and invested the greater part of his capital in railroad securities. Interesting himself from the first in the scheme of a great medium of transit from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, at a time when the project appeared almost impracticable, Mr. Durant cherished and furthered it with all the enthusiasm of his energetic nature. As early as 1853 he was associated in the management of extensive explorations and surveys west of the Mississippi River and among the Rocky Mountains, which undertakings were at his and others' private expense. The government proffering little or no scientific or pecuniary assistance. In 1861 he was active in organizing the financial machinery of the Pacific Railway. He expended much money, time, and skill in negotiating with capitalists and railway authorities, until, in 1862, he paid down three fourths of the subscriptions for the great road, and the enterprise was taken out of the hands of the Commissioners, and the Union Pacific Railroad Company created. From 1862, the history of this great undertaking is too well known to require detailing at our hands. Under the superintendence of Mr. Durant, the construction of the road has rapidly advanced. The Company built two hundred and forty-five miles of track in one hundred and eighty-two working-days—a feat, when the difficulties encompassed are considered, unsurpassed in the annals of railroad construction. The line extends now over three hundred miles west of Omaha, making a continuous railway of over sixteen hundred miles, and it is confidently expected that three hundred miles more will be completed before the fall of 1867, which will bring us in direct railway communication with the Rocky Mountains. Ere long the great band of iron will be completed, and California, now a journey of weeks, will be but a few days' travel from the far-off Atlantic seaboard. The shriek of the iron horse as he threads the Western wild, will awaken into life a civilization and an enterprise to those distant fastnesses never before known, and the rock-ribbed mountains, the theme of so many strange and romantic tales and legends, and which have so many centuries frowned down upon a few painted savages or an adventurous hunter, will be compelled to yield their stores of mineral and vegetable wealth to a numerous population clustering in their very valleys.

PERILS OF RESPECTABILITY.—While open sin kills its thousands, worldly respectability kills its ten thousands; it is an inclined plane of unsuspected danger; it is covered with green grass, yes, enameled with lovely flowers to the very edge of the precipice, ending in eternal ruin. "Why will you spend money for that which is not bread, and labor for that which satisfieth not?"

PHRENOLOGICAL THEORY OF MAN'S ORGANIZATION.

[CONTINUED.]

In regard to Benevolence, Phrenology says that this yearning of the spiritual man must be guided by the intellect, or else unworthy objects of charity will be relieved, or wasteful and ruinous expenditure of money incurred; but the Bible goes farther, and gives us more explicit directions, which must be comprehended by the mind. "Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward. But when thou doest thine alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." We thus find all the faculties of the spiritual man are to be guided by the intellect, and that intellect is to be guided by the infallible word of God, and we can easily appreciate the extraordinary force of our Saviour's declaration, "that man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God," for that word is exactly adapted to every faculty of man's spiritual nature, and without it, poisonous food will nearly always be provided for the hungering of the spiritual man. The emotional attributes or faculties of the spirit—veneration, faith, benevolence, etc., have their own appropriate functions to attend to, and can never take cognisance of anything else. To learn what the law requires belongs to the intellectual department; hence the extraordinary phrenological precision of Paul's language should be noticed; he says, "For God is my witness, whom I serve with my spirit." This phrase covers the emotional attributes, through which man holds sweet communion with his Maker, and by which his heart is filled with that fervor and zeal which in common parlance is styled "heart religion." But when speaking of the law of God which requires the intellect to apprehend, he says, "With the *mind* I myself serve the law of God." The extraordinary precision of Paul's language accords with and confirms the phrenological exposition of man's organization, and is therefore well worthy of noting, especially as the ordinary metaphysical expositions do not harmonize with revelation, and do not serve to throw light upon the learner's path.

When Paul says, "For God is my witness, whom I serve with my spirit," Phrenology points to the faculties of Marvelousness, or more properly Faith, Veneration, Conscientiousness, Hope, and Benevolence, and says these are the faculties which are brought into requisition when a man serves his Creator, and through their thrilling influences he is elevated and brought into communion with his Maker. Again Paul writes, that with the mind the law of God is served; Phrenology points to the intellectual faculties which enable a man to ascertain what the law of God is, and says most emphatically that they must be called into use whenever any law is given to man by the Creator, or that law can not be obeyed unless accidentally.

Instead, then, of concluding, as some bewildered metaphysicians do, that spirit and mind are convertible terms; if we say that the spirit of man is endowed with the faculties of veneration, faith, conscientiousness, hope, and benevolence through which God is served, and that the mind or intellect is an attribute of the spirit through which it obtains a knowledge of what a man must worship, believe, and hope for, we shall sweep away a large proportion of the obscurities, perplexities, and enigmas which puzzled the brains of those who follow the old-school metaphysics and reject phrenological revelations.

Furthermore we assume—

1st. That the spirit of man is endowed with certain faculties which are called into requisition whenever the Creator is served.

2d. That those faculties, dispositions, desires, longings, hungering and thirsting, or whatever else they may be termed, are blind propensities or yearnings, which call for gratification, just as those of the animal man.

3d. That the intellect, mind, or understanding is an attribute of the spirit of man.

4th. That through the intellect appropriate food is furnished to each one of those faculties of man's spiritual nature.

5th. That such is the intimate union of spirit and body, that the latter furnishes, in the varied developments of the brain, the tools or instruments which the former uses in manifesting in this world the varied faculties of its intellect.

6th. That precisely in proportion *ceteris paribus* to the quality and size of the various organs of the brain, will be the manifestation of intellect through them.

7th. That the appropriateness of the food furnished to the hungering and thirsting of the spiritual man will depend on its source, whether derived from the word of God or not, and the quantity will depend on the capability of the intellect to apprehend and comprehend its truths.

8th. That as the vitality and vigor of the physical system depend not only on the quantity and quality of the food taken into the stomach, but also on the ability of the digestive and assimilative apparatus to properly dispose of what is taken into the stomach, so likewise the vitality and vigor of the spiritual man will depend, not only on the quantity and quality of the food furnished, but also on the amount thoroughly digested and assimilated.

9th. That in consequence of the brain being the organ of the intellect, and also at the very heart of the nervous system, nerves being sent directly from it, and the spinal marrow with all its derivative nerves being merely an appendage of the brain, whenever there is a due appreciation of the glorious truths of God's revelations, and a due digestion and assimilation of them by the faculties of Veneration, Faith, Conscientiousness, etc., the brain, by the ramifications of the nervous system, thrills the individual through with whatever emotions those truths just apprehended by the intellect are calculated to produce, whether of love, hope, joy, fear, etc.

10th. That in consequence of the heart so

promptly responding in its pulsations to the emotions excited by the due appreciation of God's truths by the intellect, the term heart is very frequently used as interchangeable with understanding, or mind, or with some one or the faculties belonging to the group of spiritual organs; hence we are said to understand with the heart, to believe with the heart, etc., though in reality the heart is a mere lump of muscle, and can not possibly perform any intellectual operation whatever.

11th. That the group of animal organs can not possibly take cognisance of anything addressed to the spiritual organs, but call for enjoyment through the flesh, and as these passions must commonly lead us to sin, Paul writes "with the flesh the law of God is served."

12th. If we say that the spirit, with an immortal existence, with its various longings and faculties, to be guided by the intellect, and that intellect to be manifested while in this life through the variously developed organs of the brain, and more especially of the cerebral portion, and that the intellect is to be guided by the infallible word of God—if we say that the spirit thus constituted is the "spiritual man," and

13th. If we say that the soul (the *anima* of the Latins and the *psyche*, *psuche* of the Greeks) is subject to death with its various animal faculties located in the lower portion of the brain, but also requiring for the perfection of its existence the nerves of organic life, and for the perfection of gratification the sensational and motor nerves—if we say the soul thus constituted is the "animal man."

14th. If we say that spirit, soul, and body, intimately united through the medium of the nervous system, the intellectual belonging exclusively to the spirit, which, as before mentioned, operates more especially through the cerebral portion of the cranio-spinal nervous system, while the nerves of organic life are allotted exclusively to the soul; and then again, spirit and soul are more intimately united still in the cranio-spinal nerves of sensation and motion, and thus united, dwell in one body, the "spiritual man" borrowing from the "animal man" the uses of the body whenever it may be necessary, and the "animal man" borrowing in turn the use of the intellect from the "spiritual man" whenever it may be necessary to provide means for his gratification, we shall have an extraordinary insight into the working of the spirit, soul, and body.

And from this elevated stand-point, with a cloudless horizon around us and the glorious light of God's truth beaming brightly on us, we can take into one grand comprehensive view man's nature and history, past and future, from the day when the breath of the Creator first thrilled him with life, to the day when united again to his loving Creator he shall sit down at the marriage-supper of the Lamb.

The above exposition of man's organization will be found to harmonize most remarkably with Revelation, and with well-known facts which fall under our observation nearly every day; while on the contrary, the old-school

metaphysical expositions of man's organization are at war with Revelation, and with well-known facts; and we shall occasionally note some of them to corroborate the above, and also to show the falsity of the common old-school expositions.

For instance, many comments have been made to explain why it is that Moses uses the term *lives*, instead of the singular form, *life*, when speaking of man's creation. "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of *lives*." None have as yet given general satisfaction; yet it is not strange at all that the plural *lives* should be used instead of the singular, when we consider there were really *two* lives given: the life of the body, subject to death, and the life of the spirit, not subject to death, but enjoying an immortal existence; and it really would have been inappropriate for Moses to have used the singular form, *life*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MENTAL TELEGRAPH.

BY DR. R. K. BROWN.

EVERY psychologist knows that instantly succeeding (or even briefer in time than that) every sensation or impression, to which we are alive, there is a state, or "modification" of consciousness, a changed state thereof from what was existing, having a specific relation to the precedent particular or individual sensation or impression.

The determination, by experimental demonstration, of the exact time of this change has been the attempt of numerous observers from Johannes Müller onward, to Douche and Jaeger. The latter has accomplished it in a way that commands our fullest confidence. He has entitled the account of his experiments, "On the Rapidity of Thought and the Determination of the Will."

The first part of the title represents the further and necessarily continued complement of the proof of the subsequent proceeding or act of the wire ensuing upon the consciousness. The reader should bear in mind that *feeling or sensation* is a purely physiological transaction from *without* inwardly, and that the ulterior one, called the "determination of the will," though begotten of a specific state of consciousness of that precedent physiological transaction, yet takes form or distinctive character in a physiological act. It is, therefore, a transaction from *within* outwardly.

By means of an induction shock, *i. e.*, a shock from the induced current of an electric battery, coetaneously with *opening* of the current, and subsequent closure of the same, by pressure of the subject's hand, the latter being the act or will by means of the muscles, Prof. Jaeger accurately estimated the time, *after the sensation*, required for the formation of a consciousness or definite idea of it, and for the expression thereof through the organs of the will, the

muscles. The time was accurately registered by an electro-magnet on a revolving cylinder. The mean time was 26.09 in a second.

In the same way it was ascertained that the time varied slightly, whether the closing by pressure of the hand was done by the right or by the left hand; the difference, however, was very slight.

Again, it was demonstrated that the time varied slightly, whether the closing by pressure with the hand was done by the right or by the left hand.

Again, in cases where the person experimented upon was unprepared to anticipate precisely *where* the sensation would be, and the closing of the circuit which marked the time was effected respectively with the right and left hand, the difference in time of the idea of sensation and the act of will effected by the pressure of the hand which closed the circuit was 0.066° less than in the right hand. In this experiment the apparatus was so arranged, that if the pressure by both hands had been simultaneous, no closing of the current would have taken place. These experiments were made by instruments of touch.

It appears, therefore, from all these experiments, that when a pugilist strikes an opponent first, he can strike his second blow before the stricken person can retort to his *first*; for the first person has not to await the advent of a sensation before the act of will as the second one has to, before he delivers his first blow in rejoinder, and thereafter during the rencounter the first man can always keep one blow ahead of his opponent. This is a decided gain, equivalent to a psychological momentum, and, other things being equal in the parties, may determine in favor of which side the contest terminates.

Precisely analogous would be the cases of two contending armies; the soldiery and position being equal, the attacking party, or the one striking the first blow, has far the best chance of victory.

REAGENTS.—The delicate reagents used in chemical manipulation can scarcely be conceived. To detect the presence of sugar in diabetes, make a solution of the sugar or glucosuria, add a little of the solution of sulphate of copper, and then some caustic potash, and instantly the solution will become red, even if there be only the *ten-millionth* of a grain of sugar present. Compared with the following, however, this is quite rough: Dissolve one grain of silver in a small quantity of pure nitric acid, and then pour this solution of silver into 8,250 gallons of water, or about eighty barrels. When well diffused through the mass, put one drop of this water upon a plate of glass, and touch it with a glass rod previously dipped into pure hydrochloric acid. The drop of the solution will become turbid or milky, indicating the presence of silver, although there is contained in that drop only the *two-hundred-millionth* of a grain of silver.

On Ethnology.

True Christianity will gain by every step which is made in the knowledge of man.—Spurzheim.

ABORIGINAL LEGENDS OF NORTH AMERICA.

BY E. G. SQUIER, M.A.

THE following Indian legends, whatever may be their value in other respects, have the merit of being genuine. They are what they purport to be, lodge stories, still current among the remnants of Indian nations, which the tide of an advancing civilization has swept beyond the Mississippi. Some of them, like "Neahkaybenais, or the Lone Bird," are mere creations of an exuberant fancy, in which "airy nothings" have taken a habitation and a name. But others, like "Manabozho and the Great Serpent," and "The Origin of the Indian Corn," etc., embody in poetical, and almost in fantastic, forms some of the highest conceptions of the Indian mind.

Among the aboriginal families of the United States, the Algonquins—under which designation is included the Delawares, Chippewas, and the New England tribes generally—had unquestionably most vivacity and animation. Not less martial than the Iroquois, their temperament seems to have been more active, their apprehension quicker, and their manners less reserved. Their religion and their legends partook of their national peculiarities. The latter are more imaginative, and have a less somber character than those of most of the Indian families. Some are exceedingly airy and beautiful, and others not without a vein of humor, entirely their own, running through them.

These Indians entertained a distinct idea of a Supreme Unity, a great, beneficent Creator and Preserver; and the inferior beings of their mythology were also, for the most part, beneficent—the friends and protectors of men, constantly warring against, and usually victorious over, the evil beings, the enemies of the human race. Like the pastoral Sabians of Central Asia, they were close observers of nature and its manifestations. In the sun they saw the symbol of that Great Spirit from whom they believed all life proceeded. It was deemed to be his abiding-place, whence he looked down kindly on his Indian children. The Milky Way was the "path of souls," the bright roadway of the dead, leading to the blissful hunting-grounds, the Elysium of the Western world. The fitful Northern Lights (Aurora Borealis) was the "dance of the dead," in which the disembodied spirits of emulous warriors and mighty medicine-men alone participated.

The Mandans believed the sun to be the "Master of Life," and regarded the moon as the residence of "the old woman that never dies"—the goddess of maize and of fruits, "she who wears a white band from the front to the back of her head." She has six chil-

dren—three sons and three daughters—who abide in different stars. The eldest son is the Day, the second is the Sun, and the third is the Night. The eldest daughter is the Morning Star, and they call her "the woman who wears a plume;" the second is the high star which revolves around the pole; and the third daughter is "the woman of the west," the Evening Star. The stars generally they believed to be the souls of the dead, and the rainbow a beautiful spirit that attends the sun. The thunder is the "Lord of Life" when he speaks in his anger.

The Minatarces adored the sun, and denominated the moon "the sun of the night." The morning star, Venus, they deemed to be "the child of the moon." The Great Bear is an ermine, and the Milky Way is the "path of ashes." The thunder is supposed to be the flappings of the wings of "the great bird that lived at the beginning," and the lightning is the glance of his eye, when searching for his prey.* They call the rainbow "the cup of waters," or the "cup of the rain." Once, say they, an Indian caught, in the autumn, a red bird which mocked him. This gave offense to the man, who bound the feet of the bird together with a line. The bird saw a rabbit, and pounced upon it, but the animal crept into the skull of

a buffalo and escaped; and as the line from the claws of the bird described a semicircle in the air, so was the rainbow formed.

The Housatonic Indians, Hopkins says, "believed the sun to be God, or at least the residence of the Deity. They also believed that the seven stars were so many Indians translated to heaven in a dance, and that the stars in Charles' Wain are so many men hunting a bear; that they begin the chase in the spring, and hold it all summer; by the fall they have wounded the bear, and the dripping blood turns red the leaves of the trees; by winter they have killed it, and the fat makes the snow, which, being melted by the heat of summer, makes the sap of trees."

The semi-civilized nations of Central America and Mexico had similar legends, of more or less interest, connected with the planets, the constellations, and the elements, of which space will not permit the recital. If they were collected, so as to admit of comparison, they would open to the world a new view of the aboriginal mind in some of its most interesting aspects.

As a specimen of the first variety of Indian legends, to which allusion has been made, may be adduced the Ojibway story of

NE-SHE-KAY-BE-NAIS;

OR THE

LONE BIRD.

Every one who has looked upon the face of the full moon, has seen there the faint outline of a human form. Many think it is the image of a man, whom they call the "man of the moon;" and some dull people, peering idly through glasses and long tubes, very learnedly protest that there is no man there, and that the outlines which we see are only mountains of scorched and blackened rocks, deep and gloomy caverns, where no life nor verdure is found, and not even a blade of green grass to relieve the utter desolation. But the clear eye of the Indian can penetrate farther than the eye of the astronomer, and the Ojibway hunter and the Ojibway maiden can plainly see in the faint outlines on the disk of the moon the graceful form of the beautiful Ne-she-kay-be-nais, the "Lone Bird," whom the Great Manitou transferred from the lodge of her father to the heavens, where she dwells in the embrace of the moon. The story of the Lone Bird is known to the inmates of every Ojibway wigwam, and thus it was told by Kah-ge-gah-bowh, the "Firm Standing," as, seated beside our camp fire, on the shores of the great Lake, we watched the harvest moon slowly rising from the bright waters before us.

Very many snows ago, before the pale face invaded the lands of the Indians, the Ojibways were great and strong, and numerous as the leaves of the trees. They chased the buffalo on the meadows of the West, they trapped the beaver and hunted the deer in the forest round the great Lakes, and struck the salmon in the rivers that flow from the mountains toward the rising sun. They were feared and respected by their enemies, and beloved by

their friends; the Great Spirit was pleased with his children, and they were happy.

It was then by the shores of Ojibwakechegun, which the pale-faces call Superior, dwelt Wah-bun, the "Dawn of Day," and his wife, Me-ge-seek, the "She Eagle." They had an only child, a daughter, mild as the mourning dove and beautiful as the day. She was tall and graceful as the fir-tree, and her step was like that of the spotted fawn. Her eyes were dark and clear as the fountains in the shade of the forest, and her voice was like the song of the stream in the evening. Very beautiful was Ne-she-kay-be-nais, the "Lone Bird," and though the Ojibways were numerous as the leaves of the forest, and their daughters many and fair, yet among them all was none to compare with the daughter of Wah-bun. From all the villages of the nations came the warriors to seek the favor of the Lone Bird, that they might bear her from the lodge of her father; but she looked coldly upon them all, and it was in vain they recited their prowess in war and their success in the chase. The fame of her beauty spread to the neighboring nations, and the sons of great chiefs brought presents to the lodge of Wah-bun, that they might gain the affection of his daughter; but the heart of the Lone Bird was like the ice of the winter, and the young chiefs were compelled to return, lonely and sad, to their distant homes.

Wah-bun saw the coldness of his child, and expostulated with her; he praised the young warriors, whose bravery and skill he knew and trusted, and he told her that no daughter of the nation had so proud an array of lovers from which to choose a husband. But the Lone Bird laughed aloud when her father ceased to speak, and she asked:

"What care I for the young braves? I love them not. Has not the daughter of the She Eagle her mother to love? Is not the arm of Wah-bun strong? and can he not cherish and defend his child?"

Wah-bun heard the laugh of his daughter, and was silent. But the next morning he went forth from the village of his tribe, and as the young warriors gathered round to ask concerning the Lone Bird, he proclaimed aloud that, at a certain time, they should all gather together on the smooth shore of the lake, and the fleetest of foot should bear her to his lodge. Great was the joy of the young braves, and much of the intervening time they spent in preparation, and in prayers to the Great Spirit that he might give them the swiftness of the prairie deer and the agility of the mountain cat.

When the sun came up on the morning of the appointed day, there was gathered on the shores of the lake a great assemblage, for the news of the race that was to happen had spread all over the nation, and it was known that the beautiful daughter of Wah-bun was to be the prize of the victor. The young men were all there, in their bravest array, painted, and plumed with the feathers of the wild turkey and eagle, and when they moved, the

* This idea of the Thunder Bird was well brought out by a Dacotah chief, Walking Thunder, in a speech addressed to the Indian Commissioner of the United States, at Travers de Sioux, Minnesota, in the month of July, 1851. Nearly a thousand Indians had gathered to the Council, the subject being, of course, a treaty for cession of lands. The time was exceedingly rainy, as indeed the whole season had been, and the Indians were short of food. The Commissioner endeavored to supply their wants, as far as possible, giving out rations of pork, but reserving his beef—a circumstance to which the Indian orator did not fail to make a number of satirical allusions. Early one morning, Walking Thunder came through the rain to the Commissioner's camp, and gave utterance to his complaints as follows:

"This high water is unusual. The Great Spirit does not smile. He growls at us. Something does not suit him. Our corn-fields, where are they? Our young men can not hunt. The powder in our rifles is wet. It will not burn. We kill no game; nothing. Our Great Father has given us little beef and a little corn, since we came to the treaty. But we are poor, very poor. Our ribs may be counted like the poles of a lodge-frame, through the skin. Corn will not grow without sunshine, and if we have nothing to eat, we must starve. Our horses are thin. We thought they could run once; but even Shasta Wasta's [Mr. Tyler's] horse can outrun our fastest buffalo nag. Our dogs are lean, very lean. They are too poor to bark. They howl a little sometimes, but very feebly. We are glad our Father has come up here with a little corn, and a little beef, and it may be, a few slices of pork, for us to eat. We were very hungry, and we are still. The red man is always hungry. The white young men are fat. They look very sleek and greasy. The reason is that the Great Spirit gives them more food. We do not like so much rain; it is more than there is any use of. (Ho! ho!) Our tents are soaked with water. It pains us to have our women loaded down with wet baggage when we travel. We can not bear it. It may be the steamboats drove this flood up the river when they came. The boats brought up a little corn and a little beef, and it may be a slice of pork. They are welcome. (Ho! ho!) Our lodges are peaked; our Great Father's tents are not peaked. The Great Spirit rains on both. But there is too much thunder, and rain, and sharp lightning. We want more beef and less thunder. They say the Great Thunder Bird has dashed his wing upon the head of the Blue Earth River, and broken open a fountain, out of which this freshest comes. It was whispered to me in a dream, that we ought to have a round dance this afternoon. (Ho! ho! ho!) It may save us much thunder, and lightning, and rain. If our Great Father wants to buy our land, we will talk with him about it at a proper time. Our Great Father has several cattle left yet. There is no hurry. Beef is good for the red man, but cookoosh (pork) is not very. If our Great Father's children think so much of cookoosh, why do not they eat it instead of beef? Probably, because, like whiskey, they think beef is not wholesome for us. (Ho! ho! ho!) We will attend the round dance this afternoon, and try to allay the storm, and appease the Evil Spirit. The wing of the Thunder Bird must be broken." (Ho! ho! ho!)

noise of their ornaments was like the fall of the dry leaves in autumn. The old men were there, for they were to judge the race and award the prize. The women, too, were there; the mothers to encourage their sons, and the daughters that they might look upon the young braves of their people and receive their admiration. But nowhere was the Lone Bird to be seen; she sat in the cabin of her parents and wept, for she loved none but her father and mother, and desired not to leave them.

The bounds of the race were fixed, and the judges silently took their places. The young men stood side by side, leaning breathlessly forward, every muscle quivering with excitement, and impatient for the struggle. The signal was given, and they dashed forward like the frightened deer when the hunter breaks from his covert, and with a sound like that of the storm when it breaks over the mountains. But soon it was seen that Me-te-quah, the "Bending Bow," and Mazho-hungk, "Who Strikes the Game," both of whom had long loved the Lone Bird, gained widely on their companions. They were fleet as the wind, but neither could surpass the other, and when they came to the end of the race, the old men could not tell which was the victor. Then it was that the two young braves ran again, but again they came in side by side. Again did they struggle, and still again the old men could not tell which was entitled to take the Lone Bird to his lodge. It was then proposed that they should leap; they did so, but neither could surpass the other the breadth of a hair. They were directed to go into the forest and hunt, and the Lone Bird should be the prize of the most successful. They went, and next day the Bending Bow returned, bearing the scalps of twenty bears that he had slain, and they all cried aloud: "The Bending Bow will bear the Lone Bird to his home!" Just then an exulting shout was heard in the forest, and "Who Strikes the Game," bounding into their midst, also threw twenty scalps of the bear at the feet of the old men.

Then was Wah-bun troubled, for he saw in this hand of the Great Spirit. And he sought his lodge, and there he found his daughter bowed to the ground, and her eyes were red with weeping.

He raised her up kindly, and asked, "Wherefore dost thou weep, my daughter?"

And the Lone Bird answered: "Are you not my father? Is not the lodge of Wah-bun large enough for his daughter?"

Then was the heart of Wah-bun moved; he kissed his child, and he said: "Never shall the Lone Bird leave the lodge of Wah-bun."

And he returned to his people on the shore of the lake, and told them it was the will of the Great Spirit that his daughter should not leave him; and the old men responded: "It is the will of the Great Spirit!" And the young warriors and women all returned to their homes. Then were the eyes of the Lone Bird filled with gladness.

The summer and the autumn passed, and

the snows of winter began to melt, and Wah-bun went forth on the sunny slope of the hill to make sugar. His daughter accompanied and assisted him, and in vessels of bark gathered the sweet juice of the maples.

One day, when the smoke was curling slowly up from her father's fire on the slope of the hill, and the warm sun shone mildly down on the trees, that seem to live beneath its glow, the Lone Bird seated herself on a bare rock and looked around her. And though all was bright and beautiful, yet she was sad. She thought of her father and her mother; they still lived, but their heads had grown gray, and their steps were slow, and she knew that they must soon die. She leaned her head upon her hand, and felt that she was all alone. At her feet the sun had melted away the snow, and the young flowers of spring looked modestly up in her face; and then she saw, for the first time, that they grew in pairs, two on a stem, and that they seemed to lend beauty, one to the other.

"It is strange," said the Lone Bird, "I have never noticed this before; it is very strange!" Just then she heard a merry chirping above her head, and looking up, she saw that the birds were returning from the South, and again spreading themselves through the forests of the North. She saw, also, that they nestled together, two and two, and she exclaimed: "Neither do the birds sing nor the flowers blossom alone!" At that moment swept over a great flight of water-fowl, and with much noise they alighted on the bosom of the lake. She looked as they flung up the spray on their glad wings, and lo! they glided over the water in pairs!

And then the thoughts of the Lone Bird returned to herself again, and she felt her loneliness more than ever. And she reflected on her coldness to the young warriors of her nation, and thought of the reproof of her father, and she said, despondingly: "Oh! I love not, I love not! I am all alone! Alas! why did the Great Spirit fill the breast of the birds with that love which he denies to his daughter?" And she bowed her head and wept.

The Lone Bird sat long, wrapped in her meditations, and when she rose to go home, it was evening. The full moon had just lifted its disk of silver, without a spot to mar its brightness, above the waters of the great lake, upon which the tiny waves leaped up joyously, as if to catch the slanting beams upon their crests. The Lone Bird gazed upon the moon, and her face grew radiant under its mild light, and, stretching forth her arms as if she would clasp it, she exclaimed: "Oh! how beautiful thou art! Would that I had such as thee to love; then would the Lone Bird no longer sorrow in her loneliness."

The Great Manitou heard the voice of the Ojibway maiden, and no sooner had she uttered these words, than he transferred her to the bosom of the moon, where her image is seen to this day.

Great was the lamentation in the lodge of Wah-bun because the Lone Bird returned not;

but when her father lifted his eyes to the Great Spirit in heaven, he there saw his daughter in the embraces of the moon. Then Wah-bun sorrowed no more for the loss of his child.

Many, very many snows have passed, and the Ojibways have become small and weak; the stranger occupies their hunting-grounds, and the graves of their fathers are unhonored; but still the spring comes, the little flowers still blossom on the slope of the hill, the birds nestle together on the budding branches, the wild-fowls toss up the waters on their wings, and still the Lone Bird looks down upon the daughters of her nation, who trace her form in the disk of the moon, and tell her strange story by the light of the lodge fire, in the long nights of autumn.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YOUNG MEN.

MANY great men performed their greatest achievements before forty! Alexander the Great died at thirty-three. Napoleon had achieved all his victories at thirty-five. Washington was twenty-seven when he covered the retreat of the British army under Braddock, and not forty-five in 1776. At thirty-three, Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. At thirty, Hamilton helped to frame the Constitution of the United States. At twenty-three, Melancthon wrote the *Loci Communes*, which passed through fifty editions in his lifetime. At thirty-three, he wrote the Augsburg Confession. At twenty-nine, Ursinus wrote the Heidelberg Catechism. Zwingle wrote his chief works before forty, and died at forty-six. At the Disputation of Leipsic, Luther was thirty-five; at the Diet of Worms, thirty-seven. At twenty-seven, Calvin wrote the Institutes. Moses sent young men to spy out the land of Canaan, and Joshua sent young men, as spies, to Jericho. Saul, David, and Solomon achieved their greatest works before they had reached middle life.

John the Baptist and the Apostles did their life-work as young men, and Jesus Christ finished his labors and endured his sufferings as a young man. Not a decrepit, worn-out life, but the warm blood of manhood's morning, did he shed upon the cross for the world's redemption.

FACTS CONCERNING HUMAN LIFE.—The total number of human beings on the earth is computed at 1,000,000,000 (one thousand millions), and they speak 3,064 known tongues. The average duration of human life is 33½ years. One-fourth of those born die before they are 7 years old, and one half before the age of 17. Out of 100 persons, only six reach the age of 60 years. Out of 500 persons, only one attains the age of 80 years. Sixty persons die every minute. Tall men live longer than short ones. Married men are longer lived than the single. Rich men live, on the average, 42 years, but the poor only 30 years. There is a drunkard to every 74 persons.

Our Social Relations.

Oh, happy they—the happiest of their kind—
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.—*Thomson.*

WOMAN'S RIGHTS—AND WOMAN'S WRONGS.

BY JOHN NEAL.

THESE terms are co-equivalents. Each is the measure of the other, like allegiance and protection. Disagree as we may about the *facts*, and the reasonings therefrom, all are ready enough to acknowledge, that denying a right, or abridging, or withholding a right, is of itself a wrong, and may be a wrong of such magnitude as to endanger the whole constitution of society. Have we not found it so already with one form of human bondage?

The great problem—one of the greatest ever propounded to reasonable beings—that which involves the question of man's supremacy and woman's subserviency, begins to be agitated under a new aspect, both abroad and at home. The solution can not long be deferred. The spirit of the age will not brook delay. However men may differ, and conscientiously differ, about the principles involved, or the policy, or the expediency, of righting an acknowledged wrong, it is growing more and more evident, by what we see in our leading newspapers, and in Congress, upon what is called the woman-suffrage question, that we may soon be called forth to decide it for ourselves. In a word, it is a question that can not be overlooked—nor thrust aside—nor trifled with—nor answered by two or three quotations from the Bible—as it has been heretofore, and we might say hitherto, by Statesmen, philanthropists, and theologians.

Reduced to its simplest elements, the question is this: Have women souls?—are they accountable beings? If they have souls, and are accountable beings, why should they not be free as men? Why not allow them to govern themselves as men do, by proxy—that is, by representation? Are all men lawgivers from their birth, hereditary legislators, and rulers in perpetuity? and all women destitute of the qualifications for office, which are so abundant in man?

"There!" said I, throwing down a paper, five or six years ago, from which I had just been reading aloud to my family a report of the proceedings of a Woman's Rights Convention, held somewhere in New York, "there! you see what is brewing; but they have stolen my thunder."

"Well, I don't mind that," said my wife, "if they won't tell where they got it."

Here she represented, without intending to do so, the great body of our worthiest and most intelligent women. To her and thousands like her at the time, all these Bloomerisms were both preposterous and pernicious—unwomanly—and affronting to the holier instincts of woman's nature, if not absolutely shameful and wicked.

But she has lived to change her views; and

not more than two months ago I heard her advocating, with uncommon earnestness, the natural and unalienable right of woman to vote, side by side with her husband, her father, her son, and her brother, subject nevertheless to the same conditions and qualifications. And why not?

I said nothing, for I saw that the generous leaven of thought was astir, and that if she were let alone, she would be quite sure to "work out her own salvation," though it might be "with fear and trembling."

The oldest objection, and that which is most frequently urged to this hour against woman-suffrage, is founded upon her alleged inferiority to man; a false and foolish assumption, for if it were true, it could never be proved, and if proved, it would not affect the question. Having no common standard for both, and the type of womanhood not being the type of manhood, you can no more compare them, with a view to logical results, than you could compare a rose-bush with an oak, the butterfly with a humming-bird, the Apollo Belvidere with Titian's Flora, or the Mississippi with the Rocky Mountains.

But if true, what then? Where is intellect a qualification? or bodily strength? or stature? or moral character? or a special aptitude for public affairs? If a man be not a driveling idiot or a town-charge, if he be neither an outlaw nor a lunatic, nor under age, he is allowed to vote, if the people say so—to become a law-giver by proxy, if not in person, and a President-maker. And why should it not be so with woman?

Give to the word "inferior" what meaning you will, you can not mean that all women are inferior to all men; though you reach that conclusion in a roundabout way, by refusing to them the privileges that men are allowed. Nor can you mean that there are not many women superior to many men, if not to most men. If you do not mean this, to be consistent with yourselves, you should allow *such* women to vote, and to hold office. But enough; the argument, if argument it may be called, is not worth demolishing; and I only mention it here, because I see it revived and urged with great earnestness, though under different disguises, in the Senate chamber of the United States. Because some women are inferior to some men, in some things, or all women inferior to some few men in mathematics, or statesmanship and war, in architecture, eloquence, music, or poetry, *therefore* all men are so superior to all women, that no woman is entitled to representation. What a syllogism! It is in vain that we point them to Semiramis, to Maria Theresa, to Elizabeth of England, or to hundreds who have been distinguished for administrative power; the answer is, Where women reign, men rule? Very true; but *who chooses the men?* Compare the ministry of Elizabeth, chosen by herself, with the mistresses of Charles or of George the Fourth, and you have a sample of what might be urged to show at least woman's *equality* with man, as a governing power.

But, say others—and among them the theologians—the husband is the head of the wife, because by God's ordinance he is to "rule over her." Granted—after marriage, and with certain qualifications, which leave her accountability undisturbed. We treat her as a free agent where she sets for herself; but under English law, and here and there under our law, if she transgress in the presence of her husband, or if she aid and abet him in the commission of a crime, the husband is punished, and the wife goes free—thereby showing that by law a married woman is no longer a free agent, and no longer responsible. But will God sanction these decisions? "God created man in His own image . . . Male and female created He *them*." Is there any distinction of rank here? And when he breathed into them the breath of life, and man became a living soul, how was it with woman? Was there but one soul for both, and that the soul of man?

But are *all* men to have dominion over *all* women, by virtue of this declaration, whether married or unmarried? It would seem so, judging from what we hear every day in courts of justice, as they are called, and in our Senate chambers. *Non sequiturs* are all the rage now, like *chignons*, and might be classed with them, and called by the same name, for they are both *non sequiturs*.

And even after marriage, is the "rule" of the husband without limitation? Is it a blind, absolute despotism, demanding a blind, absolute submission? Is the wife to abandon her convictions at his bidding? to have no opinions, and no conscience of her own? Is her husband to be her representative, and she to lose her *individuality*? that glorious prerogative which God himself appears to reverence in his creatures, since he never allows one man's to merge in that of another, and will not suffer it to be questioned or tampered with, from the beginning to the end of his career, on earth or in heaven—that property which lies at the very foundation of the system, whereby he administers the affairs of the universe? that unshifting, unchangeable center to which all that we know of man's history and hope converges?—that wonderful microcosm we call *self*?

And why in politics, any more than in morals, or religion, or in matters of taste? Where are the limitations? "Saint Paul says so and so," said a man to his wife, who had somehow got an idea into her head that she was not her own husband—not he the wife—that one soul was not enough for both, and that they ought at least to have one soul apiece, with a corresponding conscience, and a corresponding accountability. "That's where Paul and I differ," was her reply. And why not, if the words of St. Paul are to be twisted from their evident signification, to disparage woman's equality, and to establish man's supremacy in everything? Who has declared the bounds, over which the wife's judgment or conscience may not be allowed to pass, if the judgment and conscience of her husband should happen to differ from hers? In other words, is the wife

a responsible being, or is the husband to answer for her misdeeds before the tribunal above, as he answers here sometimes before earthly tribunals? Will God entertain such a plea to his jurisdiction? Will he be likely to defer to the authorities that men cite before the judges of the land? If not, woe to the husband that would enslave, not the body of his wife only, but her conscience and her soul.

Subordination there may be—there is—and there always must be, within certain acknowledged limits. But subordination does not imply inferiority beyond the relationship that exists between the parties. "A man's a man for a' that," and so is a woman a woman for a' that, whether married or unmarried.

"Order is Heaven's first law,"

says Pope.

—"This stands confest,
Some are, and *must* be, greater than the rest."

Granted; but are the smaller, good-for-nothings? Are they nobodies? If so, then of the ten thousand millions that inhabit the earth, only one, and he the greatest (for there can be but one greatest), has dominion over all the rest.

And even if it were a blind, unreasoning submission that God established for the wife, when He said that her husband should rule over her, how is it with the unmarried? And how with the men who are not husbands? Are they to rule over all women, because husbands rule their wives? And is not the argument derived from this brief Scripture, rather too much of a piece with that which seeks to justify another kind of human bondage, even slavery, by the curse pronounced upon Ham?

Does the right of self-government exist only in man? If original and inherent with man, why not with woman? And if neither original nor inherent in all who are endowed with understanding and conscience, how came it to belong to man exclusively? *Because men are the lawgivers.*

Were it otherwise—did women make the laws, or establish governments—the tables might be turned with a vengeance. By the courtesy of lawyers and lawgivers (and almost all lawgivers have been lawyers in the tadpole state), married women are always classed with infants, idiots, lunatics, and persons beyond sea, where their rights are in question. How would the men relish this, if they had women who chose to retaliate, for legislators?

That women are unlike men does not show that women are inferior, or that man is the type, and woman a degeneracy, or a departure. Yet it would seem to be so understood by some of her adversaries. But wherefore such infinite variety? No two of the whole human race are alike. Men do not differ from women more than men differ among themselves, in all the attributes of manhood, character, and purpose. Why such endless variety, therefore, but that our sympathies may be engaged, our affections enlarged and strengthened by exercise, and that we may become tolerant and charitable in matters of opinion, eschewing

prejudice, and cherishing what we call good-fellowship? In barbarous ages, and even among the civilized—like the Romans and Greeks—all strangers were enemies. The Chinese are no worse than were the Hebrews in the great commonwealth of Israel. All the rest of the world were "heathen" to the Jews, as they are "outside barbarians" to the Chinese.

At the beginning, the great human family, after the separation of tribes took place, were strangers. They were like a vast multitude gathered about the base of a mountain whose top was lost in the sky. They were in groups, widely separated, not within speaking distance, and having little or no communication with each other. But in their progress from barbarism to civilization, and from civilization to Christianity, they go up the mountain by tribes, and are brought nearer and nearer together at every step, and often without knowing it, or desiring it, lest their prejudices may be disturbed, until at last they get a glimpse of the great white throne, and begin to feel the glow of universal brotherhood. Shall this great distinguishing power and privilege, founded on man's individuality, be denied forever to one half of the whole human race? or shall they be encouraged and helped, whenever they stretch forth their arms toward the topmost elevation accessible to man?

But we must go deeper, much deeper, and make thorough work of our investigation. A great principle is involved—the very germ of our nationality—the great seal to our character of independence. If we have any real veneration for our fathers, if we have any regard for consistency, how can we refuse to our women the right of representation, so long as we tax them to the uttermost? We went through a war of nearly eight years with a mighty people, to establish the great fundamental principle that representation and taxation should go together.

And when our fathers were told that they had nothing to complain of—that they were *virtually* represented by their brothers, whose interest was *identical* with theirs, what was their answer? The roar of artillery, the bayonet charge, and red-hot thunderbolts. And what then? Why, then, having established the principle for themselves, and for their *sons* forever, they turn round upon their daughters, and wives, and sisters, and mothers, urging the very arguments which they had trampled under foot in their fiery indignation, and declare that one half of their whole population shall be denied the privilege forever, and be doomed to a sort of qualified bondage—only distinguished from slavery, by their not being sold in the public market-place to the highest bidder; not being allowed to share in the government of themselves—to enjoy their own earnings—to acquire or transmit property as men do—and always subject to taxation without representation. And if they seem to be dissatisfied, or stretch forth their hands to us, we ask what they would have. We assure them that they are *virtually* represented, and

by those who can have no interest in wronging or oppressing them—their fathers, and brothers, and sons. We tell them that their interests and ours are *identical*, as if all the interests of any two human beings, with a soul apiece, could ever be identical. But *virtual* representation did not satisfy our fathers; and after it comes to be understood, it will not satisfy their daughters. Already there are signs, both abroad and at home, east, west, north, and south, which can not be mistaken—signs portentous and alarming, if they should be disregarded. Only a few days ago, on motion of Mr. Eaton, the Committee on the Judiciary, in the Senate chamber of Maine, were instructed to inquire into the expediency of so amending the Constitution as to allow *suffrage to females*. And so in other legislative bodies, there are signs of new life.

"But women are never satisfied," say their husbands and fathers, without stopping to ask, "Are *we*?" Let me give an illustration which just occurs to me. Many years ago, in looking over a pile of caricatures at a book-stall in Paris, I lighted upon one representing a husband and wife taking a walk in a heavy shower. The husband wore high boots, a large overcoat with capes, and carried an umbrella, so that the rain poured down upon the shoulders of a delicate-looking woman wearing muslins and thin slippers, and trying to step daintily over the puddle, with her dress lifted to her knees. "*Tu n'es jamais contente!*" says the husband, looking over one shoulder at her, as they plunge forward through the rattling shower. Could a better illustration be furnished for our legislation just now?

"But," say certain of our leading politicians and embryo statesmen, through the newspapers, "what would women have?" Will they never be satisfied? No longer ago than last week I saw, in the *Boston Journal*, a clever essay on the subject, in which the two following arguments were used, which, being new, deserve an answer:

1. Women do not ask for the right of suffrage.

Answer: Very true. As a body, they do not; as individuals, they do sometimes, if not always. They are not sufficiently enlightened. They do not understand well the bearings of the question. They have been so long under bondage, if not to the fear of death, to the fear or being laughed at, of being misunderstood and misrepresented—and *misrepresented*, even more cruelly than they are now.

But if none asked for the right of suffrage, what then? The Chinese women do not ask to be set free from the bandages that cripple their feet, and keep them from gadding; with them, it is a distinction that they are proud and jealous of; they glory in their helplessness and submissiveness to long usage. And why should not our women glory in theirs?

So, too, the Hindoo widow does not ask to be made free from the law that binds her, hand and foot, to the dead body of her husband, and roasts her alive.

But are these good and sufficient reasons for

crippling one hundred and fifty millions of women in China, more or less, and for roasting widows alive in Hindostan?

By far the largest portion of the slaves held in this country—the colored slaves, I mean now—never asked to be delivered from their bondage. But, instead of waiting until they were sufficiently enlightened to understand the question, we set them all free at a single blow, leaving them to *ask* at their leisure.

The boys at Eton and Harrow who were loudest in their denunciation of the flogging system, when it came to the pinch, voted for it, because they wanted their turn. Should this interfere with the proposed abolition of such brutal barbarism?

If it were left for our children to *ask* for education, before they were led or forced into the school, or the meeting-house, what would they know of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and what of algebra, and the higher mathematics, and the sciences, in after life? and what of the Bible? Are we to withhold what we know they are entitled to, what they need, and must have, because they do not *ask* for it? They do not often ask for medicine; but we give it, nevertheless. And whenever they are incapable of judging for themselves—as women are upon the subject of law, as well as about taxation and representation, and the inherent right of suffrage—what is our duty? Are we not bound to judge for them, and to act for them, taking care that the commonwealth shall suffer no wrong? In all other cases we do, and it is not only expected, but required of us, to enlighten the ignorant, to help the helpless, and right the wrongs of all who are deceived or oppressed. Let women understand how much they have at stake in the question of suffrage. Let them be made to see that voting is a bargain, that salaries and wages and employment depend upon the elective franchise, and they will soon ask to have the bandages taken off, and the funeral pyre split up for oven-wood.

2. But, says the *Boston Journal*, "Men do not always vote."

Answer: Very true. A large portion of our people seem to regard the privilege as a tax, the distinction that others are fighting for throughout the Christian world, as a burden, except on great occasions. But then, observe, *they always may vote, if they will*. So, too, they do not always bear arms, nor keep arms in their houses, but they are allowed to do so; deny the right, and a revolution would follow within forty-eight hours.

And this is all we would ask for woman. Allow her to vote—concede the right—and leave her to decide for herself, whether she will exercise the right or not; and if she should prove herself incapable or unworthy, by abusing or neglecting the privilege, the controversy will be ended forever, and we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that we have done all we could for her.

But under this division of our subject, enough. Senator Morrill, one of our ablest and best men, has just been embodying the arguments against woman-suffrage, in the Senate chamber of the United States, with such effect, that he deserves to be answered; and in my next, which will be my last, I propose to answer him—as he deserves. His positions are well taken, and well sustained, but, in my judgment, are both unsound and inconclusive—I do not say unsatisfactory, but unsound and self-destructing.

NO BABY IN THE HOUSE.

No baby in the house, I know—
'Tis far too nice and clean;
No tops by careless fingers strewn
Upon the floor are seen;
No finger-marks are on the panes,
No scratches on the chairs,
No wooden men set up in rows,
Or marshaled off in pairs;
No little stockings to be darned,
All ragged at the toes;
No pile of mending to be done,
Made up of baby-clothes;
No little troubles to be soothed,
No little hands to fold;
No grimy fingers to be washed,
No stories to be told;
No tender kisses to be given,
No nicknames, "Love" and "Mouse;"
No merry frolics after tea—
No baby in the house.

PLAIN WORDS WITH THE BIG BOYS.

BY REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

ABOUT SLUGGARDS.

It is neither right nor reasonable to suppose that our Creator has made anything which is positively of no use at all. There are many things that seem useless when we first look at them, but on more careful investigation we find some wise purpose in their creation. If we ransack the universe for the most useless thing that is to be found, we find it in the person of the genuine sluggard—a fellow who appears to have no object to live for; who verily lives and has his being, moving in paths of activity only so much as is necessary to get enough to eat; dawdling and idling his time in thankless forgetfulness of the fact that society has a right to expect some service from him, at least in proportion to the amount of good food he consumes; without energy of body, and with only enough energy of mind to care for providing himself with "a little more sleep, and a little more slumber." There is but one good use to which the poor creature can be put, and it is well, occasionally, to catch a first-class sluggard, and show him up, as animals are shown in moral menageries, for a sample of something which every right-minded young man wants to resemble as little as possible. Beyond this degree of usefulness the sluggard has no value, unless it is to be appointed to office by some professional politician who has offices in his gift, and so to be used for stuffing, just to keep other and better men out.

It may be said that the Creator did not make the sluggard in all his sluggishness, exactly as we find him. To what extent laziness is "original sin," and to what extent it is actual transgression, we will not here discuss. That is a theological question, which may be discussed elsewhere by anybody who chooses to discuss it. Suffice it to say that the best of us have a little streak of *lazy* in our make-up. Very few of us are so made as to work merely because we love work. The sluggard is the poor crea-

ture, who never fought against the *lazy* in him, but looked on it as a "lion in the way," and yielded submission to it rather than take the trouble to fight it. The industrious person who has overcome it, has overcome only after long struggles with it, until industry has become a habit and a pleasure.

Solomon must have had some sluggards about him. Most probably they were some of his own immediate relations, whom he did not like to turn out of doors. His energetic disposition would have prompted him to part with any of his officials or servants who might prove to be of the slothful sort. From his allusions to them, and his graphic pictures of their character, in the book of Proverbs, it is easy to see that he had no respect for them. Lazy folks nowadays need not look to his writings for aid and comfort in their laziness. We can almost see Solomon pulling some idle chap's ears, and bidding him to "be quicker, sir!" as he says "he that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster." How true to the life is his description of the indolent young man waiting for a fortune! "The soul of the sluggard desireth, and hath nothing;" and the addition, by way of contrast, of the man who has toiled for his living, and, spite of obstacles, gained a competency—"but the soul of the diligent shall be made fat." It is not difficult to imagine that we hear Solomon pounding at the door of the snoring laggard, and calling, in a pretty loud voice, "How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? When wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?"—and following up his call with the prophetic exhortation, "so shall thy poverty come as one that travelth, and thy want as an armed man!" And when he photographs the drowsy fellow's garden, with its dilapidated fence, its unprofitable crop of nettles and thorns, its generally untidy appearance, its ragged and uncombed proprietor, and his poverty-stricken surroundings, it is enough to make any young man who has brains, eyes, and hands cry out, "O God, save me from being a sluggard!"

Boys, let me tell you of a young man whom I know. A decent-looking fellow he used to be, except for a sleepy-looking pair of eyes, a shuffling gait, and a do-nothing way of getting along. In the morning he snored till breakfast-time, hurrying down stairs just in time to avoid having to eat a cold meal. At school he made it his rule to learn nothing that he could avoid learning, and to do nothing which he was not made to do. He was at the tail end of every class he was in, and had he sat in any seat but the tail seat, it would have brought forth the remark from some of his class-mates, "Hallo! Sleepy, you ain't in your place!" He was turned out of three or four stores, successively, because he was too lazy to be of use to the people who kept them; after which his father undertook the difficult task of "setting him up" in business. But as fast as the father would set him up, he would set himself down and by his indolent habits and miserable inattention to business lose all the capital the old gentleman had generously intrusted him with. At last, in despair, papa said he would set him up

no more, but let him try his hand at paddling his own canoe. Poor fellow! He is too lazy to paddle. He is willing to float along, and he has floated into a "situation." I saw him the other day. Out at elbows, ragged at the knees, shabby all over, he occupies one of the very lowest stations in society. He might have been in good position, respected, esteemed, and with money in his pocket and good clothes on his back. But he did not choose to fight the *lazy* in him, and all his life he will reap the bitter consequences of his easy surrender.

Boys, IT DOESN'T PAY to be a sluggard. IT DOES PAY to fight against sloth, ease, and the disposition to sit down and rest before the work is done. Up with you, and work like men till life's work is accomplished. And when the work is over, and the results of the work are attained, then thankfully sit down to a rest, not of snoring indolence, but of usefulness, benevolence, and sunshiny old age.

THE TEACHER.

NEXT to the parent, the teacher may be said to exert the greatest influence upon the rising generation. In a country of school-houses the teacher is regarded by many as more than priest, more than magistrate; and we venture nothing in the assertion that every man or woman to-day, who was trained in early life either in a public or private school, will recall more facts in connection therewith that have stamped the character and guided the purposes and shaped the future life—will remember more that the teacher has said and done, than perhaps all other incidents and influences combined—save always the admonitions, the affectionate solicitude, the gentle guidance and training of the mother. In using the term mother, we mean not only she who gave birth, but she who was also able to give the motherly culture and instruction. If a mother happen to be vicious, she can do more than all other agencies combined to pervert and mislead her child; and in this article we would be understood as using the word mother in its best sense, as we also use that of teacher.

Giving birth and nursing to the babe does not comprise the whole of motherhood. Teaching a child to repeat its alphabet and to spell and read, is not all we mean by the word teacher. To be a mother is to brood over the child's soul, to feed its opening intellect, to regulate its passions, to develop its powers, and to lead it, if we may so speak, by the heart rather than by the hand. The teacher to a considerable extent takes the place, for the time being, of the mother, and is to love the child, to regard it with the eye of prophecy, to see what it is capable of doing and becoming, and to lead its mind by proper encouragement and assistance to take hold on and appreciate the noble and the true.

We have heard the question discussed, "Whether there should be anything taught in a school besides mere intellectual education?" While in this country it may not be

good policy or at all necessary to teach dogmatic theology and sectarian forms of thought, still we believe that no school ought to exist where the cardinal principles of religion and the purest morality are not explained and inculcated. The real teacher, like the mother, is not confined to the cultivation of the intellect alone, but has a mission to the moral sentiments, to the heart, to the soul; to the social also as well as to the intellectual faculties. The teacher must regulate the passions, must guide and instruct the feelings. The world has suffered too much already from persons educated only in intellect. He who is only thus instructed, having neglected the moral feelings, may become an intellectual giant, but a moral pigmy; and he whose moral nature and passions are not instructed and guided, is the more to be dreaded in proportion as he has the sharper intellectual perceptions, for he is all the more fitted to "scatter firebrands, arrows, and death."

But what particular faculties does the teacher require? In the first place, the teacher should have a good constitution—should be healthy. Unfortunately, many teachers are not healthy, for those who have not an excellent supply of physical power are most apt to adopt a mental pursuit, and as life is adjusted, close study, of all human pursuits, tends most to sap the foundations of health. But when the whole man is educated, in the body as well as in the brain, the teacher may be as healthy as any other person. The teacher, then, should have a plenty of warm blood, an ample endowment of the vital temperament, to produce good-nature and an easy, mellow, pliable spirit. There should be enough of the motive or bilious temperament to give endurance and power, There should be a high order of the mental temperament, to give clearness of thought, vigor of judgment, promptness of mental action, and susceptibility. In short, the teacher should have a first-class temperamental organization, high-toned and strong.

In mental development there should be enough of Combateness and Destructiveness to give courage and energy, and enough of Firmness and Self-Esteem to command the respect of every pupil. There should be courage enough to make the roughest boy feel that his master is present. We do not approve of harsh measures, or of fierceness and force. We simply want the teacher to possess the power, and to impress those inclined to be rude and stubborn that the teacher could, if necessary, subdue them without much effort. Let the spirit of might in the pupil feel that the teacher has more might, and that is all that is necessary. It need not be brandished or shown up.

The teacher should have a good intellect. It is fatal to the teacher's success if the pupil can think faster than the teacher. The teacher should have good reasoning as well as good perceptive power; and there is no man who needs a better memory than the teacher, so that he can carry his knowledge constantly in

mind, ready for use whenever required. Nothing gives pupils a higher appreciation of the teacher than his appearing to know everything; and there is nothing like prompt answers on the part of the teacher to inspire this idea.

There should be a strong endowment of the faculty called Human Nature, in a teacher, to enable him to read the minds and dispositions of the pupils at a glance. There is nothing like knowing whom we have to deal with, in order to secure respect and influence.

The teacher should also have large Benevolence, so that discipline and intelligence may be exercised with kindness.

Authority or governing power is necessary. This arises from a good degree of Self-Esteem and Firmness, which give steadfastness and dignity; and these should be backed up by Combateness and Destructiveness, which give courage and executiveness. These qualities impress the pupil in such a way as to induce obedience without a contest.

The teacher should have a good degree of Secretiveness and Cautiousness, so as to seem to know something that has not been told, and to keep in reserve penalties and pains that have neither been threatened nor shadowed forth. We think it is not well for the teacher to lay down laws and penalties. The penalties, especially, should be kept back, so that the pupil shall never know what kind of annoyance, or pain, or privation will follow an act of insubordination.

The social nature must be large in the teacher, so as to enable him to feel a natural, drawing attachment and affection for the pupils under his care. We can instruct those we love a thousand times better than those we do not love. Besides, we feel an interest in those we love, and awaken in them a corresponding love for us; and when this magnetic connection between teacher and pupil is established, government, instruction, reception, and obedience come as a matter of course. There may be exceptions, but they are few and far between.

The teacher should have a simple style. The Great Teacher in his parables made everything plain and simple to his disciples, and so far as the teacher can imitate the Great Model, in gentleness, kindness, patience, clearness of thought, and elevation of purpose, the greater will be the success. He who can enlist the moral and religious nature of the young, can employ and control all the other powers advantageously.

STUDY OF THE BIBLE.—Looking at the Bible merely as a historical fact; as a power in the world, which has influenced the opinions, and directed the life, and quickened the hearts of millions; which has been inspiration to the greatest minds of the race; which has lifted up nations from barbarism; which has been the spring of that philanthropy which is the boast of our civilization; and which is now the professed guide of three hundred millions of our fellow-men; surely these facts, apart from any consideration of its Divine origin, of its claims to be a revelation from God, demand for it a respectful attention and diligent study.

TRAVEL AND TRAVELERS. BEAR AND FORBEAR.

BY MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

PEOPLE travel as differently as they live. Can not every one number among his friends those who make hard work of life, and again those who enjoy it, and turn it into pleasure, and extract every ray of sunshine out of its prosaic atmosphere? Just so it is in traveling. Your sour-tempered, cross-grained old misanthrope rolls himself in his overcoat, pulls his hat down over his eyebrows, unfolds his newspaper, and woe to anybody short of a regularly badged conductor who shall attempt to interrupt him; while the fair-faced woman behind him enjoys every step of the journey, takes in the lovely bits of woodland, and water-view, and nestling villages, and steep glens, that lie along the iron track like so many living pictures—reads the countenances of those around her, with a never-flagging interest in the great physiognomic volume, and treasures up every incident of the journey for future thought and discussion. Who do you suppose gets the most money's worth for their ticket, old Cross-grain, or his neighbor?

Sometimes we think there ought to be a regular Act of the Legislature to protect the rights and redress the wrongs of our traveling community. Is it *right* for huge, stalwart men to occupy all the seats in the ladies' cabin of ferry-boats, while delicate women and fragile little girls stand? Is it right for them to crowd 'round the red-hot stoves of waiting-rooms, while women stand back by doors and windows and shiver in murderous draughts? Or, again: is it right for women to pile up bandboxes and bundles on the seats beside them, while weary mechanics and toil-worn business men fill the aisles of railroad cars, preferring one extra degree of weariness to the bold undertaking of claiming their own rights?

The truth is, that American women are too apt to presume on the many delicate courtesies awarded them by the opposite sex, and demand as a right what is but a mere matter of option. It is not that we do not *know* better; the trouble is, we so seldom stop to *think*! I have no better right to a gentleman's seat in an omnibus than I have to the five-dollar bills in his pocket, or the piano in his parlor; why, then, should I look at him as if he were an escaped convict, because he does not offer it to me the moment I enter an already over-crowded vehicle? Little courtesies make life very sweet, but no woman should lose her temper because they are occasionally withheld.

Another interesting and not altogether unprofitable study in traveling, is *dress*. Your practiced traveler wears something dark in color, serviceable in material, and, above all, something that will wash and won't spot. But the woman to whom a journey is a rare occurrence, likes to wear her "best things," lace bonnets, vivid shawls, and things appropriate only to a drawing-room! She looks with rather a pitying eye on the plainer guise of

those around her; but by the time her skirts have been well trodden on by hurrying passengers, her bonnet squeezed out of shape by the basket of the enterprising female behind her, and her shawl neatly touched with widening circles of grease from newly-oiled brakes, she views matters from quite a different standpoint!

After all, experience is the teacher from whom we learn most!

Here is the most fitting place for us to lift up our voice against an atrocious habit we have as a nation—that of reading in railroad cars, with the vehicles jumping and jerking and swaying from side to side, and the printed words dancing about the page, with our over-worked and over-strained eyes in reckless pursuit. Take it as an average, every third person is armed with a book, or still worse (on account of bad type and obscure print), a newspaper. Just take note of them, and then afterward reckon up the number of eye-glasses and spectacles in the car. "Put two and two together," and at the end of ten years you may safely double the number! But what is to be done? It's none of your business, nor mine, decides the indulgent Public, if a man chooses to ruin his eyesight!

"I can always judge of people's intellectual caliber," says a would-be student of human nature, "by the books they read in traveling."

Now, this is where our conceited friend is entirely mistaken. We happen to know that one of the Men of the Age—a giant in intellect, a chieftain in the world's battles—laughingly declares that he never travels without one of Eugene Sue's or Victor Hugo's novels, by way of companion. "One's mind can not always be on the tension," he says. And we know poets, philosophers, and scientific men who generally travel with "paper-covered literature" in their coat-pockets! Perhaps this is not strictly according to the theory of consistency, but who ever knew a man who *was* wholly consistent?

"Bear and forbear" is perhaps the best motto that could be inscribed over the doorways of steamboat saloons and cars; for surely there is nowhere so great an occasion for Christian charity and uncomplaining good temper as here. We only wonder that conductors, ticket-agents, and official employees are not canonized after ten years of duty! Just consider the perpetually-recurring trials of their daily life! Remember the fat man who has always put his ticket away safely, "he don't just remember where," and expects the conductor to stand patiently ten minutes, while he rummages the depths of his pockets and turns his portmanteau inside out! Remember the old lady who keeps you waiting while she wants to know just how far it is to Snailstown, and whether twenty-five cents isn't rather too high for her ticket, and when the Company expect to reduce their rates, and whether you are acquainted with Giles Hornby, who used to be a ticket-agent on this road, twenty years ago, when her John used to travel a good deal

on it?" Think of the sharp-visaged old maid who is indignant because you decline to take her torn bills and jagged "currency." Think of the helpless people who have to be helped, and the ignorant who have to be instructed, and the behindhand who have to be hurried up, and the indignant who are to be reasoned with, and the foolish questions which are to be answered, *not* according to their folly! Think of all these things, we say, and then bless the lucky fate that made you a merchant, or a grocer, or a banker, or a rag-picker—*anything* but a conductor or a railroad agent!

"Bear and forbear!" We do not mean you are to allow yourself to be crowded out of your seat by the encroaching elbows of your neighbor, nor to sit patiently by while some silly mamma's darling baby drags wet candy over your broadcloth, or wipes orange-juiced fingers on your wife's dun-colored dress! That would be a little too much for human nature to endure without remonstrance. We simply mean, try, and regulate your conduct in some degree according to the Golden Rule. If children are noisy and disturb the even current of your thoughts, remember the time when you were a child yourself; if the old gentleman in the corner snores too loudly, think of your own white-haired old father at home, and be charitable! We have seen venomous glances directed at the mother of a crying babe in the cars—aye, and from soft eyes, too, that *could* beam with gentle womanly light—that fairly made us indignant; as if the poor, nervous little woman was in any degree to blame—as if she were not already sufficiently worn out and fretted, without being made to feel that she was obnoxious to all her fellow-travelers!

Not many months ago, the sleep of various "first-class travelers" in a night boat was sadly broken by the wailing and crying of a young infant, who, like Rachel of old, "refused to be comforted," and kept its father walking up and down the cabin floor with it all night long. Our readers may very easily imagine the only half-suppressed complaints and comments of the other passengers, who found that sleep was a luxury to be wooed in vain. At length one of the state-room doors opened, and a choleric gentleman thrust forth his head and surveyed the dimly-lighted cabin where the tired-out father was vainly endeavoring to quiet the restless little one.

"I should like to know, sir," said the indignant traveler, "where that child's mother is, and why she is not here, taking care of it, so as to give other people a chance to sleep? This noise is perfectly intolerable!"

The poor, pale father paused an instant in his efforts to still the little wailer, and answered quietly, "Do you wish to know where this child's mother is, sir? Well, I will tell you. She is lying in her coffin, in the baggage-room, at this instant."

There was no word more of complaint, but a silence fell upon all who had been most ready to find fault. The gentleman who had asked the question went back to his state-room, dressed himself, and came out once more.

"Give me the child," he said, "I will take care of it while you lie down and try to get a little rest." And all that night the little creature had volunteer nurses enough for ten babies!

Should we be as ready to criticize our fellow-creatures, if we could always know all the circumstances? There is a deep moral in this little incident, told by a gentleman who was himself present—a moral that should reach us all to "bear and forbear" more than we do.

VISITING THE SICK.

To visit the sick is a Christian duty; and to learn how to make these visits pleasant and profitable to the sick, is another. Will you, kind friends, allow one who struggled with disease upon a couch of pain, while days lengthened into weeks, the weeks to months, and even these to years—will you allow such a one, for the sake of her suffering friends, to offer a few suggestions on this subject?

It is a hard thing when the young heart is glowing with bright hopes for the future, when fancy is painting its most beautiful pictures for the young eyes to gaze upon, to be suddenly stricken down, to see all your bright hopes and plans, all your beautiful fancy pictures, lying in ruins at your feet. It is a hard thing at any time or age to be laid aside from life's busy work, to feel that the world can get along just as well without you, to be shut away from even a ray of God's blessed sunshine, to have the poor body racked with pain, but worst of all to know that long years may come and go ere health can return or death come to relieve. Such chastening does "for a time seem grievous," but through the loving-kindness of a merciful God, it can "bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby."

But aside from the unavoidable suffering from disease, inconsiderateness and thoughtlessness in a sick room have been the cause of much more. How often has the relating of an exciting piece of news in the presence of a sick person undone entirely a physician's work of months! My dear friends, before you start on your errands of mercy to the sick, think of what you are going to say. Do not enter the house all out of breath and tell of a fearful railroad accident or horrible murder. Do not start back and utter an exclamation of surprise if the sick one seems nearer the "shining shore" than when you last saw her. Do not turn to an attendant at the bed-side and ask all manner of questions as to how she came to be worse, etc. It is not pleasant to hear our own sufferings rehearsed.

But above all things else, do not beg to go in a sick-room, and then with a woe-begone expression and a little snuffling stand and "look" at the invalid as though she were on exhibition. This is very provoking as well as ludicrous in the extreme. If you can not command your feelings, you will do but little good in the sick room. A cheerful smile in sickness is often stronger proof of sympathy than tears. Avoid the other extreme. Do not talk and laugh loudly, and say to the patient, "Why, how much better you look! you must be nearly well! You look nearly as well as you ever did," fancying that this is the kind of cheerfulness a sick person needs. You can not deceive us. We sick ones learn to be physiognomists and clairvoyants, and the desired result is never obtained by telling us what we know to be false, and what we know that you know to be false. You can not make us believe that we are well when we are sick, and

all efforts at such deception annoy us. And when you struggle with your feelings, striving for our sakes to bear with you calm, hopeful faces, though your hearts are anxious and sad, when for our sakes your voices are gentle and cheerful, though your souls are burdened, you do not deceive us even then. We are not unmindful of your noble sacrifice, we appreciate the delicacy of your feeling, we respect you for your bravery and strength, we love you for your love and sympathy, proven to us in such a tender manner. We do not want those near who try to make us think that we are better or worse than we really are; that our sickness is all imaginary, or that death will soon end it; but we do want the pure, tender, delicate sympathy that a calm, hopeful, loving spirit always brings us. We want the soothing, blessed influence around us that needs not words to give us strength and patience, and if words are spoken, the tuneful voice that calls a blessing from our hearts.

But we have wandered, and will renew suggestions. When you leave the sick-room for fear that "talking may disturb the invalid," do not sit down in an adjoining room, from which every word can be distinctly heard, and talk steadily for the next two hours; and when you go to "watch" through the night, please do not take a friend with you for company, and after satisfying yourself that the sick one is sleeping because her eyes are closed, commence "whispering," till warming with your subject, which is usually the invalid herself, you reach a pitch about half-way between the buzzing of a swarm of bees and the screech of a steam-engine, and then in the morning tell her friends that she has rested "very comfortably through the night." A long train of sick-room experiences comes thronging into my mind as I write, many of them very painful even now, others assuming only a ludicrous aspect. A few of these incidents, without exaggeration, shall be committed to paper, with the prayer and hope that they may spare some poor sick friend somewhere from a like experience.

Many people seem to have the idea that a person to become very sick must necessarily lose all his senses, especially that of hearing. Just think how entertaining such a conversation as the following, to one lying helpless, without even the power to say "Stop!"

"Do you think she'll ever get well?"

"O no! I shouldn't be surprised at all if she didn't live till morning."

"Do you know what the doctor thinks of her?"

"Well, he didn't say much, but then any one could tell plain enough that he didn't have much hopes of her."

"How do you suppose her mother will stand it? It'll almost kill her, won't it?"

"It'll be a terrible blow. Won't you just look and see if she's warm?"

A pinch of the ear, and a not very tender rub of a hand across the face, brings the comforting exclamation, "Cold! I shouldn't wonder if she never knew anything again!"

But death does not come this time, and weary days and nights pass by, till at last the day of triumph arrives, when the bed for a few moments is exchanged for the arm-chair; and with this day of victory a kind-hearted but very inconsiderate old lady arrives too, to "cheer us up and help wait upon us." Her words of cheer commence in this way. "Well, poor child, you've been sick a long time, haven't you? Your folks must be all clear worn out by this time?" Ah! what a thrust that was. Do not all invalids feel that the cross hardest to be borne in sickness is the knowledge that other hearts must ache for them; that other hands must grow weary in caring for them; that precious lives may be shortened by the effort to lengthen theirs.

"Do you know how much the doctor charges a visit?" is the next inquiry, closing with the remark, "doctors' visits count up in the bill dreadfully!"

Oh, we had almost forgotten about the care, the anxiety, the expense, and our heart was full of hope—the blessed hope of being well again, and of repaying, if possible, all that had been done for us. But back it all comes, and the poor weak nerves can hardly bear the shock. We were not strong enough to reason then, and the thoughts born of these few words fever the brain, till all thought is lost in delirium, and days and nights pass ere consciousness returns. Then over the same road again we have to go, from the terrible prostration, up, up slowly to the day of victory once more.

What do you think our friend said the next time we saw her. To our great astonishment she asked, "Do you really think you'll be insane? I heard that the doctor told some one, that he didn't know but you might be."

We do beg of you never to go to the sick and tell them what people are saying of them. No one can suffer from disease any great length of time without calling forth remarks not pleasant to hear, from those who have experienced but little bodily pain, and were cowards when they did, who have not mind enough to suffer mentally, nor heart enough to have a spark of pure sympathy for those who can, and who are strangers entirely to that quality which "suffereth long and is kind;" and if you hear one who has long been an invalid called "fidgety," "melancholy," "disappointed," "insane," or "lazy," do not think it a kindness to tell the victim.

Those who visit the sick for the purpose of religious conversation and prayer, often from pure motives of giving comfort and doing good, sometimes make sad mistakes. Let not those who visit the sick for this purpose consider it a solemn duty to say all that they had intended to say, even though those who should be their listeners are almost utterly unable from pain and weakness to attend to a word that is said. Never shall we forget a severe ordeal through which we passed one hot summer afternoon, during the fierce burning of three blisters, the pain of which was even yet surpassed by that which they were

intended to cure. A chilly presence in the room caused us to look up, and just inside the door stood a man with whom we had but little acquaintance, but whose missionary spirit had prompted him to pay us a visit. After a few words with another in the room, he suddenly turned and asked, "Are you a professor, miss?" We could not have been more startled had he said, "Have you a cow or a sheep to sell?" so abrupt and business-like was his manner; and in spite of blisters, in spite of pain, in spite of the solemn visage before us, we could not keep from smiling, while the wicked thought suggested itself, "Ask him professor of what?" Question after question followed, then a long lecture upon the duty of bearing afflictions with patience and meekness, after which a very long prayer, the final exercise being the singing of two hymns. It was terrible then, and the recollection is terrible now, so we will turn to a more comforting scene for relief, and also to picture a Christian minister well fitted to offer consolation to the sick and dying.

In imagination to-night we see his peaceful, sunny face and hear his gentle, soothing, considerate words. "I see you are suffering and very weak to-day, so we will not talk much. Remember there is One who careth for you always. He is a precious Comforter. Look up to Him! Grow strong in His strength! Love Him, trust Him, pray to Him! To His love and care I commend you. Good-bye."

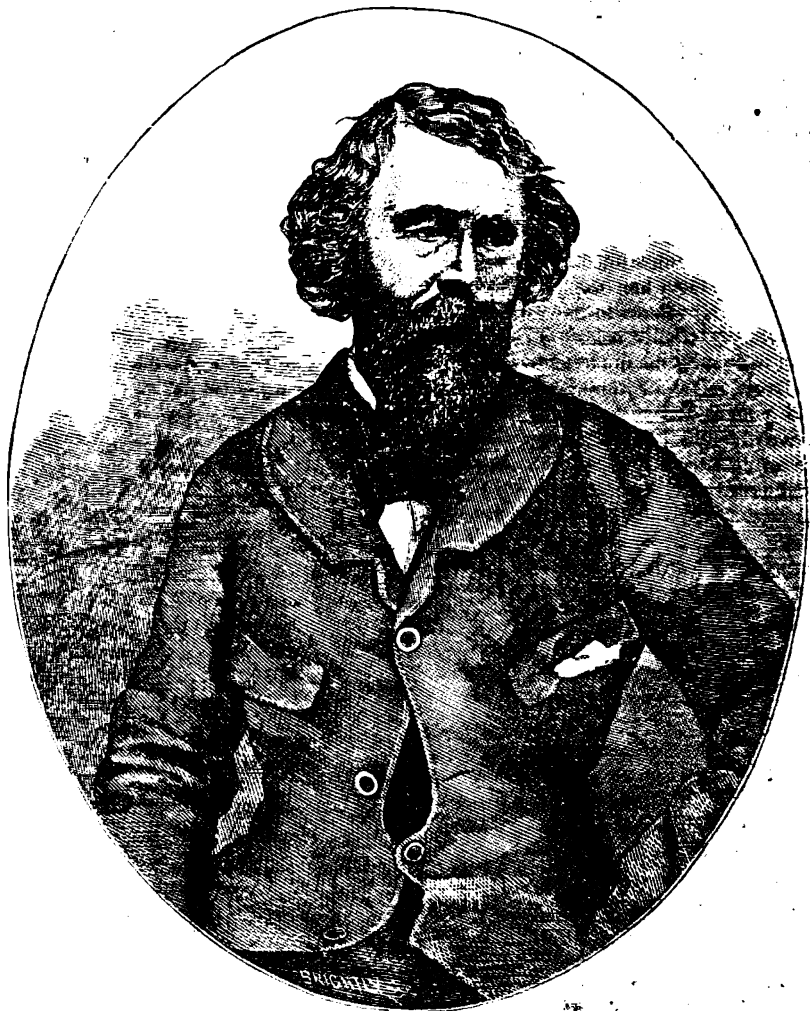
We could remember these few words. They left no weariness with them, but taught us to look up more trustingly to the precious Comforter, to lean more heavily upon His strong arm, to pray more earnestly that our afflictions might "work out for us an exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

We do not forget the doctors, and will talk about them another time. HOPE ARLINGTON.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

WE condense from the *Tribune* the following interesting accounts of the last moments of this highly esteemed American author: The death of Mr. N. P. Willis, which took place on Sunday evening, January 21st, at his residence, Idlewild, on the North River, although not an occasion of surprise to the circle of intimate friends who had watched the progress of the chronic maladies against which he had so bravely fought for many years, will awaken a feeling of tender regret over a wide portion of our country which recognized the brilliant qualities of his mind, and the peculiar traits of character, that gave him such marked distinction as an American poet, a lively and sparkling essayist, and a popular journalist.

Mr. Willis was born in Portland, Me., on the 20th of January, 1807, and had just completed his sixtieth year. He received his early education at the Boston Latin School, and at Phillips Andover Academy, where he was prepared for Yale College, at which institution he graduated in 1827. During his residence in



PORTRAIT OF NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

New Haven he published a series of poems entitled "Scripture Sketches." After leaving college, he wrote for the periodical press until 1828, when he established the "American Monthly Magazine," which was continued about two years, after which he joined Mr. George P. Morris in conducting the "New York Mirror." Soon after this he visited Europe, where he remained several years, writing for the press. While in England he married Miss Stace, an English lady. In 1837 he returned to America, and settled near Owego, in the State of New York, residing in a romantic spot which he named Glenmary. In 1839 he became one of the editors of a paper called the "Corsair," and again visited England, where he published "Letters From Under a Bridge," and a volume of poems. He also contributed the letter-press descriptions to Bartlett's "Views of the Scenery of the United States and Canada." He returned to America in 1844 and joined his former associate, Mr. Morris, in the editorship of the "Daily Evening Mirror." The death of his wife, and his own failing health, induced him to make a third visit to Europe, where he soon after published a work under the title of "Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil." He returned to New York in 1846, and married a

daughter of the Hon. Joseph Grinnell, of New Bedford, who survives him. Soon after this, in connection with Mr. Morris, he established the "Home Journal," which rapidly won a large share of the public favor, and has continued from that time to the present, a popular and almost unique organ of literature, society, fashionable life, and the needs of the day. The reputation of this favorite journal was due, in a great degree, to the assiduity, tact, and versatile literary powers of Mr. Willis. He was never weary of his task, never at a loss for suggestive themes, never wanting in skill of adaptation, in curious surprises of expression, or in flowing wealth of original illustration. His devotion to his editorial duties was like that of a fond mother to her pet child. The languor of disease seemed to produce no effect on the fertility of his pen. His mental energy triumphed over the weakness of his bodily frame, and the dashes of quaint humor and the utterance of dainty conceits which constantly enlivened the columns of his journal were often produced in the intervals of pain, or dictated amid the pangs of lingering illness. Even until within a few days of his death he would not consent to relinquish his grasp of the pen, maintaining the same persistent energy

which had kept him firm at his post through so many years of hopeless invalidism.

No man caught with a quicker eye the fleeting aspects of social comedy, or reproduced their rainbow colors with a more dexterous touch. His poetry shows that he was not destitute of the deeper sentiment for the exercise of which he had little use in the airy sketches which charm alike by the frivolity of their tone and the piquancy of their diction. As we have not seldom had occasion to remark before, his lightest compositions often betrayed a subtle delicacy of discrimination, an acute perception of evanescent differences and similarities of relation, which, if applied to the discussion of graver and more profound topics, would have given him the name of a master in a sphere of intellect in which he has now scarcely the credit of an imperfect initiation.

On Physiology.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—*Orbis*.

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—*Isaiah* iv. 6.

HEALTH AT HOME; OR, HYGIENE IN ITS PERSONAL AND HOUSE- HOLD RELATIONS.—No. III.

BY JOHN H. GRISCOM, M.D.

If in the preceding numbers the subject has been clearly presented, the reader must be convinced that so important a means of sustaining life as breathing, should be most scrupulously guarded against the possibility of deterioration, or the inhalation of impurities of any kind or degree. We have seen that the very act of breathing itself not only deprives the air of a considerable portion of its vital properties, and thus unfits it for a second inhalation, but moreover puts in the place of the removed oxygen a certain amount of another gas, which is absolutely poisonous. Thus there are two sources of danger to the animal which breathes the same air more than once: first, the deficiency of oxygen, and second, the presence of carbonic acid gas. The chyle of the food can not be thoroughly vitalized, or the blood thoroughly purified, without the fullest action of all the oxygen that can be inhaled with the purest atmosphere in the largest amount.

And here let us stop to advert to a remark often uttered by people, viz., that the air is "too strong for them." This expression does not convey any very definite idea, and is evidently derived from some erroneous view of the nature of the air. If by it, it is meant that the air is too pure, that it contains too much oxygen, then it is simply absurd, for in this particular all parts of the general atmosphere are precisely alike. The chemical constituents of the free atmosphere never vary. It is, however, true, that what may be termed the mechanical qualities of the atmosphere differ in different localities. It is well known that the air is the vehicle of some of the most deleteri-

ous agencies, such as marsh miasma, which produce intermittent fever, also the miasm of yellow fever, cholera, and other virulent diseases. But these are influences entirely independent of the chemical composition of the air itself, which is such as to yield good, and good only, to those who inhale it in its purity. What is meant by "too strong air," therefore, probably refers to such influences as too great abundance of aqueous vapor, emanations from the soil, from stagnant waters, etc., which are impurities, and can not properly be regarded in any other light.

The impurities here noticed are what may be called natural products, i. e., independent of any human agency. But the impurities resulting from the use of the atmosphere by animals, and their concentration in our dwellings and cities, where the poisonous products are increased many fold by their long retention and the absence of ventilation, constitute causes of sickness more abundant and powerful than those derived from natural sources, owing to their greater intensity and the larger number of persons exposed to them.

Few are aware of the enormous amount and virulent character of the effete matters constantly eliminated from their own bodies, or which the following calculations may serve to give some idea:

"The average amount exhaled from the lungs and skin of a healthy adult of ordinary size, in twenty-four hours, is about forty ounces, and of this quantity, about ten dwt. (half an ounce) consists of *animal matter*."

From these data it is easy to calculate the amount of effete emanations from the bodies of any number of persons occupying one room, or one building; we have but to multiply the above amounts by the number of individuals, to convince ourselves of the highly deleterious nature of any atmosphere breathed by a number of persons for a few successive hours, a fact which soon becomes apparent to the senses, as well as demonstrative upon the health.

Take for example one of our public school buildings, in many of which not less than twelve hundred pupils are confined six hours a day, for five days in the week, and often a large number several evenings in the week in addition. Assuming the amount eliminated from the lungs and bodies of the children to be equal to that above given for adults (which under their circumstances of exercise of bodies and lungs can not be very wide of the truth), there will every day be about one thousand (1,000) pounds of effete matter thrown out upon the air, and which, if there is no ventilation, must remain to poison their delicate tissues. In the course of a single week there will be produced the enormous amount of *two tons* of these foul matters. And this is independent of the dust and dirt and moisture derived from other sources, or the gases from combustion of fuel, oil, and gas, or the emanations from the gutters, etc., of the streets, which, to a greater or less extent, find their

way into the building. In such a school, with no other means of ventilation than the accidental one of the occasional opening of doors and windows, and their crevices when closed, it is not difficult to perceive that a large proportion of this foul and poisonous matter must be retained within the walls, to produce its injurious effects upon the blood of the children and teachers.

But it is not the impurities thus eliminated in their primary state which alone poison the air. As before stated, a certain portion of these excretions, ten dwt., or about two per cent., is *animal matter*, that is, matter separated directly from the animal tissues, and having an organized character, and which, though existing in the form of a vapor, is void of the diffusive property possessed by carbonic acid and other gases, floats about in the air, and becomes attached to the clothing and persons of the inmates, or to the walls and furniture, and becomes decomposed and converted into a miasm or poison of an exceedingly offensive and deleterious character, productive of worse diseases than carbonic acid or the other more gaseous matters. Any one who enters a close room which has been occupied a few hours by a large number of people, even the most cleanly, can not fail to perceive a peculiarly offensive odor, which the inmates themselves are unconscious of, because it commenced after their gathering together, and has increased gradually, allowing their senses to become accustomed, and hence insensible, to it.

There is, however, very often produced a great sense of oppression, causing a copious breaking out of perspiration, requiring the use of fans even in cold weather, and culminating in headache, difficult breathing, and sometimes reaching to absolute exhaustion and swooning. All these result from the various causes we have noticed, viz.: the loss of oxygen, the presence of carbonic acid and watery vapor, preventing the proper decarbonization of the blood, while the disgusting odor is doubtless for the most part from the exuded *animal matter* spoken of.

But if the effects above noted, which are temporary, and may be recovered from by the removal of the offending circumstances, by the admission of fresh air to the apartment, or by the removal of the oppressed and fainting person to the open air—if these were all the evils of such unnatural circumstances we might be content to let these foul practices go on unchecked, for only those who choose to endure them would be the sufferers. But unhappily the evil does not end with a recovery from a fainting fit, or with relief from oppression when the open air is gained. Impressions more durable and more serious are too often seen. In these circumstances we find the actual causes of a large proportion of the protracted fevers, and other still more permanent diseases, which prevail in cities, and from which are derived much of their great mortality.

The matters eliminated from animals during life are no less poisonous to others than those

from dead animals, in proportion to the quantity. Every one is aware of the disgusting and injurious character of decaying animal substances, and how important it is that all dead bodies should be buried, or otherwise disposed of, to avoid the effects upon the living of the putrefactive process. A dead animal, as a horse, weighing several hundred pounds, when undergoing decomposition, gives forth an enormous amount of solid, liquid, and gaseous material. The quantity given off by the living body is less, only because of the greater slowness of the changes during life, but their poisonous character, and their effects upon others, are the same, varying only in extent and intensity. Hence comes much of the typhus, intermittent, and other fevers, the consumption, scrofula, cholera infantum, hydrocephalus, and many other disorders, both acute and chronic, which afflict mankind, especially in cities, where people and animals of all sorts are densely crowded, where there is so much combustion of fuel and gas, where manufactories of all kinds add their taints to the air, and where artificial ventilation is so completely ignored and neglected.

The decomposition of these excretions is greatly hastened by dampness, especially when combined with heat. It is for this reason that the occupants of cellars, and other apartments into which the sun's beams never penetrate, obtain an odor of person by which they are easily detected; a peculiar, disagreeable, musty smell pervades the clothing, and even the person, especially the hair, indicative of some damp, unventilated locality; and among such we may be sure to find pale, sallow faces, from unoxygenized blood, forms either emaciated by unvitalized food, or bloated from obstructed circulation; and when diseases prevail, they are of the low, prostrating, febrile, and disorganizing character; even trifling complaints produce in such places a mortality as great as more serious ones in drier, purer, and better ventilated localities and apartments.

But it is not the indoor atmosphere alone that is affected by the respiration, excretions, and changes of structure of human and other animals; nor is the injurious influence of air thus depraved exerted solely upon the occupants of the household. In every large city, and in every village, the crowding together of human beings exerts a deleterious influence upon the general air. Even in different parts of a city, populated with different densities, this influence is observed, in proportionate degree, upon the health, longevity, and mortality of the respective inhabitants. To be convinced of this, we have to consider, in addition to the effete matter excreted by the bodies of the inhabitants, the increased amount of refuse animal and vegetable substances which accompany an increased population.

Thus, a family residing on a farm of twenty acres in the open country, have just as much air above and around them as five hundred or one thousand families living on twenty acres in the city of New York. But what a vast

difference in the rapidity and extent with which the air of the two localities is used up in respiration, and in the amount of putrescence discharged into the air from animal and vegetable decomposition, and from the emanations of the animal bodies, both brute and human, and how vast the difference in the facilities of ventilation! The ratio of this difference it would be impossible to calculate, but would be feebly expressed by a unit in the one case, and millions in the other. Nor is this all. Independent of the magnified circumstances of deterioration, there is in cities a corresponding obstruction to the natural means of aerial purification. Into a large portion of the dwellings in a city, the direct light and heat of the sun never penetrate; and the winds, which are the great purifiers of the air the world over, are deprived of a great portion of their sanitary power, being excluded by the high walls and the compactness of the buildings from freely visiting even the streets which traverse the inhabited space, while the interior of the houses are, in most cases, completely closed against them.

EVILS OF THE SEWING-MACHINE.

THE sewing-machine has proved itself a blessing to society in a thousand ways; but its use, like the use of everything else, can be made a source of much physical suffering to the operator. The *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* furnishes some startling information with respect to the injurious results of constant work on this convenient instrument:

"A French physician, M. Guibout, says: 'A young woman, whom he had known as the very picture of vigorous health, presented herself at his office in such a condition of emaciation, and with such a change of countenance, that he was greatly shocked at her appearance. The explanation which she gave was as follows: For seven months, from morning till night, she had been working on a sewing-machine known as the "American machine." The constant motion of the lower extremities in propelling it had produced such weakness that she was often compelled to suspend her work; and to the frequency of this effect and the fatigue resulting from it, she attributed the loss of strength and flesh from which she was suffering.' During the past year, he goes on to say, he found in the hospital Saint-Louis three similar cases; and during the present year he had already found five in the same hospital. He also adds that within a month, 110 females, entirely unknown to each other, and working in different shops, called upon him the same day, to consult him for similar symptoms. The first of these, a blonde, in the most vigorous health when she began to work at the machine, in seven or eight months had become enfeebled, her general health had declined, and she had become the subject of a membranous irritation which was daily increasing. She said, also, that many of the girls in the same establishment were affected in the same way, by the same cause, "the continual movement of the lower limbs, the jar and the swaying of the body," and that many of them had been so annoyed as to be obliged frequently to suspend their work and leave the shop for a time.

"The second of these two patients was a brunette, of entirely different temperament from the other. She had been obliged to give up

her place after working at the machine for a year, on account of the same symptoms. To the inquiry as to any local excitement produced by it, she answered in the affirmative. To translate her own words: 'Among 500 women who worked with me, there were at least 200 who suffered as I did; so that the operatives were constantly changing, none of them being able to stay long. It is a constant going and coming of women, who enter strong and well and who go out weak and emaciated.'

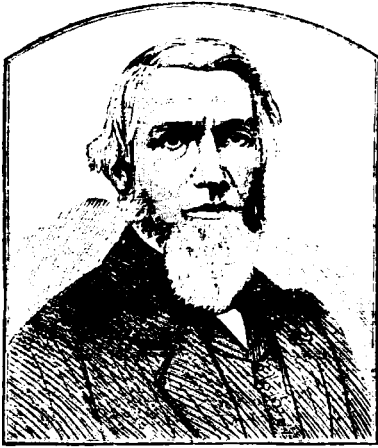
Ladies, do not drive the sewing-machine too hard. Moderate use proves it a blessing; too frequent use will make it a curse, so far as health is concerned.

DRINKING UNPROFITABLE.

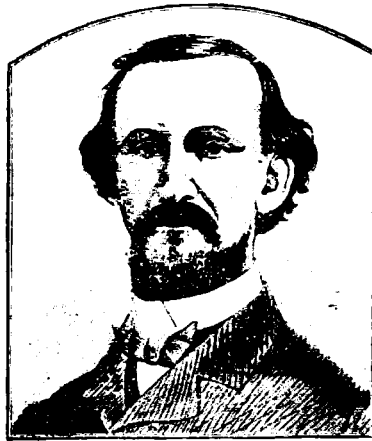
It has become a sort of popular, almost national, faith, that it is not possible to be truly happy unless you drink. Among certain classes—and they are by no means exclusively the lowest—drink is the beginning and end of everything. The very name of liquor is held to be synonymous with enjoyment, and the dearer the liquor the more it is prized and coveted. Yet every man who is not a downright drunkard is well aware that the pleasures of drinking are, beyond a certain point, a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. I put it to any one who has stood half the night at a pewter bar, or sat half the night in a club-room, drinking, smoking, and bandying reckless talk, if the enjoyment of such an evening has been anything like that of a few quiet hours spent at home with a book or a newspaper? The evil influence of tavern pleasures on the health is too obvious to be denied by any one, and the illusory nature of the pleasures themselves would be undeniable also, if the persons who indulge in them did not deceive themselves and put the truth out of sight. No one ever brought any good out of a drinking bout yet. It is a short, feverish spasm of animal enjoyment, which leaves nothing behind but moroseness, regret, bad temper, self-reproach, and headache. I should like to ask you, sir, if you say your prayers when you come home in that state? No—you don't. You are ashamed to say them. You postpone them until you have purged yourself—your mind and your lips—by more sober and rational behavior. Next night, when you pass the hours quietly at home with a book or a friend, you feel that you have had real enjoyment, that the time has passed pleasantly, that you have learned something, and that you have not injured your health. You are not ashamed to say your prayers, and you get up next morning with a clear head, a good appetite, and an increased faculty for work and the enjoyment of life.—*All the Year Round.*

CHILDREN are impartial judges, and their intuitive judgment should often be heeded. A little girl in a neighboring city had heard of the fame of a popular preacher, and desired her mother to take her to his church. The mother gratified her request, and when the child was returning home, she looked up and said, "Mother, I don't like the preaching of Mr. —." "Why do you not?" "Because, mother, he speaks of God just as if He was his cousin."

THE CONGRESSIONAL EXCURSIONISTS.



HON. JOHN D. ALLEY.



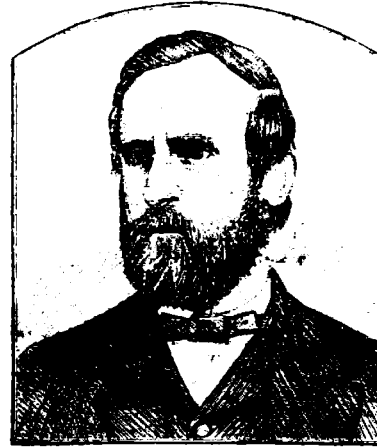
HON. BENJAMIN F. BOYER.



HON. JAMES W. PATTERSON.



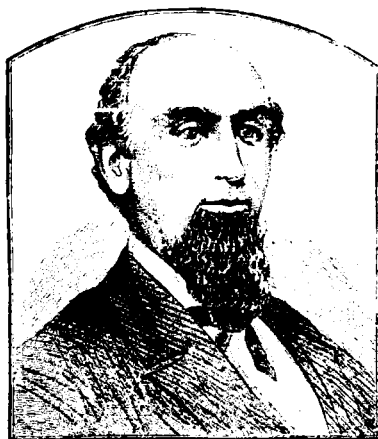
HON. JOHN H. FARQUHAR.



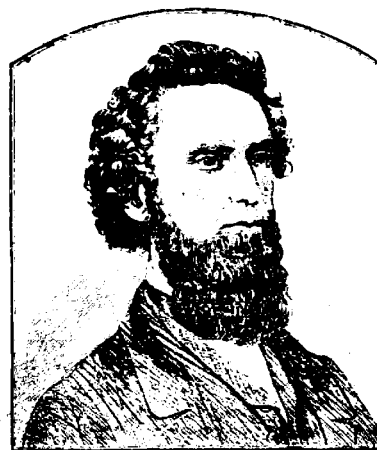
HON. R. B. HAYES.



HON. RALPH P. BUCKLAND.



HON. WILLIAM LAWRENCE.



HON. MARTIN WELKER.



HON. SYDENHAM E. ANCONA.

CONGRESSIONAL EXCURSIONISTS.

WE present herewith sketches of character, with portraits and biographies, of a few of the distinguished excursionists who were invited to celebrate the opening of the Union Pacific Railroad to the one hundredth parallel of longitude in October last. We had intended to give portraits and sketches of the gentlemen connected with the management of the Railway, but we were unable to obtain the likenesses of many of them. We shall, however, try to do so at another time, and must content ourselves at present with the following:

HON. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN WADE.

This gentleman is not far from five feet ten inches in height, and his weight must be nearly 170 pounds. He is broad-shouldered, has a large chest, and is compactly built. The circumference of his brain is not so proportionally great as its length and height. The whole organization is of good texture and quality. Observe the height from the ear to the top—it is immense. Firmness, giving decision and stability, Self-Esteem, giving dignity and self-reliance, are prominent traits in his character. Approbativeness is moderate, rendering him comparatively indifferent to the opinion of Mrs. Grundy. His integrity will not be questioned by those who know him, but his devotional feeling is not so strongly marked. He is decidedly incredulous, requires positive proof before he will accept anything as true. His sympathies are strong and his affections are ardent. He has the most perfect control over all his impulses, and he will turn neither to the right nor to the left, for fear or favor. No amount of opposition, no amount of flattery, would turn him from a purpose. He may be likened to a rock, against which the waves of popular applause or denunciation would vainly dash themselves in the effort to dislodge him. He would remain proof against the ebbing and flowing of the tides of opinion. He has too little Cautionness to make him irresolute or timid, too little Secretiveness to make him cunning, and not enough Acquisitiveness to make him sordid; while his appetite is so moderate that he is not much inclined to indulge in luxuries, as such, using only such substances for food as are healthful and indispensable. His love for the beautiful and the fanciful are quite subordinate to his regard for the useful; indeed, such an organization as this may well be denominated utilitarian. He is a great observer, with decidedly large perceptive faculties, and with a good thinker. His language is sufficient to make him a clear and forcible though not a copious speaker. He should be very methodical, and prompt in keeping engagements, and especially desirous of being among the foremost. That is a striking face, a very prominent nose, a long, full upper lip, strong jaws, a prominent chin, high cheek bones, speaking, nay, flashing, dark brown eyes, which when animated are electrical. But the power of the man lies in his executive power, resolution, steadfastness, dignity, and force of character. It will appear in the following biographical sketch that this gentleman was thrown upon his own resources at an early age, that he has been the architect of his own fortune, and as such is a fair representative of the great body of American citizens.

Hon. Benjamin Franklin Wade, U. S. Senator from Ohio, was born in Springfield, Mass., October 27, 1809.

His father was a soldier in the revolutionary war. Being poor, his early education was obtained for the most part in the common schools during the winter, the summers of his youth being usually spent on a farm or in cutting timber. In 1826 he began to study for the legal profession, and in 1828 was admitted to the bar in Ashtabula County, Ohio, where he has ever since resided. In 1835 he was elected prosecuting attorney of that county, and in 1837 he was elected to the Senate of Ohio, to which body he was twice re-elected. In 1847 he was chosen by the Legislature presiding judge of the third judicial district of the State, and in 1851 he was elected a member of the U. S. Senate, to which body he was again returned in 1857. In the Senate Mr. Wade has been prominent as a leader, first of the anti-slavery Whigs, and afterward of the Republicans. In 1852 he voted, with only five other senators, to repeal the fugitive slave law; he also spoke and voted against Mr. Douglas' bill to abrogate the Missouri Compromise; against the Lecompton Constitution for Kansas in 1858; against Mr. Sillidell's bill for appropriating \$30,000,000 for the acquisition of Cuba, and

the enactment of a law providing for the confiscation of all the property of leading rebels, and for emancipation of their slaves. He spoke and voted for the bill making Treasury notes a legal tender, for the bills abolishing slavery, and for the so-called black laws of the District of Columbia. As chairman of the Territorial Committee, he reported a bill, in 1862, abolishing slavery in all the territories of the Government, and prohibiting it in any that may hereafter be acquired. Mr. Wade has always insisted on the utmost economy being exercised in the public expenditures, and in holding officials to a stringent accountability. He is now one of the oldest, ablest, and most respected members of the United States Senate.

HON. JOHN B. ALLEY.

This is, perhaps, one of the clearest-minded men in Congress; and yet it is not at all likely that he would be so judged from his personal appearance. In manner he is plain, without formality or the least attempt at display. He simply seeks the truth, accepts the truth, and lives the truth. There is nothing about him of the light or trifling, nothing of pretension or egotism; but the more he is known the more highly will he be appreciated. He is a most rigid economist. He saves his time and saves his means, wasting nothing. He sympathizes with those who suffer, and would help them to help themselves; but he is no indiscriminate giver to indiscriminate applicants for favors. He has great natural shrewdness and sagacity in the discernment of motives and character, knowing human nature through and through, and is the last man to be deceived or imposed upon. Judging from the portrait before us, one would infer that he was a quiet, easy, peaceful spirit, without much pluck or perseverance; but a more careful inspection reveals the fact, that he is one of the most resolute and determined spirits to be met with. Combative, Firmness, and Self-Esteem are very large. Cautionness, Concentration, Secretiveness, and Intellect are also prominent. He is watchful, self-restrained, deliberate, practical. The whole nature is warmed up by ardent affection, strong friendships, and love of home and country. Observe the lips, how long, and how full! See how high the head is from the ear to the top! This we consider one of the most remarkable heads in the group. With a stronger body, with vital powers unimpaired, he would be one of the most energetic and executive of men. It is such an organization that secures success in nearly everything it touches.

Mr. Alley is a Representative in Congress from the Fifth Congressional District of Massachusetts. He was born in Lynn, Massachusetts, January 7, 1817. He received a common school education in his native town, and was apprenticed while quite young to the shoe-making business. His apprenticeship expired when he was nineteen years of age.

In the following year he entered largely into the shoe-manufacturing business, and in 1847 he established himself in Boston as a hide and leather merchant, where he has been preeminently successful. He has taken a leading part in the politics of his town and State; was a member of the City Council of Lynn, and owes his present advancement to genuine ability and sterling integrity.

HON. BENJAMIN MARLEY BOYER.

This gentleman has a finely formed head on a delicately constructed body, but the fiber is fine and tough, and the whole symmetrical and well proportioned. He takes time to rest and recuperate, if he has been laboring, and sleep plentifully, all the functions of the brain will do their allotted work, and



HON. BENJAMIN F. WADE.

against all schemes of compromise between North and South propounded after Mr. Lincoln's election. The Homestead bill, making a free grant of 100 acres of public land to every actual settler, he advocated for years, and it was in his charge when it finally passed the Senate, in 1862. He has always voted on every measure for the protection of American industry; he supported the Agricultural College bill, as well as the Pacific Railroad bill. He also favored the discontinuance of West Point as a military academy, on the ground that it is essentially aristocratic, anomalous, and impolitic. In the very outbreak of the war, Mr. Wade advocated its vigorous prosecution by the Government. On the opening of the Thirty-seventh Congress he became chairman of the joint committee on the conduct of the war, appointed by the two Houses, and also took an active part in urging

working order, even to old age. His danger lies in too much mentality with too little vitality to sustain it. The most abstemious and temperate habits, with a careful avoidance of excesses, will be necessary to keep him in a healthy condition. This done, he will display rare talents as a thinker, a scholar, an orator. He should be diligent in the pursuit of an object, faithful in the discharge of his studies, reliable in matters of honor and integrity, respectful, kindly, dignified, and manly. Though witty and fond of fun, he will rarely lose sight of gentlemanly proprieties in the exhibition of his wit. Sarcastic he may be, but not vindictive. He will be imaginative, poetical, with great love for that which is chaste, refined, tasteful, perfect. He is more affectionate than demonstrative, more resolute and executive than he appears, and has more policy and wisdom than many give him credit for. He is ambitious, aspiring, and will continue to rise. Our portrait of this gentleman is far from satisfactory to ourselves, though it is a fair copy of the photograph from which we engraved.

Mr. Boyer is the Republican Representative elect from the Sixth Pennsylvania Congressional District. He was born in Montgomery County, Penn., January 22, 1822, and graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia, in 1841. He then commenced to study law, and subsequently entered into the practice of that profession. From 1848 to 1850 he held the important office of District Attorney for Montgomery County, Penn., and was subsequently elected Representative from his native State to the Thirty-ninth Congress. Mr. Boyer has been eminently successful in the practice of his profession. His Congressional career has also been a marked success, and his constituents have shown their appreciation of his talent and energy by re-electing him to the Fortieth Congress.

HON. JAMES W. PATTERSON.

This is a scholarly temperament, an open, free, and flexible nature. In stature he is tall and well proportioned. The body is ample for its purposes, but is well subordinated by the mind. He lives in his brain, as it were, rather than in the body, and all the animal nature is subject to the higher nature. Though incredulous, even of the "doubting Thomas" sort, his mind is open to impressions, free from bigotry and superstition, and like the plate of the photographer when held in right relation to the light, takes a clear and truthful impression. Those features indicate a cultivated and sprightly mind. Look at the apple forehead, notice the oratorical eye, the emphatic and almost aggressive nose, the long upper lip, the prominent chin, and the length, breadth, dignity, and expressiveness of the whole. There is ability to understand science and philosophy here. Mathematics, astronomy, and other natural sciences would simply be diversions to such a mind. He would readily comprehend and as readily apply them. He will shine in statesmanship, in oratory, and in general scholarship; but his right sphere is in teaching the teachers, in directing minds to the development of ideas and principles. He could excel in authorship, and ought to produce both prose and poetry, to be read, "not for a day, but for all time." He is something of a Seneca and a Cicero combined, though he may not realize it. He is emphatically a man with ten talents, the right use of which will be required of him. His Benevolence is specially large, his social feelings not less conspicuous, while Combative-ness, Firmness, and Self-Esteem are prominent. Veneration, Acquisitiveness, and Secretiveness are but moderately developed. He scarcely appreciates the true value of property, regards doing right and doing good cardinal principles. But he has no feeling of deference toward those whose claims for superiority are not based on personal worth. In estimating another, the question with him would be, what has he done? not, who was his grandfather or his grandmother? We predict a hopeful future for this gentleman.

Mr. Patterson, Senator from New Hampshire, was born at Merrimack, Merrimack County, New Hampshire, July 5, 1823. His education was completed at Dartmouth College, from which institution he graduated in 1843. Four years subsequently he returned to the same college, where he held the position of tutor for a year or two. In 1854 he was appointed Professor of Mathematics, which post he held until 1859, when he was transferred to

the chair of Professor of Astronomy and Meteorology, in the same college. This professorship he occupied until 1863. From 1858 to 1861 he was school-commissioner for Grafton County, and at the same time was Secretary of the Board of Education for the State. In 1862 he served in the State Legislature, and was afterward elected a Representative from New Hampshire to the Thirty-ninth Congress. He has served on the Committees on Expenditure in the Treasury Department; on the District of Columbia; on Foreign Affairs, etc. In 1864 he was appointed a Regent of the Smithsonian Institute, serving in that capacity until December, 1865. Mr. Patterson is a Republican, and one of the new members of the United States Senate. He has gained his present position solely by his own unaided efforts; having from eighteen years upward worked his own way, and secured for himself a thorough education and his present success.

HON. JOHN H. FARQUHAR.

This portrait represents a most amiable gentleman. What can I do for you? or what can we together do to best serve the public good? would be the first questions with him. Seeing these traits conspicuously manifested, he would be first sought to serve. His own personal ends would be altogether secondary; and he would sacrifice more through a desire to do good, to confer favors, to improve the condition of his State and nation than the majority of men. In intellect, he is clear, practical, scientific; in morals, honest, hopeful, philanthropic. Socially, he is friendly, affectionate, and his love of home combined makes him truly patriotic. His executiveness is fairly indicated, but he is no belligerent from choice, and will only fight on the defensive; not as an aggressor—nor for pay or fame. As a judge, he would seek the golden mean between extremes, and see to it that justice modified by mercy be done unto all. He is no blind bigot, no worshiper of ideas or of men, but is at once a kindly, cautious, consistent Christian gentleman. If not a genius, he is amply stocked with strong practical common sense; and if not a shrewd, cunning, selfish politician, he is a conciliatory, broad, liberal, comprehensive statesman.

Mr. Farquhar, Representative in Congress from Indiana, was born in Frederick County, Md., December 30, 1818, and at fourteen years of age removed with his father's family to Indiana. In 1837 he removed to Brookville, where he has since resided. From 1837 to 1840 he was employed by the State of Indiana as civil engineer. He then commenced the study of law, and has practiced his profession since 1843. In 1852 he was appointed secretary of the Indiana Senate, and chief clerk of the State House of Representatives. In 1852 he was a candidate for Congress, but was defeated by Jim Lane (of subsequent Kansas notoriety). In 1861 he was commissioned as captain in the Nineteenth United States Infantry, in which capacity he served until August, 1864, when he was elected a representative from his adopted State to the Thirty-ninth Congress. In politics, Mr. Farquhar is a Republican.

HON. R. B. HAYES.

Mr. Hayes is a good-sized, well-formed man. He is between the extremes of large and small, or lean and stout. He is every way well made, has a handsome head on a rather handsome body, and a face which would introduce him favorably anywhere. His complexion is light, skin florid, temperament composed of the vital-motive and mental in almost equal proportions. He is neither too fast nor too slow, excitable or sluggish, but he is at once sufficiently energetic, original, comprehensive, dignified, and resolute. He is more profound than showy, and has more application than versatility. He will finish what he begins, and make thorough work. He has a hopeful, happy, loving nature; is eminently social, fond of home and all that belongs thereto; indeed, when surrounded by wife, children, and friends he is as happy as a king on his throne, and as hospitable to all as he is thoughtful and considerate. But to be more specific. This gentleman is comparatively young in years, and younger in spirit. Though he has already accomplished much, he has by no means reached the climax of his fame. He is a rising young statesman, and, if spared, will, in the course of a few years, be found in the front ranks of the best minds in the nation. We

base our prediction on the following points: First, he has a capital constitution, both inherited and acquired, with temperate habits. Secondly, a large and well-formed brain, with a cultivated mind; with strong integrity, honor, generosity, hopefulness, sociability, and ambition, and all well guided by practical good sense. At present he may seem to lack fire and enthusiasm, but age and experience will give him point and emphasis. Mark us! this gentleman will not disappoint the best expectations of the most hopeful.

Mr. Hayes represents the Second Ohio Congressional District in Congress. He was born in Delaware, Ohio, October 6, 1822, and graduated from Kenyon College in the same State. He afterward studied at and graduated from the Law School at Cambridge, and adopted law as his profession. From 1868 to 1861 he was City Solicitor of Cincinnati. Then he became Major, and afterward Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers, doing good service with that regiment. In 1869 he was promoted to the position of Colonel of the same regiment, and afterward Brigadier-General. In 1864 he was elected to the Thirty-ninth Congress from the Second Ohio Congressional District, and was re-elected to the Fortieth Congress in 1866. Mr. Hayes is a Republican in political sentiment.

HON. RALPH P. BUCKLAND.

This is a quiet, modest, unassuming character, one that would as well become a white cravat and the robes as the sword or the scepter. That is a very high, long, and well-proportioned head. It is comparatively narrow between the ears, indicating much kindness, forbearance, and meekness rather than a disposition to contend. He would settle his disputes by arbitration, by conciliatory measures, rather than by force or constraint. His character centers in his intellect and moral sentiments. His proper sphere in life would be in the prosecution of peaceful measures rather than in conducting warlike operations; in the broadest and highest philanthropy, rather than in sectional selfishness. He would manifest a missionary spirit, seeking the good and the happiness of all mankind. That countenance indicates a cultivated mind. With large language, and such an intellect, he would be at once a good thinker, a good speaker, and a good writer. He would exercise authority considerably, would command respect by being respectful and dignified, would be trusted because trusty, would be loved because loving. He is evidently his mother's son; has taken on her spirit, and will be animated, elevated, and guided by the same. If called to be a soldier, he would fight for a principle which he believed right, but not for conquest or for fame. To be known, he would be honored. He is intelligent, thoughtful, hopeful, trusting, kindly, loving; and living a temperate, circumspect life he must continue to rise in public favor and esteem.

Mr. Buckland is the Republican Representative from the Ninth Congressional District of Ohio. He was born at Leyden, Mass., January 20, 1812, and in the following year was taken with his parents to Ohio. He received his early education at Talmadge Academy, and subsequently at Kenyon College, Ohio. In 1837, after having studied for the law, he was admitted to the bar, and commenced the practice of his profession at Tremont, Ohio, where he still resides. In 1855 he was elected representative to the State Senate, and served for four years. In the fall of 1861 he entered the army as Colonel of the Seventy-second Ohio Infantry, and commanded a brigade at the battle of Shiloh, and at the siege of Vicksburg, under General Sherman. In November, 1863, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General. During the year 1864 he was placed in command of the District of Memphis, and during his absence in the field he was elected to Congress. He was re-elected in 1866 as representative to the Fortieth Congress. After the close of the war he was breveted Major-General.

HON. WILLIAM LAWRENCE.

A peculiarly-shaped brain on a substantial body, with a good physical constitution. The whole make-up indicates great endurance, activity, toughness, flexibility, and long life. He evidently comes from a hardy stock, a vigorous and long-lived family. Notice the breadth between the ears; see how largely the development of the propelling powers; see how prominent the perceptive faculties; how pointed, how expressive, and how empha-

tic the features; how quick to observe and how penetrating and far reaching such a mind must be! How full of facts, statistics, and practical knowledge! How little of the abstract, and how much of the exact! That is a literary and scientific cast of brain. How such a mind would revel in the investigation of physical phenomena! It is a hungry mind, hungering and thirsting for information. It is unbelieving, doubting, yet asking, soliciting for "light, light, more light." Individuality, Eventuality, Causality, Comparison, Constructiveness, Acquisitiveness are large, or very large. Firmness, Self-Esteem, Combativeness, and Destructiveness impart energy and force to his character, and keep him constantly at work. More Cautiousness, more hopefulness, with something more of love for repose, more faith and humility, would incline him to take life more calmly and quietly. His tendency is to overdo, to wear out, and prematurely exhaust himself. That is the head of a practical economist. He would acquire property and enjoy it. Would neither waste anything nor indulge in mere luxuries. In all his purchases for whatever purpose, utility would be the first consideration. Whatever other fault he may be charged with, it will not be that of prodigality, either with his own or the funds of others. As a writer, he will be clear, terse, and vigorous; as a speaker, pointed, definite, emphatic. Do what he may, go where he may, he will gain knowledge, facts, figures, history, science, and use it, too. In his pursuit or line of investigation, what he does not know can scarcely be found in books. His social nature is strongly marked, and he is more affectionate than would be generally supposed.

Mr. Lawrence is the Representative in Congress from the Fourth Ohio Congressional District. He was born at Mount Pleasant, Ohio, June 26, 1819. His youth was alternately employed in agricultural pursuits on his father's farm, with the benefits of a common school education in the winter, and in mechanical operations. In the fall of 1836, after spending the summer in his native village in a merchant's office as clerk, he entered Franklin College, Ohio, from which institution he graduated in September, 1838; subsequently he received the degree of M.A. In the same year he commenced the study of law at McConneville, Ohio, teaching school to defray expenses, and in March, 1840, he graduated from the Law Department of Cincinnati College. He then returned to McConneville, where he soon obtained an extensive legal practice, and took a prominent part in politics, favoring the election of Gen. Harrison to the Presidency. He was admitted to the bar at Zanesville, Ohio, Nov., 1840. During the session of the Ohio Legislature 1840-41, Mr. Lawrence acted as reporter for the *Ohio State Journal*, and correspondent for the *Zanesville Republican* and *McConneville Whig Standard*. Shortly afterward he effected a law partnership with the Hon. B. Stanton, at Bellefontaine, Ohio, which continued for three years, and where he has since resided, enjoying an extensive and lucrative practice. In 1842 he was appointed Commissioner of Bankrupts, and in 1845 was elected Prosecuting Attorney for Logan County. From 1845 to 1847 he was editor and proprietor of the *Logan Gazette*, when he was elected representative for Logan and Hardin counties in the State Legislature. In 1849 he was elected a member of the Senate for Logan, Union, Marion, and Hardin counties, and served during the sessions of 1849-50 and 1850-51. In March, 1851, he was elected reporter for the Supreme Court of Ohio, and compiled the 20th Vol. of Ohio Reports. In 1853 he was again elected Senator for the term 1854-55. As a member of the House and Senate he was the chairman of several important committees: on the Judiciary; on Railroads; on the Penitentiary; on Public Printing; and was a member of the Committee on Finance and State Library. At the session of 1846-47 Mr. Lawrence introduced the bill to quiet land titles, which has been of vast importance to the real-estate interest, and is now known as "Lawrence's Law." At the session of 1850-51 he made a report in favor of establishing a Reform School for the correction of juvenile offenders, instead of imprisonment in the penitentiary, a measure since adopted; and he has always taken deep interest in anything pertaining to the education and welfare of the children of the common schools of his State. Mr. Lawrence is the author of the Ohio Free Banking Law, which is admitted to be the best State system ever devised, similar in some respects to the existing National Banking

Law. In 1856 he was elected a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas and District Court, having jurisdiction in twenty-one counties; was re-elected in 1861, but resigned in 1864, when he was elected a representative from the Fourth Congressional District of Ohio to Congress. He has since been re-elected to the Fortieth Congress. In Congress he is a member of the Committee on the Judiciary; and the legislation of Congress attests the labor he has performed. He has participated largely in nearly all the important debates. In politics he is an earnest Republican.

During his eight years' Judgeship, Mr. Lawrence's decisions have been published in the *Boston Law Reporter*, the *Western Law Monthly*, of which he was one of the editors, and in the *Cincinnati Weekly Law Gazette*. In 1862 he was appointed, by Governor Todd, Colonel of the 84th Regt. Ohio Infantry Vols., mustered into the service for three months, and served with his regiment mainly under Gen. B. F. Kelley at Cumberland and New Creek. On the 9th of September, 1863, President Lincoln conferred upon him the unsolicited commission of Judge of the United States District Court for the Southern District of Florida, which honor, however, he declined to accept. Mr. Lawrence has been engaged for some time in the preparation of a work on the *Ohio Civil Code*, and an elementary treatise on the "Laws of Interest and Usury."

HON. MARTIN WELKER.

Our artist has not been so fortunate in giving the true expression to this portrait as with most of the others. The original has a much more amiable and quiet look than our engraving. In this there is an expression of disquiet and of resistance if not of acrimony, which is far from true of the gentleman himself. Our description is based on personal inspection, and will therefore differ somewhat from the portrait.

Mr. Welker has a large brain (compared with his body, it would be classed with the very large), and it is admirably balanced. His head is high, long, and broad; the intellect is capacious, and well sustained by those organs which give energy, and by a temperament of great activity. It is of the mental-motive type, with a little infusion of the vital. He will be clear, comprehensive, and correct. He will be honest, honorable, high-minded, and all his aims will be in the direction of progress and improvement. There is economy and generosity combined, with devotion, hope, and caution. He has imitation and originality, intuition and reason. There is love for both the useful and the beautiful—for art, mechanism, science, literature, history, and philosophy. He could do something in almost any calling, would do well as a teacher, a preacher, a lawyer, or a legislator. He has a warm, social nature, and will command respect and make friends go where he may.

Mr. Welker, Representative for the Fourteenth Ohio Congressional District, was born in Knox County, Ohio, April 25th, 1819. His father was an early settler of that State and resided on a farm, where young Welker remained until fourteen years of age, going to a subscription school (for there were then no district schools in Ohio) in winter, a distance of three miles, where he learned reading, writing, and the lower branches of arithmetic. He then went as clerk in a store, where he remained for some four years, studying the higher branches of education in the mean time, so that, at eighteen years of age, he entered a lawyer's office, and was considered a good scholar in the English branches. At twenty-one he was admitted to the bar, and commenced life's contest as a lawyer, without one dollar in the world, and somewhat in debt for his board. Having studied law longer than the time required by the statute of his State, he had time to improve his general education. He remained in practice until 1851, when he was elected District Judge of the Sixth District in Ohio, and served for a term of five years. Being a Whig in politics, and the district largely Democratic, he lost a re-election by some eighty votes. In the fall of 1857 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of his State at the same time Chief-Justice Chase was re-elected Governor. He served one term, and declined a re-election. At the breaking out of the rebellion he was appointed a Major on the staff of Gen. Cox, now Governor of Ohio, and served out the time for which his troops had been called

out. He was then appointed Judge-Advocate-General of the State, and served until the expiration of the term of Governor Dennison. In 1862, he was appointed Assistant-Adjutant-General of the State, and was the State Superintendent of the Draft in that year. While on that duty he was nominated for Congress in his district, but was defeated by a majority of only thirty-six votes, for the reason that he could not leave his business to canvass his district. In 1864 he was again nominated, and elected by a large majority. He was renominated by acclamation, and re-elected at the late election to the Fortieth Congress. In politics he was always an old line Whig; went with the Republican and Union party, and is now a Republican. Since leaving the bench he has been in active practice of the law at Wooster, where he now resides.

It will be seen from this sketch, that Mr. Welker has "paddled his own canoe," and what he has accomplished has been through his own efforts. A little incident in his history will illustrate what can be accomplished by a determined purpose.

While clerk in a store, he was called to the county-seat of his State as a witness before the grand jury. He had to remain there several days. At that time he had never seen a court or a live judge. Judge Dean, who now resides in Wooster, Ohio, was then upon the bench, and Welker thought him the greatest man he had ever seen. His ambition was aroused, and he said to a boy who was along with him, "I will be a judge too." But his boy-friend only laughed at his ambitious saffly. From that time he determined to be a judge, and he never lost sight of that object. Twenty years afterward he was elected judge of the same district over Judge Dean, who was his competitor in the contest; and he subsequently held court in the same court-house, and occupied the same chair occupied by Judge Dean when he first saw him. His boy-friend went to the court-house at the first term to remind him of his youthful declaration made twenty years before.

The life of Mr. Welker shows how our "Western men" have to fight their own way through the world, and with what great disadvantages they have to contend; and nothing can better illustrate the indomitable energy and perseverance of the man than the little incident which we have recorded.

HON. SYDNEY E. ANCONA.

This is literally a man of iron. He comes from an iron country, and has lived among iron men. Strength, force, and self-reliance characterize this gentleman. He would be ready, prompt, and resolute, all his forces being available in any emergency. He is sufficiently worldly to appreciate the good things of life, to enjoy its luxuries, its realities, and its fancies. He is without love for display, or regard for mere appearances. He comes to his own conclusions, forms his own opinions, and quietly enjoys them. If you think as he thinks, all right; if you differ with him in opinion, it is all the same to him. He would argue the point for your information, and correct you for your good; not that it will in any way affect his own happiness or tend to change his course. Love of liberty, sense of independence, disregard for popular applause, and a spirit at once confident and determined to succeed, animates him. He will defend the right, his honor, his property, and his life. If a farmer, he would have the best stock; if a business man, it would be in a wholesale line; if a navigator, he would command a large ship; and as a statesman, he must come up and take a prominent place.

Mr. Ancona is the Republican Representative from the Eighth Pennsylvania Congressional District, and was born in Warwick, Lancaster County, Penn., November 20, 1824. He afterward removed to Berks County, and was for several years connected with the Reading Railway Company. In 1860 he was elected Representative to the Thirty-seventh Congress, from Pennsylvania, where he served in the committees on the Militia and Manufactures. In 1862 he was re-elected to the Thirty-eighth Congress, serving on the same committees. In 1864 he was again elected to the Thirty-ninth Congress, and served on the Committee on Military Affairs. Mr. Ancona was one of the representatives designated by the House to attend the funeral of General Scott. He is now a member of the Fortieth Congress.

MY TRIP TO OMAHA.

A great railroad excursion, perhaps the grandest ever inaugurated, was that given by the Union Pacific Railroad Company, in celebrating the completion of that road from Omaha, Nebraska Territory, westward to the one hundredth meridian of longitude, between the 15th and 25th of October, 1868. The invited guests numbered between two and three hundred, embracing distinguished gentlemen, members of Congress and others, from Washington, leading capitalists from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities, by whom \$40,000,000 of capital is said to have been represented; also clergymen, editors, artists, physicians, lawyers, actors, engineers, miners, explorers, and others, with a galaxy of beautiful ladies, and the Editor of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Indeed, nearly all classes of American society and industry were represented. We also had a live English lord, French counts and princes, with a sprinkling of both aristocracy and democracy, sandwiched with Africans and red Indians. The Railroad Company and the capitalists furnished the wherewith to defray all expenses; the statesmen made the speeches; the editors and reporters recorded and published the same; the artists took beautiful views of the scenery on river, prairie, and plain; the engineers managed the trains and steamboats; the actors rehearsed pieces, and represented characters ancient and modern; musicians, two brass bands, and ever so many vocalists, discoursed "sweet music, morning, noon, and night;" soldiers and patriots attended to the guns (every man went well armed); explorers and hunters went out on hunting expeditions and brought back game; clergymen each performed their functions, sanctifying the enterprise; the lawyers had nothing to do; physicians were at a discount, while the phrenologist examined the heads of the excursionists, the Africans, and Indians, delineating their characters, pointing out their faults, and giving them, of course, some excellent advice.

We may be pardoned for naming only a few of the chief actors in this grand affair, conceived and put into operation by Mr. Thomas C. Durant, the able manager of the road, seconded and assisted by the Board of Directors, which included Messrs. Cook, of Iowa; Dillon, of New York; Lambard, of Boston; Duff, of Massachusetts; Sherman, of Ohio; Dodge, of Iowa; Seymour, of New York; Frost, of Omaha; General Simpson, of Washington, D. C.; Curth, of Iowa; and White, of Connecticut. Mr. Hoxie managed the steamboats, Messrs. Bunker and Gessner had charge of the special trains, while Mr. Carbutt, of Chicago, assisted by Mr. Hien, took the pictures. Mr. George Francis Train was, as usual on all occasions, omnipresent, assisting in all departments of the grand entertainment. It will be conceded by all that this gentleman possesses one of the most fertile and versatile characters to be met with, and that his presence is ever welcome by all who are fond of fun, and enjoy the lively, the grave, and the gay. It is our intention to give a phrenological analysis, with portrait of this gentleman, at another time. Revs. Dr. Tuttle, of New York, and Wiswell, of Wilmington, Delaware, will be kindly remembered by all the party. We give on another page portraits of some of the honorable guests of our party.

The New Jersey Central Railroad placed at our disposal their splendid palace sleeping cars, elegant as a Fifth Avenue drawing-room, and the train started from the depot in Jersey City at eight o'clock, evening, on the 15th. Our route was over the Pennsylvania Central, via Harrisburg, arriving at Altoona the next morning, where we breakfasted. Ascending the Alleghenies on a beautiful October morning, the most vivid imagination can scarcely conceive the beauties and grandeur of that magnificent panorama, and the pleasurable experiences of one and all. With a clear track, other trains everywhere giving us the right of way, we soon reached Pittsburg, where the same train passed on to the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago roads, arriving in the latter city on the morning of the 17th, without change of cars. Stopping for the night at the Tremont Hotel, where a grand reception was given our party, a new train of the most elegant cars in America, manufactured by the Brothers Pullman, was placed upon the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy road, and we were soon landed on the banks of the Mississippi. Breakfasting at Quincy, we crossed the river, and took a special train on the St.

Joseph and Hannibal Railroad to St. Joseph, Missouri. Here two splendid steamers, the "Denver" and the "Colorado," fired up, and illuminated, with bands of music, cannon, and flags, with a splendid display of fireworks, received the party, and proceeded up the Missouri River to Omaha. The first Sabbath was spent on the river, where the aforesaid clergymen, properly assisted, preached appropriate sermons, conducting religious services with all the sacredness of church or cathedral. Passing up this river, our party were kept in a somewhat excited state of mind by the new and strange sights everywhere visible. There were millions of wild fowl—such as geese, swan, ducks, etc., sometimes within gunshot, but usually at a safer distance, nevertheless most tempting to the sportsmen, who could not refrain from trying their rifles even at long range. We also met tribes of Indians, Sacs, Foxes, and Iowas, at the towns on the river at which we stopped, with whom we conversed and trafficked to some extent. On reaching Omaha, we were met by the Governor of Nebraska, the Mayor, Town Council of Omaha, and other dignitaries, who, with horses and carriages, transported us through the streets of that enterprising city, now said to number eight thousand souls. The State Legislature sits here, and the government buildings of Nebraska are located in this city, said to be the geographical center of the United States; and more than one member of Congress seriously proposes removing the National Capital to this locality. After visiting, feasting, and resting a day and a night in Omaha, we took a train of new cars on the U. P. R.R., with provisions, cooks, kitchen, and all the hotel accommodations attached, and proceeded across magnificent prairies to the new town of Columbus, more than a hundred miles west of the Missouri River, where we arrived in the evening. Here more than a hundred beautiful snow-white tents were pitched to accommodate us, with splendid camp-fires burning in front of each, with a grand stand in the center, with Drummond lights illuminating the whole, and with the Stars and Stripes floating above, giving a sense of security and a feeling of home to all, even in that far Western wild.

A party of pioneers had preceded the excursionists and had arranged all things for their comfort. After a bountiful supper, the party visited an Indian camp near by, where had assembled large numbers of genuine Pawnee Indians, with their horses, squaws, and papooses, armed and painted, some half naked, others in the most hideous conceivable costumes. The squaws, with an instrument something like a tambourine, kept up a strange sort of music, while the braves, with tomahawks and feathers, gave us their grand war dances around a great fire. This was one of the most interesting and exciting episodes during the entire excursion—civilization was visiting the savage in his native wilds. Some time before midnight our party returned to their tents, where, on prairie grass, under buffalo robes, blankets, etc., all retired to rest, save the sentinels, whose business it was to keep watch and to warn. But imagine our consternation, especially of the ladies, when, two or three hours later, between midnight and morning, the whole body of noble braves, in other words, wild red-skins, came rushing through our camping-ground on horseback, with such unearthly yells as to terrify all. Of course every man grasped his gun, resolving to defend his scalp to the last. But the Indians had no malicious intent. They were simply led on by a party of excited "Elkhorns," from Chicago, who practiced this wickedness on our innocent cautioners. Here the phrenologist had a splendid field for the application of his science. Nor did modesty or fear prevent him from mixing familiarly with the Indians. He examined the heads, faces, bodies, and even the teeth, of the natives, and such splendid forms afforded him the greatest treat. He saw magnificent heads on magnificent bodies among the old patriachs which he can never forget. He went so far as to go into their tents, ride their horses, and make himself perfectly at home among them. He owns, however, to parting with what small change he took with him, and for no other equivalent than "dankedapkee." (Thank you.) The Indians are great beggars; anticipating this, the Railroad Company generously procured in New York several thousand dollars' worth of presents, which the ladies of the party, assisted by the gentlemen, were permitted to distribute to them. The next day they gave us a splendid exhibition of a battle scene or sham fight on horseback on the

open prairie; which was witnessed from the cars and other eligible points. After this display we pushed on to the end of the road. Did we say the end? Indeed, it was not so easy to reach the end, for they were then building at the rate of between two and three miles a day, one party following the engineers throwing up a road bed, another throwing down the ties, another throwing on the rails, another spiking them down at this rapid rate, all of which was a sight to be seen in this wild buffalo country.

It is on this plain, in the valley of the Platte—a plain seven hundred miles long and many miles wide—where have been seen droves of buffalo millions in number, extending in an unbroken body over one hundred and twenty miles in length, together with antelope, prairie-chickens, partridges, quails, prairie-dogs, etc., which with Indians inhabit it. But railways and permanent settlements disperse the former occupants, and claim the soil for civilization.

On returning, we stopped an hour at Dogtown, where the grounds are occupied for miles around, in a sort of settlement or village through which the road passes, by prairie-dogs, which are in appearance more like an opossum or woodchuck than the common dog. Prairie-dogs, rattlesnakes, and owls are said to inhabit the same hut or burrow. Our sportsmen, firing from the windows of the car, killed several prairie dogs. Mr. Ancona, M. C., had one dressed and cooked. The taste of its flesh was something like that of a pig, coon, or opossum. Mr. Painter, of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, killed a large rattlesnake at the mouth of a prairie-dog's hole.

Coming down from the base of the Rocky Mountains, on our return, we came over a stretch of road eighty miles without a curve, at the rate of a mile a minute. After this, we had a splendid sight of a prairie on fire, extending for many miles on our larboard. Returning to Omaha, we found lodgings at the "Herndon House," which is the "Tremont" of that city, where we were entertained by the life of the town with a grand ball, in which citizens and excursionists vied with each other in making all welcome and happy. It was a delightful occasion. In the morning we crossed the ferry to Council Bluffs, Iowa, soon to be connected with Omaha by a bridge, where we breakfasted, paying our respects to Mr. and Mrs. Bloomer, of "American costume" fame, who reside here, and to Mrs. Bachelor, one of our former employees, when our company took a long line of stages for a day's journey across a portion of Iowa, to intersect the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, then being rapidly laid, to terminate at Council Bluffs, putting Chicago in direct communication, by way of the Union Pacific Railroad, with the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific coast. Another day's ride by rail, which was the second Sabbath, brought us to Clinton, on the Mississippi River. Our train passed on to the iron bridge which spans the river here, where dinner was being prepared for the guests on the train. Previous to this, religious services were held in the two large saloon cars, by the different clergymen; and with the aid of musical instruments attached to the cars, and choirs of singers, the services were appropriately rendered. In the one by the Rev. Dr. Tuttle, of St. Luke's Church, New York, Episcopalian, and in the other by the Rev. Mr. Wiswell, of Wilmington, Del., Presbyterian. Is it irreverend to say that on this occasion divine services were rendered at the rate of forty miles an hour? And why not on the railroad as well as on steamboat, on river, lake, or sea. We pushed on, passing through Iowa, one of the grandest States in the Union, and reached Chicago, where eight thousand homes were built last year. Here we found propellers ready to take us out into the lake to visit the tunnel, one of the lions of Chicago; after which we found a long line of carriages, sufficient to give comfortable seats to all our party, waiting to take us through the streets to the elevators, public buildings, monuments, etc., thence to the Opera House, to be met and welcomed by the Mayor of the city, and a band of music, where speeches were made by our Congressional companions, with responses by the Mayor, President of the Board of Trade, and other prominent men. In the evening another grand ball at the Tremont was given. Mr. Train spoke from the balcony of the hotel to a few thousand people, who had assembled for the purpose of listening to this rattling orator. In the morning we took a special train, provided by Mr. Le Grand Lockwood and the officers of the Michigan Southern Railroad, for the East. We passed over that excellent road, via Sandusky and Cleveland, to Buffalo. Thence by way of Niagara Falls, on the New York Central, to Albany. Thence on the steamer "St. John," down the Hudson to New York, with new and agreeable surprises every hour, from beginning to end—a journey of nearly three thousand miles, over many lines of railroad, through several States, across rivers, and with less friction than one would suppose possible. It was indeed a great treat as well as a grand play-spell to all concerned. It gave us, of the East, a slight view of the Great West, opening up for settlement millions of acres of rich land yet untouched, and in a measure annihilating distance.

The Government gave to the U. P. R.R. Company twelve thousand acres of land for each mile of road they build, and in cash, from sixteen to thirty thousand dollars a mile, depending on whether it be on the plain or in the mountains. Did space permit, we should describe more at length the operations of this and other railway companies now pushing westward from the Atlantic, and eastward from the Pacific. They will shortly meet and connect, and within four years we are promised direct communication by rail between Eastport, in Maine, and San Francisco, in California—an overland line across America—from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean! Who can comprehend the effects on civilization of this great enterprise?

NEW YORK.

MARCH, 1867.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous practice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Fin.*

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FLOGGING.

Obedience to rightfully constituted authority is the basis of civilization, and it is imperative on all. A violation of the *natural* laws is followed by a penalty. If we carelessly fall over a precipice, the law of gravity prevails, and bruises, broken bones, or death is the penalty. So, if we put our naked hands into fire, we get burned in accordance with the laws of heat. If we knowingly violate a moral law, be it that of the sentiment of justice, kindness, or godliness, we must suffer the punishment which those sentiments inflict. One can not escape from himself. A consciousness of wrong, be it injustice, selfishness, violence, or a trifling with sacred subjects, must be atoned for, sooner or later. So of the appetite; if we dissipate, we suffer. So of the affections; if we commit social excesses, or go to extremes by over-indulgence of whatever name or nature, we will be punished. Justice, mercy, obedience, and godliness are exacted alike from all. As it is with the natural, spiritual, and religious laws, so it is intended to be with the civil laws. Obedience to them is incumbent alike on all. But the laws of nature and of God are unalterable. Civil laws, manners, customs, modes of government, and of worship may be altered, revised, or repealed. Natural laws are God-made; civil laws are man-made. And each nation, state, or community may establish such laws and regulations as they please—the majority governing. The objects of civil government are individual protection, enjoyment, improvement, and the administration of justice. The question arises, How may we best perfectly attain these ends? Man is per-

verted. He is selfish, dishonest, cruel, wicked. His children "take after him." Waywardness is one of the earliest manifestations of the child. He may be very "innocent;" he is certainly very selfish, and clamorous for all he sees, even for the moon. The moral sentiments—Benevolence, Veneration, Spirituality, etc.—are developed later in life, certainly not in babyhood. Nor do those higher organs come into full natural action till the period of puberty. In childhood, he lives chiefly under the influence of the propensities, and the perceptive. Grace is both a gift and a matter of growth. The child is not yet self-regulating. His parents, guardians, or teachers must guide, guard, direct, and train him. If *they* be wise and good; if *they* be thoroughly self-possessed and *capable*, they can manage the "little folks" through their superior wisdom, superior kindness, and authority—and that, too, without resorting to violence. If one say he can not control or subdue a child, "he simply confesses his unfitness for the duties of government devolving upon parent or teacher. Such persons resort at once to force, and appeal to fear, to cautiousness instead of conscientiousness, reason, honor, or affection. The abuse or misinterpretation of Solomon's saying, "spare the rod and spoil the child," has brought more personal degradation and suffering on mankind than can ever be described. Bad Jews and bad Christians alike shield their inhuman acts behind this ancient authority. If "a little knowledge be a dangerous thing" in any case, it is so here; and we have often regretted that Solomon did not, in the same connection, charge parents not to flog their children in anger, nor in public. Those who flog the most, have themselves a violent temper, and do their flogging in the spirit of retaliation. It is through a love of power, through Destructiveness and Combativeness unmixed with Benevolence, and a moderate intellect with very little self-government, that most whipping is done. Young physicians deal out more poisonous drugs in a given number of cases than older physicians. Young parents and young school-teachers flog more frequently and more severely than older teachers. Older parents, physicians, and teachers are themselves

more considerate, wiser, and self-regulating. A brutal driver or overseer will "thrash" and abuse a horse or servant, while a kindly, intelligent, self-regulating man would direct and control the same without ever resorting to violence. When a heartless human fiend is seen clubbing and goading a poor, helpless dumb animal, all good men cry out against the act. These same bad men, having the legal right to flog, may vent their spite on children, maiming them for life, and thus reverse Solomon's precept; *they use the rod and spoil the child, i. e., ruin him by degrading him, whipping all feeling of true manliness out of him, and leaving him, not subdued, but a mean, sneaking, whipped dog who, if he have enough courage left, would wish himself unborn.* Do not tell us that goodness or Christianity can be whipped into anybody. Children take after their parents, inheriting a tendency to the same infirmities of body and mind. And this fact *ought* to make parents both considerate and merciful. Are parents wicked, ill-tempered, dissipated, godless creatures? Are their children likely to be natural-born saints? And is the grace of God to be whipped into them? Compare the children born and educated at the Five Points, Mackerelville, St. Giles', or in Garry-Owen, with those born under more favorable circumstances, and say if there is no difference. Then extend your observations, and learn what sort of treatment answers best in the government of any class, be they high or low. Go into the insane asylums, to-day, and ask their superintendents what was the effect of leaving off the strait-jacket, the chain, and confinement in total darkness. They will answer, that the most humane treatment answers every way the best. So it is in our prisons—kindness always begets kindness, cruelty always begets revenge. But do you not approve of the exercise of rightful authority? Yes, even that backed up by the guns; and we would put down a rebellion in ourselves, in the family, or in the nation by kindness if we can, by force if we must. We would have the law obeyed. A parent must govern, direct, educate, and "train up his child in the way he should go." But *he himself* must also both govern and *go in that same way.* How few, how very few do it! and yet

how prone parents are to complain that their children are ungovernable. We take the ground, that the parents are responsible for their children—yea, for their dispositions, even for their waywardness, their ungovernableness, or their imbecility. God's laws are right.

We conclude our statement by quoting the following from the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, on the subject of flogging girls:

"Corporal punishment, the most degrading and least justifiable of all forms of corrective discipline, bad enough as it is when administered to boys, is utterly revolting and abominable when applied to girls. One might have supposed that the common judgment of mankind had forever consigned it to the tomb of past ignorance and brutality as an element in our systems of education, had not the occurrence of last summer, in the neighboring city of our oldest University, made it too painfully apparent that reform was needed in this respect where we should have least suspected it. Much as that occurrence is to be deplored, however, and disgraceful as it was to all the parties directly or indirectly connected with it, we are not sorry that it happened just as it did, in a locality which made it especially conspicuous. It has led to such indignant protest from men whose voices are most likely to be heard the farthest, that the public exposure thus given to the transaction must have great weight in doing away forever in this part of the country with the whole system of which it is a part. We do not suppose for a moment that such occurrences are common, and it is libelous on our New England character and our school system generally to quote the case in question as evidence of prevailing feeling or prevailing custom here. Still, it shows that neither public opinion nor statutory provision had settled the question beyond appeal, and that there was constant danger that the ungoverned temper of a passionate teacher might at any time revive a custom which never could be characterized by any other name than brutal.

"All friends of education here must rejoice in the popular verdict of the recent election at Cambridge which has set the seal of universal condemnation on the occurrence to which we have alluded. Its power must be felt far beyond the immediate locality where it took place. Some of the most eminent men connected with the University have made their influence felt in this movement, and a gentleman of the medical profession, Dr. Morrill Wyman, has spoken seasonable words at a public meeting before the election, which must have had great effect upon his hearers. They were words of a wise, benevolent man; and they forcibly present the whole subject in its true light. He regards it as a moralist and a physiologist. His remarks, as printed in the report before us, are so excellent that we can not refrain from giving our readers the following extract from them:

"Why should not girls be treated as boys? Because girls are not boys. Every parent having children of both sexes knows that they have moral characteristics which at once distinguish them before they arrive at the school age. They are weaker in body and more sensitive in feeling, and are more occupied with the impression they make upon others long before they know its value. That delicate sense of propriety which distinguishes the woman has already begun in the girl. They seem to know instinctively that they can not rely upon physical strength, and instinctively cling to others for support and protection. They are

gentle, docile, confiding, and affectionate. They exhibit these gentler qualities at home and in school in a thousand ways; they hasten to meet their teacher as she approaches in the morning; they run by her side, they seize her hand, and evince their affection by kisses upon her cheek and roses upon her desk. The skillful and faithful teacher takes advantage of these qualities, especially of their docility, and so molds them that corporal punishment is not only unnecessary but it is cruelty.

"Physiologically she is different, and to this I would most earnestly beg your attention. Her blood corpuscles are smaller, her nervous system is of a more delicate structure, her brain is lighter, and her muscles smaller; she is made for quickness and vivacity, but not for strength and endurance. The same reasons which prevent her from sharing the rougher games and plays of boys should protect her from suffering the harsher punishments of boys. She is more sensitive to internal emotions and external sensations; and I assert without fear of contradiction, that no physician can be safely trusted to advise for the preservation of health or its restoration who disregards even in the child the distinction of sex. The most eventful period of her physiological life is spent in schools. During this period there is not unfrequently mental uneasiness, irritability, and depression, easily mistaken for petulance and defiance by the unwise, and I greatly fear has sometimes produced punishment for that for which she is answerable to her God alone.

"With a rapidity of development unknown in the other sex, she becomes a woman, with all a woman's refined sensibilities, hopes, and fears. She now instinctively knows that upon the good impression she makes upon others is based her hopes for the future. If her physical organization is sensitive, her spiritual nature is doubly sensitive, and it is this that makes her what she is. It is in vain to count the number and weigh the severity of the blows upon her person, and note the hours that elapse before their marks disappear. Her spirit is wounded, she is disgraced and degraded; years may not efface the consequences. It is this that stirs the sensibilities and brings down the censure of the greater part of the civilized world, and from none is that censure more severe than from cultivated women. Strike not a woman, even with a feather, is the motto of civilization, and it is in accordance with the spirit of Christianity also."

We submit whether it is not time to abolish the ancient and barbarous custom of flogging? But if mankind are not sufficiently advanced in civilization and Christianity to drop the practice, we suggest that all flogging be done, hereafter, by prayerful, temperate men. Let it be done by the clergy; and let these be appointed by the civil authorities of each town or district. Let it be a penal offense for a dissipated, petulant vagabond—of either sex—to strike man, woman, or child—white or black.

OUR LATE CLASS IN PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY.

It gives us unqualified pleasure to state that our recent session was, in every respect, satisfactory. The class was just large enough to give all the variety of character needed for practical illustration, and not so large as to be

unwieldy, each student receiving his full share of personal attention, and all making decided progress. We confidently predict for the young men who constituted this class the best of success. They will go into the field prepared to speak the truth as it is revealed by the Science of Mind, and to disseminate widely a practical knowledge of the same. All of them are temperate, active, healthy, energetic men, under middle age, ripening into the strength of true manhood. Besides having received in this class instruction in Phrenology, Anatomy, Physiology, Physiognomy, and Psychology, as a means of comprehending human nature and of reading character, the students have been well drilled in Elocution by one of the most competent teachers in New York, and all that now remains to fit them for the practice of their chosen profession is the experience which comes from observation and practice. Once having taken such a step, what may we not predict? What may we not confidently hope for? We see the doctrines which, for a third of a century, we have labored to promulgate, being planted in the minds of thousands by these new missionaries. We see them supplanting the impostors and charlatans, and occupying the ground which they have disgraced. We see them growing in wisdom and honor, and filling up a useful career with the happy consciousness of doing good. May God bless their efforts, and preserve them from the temptations of a perverted world. We append the names and addresses of the students. There are others who have taken only a partial course, but who intend, another season, to prepare themselves for their work.

RESOLUTIONS OF APPROVAL BY THE CLASS.

WE, the undersigned students forming the professional class in Phrenology and Physiognomy, for 1867, at Messrs. FOWLER AND WELLS' establishment, 389 Broadway, New York, under the able instruction of Messrs. NELSON SIMMS and S. R. WELLS, offer the following Preamble and Resolution as a slight testimonial of our high appreciation of the invaluable benefits derived:

WHEREAS, it has been our aim and object to acquire a knowledge of that science which is the only basis of human improvement, the correct system of teaching men to know himself, and mitigate the evils occasioned by ignorance of the laws of life as they pertain to mind and body, and thus promote the welfare of mankind, we do cheerfully indorse the following Resolution:

Resolved, That the facilities afforded by our eminent teachers of human science were fully equal to our most sanguine expectations, and we cordially congratulate our preceptors on their ability to present the subject with so much clearness and efficiency, and that we owe them a debt of gratitude, and shall ever hail with joy the prosperity of the nucleus which has radiated so much light, and which is the pioneer Phrenological Cabinet of America. [Signed.]

SAMUEL H. ANDERSON, Tarentum, Alleghany Co., Pa.
HILTY CONDIT, Orange, N. J.
LOVELL DODGE, Philadelphia, Pa. [Ohio.
REV. T. JEFFERSON DOWNEY, Shelby, Richland Co.,
HENRY W. EVANS, Pittston, Pa. [Mich.
ELLIOTT A. HAMILTON, Grand Blanc, Genesee Co.,
H. O. HAMMOND, Eaton, Canada East.
FRANCIS M. HENDERSON, Stanton, Macoupin Co., Ill.
JOHN P. JACKSON, Sheffield, England.
DAVID KING, Mantua Station, Portage Co., Ohio.
H. Q. MACK, New York city.
DUNCAN McDONALD, Lakeport, St. Clair Co., Mich.
JAMES MCINTOSH, Wellsville, Ohio.
E. P. MILLER, M.D., New York city.
A. A. NEWMAN, Hillsboro, Ill.
ROLIN STEWART, East Clarendon, Vt.
W. T. STONE, Terre Haute, Ind.
BENJAMIN THOMPSON, Amity, Scott Co., Iowa.

GOING TO PARIS.

MANY Americans are getting ready to cross the Atlantic in the spring, to be present at the opening of the Paris Exhibition in April. Passages have already been secured by many on steamers, and hotel accommodations engaged in Paris. We write to admonish our countrymen to provide themselves amply with the means of defraying all necessary or extravagant expenses before entering upon this enterprise; for we foresee large numbers of improvident persons who, without sufficient cautiousness, will start off with barely enough means to take them across the ocean, trusting to luck for what will be necessary to defray their further expenses on the other side. Of all places in the world for a poor American the Old Country is the worst. He should not depend either on his wits or his labor, for he will find enough others as witty as himself, and a vast horde of laborers who can live and labor cheaper than he can in that country.

We can furnish excursion tickets, to go and return, by the different lines of steamers sailing from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Canada, etc., and all the necessary guide-books for visiting the Old Countries, and no one should start without first investing from ten to fifteen dollars in these indispensable volumes, which are devoted respectively to England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Italy, etc., showing all the routes, describing most of the interesting places of historical importance, and what is to be seen, and how to see it. But we can not indicate here all that the tourist will need to know. We published in last year's JOURNAL something at length on this subject, to which the reader is referred. But we wish now particularly to caution our enthusiastic and ambitious young American friends whose motto is "Go-ahead," first to be sure they are right, having a "pocket full of rocks," and a good sum to their credit in their banker's vault, against which to draw in emergencies. These emergencies are sure to occur.

American newspapers and magazines will be flooded with voluntary and paid-for descriptions of everything relating to the great show, and it will be very difficult for new writers to find profitable openings in this direction. Many who go without being amply provided for, may go in joy to return in sorrow. Others being disappointed will pronounce the whole thing a magnificent "humbug." Still others will go into ecstasies over some new kink or crotchet, to be seen in that great store-house, which they had not seen before. Small brains with small minds will see many little things; while others of more comprehensive and perhaps less practical judgment will see more than they can describe; while the thieves, pickpockets, and gamblers will rob and swindle the poor foreign geese out of all their funds and feathers. But let us not expend our pity in advance—"A word to the wise." The "otherwise," with more curiosity than judgment, will heed no one.

INFIDELITY AND PHRENOLOGY.

WE have heretofore striven to be open and aboveboard with reference to our religious sentiments. From time to time we have had occasion to state our views on this or that theological topic, and we presume we are thoroughly understood by the great majority of our readers. At least we have reason to think so, from the numerous expressions of approval and encouragement we have received during the past year or two.

A correspondent who resides in some greasy locality vaguely denominated Olddom, professes firm belief in Phrenology, and in the same breath does "not see the necessity of confounding the truths of Phrenology with the false and dismal doctrines of Christianity and 'revealed religion.'" We are sorry for his dark and gloomy spiritual state, especially as his firm belief in Phrenology does not help him out of the depths into the genial, life-imparting sunlight of a certain faith. If he truly credits Phrenology, it teaches him the substantial realities of spirituality, and points him, through the organs of Veneration, Spirituality, and Hope, to a Power above and a world unseen. He may not heed the promptings of that science, and like the "undevout astronomer," be "mad" in his indifference. We think ourselves safer within the ark of true religion than, like our friend, adrift on the shoreless sea of infidelity. He says further: "Why not confine yourself to the truths of Phrenology alone? If you did so, your journal would be held in much higher estimation by your intelligent subscribers." How surprising it must be to our easy, self-collected—we may not say self-satisfied—friend, when we tell him that our religious views are based on phrenological teachings, and are the result of special attention to our chosen field, and that if he will give the subject the serious consideration it merits, we have but little doubt of his final acceptance of those views. We must join issue with him in regard to his very extraordinary statement which intimates that all our intelligent subscribers are as unchristian as himself. We feel strongly inclined to use severe language in reflecting upon this very unchristian opinion, so very coolly pronounced; but as he disclaims being a Christian, and therefore is not especially observant of those precepts of forbearance, meekness, and charity which He who "spake as never man spake" enjoined, we will forbear critical acerbity. We will say that so far as intelligence is concerned, we have received the most striking evidences of it from those on our own side of the question, and we are quite willing to trust our enterprise for weal or woe to the support of those who accept the doctrines of "revealed religion" or Holy Scripture.

We would not disparage the native and scholastic capabilities of these "intelligent people" in the section of country where our correspondent resides; but did we name that section, the intelligent among our subscribers who have reason to be indignant at so bold an assertion as the last quoted, would doubtless find more cause for intellectual amusement than for serious displeasure.

We have now before us the letter of a clergyman who writes warmly in favor of Phrenology, and the tenor of the letter indicates a superior mental cultivation. With an extract from this we would offset the remarks already quoted. He says:

"I am a Gospel minister, and the study of Phrenology has cast a flood of light on the science of Theology, and is the only reliable science of mental philosophy and of moral obligation. * * * I believe in reform and progress, and I am willing and anxious to do what I can to render all mankind wise, virtuous and happy."

It is quite probable that our *only* friend sincerely means well, although his suggestions have not the tone most desirable; but we can not think of abandoning the standard which has many times proved a blessing to us, and which we earnestly commend to all who seek consolation and mental peace in this world, and who hope for immortality.

PARENTAL INFLUENCE.

How often do we find parents weeping over the dissolute habits of a beloved son, and wondering how their child could ever have fallen into such evil habits! Yet, if they go back and examine their actions and conduct in the presence of and toward that son, too many a parent will find, with bitter agony, that he himself has furnished a ruinous example to his own child. Has he not himself, from time to time, at the invitation of a friend, or on some convivial occasion, been induced to take his social glass? Has he not lent the aid of his name and character to enable that tavern-keeper to procure a license to sell liquor? Has he not offered wines, or other liquors, to his guests, at his own house, on the occasion of some social entertainment or New Year's day anniversary? Has he not withheld his name and influence from the great temperance reformation, and by thus standing aloof been in fact opposing this benign element of regeneration to drunken humanity? If so, he may be assured that he has furnished a terrible example to lure his own child on to its destruction. That son will not think it wrong to take his social glass with a friend after seeing his father do so; and that very tavern for which the influence of the father had procured a license, may become a "gate of hell" to his ruined son. At the social board, in his own home, that mother may pour out for her own son his first glass, and may kindle in his bosom that terrible passion whose devouring flames will blast and destroy the happiness of herself and son forever. An awful responsibility does indeed rest upon that parent who, either by example or otherwise, countenances habits in his child which will probably end in intemperance.

We often, too, hear fathers mourning over the dissipation of their sons, and averring that they would be ready to lay down their lives if it would effect the reclamation of their children. They no doubt pray anxiously that their sons may become members of some temperance society; and yet, do they belong to any such society themselves? Have they ever done anything to advance the interests of the temperance cause? Have they not rather, by declining to become connected with such associations, furnished an example to their own children and others to decline also? To them, then, we would say, join first yourselves. Your names and influence may not only be the means of saving your own sons, but may help to give freedom and happiness to thousands of others who groan under the thralldom of intemperance. Do not hope and expect that others will labor amid contumely and reproach, for the benefit of your sons, while you yourselves are virtually opposing their efforts, and lending your countenance to those who are sneering at the benevolent enterprise of temperance men.

J. S. G.

ENCOURAGEMENT FROM OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

It is most encouraging to an editor, especially if he be one who labors for some worthy object in the conduct of his periodical, to receive from those who regularly read his pages words of hearty commendation. Renewals of subscription from old readers of the JOURNAL are coming in rapidly, and in nearly every instance the subscriber has penned some remarks of approval. The few following extracts are fair specimens of the general tenor of hundreds of letters on file in our office, and we give them *verbatim et literatim*.

"Accept my thanks for the vast amount of information contained in your JOURNAL, of which I am a constant reader. I hope the time will come when it will be considered a household necessity in every family, and Phrenology looked upon in its true light."—H. W. G.

"I believe from what I have seen of it that, no mother can afford to be without it."—F. A. F.

"What! do without the JOURNAL? No, I can not think of such a thing as long as I am blessed with the means, and life."—D. H. H.

"I am fully satisfied now that paying two dollars for the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL was the most profitable investment I have made during the year."—A. C. S.

"I look upon it (the JOURNAL) as one of my most valued friends. Indeed, I would not exchange the twelve numbers which I have received—considering what their pages have taught me—for a whole year's free entertainment of any two of the leading magazines published in the United States."—L. J. P.

"My parents say that they see a marked improvement in me since I have been a reader. My father's indorsement is, that it improves every month. My mother's, that we *must* have it if it costs twice as much."—J. J.

"I regard the JOURNAL as the best paper in circulation. If I were to do without it, I would be quite at a loss."—S. R. L.

"I have been a reader of your JOURNAL two years. The longer I read it the better I like it."—L. G. M.

"Permit me to acknowledge the gratitude I must ever feel for the many useful lessons I have obtained in studying the JOURNAL's instructive columns. My JOURNALS are worn out from constant use in the circle of my acquaintance."—J. A. T.

"I have read it attentively this year, and have come to the conclusion that it is indispensable. Set me down as a lifetime subscriber and reader."—F. M. A.

"For the past year I have purchased the JOURNAL regularly, and prefer it to any other periodical in print. It contains general information, and withal such a high moral tone, combining the useful with the agreeable, that it makes its study doubly interesting. * * * I send you my subscription thus early, for I want to be among the first to get the JOURNAL after its publication."—N. P. T.

"I wish it the most abundant success, as it is from its teachings that I received the first correct impressions of the functions of the human body."—E. C.

"I must say in justice to you, that I have received much valuable information from the perusal of your JOURNAL, which I hope has made, and will make me a wiser and a better man during the whole course of my lifetime; and my prayer is that its usefulness may never cease."—B. A.

"I have received the A. P. J. regularly through the past year. I have quit the use of tobacco, and have received more value from its teaching than I can tell."—E. P. M.

"I feel lonesome without it."—M. J. B.

"You will please find inclosed my compliments in the form of a two-dollar greenback, which I consider a trifle for so good a work."—T. J. R.

"I honestly think the JOURNAL one of the best and most useful publications in the country. I could not now consent to do without it."—F. E.

Communications.

Under this head we publish such voluntary contributions as we deem sufficiently interesting or suggestive to merit a place here, but without indorsing either the opinions or the alleged facts set forth.

A VOICE FROM MAINE.

PERHAPS a few words from this "ultima thule" of the Union and of phrenological domain may not be unwelcome. You give frequent expression to the hopeful views of your friends; may-be this of mine will not prove valueless.

Maine is a rugged State, but the hearts of its sons are true blue in their love for the Republic, and science has its devotees among them, despite its want of advantages and its unwilling soil. Your JOURNAL finds many a pleasant home in these parts, many an earnest student of your books, many a sympathetic disciple of Phrenology.

There is an interest yearly increasing, a development of organs and incentives, even among the old schoolmen of the past, those old fogies who keep the same threadbare coat and russet garb that their fathers wore before them, who follow in the same ruts of thought and chew the same cud of ideas from one year's end to another; even among these hard-fisted ones breaks a ray of light now and then, that knowledge is good, and that in Phrenology "there is some truth."

I believe Phrenology is the only system of mental philosophy that is worth anything; simple, plain, inductive in its teachings, it is the gospel of philosophy, the "vis medicatrix nature" of medicine, of mightier import than Congressional debates or the strifes of party spirit.

When Phrenology is understood, and somewhat enters into life and action, the negro will have his place and the white man his; the South will not be the North, nor the East the West, but all blending in one, with their varying interests, one law, one language, form that unity that we find in man, in nature, and in the universe of God.

As I said before, your JOURNAL circulates to a considerable degree in this Down-East section. Where a few years ago not a single copy entered the place, now a large number are sold.

So, you see, Phrenology is making progress even here. That great wave of knowledge which is overspreading the world is breaking over us. The world is going ahead, and Phrenology is on the move.

We live in an age,
A wonderful age,
Of steam and the telegraph,
Of the printing-press,
And crinoline dress.
And men may scorn and laugh
As much as they please,
For God's in the breeze,
And knowledge is on the deep;
There's an undertone,
Like the saddened moan
Of a wave that can not sleep;
'Tis the promised sign
Of that endless line
That shall clasp the earth around;
The cable is laid
'Neath Atlantic's bed,
Huzzah! is the pealing sound.

Wishing you God-speed in your efforts to disseminate Phrenology, which is one of the leading features of the age, I remain yours, earnestly,
TILDEN.

DISTRIBUTION OF RAIN.

For the conveyance of water we are indebted to the winds. The greatest extent of water-surface is in the southern hemisphere, and there we find the greatest evaporation. In the northern hemisphere the annual fall of rain exceeds that in the southern by about twelve inches. This can be accounted for only through the agency of the trade-winds. The southeast trade, laden with the burden of vapor from the southern seas, as it proceeds northward becomes chilled and throws off a large portion of its moisture. To this wind northwestern Europe owes its rainy climate. Ireland lies in the

course of these southeast trades, which absorb much moisture in their passage over the north Atlantic, most of which is condensed by the headlands on the Irish coast. In Peru, west of the Andes, an umbrella is purely ornamental, because it lies in the region of perpetual southeast trade-winds. These cross the Atlantic and strike the coast of Brazil, over which they pass, depositing the vapor as they go, and at length reach the Andes, where the temperature is so reduced that the last particle of moisture is wrung out of them. They cross the mountains as dry winds, and receive no accession of vapor until they reach the Pacific. For like reasons are found rainless regions in Asia, Africa, and western Mexico. The rainy seasons in tropical countries are caused by the motion of the trades as they follow the sun; at one season the trades prevail, and at another the surface winds, returning to the poles. In some districts lying on the weather-side of mountain ranges, the fall of rain is almost incredible. In Patagonia, where the north-west winds are literally desiccated by the Andes, Captain King found the fall of water equal to nearly thirteen feet in forty-one days; and Darwin reports that the superficial sea-water along the coast is quite fresh. Herschel says that nearly fifty feet of rain fall annually at Cherra Punjee.

THE LAST PAPER DOLLAR. A PARODY.

BY REV. EDEN B. LATTA.

'Tis the last paper dollar,
Left folded alone;
All its former companions
Made use of and gone;
No silver relation,
Nor gold one is nigh,
Wherewith I may purchase
The things I would buy.
I'll not leave thee thus lonely,
Dejected and sad;
Though I've none but thee only,
Of all that I had;
The others I needed,
And used all but thee;
Thou only remainest,
To buy aught for me.
And thou, too, must follow—
Must go the same way;
For I have occasion
To use thee to-day;
And 'twere not in kindness—
Thy kindred all down—
To let thee remain in
The pocket alone.

OUR NEW PHYSIOGNOMY.

TESTIMONIALS, oral and written, are extended daily, expressing satisfaction with the work. The *press*, almost without exception, commends the book. We may, at another time, put the gist of what they say on record. Here is what Dr. B. W. NICHOLS, of the Government Insane Asylum, at Washington, D. C., says of it:

"I have no hesitation in certifying that I believe yours to be the largest and most elaborately illustrated work on Physiognomy that has appeared in any language, and that it is calculated to afford the philosophical reader much valuable instruction. It can not fail to greatly interest every intelligent reader. Not being expert in practical Physiognomy, I am not capable of judging how far the minute peculiarities of the features of the face are reliable indications of character, but I think the general physiological principles laid down in the work are entirely sound, and that they should be carefully studied and applied to the great business of healthful and useful living."

[We claim for Physiognomy no more than every intelligent, unbiased mind would willingly grant. Every statement we make, every proposition laid down, will be found to be in harmony with Anatomy, Physiology, Phrenology, and common sense. Probability is clearly apparent in every paragraph. Were this book generally read, we should hear less of the incurability of insanity and other mental infirmities. It would deter one and all from rash acts, from violence, crime, and suicide, and incline all to a truer and higher life.]

To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will try to respond in the "next number." Your "BEST THOUGHTS" solicited.

AN ORDER FOR BOOKS, JOURNALS, etc., must be written on a sheet by itself. Questions for this department—TO CORRESPONDENTS—and communications for the Editor, must be written on SEPARATE slips.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Owing to the crowded state of our columns generally, and the pressure upon this department in particular, we shall be compelled hereafter to decline all questions relating to subjects not properly coming within the scope of this JOURNAL. Queries relating to PHYSIOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY, PSYCHOLOGY, ETHNOLOGY, and ANTHROPOLOGY, or the general SCIENCE OF MAN, will still be in order, provided they shall be deemed of GENERAL INTEREST. Write your question plainly on a SEPARATE SLIP OF PAPER, and send us only ONE at a time.

WHAT CHURCH DO YOU BELONG TO?—Thoughtless and impertinent persons not only put such questions to us, but indiscriminately to whomsoever they meet. The most suitable answer which can be made in such cases is the Scriptural direction of "answering a fool according to his folly," or, we might say, impertinence, by saying nothing; or still better, by referring him to the little book we publish, entitled "How to Behave." A dull mind may not realize how painful it must be to a sensitive nature to be thus publicly catechized on a strictly personal matter. When it is considered how intense is sectarian animosity, it is no wonder that one should cringe under such vivisection. In this country, thank God! a man may not be persecuted or crucified on account of his religious convictions; but he may on all proper occasions proclaim them, and not be molested. Still, in strictly sectarian neighborhoods, one may be "left out in the cold," unless he belongs to a particular church. Our religion is between ourselves and our God. We would that it were so with all.

FAITH, HOPE.—One may have weak Hope and strong Spirituality, and the reverse, according to the size of those organs.

CHOKER, OR SAINT VITUS' DANCE.—Of course the treatment of this disease will depend very much upon its character and stages. In the great majority of cases much relief will be derived from the simple treatment of a thorough daily ablation, an occasional injection, and a free diet of brown bread, wheaten grits, potatoes, and a moderate quantity of fruit.

What is the use of studying algebra?

Ans. The study of algebra is considered necessary as a preliminary to the higher branches of mathematics. We do not hold that algebra furnishes by any means the best modes of comprehending relations, either quantitative or qualitative, and therefore is not superior as a discipline of the mind. For those who intend to pursue any one of the scientific professions, such for instance as civil engineer-

ing, chemistry, or astronomy, algebraic formalization is necessary. Algebra may be looked upon as the foundation of technical formulæ.

"INFORMATION ON THE BRAIN."—We are desired by two doubting Thomases to answer the following objections to Phrenology, which we do, in brackets:

1st. That along under the organs of Time, Color, Order, etc., there is no brain whatever, and for this reason we can not determine by the prominence of this portion anything in regard to these organs. [Ans. Some folks can not.]

2d. That the evolutions of the brain in no wise correspond with those of the skull. [Indeed!]

3d. That there is a vacancy between the frontal sinus and brain, varying from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch, and for this reason we can not tell by the exterior in this region of the skull anything in regard to the promiscuity of the organs said to be located there. [We admit the vacancy. There are houses with large rooms and no furniture; so there are skulls without brains. We can't supply them.]

4th. The brain is the organ of the mind, and how are we to tell, in the regions of the skull where the brain and skull do not meet, anything about the organs said to be located there? [Echo answers, how? P.S. On second thought, why not cut the skull open and find out all about it?]

HOPS.—As hops constitute an element of ale, can a man conscientiously raise hops for that purpose?

Ans. It depends on how his conscience hinges. If he is a temperance man, and believes in discouraging all kinds of intoxication, we think he might just as well raise wheat and corn, with the express expectation that they shall be made into whisky, as to raise hops. Men raise corn and sell it for whisky; men make whisky, and even may perhaps sell it, and be entirely conscientious. In some European countries, nearly everybody drinks ale, beer, or ardent spirits, even ministers of religion—and their consciences do not condemn them. For ourselves, we could neither raise tobacco; nor hops for ale, nor grain for whisky. Though in raising corn and selling it for breadstuff, it takes the place for bread that another man's wheat would if his grain did not go to the manufacture of alcoholic liquors. So that a man hardly knows where the influence of his products shall be exerted, either directly or indirectly. But the matter of conscience must always center in this—whether a man does this or that for such an express purpose, or knowing that it shall produce such results.

SEX AND MIND.—Does sex exist in the mind?

Ans. We do not know how much is meant by the question. Man's mental organization, as it exists on the earth, contains within itself an element of sexuality. It is masculine, or it is feminine. If the question means whether the immortal soul will have a sex, we can only say, in the language of the Saviour, when questioned as to whose wife the widow of the seven brothers should be, "for they had all had her," he replied: "In heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God." He simply gave a negative, and in telling us that they were as "angels of God," he did not say positively what human beings were to be, what was their condition, only like something we don't understand. But it is pre-

sumptive that in the spirit-world sexuality will not have such a sphere of action as in this life, yet that there will be a duality there as well as here; but it will have a spiritual refinement and a sphere of influence adapted to the purified and spiritual state.

FROSTED FEET—CHILBLAINS.—What is the best treatment for frosted feet and chilblains?

Ans. The best thing on this subject is to keep from having the feet become cold, by wearing thick boots and stockings, and avoiding exposure as much as possible. Applications of water bandages are as good as anything to remove the soreness and restore the circulation.

THE WIND.—What is the cause of the wind blowing from the north or northwest in fair weather, and from the south or southwest in stormy and wet weather?

Ans. This is not so in all cases. In some sections of the United States the big storms come from the northwest; in others, from the northeast; in others, from the south or southeast; in others, from the southwest. It depends upon the local currents of air, upon mountains, upon oceans, and upon electrical conditions. In New York and on the Atlantic seaboard, the northwest wind comes from the dry land; the northeast and southeast come from the ocean; and the warm, damp breezes meeting the cold northern breezes, the dampness is condensed into rain.

INSANITY.—What change takes place in the brain of a sane man to produce insanity? and what treatment is necessary to restore it to reason?

Ans. Insanity originates generally in an inflamed condition of the brain. Trouble, disappointment, over-exertion, over-study, dissipation, abuses, improper food, etc., are among the causes of insanity. These acting upon the brain, produce in it abnormal conditions—whether they be congestion, a state of irritation, or both, it may not be easy always to determine. Cold applications to the head, leeches, reducing the diet, have been efficacious. We remember a friend who received a blow on the external angle of the forehead, and he became insane, and exhibited his insanity by immoderate laughter, and was taken to the Insane Asylum at Hartford, Connecticut, for treatment. Ascertaining that he was there, and that he had received a blow on the temple, in the region of the organ of Mirthfulness, we wrote to his father on the subject, stating our opinion and giving suggestions; he went to the physician with the letter. They made cold applications and leeches, and in a day or two the lunatic showed great improvement, and was soon entirely well. But the question of insanity can not be answered in a single paragraph. Insanity, however, let it be remembered, is a disease of the brain, not of the mind.

MATRIMONIAL FITNESS.—We have before us letters from subscribers—indeed, three letters on one sheet—containing the phrenological development of the parties, as given by some phrenologist unknown to us, and asking what organizations would be adapted to matrimonial alliances with the persons whose charts are sent. This sending marked charts to us is no new thing. Indeed, it is coming to be a great tax on our time and patience. We are asked to study the developments as given, and then study out a character, and give in the JOURNAL the developments necessary for a matrimonial mate

to each. We can not afford thus to spend our time, nor can we afford the room in the JOURNAL; besides, one of the charts sent us could not have been marked by a respectable and intelligent phrenologist. By the way the temperament is set forth, we know that he did not understand his business, and we are not inclined to pay any attention to such charts. Let our readers understand, that if they wish to consult us on this very important subject, they may send us a three-cent stamp and ask for the "Mirror of the Mind," which will tell them all about having their likenesses properly taken for examination, and what it is necessary for us to know in order to give a correct delineation of character from likenesses.

LETTERS WITHOUT NAMES.

—Persons write us anonymous communications, very often inclosing long lists of questions particularly interesting to themselves, and expect to have them answered in the JOURNAL, when the room they ask would be worth \$20. Many such letters (especially if they contained a three-cent stamp) we should greatly prefer to answer privately, but not having the name and address, we are obliged either to bore our other readers, and occupy valuable space or throw the communications in the waste basket. We earnestly request all who send questions for the JOURNAL to give us their name and address (not for publication), so that we may give answers privately if we choose. We would also repeat our admonition for the benefit of some correspondents who fairly overwhelm us with questions, that one sensible inquiry at a time is all we care to notice.

DREAMING.—What is the cause of continual dreaming, and how can it be prevented?

Ans. One prolific cause of dreaming is over-eating. There is a story told of a young lady in England who complained to her physician of having a dreadful dream, all about her grandmother. "What did you eat for supper?" inquired the physician. "Not much," she replied. "A little boned turkey, pickled oysters, roast pork, a few sardines, and a half of a mince pie." "Ugh!" says the old physician, "if you had eaten the other half of the mince pie, you would probably have dreamed of your grandfather too!" Eating heartily of meat late at night, one may dream of droves of hogs, cattle, sheep, etc. Eat light suppers, not too late in the evening—say not later than six o'clock. Take an hour's brisk exercise in the open air, or its equivalent out of doors, and avoid exciting novels, plays, and games, winding up the day with a pleasant hymn, and the necessary devotional exercises, resigning yourself to God's care and keeping, and your dreams, if you dream at all, will not be of a frightful or an unpleasant nature.

TICKLISH.—Why is it that a person is susceptible of being tickled by another, when he can not do so by using upon himself the same manipulations?

Ans. Some persons can not wipe the bottoms of their own feet, or rub them in washing, without producing this tickling sensation, though generally when one purposes to act upon himself in any way it does not produce a tickling sensation. We suppose that it is the unexpectedness or surprise which produces that peculiar sensation. A horse being unexpectedly touched in some parts of the body will jump and cringe; whereas if he be approached from the neck, and the ticklish places gradually

reached, he will not then move or cringe; and we think he has similar sensations to those which a man has who is tickled about the neck, or under the arms, or on the soles of the feet. There are few people who do not feel this nervous susceptibility.

Why do persons close their eyes when they pray?

Ans. Those who read prayers do not close the eyes; but generally persons offering extemporaneous prayers do close the eyes, and we suppose the reason for it is, that the prayer is addressed to an unseen spirit, and when the eye is closed and the external world shut out, the imagination, the faith, the hope, the thought, more readily rises into the realm of the sacred and the spiritual.

THE LONG SLEEPER.—We clipped the statement relating to Mr. Gabriel Ellis, which appeared in our January number, from a scientific periodical published some time in the latter part of November, we think, not having the document before us just now. Inferring, then, that Mr. Ellis awoke from his trance-like slumber on the 9th of November, he had suffered almost six months to elip by unused and unimproved.

LORD'S PRAYER PICTURE.—Have you seen, and if so, what is your opinion of the Lord's Prayer Picture, published by Mr. L. Cowles, of New York city, and advertised in the JOURNAL?

Ans. Yes, and our opinion is, that it is the work of a master penman in every sense of the term. To describe the picture according to its merits would take more of our time and occupy more space than we can give it; yet it is a subject suggestive of volumes. Not only have we the simple words of the prayer exquisitely traced in various styles of letter, but interwoven with it are the leading incidents of our Saviour's life. The chief features, to us, of the work are the portraits, or busts, of Christ and his twelve apostles. These are miniature copies from Da Vinci's "Last Supper," but are clear and classic in outline and expression. Besides these there are several other beautiful engravings from some of the choicest paintings in the world. A key accompanies each copy of the picture, and also a "monitor," intended for the use of children, acquainting them in simple language with the many Scripture lessons illustrated by the engravings. A picture of this character should be in every family. A father could not invest his money to better advantage than by presenting it to his children.

Literary Notices.

[All works noticed in THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.]

THE HISTORY OF A MOUTHFUL OF BREAD and its effects on the organization of men and animals. By Jean Maie. Translated from the eighth French edition by Mrs. Alfred Gatty. First American edition. Reprinted from the above, carefully revised and compared with the seventeenth French edition. New York: American News Co. 12mo. Cloth, \$2.

In this very neat American reprint of a very highly esteemed French book, the author, M. Maie, treats of the human physiology in a way calculated to interest even children. He has endeavored to render the great principles of Respiration, Digestion, Circulation, etc., intelligible to the youthful intellect, by using the simplest illustrations and the very plainest lan-

guage, and he has succeeded remarkably well. If seventeen editions of the work which have been published to meet the demand for it, are any evidence of its practical value. The translator has striven to render the English edition as simple as the French, and deserves much credit for the *recherche* manner in which she has performed the difficult task. We need more of such books which will bring the great truths of science within the intelligent grasp of the humbler mind. The staid and formal style of nearly all the books on scientific subjects published in this country, tends to retard the general diffusion of scientific knowledge, and strengthens the impression that science is a field which but a few favored by circumstances are permitted to explore. The more the general public know about science, the more extended and improved will be their facilities for social and private happiness. Professor Youmans has done much toward popularizing chemistry, but there is ample room for farther effort in that department. The author of "Physical Perfection" wrote his admirable treatise for the purpose of disseminating generally the main features of physiology, but his work is hardly simple enough for the child. M. Maie writes for the child, and his childish phraseology makes the subjects treated on all the more clear to the mature intellect.

THE HOME JOURNAL, edited by Mr. Morris Phillips, evinces its prosperity by putting on a "bran new dress." Always tasteful, always rich and spicy, it now brings to its service able writers—American and European—of both sexes, and pronounces in favor of female suffrage. Though the *Home Journal* represents the upper ten thousand, it is in hearty sympathy with the best interests of society. A clean, handsome weekly; published at \$3 a year.

SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS A YEAR. A Wife's Effort at Low Living under High Prices. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cloth, \$1.

This account of a wife's effort in household economics has nothing in it to clash with reasonable probability, and may be read by those who strain to "make ends meet" now-a-days. We would like a book reciting the actual experience of a frugal housekeeper in New York city. We think it would approximate more to the character of a standard authority than memoirs of domestic experience in the less expensive retirement of a country town.

RECENT MURDERS IN AUSTRALIA. We have received from Mr. Plunkett, of Nelson, New Zealand, an "Illustrated Narrative of the Dreadful Murders on the Maungatapu Mountain, and on the Track between the Wakamarina River and Nelson, in the province of Nelson, New Zealand," together with photographic portraits of the murderers, and biographical sketches, for which he has our thanks. The "narrative" does not give us a very flattering picture of Australian life; but shows unmistakably the evils that have been entailed upon that young and beautiful country by the transportation thither of convicts from England.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND FLORAL GUIDE. We feel constrained to make a special notice of this beautifully prepared compilation. The floral and vegetable illustrations are no mean specimens of the engraver's art, but reflect credit on the artist for his skill, and on Mr. Vick for his taste and liberality.

The catalogue constitutes a neat little floral album worthy of any library. Those interested in horticulture should send to Rochester for a specimen catalogue.

THE AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHIC ALMANAC for 1867—by John Fowler, M.D.; New York, Joseph H. Ladd, publisher—contains information of value to those interested in the "work of the sunbeam" and some items which all can read with advantage. Price 50 cents.

THE NEGATIVE AND THE PRINT: or, the Photographer's Guide in the Gallery and in the Field, being a text-book for the Operator and Amateur, containing Brief and Concise Instructions for the Preparation of the Different kinds of Photographs now in vogue. By John Fowler, M.D., Professor of Chemistry, etc., in Hobart College; author of "The Silver Sunbeam," etc. New York: Joseph H. Ladd. 12mo. Cloth, \$1 75.

We feel safe in commending this book to the photographic profession. It is brief and condensed in statement, yet simple enough for the comprehension of the tyro. The author's name is a sufficient guaranty for the quality of the manual.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE PEOPLE: or, the Story of a Plebeian Family for 2,000 Years. By Eugene Sue. Translated by Mary L. Booth. New York: Clark, 418 Broome Street. First Series. Paper. Price \$1.

"The Mysteries of the People" presents, in the garb of romance, the history of the French people through the ages of oppression and monarchical despotism, till they became strong enough to assert their own sovereignty. This is a chapter in French life hitherto unwritten. The author, by historic example, shows the abuses and dangers which grow out of inequality, class, and privilege—a doctrine so well advanced by the author, that Louis Napoleon ordered the suppression of the first issue of the book, and imprisoned M. Sue.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT. A Tale of England and America. By Thomas Spaight. New York: Hilton & Co., 138 Nassau Street, 1867. Paper. Price 50 cents.

Like most of our paper-covered literature, his novel opens with a deep mystery, which of course is gradually "brought to light." Its descriptions of English aristocratic life are good, and in the main interesting; but the connection of the story with America is somewhat obscure; save that the villains introduced in the narrative escape to America. The interest of the reader is tolerably well enlisted throughout.

THE AMERICAN NATURALIST. A popular illustrative monthly magazine of Natural History is announced in our present number, to be published by the Essex Institute of Salem, Massachusetts, at \$3 a year. If the promises of the prospectus be fulfilled, the new magazine will become a record of great value. Send for a specimen number and judge its merits for yourself.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ITINERANT LIFE, including Early Reminiscences. By Rev. George Brown, D.D., of the Methodist Protestant Church. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co. 8vo., cloth, 466 pp. Price \$3 00.

Through the politeness of Rev. Alexander Clark, of Pittsburg, Pa., we have received a copy of this handsome volume, which, doubtless, will be welcomed by every Methodist. We hope soon to give a suitable critical notice of the work.

SCHOOLDAY DIALOGUES. Compiled by Rev. Alexander Clark. Philadelphia: J. W. Daughaday & Co. Price, \$1 75. New York: Fowler and Wells.

This is just such a book as every youngster who thinks himself a natural-born orator and actor would like to have. Indeed, it would be accounted indispensable were its merits known. The demand for a first-rate book of dialogues has been great, but that demand very inadequately supplied. We think Mr. Clark has been eminently successful in the work before us. He is not only familiar with schools and their requirements, but he is also familiar with boys and girls, knowing their natures, wants, and capacities; and he is just the one to prepare mental food for their minds. A long experience as editor of one of the best of juvenile periodicals, considerable experience as a teacher, and more recently as a preacher, fits him for the work undertaken. The book contains over eighty pieces in prose and poetry, suitably dramatized by the best writers, making a volume of some three hundred and fifty 12mo pages. It must become at once a success.

THE NEW YORK COACH-MAKER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for Feb.; with its usual assortment of information to the trade, and some neat illustrations of new vehicles, is well worth the price asked for specimen numbers—50 cents.

THE LAWYER IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM, comprising the Laws of all the States on important Educational Subjects. By M. McN. Walsh, A.M., LL.B., of the New York Bar. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co. Cloth, \$1.

This book comes to us most opportunely—at the time when the subject of school discipline is agitating the educational world. We have therein presented in brief the specific legislation of the leading States with reference to the conduct of schools. The respective rights of teachers and parents as affecting the education of children are very clearly defined. A lengthy chapter is devoted to the consideration of that momentous subject, "corporal punishment." All who have to do with teaching "the young idea" will, doubtless, hail the book as a volume long desired to set at rest the many prevailing uncertainties relating to school jurisprudence.

PARTS 113 and 114 of Chambers' Encyclopedia or Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People have come to hand, containing installments of historical and scientific matter. Any library would be greatly enriched by the addition of this encyclopedia to its catalogue.

New Books:

[Among the late issues of the press not elsewhere noticed in these pages, we may mention the following, all of which may be ordered through us, as in various ways and degrees valuable and interesting.]

PHILIP THE SECOND, OF SPAIN. A Companion Volume to Prescott. By Charles Gayarré, Author of "The History of Louisiana." With an Introductory Letter by George Bancroft, and a fine Steel Portrait of "Philip" from the Titian picture engraved by Bart. An elegant Octavo Volume. Extra Cloth, \$3 50, Half Calif, \$5 50.

GOOD ENGLISH: OR, Popular Errors in Philology. By Edward S. Gould. 1 vol. 12mo. \$1 75.

THE HISTORY OF LOUISIANA. By Charles Gayarré, being the American Domination, from 1803 (its Cession to the United States) to 1861. Comprising also The French Domination and The Spanish Domination. In three volumes. 8vo. Cloth; \$4 50 per vol. Half Calif, \$7 50.

TWO HUNDRED SKETCHES, Humorous and Grotesque. By Gustave Doré. Folio, pp. 86. Cloth, \$4 25.

THE FRENCH MANUAL: A New, Simple, Concise, and Easy Method of acquiring a Conversational Knowledge of the French Language. Including a Dictionary of over Ten Thousand Words. By M. Alfred Havet. Half Leather, \$2.

"SWINGIN' ROUND THE CIRCLE." By Petroleum V. Nasby (D. R. Locke), late Pastor of the Church of the New Dispensation, etc. His Ideas of Men, Politics, and Things, as set forth in his Letters to the Public Press during the year 1866. Illustrated by Thomas Nast. 12mo, pp. 209. Cloth, \$1 75.

-MANUAL OF CHESS. To which is added a Treatise on the Games of Backgammon, Russian Backgammon, and Dominoes. By N. Marache. 16mo, pp. 156. Boards, 65 cents.

NOTES ON BEAUTY, VIGOR, AND DEVELOPMENT; or, How to Acquire Plumpness of Form, Strength of Limb, and Beauty of Complexion. By William Mille. With additions, etc., by Handsome Charles, the Magnet. 16mo, pp. 23. New York: Fowler and Wells. Paper, 12 cts.

PATRIOTISM AT HOME: or, the Young Invincibles. By the Author of "Fred Freeland." 16mo, pp. 320. Boston: W. V. Spencer. Cloth, \$1 75.

OUR STATES AND TERRITORIES. Being Notes of a Recent Tour to Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Nevada, Oregon, Montana, Washington Territory, and California. Illustrated, by A. D. Richardson. Paper, 40 cents.

ELEMENTS OF ART CRITICISM. Comprising a Treatise on the Principles of Man's Nature as addressed by Art, together with a Historic Survey of the Methods of Art Execution in the Departments of Drawing, Sculpture, Architecture, Painting, Landscape Gardening, and the Decorative Arts. Designed as a Text-Book for Schools and Colleges, and as a Handbook for Amateurs and Artists. By G. W. Samson, D.D. Cr. 8vo. pp. 840. Cloth, \$4 50.

THE SAPPHIRE. A Collection of Graphic and Entertaining Tales, Brilliant Poems and Essays, gleaned chiefly from Fugitive Literature of the Nineteenth Century. 16mo, pp. 319. Paper, 90 cts.

THE SECRETARY'S SPECIAL HELP; a Monitor for the Secretary of the Lodge, with Directions for Keeping Minutes, Records, Accounts, etc., likewise Forms of Official Documents. 18mo, pp. 95. Cloth, \$1 25.

THE DRAYTONS AND THE DAVENANTS; a Tale of the English Civil War. By the author of "The Schonberg-Cotta Family." Handsome 12mo. \$- 30.

P. O. ORDERS.—Our patrons will oblige us, and save risk, by sending P. O. orders when remitting money for clubs and for books.

Publishers' Department.

OUR cotemporaries of the *Tribune* are becoming a little rusty in anatomical lore, if the following item clipped from a recent edition of that paper furnishes any evidence thereof.

"**SKULLS EXHUMED IN CITY HALL PARK.**—Yesterday, as the workmen were excavating for the laying of the water-pipes into the new Court-House, they turned up two human skulls and a large number of other bones. One of the skulls was like the ordinary skull, with a suture across the top, while the other had a suture running entirely over the top of the head, from between the eyes to the neck. It is known that the corner of Broadway and Chamber Street was used at the beginning of the present century as a negro burying-ground."

The second skull mentioned was an extraordinary one, *unlike* the ordinary human skull, according to the views of the writer of that item, because it had "a suture running entirely over the top of the head," etc. Our neighbor is evidently unacquainted with the condition of human skulls at the earlier periods in life. The frontal bone of a child's skull will be found to have a very distinct suture running from the root of the nose upward to the fontanel. At twenty, the union of the osseous plates in the forehead becomes so complete that very little trace of this suture can be found.

MR. JOSEPH LODGE, of Metuchen, N. J., has our thanks for the canine crania and specimens of peculiarly stratified pebbles. The notion which many entertain of the growth of rock is erroneous; where there is no vital organization, there can be no gradations of development.

THE Southern Cultivator, speaking of the *JOURNAL*, says, among other things, "How such a large, handsome, profusely illustrated and thoroughly edited paper can be got up at two dollars a year, passes our comprehension. Leaving out the Phrenological part, the other matter is worth the money." It can not be done without loss. We have decided to make it \$3 a year, commencing with the July number. The new rates will cover cost, and leave a small margin for profits.

THE DIFFERENCE.—We often receive applications like the following:

"**FOWLER AND WELLS.**—*Messrs.* With no other motive than a deep interest in the success of a young college, I venture to solicit a favor from you without long explanations or useless apologies. I will say we would be as proud of the name of Fowler and Wells on the list of our donors, as any of the numerous friends of education and progress who are represented there."

"Please have the kindness to send us a volume of useful information to put in our college library, or any specimen of useful art for our cabinet, and it shall be recorded in your name, and a special acknowledgment forwarded to yourselves."

"Yours, etc., J. H., Secretary."

But not often letters like the following:

"**DODGEVILLE, Wis.**
"Pub. PHRENO-JOURNAL.—I inclosed herewith \$2, for which please forward a copy of your *JOURNAL* for one year to the address of 'Dodgeville Literary Association.' Yours, respectfully,
"B. S., Secretary."

We are not behind any of our cotemporaries in zeal for the promotion of learning and educational institutions; but should

we respond to all the requirements of those who ask *donations* we would soon be obliged to suspend business. We are willing to supply our *JOURNAL* at a reduced rate, and we do so supply it to some needy institutions, but to go into a general *free* distribution, we could not think of it. Besides, phrenological science has become so well disseminated and so much appreciated that our publications find a ready market at fair prices, and there is no further need for broadcast gratuitous distributions.

MANY clergymen have our thanks for calling the attention of their parishioners to this *JOURNAL*. Whereas it was once feared that Phrenology led to materialism, it is now conceded that it is one of the most powerful aids to the understanding of a better life, and in keeping with *all* truth. There are cases not easily reached by the preacher which may be touched by these more direct and personal arguments, based on one's own temperament. It comes home with that emphatic charge—"Thou art the man!" and none can get away from its all-searching criticisms. Is the young man loose in his habits? Is he ill-tempered? Is he prodigal? Is he living without religion? Is he perverting his God-given gifts? Phrenology arrests, tries, convicts, and corrects him. Clergymen will find it useful in bringing home to the minds and hearts of all who read, a consciousness of duty to God and man, and be enabled to make the most of themselves.

PHONOGRAPHY.—Through the politeness of Mr. Burnham, of the firm of Ely, Burrett & Burnham, law reporters, Chicago, we have received the ninth annual address delivered before the Chicago Law Institute, by Elliott Anthony, Esq., President of the Institute, on Monday evening, November 5, 1866, in the course of which we find the following sensible remarks respecting the use of phonography in the law courts:

"It should be provided by law that each of the courts of superior jurisdiction in this country should have a shorthand reporter or phonographer, who should be a sworn officer of court, whose duty it should be to take notes of evidence, exceptions, and rulings of the court, etc., and preserve them for the benefit, not only of the courts and lawyers, but the parties themselves. They should be paid a liberal salary, and a portion of the expenses taxed as costs. I think that every judge and every lawyer of any experience will indorse what I say, that the taking of testimony by stenography, phonography, or shorthand is one of the greatest improvements of modern times. It saves time and labor, and is the only true and satisfactory mode of trying any case where the testimony of witnesses is required."

OUR PUBLICATIONS IN WASHINGTON.—A gentleman writes us from Washington, D. C., enclosing an order for books, and says: "It is a lamentable fact that your excellent works have no live agents here to bring their advantages to the notice of the public." We are not to blame for this state of things. There are both booksellers and periodical dealers in that city of magnificent distances, some of whom ought to consider their own interests sufficiently to keep a supply of that which would tend to straighten the minds of our crooked politicians. We hope to be able to send a delegation of phrenologists to that legislative center ere long, who will help sow the seed of truth.

General Items.

THE RULING OCCUPATION *STRONG ON SUNDAY.*—In a church in the north, not one hundred miles from Keith, a porter, employed during the week at the railway station, does duty on Sunday by blowing the bellows of the organ. The other Sunday, wearied by the long hours of railway attendance, combined it may be with the soporific effects of a dull sermon, he fell sound asleep during the service, and so remained when the pealing of the organ was required. He was suddenly and rather rudely awakened by another official, when, apparently dreaming of an approaching train, he started to his feet and roared out with all the force and shrillness of stentorian lungs and habit, "Change here for Elgin, Loxesmouth, and Burghhead!" The effect upon the congregation, sitting in expectation of a concord of sweet sounds, may be imagined; it is unnecessary to describe it; but the occurrence may give pause to the promoters of the organ movement in Presbyterian churches.—*Dumfries Scottish Courier.*

IRON ORE MADE BY INSECTS.—*The Medical News and Library* (Philadelphia) refers to a singular discovery made by a Swedish naturalist, with respect to the production of iron by insects. The insects in question are almost microscopic, and live beneath certain trees, especially in the province of Smaland. They spin, like silk-worms, a kind of ferruginous cocoons, which constitute the mineral known as lake ore, and which is composed of from 20 to 60 per cent. of oxide of iron mixed with oxide of manganese, 10 per cent. of chloric acid, and a small quantity of phosphoric acid. The deposits of this mineral are upward of 200 yards in length, 5 to 10 yards wide, and from 8 to 35 inches deep.

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Go, wondrous creature! mount where science guides;
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old time, and regulate the sun;
Go, soar with Plato to the empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule!
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!
Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And showed a NEWTON, as we show an ape.

Could he, who rules the rapid comet, bind,
Describe, or fix one movement of his mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning or his end?
Alas, what wonder! man's superior part
Unchecked may rise, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What reason weaves, by passion is undone.
Trace science then, with modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of pride;
Deduct what is but vanity or dress,
Or learning's luxury, or idleness;
Or tricks to show the strength of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain?
Expunge the whole, or lop the excrescent parts
Of all our vices have created arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which served the past, and must the times to come!

II. Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all;
And to their proper operation still,
Ascribe all good, to their improper, ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end.
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, deliberate, and advise.
Self-love, still stronger, as its object's nigh;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie;
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At best, more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to reason still attend.
Attention habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains.

Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide, than to unite;

And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.*
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire;
But greedy that, its object would devour,
This, taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r.
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of self-love the passions we may call;
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
But since not every good we can divide,
And reason bids us for our own provide;
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
List under reason, and deserve her care;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.

In lazy apathy let Stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd: 'tis fix'd as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest;
The rising tempest puts in act the soul;
Parts it may ravage, but preserve the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the chart, but passion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.†

Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
Yet mix'd and softened, in his work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes man, can man destroy?
Suffice that reason keep to nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.



Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train;
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain,
These mixed with art, and to due bounds confined,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind;
The lights and shades, whose well accorded strife
Gives all the strength and color of our life.

* Sectarian animosity more frequently grows out of Combativeness and Comparison, than Benevolence, Veneration, or Conscientiousness. If love of truth were the aim and end of discussion, there would be no acrimony, no ill-temper in it, but only kindness. A true Christian will be more zealous for the right and the good of mankind, than for the success of self, a party, or a sect.

† "Reason the chart." Man's intellect may be likened to the rudder of a ship; and his passions, including Combativeness, Destructiveness, Self-Esteem, Firmness, etc., the propelling powers. These are the same as steam to the engine; without them a person would be tame, timid, and inefficient. With strong propelling powers and intellect to direct, the person will accomplish something worthy of a man. The passions and the impulses need direction rather than restraint.

Pleasures are ever in our hands and eyes;
 And when in act they cease, in prospect rise;
 Present to grasp, and future still to find,
 The whole employ of body and of mind,
 All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
 On different senses, different objects strike;
 Hence different passions more or less inflame,
 As strong or weak the organs of the frame;
 And hence one master passion in the breast,
 Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.
 As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
 Receives the lurking principle of death;
 The young disease that must subdue at length,
 Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength;
 So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
 The mind's disease, its ruling passion came;
 Each vital humor, which should feel the whole,
 Soon flows to this, in body and in soul;
 Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
 As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
 Imagination plies her dangerous art,
 And pours it all upon the peccant part.
 Nature its mother, habit is its nurse;
 Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;
 Reason itself but gives it edge and power,
 As heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour;
 We, wretched subjects, though no lawful sway,
 In this weak queen some favorites still obey;
 Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
 What can she more than tell us we are fools?
 Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
 A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
 Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
 The choice we make, or justify it made;
 Proud of an easy conquest all along,
 She but removes weak passions for the strong:
 So, when small humors gather to a gout,
 The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.

Yes, nature's road must ever be prefer'd;
 Reason is here no guide, but still a guard;
 'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
 And treat this passion more as friend than foe:
 A mightier power the strong direction bands,
 And several men impels to several ends;
 Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
 This drives them constant to a certain coast.
 Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
 Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;
 Through life 'tis follow'd e'en at life's expense;
 The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
 The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
 All, all alike, find reason on their side.*

The eternal art, educating good from ill,
 Grafts on this passion our best principle:
 'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
 Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd:
 The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
 And in one interest body acts with mind.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
 On savage stocks inserted learn to bear,
 The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
 Wild nature's vigor working at their root.
 What crops of wit and honesty appear
 From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
 See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
 E'en avarice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
 Lust, through some certain strainers well refin'd,
 Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;†

Envy, to which the ignoble mind's a slave,
 Is emulation in the learned or brave;
 Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
 But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.

Thus nature gives us, (let it check our pride)
 The virtue nearest to our vice allied;
 Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
 And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
 The fiery soul abhor'd in Catiline,
 In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine.
 The same ambition can destroy or save,
 And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

IV. This light and darkness in our chaos joined,
 What shall divide? The God within the mind.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce.
 In man they join in some mysterious use;
 Though each by turns the other's bounds invade,
 As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
 And oft so mix, the difference is too nice,
 Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
 That vice and virtue there is none at all.*
 If white and black blend, soften, and unite
 A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
 Ask your own heart; and nothing is so plain;
 'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.



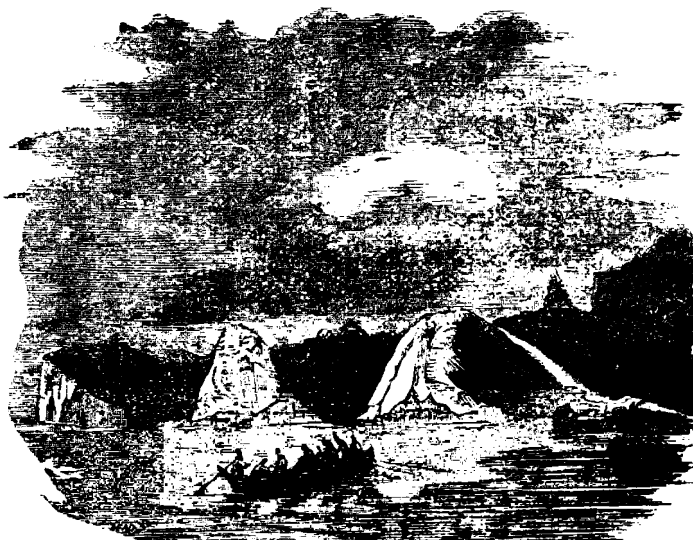
V. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
 As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
 Yet seen too oft, familiar to her face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
 But where the extreme of vice was ne'er agreed;
 Ask where's the north? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
 At Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
 At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
 No creature owns it in the first degree,
 But thinks his neighbor farther gone than he;
 E'en those who dwell beneath its very zone,
 Or never feel the rage, or never own;
 What happier natures shrink at with affright,
 The hard inhabitant contends is right.†

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* No one is "all bad." If one be a thief, he may at the same time be kind and even generous. One may be a gambler, and not without a feeling of devotion.

† A criminal should be judged according to circumstances. What is the degree of his accountability? Is he intelligent? Is he ignorant? Is he rich? or is he poor? Temperate or dissipated? Sane or insane? A fool or a philosopher? What, if any, are the extenuating circumstances? Did he inherit, from perverted parents, a natural tendency to this particular class of crimes? Reader, what are your besetting sins? Do they lie in the direction of wine, women, or money? or is your pride so absorbing as to lead you astray? Are you your own master? Can you say No to yourself, or to others, and hold to it?

* That is to say, each justifies himself in the course he pursues, not stopping to take counsel of God or his higher sense.
 † Lust is the perversion of pure spiritual love; emulation is noble; and envy is low selfishness.



LANDING OF SELKIRK ON THE ISLAND.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

We need hardly say that the "Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" was founded upon the remarkable life of Alexander Selkirk. He was a Scotchman, born at Largo, Fifeshire, about the year 1676. Being of a romantic nature, nothing could satisfy him but the life of a sailor, which pursuit he adopted, and in 1703 went from England as sailing-master of a privateer called the "Cinque Ports." While on the voyage he got into a quarrel with the captain, and the consequence was that he asked to be put ashore. The first land sighted after this request was the island of Juan Fernandez, and there he left the vessel. He took with him his clothes and bedding, with a gun and some powder and bullets, some tobacco, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, with other books, and his mathematical instruments. Here he remained alone for four years and four months. He diverted himself as well as he could, but was very melancholy for the first eight months, but in time he grew reconciled to his strange position. When his powder was exhausted, he was obliged to procure his food by other means. His mode of living, with the continual exercise of walking and running, had cleared him of all gross humors, so that he could run with wonderful swiftness through the woods and up the hills and rocks, and in this way he was able to run down goats. He also tamed some kids, and, for diversion, would sometimes sing and dance with them and his cats, which had escaped from ships that had called at the island. When his clothes were worn out, he made others of goat-skins, using a sharpened nail for a needle, and stitching them together by thongs made of skins. When his knife was worn out, he made another out

of some old hoop-iron which had been left on shore, which he beat out thin between two stones and then ground to an edge on a smooth stone. The rats were so numerous on the island that they would gnaw his feet and clothes while he was asleep, and he was obliged to cultivate the friendship of all the cats he could procure, and he thus formed a large body-guard, which used to lie beside him, and soon delivered him from the rats.

On the 31st of January, 1709, he was rescued from his solitary confinement by two English vessels which had been sent out to cruise against the Spaniards. On the approach of the boats he directed the men where to effect a landing. He was clad in his goat-skins, and appeared more wild and rugged than the original owners of his apparel. He was taken back to England,



SELKIRK AND HIS GOATS

where he arrived on the 1st of October, 1711. For a few years after his return he lived in his native place, but subsequently eloped with a girl whom he married, and went with her to London. Afterward he entered the English navy, and served on the ship "Weymouth" until his death in the year 1723.

His life goes to show, that man, in whatever

position he may be placed, in whatever country he may find himself, can adapt himself to the conditions by which he happens to be surrounded; and illustrates very clearly the force of necessity and the benefit of exercise upon the development of the body. By his fleetness of foot solely he was enabled to secure his food.

THE SQUIRREL & THE MOUNTAIN.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel;
And the former called the latter "Little Prig."
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I can not carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

NURSING TROUBLES.—Some people are as careful of their troubles as mothers are of their babes; they cuddle them, and rock them, and hug them, and cry over them, and fly into a passion with you if you try to take them away from them; they want you to fret with them, and to help them believe that they have been worse treated than anybody else. If they could, they would have a picture of their grief in a gold frame, hung over the mantle-shelf for everybody to look at. And their grief makes them really selfish; they think more of their dear little grief in the basket and in the cradle than they do of all the world besides; and they say you are hard-hearted if you say, "Don't fret." "Ah! you don't understand me—you don't know me—you can't enter into my trials!"

The above is a mirror in which certain persons may see themselves reflected. As though others had not trials! They lack hope; they give way to foolish fear; are cowardly, without faith or fortitude. They are poor things; will not amount to much. Still, it is our duty to help get them out of the rut, and encourage them to throw off cares.—*Er.*

THE
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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—Young.

LOUIS AGASSIZ.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.

WE have here a rather ponderous man—that is, a ponderous head on a ponderous body. His live weight must somewhat exceed 200 pounds. He is heavy ordnance—not light artillery. But what of him? Is he really great? Or, is he over-rated? In temperament, the vital principle is very strongly marked; the lamp of life is full up to the brim; there is no indication of dyspepsia or consumption here, but all the signs of a well-sustained vitality. What a chest! How ample the heart, lungs, and stomach! With him, food is readily converted into blood, lymph, and tissue; and he keeps an ample stock constantly on hand, to meet the heavy requisitions of his powerful mental machinery. Though a Swiss by birth and a Celt by blood, his general contour and make-up is Teutonic. His head is much larger than the average size, exceeding twenty-three inches in circumference; is broad at the base, and surpassing ordinary heads in height. Observe



PORTRAIT OF LOUIS AGASSIZ.

the distance from the ear to the top. It may be likened to a four-story house, with many apartments, all of good size and well furnished.

It is not a rattle-head, with empty rooms. Then observe the intellect. The entire forehead is large, especially the perceptive faculties, which

project considerably over the eyes. It is full in the middle, at Individuality, Eventuality, and Comparison, and rather large at Causality. Locality is immense, imparting a strong love for travel and adventure, especially when combined with moderate Cautiousness, and a mind naturally curious to investigate. The base of the brain is decidedly full, even heavy. The organs of Amativeness, Adhesiveness, Philoprogenitiveness, and Vitativeness are all prominent. He is not full in the crown; Self-Esteem and Firmness are not specially strong, hence he is inclined to be modest, sensitive, and even diffident. Neither is he as large in Combativeness and Destructiveness as might be considered necessary to give him great self-reliance, executive-ness, and force of character. More of these, perhaps, would indeed make him a power against which common men could not stand. But he is kindly, respectful, and sympathetic. He has inherited the mind and spirit of his mother, rather than the rougher and more masculine traits of the father. In the general conformation, his head is not unlike that of Audubon, or that of Herschel.

But what of his physiognomy? This: That is a quiet, calm, benign countenance. There is nothing belligerent in the expression; on the contrary, it has a friendly and inviting look. See how loving the lips, how meek the eyes, and how peaceful the whole! The nose, mainly, indicates culture and development of character. The eyes and the forehead indicate intelligence and availability of mind; the chin and the lips warmth and ardor of affection, and the whole vigorous health, a superabundance of vitality, with all the indications of long life, peacefulness, repose, happiness. Is there not just a touch of indolence in this temperament? He can not be altogether lazy; but he may seek for repose of body, if not of mind.

Such an organization can hardly fail to take a position, even in the front rank among men, and maintain it. It is true that there must necessarily be a powerful struggle here, between the flesh and the spirit; and when such persons give way to the appetite, resorting to stimulants as many do, they are very liable to go down. And it is no disparagement to this gentleman to state that his weakness or temptations lie in the directions of his appetite and his affections. Regulating and properly restraining these, he has little to fear and all things to hope for.

Professor Agassiz is no high-pressure engine, no race-horse, or greyhound; he is more like the low-pressure engine of a great manufactory which can exert a tremendous influence, and develop great power steadily and effectively. He considers the end—he looks to substantial and enduring results, and therefore would not be hasty in his conclusions. We see no indications of great precocity in this organization, but rather the steadiness of a studious mind, the diligence of which has been rewarded by the successful accomplishment of its undertakings. He may sometimes

require firing up, calling out, and urging on, but when in harness and fairly under way, he clears his own tracks. Had he been educated for law and for statesmanship, he could have stood in the front ranks. But it is known to all the world that he gave attention to the natural sciences, and he stands, to-day, at the head, in these studies and pursuits.

The biography annexed must conclude our description.

BIOGRAPHY.

Professor Louis John Rudolph Agassiz, the distinguished American naturalist, was born on the 28th of May, 1807. He is of French descent, his family having been among the Huguenots who were driven from France by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, some of whom afterward took refuge in the Pays de Vaud, Switzerland. Here, for six generations, the lineal ancestors of Agassiz devoted themselves to the ministry. His father became the pastor of St. Imier, a Protestant parish in the ancient bishopric of Basel, and subsequently took charge of the parish of Mottier, in the valley between the Lake of Neuchatel and the Lake of Morat, where Louis was born. His mother was a lady of uncommon intelligence and talent, the daughter of a physician in the canton de Vaud. As may be readily inferred, young Louis was early taught the precepts of holy living, which were carefully fostered and developed under the loving eye of a pious mother. It is said that, in his infancy, he exhibited the strongest love of knowledge, and would listen to the conversation of his father, and those friends who visited him, with a manifestation of intelligence quite remarkable in one so young, and when he had learned to read, the instruction books were rarely out of his hands. As early as ten years of age he evinced a decided predilection for natural history, and seemed never happier than when threading the intricate and dangerous passes of his mountain home, or when climbing some sharp acclivity in search of some new fern, or flower, or fossil; the finding of the least of which filled his heart with delight, amply repaying him for all the labor and fatigue experienced.

His father, appreciating the intellectual power exhibited by his son, determined to use every means within his reach for his proper development, and acting upon the principle, that a sound body is the only true basis for a sound mind, at the age of eleven sent him, with a younger brother, to the gymnasium at Vienne, a small town in the canton of Berne, where four years were passed in the study of ancient and modern languages, and in such muscular training, diversified by the amusements of fishing and collecting insects, as was fitted to develop his body. In the mean time his father had removed from Mottier to the little town of Orbe, at the foot of the Jura; and here, during the vacations, under the influence of a young clergyman named Fivaz, who is now himself in the United States, the young student's attention was first drawn toward the technical study of the natural sciences, especially the vegetable kingdom, but not yet with

the intention of making it a life-task. At fifteen he entered the college of Lausanne, where he passed two years of close application to his studies. Having chosen the profession of medicine, he went to Zurich in 1824, and two years after removed to the university of Heidelberg, where he continued his medical studies, giving some attention to zoology and botany, until 1827, when he entered the university of Munich.

While pursuing his studies at Munich, Agassiz formed intimate friendships with several of the most distinguished men of the day, among whom was Martius; under him he studied the organization of plants, and their geographical distribution; he lived in the house of Dollinger, with whom he studied the embryonic development of animals; he was intimate with Wagner; with Oken he discussed the principles of classification; with Fuchs he studied mineralogy; and for four successive years he attended all the lectures of Schelling on philosophy. He became the leading spirit in a select circle of young student who met to discuss scientific subjects. About this time Don Pedro of Brazil married an Austrian princess, and the Austrian and Bavarian governments seized the opportunity of sending to that country a scientific exploring expedition, to which was attached the distinguished naturalists Martius, Spix, Natterer, and Pohl. Martius, on his return from Brazil, set about the preparation of a report of his investigations there, and intrusted the zoological department to Spix, who had also the charge of the ichthyological part of the work. Spix dying, however, before the work was completed, Martius selected young Agassiz to elaborate, arrange, and classify the one hundred and sixteen species of fish which Spix had discovered, and so successfully was the task accomplished, that there has not yet occurred the necessity for a re-classification. This performance obtained for him good rank among naturalists. The study of medicine was now given up for the more congenial study of natural science. On the conclusion of his part of Martius' work, he applied for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Erlangen, which he obtained after sustaining with credit a severe examination, and in the same year he took at Munich the degree of Doctor of Medicine, on which occasion he maintained the superiority of woman, in a Latin dissertation entitled, *femina humana superior mari*. In the mean time he was engaged in collecting materials for a "Natural History of the Fresh-Water Fishes of Europe," which, through the liberal-mindedness of Cotta, a distinguished publisher, was shortly afterward issued, and which has since been pronounced a work of great thoroughness, and become a text-book for students in this department of science. Agassiz visited most of the rivers of Europe during the preparation of his work; and had his attention drawn to the fossil species, found in the fresh-water deposits of Oeningen and of Glaris in Switzerland, and of Solenhofen in Bavaria, the result of which was,

after several years' study, the publication of his "Researches on Fossil Fishes," and his "Descriptions of Echinoderms," which, continuing through ten years, was finally brought to a close in 1844. During the progress of this work, Agassiz formed a friendship with Humboldt, which lasted until the death of that distinguished man, and was of great service to him in his researches.

It was while engaged upon his "Researches on Fossil Fishes," that a friend sent him a fish scale, of peculiar shape, which had been exhumed from the chalk formations of Paris. It had once belonged to a race of fishes now extinct, and this was the only available testimonial that had come to the hands of any scholar. Nothing daunted, Agassiz set to work to give from these slender materials the exact position and relation of this antediluvian among his tribes. He first drew a profile of the extinct fish, placing the acquired scale in its proper place, and then gave it a name and described its habits, etc. He then sent the drawing, together with the description, to the *Journal of Arts and Sciences*, issued in Paris, where it was published at length. Five years subsequent to this publication, in which Agassiz had risked his reputation, his friend fortunately discovered a perfect fossil specimen of the defunct race of fishes, and sent it for his inspection. Upon examination, so accurately had he made his drawing, not a single line had to be altered!

It would be impossible in our limited space to give a sketch of each of Professor Agassiz's writings. His activity and enthusiasm always kept him busily employed. Among the products of his pen are his "Bibliotheca Zoologiæ and Geologiæ," "Critical Studies on Fossil Mollusca," "Memoirs on the Muscles in Living and Fossil Mollusca." He superintended a German translation of "Buckland's Geology," and revised the French and German translation of "Sowerby's Mineral Conchology." Another branch of inquiry in which Professor Agassiz took an important rank, was the study of glaciers, and their influence in geological phenomena, the result of his studies on this subject appearing in two works, entitled "Etudes sur les Glaciers," and "Systeme Glaciare."

From 1846, the biography of Professor Agassiz belongs to the scientific history of the United States. In the autumn of that year he arrived in Boston from Paris, his object being to make himself familiar with the natural history and geology of this country, in the fulfillment of a project suggested to the King of Prussia by the Baron Alexander Von Humboldt, as well as for the purpose of delivering a course of Lowell Lectures in Boston. He then visited New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston, with the view of comparing the animals of the northern with those of the more southern latitudes of this continent; and on his return to New York was offered, by Professor Bache, the Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, the use of all the facilities afforded by the Government in the coast survey, for the further prosecution of his researches. An

offer so liberal, and of such vast importance in a scientific point of view, by means of which he could visit at will every point of the coast from Maine to Texas, and along the Western coast, made him exclaim, that this was enough to determine him to remain to the end of his days in the United States. In the summer of the same year he visited the coast of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard; and in the same year he visited, in company with Mr. John A. Lowell, Niagara Falls and the White Mountains, the immediate result of which was papers on the medusæ of Massachusetts, and upon a coral found near Holmes' Hole. During the next three winters he lectured before the Lowell Institute upon comparative embryology, and upon the successive development of the animal kingdom, repeating them in New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston.

In 1847, Lawrence Scientific School was founded at Cambridge, Mass., and the professorship of zoology and geology was offered him, which he accepted, after having first obtained from his government an honorable discharge from his obligations to it. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, in granting his request, employed these words: "We well know that wherever you take up your abode, your time will be employed for the best advantage of science." He entered upon his duties in Cambridge in the spring of 1848, and at the close of the academic year started, with twelve of his pupils, upon a scientific exploration on the shores of Lake Superior, where they passed the summer months, the result of which is contained in a volume entitled "Lake Superior." In the same year, in conjunction with Dr. A. A. Gould, he published "Principles of Zoology," for the use of schools and colleges. To give an account of all that he has done would require a minute examination year by year, and often month by month. His time has been chiefly employed in delivering lectures in the winter, and in making scientific excursions during the summer. In this manner he has traversed the whole extent of the country from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic coast to the valley of the Mississippi, delivering courses of lectures in Savannah, Mobile, New Orleans, Cincinnati, and many other places. The winter of 1850 was spent upon the reef of Florida, in the service of the coast guard survey, with the view to ascertain the mode of growth and the direction of the increase of the reef. In 1852 he accepted a professorship of comparative anatomy in the medical college of Charleston S. C., but finding the climate injurious to his health, he again returned to the North. Since 1856 his chief employment has been the classification and arrangement of the immense amount of materials he has collected during his various and extended scientific voyages, and by the donations of friends and others interested in natural history. This collection forms the foundation for the most important of his works now in course of publication, entitled, "Contributions to the Natural History of the United

States," a work which is to be completed in ten volumes, and which has met with a more generous support than perhaps any publication of so purely scientific a nature and so expensive a form has ever before received. The subscription list reaches 2,500, an unparalleled number.

The most recent voyage of Agassiz was to Brazil. He organized a scientific expedition to the Amazon, the entire expenses of which were paid by Mr. Thayer, a banker of Boston. Some of the minor results of this expedition have appeared in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and it is probable that it will be the basis for a more complete and perfect work. Some of Agassiz's more recent popular publications have met with severe criticism abroad, upon the ground that he has not found in this country the constant friendly emulation which is especially necessary to keep a scientific man fresh and bright. It is feared that he is degenerating into the dogmatism and devotion to his own opinions, with a disregard, and perhaps contempt, for those of others, which is unfortunately too apt to characterize men who are almost isolated, and which is fatal to all real scientific progress. The real man of science seeks only the discovery and development of truth, and his personal aims and reputation are but secondary in this glorious pursuit. Whether such criticism is in this instance unfounded or not, can be decided only by our readers for themselves after a careful study of the evidence in the case. We simply notice it as a fact. The influence, however, of Agassiz in this country, in fostering and extending the accurate and liberal study of nature, which, followed in the right spirit is, *par excellence*, the liberal art, can not be too highly praised nor too gratefully remembered.

A POWERFUL MICROSCOPE.—The most powerful microscope ever constructed has been made by Messrs. Powell & Leland, and described in a paper read before the Royal Society of London, England. The power of this instrument is fully double any which has ever been constructed previously, and altogether surpasses what had before been considered the utmost attainable limit of perception in this instrument. This powerful microscope magnifies 3,000 diameters with its lowest eye-piece, and 15,000 diameters with its piece of the highest power—the latter being equivalent to magnifying no less than 1,575,000,000, or making an object appear that number of times larger than it really is! How immensely must such an instrument increase our knowledge of the lower organism; may it not even enable us, eventually, to determine the ultimate constitution of matter? Some of the most important discoveries in comparative physiology have been recently made with the assistance of the microscope, and many old theories have been exploded. But with the increase of its magnifying power, the *arcana* of nature appear to multiply, as if there were no limit to the domain of the infinitesimal.

PHRENOLOGICAL THEORY OF MAN'S ORGANIZATION.

(CONTINUED.)

HARMONY WITH REVELATION.

THE common metaphysical expositions are almost always at war with revelation, while the phrenological one before given harmonizes with it in every particular, and also harmonizes with well-known facts in the history of man, and with what is known concerning his organization.

For instance, metaphysico-theological expositors, not knowing what other disposal to make of that carnal mind which could not become subject to the law of God, have taught us that it was destroyed. This common error can not be reconciled with revelation, for Peter writes, "Finally, my brethren, abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul." Now how in the name of reason could individuals, whose carnal minds had been destroyed, feel any fleshly lusts? Neither can it be reconciled with the fact that the animal faculties present call for gratification until death. It is a clear case, therefore, that the common metaphysical expositions can not be in harmony with revelation or with facts. The discord between ordinary expositions and revelation is very grating on all ears not especially trained and educated to admire such music, and the ruin of thousands of souls is the disastrous consequence resulting from this false note in heavenly music. But when we sound the phrenological harp, sweet, soft music, in exact accord with the notes from the great Creator of harmonies, is heard, and not a mortal on earth will ever mourn the day he heard the strain.

There is a remarkable difference between the "spiritual man" and the "animal man." With the former all is peace; no two of the faculties can ever come in conflict. For instance, Benevolence can never war with Veneration, and so on through the whole group. On the other hand, with the "animal man" the various faculties are at war with each other, and not only at war with each other, but they war against the very existence of the physical system; for almost all the passions, if inordinately indulged, bring on premature decay and death. The following commentary, by the Rev. John Pierpont, admirably and truthfully portrays the turmoil and warring of the faculties of the "animal man." "But there may be perpetual discord—and if the moral sentiments do not sternly predominate, there will—between the animal propensities. See how Acquisitiveness resists Alimentiveness. How offended Amativeness goads on Combativeness and Destructiveness to do its bidding! How sharp the struggle between Philoprogenitiveness and Acquisitiveness! Indeed, what one of them all is there that may not be easily pricked on to do battle with all the rest?" And if we read the passage in 1 Peter ii. 11 more correctly rendered, both the text and the commentary will be found to possess more force and beauty than with the common rendering; *κατα* may be very properly rendered *in*, and the passage

will read, "Finally, my brethren, abstain from fleshly lusts, *αὐτὰς ἀρκεῖς κατὰ τὴν ψυχὴν*, which are marshaled in battle-array in the soul." Beautiful and harmonious phrenological language.

For fear of misapprehension, perhaps it may be better for me to notice the word *soul*. It has in Hebrew and English a very indefinite use, and if a man says it means anything, it would be quite easy to prove from the Scriptures (i. e., English) that it did not. For example, the term *soul* is frequently used to denote the immortal part of man, whatever that may be supposed to be, and yet in Numbers vi. 6 it is used to denote the body: "All the days that he separateth himself he shall come at no dead body"—in Hebrew, "dead soul." Hence it is quite evident that the term *soul* can not mean the immortal part of man. The same course of reasoning might be pursued with a great variety of other meanings; in fact, if it should be said that the term *soul* denoted any one of the following forty meanings, the thirty-nine others could be appealed to in proof that the meaning was erroneous. The Hebrew word for soul is said to be rendered in our common English Scriptures as follows: Breast, breath, dead, life in jeopardy, life, man, person, tablet, will, ghost, hath life, heart, her, fish, greedy, he, hearty, herself, myself, jeopardy of life, one, yourselves, self, appetite, body, creature, deadly, discontented, mortality, lust, me, pleasure, thyself, would have, things, themselves.

The Greek term *ψυχή*, *psuche*, is also rendered variously by soul, life, person, heart, and mind.

If to the above we add the frequent use of the words spirit, soul, and mind, as convertible terms by metaphysical expositors; and then again, their changing of the phrenological faculty of Firmness into a grand incomprehensible myth, named THE WILL, sometimes endowing it with the perceptive and reflective powers of the intellect, with the emotional faculties of the spirit, and the passions of the soul, we can very readily perceive the reason why there is so much mystification on the subject. If the reader has any ideas of spirit and soul derived from the above-mentioned mystifying sources, it is to be hoped that he will set them aside for a time, and not give to the words *spirit* and *soul*, as used in this article, the meaning he has previously adopted, for if he does he will have no more definite ideas of what is intended than he had before reading it. Supposing the reader is willing to examine patiently and impartially the views presented, we shall resume the consideration of the subject.

St. Paul, in speaking of the resurrection of our bodies from the dead, says, "It is sown an animal body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is an animal body, and there is a spiritual body." Our Saviour says, "In the resurrection, they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God." When we enter the grave, we but enter the antechamber to change our robes for the bridal supper of the Lamb, and our Saviour furnishes the key to the door, so that we can examine

our cast-off robes, and take a partial view, at least, of them before we actually enter the grave. According to our Saviour, the organ of Amativeness, belonging to the animal group, will be found stricken from existence when we arise from the dead; we may, therefore, very logically conclude that, if Amativeness is stricken out, Alimentiveness, Combativeness, Destructiveness, etc., will also be stricken out, and that we shall arise, as Paul says, with a "spiritual body," better suited for the dwelling-place of the spirit.

As in this life, when we are paralyzed, we no longer use the part paralyzed—for instance, if the gustatory nerve be paralyzed, we taste not; if the auditory, we hear not; if the nerves of sensation, we feel not; or if the nerves of motion, we move not; and as paralysis frequently occurs without any perceptible change of structure, we may therefore logically conclude from our Saviour's remark, that our heavenly Father, by death, kindly lulls to sleep the faculties belonging to the animal group, so that we shall no longer be annoyed by their oft-repeated calls for gratification; while the faculties belonging to the spiritual group will enable us to enjoy, in their fullest intensity, the delights of heaven.

Cases occasionally occur of paralysis of nerves, without our being able to perceive any destruction or injury of the nerve paralyzed; if we say that in the glorious resurrection morn we shall arise with "spiritual bodies," the animal group of faculties having been paralyzed by death, we perceive that these changes can occur, without our personal identity having been in the least affected by death and the resurrection. Thus we learn from our Saviour that death merely disrobes us of garments which would render us unsuited for the realms of bliss. We hear also from Paul that our vile bodies shall be changed and fashioned like unto the glorious body of the Redeemer; Matthew informs us that on the mount of transfiguration "his face did shine as the sun." Now, we speak of death as a "grim monster," then, we shall view it merely as a dose of chloroform, which had lulled to an eternal sleep "the animal man," so that we no longer can feel hunger through Alimentiveness, a desire to marry through Amativeness, or to hoard treasures through Acquisitiveness, or grief for lost children through Philoprogenitiveness, and so on through the whole group. Not a single one of the old metaphysicians can possibly reconcile their expositions of man's organization with the Scriptures. Let a skeptic ask one of them the following questions, and he is perfectly nonplused, and must be silent: You, sir, say you think a man has a *πνεῦμα*, *pneuma*, a spirit, and a *ψυχή*, *psuche*, a soul, a life animal; that the spirit is from God, and the animal soul "the seat and center of the animal instincts." If so, then the soul must be extinguished at death and can not be revived at the resurrection, for the Saviour says, that in the resurrection there will be neither marrying nor giving in marriage, but we shall be as the angels of God. This, of

course, implies that animal instincts will not exist in the resurrection, and therefore there can be no soul to perish in hell. Yet that same Saviour, in Matt. x. 28, says, "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell," and this, of course, implies existence of the soul after death, in punishment. Now, sir, how can you expect me to believe your Bible when it teaches on one page that the soul will not exist after death, and on another page implies the existence of that soul in endless punishment? I can not receive such contradictions. To such an address, the ablest of the old-school metaphysicians could make no reply without abandoning all their previous expositions and seeking the aid of Phrenology.

In this life, the spirit and soul are united in the body through the medium of the nervous system; the intellectual belonging exclusively to the spirit, which, as before shown, operates more especially through the cerebral portion of the nervous system; while the nerves of organic life are allotted exclusively to the department of the soul, while both spirit and soul are more particularly united in the cranio-spinal system of sensational and motor nerves. Hence, if we say that at the resurrection body, soul, and spirit are reunited again, the body changed, and better adapted to the use of the spirit, we can perceive that the intellectual, sensational, and motor powers of the nervous system may be carried on in full vigor in the new state of existence, while the animal group of organs may be paralyzed without any change of structure, and the whole can be accomplished without any change in our personal identity. This is not expressly declared in so many words, yet is clearly implied, and we are, therefore, perfectly justified in so concluding. It is clearly declared we are to be judged according to our deeds. It is evident, then, that no change can take place which will destroy our personal identity.

In the second place, it is expressly declared that one at least of the animal faculties or instincts will be stricken from existence in the resurrection. We may then logically conclude that the others also will be extinguished, lulled, or paralyzed, else Paul's declaration that it is raised "a spiritual body" will not be true. In the third place, it is expressly declared that the soul and body can be destroyed in hell, which implies existence after death, nor can we reconcile any other supposition with the clear declarations that the wicked shall be punished.

Just here, our anatomical, physiological, and phrenological knowledge comes into play, and the foregoing remarks show that all can be accomplished without any perversion or contradiction of the language of Scripture, and without any of that extraordinary confusion of ideas with which the common metaphysical expositions always abound; and we can readily remove every appearance of contradiction from the above-mentioned passages of Scripture, and remove a stumbling-block from the

path of a skeptic. And this exposition will present food for serious meditation to all evil-doers, for it will indeed be a fearful thing to be consigned to perdition with our nerves of sensation in full vigor, capable of feeling in full intensity the punishment inflicted.

We can thus readily perceive the very great advantages of phrenological expositions of man's organization over the common metaphysical expositions; the former are harmonious in themselves—harmonize with the Scriptures, and also with the well-known facts which come under our notice in everyday life—while the latter are generally contradictory in themselves, and are at war with the Scriptures, and with well-known facts which come under daily notice, and for many phenomena, they are candidly admitted as insufficient for their exposition. Ask one of them, "You, my good friend, have devoted years to the intense study of the great laws of mind, will you be so kind as to tell me why it is that neighbor A. is a fine musician, while neighbor B., who is equal to him if not superior in talents, can not 'turn a tune'?" This is a great puzzle to me, and I should like to know." The metaphysician gravely replies, it is owing to "a gift of nature" that A. has such fine musical talents. Ask again, why is it that Mr. C.'s son can make extraordinary progress in mathematical studies, while my son makes but a moderate progress? It is "a gift of nature," replies the metaphysician—one of the secrets of nature. Ask again, why is it that D. has learned to draw admirably without any teacher, while E. has never made much progress, though he has an excellent teacher? It is "a gift of nature," is the reply. Ask again, why is it that F. is an admirable painter, while G., with equal talents, can not paint well? It is "a gift of nature," is the reply. Ask again, why is it that H. has an extraordinary flow of language, and can speak well on almost any emergency, while I. is "slow of speech," and can not speak extemporaneously? It is "a gift of nature," is the reply. Ask again, why it is that J. can tell the time of day without any watch, while K. seems scarcely to notice the lapse of time? It is "a gift of nature," is the reply. Ask again, why is it that L. has extraordinary mechanical capabilities, and can make almost anything, while M. is but a "botch-workman," though he has worked much longer than L. has? It is "a gift of nature," is the reply of the metaphysician, and that is the length of his tether, through the thirty-five or forty faculties with which man is endowed; and to the fact that those very "gifts of nature" are so many faculties which have been properly classified and developed by the phrenologist, he still most obstinately closes his eyes.

It is a clear case, then, that the old-school system is entirely inadequate to throw any light on a vast number of peculiarities of individual character, and as each faculty has its own peculiar memory, the old-school system is likewise inadequate to explain to us many peculiarities of memory; while the phre-

nological system throws a flood of light on those very peculiarities of character.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GIVING WHILE LIVING.

A most worthy example for our men of fortune is seen in the wisdom and practical sagacity of Mr. Ezra Cornell. Read the following:

OPENING OF THE CORNELL LIBRARY AT ITHACA.—The founding of the Cornell University is only one of Senator Cornell's philanthropic schemes for building up his town, county, State, and nation. Another, recently set in vigorous operation, was duly set apart on the 20th of December last, by public exercises, which are thus described in an exchange:

"At the voluntary ringing of bells and firing of guns, about one thousand persons crowded into the beautiful and commodious lecture-room of the Cornell Library building, to behold one of the grandest ceremonies it could be their privilege to witness. Hon. John M. Selkreg presided. After prayer by the Rev. Wm. Searles, of the Methodist Church, Mr. Cornell, in a plain, unostentatious, but impressive manner, made over to the citizens of Ithaca and Tompkins County the Cornell Library Building and all its appurtenances, by presenting the deeds and keys to a board of trustees. B. G. Ferris, in an appropriate speech, accepted the princely gift, and, so far as words could, thanked Mr. Cornell in the name of the trustees and citizens. A hymn was sung, and the dedication prayer was offered by Rev. Thomas C. Strong, D.D."

Sensible Mr. Cornell. He will be his own executor, and thus save to the people that which otherwise would go into the pockets of quarrelsome attorneys. Such monuments as this, and the University now being erected by Mr. Cornell, will endure in the hearts of the people for all time.

The building, one hundred and four by sixty-four feet, and four stories high, is imposing in appearance, and cost \$61,000. It contains rooms let for the post-office, national bank, and other offices, the rents of which go to help the library and pay expenses. Also, an armory and drill-room, lecture-room, capable of seating eight thousand, ladies' and gentlemen's reading-rooms, besides the library and its appendages. In addition to this, Mr. Cornell placed upon the shelves four thousand dollars' worth of books, and pledged himself to add one thousand dollars' worth annually, until he should have furnished fifteen thousand dollars' worth of books for the library. In his presentation address he remarked, that years ago he became convinced that it was a folly to hoard up treasures on earth, and to bequeath them in one's last will and testament, to be disposed of, probably, by unwilling heirs or injudicious executors; and he decided that he would act the better part, and give while he lived, and reap in his lifetime, at least, the satisfaction and pleasure of seeing his benefactions do good to those for whom they were designed.

Two things there are indicative of a weak mind: to be silent when it is proper to speak, and to speak when it is proper to be silent.

Our Social Relations.

Oh, happy they—the happiest of their kind—
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.—*Thomson.*

WOMAN'S RIGHTS—AND WOMAN'S WRONGS.—No. 2.

BY JOHN NEAL.

THE heaven is working through and through the great unthinking masses, like subterranean fire. The earth is growing hot under the tread of our reformers. And now is the time of danger. We may be found going too fast and too far, if, in our hurry to reform an abuse, we do not weigh every word we utter, and calculate in advance, every step we take. To-day's paper contains the following:

"A memorial was presented to Congress on Saturday signed by Mrs. Stanton, Theodore Tilton, Frederick Douglass, and others, *praying for the removal of all restrictions of color or sex, in regard to suffrage.*"

A trumpet this, which gives no uncertain sound. Let us prepare for the battle which seems to be close at hand—portentous in all its bearings—inevitable—and likely to divide the whole nation, before it is decided.

The positions taken by Senator Morrill, in his late argument for suffrage in the District of Columbia, deserve to be treated with great respect. "Universal suffrage," says he, "is *affirmed* by its advocates, as among the absolute or natural rights of man, in the sense of *man-kind*; extending to females as well as to males, and susceptible of no limitation, unless as opposed to child or infant"—(or idiot or lunatic)—"It is *supposed* to originate in rights independent of citizenship. Like the absolute rights of liberty, personal security, and possession of property, it is *natural* to man."

And why not? we ask in all seriousness. If, when such rights are conceded, as *natural* to man, the right of governing himself is denied, and said to be "*dependent upon citizenship*," the question arises, Who shall say what constitutes citizenship? Are men to settle that question for women—without allowing women to be heard? Are majorities to determine, without regard to minorities?

If so, why may not a majority of men get together, and declare that the rights acknowledged by Mr. Morrill to be *natural* rights—the "rights of liberty, personal security, and the possession of property," are like the right of suffrage, dependent upon the will of a majority—and a majority of males—or in other words upon *citizenship*, of which they, and they only, are the judges?

How are *natural* rights to be distinguished from other rights—artificial rights—unless it be because they are inherent and essential to man's nature? something, without which man is no longer man, nor woman, woman? What is *liberty* worth to him, who has no hand in making the laws? What are "personal security" and the "rights of property" good for, where a people are not allowed to govern

themselves, nor even to help choose their law-givers and rulers?

If all government is derived from the consent of the governed, as they tell us—with what face can a part undertake to govern the whole, without the consent of the whole? How dare the majority take a single step, without the co-operation of the minority, signified by their suffrages? If there be any such thing as a natural right—any right even "to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," independent of human concession, then the right of self-government is clear and conclusive; for what is the right of self-government, but the right of suffrage? all other rights being merged in that, all, however modified, and however changeable, being dependent upon that.

When a portion of the people have no other rights than such as are conceded to them by their lawgivers and rulers, how preposterous to talk about *natural* rights—they are slaves; and though theirs may be a qualified bondage, and somewhat more tolerable than other forms of human bondage, being dependent for all the rights they enjoy upon the will of their masters, like the woman of Turkey, or of Hindostan, or Timbuctoo, they are slaves. And if men were dealt with, in the same way, it would soon be understood, as a truth not to be questioned; and the debate of the Senate Chamber would be transferred to the battle-field, and there argued, with the shouting of the captains, and "with garments rolled in blood."

Is it not shameful—is it not astonishing—that under the present constitution of society, throughout the world, there can be no rights for women, but such as man, the lawgiver, may choose to allow?—no rights, in a word, which man is bound to respect?

"It exists of course," continues the Senator, speaking of universal suffrage, "independent of sex or condition, manhood or womanhood. To admit it in the adult, and deny it to the youth, would be to abridge the right and ignore the principle." That, we say, depends upon the definition of universal suffrage. It would seem but reasonable that a time should be fixed for the exercise of any acknowledged right—the right of ownership, or of marriage, for example. Men and women alike have a common interest in such limitations; and always concur in opinion, where they have the opportunity, as in household legislation, in guardianship, and trusteeship. There must be discretion; and the age of discretion, though differing so much in different individuals, that no two persons are altogether alike—has been determined from the first, and as if by universal consent, so that the only variation to be found, is in the Roman law, which fixes on twenty-five, while under British and American law, twenty-one is the age of discretion.

But nobody asks for unlimited—unqualified—universal suffrage—even the most thorough-going, like Bentham and Mill, when they come to the pinch, being always ready to acknowledge that they do not mean what their words appear to mean. There must always be ex-

ceptions; but for convenience, they employ the phrase, without mentioning the exceptions, believing they can not be misunderstood by anybody worth convincing. There are always qualifications, we see—such as residence—age—understanding—property—education—character; idiots—lunatics—and felons being almost always excluded, even in theory—and all these exceptions have their advocates among the most enlightened, zealous, and far-seeing minds of the day.

"And now, sir," continues the Senator, after having almost conceded the right, in theory, "and now, sir, in *practice*, its extension to woman would contravene all our notions of the family—put asunder husband and wife"—the very ground that was taken at first, and maintained to the last by the law-givers and judges—the magnates of British law, who refused, generation after generation, to allow married women the control of their own property, or to testify against their husbands, whose interests, according to their theory, were *always identical*!—"It would put asunder husband and wife, and subvert the *fundamental principles of family government*, in which," continues the Senator, "the husband is"—is what?—"is by *all usage and law*"—the law being made by men without the consent of women, and the usage being founded on that law—"is by *all usage and law*, human and divine, the representative head."

Granted. But what then? Because the husband is the representative head of his own household, for a season—that is, until the children set up for themselves—and of his wife, until she give up the ghost, is that a reason why he should be the representative head of all other women, married or unmarried, after they are of age? any more than he should continue to be the representative head of his family, after his sons and daughters are married off, and his grandchildren, and great-grandchildren—the males only—have begun to think for themselves? Have unmarried women no rights, after they reach maturity? must their pupillage continue forever? their infancy through consummate womanhood, and old age, up to the last hour?

"Besides, it ignores woman, womanhood, and all that is *womanly*," adds the Senator, "all those distinctions of sex whose objects are apparent in creation, essential in character, and vital to society." Just what the Chinese would say, and the enlightened Hindoos—or Senators—would say, if innovations upon established usage were attempted there; and the crocodiles would continue to be fattened on live babies, and widows roasted alive—"these all disappear in the *manly and impressive demonstration of balloting at a popular election.*" But why so?—why need it be so? Setting aside the notion that seems to prevail with so many of our best men, and is fast coming to a head in our Halls of Legislation, that woman was made "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer"—may we not ask why the balloting might not be had at private houses? or in

places set apart for women, exclusively? and the votes be taken by suitable trustworthy persons in a quiet, womanly, unpretending way? "Here," continues the Senator, as if no such idea had ever entered his head, "Here maids, women, wives, men and husbands promiscuously assemble to vindicate the rights of human nature"—And why not? They do all that, in our churches, and theaters, and concerts, and prayer meetings; and are found everywhere capable of managing our largest charities, when left to themselves. Time was when they were not allowed to go upon the stage—to sing in public, or to ride in a circus—to make speeches—to write books—or to preach, or to practice medicine; to save men, like Florence Nightingale, or Grace Darling, or to fight on horseback, or on foot, with the weapons of men; but how is it now? They do all these things now, and often as well as men—or better—though they are not half through with their apprenticeship, and are obliged to make their way through a host of prejudices, alike unmanly and obtrusive, clad "in golden panoply complete."

"Moreover," continues the Senator, "it associates the wife and mother with policies of state, with public affairs, with making, interpreting and executing the laws, with police and war"—And these are objections! As if women were not always so associated, though in a subordinate relationship—at second hand as it were—and, for that reason, perhaps, and for that reason only, are unequal to what we require of them, in shaping the minds and training the hearts of children. How much of our character depends upon the mother! Long before the father has much to do with the child, its temper is fixed for life, and its probable destiny shaped for life; and yet we would impoverish and enfeeble our mothers, and utterly disqualify them for teachers, under the miserable pretence that it would unsex them. But the Senator has not finished:

"And necessarily dissociates her from purely domestic affairs, the peculiar care for and duties of the family, and worst of all, assigns her duties *revolting to her nature* and constitution, and wholly incompatible with those which spring from womanhood." What are these other duties, we should be glad to know, which dissociate the wife and mother from her peculiar duties? and assign to her others *revolting to her nature and constitution*? What more revolting, what more repugnant to woman's nature than hospital service? what more trying to her constitution, her sympathies and her delicacy? Yet everywhere in the late war, women—delicate, frail, highly educated women—went about through the camps and hospitals, with hidden wings—laboring, toiling, and ministering, night and day, in the midst of pestilence and death, to rough, and oftentimes unthankful men. Did they forego their womanhood?—did they neglect their duties, to their husbands and children?—Oh, but they were unmarried, or widows, or childless! Very well—then your objection does not apply to these three large classes. And as to others—

we would ask, why a knowledge of public affairs should unfit them for the discharge of their household duties, any more than it would unfit men for the business they follow for a living? Men are not obliged to become lawgivers, and judges and soldiers; to cast their families upon the care of others, but when they do, it is counted to them for righteousness. Who ever thinks of objecting to a candidate for office, that he has a family to take care of? that he is of a feeble constitution, or that the people who choose him are beside themselves? Why not deal with women as with men? If the people are so infatuated as to choose for their representative, a person wholly unfit—whether man or woman—whose fault is it? They have the right; and no power on earth can dispossess them of that right, so long as they are free.

And then too, how preposterous to urge the disqualification of millions—their stultification, indeed—because a few thousands at the most, may be unfitted for law-making, and for office. Even if the objections were well founded, and women were *never* fitted for lawgivers, there would always enough men be found, to take such burdens off their hands—not more than fifty thousand or so, would be required to fill the Executive, the Judiciary, and the Legislative departments of this great commonwealth of nations; being less than two per cent. of their number, if all our women were emancipated to-morrow, and all of a proper age were allowed to ballot, as men are.

Why not object to men that they are unfitted for the discharge of these high duties?—most men are so—probably nine hundred and ninety-nine hundredths of every thousand who are selected. But when then? "Ask my constituents," John Randolph would say. If women are unfitted—and they are nevertheless elected, or appointed, who is to blame? And whose business is it? If the voting masses are so ignorant, or so besotted, as to choose incompetents and imbeciles—from among men—is there any help for it? "Where the monkeys are gods," says Voltaire, "what must the people be?" How much worse would it be, if they chose their representatives from among women? If the people may be trusted to choose their agents and proxies from the males, why not from the females of the land? If they are not to be trusted in the latter case, with all their experience and knowledge of the female character, why should they be trusted in the former? In a word, if the masses are capable of self-government, if they have wisdom enough to choose their rulers, and their lawgivers, why abridge the liberty of choice? Why not throw open all the resources of the country, and allow them to judge for themselves?—to pick and choose for themselves? Are you afraid to trust them?—or afraid to trust yourselves? You and they are one—what you are, they are. If they are unfitted to judge, so are you. Otherwise your pretensions are a ridiculous farce, and self-government—representative government—a sheer hallucination.

But let us return to the Senator. "Besides," he says, "the ballot is the *inseparable concomitant* of the bayonet"—Denied—"Those who practice the one must be prepared to exercise the other. To introduce woman at the polls, is to enroll her in the militia"—not true; but if it were true, what then? Multitudes of women in the late war proved themselves to be something better than the average male militia—there were no deserters, no bounty jumpers, no traitors among our women soldiery—"to enroll her in the militia," "to transfer her from the class of non-combatants to the class of combatants."

Observe with what evident seriousness the argument is urged—no qualification appears—no misgiving. And yet, so far from its being true, that "the ballot-box is the *inseparable concomitant of the bayonet*," or that "to introduce woman at the polls is to enroll her in the militia," it is absolutely without foundation—absolutely untrue. If women be what their adversaries pretend—and adversaries they are, whatever they may say to the contrary—though they were allowed to ballot to-morrow, they would neither be enrolled in the militia, nor be allowed to carry the bayonet. And why? Because *they would be classed among the exempts*. And they would no more be called upon, than our males over forty-five, and under eighteen, our judges, our clergymen, our public officers, and our physically or mentally incompetent or inadequate, the lame, the blind, the halt, the deaf, or the diseased. Without stopping to calculate or verify what we suppose to be the fact, we venture to say, that full two-fifths and perhaps one-half of our whole voting population are at this moment exempted from militia duty; and nobody thinks of complaining. But if the worse comes to the worst, and we should have to call upon our women to stand by us, even as the women of Saragossa stood by their champions—and as thousands and tens of thousands, in the old Hebrew commonwealth, in Greece and Rome, in the British Isles, in Poland, Switzerland, and along our frontiers carried off the wounded, served artillery, and manned the ramparts, to say nothing of the Amazons, nor of the ladies who have got to be so formidable and so unmanageable at the Court of Dahomey, with their shields and bucklers, and glittering spears and yataghans—depend upon it, our cry will be heard and answered, and women will be found, like the Polish mothers, lifting their children into the saddle, and charging with them upon the black hussars of the adversary.

But enough on this part of our subject. With two or three brief items, therefore, I shall conclude. In last week's *Home Journal*, I find a plausible communication from Prof. Taylor Lewis, entitled "Household Suffrage," wherein, after adopting the views of Aristotle, with regard to the sovereignty of man in the household, as of necessity, absolute and unquestionable, since there must be "*unity—unity of thought, feeling, and action*," he proceeds to show that "monarchy is the govern-

ment of the soul"—and that man is the monarch, woman the subject, everywhere and at all times—which is simply begging the question; and then reasoning in a circle. Why not oblige the wife to think and believe what her husband thinks and believes, upon every other question, as well as upon that of woman suffrage, or household government? Why not enact, under the severest penalties, that man is not only the head and front, but the *soul* of woman? Why not make it felony without benefit of clergy, for a woman to differ from her husband—or from her next neighbor, if he is a man, and she unmarried, upon any subject whatever?

And this reminds me of certain legal provisions, made by men—of course, in their affectionate solicitude and reverence for women, to keep them out of mischief.

For a wife to kill her husband, is *petit treason* under English law; while for a husband to kill his wife is only *murder*. Yet more, to show how profoundly sensitive, and how jealous of women's rights men are—and how generous they are in the exercise of their manly prerogative, and how unlikely they are to abuse the trust they have taken upon themselves, without her consent or knowledge, let us look at the law which professes to make them "one flesh," and all their interests *identical*.

The moment a man and woman enter into marriage (in some States), *all* her personal property goes to her husband—or to his creditors, and perhaps to pay gambling debts, or worse; and *all* the profits of her real estate: and at her death, her husband has *all* the rents and profits for life.

But how is it with the wife? Not a dollar of her husband's property, real, personal, or mixed, belongs to her without a marriage settlement; and she continues through coverture, as they call it, wholly dependent upon her husband for every mouthful she eats, and for every rag she wears; and when she dies, she has, instead of the *whole*, only *one-third* of his personal estate, provided he does not make a will and give it all away to others; and *one-third* only of the rents and profits of his real estate, instead of the whole, for life. But men make the laws—and the interest of husbands and wives being *identical*, women have nothing to complain of! Within the last week or two, the Supreme Court of Massachusetts have decided that a bequest to *secure the right of voting to women* is not a *legal charity*, and that five thousand dollars left by Francis Jackson for that purpose, shall be divided among his heirs. Not a *legal charity*, forsooth! But may it not be a legal bequest, nevertheless, being specific and for a specific purpose? Void for uncertainty, perhaps, though the grounds of the decision do not appear in the brief abstract I saw—nor was the language of the bequest given. And why call it a *charity*, unless it be for the very purpose of letting in the objection that it is against *public policy*, or that there is no such *charity*? Why not consider it as given for purposes of education—and not for education

in general, but for education within certain prescribed limitations? There being no organized, nor incorporated body, having that object in view, the application of the funds might be safely left with the executor, subject, of course, to the approbation of the judge of probate. The purpose of the testator being evident, the language clear, and the meaning clear, why set the act aside by calling it an *illegal* charity, and spilling it upon the sand? Is it against public policy?—then, why not say so, that the people may understand you? But, as men make the laws, and men administer the laws—being both lawgivers and judges, the decision is not to be wondered at. If women made the laws, and so administered the laws for men, how would the men like it?

But, as I have said before, the signs are portentous, and not only portentous, but propitious. A great change is at hand. Men feel it in their bones. Even the spoon-drift from over sea is full of significance. It shows that the wind is rising there. The *Westminster Review* has just broken ground afresh, and here, while the Rev. Mr. Beecher is urging at the Academy of Music, with a sound like that of Thor's hammer "closing rivets up," *universal and impartial* suffrage, "without distinction of color or race," according to the newspapers—meaning without distinction of color or sex, the Kentucky House of Representatives are listening to an address from Mrs. Blackwell, of New York city, asking the Legislatures of the Southern States to allow not only blacks, but black women and white women to vote; "for then," she says—and who shall gainsay her?—"then, the four millions of *Southern white women will counter-balance the four millions of negro men and women*, and the political supremacy of the white race *will remain unchanged*." Even so! The premises are clear—the result inevitable. But are the eyes of the South opened far enough to see the consequences? Can they cipher? Have they courage enough, and will they bid promptly enough, to forestall the North? If so, then will they have their destinies in their own keeping, and become, of a truth, a regenerated people—a people "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled"—and forever.

P.S.—But for the length of this paper, I should have something more to say about the alleged *inferiority* of the female; but, as it is, I must content myself with calling the attention of her calumniators and vilifiers to the fact that, among birds of prey, the female is the larger, stronger, and fiercer; that among the Arabs, who best know what horses are good for, the female is preferred for the severest work, and that the queen bee is more than a *match* for all her subjects put together; and among celebrated women there are—but enough—we need not waste words upon this part of our subject; for, instead of this alleged inferiority being self-evident, the *equality* of the sexes appears to be so, at least as much as the assumed equality of man with man, which nobody thinks of denying, so far as natural rights are concerned.

ALICE.

BY FRANCES A. BAKER.

ALICE is dead! As black clouds roll
Upon the brow of morning,
So fell these tidings on my soul,
Without a word of warning.

Stupor my senses did enfold,
And heart and brain grew weary.
I only knew 'twas dark and cold,
And life was very dreary,

Until the scenes of other years,
Traced out by memory's finger,
Brought forth the holy soothing tears,
And 'round my soul did linger.

I saw again her childish grace,
Her artless truth and beauty,
The soul that smiled out through her face,
That no one loved from duty.

For as her heart was full of love
For all below and 'bove her,
When and wherever she might move,
No one could help but love her.

And while from childhood fair she grew
Into a lovely maiden,
The pure, unselfish life she knew
With treasures rich was laden.

Treasures that sometimes cost a price,
Strong hearts alone can render,
And those who knew her sacrifice
Said, "Angels do attend her."

I saw her on that happy day
That smiled a blessing on her,
And in bright sunshine clothed the way
Of him whose worth had won her.

Time had just bidden merry May
Give up her crown and scepter,
And June in loveliest array
Of her sweet reign bereft her.

The modest flowers, so lately crowned
With all their charming graces,
Uplifted from the nurturing ground
Toward heaven their pure young faces.

The tall trees wavered to and fro
As sails upon the ocean,
The happy birds sang soft and low
To suit the gentle motion.

And bird-like was the voice that fell
"Death, death alone can sever
My soul from his who promised well
To love and cherish ever."

Another May had danced o'er earth,
New life and gladness bringing,
And to new beauty giving birth
While last year's birds were singing.

When God poured forth a greater good
From out love's golden chalice,
And placed the crown of motherhood
Upon the brow of Alice,

With trembling thankfulness and joy
She took the treasure given,
And prayed that God would bless her boy,
And keep him near to heaven.

I saw her while that holy love,
That seems far more than human,
Clothed her with garments from above,
And crowned her "blessed woman."

And last I saw her when her God
Had taken back her treasure;
She meekly bowed beneath the rod
That smote in fearful measure.

While with torn heart but tearless eye,
The pale, cold clay caressing,
Her heart was lifted to the sky,
To crave a Father's blessing.

And soon it came. Through one short year,
Her soul has nobly striven,
But grown too fair to linger here,
Is won at last by heaven.

Dear Alice! pure in life and death,
And strong in hope and sorrow,
Oh, let me from your own sweet faith
A little comfort borrow!

And when my earthly life shall glide
Out in the vast forever,
May I, loved Alice, from thy side
Be separated never!

**MRS. VAN DEUSEN
AND HER "THREE HUNDRED INVITATIONS."**

BY A. A. G.

"WRITE three hundred invitations. I owe two hundred and fifty, and there are as many as fifty people I've only called upon—very nearly fifty more than I should have called upon, if I had not been compelled to—and now they must be invited. That's the next thing, and the sooner it's done, the better. I do so want to get through the operation!"

A young man, with pen in hand, sat stroking his whiskers, while he waited patiently for his aunt, the celebrated Mrs. Van Deussen, to declare her will.

"Three hundred invitations!" he replied. "That's a great many. Suppose they should all come?"

"All come! May we be spared that infliction. Oh, dear! it's a dreadful thing to be in *our position*! We are always expected to give the largest and most brilliant party of the season. Everybody expects to be invited, and there are a great many people who are positive nuisances—new-comers, for instance. There's only now and then one in *our position*, but they all soon find their way into general society, so one might as well call upon them and invite them first as last. I might as well, certainly, so long as I have such a husband as Mr. Van Deussen."

"He's one in ten thousand," again spoke the young man.

"Ah, Frank, that is a standing compliment—one you always have ready for Mr. Van Deussen. I surely hope he is only one in ten thousand. It is fearful to think of there being nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine men just like him. Whoever comes to town must be called upon and invited by his wife, and

made to feel as happy and self-complacent as possible. The simple truth is, he rules me."

"He is thought to be perfect."

"Yes, I know it. I am forever hearing about his perfections, and I suppose he has a few, but where he keeps them I can't tell."

As Mrs. Van Deussen said this, she laughed heartily, and seemed very good-natured, although disposed to have a little fun at Mr. Van Deussen's expense.

This the young man, Frank, did not heartily relish, and he at once dropped the conversation, and began to write the invitations:

"Mrs. Van Deussen will be *happy* to see Mr. and Mrs. Granger on Thursday evening.

"Tuesday, August 10."

"Lie No. One," thought the writer of the invitation. Again the pen moved over the paper:

"Mrs. Van Deussen will be *happy* to see Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson on Thursday evening.

"Tuesday, August 10."

"Oh, you've written the invitation to the Tomlinsons, have you?" interrupted Mrs. Van Deussen, just as the writer was saying to himself, "Lie No. Two." "Well, it's a good thing that those Tomlinsons don't know my opinion of them. Mrs. Tomlinson is a very vulgar woman. She knows considerable, I suppose, but she has such an abominable way of shaking herself when she walks. She has never been to Paris, that's certain—neither has Mrs. Granger. They are two as inelegant women as I have ever seen moving in society, and Mr. Van Deussen is to be thanked again that they are on my list of friends. But it's no dreadful thing, after all, to invite them once a year. I manage to endure it, and I do it quite gracefully, I imagine."

Mrs. Van Deussen might have said that she could not only endure inelegant women gracefully, but that she could lie gracefully. She didn't say it, but the young man said it—said it to himself, and wondered that a woman could be so deceitful. As he threw off one invitation after another, he thought: "I'm glad these are not *my* falsehoods that are accumulating so fast. They'll make a huge pile before I get through. What a pity it is they couldn't be hid away in some sly place where the eyes of the good God couldn't light on them! and what a pity it is that His 'eyes are in every place,' so that there isn't any *sly* place!"

"It's only people in *our position* who know what a burden society is," interrupted Mrs. Van Deussen again. "I am fond of the *beau monde*—at least, I wish to do what belongs to *our position*—but I sometimes envy the simple cottager, or any plain family, of whom society expects nothing. Mr. Van Deussen, however, feels very differently. He has a benevolent turn of mind, and positively likes to throw open his doors to everybody; but then he is not a very discriminating man, and not over-nice in his taste. Men have not, as a general thing, the fastidiousness of women—and then, too, they have no aristocratic feeling."

"Mr. Van Deussen's aristocracy is the aristocracy of the intellect," replied the young man.

"Well, he has a head of his own, I must admit."

"And a heart, too," added Mr. Frank. "Every one speaks of it."

"But he is a little too condescending, I must say, although he is my husband. He has a word and a smile, and an *invitation*, too, for everybody. He's no respecter of persons. I have many a good laugh at him, or did have, until I found it made family jars. Well, that's the last invitation, isn't it? Why, how fast you write!"

"Yes, this is the last one. I've told three hundred persons—or rather six hundred, for the husbands are invited, too—how *happy* you will be to see them."

"They'll never know that I'm not," answered Mrs. Van Deussen, "for I know how to entertain company. I'm not quite so gracious as Mr. Van Deussen, it's true, but then I don't tell my guests that half of them would have been welcome to stay at home."

"If they only knew what I know they certainly would stay there," said the young man, Frank, as he laid away the "*three hundred invitations*."

HOUSEWIFERY.

It is a sad defect when young ladies are incapable of directing their own servants—soles without shoes or wristbands without a shirt are not more useless than one of these. One day, shortly after his marriage, a young merchant went home, and seeing no dinner ready, and his wife appearing anxious and confused, asked—

"What is the matter?"

"Nancy went off at ten o'clock this morning," replied his wife, "and the chambermaid knows no more about cooking dinner than a man in the moon."

"Couldn't she have done it under your direction?" inquired the husband, very coolly.

"Under my direction? I should like to see a dinner cooked under my direction!"

"Why so?" asked the husband in surprise.

"You certainly do not think I could," replied the wife; "how should I know anything about cooking?"

The husband was silent, but his look of astonishment perplexed and worried his wife.

"You look very surprised," she said, after a moment or two had elapsed.

"And so I am," answered he, "as much surprised as I should be to find the captain for one of my ships unacquainted with navigation. You don't know how to cook, and the mistress of a family! Jane, if there is a cooking school anywhere in the city, go to it and complete your education, for it is deficient in a very important particular."

[A little less fashion and gossip, and a little more cookery and common sense, would be better, by way of fitting young ladies for wives and mothers. We sympathize with helplessness, and would entreat mothers to do their duty.]

On Ethnology.

True Christianity will gain by every step which is made in the knowledge of man.—*Sprachein.*

ABORIGINAL LEGENDS OF NORTH AMERICA.

[CONTINUED.]

BY E. G. SQUIER, M.A.

It has been well observed that he is little imbued with the spirit of philosophy who can perceive in the fables of antiquity, and the often rude traditions of primitive nations, only the extravagance of a fervid imagination. And it is not impossible that in the tradition of Manabozho and the great serpent there are some who will detect confirmations of Scriptural history. Others will see in the beneficent Manabozho only a character analogous to that discoverable in every primitive religion, who is the teacher of men, who instructs them in religion and the arts, and who, after a life of exemplary usefulness, disappears mysteriously, leaving his people impressed with the highest respect for his memory, and indulging the hope of his ultimate return among them. In all the mythological systems of America this demi-god appears with more or less distinctness. Among the savage tribes his origin and character are, for obvious reasons, much confused; but among the more advanced, semi-civilized nations he occupied a well-defined position. In Mexico he was called *Quetzalcoatl*, in Central America, *Cuculeau*, in New Granada, *Bohica*, and among the Peruvians he was known as *Manco Capac*. Among the Cherokees he was called *Wasi*; "he taught his people all that had been from the beginning of the world, what would be hereafter, and gave them in all things instructions what to do. He appointed their fasts and feasts, and the ceremonies of their worship. He directed the mode of consecrating their priests and choosing their chiefs, enjoining upon them to obey his instructions from generation to generation." The Iroquois had also a beneficent being, uniting in himself the character of god and man, who was called *Hiawatha*. He taught them hunting, planting, the knowledge of medicine and the arts. He imparted to them a knowledge of the laws of the Great Spirit, and established their form of government. After fulfilling his mission on earth, and consolidating the five tribes in one confederacy, he went up to heaven in his white magic canoe, which moved at his wish.

Among the Algonquins, this character appears under the names of *Manabozho*, *Nannibozho*, or *Michabozho*. In some of the accounts he is called *Mason*. The accounts are somewhat confused, but the character is easily recognizable in all. In all the traditions and assemblies, their songs turn upon some one or others of the fables connected with him. He altogether occupies so conspicuous place as to deserve the

designation of the "Great Incarnation of the Northwest."

Said the chief of the Potawatomes to the missionary De Smet: "Nanaboojoo is our principal intercessor with the Great Spirit; he it was that obtained for us the creation of animals for our food and raiment. He has caused to grow the roots and herbs which cure our maladies, and enables us, in times of famine, to kill wild animals. He has left the care of them to the great-grandmother of the human race; and in order that we shall never invoke her in vain, it has been strictly enjoined upon her never to leave her dwelling. During his different excursions over the earth, Nanaboojoo killed all such animals as were hurtful to us, as the mammoth and the mastodon. He placed four beneficent spirits at the four cardinal points of the compass, for the purpose of contributing to our happiness. He of the North procures for us ice and snow, in order to aid us in discovering and tracking animals. He of the South gives us maize and tobacco, and the seeds of melons and pumpkins. The spirit of the West gives us rain, and that of the East light, and causes the sun to make his daily walk around the globe. The thunder we hear is the voice of *Manitous* having the form of large birds, which Nanaboojoo has placed in the clouds. When they cry very loud, we burn some tobacco in our cabins as a smoke-offering, to appease them."

Some accounts represent Manabozho as the first-born son of a great celestial *Manitou*, or spirit, by an earthly mother; but all agree in assigning to him the character of the friend and protector of the human race. He instructed the Indians in the arts, instituted the rites and mysteries of their religion, taught them the cultivation of vegetables—in short, corresponded in his acts and attributes with the various personages already noticed. His terrestrial power was very great; he effected transformations and controlled the elements. The mountains are the piles of stones which he raised to mark the days of his journeyings over the earth, and the valleys are the prints of his feet. By some he is supposed to be dead and buried in an island in Lake Superior; by others, still to live in the distant regions of the North; and by others, to repose on a great flake of ice in the Northern Sea, which retreat some of the Indians fear the whites yet discover, in which case they suppose the earth will be brought to an end; for as soon as he shall put his feet on the earth again, it will burst into flames, and all living things will be destroyed.

Though the object of no particular worship, Manabozho is nevertheless highly venerated, and his adventures fill a conspicuous place in the lodge-lore of the Northwest. He is always placed in antagonism to a great serpent, a real *kakodemon*, or spirit of evil. This serpent corresponds very nearly with the Egyptian Typhon, the Indian Kaliya, and the Scandinavian Midgard. He is connected with the Algonquin notions of a deluge; and as

Typhon is placed in antagonism to Osiris or Apollo, Kaliya to Suyra or the Sun, and Midgard to Woden, so does he bear a corresponding relation to Manabozho. The conflicts of Manabozho with *Meshekenabek*, or the serpent, are frequent, and though the struggle is often long and doubtful, he is in the end always successful against his adversary.

One of these contests involved the destruction of the world by water, and its reproduction by the powerful and beneficent Manabozho. The tradition in which this grand event is embodied was thus related to the writer by an intelligent Ojibway chief; and though its substance has often been presented, it now appears in its full and perfect form.

MANABOZHO AND THE GREAT SERPENT.

AN OJIBWAY TRADITION.

One day, returning to his lodge from a long journey, Manabozho missed from it his young cousin, who resided with him; he called his name aloud, but received no answer. He looked around on the sand for the tracks of his feet, and he there for the first time discovered the trail of *Meshekenabek*, the serpent. He then knew that his cousin had been seized by his great enemy. He armed himself and followed on his track; he crossed the great river, and passed mountains and valleys to the shores of the deep and gloomy lake now called *Manitou Lake*, *Spirit Lake*, or the *Lake of Devils*. The trail of *Meshekenabek* led to the edge of the water.

At the bottom of this lake was the dwelling of the serpent, and it was filled with evil spirits, his attendants and companions. Their forms were monstrous and terrible, but most, like their master, bore the semblance of serpents. In the center of this horrible assemblage was *Meshekenabek* himself, coiling his volumes around the hapless cousin of Manabozho. His head was red as with blood, and his eyes were fierce and glowed like the fire. His body was all over armed with hard and glistening scales of every shade and color.

Manabozho looked down upon the writhing spirits of evil, and he vowed deep revenge. He directed the clouds to disappear from the heavens, the winds to be still, and the air to become stagnant over the Lake of the *Manitous*, and bade the sun shine upon it with all his fierceness; for thus he sought to drive his enemy forth to seek the cool shadows of the trees that grew upon its banks, so that he might be able to take vengeance upon him.

Meantime Manabozho seized his bow and arrows, and placed himself near the spot where he deemed the serpents would come to enjoy the shade. He then transformed himself into a broken stump of a withered tree, so that his enemies might not discover his presence.

The winds became still, the air stagnant, and the sun shone hot on the lake of the evil *Manitous*. By-and-by the waters became troubled, and bubbles rose to the surface, for the rays of the sun penetrated to the horrible brood within its depths. The commotion in-

creased, and a serpent lifted its head high above the center of the lake and gazed around the shores. Directly another came to the surface, and they listened for the footsteps of Manabozho, but they heard him nowhere on the face of the earth, and they said one to the other, "Manabozho sleeps." And then they plunged again beneath the water, which seemed to hiss as it closed over them.

It was not long before the Lake of the Manitous became more troubled than before; it boiled from its very depths, and the hot waves dashed wildly against the rocks on its shores. The commotion increased, and soon Meshekenabek, the Great Serpent, emerged slowly to the surface and moved toward the shore. His blood-red crest glowed with a deeper hue, and the reflections from his glancing scales were like the blinding glitter of a sleet-covered forest beneath the morning sun of winter. He was followed by all the evil spirits, so great a number that they covered the shores of the lake with their foul, trailing carcasses.

They saw the broken-blasted stump into which Manabozho had transformed himself, and suspecting it might be one of his disguises, for they knew his cunning, one of them approached, and wound his tail around it, and sought to drag it down. But Manabozho stood firm, though he could hardly refrain from crying aloud, for the tail of the monster tickled his sides.

The Great Serpent wound his vast folds among the trees of the forest, and the rest also sought the shade, while one was left to listen for the steps of Manabozho.

When they all slept, Manabozho silently drew an arrow from his quiver; he placed it in his bow, and aimed it where he saw the heart beat against the sides of the Great Serpent. He launched it, and with a howl that shook the great mountains and startled the wild beasts in their caves, the monster awoke, and followed by his frightened companions, uttering mingled shouts of rage and terror, plunged again into the lake. Here they vented their fury on the helpless cousin of Manabozho, whose body they tore into a thousand fragments; his mangled lungs rose to the surface and covered it with whiteness, and this is the origin of the foam on the water.

When the Great Serpent knew that he was mortally wounded, both he and the evil spirits around him were rendered ten-fold more terrible by their wrath, and they rose to overwhelm Manabozho. The waters of the lake swelled upward from its dark depths, and with a sound like many thunders, it rolled madly on his track, bearing the rocks and trees before it with resistless fury. High on the crest of the foremost wave, black as the midnight, rose the writhing form of the wounded Meshekenabek, and red eyes glared around him, and the hot breaths of the monstrous brood hissed fiercely above the retreating Manabozho. Then thought Manabozho of his Indian children, and he ran by their village, and in a voice of alarm bade them flee to the mountains, for the Great Serpent was deluging

the earth in his expiring wrath, sparing no living thing. The Indians caught up their children and wildly sought safety where he bade them. But Manabozho continued his flight along the base of the western hills, and finally took refuge on a high mountain beyond Lake Superior, far toward the north. There he found many men and animals who had fled from the flood that already covered the valleys and plains, and even the highest hills. Still the waters continued to rise, and soon all the mountains were overwhelmed, save that on which stood Manabozho. Then he gathered together timber and made a raft, upon which the men and women and the animals that were with him all placed themselves. No sooner had they done so, than the rising floods closed over the mountain, and they floated alone on the face of the waters. And thus they floated for many days, and some died, and the rest became sorrowful, and reproached Manabozho that he did not disperse the waters and renew the earth that they might live. But though he knew that his great enemy was by this time dead, yet could not Manabozho renew the world unless he had some earth in his hands wherewith to begin the work. And this he explained to those that were with him, and he said that were it ever so little, even a few grains of earth, then could he disperse the waters and renew the world. Then the beaver volunteered to go to the bottom of the deep and get some earth, and they all applauded her design. She plunged in; they waited long, and when she rose to the surface, she was dead; they opened her hands, but there was no earth in them. Then said the otter, "I will seek the earth," and the bold swimmer dived from the raft. The otter was gone still longer than the beaver; but when he returned to the surface, he, too, was dead, and there was no earth in his claws. "Who shall find the earth," exclaimed all those on the raft, "now that the beaver and otter are dead?" and they desponded more than before, repeating, "Who shall find the earth?" "That will I," said the muskrat, as he quickly disappeared between the logs of the raft. The muskrat was gone very long, much longer than the otter, and it was thought he would never return, when he suddenly rose near by, but he was too weak to speak, and he swam slowly toward the raft. He had hardly got upon it, when he, too, died from his great exertion. They opened his little hands, and there, closely clasped between his fingers, they found a few grains of fresh earth. These Manabozho carefully collected and dried them in the sun, and then he rubbed them into fine powder in his palms, and rising up he blew them abroad upon the waters. No sooner was this done than the flood began to subside, and soon the trees on the mountains were seen, and then the mountains and hills emerged from the deep, and the plains and the valleys came in view, and the waters disappeared from the land, leaving no trace but a thick sediment, which was the dust that Manabozho had blown abroad from the raft.

Then it was found that Meshekenabek, the

Great Serpent, was dead, and that the evil Manitous, his companions, had returned to the depths of the Lake of Spirits, from which for the fear of Manabozho, they never more dared to come forth. And in gratitude to the beaver the otter, and the muskrat, those animals were ever after held sacred by the Indians, and they became their brethren, and they never killed nor molested them, until the medicine of the pale-faces made them forget their relations and turned their hearts to ingratitude.

The late Mr. John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," passed several months among the Cherokee Indians, and collected a number of their traditions and legends, besides making many observations on their manners, customs, and religious rites and notions. Some of these were communicated by him to the author in 1848, together with the following legend, which is now published for the first time. It differs widely from the Ojibway story of *Monda-min*, or the origin of the Indian corn, as presented by Schoolcraft, and is much more graceful. This, however, may be due to the better appreciation of the relator, and his superior skill in putting the legend on record.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CARBONIFEROUS AND GLACIAL PERIODS.

THERE are but two reasonable ways of accounting for the extreme heat of our globe in its now temperate and frigid latitudes during the carboniferous period, as evidenced in tropical plants and palms embedded in strata as high as Baffin's Bay, and the extreme cold prevailing over our now temperate regions during the glacial period, as evidenced in grooves and scattered boulders of enormous size, which nothing short of moving and transporting huge bodies of ice could have effected. The reason for the extreme heat may have been: much greater density of our atmosphere from vapors produced by internal heat of our globe causing a greater absorption of the sun's rays and the extreme cold of the glacial period from a less dense and purer atmosphere than now prevails in some latitudes, causing a less absorption of the sun's rays. The second reason is, that in our sun's translation through space carrying the planets through its immense path that our globe has thus passed through parts of space more or less thickly studded with suns, and thus encountering alternate regions of space of greater or less degrees of heat which is not an improbable circumstance.

Certainly this theory is much more likely than that the earth (which by the laws of gravitation must always have preserved the same relations to its primary, the sun) should have had its axis changed to produce tropical growth so near the pole as Baffin's Bay, or nothing short of solar light and heat can foster vegetable growth, however much carbon there may have been in the air; or again have undergone an opposite change of axis to render regions frigid, now belonging to temperate climates.

CHAS. E. TOWNSEND.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF MICHIGAN.

PHILO PARSONS.

MR. PARSONS is a representative business man—rising gradually, step by step, on the golden rounds of the ladder of independence and fortune. Leaving the State of New York soon after he attained his majority, he started for the West to seek a living and a competency. He had a few hundred dollars in his pocket, which he invested safely in Detroit, while he worked as a clerk for a small salary, always taking care to spend less than he earned and save something for a rainy day. In a few years he had money enough to start business on his own account, in partnership with an acquaintance. Discreet management and industrious habits were honored with prosperity, and every year fortune favored them with handsome profits. Being a man of courage and foresight, he purchased real estate, which rose very rapidly in value, and having more money than he required for present use, he loaned considerable sums on good security. "Good luck" is generally the result of forecast and prudence, and not the creature of accident. He who waits for a meteoric shower to fill his coffers with gold and silver, will likely find himself looking up at a star which shines upon a poorhouse, or on some home of pity which gives him charitable shelter. Mr. Parsons never trusted to luck, never waited for a miracle to make him rich, but worked on as though everything depended on his own exertions, while he trusted in that Providence which is sure to reward honest work. Relinquishing merchandise, he became a banker, and during the war he did everything in his power to give strength to the government securities. When the enemies of our common country endeavored to depreciate our currency, and urged him to get rid of his stocks and bonds, he patriotically stood by the government and exerted his best endeavors to encourage faith in our financial condition. A short time since, finding the burden of a public bank too great for his health, he gave it up and became a private banker—a business which leaves him leisure to go and come when and where he pleases. During the war he did a vast deal to support the army, and availed himself of every opportunity to encourage the brave and splendid regiments of Michigan. His purse was open and his house was a home for the soldier. While his gallant and noble brother, General Parsons, was in the field and at the front, the subject of this sketch was equally active in looking after the welfare of the sick and wounded men in our hospitals; and his amiable and accomplished wife devoted herself day after day, week after week, and month after month, to the care of the sick and suffering men in our hospitals.

Mr. Parsons has proved himself the friend of literary culture by his generous donations, and his pecuniary aid extended to churches is an example which many other rich men might



PORTRAIT OF PHILO PARSONS.

follow with advantage to themselves and the cause of truth.

Mr. Parsons is in the prime of a well-preserved manhood. His hair is somewhat frosted, his forehead high and square, giving him a "mathematical look." He is of the common size and stature—nervously active—doing three days' work in one. He is to all intents and purposes a worker, and he would have excelled in any calling of his choice.

[Phrenologically considered, Mr. Parsons is of superior mold. The quality of his organization is fine. He has a nobility of presence which impresses the beholder. He should be inclined to benevolence and philanthropy—naturally. His benevolence, co-operating with other mental evidences, should be of a practical character. He does not dwell much in the realm of Utopia, but is utilitarian and keenly appreciative of the actual. His taste is no doubt well cultivated; his appreciation of beauty, nature, and art is naturally strong. His Language is large, but he is not one to waste words. Socially considered—and it is evinced by the whole make-up of the features—he is warm, even ardent. His sympathetic feelings are strong, and operate upon his practical nature in the way of their material application. He is frank and cordial rather than close or reserved. He is sprightly, brisk, and energetic in whatever he undertakes. He is the opposite of a dull, sluggish person.]

AUSTIN BLAIR.

EX-GOVERNOR BLAIR is one of the prominent men of Michigan. He is distinguished as a lawyer and legislator whose unselfish devotion to his clients and his constituents has won for him the honorable title of "honest jurist and politician." During the war his zeal, patriotism, and excellent judgment enabled him to place his noble State in the front rank of national defense. Ninety-five thousand men

were equipped and sent to the front from Michigan, and their courage was exhibited on almost every battle-field. He commissioned Sheridan, the hero of the Shenandoah—and Custer, whose pluck was the pride of the army—and Pritchard, who captured Jeff. Davis; and he also commended and commissioned many others who won a grand renown during our struggle for national life. Governor Blair was equal to every task imposed upon him by the war. In the time that tried men's souls he was self-possessed and prepared for every emergency. He was popular, and his personal appeals always commanded the respect of the people. He was prudent in the management of the financial affairs of the State—hence its credit was not allowed to suffer, even when gold was at its highest premium; in a word, he did his work well, and left the gubernatorial

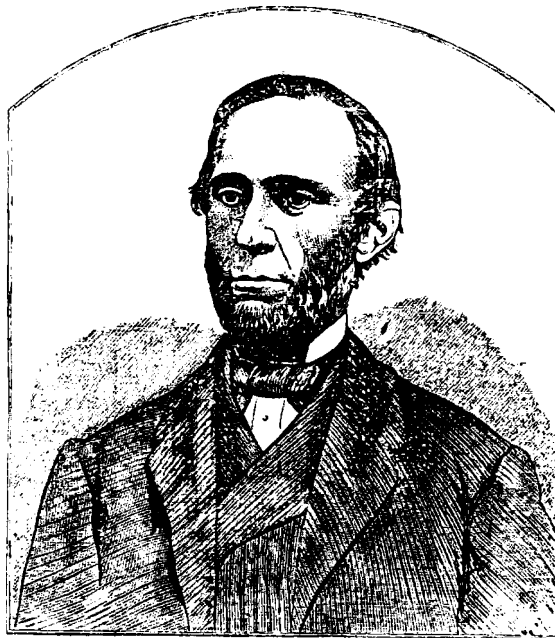
chair without any shadow of dishonor upon it. Mr. Blair returned to his profession five thousand dollars poorer than he was when he left it to govern the State. As a lawyer, Mr. Blair is conspicuous among the leading men of his profession; as a pleader, he has few equals and no superiors in the courts in which he practices. His nervous and impulsive eloquence has the power to sway his auditors and move them to tears or laughter at his will. He is an electric speaker—whose touch makes us all akin. His great command of language, his vivid imagination, his knowledge of human nature, his clear-ringing voice, his intellectual presence, and his splendid record place him in the fore-front of the noble men whose words have weight and whose advice is authority. There are many persons of superior ability themselves who unhesitatingly yield to him the palm as the off-hand orator of Michigan. If he has less power than Howard as a logician, he makes up in speed what he lacks in argumentative strength. He does not always stop to intrench himself, but leaps into the thickest of the fight and takes the enemy by storm.

Mr. Blair came from the East and settled in Eaton County about twenty years ago. He remained in that county a short time, when he moved to Jackson, where he now resides. He is a member elect of Congress, and in the Fortieth Session of that body he will be one of the most efficient workers and one of the most eloquent debaters. He is about forty-five years of age, of ordinary stature, rather slender in build, but his wiry vitality and enduring temperament enable him to perform a prodigious amount of work, writing, speaking, studying, traveling, etc. The reader must bear in mind that the same faculties and energies, ability and culture, which command the public ear and move the public heart at the West,

would accomplish the same ends at the East. No third-rate man need indulge the hope that he can "astonish the natives" at the West. They are among the most fastidious men in the world—more difficult to please than the residents of our Atlantic cities. They measure and weigh and analyze every public man who asks their support and their votes. Your feeble men of literature, and political cripples, and professional dwarfs are slain as mercilessly at the West as the deformed infants were slain by the ancient heathen. While it is true of the West, as it is of the East, that "mighty men" sometimes get office, they at least must be men of brains and force. When we look at the newspaper press of the West, and hear the eloquence of its pulpit orators and speeches of its statesmen, we find the ring of the true metal in them. If we glance at their libraries and the list of the publications they patronize, we see that they keep pace with the age of advancement. We see still further proof of this in their schools and colleges. The telegraph and the railroad have annexed Detroit, and Jackson, and Ann Arbor, and Kalamazoo, and Battle Creek, and Niles to the Atlantic cities and towns, so that the high civilization and culture of one belongs to the other—with the advantage of the wider area and more breathing room and fresher nature at the West. Such men as Howard and Blair, who commenced their career a score of years ago, had, at the very outset of their public efforts, to labor in the teeth of some of the most disheartening difficulties. The country was new and unsettled—railroads had not penetrated the country now swarming with a busy population, the telegraph was not there to translate the lightning into words, schools did not loom up and throw their shadows upon the temples of trade, churches did not everywhere lift their spires like the finger of faith toward heaven.

These men, with others of the same indomitable perseverance and decision, kept pushing on—moving nearer and nearer to the goal of their ambition. The world was their university—its inhabitants were the books they read—and they graduated masters of the science of human nature. The poetry of the West has the odor of violets, and the eloquence of the West has a wild-game flavor—pleasant to the unviated appetite.

The following is a brief synopsis of his life. Mr. Blair was born in New York, February 8, 1818; graduated at Union College in 1839; studied law at Owego, N. Y.; moved to Michigan in 1841; was a member of the Michigan Legislature in 1846; made a report from the Judiciary Committee in favor of striking out the word *white* from the suffrage clause. In 1848, he was a delegate to the



PORTRAIT OF AUSTIN BLAIR.

Buffalo Convention which nominated Van Buren in 1854; he helped to organize the Republican party of Michigan, and was elected to the State Senate the same year. In 1856 he canvassed Michigan in favor of Fremont for the Presidency, and in 1860 he was elected Governor of Michigan.

[Ex-Governor Blair is manifestly of the Mental-Motive temperament—the Mental being strikingly predominant. He is a man of strong purposes, vigorous enterprises, and thorough accomplishments. The whole physiognomy is characterized by intensity. He can not be said to be off-hand, in the true sense of the term, for the reason that purpose and earnestness are ingrained into the very warp and woof of his mentality. The high and expanded forehead indicates depth of thought; and the broad side-head, anteriorly, evinces brilliancy. The straight-cut mouth, with its almost rigid lips, betokens the firmness and steadfastness of his character. He is self-reliant, independent, yet not without a well-defined vein of ambition. Large Conscientiousness, well-indicated Benevolence, and rather strong Veneration impart to his character a religious tone, which serves to deepen the earnestness of his nature.]

ARTIFICIAL IVORY.—Artificial ivory is now being made in France, from a paste of *papier mache* and gelatin. Billiard balls formed of this material, though hardly a third of the price of those made from real ivory, are yet so durable and elastic that they can be thrown from the top of the house on to the pavement, or violently struck with a hammer, without injury. With this same paste, to which the name of Parisian marble is given, among many other things, the finest and most complicated molding for ceilings can be made, or capitals of columns can be constructed in any color so as to resemble the most valuable marbles.

On Physiognomy.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—*Chobaut.*

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—*Isaiah lv. 6.*

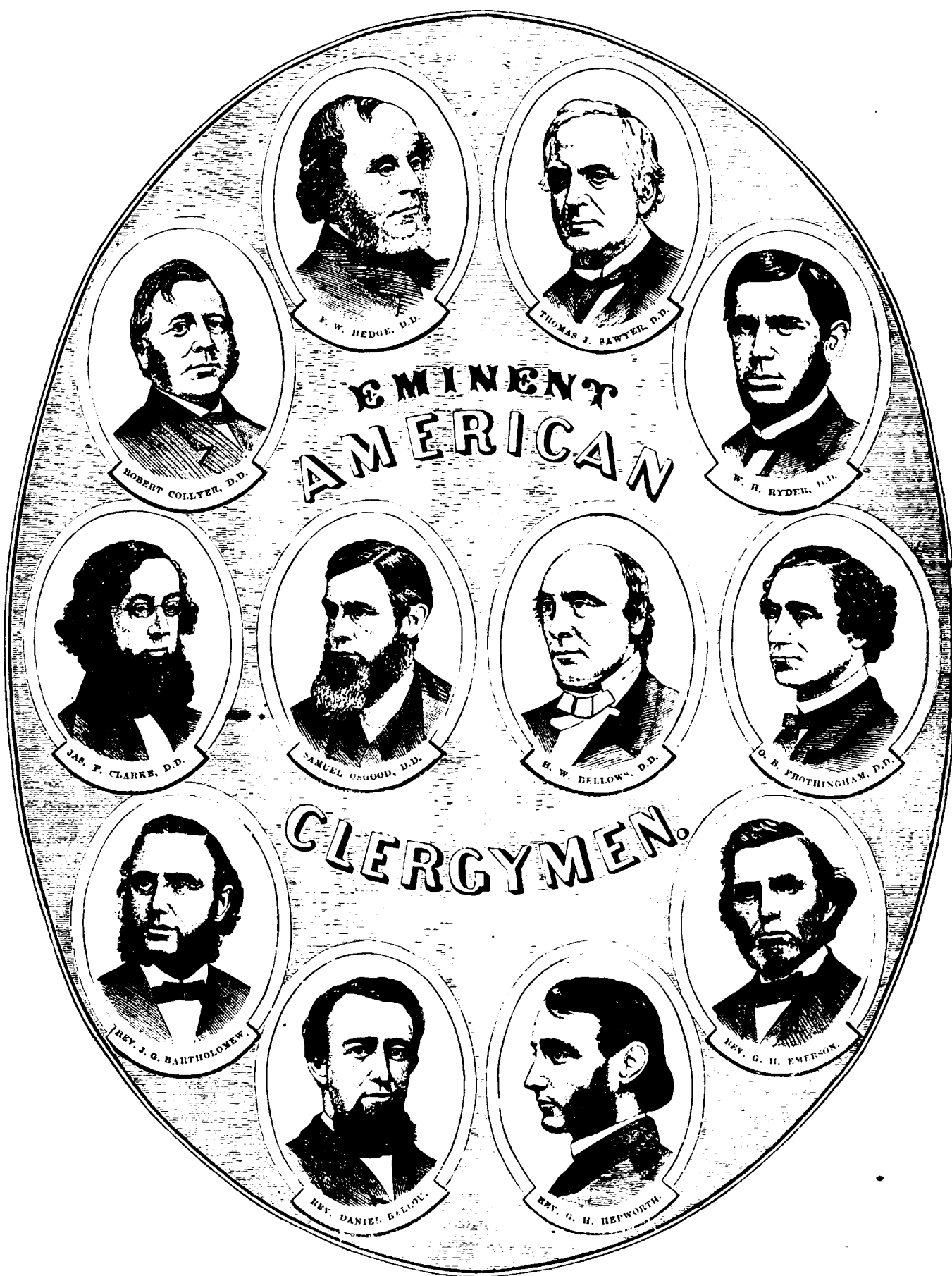
SIGNS OF HEALTH.

It is an important requisite in a good physician that he should be able to detect quickly the relative condition of his patient from the hue of the skin and the expression of the countenance. In order to the skillful treatment of disease, the perception of functional improvement or depression in an approximate degree is necessary; and the success of a medicist is usually proportional to his diagnostic ability. With each change in the sanitary condition there is a corresponding variation in physiognomy. Therefore every man, woman, and child bears unmistakable superficial indications of his, her or its healthy or diseased organization. One of the principal physiognomical signs of health is **BEAUTY**. Quoting from "New Physiognomy" on this point, we have the following:

"The first and chief indication of a healthy state of the body is beauty. In what does beauty consist, if not in harmonious physical and spiritual development? and how is this harmonious development attained, if not through the agency of health? The healthiest plant or the healthiest animal is most beautiful, according to its own standard of beauty. So in man the complete development of all the parts, constituting the most symmetrically organized body, and thereby insuring the perfect performance of the bodily functions, is the highest order of human beauty. If we particularize with regard to the human organization, we find that head which combines the various organs in their highest condition of development, to be the finest in contour. That face which is made up of the finest physiognomical organs will be the handsomest. The healthier the organ the better it is adapted to perform its specific office. The finest and brightest eye sees best. The most regular and evenly balanced nose possesses the most delicate smell. The sweetest mouth is that which has the most nearly perfect teeth and the best formed lips. Those limbs, that arm or leg, is the finest and best fitted for its natural duty which has the best muscular development. We may therefore say that where perfect health is found, there also will be found perfect beauty, in the broadest and truest sense of the term, as its inseparable concomitant, and the most admirable adaptation of the part to its special office.

"The farther the departure from this standard of beauty, the less the harmony of the organization, the more incomplete the development, and the more marked the evidences of disease and premature decay."

There are individuals who scoff at and ridicule, so far as they may, personal beauty. But we hold it each one's duty to be beautiful, or by making use of all legitimate means, to attain "good looks." Beauty—attractiveness of



EMINENT AMERICAN CLERGYMEN. BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES WITH PORTRAITS.

The general outline of organization which appears to predominate among the clergy of the liberal school is a large development of the anterior brain, including the organs of Causality, Comparison, Benevolence, and Language. Marvelousness and Veneration, comparatively speaking, do not loom up so strikingly as these organs we have specified, although in the case of some of these so-called unorthodox Christians we have seen magnificent specimens of Marvelousness and Veneration. Intellectually, the leading men of these denominations are unsurpassed. There is an intellectual, or, to use their own words, "a rational religion," and in the maintenance of their peculiar doctrines they bring to bear all the argument and testimony of highly-cultivated intellectual faculties.

EDWIN HUBBEL CHAPIN, D.D., the eloquent pastor of the Fourth Universalist Society, New York, was born at Union Village, Washington Co., N. Y., December 29, 1814. He never received the benefits of regular collegiate training, but completed his formal education in a seminary at Bennington, Vt. At the age of twenty-four, after a due course of theological study, he accepted an invitation from the Universalist Society of Richmond, Va., and was ordained as their pastor in 1838. Two years afterward he removed to Charlestown, Massachusetts; in 1846 he was invited to assume the pastorate of the School Street Society, in Boston; and in 1848 he settled in New York, as pastor of the Fourth Universalist Society, the church of which was then located in Broadway. Here he labored for a period extending over eighteen years, drawing large congregations by the magnetism of his eloquence. The old church had become a landmark in the city, but yielding to the encroachments of trade, it was sold, and a new church was recently erected on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, and dedicated on the 3d of December, 1866, wherein the Society now worship. Dr. Chapin is distinguished as an eloquent pulpit orator, as a public lecturer, and as an author. His literary labors are mostly of a moral and practical character. His chief works are the "Crown of Thorns," "Discourses on the Lord's Prayer," "Characters of the Gospel, illustrating phases of the present day," "Moral Aspects of City Life," "Humanity in the City," etc. Among Dr. Chapin's finest efforts as a speaker are his great speech in 1850, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, before the World's Peace Convention; at the Kossuth Banquet; at the Publishers' Association Festival, and at the opening of the New York Crystal Palace. As a temperance lecturer he has no superior, and he is undoubtedly one of the most eloquent and polished pulpit orators in America. His beautiful eulogies on our departed heroes, in his well-known lecture "The Roll of Honor," command universal admiration. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him in 1856, by Harvard College, which had previously conferred upon him the honorary degree of A.M. Dr. Chapin has always been connected with the Universalist Church, and is one of the chief actors in what is called the "Broad Church Movement." His sermons are thrilling oratory; and his grand eloquence has thrown into the background

the former successful policy of doctrinal discussion. The influence of his overshadowing and just reputation is felt in every church of his denomination in the city, and he is now the acknowledged representative in the popular mind of Universalism in the United States.

Dr. Chapin has by nature a strong physical constitution. The brain, no matter how active, is fairly sustained by the nutritive processes. He should be buoyant, pliant, elastic in every sense of these terms. Following a pursuit eminently literary in its character, the mind in its manifestations evinces all the qualities specified. The organs of Perception, Reflection, Imitation, Construction, and lingual power are all extensively developed. He should be known for the versatility of his ideas, and for unusual capacity to adapt to those ideas original methods of expression. Comparison ranks among the largest of his reflective organs, rendering him



PORTRAIT OF EDWIN HUBBEL CHAPIN, D.D.

exceedingly critical and comparative. The essence of things is inquired into first, their application is the next feature of his *ratiocination*. The head is large, and developed mainly in the anterior cerebral portion. Self-Esteem is not strongly developed, therefore he has less dignity and assurance of manner than sympathy and cordiality. He is attractive, impressive, rather by the influence of the atmosphere of kindness which surrounds him, than by any exhibition of studied grace or *empressment*.

THOMAS JEFFERSON SAWYER, D.D., pastor of the Universalist Church, Woodbridge, N. J., was born in Reading, Windsor Co., Vt., January 9, 1804. He received the rudiments of an English education in the common district school of his native place, and prepared himself for college in an academy at Chester, and graduated from Middlebury College in 1824. Immediately after leaving Middlebury, he commenced

the study of theology, and entered the ministry in the spring of 1830, first assuming the charge of a small Universalist Society in New York, where he spent the greater part of his life. In the autumn of 1845 he resigned his pastorate and accepted the principalship of the Clinton Liberal Institute, Oneida Co., N. Y., but returned to New York in 1852, and in the following year again took charge of his old parish, with which he remained until the spring of 1861. In January, 1863, he was appointed editor of the *Christian Ambassador*, which position he held jointly for three years, his connection with that paper terminating last year. Dr. Sawyer is a frequent contributor to the periodical literature of his denomination; a work entitled "Discussion of the Doctrine of Universal Salvation," is the report of a debate with the Rev. Isaac Westcott, a Baptist clergyman, upon that subject. Dr. Sawyer was instrumental in calling

together the educational convention which resulted in the establishment of Tufts' College, Mass., the presidency of which institution was offered to him and declined; and subsequently, the same positions in Lombard University, Ill., and St. Lawrence University, N. Y., were proffered to him. He was efficient in founding the Theological School at Clinton, N. Y. As secretary of the Universalist Historical Society, becoming acquainted with several German theologians, he was, through them, made a member of the Historico-Theological Society of Leipzig. He received the degree of D.D. from Harvard College. In regard to Dr. Sawyer's standing in his denomination, Rev. G. H. Emerson thus speaks of him in the *Christian Ambassador*: "The man who can write the best octavo of Universalist divinity; who can write it in the best English; and make a book that shall have most durable fame; a book, too, that shall do most to command the attention and the respect of thinking and appreciative minds outside of our denomination, is Dr. Sawyer. In writing these words, we only repeat words that brethren in the East have heard us speak on many occasions; and this, too, though in some particulars his opinions and ours are by no means at agreement."

No one can look at this countenance without being impressed with the air of serenity, mildness, and benevolence which is blended in every feature. There, too, are ingrained all the indications of the well-cultivated mind.

There is also in the photograph from which we engrave, an unwonted freshness for one of sixty-three years of age. Decay has very slightly touched this frame. The fullness of the countenance, the poise of the head, the plumpness of the lips and chin could be well associated with fifty years. There is great scope of mental vision in this intellect. As a speaker, he would be profound, philosophical, perhaps elaborate as a theorist. As a writer he would be definite and full, precise and extended. The head is proportionately wide for its height and circumference, hence he should be executive, vigorous, and thorough. Comprehensiveness of mind, the ability to think deeply and profoundly is generally found associated with much tameness of action, in the way of adaptation, but in Dr. Sawyer we recognize the capability to do as well as to think.

SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D., pastor of the Church of the Messiah (Second Unitarian Society), New York, was born at Charlestown, Mass., August 30, 1812.

He graduated at Harvard College in 1832, and completed his theological studies at the Divinity School in Cambridge in 1835. After two years spent in traveling and preaching, he was, in 1837, ordained as pastor of the Unitarian Church in Nashua, N. H., where he remained until 1841, when he was called to the congregation in Providence, R. I. In 1849 he accepted the pastorate of the Second Unitarian Society of New York, over which the Rev. Dr. Dewey ministered for many years. This Society is a large and important one, and is now building a spacious church on Park Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. In 1857, the degree of D.D. was conferred upon Mr. Osgood by Harvard College.

Dr. Osgood's literary record is one of great activity and honor. His works have not been simply dry discussions upon sectarian theology. They belong to the active "living present." His first publications were translations from Olshausen and De Wette, followed by "The History of the Passion," and "Human Life." His original writings are "Studies in Christian Biography," "The Hearth-stone," "God with Men," "Milestones on our Life Journey," "Student Life." The chief of his later works are "Memorial of Edward Everett," "New York in the Nineteenth Century," "American Leaves," a work recently issued. This last work is a collection of fifteen essays upon subjects of daily interest. The articles therein entitled "American Boys," "American Girls," have been called for in separate form for general distribution. Dr. Osgood, in his writings, looks from the stand-point of the careful educator and the humanitarian, and he would have a system of education tending to benefit American youth physically as well as mentally. He would have boys be boys and girls be girls, laying up for themselves a good stock of vitality, which shall sustain them in mature age. Dr. Osgood has been a frequent contributor to the *Christian Inquirer*, which has published a series of letters of his during a period of seventeen years, and to the *Christian Register*, both organs of the Unitarian denomination; to the *North American Review*, and other periodicals. The *Christian Inquirer* he edited from 1850 to 1854. He also edited the *Western Messenger*, in Louisville, Ky., in 1836 and 1837.

Dr. Osgood is an ardent lover of nature, and generally passes the summer at his picturesque and quite unique residence in Fairfield, Conn. He has ever been active in literary and educational interests; and for several years has been domestic corresponding secretary of the New York Historical Society. He is deeply attached to the young, and especially interested in fostering their moral and religious character. As a preacher he announces boldly his own convictions on questions which enter into the daily life of his hearers.

This portrait evinces emotion, sympathy, and refinement in its every lineament. There is nothing cold or repulsive about the features; there is much of dignity, but no *hauteur*. A serene self-respect and a refinement of courtesy which imperceptibly command our esteem must accompany this gentleman in his various relations. Few countenances are more classic in expression. There is the unmistakable impress of the scholar, the man of close reading and of earnest thought. The forehead, beautiful in profile, exhibits harmony of balance between perception and reflection. The former feeds the latter amply; the latter suggests the proper fields for the exercise of the former; hence the whole intellect is employed upon those matters which have relation to utility, either personal or social. His language is fluent, graceful, and polished. The organs which supply sentiments of beauty, grandeur, and sublimity are large in this head, and conspiring with the strong moral qualities of his brain induce breadth and fervor of philanthropic sentiment and earnest sympathy with social progress.

FREDERICK WHITNEY HEDGE, D.D., was born in Cambridge, Mass., December 12, 1805, his father being professor of logic and metaphysics in Harvard College, and the author of a work on philosophy, which was quite popular in its day. In 1818, when thirteen years old, he was sent to Germany, and studied at Hildesheim and Schulpforte. Returning to America in 1823, he graduated at Harvard in 1825, and after a three-years' course of study in Divinity College, was settled over the First Congregational Church in West Cambridge. After a seven-years' ministry here, in 1835 he accepted a

call to the pastorate of the Unitarian Church in Bangor, Me., where he remained fifteen years, devoting far the largest portion of his time and thought to historical and philosophical studies. Worn down by his professional and scholarly labors, in 1847 he revisited Germany and made a tour of Europe. On his return, in 1850, he was invited to the Westminster Church in Providence, R. I., and maintained his connection with it until 1856, when he was called to the pastorate of the First Congregational Church in Brookline, Mass., where he still remains. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon Mr. Hedge by Harvard College in 1852, and in 1857 he was chosen Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Cambridge Divinity School, a chair which he still fills. In the same year he became editor of the *Christian Examiner*, the leading organ of liberal Christians in this country; his own contributions to its pages were numerous, and many of them were of a striking character. He was also president of the American Unitarian Association for several years, and has given a great number of discourses and addresses on public occasions; the last and most notable of these was delivered before the Alumni of Harvard College last summer on University Reform. Of Dr. Hedge's published works, the largest and best known is the "Prose Writers of Germany," which contains a biographical sketch and critical estimate of twenty-eight German authors, with appropriate selections from their works. His last published volume is "Reason in Religion," a work which has met with a gratifying welcome from thinking men in all denominations. Dr. Hedge is in many respects one of the leading and most remarkable minds in the Unitarian ranks. In quantity and quality of mind, and in intellectual discipline and scholarly acquirements, he has few superiors. His critical knowledge and appreciation of philosophical systems, his acquaintance with ecclesiastical history, his literary attainments, his logical power and rhetorical brilliancy, each notable in itself, together place him in the first rank of clerical minds. As a public speaker, his manner and enunciation, academical and almost Germanic, somewhat impair the pleasure and dispense the effect which his statements, often brilliant and bursting with thought, would otherwise produce.

Dr. Hedge has a strong face. The organs of the forehead are large—Firmness is the most prominent, giving decision. His well-defined and compressed lips evince determination and strength of will. He has much originality of opinion, yet his large organs of analysis and investigation incline him to explore all matters coming under his consideration before he decides. He is no imitator. He does not pursue the paths made by others, but strikes out a course of thought and action peculiarly his own. He is an individual thinker, a practical observer, and therefore the results of his examination may be in most cases relied on. There is something in the character of the face which reminds us strongly of the author of "Sartor Resartus," something of that indifference to external influences which is so striking a feature in the character of Carlyle. He is well calculated for leadership, not only in religious matters but in secular. Whatever might have been his chosen pursuit, Dr. Hedge would never have acted the part of an imitator.

HENRY WHITNEY BELLows, D.D., minister of All Souls Church, New York, was born in Boston, June 11, 1814. He graduated at Harvard College in 1832, and received the degree of D.D. from that institution in 1854. He was ordained to the ministry in this city, January 2, 1839, and has remained in charge of the First Congregational (Unitarian) Church ever since that time. In addition to his duties as minister, he started the *Christian Inquirer*—a religious newspaper devoted to Unitarian Christianity—in 1847, and for many years was its editor, and for fifteen years its constant correspondent. He also contributed many important and valuable articles to the *Christian Examiner* and *North American Review*, delivered a course of lectures on Social Science before the Lowell Institute in Boston, and has given a large number of addresses, lectures, and sermons on important public occasions. Perhaps the most striking and memorable of these were a discourse preached before the Alumni of Harvard Divinity School, entitled "The Suspense of Faith," and an address given in this city in defense of amusements generally and the theater in particular, entitled "The Drama." In 1853, at

the earnest request of parishioners and others, he published a volume of sermons setting forth the more important principles of Unitarianism, under the title of "Restatements of Christian Doctrines."

Dr. Bellows has always been profoundly interested in social problems, and in whatever pertains to public welfare and advancement, taking large and advanced views upon the great questions of our age, country, and civilization. By constitution, culture, and association a conservative, while he deprecated the existence of slavery as much as any one, he shrunk from what he deemed the inevitable consequences of immediate emancipation. But the moment the South fired upon the flag of the nation, he flung away his scruples and threw himself heart and soul into the national cause. Without a moment's delay he set at work to organize a commission which should assist the government in providing for the health and comfort of the soldiers in the camp and on the field, and completely systematize the immense charity of the nation. Of this sanitary commission, now so well and honorably known, he was the originator and animating soul as well as the president, and during the four years of the war gave himself up to the public service, traversing the entire country and even visiting California to raise necessary funds. During this period he still attended to his professional duties as minister of one of the most important parishes in the city; at its close turned his attention to the denomination with which he had always been identified, and sought to bring its hitherto unorganized elements into practical relations and a working, effective fellowship. His efforts in this direction resulted in the New York Convention of April, 1865, which formed the National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian churches, of the council of which he is president. As a writer, Dr. Bellows has a rich, almost florid style, abounding in beautiful imagery, yet always vigorous and grand. Some of his extemporaneous efforts are among the highest specimens of American oratory. In theology, he belongs rather to the conservative than to the radical school.

Dr. Bellows has a powerful mental organization. His head is wide, prominent in the forehead, and high in the crown; hardly so prominent at the perceptive ridge as indicated in our engraving, yet sufficiently so to render him a careful observer. He should be distinguished for practical thought, direct and thorough investigation in whatsoever subjects he conceives an earnest interest, and for that active humanitarianism which exhibits itself more in deeds than in words. His language is largely developed, and did not his strong perceptive furnish ample material as the subject-matter of discourse, his large Ideality and Sublimity co-ordinating with his well-marked moral sentiments could alone supply the fund of remark; only the feature of practical application, which is now his leading oratorical characteristic, would be lacking in a great measure.

WILLIAM HENRY RYDER, D.D., pastor of St. Paul's Church (First Universalist Society), Chicago, was born in Provincetown, Mass., July 13, 1822. He obtained his early education in his native town, and in Pembroke, N. H., and afterward studied classical literature with the celebrated Dr. Clowes, of Clinton, N. Y. His first settlement in his profession was at Concord, N. H.; he preached his first sermon at the age of nineteen; at twenty he had acquired quite a reputation, and at twenty-two was made minister of Concord Church. Not satisfied with his imperfect preparation for the great work of the Gospel, he determined to go to Berlin to complete his studies. There he spent eight months in close study, receiving the benefit of lectures by Neander and others. On his return, after he had made the tour of Europe and part of the Holy Land; visited Athens, Smyrna, Damascus, Jerusalem, and Cairo, he was called to the pastorate of the Roxbury Universalist Church, in Massachusetts, where he remained ten years. In Jan., 1860, he removed to Chicago, where he still resides. The degree of A.M. was conferred upon him in 1860 by Harvard University, and in 1863 Lombard University, at Galesburg, Ill., honored him with the degree of D.D. Dr. Ryder's chief literary productions have consisted of quarterly articles, pamphlets, and published sermons. He did good service all through the rebellion, both by his strenuous advocacy in the pulpit of the Government and the Union, by his spoken and printed discourses, and

by his generous labors in the field of practical Christianity. He was sent to Richmond in aid of the Sanitary Fair, and reached that city a few days after its evacuation. It was during this trip that he discovered the famous letter used by the Government in the assassination trial. Dr. Ryder is distinguished for a fine analytic mind, for high culture, and scholastic learning. He has an earnest and fervid nature, and is unremitting in the performance of all good works. As a clergyman, he is held in high esteem by the members of his own community, and by all, indeed, who know him. During the war he was an earnest advocate for the Union. "Traitors," he said, "must be put down. The Union must be upheld. The Government must be sustained. There can be but one America in America—one Union from the Lakes to the Gulf."

Dr. Ryder has always been a sincere friend to the slave and to general progress.

Dr. Ryder has a keen intellect, which looks out scrutinizingly from his deeply-set eyes. The whole countenance bodes forth a disposition to investigate and analyze. Theories must be based on sound premises to receive his indorsement. A cursory glance at any subject of importance does not content him, although the inference born of such a glance would be sufficient for most minds; so accurate is his natural insight, he would deliberately examine it and thoroughly determine its nature. As a friend and companion, he is inclined to be affectionate and cordial, generous in sentiment, and frank in expression. The temperamental conditions of Dr. Ryder are very favorable to the exhibition of power and endurance, both physical and mental, yet undue exercise of the nervous system may affect the harmonious relations of his body and brain, rendering the latter so active as to drain the vitality of the former. A little better condition of his physique would be an advantage to him.

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM, minister of the Third Unitarian Church, New York, is the son of Rev. N. L. Frothingham, for thirty years minister of the First Church in Boston, and one of the most polished preachers and writers of the Unitarian denomination, and a hymnist of the first order. He was born in Boston, November 26, 1822, into the most cultivated, classic circle of American society, with Edward Everett for his uncle, and a class of scholars and *litterateurs* for his associates. He passed through the Latin School, Harvard College, and the Divinity School, at an early age, with credit, and was ordained to the ministry in Salem, Mass., March 10, 1847. In May, 1855, he was invited to Jersey City, to take charge of a Unitarian Society that had just been formed there—a position which he held four years, when, at the urgent request of a great number of friends, he removed to New York, and commenced preaching in Ebbitt Hall. In February, 1860, the Third Unitarian Society was incorporated, and in 1863 a church was erected on Fortieth Street.

Mr. Frothingham has attracted considerable attention by his bold, eloquent advocacy of rationalistic views of religion, and his unflinching application of them to the great questions of the age. He is, perhaps, the leading representative and exponent of religious rationalism in America. He constantly affirms what he thinks is true, criticizing the old only to make room for a new and grander faith.

As a writer, his style is ornate, abounding in well-chosen images and metaphors, yet vigorous in thought, and often brilliant. As a public speaker, he is distinguished for elegance and earnestness. His manner is artistic, and somewhat restrained, conveying an impression of coldness and artificiality to the superficial observer; addressing himself almost entirely to the reason and conscience and imagination of his hearers, he seldom stirs those sentiments and emotions which are indicated by "the heart;" and though he deeply interests a class of intelligent, thoughtful minds, he is far less popular with the masses than many other less able preachers are. He has published a great number of sermons and articles in the magazines of the day; the most important of these are, "The Christ of the Jews," "The Christ of the Gentiles," "The Christ of the Apocrypha," "Scientific Criticism," "Unitarianism, Past, Present, and Future," "Imagination in Theology," "Mystics and their Creed," "The Drift Period in Theology," in the *Christian Examiner*; a notable article on Theodore Parker in the

North American Review; "The New Religion of Nature," in the *Friend of Progress*. He has also published "The Parables; Stories from the Lips of the Teacher, Retold by a Disciple," and "Stories of the Patriarchs," books for children; "Child's Book of Religion," a manual for Sunday-school and home use; besides a translation of the *Critical Essays of Renan*.

The finely-cut features of Mr. Frothingham, as seen in the photograph we have, are but imperfectly represented in the engraving before us. The closely compressed mouth, and the whole composition of the face, indicate the man of steadfastness. The perceptive faculties are large, and being complemented by the reflectives, indicate the ability to gather facts and to apply them to the elucidation of such questions as may come within the scope of his experience. The full-orbed eyes indicate power of language, the ability to give ready expression to the thoughts and experiences he gathers, and his force of character enables him to urge his convictions upon the attention of his hearers. His social nature is well indicated, which, together with Benevolence and the kindly expression of the face would make him always welcome in society. He would be kind-hearted, generous, and devotional, and quite strict in the performance of duty. The moral organs are large; it is, in fact, a good moral head.

REV. ROBERT COLLYER, pastor of Unity Church, Chicago, was born at Keighley, near Leeds, in Yorkshire, England, December 8, 1823. His parents were work-people and, unable to send him to school, put him at work in a factory when he was eight years old. Here he remained six years, picking up thoughts as well as threads, and learning to weave facts and fancies of his own, as well as yarns for his employers. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed, according to the English custom, to a blacksmith, at Ilkley, in Wharfedale, Yorkshire, where he continued to work for a dozen years, acquiring a good capital of health and vital force, a well-developed and firmly-compacted body, and a good deal more—so much more that he longed for better air, more room, and opportunities than were possible there. Accordingly, in 1850, with a large outfit of discontent and faith and hope, but with little else, he came to America, and soon found employment at hammer-making in Shoemakertown, near Philadelphia. Naturally serious, his thoughts were early turned into religious channels, and during the last year of his English life he frequently exhorted in Methodist meetings. After his arrival here, he preached regularly in the Methodist pulpits of the circuit, receiving for ten years' services a large return of grateful affection and enriching experience—and \$7 50. During the last two years of his blacksmith life, Mr. Collyer became acquainted with Lucretia Mott, the gifted Quakeress, and Dr. Furness, the well-known preacher and philanthropist of Philadelphia. The words of the latter made a profound impression upon him, and opened up new views to his mind. Accepting an invitation to preach in the Unitarian pulpit, the Methodists refused to renew his license; and just at this time, 1852, receiving an invitation to the ministry-at-large in Chicago, he left the anvil for a more congenial field of labor. The mission prospered under his charge, and soon became a self-sustaining, influential society, and is now building one of the largest and finest church edifices in the city. Mr. Collyer has won public notice and a national reputation as preacher, philanthropist, and writer. His style is remarkably simple, but at the same time remarkably fresh and unique. It is thus happily described by Dr. Bellows:

"Mr. Collyer is a poet, artist, and singer, in spite of himself. His broad, sweet soul has dived into the deeper truth of things, and when he speaks, as he always does, out of his experience, his dainty lips refuse all superfluous or unfit words, while tender, Burns-like images cluster round his thoughts, and his voice melts into a kind of song that, without the periods and pauses of ordinary speech, flows into the ear and heart, with the effect of a fugue by Bach. It is not oratory—it is oratorio."

We have here a strong organization. The vital organs are evidently vigorous, supplying without stint a full measure of healthy nutrition to nerve and muscle. The framework is massive and powerful, and the temperament elastic and pliant, with little irritability or restlessness. Ease of thought and ease of action, the one complementary to the other, must characterize this well-

known minister. We can not wonder that Mr. Collyer has risen from a comparatively low position in society to one of eminence and dignity, when we contemplate the symmetry and superior quality of his whole "make-up." Our engraving furnishes but an outline of the face, recognizable, it is true, but divested of those soft touches of expression which are conspicuously marked in the original. The organ of Order is quite large, rendering him inclined to method in the disposition of thought and things. He should possess an easy flow of language, and that warmth of expression which is the parent of eloquence. He can be no strainer after effect, no sensationist as a speaker or writer; but easy, fervid, sympathetic, natural, he would speak to the purpose and according to the occasion. No special remark of ours is necessary to direct the reader's attention to the unwonted height of the forehead at Benevolence. This is an oratorical temperament, full of feeling and emotion.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, D.D., minister of the Church of the Disciples, Boston, was born in Hanover, N. H., April 4, 1810. His grandfather, Dr. James Freeman, was the first minister who publicly preached Unitarianism in the United States. Mr. Clarke graduated from the Boston Latin School in 1829, and from Harvard College in 1832, in the same class with Oliver Wendell Holmes, Prof. Pierce, Chief-Justice Bigelow, and other distinguished men. He then studied theology in Cambridge Divinity School, and was ordained pastor of the Unitarian Church in Louisville, Ky., in 1833. He labored there seven years, dividing his time between professional duty and scholarly pursuits. In 1840 he went to Boston and gathered a church on what was considered at the time novel and impracticable principles. It was a free church, the pews being open to whoever would occupy them, each paying what he would or could to defray expenses. This church had a long and hard struggle, but finally became firmly established, and is now one of the most vigorous, prosperous, and influential churches in Boston, numbering among its members Governor Andrew and many other celebrities. Our readers may remember how pleasantly it is referred to by the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table as the church of the Gallians.

Mr. Clarke has kept up his studies, and has given the public a translation of De Wette's "Theodore the Skeptic," "Christian Doctrine of Forgiveness," "Christian Doctrine of Prayer," Haase's "Life of Jesus," and, together with W. H. Channing and R. W. Emerson, "The Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli," one of his early friends and admirers. He has also contributed a great number of articles to the *Christian Examiner* and other publications. His last work is "Orthodoxy, its Truths and Errors"—a work which aims to discover and state the essential truths of that great system of faiths which, under different modification of names, is held by the various evangelical sects. He has taken an active interest in all the great reforms of the age, and his name is particularly identified with the anti-slavery cause and that of education; at the present time he is member of the State Board of Education, and one of the overseers of Harvard College.

We would recommend to our readers a careful study of this countenance, especially of it as existing in the original mold, if accessible to any of them. The fineness, delicacy, and symmetry of the whole organization can not evince anything less than a harmonious and well-ordered mental constitution. There is thought, feeling, fancy, dignity, aspiration, and earnestness expressed in the artistic finish of the head and face. Perhaps the tendency to thought, to the consideration of things hoped for by some longing minds—a near approach to perfection in the ordinances of human society—is a predominant feature in his mental characteristics. He has much responsibility resting upon him for the rare gifts and graces bestowed by a bounteous Providence.

REV. GEORGE HOMER EMERSON, the editor of the *Christian Ambassador* (the New York organ of the Universalist denomination), was born September 3, 1822, in Roxbury, Mass. At the age of seven he was taken with his parents to Henniker, N. H., and four years after to Backsfort, Me., where he resided until he was sixteen years of age, receiving the advantages of a high school education, and the unusual facilities afforded by an excellent town library. When

the so-called "Madawaaka War," for the settlement of the northeastern boundary broke out, young Emerson started, at the age of sixteen, with the consent but against the wishes of his parents, for Charlestown, Mass., with a view to entering the navy; but to his bitter disappointment he was rejected on account of a lack of physical strength. He then went to Lowell, Mass., and became clerk in a clothing and hardware store, serving in that capacity three years. Here he came under the influence of Rev. Abel C. Thomas, a Universalist clergyman, a man of extraordinary eloquence, and very fascinating to young men, and under his instruction he prepared himself for the ministry, preaching his first sermon August 7, 1842, at the age of nineteen. The following winter he preached at Ellsworth, Me. Two years after he received a call to Cleveland, O., where he preached for the first time in the West, on the day of his majority; and subsequently took the editorial charge of the *Ohio Universalist*, then just started in that city. In 1846 he removed to Dayton, O., where he was instrumental in building and establishing a church, but his health failing he was compelled to leave, and sought the softer climate of the South. He preached one year in Louisville, Ky., traveling much during that time, one itinerant tour taking him as far as the southwestern part of Tennessee. With restored health he returned to his native Massachusetts in 1849. The four next years he served as agent of the State Missionary Society of his denomination, and then settled over a society in Somerville, which, as missionary agent, he had been successful in forming. He then succeeded the Rev. Dr. Ballou as editor of the *Universalist Quarterly and Literary Review*, where he published several elaborate papers on philosophy, theology, and history. His review of "Hildreth's History of the United States" drew from the author a letter in which Mr. Emerson was complimented as being the only critic, on either side of the water, who thoroughly comprehended the scope of his work. In 1863 the New England Publishing House purchased the *Trumpet and Freeman*, since called the *Universalist*, and Mr. Emerson was appointed editor, which post he occupied until the opening of the present year, when he was induced to fill a similar position on the *Christian Ambassador*. Under Mr. Emerson's management, this journal has rapidly assumed the character of a first-class religious weekly paper. Mr. Emerson is a clear and earnest speaker, and confesses that he owes much of his verbal perspicuity to an enthusiastic study of Combe's "Phrenology" and "Constitution of Man," which he read and re-read quite early in life. As a writer he is forcible and fearless. The study of Locke gave, early in his manhood, a strong materialistic character to his theology. He became an earnest believer in the doctrine of necessity; rejected all notions of the possibility of sin or punishment after death. He, in following many of his seniors, has sought to introduce what he calls a more spiritual kind of thought into the denomination. He probably represents in this particular the younger laity and ministry.

We feel inclined to say in the first blush of an examination of this countenance, that we should take him as a fair representative of the clergy of the Universalist Church. The face is that of the scholar, the investigator of metaphysical questions, the critical examiner of principles and ideas. He is not one to be satisfied with superficial statements. The gloss of plausibility does not so soothe and charm his mental apprehension as to prevent him from looking into the essential features of the subject presented for consideration. We can not think him remarkable for facility and copiousness of verbal utterance. He would be inclined rather to precise, pointed, direct statements of what were his views. Words to him have a meaning, and are not to be spoken or written without some definite purpose. He does not look so much to the persuasive influences of rhetoric as to the convincing and subjective power of solid argument. He looks more at genuine practicality of things than to style or plausibility.

REV. JOHN G. BARTHOLOMEW, pastor of the "Church of the Redeemer" (Universalist), Greene Avenue, Brooklyn, was born in Delphi, Onondago Co., N. Y., February 28, 1834. He received his education at the Clinton Liberal Institute, in Clinton, N. Y.; pursued his theological studies under a private tutor, with a view

to the Christian ministry, and entered upon the duties of his chosen profession in 1853, at the age of nineteen. His first settlement was at Upper Lisle, N. Y., in 1854, where he remained two years, then accepting a pastorate in Oxford, N. Y. Two years later he was called to the pastoral charge of the Universalist Society of Aurora, Ill. In 1869, a vacancy occurred in the pastorate of the Universalist Society of Roxbury, Mass., by the resignation of Rev. Dr. Ryder, and the appointment of his successor was by no means an easy task. It happened, however, that a member of that society, having heard Mr. Bartholomew preach at Aurora, recommended him as the man who would come fully up to the standard required by the Roxbury parish. Mr. Bartholomew was invited to preach in Roxbury, and in less than twenty-four hours after his first appearance was called to the pastorate. After a most successful ministry of six years in Roxbury, he was called to the position he now occupies, as pastor of the "Church of the Redeemer," Brooklyn, where his peculiar talents and power as a pulpit orator have attracted much notice.

During the rebellion Mr. Bartholomew was an earnest patriot. From the pulpit and the platform he always pleaded the cause of liberty. Pursuing the same independent course that he exhibited during the war, freely discussing the national problem, he has won the respect of many who do not sympathize with him in religious conviction, and few ministers stand firmer in the affections of their people than he.

Mr. Bartholomew possesses that ripeness and raciness of animal spirit which supply to a well-ordered mentality quickness of apprehension and vigor of thought. His temperament is an excellent specimen of the mental and vital elements in about equal proportions. There should be ingrained in the warp and woof of his entire constitution a marked degree of mobility and sprightliness. He has no sympathy with the hum-drum or torpid in life. Action, continuous action, is the aim and the natural tendency of his organization. He should possess much spontaneity and originality of idea, much inventive genius. Were he not a worker in the vineyard of truth and religion—seeking by direct effort as an accredited minister to improve the spiritual condition of his fellow-men, we would say that his labors in the cause of science or mechanical art would be attended with success. Those organs which appreciate the material and exact, those which discriminate, analyze, and construct, are conspicuously marked. The fineness and regularity of the features are fitting accompaniments of the symmetrical organization. We could not infer that harshness or bluntness of manner and expression were characteristic of this gentleman, as the indications, much stronger in the original than in the poor print before us, are all in favor of gentility, softness, and kindness.

REV. GEORGE H. HEPWORTH, minister of the Church of the Unity, Boston, was born February 4, 1838. On his mother's side he is of French descent, and some of his ancestors met the fate of the popular leaders in the French Revolution. From this stock Mr. Hepworth has inherited a joyous, hilarious spirit, and the genial good-humor which tempers his seriousness and gives his deeper sentiments a humane and attractive setting. He may be said to have "slipped in preaching," for almost as soon as he was out of the cradle he commenced his professional labors, gathering his playmates around him and exhorting them to be good. After graduating from the Boston Latin School, he studied theology at Divinity College, Cambridge, from which he graduated in 1855. He was first settled over the Unitarian Church in Nantucket, in the autumn of the same year, and after two years spent there among Quakers and their descendants, from whom he learned many valuable lessons, he returned to Cambridge, and studied several months as a resident graduate. In December, 1858, a few families residing at the south end of Boston made an effort to form a new society there, and invited Mr. Hepworth to preach for them. The society grew so rapidly that a spacious church edifice was soon erected on Newton Street, where the society continues to worship, sometimes fifteen hundred people crowding to hear the gifted and popular young preacher.

At the breaking out of the war, Mr. Hepworth threw himself with the utmost earnestness and enthusiasm into

the national cause, preaching, lecturing, and exhorting wherever he went to arouse the popular mind. In 1862 he joined the expedition of General Banks, and was appointed to a place on his staff in the celebrated Louisiana campaign, having charge of the free labor system. The efforts made by the planters to have him removed, and even to take his life, and the high estimation in which he was held by the freed people whose cause he so heartily espoused, furnished the best gauge of his services in this department.

On his return he wrote a popular account of his experiences, which was published under the title of the "Whip, Hoe, and Sword." His services were put in immediate requisition by loyal leagues and lyceums as lecturer, and ever since he has been a favorite of lecture audiences. As a speaker, Mr. Hepworth is exceedingly graceful and winsome. His naturally musical voice is finely modulated, and his style of utterance is easy and natural, varying constantly with the character of the thought. In theology, he is rather a liberal than a radical, his appreciation of and reverence for what is old and sacred restraining his reason and holding in close relations and active fellowship with the working mind of the denomination to which he belongs. He has the deepest interest in all social questions and reforms, caring more for humanity than for theology, for lightening the burdens of the poor and oppressed than for splitting metaphysical hairs or building up a sect.

This gentleman must be distinguished for sympathy, affection, suavity, humor, and intuition. The profile is striking with respect to the great predominance of the organs of Benevolence and Human Nature. Pertinacity in opinion and persistency in action can not be laid to his charge, for there are all the indications of frankness, liberality of sentiment, and respect for the opinions of others which are likely to be found in one organization. He has much sensitiveness and susceptibility; in fact, far more of these sympathetic characteristics than is usually allotted to men; hence he quickly apprehends those things which appeal to the finer feelings and responds cordially to their demand. He is evidently buoyant and exuberant in fancy and facile in expression.

REV. DANIEL BALLOU, pastor of the Universalist Society of Utica, N. Y., was born December 9, 1838, at Norwich, Chenango Co., N. Y. His youth was occupied chiefly in agricultural pursuits, and his education was obtained mainly at the district school, and through his own exertions during the intervals not devoted to labor on the farm. Naturally modest and diffident, he was nevertheless ambitious. The great name and world-wide reputation of his great uncle, the Rev. Hosea Ballou, of Boston, inspired him with a deep desire to become a minister of the Gospel, and to emulate, if possible, the deeds of his honored relative. At twenty years of age he had determined to enter the ministry, but a lack of education, and other serious obstacles, had to be met and overcome. But the embryo preacher was not daunted; the greater the difficulty the more necessity for conquering it, was his motto; and he earnestly set about preparing for the task which he had imposed upon himself, and such was his success, that in 1858 he was enabled to enter the Theological Department of St. Lawrence University, at Canton, N. Y., where he graduated in 1861, being a member of the first class graduated from institution. His first settlement was at Oxford, N. Y., soon after leaving the University. On October 1, 1864, he commenced his ministerial labors, having been ordained pastor of the Universalist Society of Utica, N. Y., to which place he removed. His labors there have been successful to a degree far beyond his most sanguine expectations. He is still young, being only a little over twenty-eight years of age, yet his voice is heard with respect by those greatly his seniors in age and experience.

This gentleman, the youngest in the group, possesses those elements which favor rapid advancement in intellectual development. He has a superior organization. The head is developed very considerably in the upper lateral portion. Those organs which underlie imagination, fervor, taste, wit, and elaboration of thought, are large. He has a good deal of poetical ability, and when his feelings are warmed by an earnest sympathy with his subject, his expressions should glow with the pathetic and figurative. He is evidently no stickler for

the precise. He does not look at things from the standpoint of fastidiousness, but he would be appreciative of beauty, ornament, and good taste. He enters heartily into the consideration of that which inspires mirth, cordiality, and good-will. He has a good deal of warmth in the way of social life; he believes in the domestic institution—the home, companions, friends. He would be careful in the disposition of his affairs, and carefully observant of justice in his dealings. He has an amount of mechanical talent which would render him successful in any pursuit requiring mechanical ability. And he possesses in a high degree that intuitive or instinctive apprehension which enables some men to form instantaneous and correct judgments.

DOCTRINAL FEATURES OF LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.

The Unitarian denomination is unique in our American Ecclesiasticism. Its history is considerably obscure. The first settlers of New England were Puritans and Calvinists. But they laid more stress upon religious independence than upon any tenet of their creed, and contended for the liberty of each separate congregation more stoutly than a set belief. With liberty came inquiry, and a gradual modification of faith. To the end of the seventeenth century this process of modification went on almost silently in the Congregational churches, a few prominent preachers, like Dr. Gay, of Hingham, Mr. Mayhew, of Boston, avowing their Unitarianism. Rev. James Freeman, rector of the Episcopal church known as King's Chapel, Boston, became a convert to Unitarian views, and persuading his congregation of their correctness, in 1783 it became the first distinctively Unitarian Church in America. From that time the discussion became public, and for thirty or forty years the Congregational churches of New England were divided between the Unitarian and Trinitarian parties, the latter refusing to exchange pulpits and hold ecclesiastical fellowship with the former between the years 1806 and 1825.

The Unitarian body was a growth, a gradual formation in the ecclesiastical system of the country, and consequently its lines are not distinctly drawn. Its somewhat, as yet, indefinite theology was not formed by a council, nor elaborated by one master mind. It has grown up, and is still in a formative state. The cardinal principle of the body is individual liberty in matters of belief. Consequently there are the greatest differences of opinion among them, ranging all the way from Evangelicism to Rationalism, and embracing the entire theological district between Channing and Parker.

Unitarians all agree in holding that Christ was the Son of God, and not "God the Son;" that is, inferior to the Father in power, knowledge, authority, and goodness. They differ among themselves as to his pre-existence, authority, and rank, but all agree in regarding him as the head of our humanity, the most wonderfully gifted soul that has yet appeared on earth, the Providential teacher, leader, inspirer of men, the head of a new order of civilization. Rejecting the doctrine of total depravity, they also reject the current doctrine that Christ's death pays the penalty of man's transgression, or makes it possible for God to forgive those whom he could not forgive before; they hold that God loves every soul with a perfect love, and will forgive all who are truly penitent, and do all that infinite wisdom can devise and infinite power can effect to bring every child to Himself in holiness; but that in love He has ordained that every man must suffer the penalty of his own sins. They agree in rejecting the notion that the Bible is infallibly inspired, but rather regard it as the record of the sayings and doings of remarkable and inspired men, the history and remaining literature of a peculiar people, and above all, of inestimable value as containing our only authentic account of the life and teachings of Jesus Christ and his first apostles—a human book, with human errors and imperfections in it, to be read in the light of reason, with all the aids of history, science, criticism, and experience—a book unspeakably precious as a help to the soul, but not the master of the soul. They also agree in rejecting the prevalent doctrine of the endless punishment of all who die impenitent, and almost all of them believe that under the improved circumstances and holier influences of another world, all souls will recover from the sins and faults of this earthly life, and realize a

glorious destiny. They also agree in laying the greatest stress upon practical matters, and regard doing as of more account than believing, a life of Christian usefulness as the consummate flower, the blessed fruit, in comparison with which forms of worship and sectarian dogmas are trivial, if not impertinent.

The Universalist theology is, in many respects, similar to the views held by the Unitarians. Taking their rise in the early ages of the Christian dispensation, both these classes of liberal Christians have flourished side by side, if they have not been identified in interest. The leading features of Universalism are embodied in their "Profession of Belief," which was adopted at the General Convention of Universalists in the United States, held in 1803, and which is still regarded with satisfaction by the denomination. This "Profession" runs thus:

"ART. 1. We believe that the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments contain a revelation of the character of God, and of the duty, interest, and final destination of mankind.

"ART. 2. We believe that there is one God, whose

nature is love; revealed in one Lord Jesus Christ, by one Holy Spirit of grace, who will finally restore the whole family of mankind to holiness and happiness.

"ART. 3. We believe that holiness and true happiness are inseparably connected, and that believers ought to be careful to maintain order and practice good works, for these things are good and profitable unto men."

Universalists reject the doctrine of human depravity as degrading to the Deity, and, so to speak, impossible to Him. All men, they say, are formed in the image of God, which, though it may be disfigured by sin, can never be utterly depraved; that man is liable to sin, but it is through ignorance and unbelief, and not at all on account of any original corruption of heart transmitted from Adam. The Almighty is so just that He will assuredly deal out impartial justice to all. But the punishment will not be of infinite duration. God is infinite in mercy, and it is the office of mercy to forgive offenses, and this forgiveness is accorded in His appointed way, through the mediatorship of Jesus Christ, who was sent of God to be the Saviour of the world. It is Christ's final work to resurrect the soul into the glorified life of the angels; for human salvation, according to them, does not cease at death, but is passed over by death to Christ, who consummates it in the eternal world. All mankind is to be thus saved, and not a soul lost, or Christ died in vain, and did not redeem a world, but only a fragment of it. Like the Unitarians, the Universalists reject the orthodox doctrine of the Trinity, but they go further than the former in attributing to Christ qualities of a divine nature. He, say they, is subordinate to the Father, but possessed of power and spirit beyond all other intelligence. He is God made manifest in the flesh, and was sent of God to save the world. They believe also in the eternal progression of the soul, that it will retain forever its identity, clothed with a supernal body, and attain to heights of heavenly wisdom beyond all human conception.

There are in the United States over 750 Universalist societies, and 534 ministers. Some of these societies are small, having services only a part of the time. All the large societies have church organizations connected with them, with a good number of communicants; and within the year quite a number of churches have been formed in the smaller societies of the denomination. There are in the interest of this denomination in this country six newspapers, five monthly magazines, and one Sunday-school paper—the *Myrtle*—and the *Universalist Quarterly*.

The number of Unitarian societies in the United States is about 300, with nearly the same number of ministers. There are nine or ten newspapers and periodicals devoted to Unitarian literature and theology, the chief nuclei of which are Boston and New York, especially the former.

Our readers will perceive that the biographies of the group of divines published in this number are more elaborate than usual, our facilities for their preparation having been unusually good. We have published thus far the Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists, Mormons, Unitarians, and Universalists, and there yet remain

other denominations to render justice to. It is our aim to be free from any sectarian scruples or prejudices in regard to these religious publications. Differences of opinion have given rise to the various religious societies existing, and so long as men are permitted to exercise their differently organized moral and intellectual faculties without restraint, so long these differences of opinion will continue. The essence of true religion among men is charity, and the only way by which the much-desired union or co-operation in Christian effort among the different churches can be promoted, is by a liberal exercise of that virtue "which is not easily provoked," but "suffereth long and is kind."

THE VISITATION.

LAST eve, while many mortals slept,
Alike indifferent to the claims of self and love,
An angel to our dwelling dipped
His golden wing, commissioned from the One above.

His message breathed a holy grace,
And with a radiant joy 'twas lovingly performed;
And his departure left a trace
Of beauty, which our hearts to higher instincts warmed.

A spirit pure that angel's gift
Enshrined within a casket delicately fair.
Oh, God! to Thee our hearts we lift,
And murmur forth our thankfulness in broken prayer.

May this young life, so spotless now,
Ne'er lose the impress of Thy consecrating love;
Before Thy throne as servant bow,
And closer weave the bonds by mercy knit above.

And touch our hearts, dear Saviour, too,
That we may rightly prize this precious, precious boon;
Give us of heaven a clearer view;
Our thoughts, our lives, to Thine in purity attune.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19, 1867. H. S. DRAYTON.

OUR ARMY AND NAVY.

WE give an instructive sketch of the Army in our present number, which should be read by all Americans. In our next issue we shall describe the Navy and its management. In these articles the public will get an exact view of the military and naval strength of the United States. We publish these as a matter of information to the general reader, who is not supposed to be specially interested in military science, but who ought, nevertheless, to know something of the defensive and offensive ability of his country. Need we ask for a careful perusal? Let the suggestions for improvement therein made be heeded. We are a progressive people. Let us improve our Army and our Navy as we improve our schools, our manufactures, our agriculture, and our commerce.

A HORTICULTURIST advertised that he would supply all sorts of fruit trees and plants, especially pie-plants of all kinds. A gentleman thereupon sent him an order for one package of custard-pie seed, and a dozen mince-pie plants. The gentlemen promptly filled the order by sending him four goose eggs and a small dog.

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1867.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Pte.*

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CAN WE THINK OF TWO THINGS AT ONCE?

HERE is an old question, which has been long discussed among the metaphysicians, physiologists, and phrenologists, without satisfying themselves or anybody else, whether we are so anatomically constructed that the mind can act in two entirely different directions at the same moment.

If any of the learned parties who have been arguing the point, have the right of the matter, it must be the phrenologists. With a prodigious amount of industry, they have brought out such curious facts in regard to the functions of the brain, that those gentlemen who deal in such specific articles as mental phenomena, must concede to them very much more than they themselves expected to gain, when they commenced studying the contents of animal skulls.

Dr. Griffin, formerly president of Williams College, was also a teacher of the senior class. He was once asked the question—Can a man think of two things at the same instant of time? In a very logical discourse, he made it clear that it would be impossible, because such is the rapidity of thought, there is no appreciable measure of time between two thoughts, which—to a less critical philosopher, might seem like two thoughts emanating at one and the same instant. This was his theory.

Both anatomists and physiologists admit that each of us is duplicated—though really and truly but one individual being. That is, we have double organs of sense, two of each—as two ears, two eyes—and to leap off abruptly from them—two arms, two legs, two hearts, two lungs, and so through a chapter of double organs. All the while,

it is taken for granted we have only one brain.

There is no getting away from the fact, that every one has also two brains, and two large ganglions in the base of the head, called the little brain, or, technically, *cerebellum*.

All the upper region of the skull is occupied by that anomalous compound of matter which no one has been able thus far to fully comprehend, in which all mental operations are performed. A large brain indicates great intellectual power. A small one is the reverse, and the brain-force is diminished till animals are reached, where most of their acts result from what is defined instinct, and not from any process of reasoning.

Any man may instantaneously be stricken down with a palsy, to the utter loss of just one half of his body. He can exercise no volition over the muscles of one side. Not only the arm and leg on the smitten side, but even one half the tongue can no longer be made obedient to the behests of the mind, because the battery from whence volitions emanate is out of order. On the unaffected side, all the cerebral functions remain in full activity. One brain, therefore, has ceased to act. In the meanwhile the other half of his body remains intact—all the vital processes go on as formerly. Fortunately, one set of digestive apparatus suffices for a double set of motive machinery. But the individual thus smitten still thinks, reasons correctly, and makes his wishes clearly known.

In this case, one half of the brain, as we are accustomed to conceive of that poorly understood organ—or, rather, in a truer statement—one of his two brains has ceased to operate. It no longer transmits its mandates through the nerves arising from it, to the voluntary muscles. Therefore, in this condition of an invalid, there is conclusive evidence of the actual existence of two brains occurring in a normal condition of all parts of the system, in giving energy and completeness in the formation of thought, through impressions from without.

A student intensely engaged with a book is annoyed by a fly on his face. The chain of his mental engagement is not broken, although without relaxing from the page, he raises a hand and

brushes away the insect. Two brains are thus in action in widely different directions, in this particular instance.

No more conclusive demonstration of the real independent functions of the two brains need be cited, since anatomy exhibits them as entirely distinct as the two arms, but acting ordinarily in perfect concert. The suspension of the vital force of either settles the question as to the office of each. And it follows, therefore, as a law, impressions may be recognized in one and not in the other, or they may be simultaneous in both.

Then, with two brains, is it difficult to prove by numerous experiments, we can think of two things at the same instant? Impressions on the retinae of both eyes call up but one idea in the mind. If one eye is destroyed, the remaining one accomplishes precisely what it did before; but with two eyes, the impression conveyed to the sensorium is stronger than when made by only one. Such is precisely the case in regard to the harmony of the two brains.

By a paralysis of one brain, life is not destroyed. We do very well with the remaining one. We lose one ear, and still hear with the other; lose one eye, and see distinctly with one; lose a leg, then an arm, and even several other organs, yet live on. If with the loss of one brain, we had not another for an emergency of this kind, thousands upon thousands would be in their graves who are now useful members of society, conducting complicated affairs; and yet there is, *de facto*, but just half of the man, instead of the whole one, remaining.

Thus a beneficent Creator has provided for a contingency that the records of medicine show to be very frequently occurring. Then who can doubt of man's ability to think of two things at once?

A CORRECTION.

THE *Methodist Home Journal*, a weekly newspaper, devoted to religious intelligence, news, literature, and art, published by Adam Wallace, Philadelphia, at \$2 50 a year, is an outspoken, independent sheet, with a liberal advertising patronage; it is handsomely printed, and, in the main, well edited. In its own proper field we doubt not the M. H. J. is well posted; but we observe a few inaccuracies of statement in regard to Phrenology, which we feel in duty bound to correct, and will ask the editor of that journal to publish the same.

The M. H. J. says: "The creators of Phrenology were two physicians of Germany, John Joseph Gall, 1758—1828, and Gaspard Spurzheim, 1776—1832."

[We had supposed, till now, that it was the ALMIGHTY who "created" Phrenology, and that Messrs. John Joseph Gall, M. D., and J. G. Spurzheim, M. D., simply discovered the location and functions of some of the organs of the brain. "Creating" is *one* thing, discovering what God has created, quite another.]

"The following are the main points of their system: 1st. The brain [including the nervous system] is the great organ of life and of the mind, animal and intellectual. [All but the animal.] 2d. It is composed of organs, each of which is appropriated to some special faculty. 3d. The size [and *quality*, if you please] of these organs determines the power of the faculties inhering in them. 4th. The contour of the brain, shaped by the size and disposition of the organs which compose it, itself shapes the contour of the cranium, so that the elevations and depressions on the surface of the former are reproduced on the surface of the latter. [That is to say, the skull is the servant of the brain, and that the shape of the brain determines and corresponds with the shape of the skull. The editor goes on to say:]

"That the brain, in some sense, is the organ of thought, is generally allowed (but, that it is the organ of thought in such a sense that the thought is *entirely* determined by it, is a position which it is impossible to support). [We know nothing of thought, or of mind, being manifested apart from body or brain.] We know not the intrinsic nature of mind, or its relations to matter. If it is substantially independent of the body, it may contain *within itself* forces largely controlling its action. Organization may be the least operative factor in the production of mental phenomena.

"The composition of the brain by different organs is maintained by Spurzheim to have been taught long before Dr. Gall. 'The Arabs placed common sense in the anterior cavity of the brain, imagination in the second, judgment in the third, and memory in the fourth ventricle.' Albertus Magnus, in the thirteenth century, Haller, Van Swieten, Platner, Tiedmann, and others, are enumerated as agreeing in the same general doctrine. 'Thus it follows,' says Spurzheim, 'that the idea of the plurality of the seats or organs is very ancient.'

"But it is not pretended that the separation of the brain into its organs can be accomplished through an anatomical process simply. The mass of the brain is continuous. It observes no termini in its several parts correspondent with the difference of function attributed to these several parts. The only evidence producible, then, for the hypothesis of the composite character of the brain is the observation which is supposed to locate certain mental manifestations in different sections of the encephalon. Two tasks here arise: the classification of the mental manifestations, and the distribution of the classes to fixed places on the brain.

"In the classification, Drs. Gall and Spurzheim meet with great difficulties. They do not take the general division into imagination, memory, judgment, reasoning; but they contend that 'every *peculiar* memory, imagination, and judgment, as of space, number, form, color, time, etc., have their peculiar organs.' They look on the mind, not from an intrinsic, but an extrinsic stand-point. The faculties are separated, not in accordance with their *internal quality*, but their *objects*. Memory for *space* and memory for *color* are two memories. [Two kinds of memory.]

"Now, objects are infinite in number, and the special faculties that relate to them would likewise be infinite. But the human skull admits but a small number of distinct protuberances. [Phrenologists are not governed by "protuberances," but by the general form of the head—temperment, quality, etc., being duly considered.] Hence Dr. Gall was obliged to limit to thirty-three the number of the faculties. And he succeeds in comprising in them the great multitude of mental operations by an artificial enlargement of the application of their names. [He simply discovered the location and function of a few of the organs.] One of Dr. Gall's fellow-students possessed so excellent a memory for places, that he 'never forgot the spot where he had found a bird's nest.' He had a protuberance toward the middle of the forehead which reached nearly half way on each side of it. It was therefore evident that this protuberance indicated the organ of local memory. Subsequently, Dr. Gall met an old woman of Munich, who had been all her life haunted with a most violent propensity to travel. She had a protuberance on her forehead exactly similar to the one on the boy's head. The faculty, then, of *local memory* and the *disposition to travel* are the same. Its name is 'space!' [Its name is Locality.]

"In the assignment of faculties to parts of the brain a formidable trouble appears. There is scarcely any part of the encephalon which has not, in one case or another, been found defective. Large masses of brain may be extracted. Gall mentions himself a clergyman who had lost *one half* his brain by suppuration. Yet in none of these cases do the intellectual powers appear to have suffered the slightest injury or interruption. We have, in such cases, mental action, without the cerebral organs supposed essential to it. [Indeed! How *smart*! Some folks can think and work without *much* brain. But the brain is double, and though one half be taken away, the other half remains to perform the function, as one eye may see, or one ear may hear, though *not quite* so well as two.]

"Gall and Spurzheim maintain that nature has 'furnished us with *double sets of faculties*, one on one side of the head and another on the other.' [And so she has.] But the two sides of the brain do not coincide in any one respect. [What a whopper! Is not the eye on one side very much like the eye on the other? and so of ear, hand, foot, ribs, etc.? Then why not of the two sides of the brain? The M. H. J. fired at random, and hit nothing that time.]

"Comparative anatomy was employed to determine the location in the cerebral masses of the organs of particular faculties. 'Dr. Gall,' says Spurzheim, 'observed in animals which have a great propensity to elevated situations, as in the chamois and wild goats, a protuberance which he identifies with the organ that, in mankind, produces *pride* and *haughtiness*. 'The instinct of physical height is confounded with the moral sentiment of self-love and pride.' What science can stand on such a fanciful basis? [This was among the earliest of Dr. Gall's observations, and was only an inference, not now maintained.]

"*Size* is made the criterion of *strength*. Phrenology knows nothing of quality of organism. Quantity is everything. But to state this is to refute it. It is without evidence; it is contrary to evidence, that the mere bulk of a cerebral segment should determine the intensity of the function suspended upon it. [This is a falsehood. The statement is either an intentional falsehood or the result of inexcusable ignorance. Our readers one and all will bear testimony to the fact that we make "quality" an important matter.]

"The last and essential claim of Phrenology is, that the peculiarities of the encephalon impress themselves upon the cranium. [Well, do they not?] The outer surface of the cranium is presumed to afford an indication of the development of what lies beneath it. [Yes, the same as the shell of a clam presupposes that it *had* something in it.] But against such position we have the insuperable anatomical fact, that the contour of the brain does not accord with that of the skull. [But it *does*.] There are often elevations on the one accompanied by depressions on the other. [We should like to see one instance in support of this bold assertion.] The brain is not, as the system of Gall assumed, the sole condition, determining the shape of its envelope. [But it is—except in abnormal excrescences, of which any one with a little experience can readily judge.]

"Phrenology, then, is entitled to no position as a science. ["How you talk!"] Like alchemy and astrology, it is the birth of a few obscure facts, which have given impulse to speculation, under the guise of the utilitarian spirit. [Dew tell!] To transmute all materials into gold were a great benefit. To foretell the future would confer immense good on man. So to pierce within the sanctum of the spirit, and see the history of that spirit prior to its actual unfolding, were a boon scarce to be refused when any promise, however faint, was made of it. But we have no power, as yet, to pierce it. Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, with their successors, have not induced the soul to fling off from itself the eternal mystery." [Nor is it likely to do so to those who, having eyes, see not, or having ears, hear not. To some minds, with small brains, but little can be comprehended, and even *that* but faintly. It takes *mind* to appreciate Phrenology. It is palpable that the writer of the article commented on has very little acquaintance with Physiology, Anatomy, and Phrenology. He certainly has treated the subject from the stand-point of hypothesis—not of reality.]

THE NATIONAL MILITARY SERVICE. THE ARMY.

THE military system of the United States is founded upon the proposition, that every citizen is bound to do service for the safety of his country, and is limited by the maxim, that a large standing army is likely to become a dangerous political power. The entire population of the United States able to bear arms is, therefore, organized in a militia force, which is controlled by the several State governments. That this duty is not properly performed by the State governments is notorious, and it is this part of our military scheme that needs reform.

The regular army is proportioned to the requirements of the public service. There is a long frontier to be guarded, with numerous tribes of Indians who reject civilization, and constantly harass the settlers and gold seekers, and threaten the military posts. There are fortifications placed for the defense of our principal cities, inland and on the sea-coast, which must be guarded, preserved, and multiplied; and besides the troops required for these purposes, others are needed, so that, in case of invasion or threat from foreign powers, the country shall not be defenseless, but have at hand a force strong enough to meet the first advance of the enemy.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY.

This scheme, which was formed by our ancestors in their strong desire to establish a state where peace with all men should be the guiding principle of government, has been proved, in the history of other nations, as well as our own, to be sound and sufficient for the defense of any nation, however important. The Prussians have lately proved how excellent their military law is, a law which, like our own, keeps a comparatively small army in times of peace, but has its citizens trained and organized in regiments and brigades ready for a quick reply to a call to arms. The Prussians carry out their system more carefully than we do ours. Their Landwehr have had better drill, and are more available than the majority of our militia. This is said in full knowledge of the fact, that in our late war 60,000 men were sent to the Peninsula in one month; and again, that 80,000 were mustered and sent to the field from five States in one month, as the Secretary of War showed, in his report for 1865. But this was done after one or two years of warfare had enabled the various departments for raising troops to get into an activity and method that in peaceful times they could not be expected to approach. With more attention to our militia organization, the United States would, undoubtedly, stand at the head of all nations for the rapidity with which she could raise very large armies. The proof of this is contained in the example of what she could do, with a very imperfect militia system, given in the early part of the war, when President Lincoln's call for 75,000 men was overflowed by many thousands, merely by the surplus energies of the people.

THE REGULAR ARMY AND THE WAR.

When the war came upon us, our regular army consisted of about 18,000 men, who were disposed at such distances from the national capital that it was with difficulty that a few troops were thrown into Washington. Immediately after the opening of hostilities, the authorities began to recruit it up to the maximum allowed by law. During the war some changes were made in the army, and at the end of the rebellion it numbered 24,919 officers and men. A greater force had been authorized, but the difficulty of procuring recruits for the regular regiments, in the face of the various inducements offered to enlist in the volunteers, had prevented the organization of more than fifteen regiments—153 companies.

The old army was composed of nineteen regiments of infantry, of which ten were made up of ten companies each, and nine had each twenty-four companies, distributed in three battalions; six regiments of cavalry; and five regiments of artillery. In addition to these, at the close of the war, were nearly a hundred thousand soldiers of all arms, white and colored, who were the remains of the first volunteer organizations and the veteran reserve corps. The first steps taken were to recruit the regular army, and to muster out gradually the miscellaneous troops which had been added to the regular force. Difficulty had been experienced, while the war was in progress, in filling the regular regiments, because the volunteer organizations offered more tempting inducements in the way of bounties. But when the time of disbandment came, a great many volunteers naturally desired to be transferred to the regulars; and in eleven months, from December 1, 1864, to October 1, 1865, 19,555 men enlisted, a greater number than the whole army was composed of in 1861. The army on the 1st of January, 1866, numbered 1,124 officers and 23,795 men, its authorized strength being 952 officers and 41,819 men.

THE NEGROES IN THE ARMY.

The employment of colored men in our service, and the emancipation of the slaves, was a measure which has been of great importance in the past, and is likely to be of still greater value in the future. Before the emancipation proclamation of Mr. Lincoln, this class of persons was not liable to military duty, as they had no citizenship, and we were justly deprived of the aid of more than 4,000,000 able and willing helpers because we denied them the protection of our laws. The number of colored troops in our service in the war was 178,975, and they fought gallantly on many fields. But this valuable assistance was small to what we would have had if the blacks had been situated so as to be within our reach. In future they will be more available. The number of men sent to the field from the North was as nearly as can be estimated one in fifteen of the population. The negroes furnished only one in twenty-three of their numbers, and they belonged to a class of persons in which there were few exemptions. Had they been able to enlist as readily as the Northerners, they would have sent about 800,000 men to the war for the North instead of 180,000. It is very creditable to the colored troops that the prejudice which in the early part of the war existed against them among the officers of the army entirely disappeared before the last year of the struggle. In 1865 there were more than 9,000 applicants for the vacant commissions, although less than 4,000 officers were needed. This improvement in reputation was not at all dependent on political favor, but was obtained by the good conduct, both in the discipline and in the fighting of the troops. The officers who succeeded in obtaining the appointments saw fighting to their hearts' content, for the battles before Nashville, the attacks upon Fort Fisher, and

the operations against Mobile witnessed their valorous exertions. At the close of the war we had 123,156 of these men in the service, disposed in 120 regiments of infantry, 12 regiments of heavy artillery, 10 batteries of light artillery, and 7 regiments of cavalry. The present law authorizes the maintenance of two regiments of cavalry and four of infantry, composed of colored men, forming together less than 5,000 men.

DISPOSITION OF THE ARMY.

The country is divided in two divisions, of which Lieutenant-General Sherman commands the division of the Missouri, and Major-General Halleck the division of the Pacific; and thirteen departments, commanded by Generals Meade, Hooker, Canby, Schofield, Sickles, Thomas, Sheridan, Ord, Hancock, Cooke, Terry, McDowell, and Steele.

The President of the United States is *ex officio* Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy. The Secretary of War is his adviser, and, especially in time of war, has delegated to him a part of the authority of his superior. He is then Adjutant-General, Judge-Advocate-General, and Paymaster-General all in one, and, in short, partakes of the duties of all the departments, exercising a more vigorous authority than any of the heads of sub-departments. These two officers form a sort of executive office in our military service. The highest military commander is styled a General, and is now Ulysses S. Grant. His pay in peace is \$10,098, besides \$50 a month commutation for forage if he desires. In war, or when on active duty, he receives \$15,078, his rations being doubled. The second in command is styled Lieutenant-General, now William T. Sherman. His pay, when on duty, is \$13,518 a year, and \$50 a month commutation for forage. When on leave, or not actively engaged in his duties, he receives \$9,138 a year, and \$50 a month commutation. There are five Major-Generals, ranking in the following order: Henry W. Halleck, George G. Meade, Philip H. Sheridan, George H. Thomas, and Winfield S. Hancock. Their pay is \$5,800 50 a year. They are allowed four horses, but can not commute their forage. When commanding a separate army actually in the field, or a military geographical division or department, their rations are doubled, which adds \$8 70 a day to their compensation. The lowest general officer is styled a Brigadier-General, and we have ten in the service. They receive \$3,940 50 a year, and double rations when on duty in the field or in command of a geographical department. This increases their pay \$6 75 per day. These officers rank in the following order: McDowell, Rosecrans, Cooke, Pope, Hooker, Schofield, Howard, Terry, Ord, and Canby. The various executive departments, as the Adjutant-General's, the Inspector-General's, the Quartermaster's, and others, have at their head an officer who takes the rank and pay of a Brigadier-General. The subordinate officers mostly take rank and pay in the army—assimilated rank it is called—but two have a special regulation of salary. These are: medical storekeepers, \$1,490, and paymaster's clerk, \$1,200 a year. Some of those who draw their pay by virtue of assimilated rank have an additional allowance of \$24 or \$20 a month, less one ration (80 cents), a day.

THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE.

The Adjutant-General is the principal organ of the commander of an army in publishing orders, and takes charge of the correspondence with administrative departments in regard to the wants of the troops, publishes the commander's orders, receives reports and returns, and from them regulates the details of service. In the field he has to establish camps, visit outposts and guards, muster and inspect troops, form parades and lines of battle, make reconnaissances, arrest deserters, and receive prisoners. He also has the important charge of keep-

ing up the strength of the army by enlistments. Recruiting officers are established in cities throughout the country, and before the war considerable exertion was necessary to obtain men enough. At present the work is much easier, and recruiting is very brisk. About 15,000 enlistments expire this year, but in the four months succeeding October 1, 1866, the new recruits numbered 12,000, and if this rate keeps up, the minimum strength authorized by Congress will soon be reached. In consequence of the discontinuance of the Provost-Marshal-General's office, which, during the war, had charge of the innumerable enrollment offices established in all the States, the Adjutant-General now has charge of the immense and perplexing accounts of the Government with the State governments relating to volunteers and drafted men. To perform these responsible duties, there are the following officers: one Adjutant-General, Brigadier-General Lorenzo Thomas; six Assistant-Adjutants-General, Colonels E. D. Townsend and W. A. Nichols, and Lieutenant-Colonels Williams, Drum, Fry, and Hartsuff, and thirteen Assistant-Adjutants-General who rank as Majors of cavalry.

THE PROVOST-MARSHAL-GENERAL

was an officer of great importance during the war, but his duties have now been transferred to the Adjutant-General's department, where they properly belong. But as an account of the United States Army in peace would give no idea of the military powers and real military organization of the nation, the operations of this bureau, which will doubtless be re-organized in a new war, require consideration. Congress passed the law creating the office, March 3, 1863, and operations were commenced March 17. The principal duties were the arrest of deserters, the enrollment of the national forces (that is, all the people) for draft, and the enlistment of volunteers. The first step was to make lists of all persons liable to military duty, who numbered 2,254,000 besides 1,000,516 who were under arms at the close of the war. When the bureau was established, nearly four hundred thousand troops were needed for the field. When it had got well at work, the Government never called for men without receiving all it asked for, promptly, and of good quality. The latter improvement was of great importance. In the early part of the war great losses and dangers were incurred by the acceptance of thousands who were physically incapable of service. Before the time of the bureau, the cost of recruiting 1,356,593 men was \$34 per man. The bureau enlisted 1,120,621 at an expense of \$9.84 per man. The deserters arrested and returned to duty numbered 76,526. Besides these duties the bureau did a vast amount of statistical work, which will be of great value to the Government in future times. The physical condition of more than a million citizens has been ascertained and tabulated, the casualties by sickness, wounds, and death in the war have been ascertained, and above all a sound system has been derived and thoroughly tested for marshaling the immense military powers of our country in their greatest development. The casualties in the entire military force, as shown by official returns, are 5,221 officers and 90,868 men killed in action or died of wounds; 2,321 officers, and 182,329 men died from disease or accident; total 280,739, which does not include deaths after the men left the army.

THE INSPECTOR-GENERAL

is an officer whose duty is to ascertain the condition of the troops at frequent intervals, and note whether the army is kept in a state of efficiency. The inspection ascertains the discipline of the troops and their proficiency in their duties, the condition of their camps, quarters, and all offices used by them or for

them; of the food, arms, and equipments supplied to them; of the management of the funds of the post, regiment, or company; of the fidelity of the officers, in discipline, and upon court-martial. In short, everything that is done or which exists in the army is subject to inspection. There are four Inspectors-General, Colonels Marcy, Packet, Schriver, and Hardee, and five Assistant-Inspectors-General, Lieutenant-Colonels Davis and Totten, and Majors Jones, Baird, and Ludington.

THE BUREAU OF MILITARY JUSTICE,

as its name imports, has the charge of the records of courts-martial and military commissions, which are sent to the bureau and there reviewed and filed. The pardon of military offenders, the remission or commutation of sentences, letters of instruction upon military law and usages, and similar subjects, occupy the labors of the officers. This department, in short, is designed to determine the regularity of military judicial proceedings, and to secure the equal administration of law throughout the army. It also acts as an advisory branch of the War Department in reference to questions of military discipline. The effect of war is to give officers in the field a wide latitude of decision in all cases of discipline, an authority which is removed by a return to peace. Cases of importance, then, have to be referred to the Executive, which depends very much upon the counsel of this bureau. While most departments have been shrunk to smaller dimensions by the finishing of the war, the bureau of Military Justice suffers little diminution. The officers of the department are: one Judge-Advocate-General, Brigadier-General Joseph Holt; one Assistant-Judge-Advocate-General, Colonel W. M. Dunn, and ten Judge-Advocates. During the last year, the records of more than 8,000 military courts and commissions were received and reviewed, and more than 4,000 special reports made by this department.

THE QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT

is charged with the duty of providing the supplies of clothing, animals, equipage, forage, fuel, buildings, etc.; quarters and transportation for the army, storage and transportation for the supplies, and has charge of all means of transport, from the building of a railway and stocking it with locomotives and cars to supplying buckets in which to carry water. It has its pay department, where certain incidental expenses are paid, as the expenses of military commissions and courts-martial, burial of officers and soldiers, postage and telegraphing on public business, the hire of extra duty men, of spies, guides, interpreters, escorts, horse-surgeons, and purchase of horse medicines, and a host of other duties which, like the occupations of Dickens' begging letter-writer, may be said to have one-hundred-and-one other terminals. Its work is as necessary to success as eating is to life, and often becomes as dangerous and onerous as the service of the most active body of troops. On the march, the Quartermaster selects the camping-ground, and all the bedding, tents, and other furniture of the camp are supplied by him. In retreat, the labor that was great before becomes doubly difficult. The trains have to be drawn off with great skill, or the animals will break down and leave the supplies in the road. In sieges, the quartermaster establishes the hospital, and at all times furnishes a great part of the hospital supplies. The organization of the department with the names of the present officers is as follows: one Quartermaster-General, Brigadier-General M. C. Meigs; six Assistant-Quartermasters-General, of whom three—Colonels Thomas, Swords, and Crosman—have been appointed; ten Deputy-Quartermasters-General, of whom four—Lieutenant-Colonels Vinton, Babbitt, Cross, and Clary—have received ap-

pointment; fifteen Quartermasters, and forty-four Assistant-Quartermasters. This was the staff organized by the bill passed last July, but it was then provided that no vacancies occurring should be filled till the numbers of Quartermasters and Assistant-Quartermasters fell to twelve and thirty respectively. The greater number was authorized, because in breaking up there was a great deal of extra duty to be performed. Military storekeepers are appointed as required, not to exceed sixteen in number. During the war, the business of this department was as great as the entire commerce of a large empire. Lines of railway and steam-shiping on the ocean and on rivers, running with regularity, and wholly employed by the department, are the greatest items in its long list of works performed. Many of the enterprises undertaken were new to armies, and all were carried on with an energy which has not been witnessed in military movements since the time of Napoleon.

THE SUBSISTENCE DEPARTMENT

provides the food for the army. The daily ration is fixed by the President, and is at present $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of pork or bacon, or, in its place, $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. of salt or fresh beef, 18 oz. of flour or soft bread, or 12 oz. of hard bread, or $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. of corn meal, for each man; and for each 100 men, 15 lbs. of beans or 10 lbs. of rice, 8 lbs. of coffee or $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of tea, 15 lbs. sugar, 1 gallon of vinegar, $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. of adamantine candles or 1 lb. of sperm candles, 4 lbs. of soap, $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. of salt, and 4 oz. of pepper. Of course, the influences of climate and the requirements of special service sometimes dictate a change in the food of the soldiers, and officers, therefore, have a certain latitude allowed them in making requisitions. The men can, also, when they desire, call for desiccated vegetables for making soup in the proportion of 1 oz. of mixed vegetables per man, or for $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of desiccated potatoes. The best ration is a subject of great importance, and armies which are well fed with fresh meat and vegetables have a great advantage in health and vigor. It is fortunate that fresh beef transports itself, while salt meat requires a large provision of wagons and trains. There is not often, therefore, a good excuse for keeping an army on salt rations, which invariably keep the hospitals full. The head of this department is Brigadier-General A. B. Eaton, styled Commissary-General, who is assisted by four Assistant-Commissary-Generals, Colonels Shiras and Kilburn and Lieutenant-Colonels Simpson and Clarke, and twenty-four Commissaries or Subsistence, of whom eight are majors and sixteen captains of cavalry.

THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

has at its head a Surgeon-General, Joseph K. Barnes, an Assistant-Surgeon-General, R. C. Wood, one chief and four assistant medical purveyors. These are assisted by sixty surgeons, one hundred and fifty assistant-surgeons, and five storekeepers. The duties of the medical department begin when the recruit presents himself for acceptance, and continue, under all circumstances, in camp, on the march, and in the field, often under fire, till the soldier throws off the blue coat and returns to his home. Surgeons did not hold rank in the army till the Mexican War, when the necessity of having them form part and parcel of the army, and not be civilian additions to it, became manifest. At present, their position is peculiar. While they are, of course, entitled to direct the men in case of need, their orders are not of force against the contrary directions of the immediate commander. There is need of defining their position, as by the present uncertainty some are led to deny them privileges which are certainly their right. But the practice is, that the surgeon is supreme in his hospital, and that a wounded or sick man once in

his charge is not subject to the command of any one short of the highest officers, until the surgeon gives him his discharge. So positive is this power, that in the recent war a regimental surgeon successfully interdicted his colonel from entering the hospital.

THE PAY DEPARTMENT

is organized with one Paymaster-General, now Brigadier-Gen. Benj. W. Brice, two Assistant-Paymasters-General, two Deputy-Paymasters-General, Lieutenant-Colonels H. W. Leonard and N. W. Brown; and sixty paymasters of the rank of major of cavalry. They settle all accounts with the officers, except certain commutations for quarters and fuel, which with some other expenses are paid by the Quartermaster. Army accounts are proverbially perplexing. Large amounts are disbursed in a multitude of small payments, and besides the ordinary risks of handling large sums of money, there are various dangers peculiar to the army. Besides the innumerable individual accounts with their drawbacks, allotments, fines, and debts to the sutler or the commissary, the method of increasing the regular pay of officers by extra rations is a source of great trouble. An inspector-general, for instance, has six rations a day and two servants. He may choose to live at home or at a hotel when he can, and commute all his rations and his servants at a certain rate fixed by law. This is a fruitful cause of difficulty, and as the officer has to certify that he has employed so many servants and used so many rations, there is a legal fiction—that is, a legal white lie—introduced, which has a tendency to make officers think that it is fair to get all they can out of the Government. In some cases reprehensible practices have grown out of this, but, to the honor of the service, they are rare. The pay of officers is small enough when commutations are counted in, and no one wants to see them smaller. But there is no reason why we should retain in our service practices which have grown up in foreign countries, where it is the fashion to invent roundabout ways for increasing the pay, instead of securing an outright parliamentary vote to pay higher salaries. There is no reason why such methods should be resorted to in our army, and the time will come when they will be abolished.

The dealings of this department in the war were so great that, at one time, more than \$55,000,000 were in the hands of the paymasters in the field and at the various rendezvous. This was while the army was disbanding. The money then paid out, mostly in June, July, and August, 1865, was \$270,000,000. In spite of the numerous reports in the newspapers of "enormous defalcations in official circles," the losses in this way were but \$541,000, of which one half will probably be made up by the sureties. Including this, the cost of disbursing \$1,029,239,000 since July 1, 1861, has been but seven-tenths of one per cent. The work of the department includes a great deal of searching of rolls, records, and other documents, and an infinite amount of checking off the demands of one department by the reports of another. This kept 350 paymasters and 400 clerks busy for four years and four months.

THE CORPS OF ENGINEERS.

The engineers occupy the highest grade in the service. They are selected, as to the officers, for proficiency shown as cadets in the Academy at West Point, the highest students in the graduating class being attached to this corps whenever vacancies occur. The enlisted men are chosen for strength, size, and intelligence, and are subjected to a very careful drill. By law the corps consists of the officers of engineers, ninety-five in number at present, the battalion of engineer troops, and the military academy. Their duties are of the most import-

ant kind. They have the charge of fortifications in regard to their planning, construction, and repair, perform topographical and surveying duties in the field, and present plans for the attack and defense of works; lay out field-works, roads, etc.; in the advance they form part of the vanguard to remove obstructions and lay bridges; in retreat, they form part of the rear-guard, to destroy bridges and works and erect obstructions. Their functions being generally confined to the most elevated branch of military science, they are not allowed to assume, nor can they be ordered upon, any other duty, except by special order from the President. They are charged with the disbursement of all money connected with their corps. In times of peace, they are often employed on important works, such as railroads, canals, etc. Topographical engineers are a branch of the service which makes surveys and maps of the country through which an army is to pass. The officers of the corps are: Brigadier-General Richard Delafield; Colonels Bache and Brewerton; Lieutenant-Colonels Cram, Bowman, Barnard, Cullum, Benham, Humphreys, Macomb, Simpson, Sitgreaves, and Woodruff.

THE ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT

has charge of all artillery, large and small, used in the service. It inspects and proves all pieces of ordnance, shot, shell, small-arms, side-arms, and equipments; directs the construction of all cannon, carriages, and their equipments, and the forges and traveling workshops, for their repair; inspects and proves the powder and other ammunition, and establishes arsenals for the manufacture and store of arms. To this department is committed the important charge of the weapons of the army. It carries on a constant course of experimenting, with a view to the perfecting of arms, which has become so important a question in late years. The officers of the department are: Brigadier-General A. B. Dyer; Colonels W. Maynadier and W. A. Thornton; Lieutenant-Colonels R. H. K. Whiteley, P. V. Hagner, and R. A. Wainwright; six majors, and nineteen captains.

THE CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER

of the Army is Colonel Benjamin F. Fisher. At present, the duties of his office are confined to translating and recording the signal messages sent by telegraph and otherwise, during the war. In active times, this bureau becomes a very important branch of the service. Not only are the officers employed to transmit messages from the commander to distant stations, but they occupy the front of the army, and keep a constant watch upon the enemy. Great vigilance and shrewdness are necessary; they often engage in battle, and their service, even in times of quiet, are dangerous, from their exposure in advance of the army.

THE MILITARY ACADEMY

was located at West Point, in 1802, after the subject had been discussed for many years. So early as 1776, the establishment of a military academy was advised by a board of officers appointed to inquire into the state of the army. It suffered at first from a lack of organization and concentration, and has suffered almost every year since by unwise legislation. Even with the great lesson of the war before them, Congress for years systematically refused to adopt the recommendations repeated from year to year by different boards of visitors, and there have even been strong efforts to do away with the school entirely. With great exertions the number of students was raised from 150 to 292, a year ago. The last board of visitors recommended the increase of the cadets to 400, and the introduction of competitive examinations as a means of obtaining cadets, in place of the present political method of giving a certain number of appointments to each Congressional district, to

be disposed of by the Members of Congress. The competitive plan—the only one worthy of an intelligent and liberal people—will undoubtedly be adopted in time, if not by the present Congress. The admission to the Academy has been and still is absurdly easy—for a long time nothing but reading, writing, and arithmetic being required. A ward school in the city, or a district school in the country, is capable of fitting candidates for the highest school of science in the United States. The consequence of this is, that the course of study, covering four years, is overcrowded, and yet the officers are not satisfied with the character of the studies, but unable to lessen the unnecessary minor branches, are still forever trying to crowd in more of the difficult sciences. The number of students since the commencement is about 5,000, and the number graduated is 2,150. It is a popular notion that the discipline and tasks imposed at the Academy are tyrannical and injurious. But the contrary is true. The labor required is severe, but the care taken of the cadets' health is such that they are almost certain to leave West Point in a condition of bodily vigor which can not be matched by any other school in the country. The five head students in each class are attached to the army register, and when vacancies occur in the Engineer or Cavalry corps, they are offered to the highest men in the graduating class. The remaining students go into service as second lieutenants of infantry.

CAVALRY.

Of the ten regiments now in service, six were in the old army, and to these were added two white and two colored regiments. The first and second lieutenants of the new regiments were selected from officers and soldiers of the volunteer cavalry, who had served two years with a good reputation. Two-thirds of the higher grades were filled in the same way, and one-third by officers from the regulars who had served two years in the war. A cavalry regiment consists of twelve companies, organized in three battalions. It is commanded by one colonel, one lieutenant-colonel, and three majors. The colonel's staff consists of two surgeons, one adjutant, one quartermaster, one commissary, one chaplain, seven regimental sergeants, musician, and veterinary surgeon. The company is organized with one captain, one first and one second lieutenant, eleven non-commissioned officers, and fifty privates. The strength of a company is 64 men minimum, and 84 men maximum. The total strength of a regiment is 786 minimum, and 1,186 maximum. The term of enlistment is five years.

The President has authority to call out one thousand Indians to serve as scouts in the Territories, and these, when employed, receive the pay of cavalymen.

INFANTRY.

There are forty-five regiments in the service, of which nineteen belonged to the old army. Nine of these had twenty-four companies each, and these, by adding six companies to each regiment, became twenty-seven new regiments of the uniform standard of ten companies each. A regiment is officered by one colonel, one lieutenant-colonel, one major, one adjutant, one quartermaster, and six non-commissioned officers. The company organization is one captain, one first and one second lieutenant, nineteen non-commissioned officers, and fifty privates minimum, or one hundred maximum. A company contains 72 officers and men at its minimum strength, and 122 at its maximum. The regiment contains 731 minimum, and 1,231 maximum.

[In our next we shall complete our sketch of the Army, and give an account of the United States Navy.]

Communications.

Under this head we publish such voluntary contributions as we deem sufficiently interesting or suggestive to merit a place here, but without indorsing either the opinions or the alleged facts set forth.

THE ATLANTIC GOLD FIELDS.— CANADA MINES.

THE truth that "distance lends enchantment," is forcibly demonstrated by the fascination which remote enterprises exert over ambitious minds. Ventures of trade often seem desirable to the daring merchant just in proportion to the interval through which they extend; and foreign conquest has always found its strongest incentive in this romantic cause.

The quest for the precious metals is no exception to this principle. Distance has never failed to magnify the wealth of mines since the early days when Ophir became a word to kindle the imaginations of men. Peru and Darien were long ago able, respectively, to dazzle the eyes of European peoples, the most diverse in character and purpose; and Mexico, within our own immediate knowledge, had a charm sufficient to draw dangerously from their cautious path the feet of the most impulsive of European rulers.

The history of our own wonderful colonization of the Pacific slope of our continent is still being made; and a most curious feature of it is the fact, now rapidly being demonstrated, that the Atlantic slope is itself rich in the very wealth that tempted its citizens away from comfort, safety, and family ties, to found golden states in the midst of distant wildernesses, at a fearful cost of time, and toil, and money, and often of life itself.

The precise value of the Atlantic gold mines is not yet known, so amazingly have they been neglected; but enough is learned to show them to be of great extent and surprising richness. That a formation of gold-bearing rock reaches from the Gulf of Newfoundland to that of Mexico is as certain as the existence of the auriferous strata of California and Montana; and numerous *foes* have already been discovered, where the volcanic forces have collected the gold in such quantity and position as to warrant its extraction. This is true of the extremes in Nova Scotia and Georgia; the official reports from the former showing a large and steadily increasing profit from the aggregate of its mines already wrought; and private accounts from the latter rendering it sure that only capital and skill are needed to make the enterprise there equally remunerative.

So far as known, however, the golden ore is found most abundantly in Canada. The De Léry gold mines, near Quebec, have long been known, in a dim and indistinct way, as giving great promise; but, till quite lately, this impression has rested on the alluvial gold incidentally found in the soil, and not at all on any knowledge of deposits in rock. The abundance of this alluvial gold, however, has been something extraordinary, and was proven over twenty years ago; but the interest created by the discovery, and which reached as far as Paris, had no more important result than to secure for Charles De Léry, Esq., the seignior of the tract, and his heirs, a cession from the crown of all the minerals contained in the soil. This Royal Patent became an immediate barrier to private enterprise; and the mining interest of the entire region suffered an almost total eclipse, which seems to have endured to a very recent period. It is but little more than a year since the control of the property passed into the hands of a strong corporation known as the "De Léry Gold Mining Company," organized under Royal Letters Patent, and composed of the best men in Canada and New York.

This Company had a large amount of slow work to do, in negotiation, etc., before commencing operations on the property; but they have already extensively prospected their field, finding gold to be present nearly everywhere in the soil, often in startling abundance; and discovering immense veins of auriferous quartz, assaying very richly. They have also constructed one of the best quartz mills on the continent, with crushing and amalgamating machinery complete, which they propose to put at work experimentally in the spring, in order to test by working process the qualities of their vari-

ous ores, preliminary to the erection of others more extensive and efficient. The infancy of practical gold-mining in Canada may be judged by the fact, that *this is the first quartz mill ever erected in that province*; but so well are the Canadians themselves becoming convinced of the value of the mines, that other parties are already preparing to follow this example, and it can not be long before other mills will be at work in the same neighborhood, and practical results be attained, which, if they justify the confidence of the investors, will make the *Chaudière* gold mines the focus of an excitement quite unparalleled on the Atlantic coast. When it shall once be demonstrated that mines, practically as rich as those of California or Australia, can be had on favorable terms, within twenty-four hours of New York, nothing can restrain a flow thitherward of American capital, which will stir the valleys of Canada with unprecedented activity, and startle the quiet *habitans* from their slumbers among the traditions of two centuries brought by their forefathers from the banks of the Seine and the Loire.

Mining, like any other business, can be prosecuted either as an industry or a speculation. When prosecuted legitimately, and with caution and judgment, probably no other industry pays so richly or so surely, in spite of the unnecessary dangers encountered in rash and distant operations which merit the disaster they provoke. It is this legitimate industry on which we must rely to develop the mineral wealth of the Atlantic slope; and we are assured that it may be done so safely as to make it desirable to use domestic capital, and retain the profits at home.

MODE OF CREATION.—No. 2.

THE argument was used, in the first paper on this subject, that "all forms of creation, organic and inorganic, are by gradual stages of accretion, from the simple to the complex, *i. e.*, from a single cell, germ, nucleus, or atom, with gradual additions made to each cell, germ, nucleus, or atom, before a compound organized system or inorganic mass is produced; or, in other words, nothing is made instantly whole, but always in parts accreted."

Such must, necessarily, have always been the mode of creation, since in the very nature of things no other method was ever possible, as that which is compounded of parts could never have been made instantly whole, as there must have been time required in the accretion of each part; thus giving positive age to the matured compound—whether organic or inorganic. Thus we observe of the blood, which is different from all other liquids, as the microscope shows it distinctly to be composed of individual globules, which roll over each other, like round shot, in circulating through our system. Now it is patent that there was a time, in the animal fetus, in which the very first globule of blood was acquired, then a second, third, and so on, through all the stages of development, until the matured form was acquired, when millions upon millions of such accretions of globules compose the whole body of blood. Will any one say that time was not, necessarily, required for all such accumulations? and that in the very nature of all compounded things, being made up of parts, that the accretion of the parts (one added to another) is not an absolute subdivided time for each accretion, and the measure of these times added, as requisite for the matured mass?

The same inevitable rule applies to all cells, gradually accreted to form bones, muscles, tissues, etc., ere the matured animal, compounded of many organs, each with their myriad parts, could be acquired. And this same rule applies, with equal force, to all compound matter, being composed of once separate parts drawn together and assimilated, whether for organic or inorganic accumulations.

It must now be apparent that all compounds, being made up of parts, must have acquired time in the compounding; therefore an organized body could not be made instantly whole, no more than a rock strata, a mountain, an ocean, or a world could be produced without accretions of the once separate parts, each with its minutely subdivided time in compounding, for the eventual production of the mass, with its corresponding accumulation of time; therefore no animal or tree, or even minutest detectable object (all evidently com-

pounded and capable of further division, as science can not yet detect the ultimate atom) ever was created instantaneously whole.

Now it follows, as a corollary, since no types, animal or vegetable, were ever created instantly whole, that they must have all derived their being from previous organisms; and thus by divergence, by varying accretions, must the different types have attained their existing forms; and so, retrospectively, have each derived theirs from preceding forms, successively back to the first derivative organized germ, cell, or globule. An organized being could not have its parts accreted unless sustained by another organization (nourishment from without being the individual source of accretion within), however much variation or divergence may have taken place, in the form of accretion, to produce a new variety by such changes. Thus our progenitors must have passed through the lower grades of creation.

It must not be inferred that I necessarily mean the passage of one type into another type by gradual development or divergence, as each type (four only being recognized) may have had its original formative germ; but that the development from their respective germs has by gradual divergence produced all the existing varieties of each; and therefore, retrospectively, that the present complicated varieties have each arisen by divergence from the lower or less complicated forms down to the original germ of each type, as the only means of sustentation for individual growth.

None, I suppose, will dispute with Prof. Agassiz that the four primary types of animal organization had each their low scale of representation in very early fossiliferous strata, and perchance co-existing; but these early representative forms, particularly the vertebrata, were so simple in construction as but very remotely to be classed with the advanced and highly complicated forms of existing mammalia, and finally of man. As Prof. Agassiz admits of only four types, does he also admit that the present highly organized representatives of the type, vertebrata for instance, have ascended by divergence from their lower forms, successively from their lowest representative? or does he definitely claim that each new form or variety has had a separate origin or creation? If the latter, the world of investigators would like to be informed how he imagines an instantaneous creation of a matured individual capable of reproduction; or the creation of a complicated individual in any way short of parentage? How was it ever possible to create the first specimen of a warm-blooded animal, in full maturity, out in the cold, without parental sustentation for his gradually accreted parts? The many organs and myriad parts of each, comprising a complicated individual form, are, necessarily, the growth, in time, by accretions from food originally furnished by vegetation, and always assimilated by mastication, heat, and digestion first supplied by the parent, and afterward continued by acts of the individual.

By this same process must all individuals have received their early growth by parentage, in each of the four types, retrospectively, through their inferior or less complicated forms, down to the lowest organism or simple formative germ of each type; hence, in the ascending scale, divergence must have been the order of progression to existing forms, or else the types could not have become more complicated; and so derivatively has man a distant relation, in order of time and events, with all the lower forms of his type of organization.

Such conclusions do not admit the carping questions assumed to divide scientists, as reported by Prof. Agassiz in his recent Brooklyn lecture, "Whether the world grew out of itself, or was the work of an Intelligent Creator," but thus concedes a higher formative power and forethought in creating all existing forms from a law of development governing a primary germ of each type, than creative superintendence of each individual production could possibly imply. There must have, also, been a nucleus for every globe, by which attraction upon the ultimate atoms of space has by accretion alone compounded their masses, through varying but always absolute subdivided time in each accreting atom. Herein consists that wondrous formulating law of creation, attraction, by which a single atom, as a nucleus, has accreted atom upon atom, to form a mass, a cell, and a germ, each with its ordained-like accretions (as a general fact), with occasional trivial variations, to the end of producing, in the lapse of incalculable ages, all existing masses and varied forms of animate and inanimate objects, through Almighty Forethought, Beneficence, and Power.

CHAS. E. TOWNSEND.

SHAKER COMMUNITIES.

THE Society of Shakers originated in England in 1770; but now they are exclusively confined to the United States, where, in 1860, they had eighteen Communities, with some 4,000 adherents. These are located in five of the States, as follows: New York, three; Massachusetts, four; Connecticut, one; Ohio, four; Kentucky, two; Maine, two; New Hampshire, two. These communities are subdivided into families of from two to eight, each of which is distinct, having and managing its own pecuniary and temporal interests; so that the families in a Society do no more have their property "in common" than do the Societies themselves, except as they are bound together by the strong ties of a common faith.

Shakers may (in some sort) be considered an offshoot from the Society of Friends. About the year 1747, some members of the Society of Friends, who had become subjects of the extensive religious revival that followed the last great advent of Spiritualism which occurred in the beginning of the eighteenth century, formed themselves into a Society, of which James and Jane Wardley were the leaders. Of this little Society Ann Lee and her parents were members. Their worship was remarkable for great physical manifestations and spiritual illumination—"going forth in the dances of them that make merry," even on the Sabbath-day. This excited the opposition and persecution of the orthodox professors of the Established Church, who imprisoned Ann Lee as a Sabbath-breaker.

In 1770, while in prison, Ann professed to have received special revelations, by the inspiration of the same Christ-Spirit that had inspired Jesus at the time of his baptism by John.

In virtue of this manifestation, her followers have ever since termed her *Mother Ann*, and they call Jesus *Father Jesus*; this (with them) being the "marriage of the Lamb," Ann being the "wife who had made herself ready" for the spiritual conjunction.

In 1774, Mother Ann and eight followers, by the direct instruction from spirits to each one of the company, emigrated to America, and settled at Watervliet, seven miles from Albany, N. Y.; and, in 1779, a violent religious excitement added greatly to the number of her converts, and Mother Ann instituted the Shaker Order, as now existing.

Between 1787 and 1793 eleven Shaker settlements were made; and since that time seven additional churches have been organized. Generally two or three families, of from fifty to two hundred persons each, live near together.

Everywhere their gardens and buildings are models of neatness. A large dwelling-house, divided through the center by wide halls, is erected for each family; the males occupying one side and the females the other. They have one excellent notion—that idleness is a sin.

In their extensive gardens, they raise nearly all kinds of herbs, fruits, flowers, and vegetables. They are especially famous for their brooms and garden-seeds, ketchup, and apple-sauce. They like fat cattle and handsome horses; and each Community has a school-house for the education of the children they adopt.

They believe in spiritual manifestations, and exhibit their inspiration in a most striking manner, which has given them the appellation of *Shakers*.

They have a ministry, composed of two brethren and two sisters, who have the oversight of one or more Societies; and each family in every Society has four elders, two brethren and two sisters, who have the charge of the family. The temporalities of each family are cared for by two deacons and two deaconesses. The property of a family is held in common. The members of the Society are not permitted to marry.

The Shakers hold that God is dual, there being, in the Deity, an Eternal Father and Mother, the Heavenly Parents of man; and that the revelation of God is progressive. That God was first known as a Great Spirit, to Abraham; then, to Moses as the "Great I Am," the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and finally, to a select few, in the Holy of holies, as "Jehovah"—He, She—Father and Mother. That the revelation of Christ was also progressive, being first known only as "the Lord from heaven, a quickening Spirit," visiting Jesus; then as his guardian Spirit, making him known as Jesus

Christ, Jesus the Anointed. But that, in the second appearing, or second influx of the Christ-Spirit, to Ann and her followers, Christ is known as the Resurrection *Order of Angels*, who dwell in the high and holy heavens, where no generative man or woman ever penetrated, or ever will, except as they pass through the valley of the shadow of death, as did Jesus and Ann. By this, they mean that the reproductive spirit in male and female, beginning in childhood and ending in marriage, is crucified, and a heavenly spiritual union, like that of Jesus and Ann, is formed.

Thus Christ, or a Christ-Spirit, was manifested in Jesus as Father, and in Ann as Mother; "the Two Anointed Ones that stand by" (as mediators between God and man) "the Lord of the whole earth."

The doctrines of celibacy, non-resistance, non-participation in earthly governments, salvation from sin, community of goods, present revelation, and eternal progression, they claim to have received from the Christ-Spirits, with whom all true Shakers are in perpetual rapport.

They believe in the existence of four heavens and four hells, in the spirit-world, as having stood, and still standing, like the substance to the shadow, in juxtaposition to the four grand Dispensations, by which they distinguish one period of the religious spiritual progress of the race from another. The first three, the Antediluvian, the Mosaic, the first (or *Male*) Christian Dispensations, have been and are in full tide of life, on the outward and inward earths; and these are all states and places of probation.

Not so the fourth, or non-generative heaven, where all good Shakers go; as will also all those in the other three heavens and hells, who shall ultimately receive the Resurrection or Christ-faith, of "forsaking all" the rudimental principles and elements of those three Dispensations, which are of the "lusts of the flesh, of the eye, and of life"—the family relation of private property, of parents, brothers, sisters, kith and kin—for a celibate and a celestial property relation in the inner heavens with them.

Spiritualism has encouraged the Shakers to hope for abundant accessions to their ranks; but in this hope they have been disappointed, and their growth is very slow. But it is a fact worthy of note, that they are the only people on this continent, if not in the world, who have maintained for more than eighty years a system of living one of the fundamental principles of which is *Community of Property*.

P. S. by a Shaker. The writer of the above is mistaken. We are not "disappointed" in regard to the increase to our Order from among the Spiritualists. We feel more certain now than ever before of that as a final result.

F. W. EVANS.

MOUNT LEBANON, COL. CO., N. Y.

OPRESSED WOMAN'S SOLILOQUY.

[ALL questions have at least two sides, and many have more. Witty persons, who love the ludicrous, will have their fun, no matter whom they hit. Here is the expression of a Buckeye on a political question. Just hear the saucebox talk:]

To vote, or not to vote, that is the "question."

Whether 'tis better for the sex to submit

To be ground down by the "lords of creation,"

Or don the trowsers, go forth to all labor,

And thus gain a chance to "vote?"

To vote; to work;

ENOUGH! And by that work to say we reach

The "ballot-box." That is more, aye, far much more

Than we bargained for. We merely wished to "vote,"

But not to do your labor. To vote; to work;

To work! to take man's place—aye, there's the rub;

For in that place of his what trials come,

When we shall have shuffled on the trowsers,

Must make us pause. There's the respect

That renders our fate so *endurable*;

For who could bear the task of providing

The clothes for youngsters, the false hair for mothers—

The bills of milliners, the laundress' bills,

The vermilion for her cheeks, and a thousand

Other things that none but patient husbands know,

When he would his own leisure buy

With a bare ballot? Who would office bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life,
While "man," the theme of all our preaching,
Would take our places in the drawing-room
And at the piano, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear our petticoats,
Than fly to trowsers and their labors!
Thus "equality" makes cowards of us all;
And thus our native *seal* for "female suffrage"
Is calm'd by "equality of labor;"
And brilliant visions of our destiny,
With this regard, fall again to earth,
And leave us at our "stations."

C. T. L.

A GOOD LETTER.—One of our recent graduates, a young man from Wales, now residing in Pittston, Pa., sends us the following:

DEAR FRIENDS: I feel very thankful to you for your kindness—you have tied me in bonds of friendship; and whether I shall have the honor to be a co-worker in the phrenological field or not, I shall remember you on the lecture-platform, or wherever my lot of labor may be cast through life.

I am also very thankful to all the members of the class for their kindness toward me. My English is too cold to express my gratitude, yet I am not able fully to do it in Welsh. I have nothing but best wishes with which to repay them, nor do I desire to see any of them in need of sympathy; my hope is picturing a life of success to them all in spreading the good seeds of truth, and I hope all of us shall be congratulated as faithful servants. Let us be honest, faithful, earnest, and industrious, having a desire and spirit to do good, and faith in God for progress.

Yours, in a spirit of thankfulness and love,

H. W. EVANS.

WILD FLOWERS.

BY FRANCES LAMARTINE KEELER.

I LOVE the wild flowers that grow everywhere;
They are chilled not by sorrow nor touched by despair;
They bloom on the hill-top, o'er meadow and plain,
And keep us not searching forever in vain.

I love the pale lily, the violet blue,
The wind-flower's frail blossoms of delicate hue;
The frost-flower that's kissed by the autumn's cold breath,
That fades not through tempest and yields not to death.

I love the dear wild flowers so lowly and meek,
My eyes see their lips move, my soul hears them speak;
They are sadly neglected by haughty and cold,
And left in the silence to wither and mold.

But dearly I love them! they lighten earth's gloom,
And strew the dark pathway that leads to the tomb;
And if in yon bright land they bloom fresh and fair,
I will love heaven better because they are there.

SUFFERING IN THE SOUTH.—The following to our address explains itself.

LANCASTERVILLE, S. C. This district is in a state of starvation, and unless immediate relief is afforded from out the State, numbers must perish. Moreover, the few horses left them by the desolating army must die, and leave our people the horrible picture of a famine in the coming year.

I have written to "the Southern Relief Committee," and referred them to you for character. Do, if you please, call on these gentlemen, and direct their attention especially to our case, and advise them to direct whatever they may please to send us as I have advised in my letter to them. I have also written to the Rev. H. W. Beecher and Peter Cooper to exercise influence in our behalf. Please confer with them.

I have much to say on science, but the surrounding troubles suppress my scientific studies. You know from this that our people must be in great distress.

Yours, etc.,

J. F. G. M.

[Measures have been adopted all through the North to send aid and comfort to the sufferers in the South. All who wish to contribute may do so, through the various reliable committees, and thus avoid falling into the hands of begging impostors who flood the country.]

METAPHYSICS.—The term metaphysics originated with the followers of Aristotle. They collected his treatises on natural science and called them *τα φυσικά*—physics. Then they arranged other treatises on philosophical subjects and entitled them *τα μεταφυσικά*—beyond physics or not included in them.

Literary Notices.

[All works noticed in THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.]

THE BROTHER SOLDIERS. A Household Story of the American Conflict. By Mary S. Johnson. New York: N. Tibbals. Cloth, \$1.

A very well-written story. No attempt at glittering or passionate description, but a clear, unvarnished portrayal of such natural events as occurred with multiplied frequency during our recent struggle. The book is fitted for the Sunday-school library, being written with sufficient simplicity to convey to the juvenile mind some correct impressions of the nature of the great conflict.

MARSHALL'S LINE ENGRAVING OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN. Boston and New York: Ticknor & Fields.

It is not difficult to find words of approval when a subject demanding consideration possesses genuine merit. The portrait mentioned challenges us to point out a defect either in the likeness or the style of execution. We must pronounce the India proof sent us the best portrait, in all respects, that we have seen of the lamented chief magistrate. Though the honest features of Mr. Lincoln are delineated with all the ruggedness which was theirs in life, yet the mastery hand of the artist has invested them with a wonderful softness which is indescribable. We have the honest, sturdy Abraham Lincoln, and also the genial, affectionate, sympathizing President; the varied expressions of countenance for which he was remarkable are admirably blended in this portrait by Marshall. Those who are in want of a truthful picture of President Lincoln will find this entirely satisfactory.

TEMPERANCE CATECHISM, for Bands of Hope and other Temperance Societies. By Rev. James B. Dunn. New York: National Temperance Society. Price, 12 cents.

A capital thing, worthy the perusal of all. If our authorities would place a copy on the reading table of every family in the nation, it would be a good operation.

THE AMERICAN HORTICULTURAL ANNUAL FOR 1887. Illustrated. New York: Orange Judd & Co. Price, 75 cents.

This beautifully illustrated compilation of useful agricultural and horticultural information arranged in concise paragraphs, deserves a cordial welcome from every agriculturist. The many suggestions with which the ANNUAL abounds, founded on the experience of some of our best florists and frutifiers, constitute it a little encyclopedia in its way.

COUNTRY QUARTERS. A Love Story. By the Countess of Blessington. Three volumes in one. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. Paper, \$1 50; cloth, \$2.

Some publishers in American literary circles seem to apply their energies and means to the reproduction of cis-Atlantic literature of a character, in our opinion, ill adapted to the tastes of the educated. We see to see good foreign books reproduced in this country, but we would avoid the use of the European publishers. Peterson & Bros. have lately republished in a neat and several English novels of considerable merit, and "Country Quarters" is by no means the poorest. The "Countess of Blessington" has long enjoyed a reputation as a powerful portrayer of social life, and a child of her pen well evinces her ability

in that department. The locale of the story is Ireland, and the representations of Irish character are very natural, not to say amusing.

WOODBURN GRANGE. A Story of English Country Life. By William Howitt. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 308 Chestnut Street. Price, \$2. English country life has seldom been so successfully portrayed in its quiet beauty and simplicity as Mr. Howitt has exhibited it in "Woodburn Grange." The story has its scene in that part of Nottinghamshire through which flows the beautiful Trent, and which includes Sherwood Forest, famed as the retreat of the outlawed Robin Hood. Among this romantic scenery the author lived for many years. He deprecates the unhappy influences of the detested game laws, by which, in England, a man's liberty is estimated as of less value than the life of a pheasant. This subject is called up by the extensive game preserves which abound in that locality—to be found in which is often a matter of years of imprisonment, or even transportation. In pleasant apposition to this are the descriptions of a *felé* at a Quaker's villa in the country, of Quaker life in London, and of a Quaker wedding.

The mental deterioration of the English aristocracy, caused by a life of idleness, luxury, and rank through generations, is strikingly shown; and all through the book the antagonism between hereditary noodleum and honest labor rising into wealth is well defined. In short, it is a picture of English country life, as interesting and instructive as it is truthful.

THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB. By Charles Dickens. With original illustrations, by S. Eytinge, Jr. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Diamond edition. Cloth, \$1 50. Post-paid, \$1 75.

This, by some critics considered the best creation of the wonderfully fertile brain of Dickens, comes to us in a shape and at a price well calculated to increase its popularity. When we look at the numerous engravings by which the edition is enlivened, although they possess not the highest artistic merit, but are nevertheless executed in fair keeping with the text, and at the large amount of composition, we feel ourselves inwardly commiserating Messrs. Ticknor & Fields for putting forth the volume at so low a figure. We suppose, however, that they think the demand for it will be heavy, and the ultimate result to their pecuniary advantage. Well, so mote it be.

FRENCH WITHOUT A MASTER. In six easy Lessons, on the "Robertsonian Method." By A. H. Monteith, Esq. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Price, 40 cents.

This text-book contains approximations in English orthography to the French pronunciation. It is said to be highly esteemed in England as a vehicle toward that very difficult attainment, a correct pronunciation of the French.

CANNON FLASHES AND PEN DASHES. By Clara Martenza. New York: W. H. Kelley & Co. Cloth, \$1 50.

Poetic language is generally considered or allowed to be beyond reason. It is more or less fervid, extravagant, or gorgeous, according to the frenzy of the poet. This volume is made up of philosophy, speculation, legend, and narrative, all neatly and pleasantly invested with poetry's tripping measure. We have glimpses of the recent war from the loyal side; sharp, moral thrusts at society; a legend of an old New England colony five hundred or more years before Plymouth Rock was

heard of, and other interesting features. Our poet, like many of his class, evidently has Ideality and Marvelousness large, with moderate Continuity and Perception.

RECORDS OF FIVE YEARS. By Grace Greenwood, author of "History of my Pets," "Recollections of my Childhood," "Merric England," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Price, \$1 50.

Mrs. Lippincott's pleasant pictures of home-life are always attractive, but in this recent volume she gives us glimpses of life as she caught them in various conditions and circumstances. Childhood, maturity, town, country, peace and war, receive the attention not simply of her intellect in cold abstract theorizing, but the inner regard of her heart, and are dealt with from the stand-point of the mother, the friend, the benefactor, who would have all things conducive to happiness.

"A Few Plain Words," although written on the "situation" in the early progress of the war, is still fresh, sprightly, and enjoyable, showing that some women can appreciate great political questions, and write understandingly about them. "A Taste of Camp Life" is an admirable picture of soldier fare and soldier comfort.

GARDENING FOR PROFIT. A Guide to the Successful Cultivation of the Market and Family Garden. Illustrated. By Peter Henderson. New York: Orange Judd & Co. Price, 75 cents.

Mr. Henderson, a gardener and horticulturist well known to the horticultural world, has in this interesting volume given us the results of practical effort. The work is no compilation of dry recipes and indeterminate theories, but a ripe exhibit of the author's own experience. He has been a successful gardener, and he is not unwilling, as most successful men are, to impart the real sources and essence of his success to others that they may be profited. Let every man who has garden room keep this volume on his table for perusal and reference.

APPLETON'S MATHEMATICAL SERIES. Of these text-books we have received:

A PRIMARY ARITHMETIC. By G. P. Quackenbos, A.M., the well-known author of "School Text-Books." Price, 40 cents.

AN ELEMENTARY ARITHMETIC. By the same author. Price, 60 cents.

A PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC. By the same author. Price, \$1.

The features which chiefly recommend these instruction-books to us are simplicity and thoroughness. The progress of a child in the study of arithmetic is exceedingly slow and tedious at the best. Mr. Quackenbos has endeavored to accommodate his books to the respective grades of intelligence exhibited by the child, the boy, and the youth, making advancement sure but almost imperceptible. The numerous examples for practice are interesting in themselves, and serve to fix all the more firmly the principles involved. In fact, the subject is even made attractive, being invested with pleasing illustration and witty remark, and that, too, in perfect keeping with the nature of the subject. Such are the text-books we want in every department of education, commencing with complete ignorance and very gradually rising to complete mastery.

It seems to us that Mr. Quackenbos has so simplified the study of arithmetic, that the veriest child can take hold of it with genuine zest.

THE COACH-MAKERS' MONTHLY for March comes out with a new feature, a serial on English carriage-horses, by Charles Dickens. Besides this, there is

the usual quota of interesting vehicular matter. Price 50 cts. specimen numbers.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD, a magazine of general literature and science, completed its fourth volume with the March number. The fifth volume commences with the April number. It is edited by the Rev. I. T. Hecker, and published, at \$5 a year, by Lawrence Kehoe, 145 Nassau Street, New York. This is the leading Roman Catholic magazine in America. Those who may wish to be informed as to the present state of that religious body, may find such information in the *Catholic World*.

DEMOREST'S YOUNG AMERICA is a handsomely printed little magazine, amply illustrated, and filled with just such matter as will please young folks. It is published at \$1 50 a year, single numbers 15 cents. Address W. J. Demorest, 473 Broadway, New York. Send for a sample number.

New Books.

[Among the late issues of the press not elsewhere noticed in these pages, we may mention the following, all of which may be ordered through us, as in various ways and degrees valuable and interesting:]

IN THE WORLD, NOT OF THE WORLD. Thoughts on Christian Casuality. By Wm. Adams, D.D. Cloth, extra, 50 cts.

THE ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS AND CULTIVATOR ALMANAC FOR 1887. With 120 Engravings. By J. J. Thomas. 35 cts.

THE METHODIST ALMANAC FOR 1887. 16mo, pp. 53. Paper, 15 cts.

MIRACLES OF HEAVENLY LOVE IN DAILY LIFE. By A. L. O. E. 16mo, pp. 197. Cloth, \$1 10.

INSTRUCTIONS IN THE PREPARATION, ADMINISTRATION, AND PROPERTIES OF NITROUS OXIDE, PROTOXIDE OF NITROGEN, OR LAUGHING-GAS. By G. T. Barker, D.D.S. 8vo. pp. 61. Cloth, \$1 25.

AN INTRODUCTION TO PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY, including Analysis. By John Bowman, F.C.S. Edited by Charles L. Bloxam, F.C.S. With 107 Illustrations. Fourth American from the Fifth Revised London Edition. 12mo, pp. 351. Cloth, \$2 50.

A TREATISE ON THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF MEDICINE. Designed for the use of Practitioners and Students of Medicine. By Austin Flint, M.D. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. 8vo, pp. 957. Cloth \$7.

STORIES OF MANY LANDS. By Grace Greenwood. Illustrated. Sq. 16mo, pp. viii, 208. Cloth, \$1 75.

ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD. By George Macdonald. 12mo, pp. 381. Cloth, \$1 75.

THE HISTORY OF A MOUTHFUL OF BREAD, and its Effect on the Organization of Men and Animals. By Jean Macé. Translated from the Eighth French Edition, by Mrs. Alfred Gatty. First American Edition, revised from the Seventeenth French Edition. 12mo, pp. 398. \$2 25.

AMERICAN LEAVES: Familiar Notes of Thought and Life. By Samuel Osgood. 12mo, pp. 380. Cloth \$2.

THE WAR CLAIMANT'S GUIDE: a Manual of Laws, Regulations, Instructions, Forms, and Official Decisions relating to Pensions, Bounty, Back Pay, Prize Money, Salvage, Property Lost or Destroyed, etc.,

etc., and the Prosecution of all Claims against the Government, growing out of the War of 1861-1865. By George W. Raff. Large 12mo, pp. viii., 477. Sheep, \$4 50.

THE AMERICAN PRINTER: a Manual of Typography, containing Complete Instructions for Beginners, as well as Practical Directions for Managing all Departments of a Printing-office. With several useful tables, etc., etc. By Thomas MacKellar. 12mo, pp. 336. Cloth, \$1 75.

THE DEAD LETTER: an American Romance. By Seeley Regester. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 308. Cloth, \$1 75.

THE BRIDE OF LLEWELLYN. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. 12mo, pp. 550. Paper, \$1 75.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, from the Earliest Period to the Administration of President Johnson. By J. A. Spencer, D.D. Illustrated with Steel Engravings. 4to, pp. 2,000. New York: Johnson, Fry & Co. In Numbers, Monthly. Per No., 50 cts. (By subscription only.)

THE MODERN PRACTICE OF AMERICAN MACHINISTS AND ENGINEERS. Including the Construction, Application, and Use of Drills, Lathe Tools, Cutters for Boring Cylinders and hollow Work generally, etc., etc. Together with Workshop Management, Economy of Manufacture, the Steam-engine, Boilers, Gear, Belting, etc. By Egbert P. Watson. With 86 Engravings. 12mo, pp. 278. Cloth, \$2 75.

THE CHURCH ALMANAC for the year of our Lord 1887. 16mo, pp. 64. 25 cts.

THE FAMILY CHRISTIAN ALMANAC. 10mo, pp. 60. Paper, 15 cts.

THE AMERICAN GARDENER'S ASSISTANT. In three parts. Containing Complete Practical Directions for the Cultivation of Vegetables, Flowers, Fruit-Trees, and Grape-vines. By Thomas Bridgeman. New Edition, revised, enlarged, and illustrated. By G. Edwards Todd. 12mo, pp. 152, 211, 166. \$2 75.

THE CHILDREN OF THE FRONTIER. 16mo, pp. 290. Cloth, \$1 50.

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To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will try to respond in the "next number." Your "BEST THOUGHTS" solicited.

AN ORDER FOR BOOKS, JOURNALS, etc., must be written on a sheet by itself. Questions for this department—To CORRESPONDENTS—and communications for the Editor, must be written on SEPARATE SLIPS.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Owing to the crowded state of our columns generally, and the pressure upon this department in particular, we shall be compelled hereafter to decline all questions relating to subjects not properly coming within the scope of this JOURNAL. Queries relating to PHYSIOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY, PSYCHOLOGY, ETHNOLOGY, and ANTHROPOLOGY, or the general SCIENCE OF MAN, will still be in order, provided they shall be deemed of GENERAL INTEREST. Write your question plainly on a SEPARATE SLIP OF PAPER, and send us only ONE at a time.

EGG SHELLS AND CHICKEN BONES.—From what source does the chick in the egg derive material for its bones? and how does it accomplish the necessary and proper arterIALIZATION of its blood?

Ans. The shell of the egg is principally composed of phosphate of lime, the material which forms the bulk of the bones of all animals. The shell is porous to a limited extent. During the earliest stages of incubation, thousands of minute follicles are formed on the inner surface of the shell, constituting media of communication between the body of the chick and the shell. These absorbents take up the microscopic atoms from the internal surface of the shell and convey them to the interior of the body, where they are built up into the bones forming the skeleton. In this way, as the chick increases in size and strength, and requires more oxygen, and consequently more air, the porosity of the shell is gradually increased; so the shell which forms the prison-house of the little chick is made weaker and weaker, while the chick is increasing in strength, till finally, having taken the material which forms his prison-walls to add to his own strength, he bursts from his prison, and enters the world of life and light.

POLITE MANNERS.—Will you please state the proper manner of introducing and being introduced to strangers—especially to ladies?

Ans. The answer to this question, and a thousand others that are useful and interesting, will be found in our work entitled "How to Behave." Price 75 cents.

APPETITE.—Can the organ of Alimentiveness, when unusually large, be wholly restored to its natural condition by abstinence?

Ans. We think any abnormal development, and any abuse of any power of mind or body, so changes one's nature and destiny, that there is no such thing as thoroughly eradicating the influences. For instance, any wrong act is a fact, and it produces some effect, and that effect must modify the man's life and being. But this is an abstract idea. Practically, one can give up rum, coffee, or tobacco, and appear to recover entirely, and even come to dislike with extreme disgust that which he

once was crazy to enjoy. Organs, by proper abstinence, will become weakened and changed.

HEAD MEASUREMENTS.—In measuring heads, say from ear to ear, over Firmness, where do you begin, and where do you terminate?

Ans. We begin and end in the very openings of the ears. In measuring around the head, we begin about an inch above the root of the nose, and pass across the most prominent part of the middle of the back head.

SOLDIER.—What organs are required to make a good soldier?

Ans. A good soldier should be a good man, well organized in body, and have a strong will, strong energy, and good sense. A man could be what would be denominated a good soldier, with good, fair common-sense intellect, and the fighting element strongly marked. But the soldiers that live in history are men of high-toned moral feeling, and fight only for glorious principles.

GARDEN OF EDEN.—Where was the Garden of Eden supposed to have been located?

Ans. The description given in Genesis is brief, obscure, and, in appearance, legendary. The story of Eden has generally been accepted literally by scholars, but many writers are of the opinion that the Garden of Eden is only a figurative expression, not intended to indicate any actual locality on earth. In the Septuagint it is called Paradise—that is, a park or pleasure garden. The Bible says it was watered by a river, which, issuing forth, branched into four streams, named Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel (or Tigris), and Euphrates. These rivers water a considerable extent of country, so that the geographical position of Eden has never been positively determined. Josephus and several of the fathers conceived that Eden was a term denoting the entire region between the Ganges and the Nile. Calvin, Huet, Bochart, and Wells have concluded in favor of Kormah, in Babylon, not far from the Persian Gulf; Reland, Calmet, Hales, Faber, and J. Pye Smith, in favor of Armenia; Le Clerc, in favor of the region of Damascus; while the modern German school or biblical critics have sought the cradle of the human race in Bactria, or Cashmere, or the region lying to the north of it, a part of which is to this day called Indiana; the "Garden." It may be mentioned here, that the Mohammedans believe Eden to have been in one of the seven heavens—some say the moon—and that the expulsion from Paradise consisted in Adam being cast down upon the earth. In the course of four thousand years, however, the course of rivers existing there has been so materially altered, that any hope of locating Eden is now past. It has become a general opinion, that the spiritual significance of this story is what principally concerns Christians.

ARE THERE ANY ORGANS WHICH a man can cultivate, by which he can improve or make steady a fickle mind?

Ans. Yes; Firmness and Continuity minister to this result.

IN LOVE.—Inquiries like the following are usually answered privately; but in the hope of setting other young men right, we publish this, with answer:

"Can you tell me any way or cure, to set aside a chronic longing for the society of women? My Adhesiveness is excessively large, and there is one woman in my mind I can never cease thinking of—not even for a single hour. My thoughts are pure—so is she. Mutual love animates us. I am not at present in a pecuniary condi-

tion to make her my wife. As the matter stands, what can I do to turn my mind in another channel? I believe actually if I can't find other subjects to think of, a lunatic asylum will be the ultimate result. Oh, horrible! Give me advice, and send on your bill. Truly yours, etc.

Ans. No harm can come from pure, unselfish, well-directed affection. But when love becomes idolatrous, when it is "all-absorbing," and threatens to dethrone the reason, it is dangerous, and no longer pure or spiritual. Lust is love perverted. The way to manage such feelings is to bring them into subjection to the moral sense, and under religious influences. With Christ for one's guide and constant soul-companion, the social feeling or affections will not monopolize the man. The affections are to be sanctified by godliness, and subordinated to the religious and the spiritual nature. The above is inordinate.

MONOMANIA.—Nothing, perhaps, is stronger proof of the truth of that phrenological principle which recognizes an organ in the brain for each mental power than the manifestation of monomania. Some are insane through fear, some through Hope, some through Self-Esteem and Approbation, some through Acquisitiveness, some through the love element, some through the intellectual faculties, others through the religious feelings; and each specific kind of mania is referable to some organ or class of organs, one of which may be deranged, while all the rest are comparatively healthy. No other system of mental philosophy explains all these singular though very common phenomena.

GIFT ENTERPRISES.—To half a hundred inquirers, we beg to state that all such concerns are "not to be trusted." So of lotteries. Gamble in these games of chance if you will, but we beg of you not to ask our agency in this slippery, tricky work. We can not, must not, *will* not do it.

DRUNKEN PHRENOLOGISTS.—A correspondent writes us from Warren, Ohio, inquiring about the reputation of a person calling himself a phrenologist, who recently visited that place, remarking that he was charged with drunkenness, and with something even worse than that. Who was he? We trust no one will hold this office responsible for such conduct.

Why is it that Phrenology must be cursed with some of the worst characters among men? Why do impostors, who fail in everything else, put "Prof." to their ugly names, and go forth to swindle unsuspecting people? It is said, "the better the bank, the more numerous the counterfeiters." And the more difficult the profession, the more numerous the quacks dabbling in it. It is certainly so in medicine, and it is so in Phrenology. Nor is the Church exempt. There are black sheep in all the flocks, just as there was a Judas among the twelve. We are in the receipt of letters daily, asking us what of this, that, and the other vagabond—such as the filthy fellow, self-styled "Prof." Livingston, recently turned out of Barnum's monkey show—and of "Prof." somebody else, who cheated a poor printer out of his pay for advertising, and a hotel keeper out of his board. But we can not publish the names of these scamps who sell under false colors, and practice piracy on an over-credulous people. It will be a safe rule to count every phrenologist who dishonestly puts "Professor" to his name, an impostor. Boot-blacks, clowns, and chimney-sweeps may play the jackdaw, but honest men will not attempt to shine in borrowed plumes.

Publishers' Department.

GETTING READY.—Our engravers are at work on portraits for future numbers of the A. P. J. We are getting ready for the new volume to commence in July next, when we shall enlarge our borders, give more matter, and increase our subscription rates. The editor is determined to make this not only a first-class magazine, but a **MODEL MONTHLY** in every sense. We would lead other publishers in mechanical execution, as well as the people in new ideas. Of course we shall keep economy in view, in all our projects; we should like to make a JOURNAL worth \$4, \$5, or \$6 a year, but at present will try to be content with \$3, which will be the subscription price after the first of June next, for vols. 46 and 47.

EUROPEAN GUIDE-BOOKS.—See a list, on another page, of the best works for travelers and tourists through the Old Country. These works are all printed in the English language, and may be received by return mail, at any post-office in the United States or the North American British Provinces. If preferred, the books will be forwarded by express. No one should go abroad without these works. Ignorance in a foreign country is most expensive, while knowledge is economy.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—It is gratifying to be able to serve ourselves, our friends, and the public at the same time. The large circulation of our JOURNAL renders it a very desirable medium through which to reach intelligent, enterprising, go-ahead people. We try, by exercising considerable vigilance, to exclude from our pages anything calculated to mislead or deceive the reader. Of course, we can not hold ourselves in any way responsible for the promises of advertisers, or for the quality of the articles advertised. But we will not, knowingly, insert anything of a fraudulent character, like lotteries, gift enterprises, patent medicines, etc. The thing must, at least, be useful or ornamental to get into this JOURNAL. Readers will discriminate. It affords us special pleasure to fill the orders of our patrons with really useful articles, including good books.

WE are indebted for many of the excellent photographs of eminent Universalist clergymen, engraved in our present number, to Mr. R. A. Lewis, photographer, 160 Chatham Street, New York, as well as for those of other distinguished clergymen, whom we may, at a future time, take pleasure in presenting to our readers.

IN an early issue of our JOURNAL an article, by our friend and contributor Hon. John Neal, on the "Study of Languages," will be given to our readers. The perspicuous and convincing series of papers on the "Phrenological Theory of Man's Organization" will be continued until the subject has received a thorough handling from the theological, physiological, and metaphysical points of view. In the course of this series it will be seen by the careful reader that the chief objections to Phrenology are dispassionately considered, and their errors exhibited in the light of sober reason and common sense. Very many questions addressed to us from interested correspondents have already found, or will find, definite answers in the substance matter of these papers.

We have also in preparation "Contrasted Sketches of Benjamin Franklin and Andrew Jackson," which will appear in our next number.

MR. PETER KELLY, a young lawyer—formerly of New York, now of Iowa—is lecturing on Phrenology. The papers speak of him as an orator of great promise. He is too sensible to permit himself to be dubbed "Dr." or "Professor," before having these honors conferred on him by the properly constituted authorities.

THE American Institute have resolved to hold an exhibition in 1876—the one hundredth year of American Independence—of American industry and art. They hope that by that time there will be a suitable building in the city for such a purpose. At present there is none, but nine years may produce great changes for the better in this fast country.

CORRECTION.—Messrs. Boyer and Ancona, of Pa., in our last number should have been classed as Democrats instead of Republicans.

READERS are referred to the list of CHOICE BOOKS announced in our present number. We commend them as among the best of their class. Copies will be sent by return post or express, at prices annexed.

Business.

[Under this head we publish, for a consideration, such matters as rightfully belong to this department. We disclaim responsibility for what may herein appear. Matter will be LEADED and charged according to the space occupied, at the rate of 50 cents a line.]

WHAT IS A SEWING MACHINE?

It is a machine for making clothing and doing Sewing of all kinds.

Does it make the same kind of stitch that a lady makes with her needle?

No; it makes other kinds.

What are they called?

"Lock Stitch," "Chain Stitch," and "Double Chain Stitch."

What is the difference?

Here is a picture of the Lock Stitch, as the thread looks when stitched into the cloth, only this is made larger and coarser than you may see it better:



No. 1.—LOCK STITCH.

It is made with two threads, one on each side of the cloth, and "locked" together in the center. Hence it is called the "Lock Stitch." It can not be pulled out, nor raveled, and there is only a single line of thread on each side of the seam.

Is the seam strong and firm?

Yes; just as firm as the cloth when properly made. It is the principal stitch made by sewing machines since their first invention.

How much thread does it take for a yard of seam?

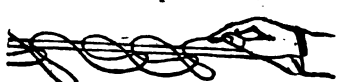
About two yards and one half.

What is the principal machine that makes the Lock Stitch?

THE WHEELER & WILSON MACHINE.

What is the "Chain Stitch"?

Here is a picture of it.



No. 2.—CHAIN STITCH.

It is such a stitch as the ladies make in knitting and crocheting, and it can be raveled in the same way.

Is it much used in Sewing?

No; because the seams made with it pull out so easily. Think of garments coming apart when one is in the street.

How much thread does it take for a yard of seam?

About four and a half yards, or nearly twice as much as the "Lock Stitch."

What is the principal machine making this stitch?

The Wilcox & Gibbs.

What is the "Double Chain Stitch"?

It is very much like the Single Chain Stitch, but is made with two threads.

Here is a picture of it.



No. 3.—DOUBLE CHAIN STITCH.

Can it be raveled?

Yes; and shows a ridge on one side.

What makes that ridge on the under side of the seam?

It is the looping and knotting of the two threads used.

Does that do any harm?

Yes; it wears off when garments are washed and ironed. It does not look well unless as embroidery. No one would like a handkerchief hemmed with it, or any seam made that shows. A handsome stitch, you know, only shows a single line of thread.

How much thread does it take for a yard of seam?

About six and one half (6½) yards. The most of any machine.

What machine makes this stitch?

The Grover & Baker.

Who use Sewing Machines?

The Wheeler & Wilson are used by Seamstresses, Dress Makers, Tailors, Manufacturers of Shirts, Collars, Skirts, Cloaks, Mantillas, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Corsets, Ladies' Boots and Shoes, Linen Goods, Umbrellas, Parasols, etc. They work equally well upon silk, linen, woolen and cotton goods, with silk, cotton, or linen thread. They will seam, quilt, gather, hem, fell, cord, braid, bind, and perform every series of sewing, making a beautiful and perfect stitch, alike on both sides of the article sewed.

How many Wheeler & Wilson's machines have been sold?

Nearly 300,000.

How fast can the machine work?

The Wheeler & Wilson Company has prepared tables showing, by actual experiments of four different workers, the time required to stitch each part of a garment by hand, and with the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine. Subjoined is a summary of several of the tables:

	BY MACHINE.	BY HAND.
Gentlemen's Shirts	1.16	14.36
Frock Coats	2.38	16.35
Satin Vests	1.14	7.19
Linen Vests	0.48	5.14
Cloth Pants	0.51	5.10
Summer Pants	0.38	2.50
Silk Dress	1.18	8.37
Merino Dress	1.4	8.37
Calico Dress	0.87	6.37
Chemise	1.10	10.31
Moreen Skirt	0.35	7.37
Muslin Skirt	0.30	7.1
Drawers	0.36	4.6
Night Dress	1.7	10.9
Silk Apron	0.15	4.16
Plain Apron	0.9	1.36

NUMBER OF STITCHES MADE PER MINUTE.

	By Hand.	With Machine.	Ratio.
Stitching fine Linen	33	640	36
Stitching Satin	34	529	23
Stitching Silk	30	550	18
Seaming fine Cloth	18	504	15
Patent Leather, fine			
Stitching	7	175	35
Fitt'g Ladies' Gaiters	38	500	18
Stitching Shoe Vamps	10	310	31
Binding Hats	35	274	11

When the machines are driven by power, the ratio is much higher—1,500 and 2,000

stitches per minute not being an unusual average.
Think how much time is saved by using the machines.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEMS.

The proportion of thread used in making the various stitches is as follows:

"Lock Stitch," 1; "Chain Stitch," 1 8-10ths; "Double Chain Stitch," 2 5-10ths.

Prob. 1. If a "Lock Stitch" machine uses 10 cents worth of thread and silk in a day, how much would it use in a year of 300 working days? Ans., \$30 worth.

Prob. 2. How much would a "Chain Stitch" machine use in doing the same amount of sewing? Ans., \$54 worth.

Prob. 3. How much would a "Double Chain Stitch" machine use in doing the same amount of sewing? Ans., \$75 worth.

Prob. 4. There will be ultimately at least a million of sewing machines used in the country; at the above rate what value of thread and silk would be used annually if all of one kind were used? Ans., "Lock Stitch," \$30,000,000; "Chain Stitch," \$54,000,000; "Double Chain Stitch," \$75,000,000 worth.

Prob. 5. What value of thread would be wasted by the "Chain Stitch"? Ans., \$24,000,000.

Prob. 6. What value would be wasted by the "Double Chain Stitch"? Ans., \$45,000,000.

Prob. 7. If there be 6,000,000 of families in the United States, how much would it cost to send each a weekly newspaper at \$1 50? Ans., \$9,000,000.

Prob. 8. How much to send a monthly magazine at \$2? Ans., \$12,000,000.

Prob. 9. How much would remain of the \$45,000,000 of waste for Missionary, Educational, and Charitable purposes? Ans., \$24,000.

Is it wicked to waste things? Yes.
Then, what sewing machine should be used? Ans., "WHEELER & WILSON'S LOCK STITCH SEWING MACHINE."

FOR THE LADIES.—The Fashion Magazines are all recommending Bradley's celebrated Duplex Elliptic or Double Spring Skirt as the most graceful and elegant as well as the most durable and economical skirt made.
See advertisement.

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Address ALFRED, Allegany Co., N. Y.

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AN ESSAY ON MAN.

IN FOUR EPISTLES TO ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE. BY ALEXANDER POPE. WITH NOTES, AND FIFTEEN ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

[CONTINUED FROM MARCH NUMBER.]

VIRTUOUS and vicious every man must be,
Few in the extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise,
And e'en the best, by fits what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill,
For, vice or virtue, SELF directs it still;
Each individual seeks a several goal;
But Heaven's great view is one, and that the whole;
That counterworks each folly and caprice;
That disappoints the effect of every vice;
That happy frailties to all ranks applied,
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride;
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief;
That, virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heaven, forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common interest, or endear the tie;
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those interests to resign;
Taught, half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.*

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will charge his neighbor with himself.
The learn'd is happy, nature to explore;
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given;
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chymist in his golden views
Supremely blest; the poet in his muse.

See some strange comfort every state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend;
See some fit passion every age supply;
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw;
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite;
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his ripper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age;
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;
Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er!
Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying rays,
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by hope supplied,
And each vacuity of sense by pride;
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble joy;

* For a treatise on the process of dying see "New Physiognomy." The author takes the ground that it is not hard for the good man, full of years, ripe with good works, and a settled faith in God, to die. That both the physical birth and death are natural, and in accordance with His plans and purposes.

* Playthings to the child are equivalent to property to the man; and it is a true saying of most of us, that we are "once a man and twice a child." Dotage is a second childhood. But man ripens into the spiritual. It is his *body*, not his mind or spirit, that grows old. The immortal part knows nothing of time but of eternity.

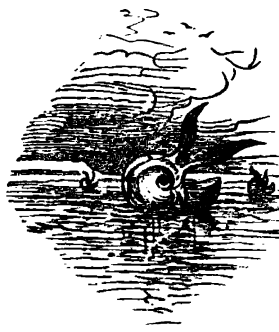


One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is given in vain;*
E'er mean self-love becomes by force divine,
The scale to measure others wants by thine.
Soft and confess, one comfort still must rise—
'Tis this, though MAN'S A FOOL, yet God is wise.

EPISTLE III.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO SOCIETY.

The whole universe one system of society. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another. The happiness of animals mutual. Reason or instinct operate alike to the good of each individual. Reason or instinct operate alike to society, in all animals. How far society is carried by instinct, how much farther by reason. Of that which is called the state of nature. Reason instructed by instinct in the invention of arts, and in the forms of society. Origin of political societies. Origin of monarchy. Patriarchal government. Origin of true religion, and government, from the same principle of love. Origin of superstition and tyranny, from the same principle of fear. The influence of self-love, operating to the social and public good. Restoration of true religion and government on their first principle. Mixed government. Various forms of each, and true end of all.



HERE then we rest: "The universal cause

Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."

In all the madness of superfluous health,
The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,

Let this great truth be present night and day,

But most be present, if we preach or pray.

I. Look round our world; behold the chain of love

Combining all below and all above.
See plastic nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbor to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one center still, the general good.
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again:
All forms that perish, other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die.)

* We repeat, "really" grows out of Approbation, when in excess. It is akin to self-love, but differs much from dignity or true manliness. It gives only temporary enjoyment, little or no real happiness.

Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
 They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
 Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
 One all-extending, all-preserving soul
 Connects each being, greatest with the least;
 Made beast an aid of man, and man of beast;
 All served, all serving: nothing stands alone;
 The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.
 Has God, thou fool, worked solely for thy good,
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
 For him as kindly spread the flowery lawn.
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
 Loves of his own, and raptures, swell the note.



The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
 Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
 The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer:
 The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
 Lives on the labors of this lord of all.

Know, nature's children all divide her care;
 The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
 While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
 "See man for mine!" replies a pampered goose:
 And just as short of reason he must fall,
 Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the powerful still the weak control;
 Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole:
 Nature that tyrant checks: He only knows,
 And helps another creature's wants and woes
 Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
 Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
 Admires the jay, the insect's gilded wings?
 Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings:
 Man cares for all: To birds he gives his woods,
 To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods:
 For some his interest prompts him to provide,
 For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:
 All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
 The extensive blessing of his luxury;
 That very life his learned hunger craves,
 He saves from famine, from the savage saves;

Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
 And, till he ends the being, makes it blest:
 Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
 Than favor'd man by touch ethereal slain.
 The creature had its feast of life before;
 Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er!
 To each unthinking being, Heaven a friend,
 Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
 To man imparts it; but with such a view,
 As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
 The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
 Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
 Great standing miracle! that Heaven assign'd
 Its only thinking thing, this turn of mind.*

II. Whether with reason, or with instinct blest,
 Know, all enjoy that power which suits them best;
 To bliss alike by that direction tend,
 And find the means proportioned to their end.
 Say, where full instinct is the unerring guide,
 What pope or council can they need beside?
 Reason, however able, cool at best,
 Cares but for service, or but serves when prest,
 Stays till we call, and then not often near;
 But honest instinct comes a volunteer,
 Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit;
 While still too wide or short is human wit;
 Sure by quick nature happiness to gain,
 Which heavier reason labors at in vain.
 This too serves always, reason never long;
 One must go right, the other may go wrong.
 See then the acting and comparing powers,
 One in their nature, which are two in ours!
 And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
 In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.†

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
 To shun their poison, and to choose their food?
 Prescient, the tides or tempest to withstand,
 Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
 Who made the spider parallels design,
 Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
 Who bid the stork, Columbus like, explore
 Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before?
 Who calls the council, states the certain day;
 Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
 Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds:
 But as he framed the whole, the whole to bless,
 On mutual wants build human happiness;
 So, from the first eternal order ran,
 And creature linked to creature, man to man,
 Whate'er of life all quickening either keeps,
 Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
 Or pours profuse on earth, and nature feeds
 The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
 Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
 Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
 Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
 Each sex desires alike, till two are one.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* In early youth, when the animal propensities predominate, we think little of the spiritual, and less of death. In middle age, our minds seem to balance between the material of the earth and the ethereal of the spiritual. But in old age, if the spiritual eyes have been opened, we naturally tire of earth and its interests, and yearn for "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." It is not hard for a good man to let go of earth. He contemplates the change with serenity and hope. It is only the skeptic, the infidel, and the animal part of man that shrinks, fears, and trembles at the thought of his inevitable change.

† It would be blasphemy to attempt to teach a dog to pray. His instinct could not comprehend its significance. He has no moral sense.

‡ We claim, on phrenological grounds, that reason is at least a step higher than mere instinct. But we also claim that man possesses all the instincts common to the lower animals, even in a higher degree than the animals themselves: that reason is superadded, and that the moral sentiments make man by nature a religious being—for are not all nations and tribes inclined to worship?—and is not man, by virtue of his reason and his moral or spiritual sense, rather than by size or physical strength, lord of all created things? and who can place limits on the possibilities of his mental reach, or of development and improvement?

"OLD ABE," THE VETERAN EAGLE.

Who of our young readers has not heard of "Old Abe," the Veteran Eagle? We suppose nearly all have heard something about him; but for the benefit of those who have not, we present the following short account of the gallant bird, showing how nobly he did his duty in our late war in cheering on our brave boys to victory.

"Old Abe" is a native of Lake Superior, and when quite young was taken from his nest by O-g-e-mah-we-ge-zhig, a wild Indian in Upper Wisconsin, in the month of July, 1861. The Indian children called him "Mee-ke-zeen-ce" (Little Eagle). In the same year the eaglet was sold to a farmer for a bushel of corn, and who finding "Old Abe" grew very "fast and saucy," and was given to many belligerent freaks among his domestic animals, conceived the idea one day that his eagle should go to the war. Acting on this idea, he took him to Eau Claire, where he was sold. Subsequently he was presented to Company C, Eighth Wisconsin Volunteers, who made a standard for him, upon which he was carried beside the regimental flag. For three years he was in all the marches of the regiment, and in all their battles, cheering on his soldier comrades, and valiantly doing good service in his way. So, in one sense, the brave bird became the leader of his regiment.

A correspondent, who witnessed his appearance in battle, wrote:

"When the regiment is engaged in battle, 'Old Abe' manifests delight. At such a time he will always be found in his appropriate place at the head of Company C. To be seen in all his glory, he should be observed when the regiment is enveloped in the smoke of battle. Then the eagle, with spread pinions, jumps up and down on his perch, uttering such wild, fearful screams as an eagle alone can utter. The fiercer and louder the storm of battle, the fiercer, wilder, and louder the screams. What a grand history he will have—what a grand eagle he will be a hundred years hence! Pilgrims will come from all parts of the world to see the eagle that was borne through this, our second war for Independence."

Colonel J. W. Jefferson, who led the valiant Eighth in the Red River expedition, thus happily describes the eagle on parade and in battle:

"'Old Abe' was with the command in nearly every action (about twenty-two), and in thirty skirmishes. He enjoyed the excitement; and I am convinced, from his peculiar manner, he was well informed in regard to army movements, dress parade, and preparations for the march and battle. Upon parade, after he had been a year in the service, he always gave heed to 'attention!' With his head obliquely to the front, his right eye directly turned upon the parade commander, he would listen and obey orders, noting time accurately. After parade had been dismissed, and the ranks were being closed by the sergeants, he would lay



"OLD ABE," THE VETERAN EAGLE.

aside his soldierly manner, flap his wings, and make himself generally at home. When there was an order to form for battle, he and the colors were first upon the line. His actions upon those occasions were uneasy, turning his head anxiously from right to left, looking to see when the line was completed. Soon as the regiment got ready, faced, and put in march, he would assume a steady and quiet demeanor. In battle he was almost constantly flapping his wings, having his mouth wide open, and many a time would scream with wild enthusiasm. This was particularly so at the hard-fought battle of Corinth, when our regiment repulsed and charged, or, you might say, made a counter-charge, on Price's famous Missouri brigade."

At the close of the war "Old Abe" was publicly presented to the Governor of Wisconsin, and accepted by him on behalf of the State. He was the people's idol for a long time. Thousands came to see him from afar, and it became necessary that he should have a suitable residence for the reception of his numerous friends. So the noble bird was placed upon the retired list; a beautiful residence was appropriated to his use, and now he lives at Madison, Wisconsin, and is one of the "lions" of that city.

Not only was "Old Abe" of great service on the field of battle, but he has also been the means, through the instrumentality of Mr. Alfred Sewell, the editor of the *Little Corporal*, Chicago, of aiding very much our sick and wounded soldiers left in the trail of the war. When the great Sanitary Fair was held in Chicago, that gentleman procured a likeness of the brave eagle, and organized a corps of boys and girls throughout the whole of America to sell his photograph. These he called "The Army of the American Eagle," and they numbered nearly twelve thousand loyal children, and so

great was their success that Mr. Sewell was enabled to pay over sixteen thousand dollars to the committee of the Fair!

But Mr. Sewell had become so deeply interested in the success and happiness of his little children's army, and disliked to relinquish the hold he had gained on their affections so much, that he started the *Little Corporal*, through which he might correspond with them, and work with the children whom he loved; and to that gentleman we are indebted for this pretty little story, and the beautiful likeness of "Old Abe," the Veteran Eagle.

A NEGRO DISCUSSION ABOUT EGGS.—In the fairest village of Western New York, the "culled pussens," in emulation of their white brethren, formed a debating society for the purpose of improving their minds by the discussion of instructive and entertaining topics. The deliberations of the society were presided over by a venerable darkey, who performed the duties with the utmost dignity peculiar to his color. The subject for discussion on the occasion of which we write was, "Which am the mudder ob de chicken—de hen wot lay de egg, or de hen wot hatches de chick?" The question was warmly debated, and many reasons *pro* and *con*. were urged and combated by the excited disputants. Those in favor of the latter proposition were evidently in the majority, and the president made no attempt to conceal that his sympathies were with the dominant party. At length an intelligent darkey arose from the minority side, and begged leave to state a proposition to this effect: "Spouse," said he, "dat you set one dozen duck's eggs under a hen, and dey hatch, which am de mudder, de duck or de hen?" This was a poser, was well put, and nonplused the other side, even staggering the president, who plainly saw the force of the argument, but had committed himself too far to yield without a struggle; so, after cogitating and scratching his wool a few minutes, a bright idea struck him. Rising from his chair in all the pride of conscious superiority, he announced: "Ducks am not before the house; chicken am de question; derfore I rule de ducks out!" and do it he did, to the complete overthrow of the opponents.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL,

S. R. WELLS, EDITOR.

Is devoted to **The Science of Man**, in all its branches, including PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY, PSYCHOLOGY, ETHNOLOGY, SOCIOLOGY, etc. It furnishes a guide in **Choosing a Pursuit**, in **selecting a Wife or a Husband**, and in **judging of the dispositions of those around us**, by all the known external "Signs of Character."

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THE IMMENSE PROFITS OF THE TEA TRADE.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY became fully convinced, several years ago, that consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every day consumption, and therefore organized THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the Consumers, and to supply them with these necessities at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea Trade, we will start with the American Houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

First: The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their Houses in China.

Second: The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Tea.

Third: The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

Fourth: On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1,000 to 2,000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

Fifth: The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lots, at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

Sixth: The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

Seventh: The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer, at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

Eighth: The Retailer sells it to the Customer, for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same price (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

The Company continue to sell at the following prices:

COOLONG (Black), 70, 80, 90, best \$1 per lb.
MIXED (Green and Black), 70, 80, 90, best \$1 per lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 80, 90, \$1, \$1 10, best \$1 20 per lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 80, 90, \$1, \$1 10, best \$1 25 per lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80, 90, \$1, \$1 10, best \$1 25 per lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN \$1, \$1 10, best \$1 25 per lb.

COFFEE DEPARTMENT.

Our Coffee Department is very extensive—the largest perhaps, in the country. We run three engines constantly, and sometimes four and five, in roasting and grinding our Coffee. Our Coffee buyers are experts, who examine most of the Coffees imported, and select the best and finest flavors for our trade. We employ the most experienced and skillful roasters, who exercise the greatest care that it shall be cooked in a perfect manner. It is always fresh, for our orders crowd our facilities to their utmost capacity. A considerable portion of the Coffee put upon the market of late years is picked while the pods are green, and subjected to artificial heat to open the pods. This is not so good as that which ripens in the natural way upon the plant. Our Coffee buyer thoroughly understands this business, and can readily distinguish the naturally ripened from the artificially cured; and he only buys the Coffee which is naturally ripened. We examine the cargoes as soon as they arrive, and our trade is so large that it requires all the finest lots. This is what gives our Coffee a superior flavor to many others, and the same flavor it used to have in days long gone by. It is a common saying that most Coffee does not taste as well as it formerly did. The reason for it is, that a considerable portion of it is picked before it is fully ripe. We sell none but the fully ripe, rich flavored Coffee.

Coffee Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST AND DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to \$1 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.

No. 81 and 83 VESEY ST., corner of Church St.
No. 640 BROADWAY, corner of Bleeker St.
No. 461 EIGHTH AVE., north cor. Thirty-fourth St.
No. 299 SPRING ST.
No. 205 FULTON ST., BROOKLYN, cor. Concord St.
No. 188 GRAND ST., WILLIAMSBURG.

COUNTRY CLUBS, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores, (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of whom are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled, and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 81 and 83 Vesey Street.

Our friends are getting up Clubs in most towns throughout the Country, and for which we feel very grateful. Some of our Clubs send orders weekly, and some not so often; while others keep a standing order to be supplied with a given quantity each week, or at stated periods, and in all cases, (where sufficient time has elapsed), Clubs have repeated their orders.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than \$30 had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders; to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

We return thanks to parties who have taken an interest in getting up Clubs; and when any of them come to New York we shall be happy to have them call upon us and make themselves known.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary packages for Clubs of less than \$30.

N. B. All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

Nos. 81 & 83 Vesey St., Cor. Church.
Post-Office Box, No. 5,649, New York City.

GETTING UP CLUBS.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a Club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a Club say how much Tea or Coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds and amounts plainly on a list, and when the Club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-Office money orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express, to "collect on delivery."

We publish some of our Club lists to show how it is done, and as matter of reference.

After the first Club we send blanks. Direct your orders plainly, THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, Nos. 81 and 83 Vesey street, Post-Office Box, 5,649—as some parties imitate our name as near as they dare to.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

From the *Methodist*, New York City.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.—In noticing the operations of this large and enterprising establishment, it may be proper for us to offer a remark in explanation of the reasons which induce us to call the attention of the community to a concern which has reached its eminence in public favor. It is our undeviating rule to exercise a scrupulous judgment in relation to business enterprises—never recommending any except such as we believe have been proved worthy and reliable, and whose system of business, uprightness of dealing with their customers, and ample capital to fulfill their engagements, are fully established. Upon these principles we call attention to the advertisement of the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, published in our advertising columns. The Company have several very large stores, located in different parts of the city, stocked with the best and most ser-

vicable goods, which they are content to sell at merely living profits, as they have proved by their prices for the past five or six years. They have but *one price*, which is no small consideration to those who are dependent on any considerable degree upon servants or children to make purchases, or to those who wish to order from the country. By these rules alone the Company propose in the future to conduct their vast and rapidly augmenting trade. Believing that the ability and disposition of the Company are ample to perform all they promise, warrants us in calling special attention to them in our columns. It is a trite saying "that the honest strivings of honest men are sure to be commended, their business efforts encouraged and ultimately adequately compensated."

COMPLIMENTARY LETTERS FROM CLUBS.

Xenia, Dallas Co., Iowa, Nov. 8, 1866.

Great American Tea Company.

Sirs: The order that I sent to your house the fore part of this Summer gave universal satisfaction, and all of the Club have been trying for some time to get me to make up another. The complimentary package which I received was the best tea I have drank in Iowa. Please fill the following order, and Express me at Boonsborough, Iowa.

ZERAH E. COTTRELL.

Franconia, N. H., Nov. 10, 1866.

The Great American Tea Company.

Gentlemen: My last order for Tea of 59 pounds came to hand in due time all right, and has given entire satisfaction, and if you continue to send us as good Teas as you have sent, you are sure of a permanent trade in this place. The Imperial was the best of anything we have had in this place. Several of the Clubs have told me that it was better than the Tea they had paid \$2 a pound. I send you another order for \$68 65. Please forward, as before, by Express, to Franconia, N. H., Grafton County, I thank you for the complimentary package. Address

PRIEST YOUNG, Franconia, N. H.

Elk Horn, Wis., Nov. 10, 1866.

Great American Tea Company.

My order for Tea was filled and the Tea arrived safely, promptly, good weight, and good quality. We are all well satisfied, and others wished they had joined us. I shall doubtless send another order before long, for we have paid large profits to small traders long enough.

Respectfully yours, &c.,

O HAND.

Fairmount, Ill., Nov. 12, 1866.

Great American Tea Company.

GENTLEMEN: Your Advocate fell into my hands yesterday morning, and I at once opened a Club in my shop, and hasten to send it now, as it has reached the required size, (\$30) and it will take faster and easier after we receive the first bill. I have cut out and posted up in my shop the price list and some other items, and shall keep a Club open perpetually. My shop is in a public place and adjacent to the depot, and I can, ere long, buy of you about all the Tea that is used in this town and vicinity. I shall aim to keep some Tea on hand to supply such persons as cannot wait for return bill, and also that I may keep the Club open longer, and thereby increase the size of the bill. I would say that we are all heartily glad that your enterprise is in actual success.

Yours truly,

H. M. ROBINSON.

CLUB ORDERS.

Triumph, Ill., Jan. 7, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company.

Nos. 81 and 83 Vesey St., N. Y.

GENTS: My last order came to hand in good condition, and gave entire satisfaction. I herewith send you another order, all new names, and all farmers. Please send as good Tea as you sent before, and you will hear from us again. Many thanks for the complimentary package.

Yours truly,

H. H. WORSLEY;

Please ship to Mendota (by Express) Laclede Co., Ill.

4	lb. Young Hyson	...	at \$1 25..	\$5 00
4	"	Wm. Austin	at 1 25..	5 00
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4	"	John Quigley	at 1 25..	5 00
4	"	James Quigley	at 1 25..	5 00
4	"	D. Westgate	at 1 25..	5 00
4	"	A. Anstle	at 1 25..	5 00
4	"	A. Chrysler	at 1 25..	3 75
3	"	S. R. Gillet	at 1 25..	3 75
1	Onlong	...	at 1 00..	1 00
2	Young Hyson	...	at 1 25..	2 50
2	Japan	...	at 1 25..	2 50
2	Young Hyson	...	at 1 25..	2 50
2	Young Hyson	...	at 1 25..	2 50
3	Young Hyson	...	at 1 25..	2 50

31 lbs.

\$68 80

"Sent prepaid by first Post," at prices annexed.

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- The book furnishes evidence of purposed faithfulness, more than usual scholarship, and remarkable literary industry. It cannot fail to be an important help to those who wish to become better acquainted with the revealed will of God. For these reasons I wish the enterprise of publishing the work great success. — From THOMAS A. ARMITAGE, D. D., Pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York.

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WHAT IS PHYSIOGNOMY?

"In nature all is connection and harmony. Each external appearance is the sign of an inherent quality; each point on the surface of a body indicates the condition of the internal parts of the structure."—DE LA SARTHE.

In its most general sense, Physiognomy (from *phao*, nature, and *gnomikos*, knowing) signifies a knowledge of nature; but more particularly of the forms of things—the configuration of natural objects, whether animate or inanimate. But it is mainly to the human form that physiognomy as a science or system, and as an art, is usually applied; though animal, and even vegetable and mineral forms may be referred to in illustration of principles or of facts. In this narrower application we may define it as—a knowledge of the correspondence between the external and the internal man—between the physical system and the spiritual principle which animates and controls it—between the manifest effect and the hidden cause—and of the signs by means of which this correspondence is expressed in the face and other parts of the body. As an art it consists in reading character by means of its indications in the developments of the body as a whole, but more particularly of the lines of the face.

We say, more particularly of the face, because it is there that the great number of the signs of character are most clearly and legibly inscribed; but physiognomy, as we expound it, embraces the whole man. It takes into account the temperament; the shape of the body, the size and form of the head; the texture of the skin; the quality of the hair, the degree of functional activity, and other physiological conditions, as well as the features of the face. It embraces, in fact, in its practical application, the wide domains of ethnology, physiology, phrenology, and their kindred sciences.

THE FACE OF A WATCH.

As the face of a watch presents to the eye signs of the movements going on within, and ceases to tell the hour whenever those movements cease, so the "human face divine" is an index of internal emotions and loses all power to change its expression so soon as the vital powers are withdrawn. Behind the face of the watch is the machinery—which is the watch. Behind the human countenance are the complicated apparatuses of bones, muscles, and nerves, which form the human machinery; but behind this machinery there is what the watch has not, a controlling intelligence, which precedes the living organism to which it gives rational activity.

O wad some power the giffle gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion.—BURNS.

NOW]

NEW

[READY.

BENEFITS OF PHYSIOGNOMY.

"To find the mind's construction in the face."—SHAKESPEARE.

But, *cuius homo?* This question is sure to come up, and may as well be answered here as elsewhere. What good will it do?

"Know thyself!" is the injunction of the ancient philosopher; and wise men in all ages have considered self-knowledge as the most useful and important of all learning. Physiognomy furnishes us with the key to this knowledge. It enables us to read our own characters, as legibly recorded on our physical systems, to judge accurately of our strength and our weakness, our virtues and our faults; and this self-knowledge is the first step toward self-improvement. Without a knowledge of our physical, mental and spiritual nature, we must go blindly about the work of developing or disciplining ourselves in either department. One might as well undertake to repair a steam-engine or a watch without any knowledge of mechanism. Knowing ourselves aright, we can, as it were, reconstruct ourselves on an improved plan, correcting unhandy deviations, moderating excessive developments, supplying deficiencies, molding our characters, and with them our bodies, into symmetry and harmony.

Next to a knowledge of ourselves is that of our fellow men. We are social beings. We are brought into daily and hourly contact with other social beings. Much of our happiness and success in life depends upon the character of the intercourse we hold with them. To make it pleasant and profitable we must be able to read men as an open book. Physiognomy furnishes the alphabet, which, once thoroughly learned, "he who runs may read."

MATRIMONIAL HINTS.

"Mark you when you but speak to her,
The amorous movement of her chin—
That fair round chin!" OLD PLAY.

Would you choose a wife or a husband? It is too important a matter to be left to chance. If Love be blind, Reason should lead him. The head should guide the heart. Knowing ourselves, and having at command the means of knowing those around us, it will be our own fault, if we make an unwise choice, and wreck our happiness on the rocky headlands of conjugal discord.

All the young women who present themselves before the wife-seeking bachelor in society, bear their "characters" about with them, plainly written on their faces. Were we all well instructed physiognomists, Margaret, the kitchen maid, would not find it necessary to carry hers in her pocket also.

"The flame of the life to be,
We weave with colors all our own
And in the field of destiny,
We reap as we have sown."



SIGNS OF CHARACTER,

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FROM THE PREFACE.

We know how widely mankind differ in looks, in opinion, and in character, and it has been our study to discover the causes of these differences. We find them in organization. As we look, so we feel, so we act, and so we are. But we may direct and control even our thoughts, our feelings, and our acts, and thus, to some extent,—by the aid of grace—become what we will. We can be temperate or intemperate; virtuous or vicious; hopeful or desponding; generous or selfish; believing or skeptical; prayerful or profane. We are free to choose what course we will pursue, and our bodies, our brains, and our features readily adapt themselves and clearly indicate the lives we lead and the characters we form.

It has been our aim to present this subject in a practical manner, basing all our inferences on well-established principles, claiming nothing but what is clearly within the lines of probability, and illustrating, when possible, every statement. Previous authors have been carefully studied, and whatever of value could be gleaned we have systemized and incorporated, adding our own recent discoveries. For more than twenty years we have been engaged in the study of man, and in "character-reading" among the people of various races, tribes and nations, enabling us to classify the different forms of body, brain, and face, and reduce to method the processes by which character may be determined. Hitherto but partial observations have been made, and of course only partial results obtained. We look on man as a whole—made up of parts, and to be studied as a whole, with all the parts combined.

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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—Young.

RULERS OF SWEDEN.

It is seldom that we are enabled to lay before our readers so complete a collection of crowned heads as is here presented in the *Swenska Regenter*, which is, in fact, a pictorial representation in miniature of the history of the Swedes from the fifteenth century to the present time. Shakspeare has very truly said:

"There is a history in all men's lives,
Fig'ring the history of the times deceased."

By which, he continues, one may prophecy events based on the data of the past. It is not our intention, however, to make any predictions, but merely to present the picture, that people may see for themselves some reflection of "the history of the times deceased," in the biographies and in the countenances of those represented.

In the United States, where the people rule, the present history and prosperity of the country may be read upon the faces of the citizens; but in despotic and monarchical countries, where the king rules, the state of the kingdom



PORTRAITS OF KINGS AND QUEENS OF SWEDEN.

1.—GUSTAVUS VASA.

—ERIC XIV.

3.—JOHN III.

4.—SIGISMUND I.

5.—CHARLES IX.

6.—GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

7.—CHRISTINA.

8.—CHARLES X. GUSTAVUS.

9.—CHARLES XI.

10.—CHARLES XII.

11.—ULRICA ELEONORA.

12.—FREDERIC I.

13.—ADOLPHUS FREDERIC.

14.—GUSTAVUS III.

15.—GUSTAVUS IV. ADOLPHUS.

16.—CHARLES XIII.

17.—CHARLES XIV. JOHN.

18.—OSCAR I.

19.—CHARLES XV.

fluctuates with the personal standing of its ruler, and may be said to be impressed upon his countenance. The immortal Vasa said, when his son, Eric, was spoken of as his suc-

cessor to the throne of Sweden, "Alas, poor Gustaf! a soul in rebellion, a land in rebellion!"—meaning, of course, a rebellious-hearted king makes a country in rebellion—a prophecy which afterward proved true.

Space does not permit us to say much about each individual portrait of the group, but enough to indicate an outline of their history and their influence upon the welfare of their country. We have but a slight foundation for any phrenological remarks, and therefore can give but bare outlines. Our readers can amuse themselves *in extenso*, if they will, in estimating the characters of the kings and queens represented.

It takes no philosopher to see in the face of Vasa the absolute monarchist, yet guided by a fine intellect; hence the comparatively happy condition of his country while he reigned. The low-headed Charles IX., cruel and despotic, obeyed only the behests of his vanity and propensities; but a Gustavus Adolphus, influenced by high-toned moral feeling and courage, brings up his country to the pinnacle of a glorious fame, and buries himself deep in the hearts of his people. The gay and frivolous Christina, the Cromwellian Carl IX., the incautious but brave Carl XII., the weak Ulrika, the stubborn Gustaf IV., the resolute Carl XIII., his prudent and warlike adopted son, the polished and gentlemanly Oscar, have each left their mark upon the pages of history, which will be found upon examination to correspond with their various degrees of phrenological development.

The character of the Swedes as a nation has ever been marked with great depth of feeling, strenuous self-reliance, and ardent endeavor, together with great love of liberty. The basis of society there is the "allodial right of property acquired by labor," for Swedish soil was never won by foreign conquest. The early history of Sweden is full of mythology, legends, and tradition. But little of a reliable nature is known of the country before the ninth century, when the raids of the Norsemen, or Northmen, who appear to have been closely allied with the Vikings, or Sea Kings of Denmark, were a terror to the nations of southern Europe; but the heroic age of Sweden is not found in the days of barbarous anarchy, when the wild warrior-worshippers of Odin followed the fortunes of their rude leaders, but in the glorious deeds of the great Gustavus Vasa, who rescued his country from a foreign vassalage, established the Protestant religion, and raised his country to an honorable position among the civilized nations of Europe.

1.—GUSTAVUS VASA.

Gustaf Ericsson Vasa, called Gustaf I., was born at the castle of Lindholm, in Roslagen, Sweden, May 12, 1496, his father being Eric Johansen Vasa, and his mother Cecilia of Eka, both descendants of the ancient kings of Sweden. After finishing his education in the academy of Upsala, he lived at the palace of Sten Sture, who was Regent of the kingdom—for Sweden was then a dependency of Denmark, under King John. But the yoke of Denmark

soon became hateful to the Swedes. Christian II. of Denmark had ascended the throne of Sweden, and took as hostages for his safe arrival in the capital six young noblemen, among whom was Gustaf Ericsson, who shortly after made his escape. Sten Sture, the Regent, had been murdered by Christian, together with the father of Gustaf, and a great number of peasants, the consequence of which barbarities was the open resistance to Danish authority by the Swedes, under the leadership of young Gustaf, who succeeded in establishing the Swedish independence, and was, in 1523, elected king. He found a kingdom desolated by war, an empty treasury, a haughty nobility and clergy, a people burdened with taxation and a bad government, and divided in regard to religion; yet on his death he left a well-organized country; the power of the nobles had been circumscribed, Romanism abrogated, and the Reformed Lutheran Church firmly established. His moral character was good, though he was despotic and arbitrary in will. He possessed great natural gifts of body and mind, and was highly accomplished. Trade, manufactures, arts, learning, and science owed their advancement in Sweden to him. He was thrice married, leaving by his first wife, the Princess Catharine of Saxe-Lauenburg, Eric XIV., his successor. He died at Stockholm, September 29, 1560.

We need not say much about Vasa's phrenology. His own history and his phrenology are one. Will power and force of character are strikingly shown. He had energy, he had determination, but he had also the reasoning faculties well developed, rendering him thoughtful and sagacious as well as executive.

2.—ERIC XIV.

Although we trace the lineaments of Gustaf I. upon the countenance of his eldest son and successor, and much the same characteristics of feature, we also find a look of vanity and of pride. He inherited his father's intellect; he was handsome, intelligent, and a great lover of art, but had a passionate and suspicious disposition. He was born Dec. 13, 1533; and ascended the throne in 1560. He made overtures of marriage to Mary Stuart, afterward Queen of Scots, and to Elizabeth of England, but was refused, and finally married Katrina Mansdotter, the daughter of a petty officer of the guards. She was a person of great beauty and rare virtue, but the marriage offended the nobles, by whom he was never afterward respected. His whole reign was occupied in wars with Denmark and Poland, in the course of which the Swedes acquired the Baltic provinces of Livonia and Revel. His trouble with his nobles inflaming his naturally suspicious nature, at length led him to surrender himself up to a career of tyranny and excesses. He killed sixty persons with his own hand, many of them being nobles, and for several days he wandered alone in the forests in a state of insanity, and was finally deposed by the Swedish Diet, in the year 1568. His brother, Johan, who then became Regent, immediately obtained from the Senate permis-

sion to take his brother's life, and gave Eric the choice of being poisoned, choked, or having his veins opened. He chose the former, and died, it is said, after a pious preparation, February 26, 1577, and was buried, without any ceremony, in a little city named Westeraa. He left two children, who were driven into exile, and died in Russia.

3.—JOHAN III.

Johan III. ascended the throne February 26, 1577, immediately after his brother's death. Wars with Denmark and quarrels with the nobles marked his reign. His conscience was his constant accuser. He sought relief in religion, in pleasure, in vanity of every description, but in vain. He attempted to force Romanism on the people, but unsuccessfully. His disposition was much like that of his brother Eric. He was a splendid linguist, speaking the Latin, Italian, German, English, and Slavonic languages, and understood Greek and French. But his extravagance and love for show brought his country into great difficulty. He married for his first wife Catharine of Poland, and had two children, Sigismund and Princess Ann, and for his second wife Gunhida Bzelke, a Swedish lady, by whom he had one son, John, Duke of Sodermanland. He died, heart-broken, November 17, 1592, having, with his brother, rendered the colossal labors of Gustavus Vasa almost useless.

4.—SIGISMUND I.

Sigismund, the eldest son of Johan III., who had been elected King of Poland through the influence of his Polish mother, now succeeded Johan III. as King of Sweden and Poland. His reign lasted through eight stormy years, and was spent mainly in attempting to restore Roman Catholicism. His uncle, Prince Carl, the youngest son of Gustaf I., placed himself at the head of affairs, looking upon Sigismund as one who had forfeited the right to rule, and so managed affairs that his nephew, who was in Poland, had to resign the crown, and Carl became King of Sweden. Sigismund ruled in Poland thirty-two years, and made many unsuccessful attempts to obtain his lost rights in Sweden. He was born in 1566, and died in the year 1632.

The pointed beard and sharp features indicate something of the ascetic in this organization. There is not much in this face to command our respectful consideration.

5.—CHARLES IX.

Carl IX. showed himself during his nephew's reign to be both artful, shrewd, and revengeful. After compelling the resignation of his nephew, he capped his career by what is now known as the "Butcher's Bench of Carl IX." On the 20th of March, 1600, he invited his nobles to a dinner. Tradition and history say "that every one went to the dinner reluctantly, not knowing that he should return." Their suspicions were not unfounded, for thirteen of the nobles were soon afterward beheaded, and many others were imprisoned. He was crowned in 1604. He

was a tyrant, self-willed and ambitious. He warred with Russia, Denmark, and Poland. Not obtaining the love of his subjects, he endeavored to work upon their fears, and it is said that during his reign one hundred and forty persons were led to the scaffold; besides, many distinguished men were imprisoned. His word was law—he was a despot. Still he was economical in all things; he was successful in establishing eleven cities, and did much to encourage the trade, develop the mineral resources of his country, and retrieve many errors of his predecessors. He was twice married, leaving two sons and one daughter, the eldest of whom was Gustavus Adolphus, his successor. He died October 30, 1611, aged sixty-one years.

Although Carl is said to have inherited a good share of his father's legislative and administrative talents, unfortunately he did not receive any of Vasa's great intellect. He had large perceptive, making him a practical ruler; but he was devoid of kindness, of sympathy, or forbearance. Destructiveness, Secretiveness, and Cautiousness were largely developed, while Veneration, Benevolence, and all the moral organs were considerably wanting. He was vain, petulant, cruel, and deceptive.

6.—GUSTAVUS II. ADOLPHUS.

Gustaf II., better known as Gustavus Adolphus, surnamed the Great, was born at Stockholm, December 9, 1594, being the son of Carl IX., and grandson of Gustavus Vasa. He assumed the scepter at the age of seventeen—though by his father's will he was not of age until twenty-four—Sweden then being engaged in war with the Poles, the Russians, and the Danes, a war which lasted thirty years. The country needed a guide and a leader, and Gustavus, who had already shown his bravery and his benevolence, soon secured the love of the people. He knew how to heal the wounds left by his cruel father; he gained the affection of his nobles; he united his kingdom, and then prepared to do battle for his country. For thirty years he was the fond favorite of his soldiers, ever leading them onward to victory, until peace was secured with Denmark and Russia, and finally with Poland in 1629. The Protestants were engaged in a hard struggle against the Roman Catholic League in Germany, and Gustavus with 15,000 men set sail in 1630 to aid them. Success followed the Swedish arms, and the Catholics soon ceased to despise the "snow king and his body guard" as they were called. In the spring of 1632 Gustavus crossed the Danube and marched in a continued triumph to Munich, and on the 6th of November the two forces came face to face at Lützen. The Swedes began by singing Luther's hymn, *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*, and a hymn composed by the king. Gustavus addressed his army, and swinging his sword above his head, he gave the word of command, and with the cry of Onward! rushed forward, followed by his eager troops. Victory was already on the side of the Swedes, when a strong reinforcement of Imperialists came up, and Gustavus, seeing the troops waver, rode

hastily forward, when, having come too near a squadron of Croats he received a shot in his arm, and as he was turning aside, another in the back, which caused him to fall from his horse. The sight of the riderless horse spread dismay and fury among the Swedes. A party of Croats had thrown themselves between the king and his army, and it was not till after many hours' hard fighting, and the loss of ten thousand dead and wounded, that they recovered his body, which had been plundered, stripped, and covered with wounds. But the Swedes were finally victorious, having fought with an impetuosity that nothing could resist. The spot where he fell on the field of Lützen was long marked by the *Svedenstein*, or Swede's Stone, erected by his servant, Jacob Ericsson, on the night after the battle. Its place is now occupied by a noble monument erected to his memory by the German people on the occasion of the second centenary of the battle held in 1832. His victories were gained, not merely by his strict discipline, but by his moral courage, his deep-seated piety, and the unconquerable valor with which he inspired his soldiers. His death would have proved an irreparable calamity to Sweden, had not Oxenstiern, to whom Gustavus had charged the care of the kingdom during his absence in the field, maintained the renown of the Swedish arms abroad, and the political reputation of the country among other states. Gustavus married Maria Eleonora of Brandenburg, and left one daughter—Christina.

Large Benevolence, Veneration, reflective and perceptive organs are shown in the head and face of Gustavus. Caution appears to have been but moderately developed. He gained the love of all, and died deeply lamented, not only by his own country, but by the whole Protestant world.

7.—CHRISTINA.

Christina, the only child of Gustavus Adolphus, was but six years old when her father died, having been born December 8, 1626, at Stockholm. Count Oxenstiern still managed the affairs of the government until 1644, when Christina assumed the rights of sovereignty. Sweden was in a most prosperous condition; her army was victorious, and France had become her ally; but the queen's love of pleasure soon plunged the country into debt and trouble. She had received a splendid education, was well versed in the classics and modern languages, yet most of her time was spent in gay frivolity. She was fond of the sports of the chase. Her sleep occupied only five hours a day, and her toilette only a quarter of an hour. In her religious views she was skeptical; she scoffed at church services; grew reckless; embraced the Roman Catholic religion, and abdicated the throne June 6, 1654, in favor of her cousin, Prince Carl Gustaf. She afterward traveled through Germany in the dress of a man, and subsequently tried to regain possession of the Swedish crown. But her people despised her. She died in Rome in 1689, and was interred in the church of St. Peter's.

There is much of voluptuousness stamped

upon this engraving of Christina, small and imperfect as it is.

8.—CHARLES X. GUSTAVUS.

Carl X. Gustaf ascended the throne of Sweden in 1654, having been chosen by Christina as her successor. In him, Sweden found an Oliver Cromwell; like him, he was brave, fearless, and true to his principles. He had extraordinary strength. His reign of six years was marked by brilliant battles and acts of great personal bravery, one of which, his crossing the Great Belt on the ice, is unrivaled in military daring, and enabled him to dictate terms of peace to the Danes at the gates of Copenhagen. His victories, however, brought no advantages to Sweden, and only wasted her resources. He died in 1660, after a short illness, leaving his son, Carl XI., as his successor. His phrenology indicates great natural force and will power, but not much of the reasoning faculties. His moral organs appear to be fairly developed, though without the height of those of the Protector.

9.—CHARLES XI.

Carl XI., born November 24, 1655, was four years old when his father died, and was crowned at seventeen. His education was neglected in his youth, but he obtained a good knowledge of most branches of industry. He made himself beloved and respected by his subjects, relieved the country from debt by his prudence and economy, invited strangers and manufacturers to settle in Sweden, built schools, and cared in many ways for the moral good of the people. Only one war occurred during his reign. He brought the nobles and peasantry nearer together by settling their existing troubles, and prevailed upon them to make the regal power absolute. He ruled from 1660 to 1697, and died on Easter Sunday, 1697. He married Ulrica Eleonora, Princess of Denmark, by whom he had two daughters and one son, Carl XII., who succeeded him. His phrenology shows more intellect than his father had, but less force. The features are relaxed and softened, while Mirthfulness is prominent. The moral and spiritual faculties were all quite large.

10.—CHARLES XII.

With the birth of Carl XII. it was predicted that Sweden would have a hero for king, and time proved the truth of the prediction. He was born in Stockholm, June 27, 1682. His father, Carl XI., feeling the disadvantages of a lack of education, determined that his son should not suffer from the same cause. His tutors were commanded first of all to make him thoroughly acquainted with his own country, its resources, its wants, its laws, and its prospects; but above all they were commanded to give him a true reverence for religion; every day his instruction began with prayer and reading of the Bible, and this habit, inculcated in youth, he practiced during his whole life. He was a bold and daring youth, a fearless rider, and possessed a warlike nature, and at the age of twelve is said to have killed a bear with his spear. When but fifteen his father died, and he received a kingdom powerful and

without debt; the army and navy were in excellent condition; peace reigned in the land. In the second year of his reign a league was formed between Russia, Denmark, and Poland, and taking advantage of the quarrel of Sweden with Livonia, they determined to humble Carl, and to that end they occupied the shores of Finland with their forces. The Senate was greatly alarmed, but young Carl showed a degree of energy and courage in this crisis that astonished even the brave Swedes. He put himself at the head of his army, invaded Denmark, besieged Copenhagen, and forced the Danish sovereign to sue for peace. He then turned to his other enemies, and at the head of eight thousand followers defeated eighty thousand Russians at Narva, under the command of the Czar Peter, and then marched across Livonia and Courland into Poland, and for nine years gained a succession of victories almost unequalled in the annals of the world; but with the unfortunate battle of Pultowa, with the Czar, began a series of reverses which ended in the total defeat of the Swedes. Charles escaped with difficulty from the field, and sought refuge in Turkey, where he was hospitably received and sheltered during the five years he remained an exile, while his enemies were conquering his best Swedish possessions in Germany and on the east of the Baltic. At last he managed to join his struggling forces, and reached his native land in December, 1715. His people rallied round him, and soon he was at the head of a new army, and besieging the fortress of Fredericshall, in Norway, where unfortunately he met his death on the 30th of November, 1718. He was leaning at night on a breastwork, watching the operation of the siege by moonlight, when he was shot in the temples, and instantly died. With him the male line of the Vasas expired, and with him, too, Sweden declined from her high position into that of a second-rate power. His death was supposed to have been premeditated by conspirators, his own sister being suspected to be in the plot, but it was never proven. Charles was a hero in the true sense of the word. He detested vice in every form, and his name is venerated by every true Swede. His great deficiency was a lack of Cautiousness, which is not well shown in our engraving. (In our "Self-Instructor" this lack is well indicated.) His ambition, unchecked by sufficient prudence during his warlike and almost reckless career, well-nigh reduced his country to ruin.

11.—ULRICA ELEONORA, the sister of Charles XII., was crowned in 1718, but after reigning two years resigned in favor of her husband, Frederic of Hesse Cassel. Her face is indicative of indecision, irresolution, and weakness. She died childless, after having suffered great humiliation for her supposed connection with the plot against her brother, Charles XII.

12.—FREDERIC I.

Frederic I. had an amiable disposition, but, like his wife, was too weak to govern his country firmly. Under his rule, the great polit-

ical struggle between the two factions of the "Hats," or French party, and the "Caps," or Russian party (the aristocracy and the people), prevailed and demoralized all ranks of society. He recovered Pomerania from Denmark in 1720, on the payment of 600,000 crowns, but the following year was forced to cede Livonia, Ingria, Esthonia, part of Kariela, Viborg, and the islands of Dago and Oesel to the Czar. He died in 1748.

13.—ADOLPHUS FREDERIC.

After the death of Charles XII., the last of the Vasas, Sweden up to this time was disunited by the weakness of its kings. Dissension and misrule were rampant. The Empress of Russia had great control over the Senate, and through her influence, Adolf Frederic, bishop of Lubeck, was made successor to the throne of Sweden. His reign was one of disaster; he was even more weak than his predecessor; his nobles made of him a mere puppet, and through French influences in the Senate he was compelled to take part in the seven years' war against Frederick the Great, of Prussia, whose sister he had married. After a turbulent reign of twenty years he died, Feb. 12, 1771, leaving his eldest son, Gustaf III., as his successor. The same marked indecision of character seems to cling to his facial expression of countenance as to his two predecessors. Still, he was haughty and proud.

14.—GUSTAVUS III.

Gustaf III., called the "Illustrious," son of Adolphus Frederic and Ulrica Louisa, Princess of Prussia, was born in Stockholm, January 24, 1746. Gifted with extraordinary talents, his intellect rapidly developed itself, but unfortunately outward elegance was more valued by him than either gentleness or goodness of heart. This, doubtless, was imbibed in the French court, where he lived on terms of great intimacy with Louis XVI. He was a great lover of the arts and sciences; his eloquence was very persuasive, but he was vain and fond of fashion; still, he was amiable and full of life; and when, on the death of his father, he hastened to Stockholm, he was hailed with joy by the people, and crowned in 1772. France and Russia were then at war, and Gustaf hoped to retrieve the character of Sweden. His first step was to destroy the faction of the "Hats" and "Caps," to reconcile the two great classes, the nobles and the people, and skillfully recover the lost absolute power of the crown. The first six years of his reign were devoted to the interests of the country; manufactures were established, and literature, poetry, and the fine arts cultivated. But Gustaf's love of display and desire to emulate the King of France in extravagance and magnificence led him into embarrassment, and created discontent among his nobles. He engaged in war with Russia, with Turkey, and Denmark, which lasted for three years, terminating in an honorable peace after the Swedish naval victory at Swenksand. On the breaking out of the French Revolution he attempted to assist the restoration of the Bourbons, and for that purpose applied to the Diet for funds; but they rejected his applica-

tions, and taking advantage of his general unpopularity, caused him to be assassinated while at a masked ball held in an opera-house which he had erected in Stockholm. He lived thirteen days after receiving the shot wound, and died March 29, 1792. His queen was Sophia Magdalena, Princess of Denmark. He was succeeded by his only son, Gustaf IV. He was a man of varied learning, and the author of several dramatic works and poems of considerable merit. He had by nature an erratic temperament, a combination of his mother's greatness and the weakness of his father. He was talented, but improper training and gay habits tended to demoralize him.

15.—GUSTAVUS IV. ADOLPHUS.

Gustaf IV. Adolf was born November 1, 1778, and was but fourteen years old when his father died; his uncle, the Duke of Sudermania, brother of Gustaf III., being appointed regent. Headstrong, impetuous, and stubborn, as his physiognomy shows him to have been; fitter subject to be governed than king to rule, he soon showed his incapacity to manage the affairs of Sweden. He was married to Princess Frederika of Baden, but was divorced from her soon afterward. Deep-set hatred of Napoleon appears to have been his policy. He involved his country in wars with France and with Russia, losing the possession of Finland. He had England for an ally, but quarreled with Sir John Moore when he arrived with troops, and who accordingly returned. Tyrannical; dreaded by his people; despised for his inability, he was dethroned by the nobles, and subsequently left Sweden and retired to an humble abode at St. Gall, in the Canton of Basel, where he lived as a private citizen, despised by all who knew him, an object of compassion, yet glorying in his privations and poverty. He died February 17, 1837.

16.—CHARLES XIII.

Carl XIII. was crowned King of Sweden June 20, 1809, immediately after the deposition of Gustaf IV. He was born October 7, 1748; received a naval education; made several cruises in his youth, and subsequently defeated the Russian naval fleet in the Gulf of Finland, for which service he was raised to the governorship. During his regency he preserved the kingdom internally and externally at peace, and united with the Danes for the protection of navigation on the northern seas. The early part of his reign was troubled by domestic and foreign intrigues to regulate the choice of an heir, he being childless, but was at last settled by the election of Marshal Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's most celebrated warriors, to the rank of Crown Prince, who was adopted by Carl XIII. as his son, under the name of Carl Johan. Carl XIII., already feeble and old, now deputed the management of affairs to Carl Johan, who guided Sweden with an unerring hand through the critical first years of the eighteenth century, and was successful in leading the army victoriously through Norway, which now became united to Sweden. Carl XIII. died February 5, 1818 beloved and re-

gretted. In comparison with his predecessor, Carl's face has much of dignity and manliness, while Gustaf's is that of comparative imbecility.

17.—CHARLES XIV. JOHN.

Carl XIV. Johan's life was an eventful one. Originally, Jean Baptiste Jules Bernadotte, born at Pau, the capital of Bearn, France, January 26, 1764, the son of a lawyer, designed for the bar, he entered the French army as a common soldier; became an ardent partisan in the Revolution; greatly distinguished himself in the wars of Napoleon, and soon attained the highest military rank; but Napoleon becoming jealous of him, caused him to resign his position and return to Paris; and when he was elected Crown Prince of Sweden, the only condition imposed on him was that of joining the Protestant church. His regency during Carl XIII.'s later years was a decided success; and when he was crowned King of Sweden and Norway in 1818, his foreign extraction was not looked upon unfavorably by the nobles of the land. The breach between him and Napoleon widened; their interests opposing, especially in regard to trade with England, which finally resulted in war, ending in the defeat of Oudinot at Grossberon, and Ney at Deunewitz, which victories Carl failed to follow up, showing great reluctance to join in the invasion of France. He died March 8, 1844, in his eightieth year. He married Desirée Clary, the daughter of a rich Marseillaise merchant, and sister-in-law of Bonaparte, and left his son Oscar to rule. During his reign Sweden prospered. Commerce, arts, and manufactures made rapid progress, and the moral and social condition of the people was greatly advanced. He won for himself the character of a wise and good king, and did much for the welfare of his adopted country.

18.—OSCAR I.

Oscar I. was born July 4, 1799, while his father was still in Paris, his name then being Joseph Francis Bernadotte, and after the election of his father as Crown Prince of Sweden, received the title of the Duke of Sudermania. In 1818, after a course of private instruction, he entered the university at Upsala, where his education was completed, the effect of which was seen in his remarkable proficiency in science, literature, and especially the fine arts. For a time, he gave himself up almost entirely to the study of music, and composed various pieces, including an opera, several marches, waltzes, etc., besides composing several songs and hymns which have been very popular in Sweden. He also imbued a thoroughly national feeling; and when he was admitted to a share in the administration, he made himself immensely popular by his anti-Russian policy—Russia at that time having gained an almost overwhelming influence by the policy of his father—and when on March 8, 1844, he ascended the throne, he was hailed with rapture by nearly all his subjects. Liberality and justice distinguished his reign; he introduced many tolerant measures, such as the removal of Jewish disabilities, freedom of manufactures, of schools and commerce. But all these changes were introduced with great caution and gentleness, and in most cases his prudence was crowned with the most gratifying success. When the Crimean war broke out, Oscar, in concert with the King of Denmark, issued a declaration of armed neutrality, but would doubtless have engaged in a war with Russia, had not the Paris treaty so rapidly succeeded. His attitude toward Russia added greatly to his popularity with the Swedes, and enhanced the character of his nation in the eyes of the world. The cares and anxieties of government soon led him, however, to seek

retirement, and on September 25, 1857, he resigned his authority into the hands of Carl, his eldest son, who took the title of regent. Oscar was married in 1823 to Josephine Beauharnais, the granddaughter of the Empress Josephine, and died at Stockholm July 8, 1859.

Oscar possessed a finely cultivated and expansive mind, and had large Ideality, Sublimity, and Caution, hence he was prudent in the exercise of his prerogative; fond of the ideal and the beautiful, music, literature, and the fine arts being his chief delights. He was somewhat fastidious perhaps, yet he was dignified, polished, and commanding in appearance and manner.

19.—CHARLES XV.

Carl XV., the eldest son of Oscar I., was born May 1, 1826, and succeeded his father as King of Sweden and Norway July 8, 1859, having for many years previously acted as regent during his father's illness; and is now the ruler of that country, and is said to be more highly esteemed than either of his ancestors, being "simply and plainly the idol of the people." In person he is a most manly figure, with dark complexion, dark hair and eyes, and a beard of glossy blackness. He is a kind and genial gentleman, whose resentments are not lasting, and whose friendships are sincere, firm, and unexacting. His manners are entirely democratic. He makes no ostentation of his royalty, but speaks with perfect freedom to all, requiring the like frankness from others. He is courteous and agreeable. In the palace it is said that he greets his friends with the ordinary salutations, "How are you, sir, to-day? I am glad to see you; take a chair here, and let us talk a little;" listens patiently to all applicants, and then answers promptly and fully without the slightest reservation. On the street he rides right on to his destination, but returns heartily all the civilities offered him by the citizens; if he wants anything, as he rides or walks, he will not always send a footman to procure it for him, but will frequently run into a store himself, examine the articles presented, and buy what he desires, like any other gentleman.

An American merchant gives the following account of a recent visit of the king to his store in Stockholm:

"It was only yesterday that the king came into my store with a single servant. He desired to look over my stock, but declined going behind the counters, when I requested him to do so, probably because he knew it was not the custom for merchants to allow such privileges to be taken with their establishments. But he inquired for everything he wanted; he examined everything himself, and twice stepped back from the counter to give room to ordinary people, who did not seem to know him. When examining the goods handed him, he asked a great many questions, and wished to know when such and such articles first came into use in America. He thus ran into quite a chat about the United States, eulogized the people, and hoped to see many more of them coming to do business within his dominions. The goods selected by him were packed in a basket; his Majesty took out his pocket-book and paid for them like any customer. He told the servant to take them to the palace, and in what room to leave them; then, lifting his hat to the merchant, according to the Swedish manner, he stepped into the street, and thence hastened along the pavement, as if he had a score of similar things to do before his business ramble should be finished."

The king generally spends the summer in a beautiful palace known as Ulriksdal, about seven miles from Stockholm, which is considered one of the finest places of the kind in Europe; here he may be often seen, when the burdens of government are thrown off, rambling among the grounds and park *incognito*,

taking great pleasure in conducting visitors around the palace and gardens, and surprising them, when about taking their departure after regretting "that they had not seen the king," by saying "I am the king," in a most condescending and good-natured style, leaving them bewildered and amazed.

Carl XV. has a well-balanced head, supported by an excellent physical constitution. Firmness and force of character are well marked, but much softened by large Benevolence, Human Nature, Mirthfulness, and Agreeableness. He has a finely developed intellect, and looks as he is, a courtly and gentlemanly king.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS.

In conclusion, we give a few statistics relative to Sweden and her standing at the present time. Her government is a hereditary and constitutional monarchy, the succession following in the male line, who must profess the Lutheran faith. The king is assisted in the administration by a council of ten, consisting of three privy councilors, and seven others who act as ministers of justice, war, the marine, finance, religion, foreign affairs, and internal affairs respectively. The Diet formerly was composed of four chambers of the four different estates, viz.: nobles, clergy, burghers, and peasants or yeomen, which met once in three years in separate halls, sitting for three or four months. The king had the power of vetoing all acts of the chambers, which, in turn, controlled the supreme courts of justice, regulated the liberty of the press, supervised the national banks, and the administration of the public debt, and of the treasury. This, however, in May, 1866, was modified. The legislative system has been made to approximate nearly to that of Great Britain, the four chambers being amalgamated into a parliament as of lords and commons, with more definite and distinct features.

The Lutheran church is predominant in Sweden; although all sects are tolerated, none but Lutherans can hold any office of the state. Education is almost universally diffused among the people, not only by the agency of the regular national schools, which are well organized, but to a great extent in consequence of the national habit which prevails among the peasant and agricultural classes, of parents employing themselves, in the long winter nights, in teaching their children. The universities at Upsala and Lund give instruction to the higher classes, besides numerous military, polytechnic, agricultural, and other special schools in Stockholm and Gottenborg.

Sweden keeps nominally an army of 130,000 men, but these consist principally of cantoned or quartered soldiers, being much like our militia system. Every Swede between the age of twenty and twenty-five years is also bound to serve in the *betaring*, or national guard. In addition to these, there are companies of volunteer free-shooters, who are commanded by officers appointed by the crown. Her fleet consisted in 1864 of 171 vessels of war, including 24 steamers and 28 sailing vessels of war, carrying, in all, 989 cannons and 9,620 men. In time of war, a coasting merchant fleet of 3,200 vessels can be called into requisition, together with a reserve of 25,000 men.

Next to commerce, wood-cutting and mining constitute the most important branches of national industry, the finest quality of iron being procured there, which is usually shipped to England or the United States—in the procurement of which about 10,000 men are engaged. Ship-building is also an extensive branch of local industry. Sweden is now considered the fourth maritime power of the world, coming after Great Britain, the United States, and France. The estimated area of Sweden is 170,129 square miles, containing a population of 4,000,000 inhabitants.

PHRENOLOGICAL THEORY OF MAN'S ORGANIZATION.

(CONTINUED.)

MENTAL PHENOMENA EXPLAINED.

CARPENTER repudiates Phrenology and says, "It appears to the author, however, to be a fundamental error to suppose that the entire intellect can be split up into a certain number of faculties; for each faculty that is distinguished by the psychologist expresses nothing else than a *mode of activity* in which the whole power of the mind may be engaged at once—just as the whole power of the locomotive engine may be employed in carrying it forwards or backwards, according to the direction given to its action. And if this be true, it must be equally erroneous to attempt to parcel out the cerebrum into distinct 'organs' for these respective faculties; the whole of it (so far as we can form a judgment) being called into operation in every kind of intellectual process which occupies the attention at the time." (P. 589, § 639.)

PRINCIPLES OF HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY.

We have affirmed that old-school expositions are frequently contradictory in themselves; now let us turn to p. 587, and we find the following: "We seem justified in proceeding further, and in affirming that the cerebrum may act upon impressions transmitted to it, and may elaborate results such as we might have attained by the purposive direction of our minds to the subject, *without any consciousness* on our own parts. * * * One of the simplest instances of it is to be found in a curious phenomenon which, though most men are occasionally conscious of it, has been scarcely recognized by metaphysical inquirers, namely, that when we have been trying to recollect some name, phrase, occurrence, etc., and after vainly employing all the expedients we can think of for bringing the desiderated idea to our minds, have abandoned the attempt as useless, it will often occur spontaneously a little while afterwards, suddenly flashing (as it were) before the consciousness; and this, although the mind has been engrossed in the mean time by some entirely different subject of contemplation, and can not detect any link of association whereby the result has been obtained, notwithstanding that the whole train of thought which has passed through the mind in the interval may be most distinctly remembered. Now it is difficult, if not impossible, to account for this fact upon any other supposition than that a certain train of action has been set going in the cerebrum by the voluntary exertion which we at first made; and that this train continues in movement after our attention has been fixed upon some other object of thought, so that it goes on to the evolution of its result, not only without any continued exertion on our parts, but also without our consciousness of any continued activity." Now if each faculty, distinguished by the psychologist, expresses nothing more than "a mode of activity" in which the whole power of mind may be engaged at once—the whole of it, so far as we

can form a judgment, being called into operation in every kind of intellectual process which occupies the attention at the time, how in the name of reason, when "*the whole power of the mind* has been engrossed in the mean time by some entirely different subject of contemplation," can there be any possibility for "a certain train of action to be set going in the cerebrum which will go on to the evolution of results without our consciousness of any continued activity?" In other words, he makes an Irish bull by affirming that while the *whole power* of the mind has been "engrossed by a different subject," a *part* has been engaged in carrying on "a certain train of action in the cerebrum which goes on to the evolution of results," and finally flashes the "desiderated idea" in the mind.

According to phrenological exposition, there is no difficulty about the subject; while the other faculties were engrossed about other subjects, the faculty to which the "desiderated idea" properly belonged, was busily engaged in examining everything preserved in its own storehouse of memory, and as soon as the "desiderated idea" was found, it was announced by that "flashing" of it into the mind. Say, for instance, we are trying to remember *where* we saw a certain individual, but can not, and having given it up, turn our attention to something else; the faculty of Locality will examine all the tablets in its storehouse of memory, and the very moment the picture of the exact spot is arrived at, the fact is "flashed" into the mind at once, though our other faculties may have been engrossed on other subjects. Or we may have forgotten the words of a passage, and while engaged at some other subject, the faculty of Language will search out the "desiderated idea," and when arrived at, will flash it into the mind at once, and so on with the other faculties.

The phrenological exposition is consistent throughout, and harmonizes most admirably with the facts of the case, while Carpenter, in his expositions, contradicts himself, betrays the weakness of the old-school metaphysics, and furnishes an argument in favor of the phrenological exposition.

Carpenter, when treating of awakening from sleep, also furnishes an excellent argument in favor of Phrenology, and also, as usual with the metaphysicians, contradicts himself. He says, "It is not requisite, however, that the sound should be one habitually attended to during the hours of watchfulness; for it is sufficient if it be one on which the *attention has been fixed* as that at which the slumberer is to arouse himself. * * * To this influence of previous impressions, whether habitual or but once forcibly made, we are also to refer the spontaneous termination of the state of sleep at particular times, without any sensorial excitement from external impressions. Thus many persons who are accustomed to rise at a particular hour, wake regularly at that hour, whether they have gone to rest early or late; so that the act of spontaneously awakening is no proof that the desirable amount of repose

has been obtained. But what is more remarkable, is that many individuals have the power of determining, at the time of going to rest, the hour at which they shall rise, so as to wake from a profound sleep at the precise time fixed upon. In this, however, the desire to arise at a particular hour only induces a state of restlessness throughout the night, destroying the soundness of the slumbers; the individual awakes many times in the night, with the belief that the hour is past, and very possibly oversleeps it after all, the system being worn out by need of repose." (Human Phys., p. 614.)

The last two sentences mention two facts, for the exposition of which the old metaphysical system is entirely inadequate, and Carpenter has to content himself with the simple statement that one of them at least is "*remarkable*," he has stepped forward to enlighten us, and especially in relation to the "remarkable" points in human physiology, and we presume he would have given us an exposition if his system of mental science would have enabled him to do it.

The phrenological system, however, gives a clear, rational exposition, harmonizing admirably with the facts of the case; the first class of individuals who can rise at any hour they may decide upon, have the organ of Time largely developed, and when they fall asleep, they are under no anxiety about the hour, knowing that they ~~can~~ will wake at the appointed hour, and they can sleep soundly. The second class of persons who can not wake at an appointed hour, have the organ quite small, and they have to rely upon their faculty of Cautiousness, and the consequence is, their Cautiousness being confined to its own peculiar function of warning, and knowing nothing of the lapse of time, keeps jogging them every half hour, hence, frequently they are so worn out, they oversleep themselves.

This is a beautiful and rational exposition of facts, harmonious within itself and with the facts, while the old-school metaphysician is "headed," and has to content himself with the exclamation "remarkable!"

Carpenter, while treating of the subject of awakening from sleep, says, "To this influence of *previous impressions*, whether habitual or but once forcibly made, we are also to refer the spontaneous termination of sleep at particular times, without any sensorial excitement from external impressions;" and then follows on with a statement of a "remarkable" fact which contradicts his exposition. "In others, however, the desire to arise at a particular hour only induces a state of restlessness throughout the night, destroying the soundness of the slumbers; the individual awakes many times during the night with the belief that the hour is past, and very possibly oversleeps it after all, the system being worn out by the need of repose." The supposition that the awakening at a particular hour without any "sensorial excitement from external impressions" depends upon "previous impressions," whether habitual or but once forcibly made, covers the

case of those who have the organ of Time very large, and in the absence of any better might be set down as plausible. But then, as usual with the metaphysicians, Carpenter contradicts himself by stating that there are others in whom that "previous impression" is perfectly worthless so far as enabling the individual to arise at an appointed hour is concerned, for those in whom the organ of Time is small, may have a very strong impression made upon them, so much, perhaps, as to be certain to lose money or "lose the connection," by their failure to awake, and yet they can not awake at an appointed hour, and their sleep is broken because their faculty of Cautiousness can not know anything of the lapse of time, and warns them so frequently that they are restless and oftentimes oversleep themselves. Neither can the metaphysicians explain the play of the faculty of Time while the individual is awake. While practicing in Kentucky, we directed a negro woman to give her child medicine every hour; at the expiration of the first hour we stepped into the cabin and found her with the child in her lap, just putting the spoon to its mouth; upon looking at my watch, it wanted but half a minute to the exact completion of the hour; the second and third hours passed with not more than a minute's variation. Supposing she had seen me approaching the cabin, and had thus ascertained the time (my watch being the only time-piece running on the place), about twenty minutes before the expiration of the fourth hour we walked off into the woods and approached the cabin, keeping a stable between us, so that she could not see us until we stepped into the door, and when we did so, we found the medicine already mixed, and she was in the act of taking up her child, and as in the previous administrations, with not more than a minute's variation. Now if, as Carpenter affirms, it is a "fundamental error to suppose that the entire intellect can be split up into a certain number of faculties—for each faculty that is distinguished by the psychologist expresses nothing else than a *mode of activity* in which the whole power of the mind may be engaged at once, just as the whole power of the locomotive steam-engine may be employed in carrying it forward or backward, according to the direction given to its action"—then, when the metaphysician is asked why can not another individual of superior abilities so engage "the whole power of his mind" that he also can readily tell the hour without a watch? all that he can say in reply is the ever ready answer, "a gift of nature," or he can take a pinch of snuff and exclaim "remarkable;" beyond that he can not go.

The phrenological exposition that the mind is split up into so many faculties, each of which has its own peculiar functions to perform, and that the peculiarities of individual character depend in a great measure on the varied developments of those faculties, is a clear, rational exposition, throwing great light on the subject, and admirably harmonizing with the facts of the case. The metaphysicians prefer maintaining that it is "a fundamental error to sup-

pose that the entire intellect can be split up into a certain number of faculties," and prefer that facts should not be explained at all, to their being explained by the aid of Phrenology.

We recollect having read a story of an old Saxon king who kicked over the bowl of water from which he was about to be sprinkled by a Catholic priest, and said he would prefer going to the infernal regions with his old friends and companions, to going to heaven with his new friends who had unfolded to him a new way; so the old metaphysicians prefer to grope their way in darkness with their old friends and teachers, to leaving them for new phrenological friends who would unfold to them a better way. We much admire their devotion to friends, but certainly can not commend the discretion of either the king or the metaphysicians.

Thus we find numberless peculiarities of character, as many peculiarities of memory, and likewise many of insanity, all of which are inexplicable by the metaphysicians of the old school, while they are all readily explicable by the phrenological system of mental science, and no good reason can be possibly assigned why we should still continue to receive the hypotheses and chimeras of the old metaphysicians.

Man, or, as Paul more appropriately expresses it, "the spirit of man that is in him," has the power of volition or will: the old metaphysicians have ignored the possessor of the attribute, and have personified the attribute itself under the title of WILL, and have spoken of it as the spirit itself ought to be spoken of, i. e., as the responsible entity, and have promulgated a vast number of crudities concerning the WILL in consequence of their confounding the attribute with the possessor of the attribute. The play of the faculty of Firmness in enabling a man to stand firm to his determinations was entirely beyond the reach of their philosophy, and instead of making the faculty of Firmness an attribute of the spirit of man, as it really is, they make it an attribute of their personified attribute, the WILL, and from the misconception many errors have originated. The play of the faculty of Concentrativeness in enabling a man to "fix his attention" on any desired subject was not clearly developed in their philosophy, and not knowing what better disposal to make of it, they suppose it to be a purely automatic operation, to be put in the same category with the secretion of bile, etc.

Sometimes the will is properly spoken of merely as an attribute, but most frequently it is as before mentioned, personified, printed in capitals, and spoken of as the responsible entity in man, and from this, with their confused ideas of the faculties of Firmness and Concentrativeness, many confused and verbose expositions have originated, which serve as a setting of black to the diamond light of Phrenology. On p. 543, § 588, Carpenter personifies the "WILL," and speaks of it as a responsible, controlling entity as follows: "On the other hand, in the control and direction which the WILL has the power of exerting over the course of the thoughts, we have the evidence of a new

and independent power which is entirely opposed in its very nature to all the automatic tendencies, and which, according as it is habitually exerted, tends to render the individual a *free agent*."

As the will, properly speaking, is nothing more than the power to determine, control, or direct, and is not the responsible entity, let us substitute for the word WILL its meaning, and we shall have the following sentence: "On the other hand, in the control and direction which the power to control and direct has the power of exerting over the course of the thoughts, we have the evidence of a new and independent power which is entirely opposed in its very nature to all the automatic tendencies, and which, according as it is habitually exerted, tends to render the individual a *free agent*," which is quite an absurd sentence.

Now let us make another change, and instead of a personified attribute of the spirit of man, insert the spirit *in propria persona*, and we shall read as follows: "On the other hand, in the control and direction which the spirit of man has the power of exerting over the course of the thoughts, we have the evidence of a new and independent power which is entirely opposed in its very nature to all the automatic tendencies, and which, as it is habitually exerted, tends to render the individual a *free agent*," and we shall leave it to the judgment of every reader to decide which is the most sensible sentence.

Again, on page 637, we have the following phrase: * * "and the determining power of the WILL in producing volitional movements is exercised through the same channel." Let us change the sentence, and insert the meaning for the word WILL, and we have the following sentence: "And the determining power of the power to determine in producing volitional movements is exercised through the same channel:" quite an absurdity. Now let us strike out the personified attribute, and insert the term spirit, as follows: "And the determining power of the spirit of man in producing volitional movements is exercised through the same channel"—a very decided improvement on the metaphysical phraseology.

Again, on page 601, we have the following: "The importance of the directing power of the WILL may be best appreciated." Let us change as before, and we read: "The importance of the directing power of the power to direct"—just as absurd as any of the other sentences; but if we insert the proper word, spirit, we shall have, "The importance of the directing power of the spirit of man may be best appreciated," etc. Supposing the confusion of thought arising from confounding the personified attribute of the spirit of man with the spirit itself is sufficiently demonstrated by the above sentences, we shall quote no more, though we could readily fill a volume with such phrases by examining other authors. An article, entitled "Man Tripartite," published in the JOURNAL not long since, very clearly showed, at some length, the distinction we have here drawn.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARK LEMON, EDITOR OF PUNCH.

THE fame of *Punch*, or the *London Charivari*, is almost co-extensive with the English language. Who has not read its witticisms? And we in America may inquire, Who has not felt the sting of its sarcasm? But we now have its "bell-wether" under our hands, and "Revenge, oh, how sweet!" for the course he has taken in regard to America and Americans. We owe him nothing.

Mr. Lemon is eminently "a jolly good fellow," and is a fair representative of that class of Englishmen who are fond of good living, who count eating and drinking among the fine arts, who go into ecstasies over roast beef and plum-pudding, with plenty of ale to wash them down, and puff fragrant cigars as an after-dinner solace.

Mr. Lemon has a broad head, heavy at the base; a stomach equal to any task; and a brain large enough for the ordinary purposes of obtaining the means of supplying the bodily wants, and to make fun for pay. We should never approach a man of such a temperament on a mission of reform or charity. His motto would be, "Take care of yourself;" and his plans would all have reference to the present life. It is just possible that he may have some slight psychological intimations as to a future, but he would be entirely satisfied could he remain here always. There is so much of the animal and so little of the spiritual, that the inclinations would be all in one direction. He would not be likely to quarrel with himself, or debate a question where physical enjoyment, as against his moral sense, was concerned.

He possesses Self-Esteem sufficient to give him a happy consciousness of his own importance; a very comfortable degree of assurance which would make him feel everywhere perfectly at home. If you think well of him, all right; if you think ill of him, it is a matter of not the slightest possible consequence to him.

Intellectually, the perceptive faculties predominate. He is a good looker, has a practical cast of mind which enables him to acquire knowledge easily, and to communicate to others all he knows in a somewhat magnified form. A story would lose nothing in passing through his mill, but rather gain something.

Were it not for the surplus beef on his bones, he might have been a good speaker. But his throat is too small, and it is a task for him to speak. High living and a somewhat indolent life will tend to make him still more corpulent; and his danger lies in the direction of apoplexy and gout. We should prescribe moderate diet and more hard work. If he would turn a grindstone a few hours per day, or wheel a barrow, climb a ladder with brick and mortar, or engage in other laborious and useful labor, it would tend to reduce the surplus adipose and bring him into trim.

His sympathies are entirely with John Bull; and our "Bowery Boy" would call him a "bully bhoys." Of course he claims to be a gentleman, and no doubt observes the rules of etiquette in his country. But he has alto-



MARK LEMON, EDITOR OF THE LONDON PUNCH.

gether too good an opinion of himself to care "shucks" for the opinions of others. His motto would be, "Success to the strong," and "Hurrah for our side!" There would be little compunction for the sins of omission or commission; little sympathy for the vanquished. Let us come back to the temperament. According to the old nomenclature, that is chiefly Lymphatic and Bilious, with a touch of the Sanguine, and less of the Nervous. In the modern nomenclature it is the Vital and Motive combined. The mental is less distinctly marked. The sensuous tendencies predominate. There is nothing specially original indicated in this organization, but it is such a one as would make itself available on all ordinary occasions. He is more imitative than original; more perceptive than reflective; more showy than profound.

Let us look at the features. The nose is more Greek than Roman. The features generally are somewhat Jewish in expression; the eyes dark and deep set; more piercing than inviting; the mouth ample and the chin large, corresponding with the heavy cerebellum. His Self-Esteem, Firmness, Approbativeness, Combaticiveness, Destructiveness, Alimentiveness, Secretiveness, Acquisitiveness, and Amativeness are all large. So is Individuality, Eventuality, Comparison, Constructiveness, Human Nature, and Imitation; and he is what would pass in America for a smart man—capable of running a hotel or a first-class eating-house. His epitaph should be—

He lived for his body and the senses, and received such reward as they could give; he had a sharp eye and a sharper pen for the follies, frailties, and sins of others, and a jocund leniency toward his own.

BIOGRAPHY.

Mark Lemon, the well-known editor-in-chief of the *London Punch*, a prolific dramatic writer and lecturer, was born in London in the year 1809, and received his education at a grammar-school in Cheam, Surrey. He early evinced an aptitude for dramatic writing; and he devoted himself entirely to the rapid construction of a series of pieces, most of which were successful at the time of their production, and many of which are still acted. He has produced, either singly or in partnership with others, upward of sixty plays, farces, melodramas, and other species of dramatic composition. Of these, the best known and most popular is probably "The Serious Family." He has also written considerably for the periodical literature of the day, and

some of his contributions have been republished under the title of "Prose and Verse," which obtained great reputation in England. Mr. Lemon's connection with *Punch* began in 1841, when he became its joint editor and a regular contributor; and two years later he was appointed sole editor, a position which he has continued to fill down to the present time. In this capacity he has displayed a tact and an abundance of resource which has materially aided in sustaining the reputation of that journal.

The mode of conducting *Punch* is somewhat singular. The selection of "matter" does not rest entirely with the editor, although his decision is always final. Almost from the foundation of that paper it has been the habit of the contributors to dine together every Wednesday. This is called the Weekly Dinner, and is usually held in the business offices of the proprietors. During the summer months, it is customary to have ten or twelve of these dinners in the neighborhood of London, at Greenwich, Richmond, Blackwall, or elsewhere, and once a year they attend the annual dinner of the firm, at which composers, readers, printers, machinemen, clerks, etc., dine. This dinner is called the "Way Goose," and is often referred to in *Punch*. At the weekly dinner the contents of the forthcoming number of *Punch* are discussed. When the cloth is removed and dessert is laid on the table, the first question put by the editor is, "What shall the Cartoon be?" During the lifetimes of Jerrold and Thackeray, the after-dinner discussions ran very high, owing to the constitutional antipathy existing between these two; but Jerrold being the oldest, as well as the noisiest, generally came off victorious. In

these discussions it required all the suavity of Mr. Lemon to calm the storm. His award, however, was always final.

The third edition of Wednesday's *Sun* is generally brought in to give the latest intelligence, so as to bring the cartoon down to the latest date. On the Thursday morning following, the editor calls at the house of the artists to see what is being done. On Friday night all "copy" is delivered and put into type, and at two o'clock on Saturday proofs are revised the forms made up, and with the last movement of the engine the whole of the type is placed under the press, which can not be moved until the Monday morning, when the steam is again up. This precaution is taken to prevent waggish tricks on the part of practical-joking compositors.

As an illustration of the benefit arising from these meetings, we may mention that Jerrold used to say: "It is no use any of us quarreling, because next Wednesday must come round with its dinner, when we will all have to shake hands again." By means of these meetings the discussions arising in all questions helped both caricaturist and wit to take a broad view of things, as well as to enable the editor to get his team to draw well together and give a uniformity of tone to all the contributions.

We have somewhat digressed in our biographical sketch of Mr. Lemon, but the *modus operandi* of *Punch* really gives more insight into his position, standing, and character than anything else that can be said of him. As the editor of *Punch*, Mr. Lemon has been eminently successful. He possesses considerable ability as an actor, and has frequently participated in dramatic performances. A few years ago he appeared before the London public as a lecturer, where he met with a most hearty welcome. In appearance, Mr. Lemon is of middle size, and inclined to corpulency. His hair is dark, almost black, and curly, now, however, tinged with gray. His lectures consist chiefly of selections from his contributions to *Punch*. His witticisms are not so patent as those of Jerrold or Hood; he does not aim so much at the follies of society as base his witticisms upon the play of words. He is a select rather than a popular lecturer.

A SONNET.

BY NATHAN UPHAM.

TELL me, ye messengers of light,
That dwell within the magic dome,
And pour your silvery radiance down
On many a happy home,
What is this pure and calm delight,
That warms the cot and gilds the crown,
And seems an effluence from above?
Oh, tell me what is love?
With joy the deep cerulean rang,
As stars, in happy concord, sang—
Attuned in love—
"The mystic gem, that glows a shrine
In many a heart, is love divine;
For 'God is love!'"

Religious Department.

CHARITY.

"Let us look into our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love toward erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives;
So that when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We can say, 'Dear Father, judge us
As we judged our fellow-men!'"

Who, after a calm, honest, earnest searching of his own heart, after noting its weakness, waywardness, and sin, its burdens, temptations, and sorrows, pausing for a moment to think that every other heart is burdened, tempted, and wounded, too, and merits the same consideration in his judgment that he holds due to himself, will not see the great necessity of a command written in that Book which should be the guide of every life—"Follow after charity." And who, after such self-examination, will not be ready to confess that it is easier to see the mote in his brother's eye, than the beam in his own eye?

There are certain kinds of applications of sermons, not made by the preachers, to which it is often amusing to listen. They are something like these: "I wonder what Mr. A. thought of that?" "Mr. B. looked as though the coat fitted him." "That hit Mr. C. pretty close!" "It does seem as though that sermon was preached on purpose for Mr. D.," and so on Mr. E. and F. and G. and H. and all the rest except Mr. I. have their allotment. Mr. I is never hit.

But there is a sermon, containing only a few words, too plain to be misunderstood, which was meant for every human heart, because prone to sin, falling from the lips of Him whose name and life were love, in behalf of a poor criminal, trembling with her guilt, surrounded by her persecutors, ready at a bidding word to take her life—"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her!" Every hand was arrested, every heart self-condemned, and they went out one by one, till the woman was left alone with Jesus. The command was not, "Let him that is without the same sin," else the brutal law might have been fulfilled; but it was clear, positive, searching, "Let him that is without sin among you."

Could a human heart be perfectly pure, it would not even then have the right to condemn another human heart, unless with its purity it had the All-seeing eye to know every circumstance of life, every motive and passion, every temptation and trial, every sorrow and its cause. Only the All-just, the All-merciful, the All-pitiful can see into the depths of a tried, suffering, sinning soul. He alone knows what thorns the tired feet have had to press, what pangs the aching heart has had to bear. He alone can see the "grape in the flower, can hear the life-blood dripping in the merriest, maddest hour." There is not a heart beating to-night, this side of childhood, but has experienced pangs of anguish and disappointment, blighting of hopes and stings of despair;

not a heart but has had pure motives and aspirations, unknown to any but to Him who knoweth all things; and unless these can be weighed in the balance, there can be no just judgment of actions.

"If we knew the cares and crosses
Crowding round our neighbor's way,
If we knew the little losses
Sorely grievous day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
For his lack of thrift and gain,
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on our lives a stain?
If we knew the silent story
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would our womanhood dare doom it
Back to haunts of guilt again?
Life hath many a tangled crossing,
Joy hath many a break of woe,
And the cheek's tear washed are whitest—
This the blessed angels know."

"Charity never faileth," and the man who truly loves his brother, thus proving love for his God, will never strive to raise himself by ruining him. He who tempts another downward in the dark, for the purpose of crushing him more effectually in the daylight, so that on his ruins he can exalt himself, has but little of the charity that never faileth, and stands not upon a sure foundation. "With what measure we mete, it shall be measured unto us again."

"Charity suffereth long and is kind." If a brother trespass against her, she goes and tells him of his guilt, between him and her alone, and does not proclaim it from the house-tops. If a man be overtaken in a fault, she restores such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering herself lest she also be tempted. She asks the wanderer, not "whether he has a name, but whether he has a sorrow;" not whether he has riches, but whether he has a burdened heart; not whether he has a home, but whether he is weary; not whether he has friends, but whether he is hungry and thirsty; not whether he has sinned, but whether he has a yearning in his soul for something better and holier than he has ever known.

Every society has its galley slaves, but few have their bishops. Misfortune and poverty are the yellow passports that have sent many to worse than the galleys, and no good bishop in all the dreary way to say "my brother" or "my sister."

There are too many devoted followers of the self-righteous "Mistress Glenare," the chief object of whose life it is "to expose in poor sinners the faults and bad traits which she fears that the Lord may not happen to see." She passes coldly by the fallen one, with holy fear, lest by a touch of the hand, a word, or a look she may pollute herself, or show that she countenances sin, when it may be that the look of sympathy, the word of love are the very things for which the hungry soul is reaching out and crying to save it from deeper ruin.

She fears to give a word of honest, well-earned praise to the heart, worn, weary, and discouraged in its work, lest she may possibly make some one think that he is a little smarter than he really is, when perhaps this encouraging word is the only thing that can save the

despondent heart from utter despair. If she ventures a word with the sinner at all, it is not to point the sick soul to the Great Physician, or the care-burdened heart to Him who carcth for it; but it is, in her own words, to give him a "sound talking to," after which she thinks her duty done, and washes her hands forever of all obligation.

Charity does not strive to make wrong appear right, does not excuse sin, nor lessen justice; but with gentle hand she *does* pour balm into the wounded heart, lifts up the fallen, strengthens the tempted and the weak, gives joy to the sorrowing, hope to the despairing, courage to the faint, thus removing the *cause* of much sin, for which, alas, those who most loudly condemn are too often guilty.

The man or woman who holds a young soul in the iron grasp of tyranny, depriving it of the light and warmth and love and sympathy which must be its food and drink and very life, till, goaded to madness with its fetters, it bursts them and plunges out into the darkness alone, only to be bewildered, only to faint and to fall, such a man or woman, though never stained by a touch of the hand, or even a brush of the garments, will some time be roused to the memory of a very sad mistake, if not to that of a bitter crime.

The man who turns away from the pleadings of a young heart, for something that the slender hands can do to earn the daily bread, who afterward refuses from his abundance a crust of bread to the same little pleader because he does not like to harbor beggars, and who, a little later, as an officer of justice (*abused* word), sends the boy to prison for stealing, bears a far greater stain of guilt upon his soul than the little criminal whom he condemns; and yet it may be that God, who knows all the circumstances which surround each human heart, is looking with pity and compassion upon even this cold, hardened one.

We know that while our own souls are in closest communion with the Great Spirit, while our feet are walking most humbly and obediently in the path of duty, we have even then reason to cry, "God be merciful to us, sinners." Then let us, while we commend ourselves to His love and mercy, forget not the love and mercy that we owe to others.

The purest motives of the heart may be misunderstood by men, but to Him who frameth it, all is known.

Comfort, comfort, sweet and holy,
In this precious thought is found,
Courage for the fainting spirit,
Healing for each sore heart-wound.

There are motives back of actions
Which the world may fail to read;
But the Judge of earth and heaven
Sees the thought more than the deed—

Sees each silent inward struggle,
Hears the soul's most feeble cry,
Knows each trying, strong temptation,
In the conflict waiteth nigh;

Every hidden pang of sorrow,
Every wound from envy's dart,
Every sting of slighted friendship,
Every bitter, cruel smart.

Scorn and pride know how to waken,
And the poor know how to feel;
All is seen of God our Father,
And He has the power to heal.

Every earnest, true endeavor,
Though by men misunderstood,
Gains from him a quick approval,
And by Him is counted "good."

Truth to self, to man, to heaven,
Often brings the scourging rod;
Inward peace costs outward conflict—
Scorn of men earns praise of God.

HOPE ARLINGTON.

Our Social Relations.

Oh, happy they—the happiest of their kind—
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their for ones, and their beings blend.—*Thomson.*

ROSALINE.

BY MAURICE BINGHAM.

WHILE musing oft in solitude,
O'er life's past sunny hours,
When free from care we wandered forth
To cull the simplest flowers,
As fertile mem'ry paints the scene,
Again I'm with thee—Rosaline.

In happy days from present bliss
We drew a future bright,
But Time hath drawn aside the veil
That erst bedimm'd our sight.
Yet in thy gentle breast, I ween,
Dwells sympathy—sweet Rosaline.

Then what though stern, unyielding fate
Decreed that we should part,
Let hope and faith in One above
Still cheer thy weary heart.
The journey through life's closing scene
Shall reunite us—Rosaline.

THE THEORY OF SHOPPING. (INTENDED FOR WOMEN TO READ.)

BY MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

Is there not some kindly mathematician who would undertake to compute the number of hours, days, we may even say months, that the women of America spend in stores, looking at bright-colored fabrics, discussing the comparative merits of silk and grenadine, and trying to make their purses stretch out to an indefinite extent? Of course nobody would believe his estimate, until its not-to-be-contradicted facts were placed in solid columns of figures before the very eyes of the incredulous! Nobody has any idea how much time she spends in shopping—nobody has ever paused to think whether it was a good investment of the precious moments. Our women don't systematize much.

Men have their billiard saloons, their reading rooms, their political meetings. Women "shop!" Men throw out their wide-spreading nets of trade, commerce, and speculation to draw in the golden weight of dollars. Women industriously go forth with *their* appropriation of the harvest to scatter it abroad again as fast as possible. Money should be kept in circulation, says the political economist, and no one is better calculated to carry out this theory than a tolerably enterprising woman.

We would not for an instant have it understood that we depreciate the practice in itself. By no means. Shopping is an institution! If it is a standing joke among mankind, then so much less brains have mankind. Do flannel drawers, hosiery, and new shirts spring up like mushrooms by the domestic hearthstone, we should respectfully like to know? What would become of the men, poor, helpless beings that

they are, if the women left off shopping? Sometimes we have known solitary and melancholy instances of men's going shopping, but they invariably returned depressed, victimized, and reduced to their own proper level. Such men usually regard their wives and sisters with marvelous respect and appreciation for a few days, until the keen edge of the thing is worn off!

Therefore don't let us hear a word against shopping, unless the cavalier is prepared to take up the gauntlet in good earnest, and fight the question through à l'outrance! Either it is right or it is wrong, and *we* say it is right!

Right, we mean, to "put money in our purse" and go out *really* intending to buy something that we *really* need. That is our idea of the correct theory of shopping. As the cast-off-clothes dealers say in their advertisements, "All others are humbugs!"

But, ladies, beware how you allow yourselves to be tempted into going shopping, unless you are actually obliged. If the day happens to be beguilingly fine, let it beguile. If you need exercise, go out and take a brisk walk round the block. If a sister woman comes and invites you to go with her, answer her (only in a more courteous form of words), "Get thee behind me, Satan!" Don't be over-persuaded. A woman who gets adrift on Broadway, without a clear and definite idea of what she wants to buy, is like a ship without a compass. If she gets wrecked, financially speaking, whom has she to blame but herself?

And when you sally forth to purchase dry goods for the work room, or crockery for the kitchen, or toys for the nursery, don't dress as if you intended to call on the Empress of Russia or shine at a morning reception in Fifth Avenue. Turn the key on your best silk and cashmere shawl. Lock up your diamonds, if you happen to have any. Dress like a lady, but not like a Sandwich islander who imagines the more wampum she can pile on, the more charming her toilet becomes. A dark dress, an unobtrusive shawl, a pair of nice kid gloves, and feet, as the French say, *bien chaussée*, signify the lady, in these days, much more than gaudy colors or expensive accessories.

Don't take a man with you! If you have a husband, it were better that a millstone should be tied around his neck than that he should accompany you, swinging your bag, and treading ruthlessly on your skirts, and asking in loud whispers "if you aren't almost ready to go," and "why the mischief you don't buy that plaid stuff, and done with it?" and "if this sort of thing isn't about played out?" A man on a shopping excursion always seems to have left eyes, ears, and common sense at home. If one article is ten cents a yard cheaper than another article, he loses sight of all inferiority of quality, all inappropriateness of material, and urges you with irritating whispers and maddening nudges to "buy it!" If the clerk tells you black is white, and grass-green scarlet, he blindly believes the clerk, and "thinks you must be mis-

taken, my dear, because isn't it the man's business to know about such things?"

Moreover, while you are calculating the number of yards and half yards required, in all the fervor of mathematical absorption, he is certain to break in upon your reverie with, "Just look at that girl by the door, isn't she a clipper?" or, "I should really like to know, my dear child, how much longer you intend to keep a man waiting in this hot hole!" Then he is sure to whistle ominously when the sum total is reckoned up, and deny that he meant anything when you turn upon him; "Can't a fellow whistle without being called to account for it? He thought this was a free country, since the Emancipation Proclamation!"

Do not forget that the people behind the counter are human, not mere automats, placed there for your convenience. Speak to them with an intonation of courtesy in your voice, avoid the imperative accent of command that is sometimes, almost unconsciously, assumed. A little kindness or consideration goes a great way with these overworked, worn-out machines, and it costs you nothing. Of all this world's rates of exchange, nothing is cheaper than a courteous manner and a pleasant word! Pity 'tis, people do not deal in them more!

If clerks are bold and obtrusive, trying to talk you into foolish purchases, and obviously speaking falsely for the benefit of their business, you are justified in a manner which will repel. But, on the other hand, a quiet, respectful clerk who shows you all that you desire to see, and then stands by without a word while you make your own selection, deserves some degree of credit!

But we do not blame a clerk, nor any one else, for losing all respect for the females—she hardly deserves the name of *woman*—who comes into a store as the Alabama cruised into Federal ports, and when she is told such and such a ribbon is a dollar a yard, exclaims, promptly, "I'll give you seventy-five cents a yard for it!" Cheapening is her greatest pleasure—haggling her forte. She wants the shopman to "throw in" a paper of needles because she has bought a paper of pins; she parleys an hour, and then perhaps buys half a yard of lining cambric, perhaps nothing at all, telling the wearied-out clerks "she will call again!"

Not much better than this feminine freebooter is the young lady who comes languidly in, tumbles silks and baréges about, looks at this, and inquires for that, and has no more idea of buying anything than she has of contracting for the Pacific Railway! She only wants to pass away her time, and get an idea of the new spring fashions!

It is strange, however, how quickly a clerk can detect whether ladies are shopping in all good faith; or only making believe! "I never will go into —'s again," says the ruffled fair one, "they are so impertinent." But did it never occur to you, my friend, that you were guilty of some little impertinence toward them? Is it nothing to impose new labor on their already over-tired frames, to take up their time,

and try their patience when you do not intend to buy the least thing?

Therefore, having gravely and thoughtfully considered the important question of shopping, we may reduce its theory and practice into sundry brief rules, as follows:

RULE I. Go shopping only when you are actually necessitated so to do!

RULE II. Dress appropriately for the occasion.

RULE III. Never take a man shopping with you!

RULE IV. Treat clerks like ladies and gentlemen, until they themselves give you sufficient reason to consider them otherwise.

RULE V. Buy only what you need for present use.

RULE VI. Avoid bargains and "cheap stores" as you would avoid the plague!

RULE VII. Never buy an article without considering how it is going to correspond with the rest of your wardrobe.

RULE VIII. Don't "cheapen!"

With some people an innate talent for shopping, like poetry, is born! For those who are less favored, these rules may be worth considering and acting upon! Having tried them ourselves, we can warrant them!

NATIONAL SALUTATIONS.

FRENCH.—*Comment vous portez vous?*—which literally signifies, "How do you carry yourself?"

GERMANS.—In some parts of their country they invariably kiss the hands of all the ladies of their acquaintance whom they meet.

GREEKS.—The salutation among the ancients was, *χαίρε*—"Rejoice!" Among the modern, "What doest thou?"

HOLLANDERS.—With their proverbial love of good living, salute their friends by asking, "Have you had a good dinner?"

ITALIANS.—On meeting, kiss the hands of ladies to whom they are related, with the strange inquiry, "How does she stand?"

JAPANESE.—They remove their sandals when they meet a superior, exclaiming, "Hurt me not!"

LAPLANDERS.—When they meet on the ice, press their noses firmly together.

MOHAMMEDANS.—"Peace be with you!" to which the reply is, "On you be peace!" to which is added, "And the mercy and blessings of God."

MOORS.—They ride at full speed toward a stranger, suddenly stop, and then fire a pistol over his head.

PERSIANS.—They salute by inclining the head over each other's necks, and then bending cheek to cheek, with the extravagant greeting, "Is thy exalted high condition good?" and "May thy shadow never be less!"

POLES.—They bow to the ground with extreme deference to friends they meet, with the significant inquiry, "Art thou gay?"

ROMANS.—In ancient times exclaimed, "Be healthy!" or "Be strong," when it was customary to take up children by the ears and kiss

them. The Pope makes no reverence to mortal, except the Emperor of Austria, by whom he is kissed.

RUSSIANS.—The ladies permit not only their hands, but their foreheads to be kissed by friends. The men salute by inquiring, "How do you live on?" "Be well!"

SIAMESE.—They prostrate themselves before superiors, when a servant examines whether he has been eating anything offensive; if so, he is kicked out; if not, he is picked up.

SPANISH.—The grandees wear their hats in the presence of the sovereign, to show that they are not so much subject to him as to the rest of the nation. When the royal carriage passes, it is the rule to throw open the cloak, to show that the person is unarmed.

SWEDES.—They are by no means demonstrative in their courtesies. On meeting they simply inquire, "How can you?"

TURKS.—They cross their hands, place them on their breasts, and bow, exclaiming, "Be under the care of God!"—"Forget me not in thy prayers!"—"Thy visits are as rare as fine days!"—an ancient greeting, as it is by no means applicable to their present country.

WASHOE.—People here no longer say, "How d'ye do?" when they meet. It's "How's your suit progressing?" and the reply, "Pretty well, thankee, how's yours?" A man without a lawsuit is looked upon as a vagrant in the State of Nevada.

ARABS.—They are very ceremonious. If persons of distinction meet, they embrace, kiss each other's cheeks, and then kiss their own hands. Women and children kiss the beards of their husbands and fathers. Their greetings are marked by a strong religious character, such as "God grant thee His favors!" "If God will, thy family enjoy good health!" "Peace be with you," etc.

BENGALESE.—They call themselves the "most humble slaves" of those they desire to salute.

BOHEMIANS.—They kiss the garments of the person whom they wish to honor.

BURMESE.—They apply their noses and cheeks closely to a person's face, and then exclaim: "Give me a smell!" attributable to their great use of perfumes.

CEYLONESE.—On meeting superiors, they prostrate themselves, repeating the name and dignity of the individual.

CHINESE.—They are most particular in their personal civilities, even calculating the number of their reverences. Of equals they inquire, "Have you eaten your rice?" "Is your stomach in order?" and "Thanks to your abundant felicity."

EGYPTIANS.—They kiss the back of a superior's hand, and as an extra civility, the palm also. Their fevered country is strikingly portrayed by asking, "How goes the perspiration?" "Is it well with thee?" and "God preserve thee."

ENGLISH.—An old salutation in polite society was, "Save you, sir!" an evident abbreviation of "God save you, sir!"

ETHIOPIAN.—They take the robes off the friends they meet and place them round their own waists, leaving the new-comers almost nude.

TOTAL DEPRAVITY OF INFANTS.

I do not like children as an institution, not even babies, about whom so many falsehoods have been said and sung, but look on them as little pink, pulpy abominations whom nothing but strong maternal instinct implanted for the preservation of the species, could induce any one to undergo the vexation of rearing.

As to the total depravity of these little specimens, I leave that to be decided by innocent outsiders who have been annoyed by the unearthly yells of a petted darling in public places, and looked on with a strong desire of complying with Solomon's prescription, while the mother tried to hush and coax into silence a kicking, screaming, dirty-nosed, wide-mouthed abomination who could by no means be reduced to quietness.

Can any one enjoy a friendly visit at a house infested by these small sinners? If a lady receives you as company in the parlor, have you not often had the mortification to perceive that a description of something where you prided yourself on, your style, brilliancy, and so on, has been delivered to deaf ears, while your hostess was listening to the suppressed cries of Master Johnny, who has been fished out of the tub of rinsing water by Biddy—bad luck to her for the same.

Who ever saw a house in a neat or comfortable condition where children were not strictly prohibited? If you find rooms littered and unsightly, destitute of plants, books, and ornaments, the furniture finger-marked, and the Holland covers sticky with sweets, does not mistress smilingly account for it by the one word, Baby?

ANON.

[The author of the above did well to sign his execrable remarks Anon(ymous). He must be some fussy, nervous, sour old *bach*—one whom the ladies can not endure, and for whom those dear little lights of the household he affects to despise, entertain a natural antipathy.

Poor fellow! no social sweets can ever be his; exiled from the domestic penetralia, he must spend his weary days and nights in dreary, hopeless bachelorhood. But can not something be done for him, ladies? Must he be left out in the cold?]

A WISCONSIN POETESS,
MISS ALLIE ARNOLD.

At Fond du Lac, Wis., there is a young lady sixteen years of age, the daughter of a widow in humble life. She has been in the habit of writing verse and prose for private reading and for the press for four or five years. Some of her efforts would be creditable to men and women of mature life who have won distinction in the world of letters. The following extracts from poems written by her will give the reader a better idea of her talent—shall I say genius?—than any comments I can make. They were read at the closing ex-



MISS ALLIE ARNOLD.

ercises of the Fond du Lac High School, June 29, 1866.

"HOW MANIFOLD ARE THY WORKS!"

O Thou, in whose Almighty hand
The earth's foundations firmly stand,
And heaving oceans rise and fall,
Thee, the Creator, man shall fear.
So manifold Thy works appear!
In wisdom hast Thou made them all!

The heavens are Thine—stars speak Thy praise,
Point with a thousand trembling rays
The pathway where Thy feet have trod!
They roll along the deep blue arch,
And seem in their eternal march
The glittering armies of our God!

How grand the ever-drifting clouds!
How beautiful those snowy shrouds
That float along 'twixt earth and heaven!
And yet—how fearful in their wrath,
When lurid lightnings mark their path,
And they by tempest winds are driven!

But when Thy hand hath hushed the storm,
And thrown the sunbeams bright and warm
Upon the tearful earth again,
How like an emblem of Thy love
The bright-hued rainbow bends above,
And spans the misty veil of rain!

VALEDICTORY.

Life hath its partings—when the ties
That years have bound together, break—
And slowly, in their sad surprise,
Hearts from their quiet dreaming, wake.
Such is our parting, and to-day
We feel the loos'ning clasp of hands,
And sadly hear the farewell lay
That our long friendship here demands.
Now, from these long familiar walls,
Whose very echoes have been dear,
We must depart—while severed falls
The silver cord that bound us here.
Now on the threshold, we, in thought,
Look back along the chain of years
Whose every mystic link seems fraught
With lights and shadows, smiles and tears.

Who will forget when morning bright
Streamed through the eastern windows there,
How oft it fell like wings of light
On youthful heads here bowed in prayer!
How oft at morn, the playful call,
The much-loved greeting met the ear,
The laughter ringing through the hall
With all its music and its cheer.
All visions of the sunny Past
Cling lovingly about the heart,
To cheer the loneliness and cast
Their sunshine 'round, as we depart!

Miss Arnold has a brother who is a printer and newspaper carrier, and the following lines are extracts from an address she recently wrote for him:

As the silver from the fire,
Came she from her past ordeal
Purified, with purpose higher,
Strong to battle with the real.
Stronger are the hearts of men,
Building up her temples shattered—
Gathering to themselves again
All that war hath rudely scattered.

Stretched out in thy valleys, the ripe bearded grain
Has nodded in thick golden ranks to the breeze,
Has caught the rich sunshine, and faded again
Like quivering waves in the warm Southern seas.

The corn-fields have risen like crowns on the hills,
And covered broad prairies with mantles of green,
Whose light rustling folds as they waved in the wind
Disclosed the bright ears that the autumn would glean.

The strong hand of labor still steadily moves,
With vigor that even a nation may feel;
In the stroke of the anvil, the rush of the stream,
The clash of the engine, and roll of the wheel.

Miss Arnold is a flower of the prairie, but she has not "blushed unseen," nor "wasted her sweetness on the desert air." She is appreciated by a constantly increasing circle of friends and admirers, who point with pride to her literary efforts. A school-girl, she has had no opportunity to improve her mind by general reading, and the productions of her pen are not modeled after the patterns which the masters have left in our libraries; they are rather the results of her own thought and emotion. She is *petite* of stature, finely formed, and she has a well-balanced womanly head crowned with soft brown hair. Her eyes are large and spiritual, and seem to have a telescopic glance into the future. I hope our literati will afford this young lady a chance to win her way to public favor. As a people we are now beginning to acknowledge the fact, that whatever a woman can do well without sacrificing her womanly nature, she has a right to do. If she can carve like Harriet Hosmer, carving marble is her sphere; if she can paint like Rosa Bonheur, painting pictures is her sphere; if she can write a "Principia," the starry heaven is her sphere; if she can write a "Paradise Lost," in her society paradise is found again. G. W. B.

It is related that when Emma, Queen of the Sandwich Islands, visited Dublin Castle, during her recent tour in Great Britain, the Lord Lieutenant ordered the leader of the regimental band to play the Hawaiian national air, when he at once struck up with the soul-stirring strains of "Hokey-pokey Winky-wang, King of the Cannibal Islands!" the effect of which can be better imagined than described.

OPEN YOUR EYES.

BY C. S.

OPEN your lovely eyes!

Chameleon-like, they seem to take the hue
Of all the passions in your soul that rise.

Joy makes them like the skies, serenely blue;
Love purples them with those delicious dyes
The modest violet wears, when with the
spring

She breaks abroad from winter's icy ties,
And crowns the woods with her bright blossoming.

Sweet meditation fills

Their inmost depths with a subdued light,
Like the brown current of the aldered rills,
That rolleth on unto perpetual night:
Or the dim shadows underneath the hills,
Where sober evening broodeth like a dove,
And the charmed air to sudden silence stills
By the repeated story of her love.

I would not know your face,

Did not those eyes, like stars, light up its
heaven

With a serenest and diviner grace

Than marks the planetary orbs of even.
Oh, how I love the various thoughts to trace,
That from its soft horizon slowly rise,
As clouds we see preceding clouds displace
Upon the changing but eternal skies.

Open your eyes for me!

Lift the long lashes from your crimsoned
cheek;

Vail not their luster, for I long to see

The passionate 'hopes that in their glances
speak.

Were not these lips a murmuring melody;

Did not this forehead flush beneath my kiss—

Your eyes were still a matchless joy to me,

A world of beauty, and a heaven of bliss!

THE ACTIVE AND THE PASSIVE.

—O—

IN modern society there are two orders or classes the line of distinction between which is so clearly drawn that no mistake can be made as to their respective composition. One is the *active* class, the other the *passive* class.

They might also with correctness be termed respectively the *radiant* or *reflectent* class, and the *absorbent* class.

The first class is composed of those who are the originators, leaders, and agents in all enterprises, whether progressive, reformatory, or opposed to the true interests of the community, and clogging the wheels of civilization under a false device of "onward!"

It is thus seen that the active class is constituted of very different and discordant elements, and that there is much violent contention for the supremacy among them; yet out of all this agitation, disorder, and strife there is a resultant, the influence of which is happy for the community, for the nation, and for the world. There was a period in the history of Greece when she was free and prosperous; but the strifes between Athens and Sparta,

between blatant aristocracy and determined democracy, were frequent, and sometimes severe in results to one or both. The agitations between states developed resources previously unknown; and even those arts, like painting and sculpture, which are thought to accompany peaceful legislation, flourished in a surpassing degree. Greece, Rome, and other proud nations had their eras of progress and glory and then declined, to instruct those who came after them—us—by their examples, and by the epitaphs written upon a thousand prostrate monuments, to communicate the *esprit* which animated their founders—the desire to advance. Successive ages down to the present have caught this *esprit*, and the active men of each have wrought out fold by fold its tendencies and made advancement.

The *passive* or absorbent class, by far the larger numerically, is composed of those who from choice, from circumstances, or by necessity merely look on as the world moves, and tacitly receive the impressions of their active fellow-mortals. They are the wax of humanity, the soft tablet upon which are inscribed the succession of public events. On the long roll of the passive may be read the names of men and women who, for natural talents and education, stand not a whit behind the foremost of the active. "They should be on the other side," you will say. Yes, they should; but they have long been waiting for a good opportunity to assert themselves—waiting, like the redoubtable Micawber, "for something to turn up" worthy of their sympathy and hearty co-operation. Now and then one of these talented laggards is roused into life by some unlooked-for disturbance, and becomes one of the most vigorous champions of the active party. It may be for principle, integrity, justice; it may be for wrong, falsehood, tyranny.

The *passive* operate as a clog upon the wheels of progress, because their slow sensibilities can not appreciate the favorable tendencies of substantial innovation. They cling to old customs, old habits, and old things because their fathers considered them sufficient; and social convenience in their ways of thinking after all is not so important a matter as the innovator claims. The aphorism "Let well enough alone" is one which they find especially handy, when they are interested so much as to consider a new thing. They operate, too, as a check upon social retrogression and political intemperance; upon the former, because they may not be stirred from the well-worn tracks which they inertly move in; upon the latter, because the scheming and corrupt demagogue, while he contemns their listlessness, is fully aware of the latent power in their serene depths, which might be aroused by some excessive imposition, and utterly destroy the fabric of aggrandizement raised by his already achieved success. Their passivity, therefore, has some influence indirectly manifested for good. Though there may be little or no sympathy between the two classes (for how can activity and inactivity, opposites, mutually

sympathize?), there can be some reciprocity—a reciprocity in the way of performances by the one party, impressions or indicative effects by the other. Some prefer the ranks of the *passive* class because there are influences at work among the *active* which at heart they condemn, and their disgust inclines them to include the whole class in their anathema. Some there are who in the chargin and discomfiture of defeated effort have withdrawn from the active throng and taken a place among the indifferent.

We are said to live in an age of activity. There certainly are Titan energies at work: steam and electricity do their work, and property directed by mind will do their work well; but there are too many men and too many women who do nothing more than absorb instruction—truth, and lack the *animus* to radiate or impart it to others. Their culpability lies in their inertness, in their do-nothingness. Opportunities for doing good lie "thick as autumnal leaves," and as but few of the active engage in the good work of ameliorating the social and moral condition of humanity at large, the capable passive can come out of their burrows and bestir themselves.

We would in a measure reverse the common grammatical rule—we would turn the *passive* into the *active*—we would have all be doers, each in some sphere peculiarly adapted to himself or herself, and that sphere one pervaded by virtue and benevolence. A few earnest spirits may accomplish much; but when the great mass of those who can and might co-operate in hastening forward that work of social improvement which all acknowledge so desirable, stand coldly aloof, extend no hand, proffer no aid, their spirit of indifference is likely to dampen the zeal of the self-sacrificing philanthropist and increase his difficulties. *Active* men of the right stamp are needed.

"A time like this demands

Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office can not buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor—men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty, and in private thinking—
For while the artful, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions, and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice keeps."

A WIFE.—Jeremy Taylor says that if you are for pleasure, marry; if you prize rosy health, marry. A good wife is Heaven's last best gift to man; his angel of mercy; his minister of graces innumerable; his gem of many virtues; his casket of jewels; her voice his sweetest music; her smile his brightest day; her kiss the guardian of innocence; her industry his surest wealth; her economy his safest steward; her lips his faithful counselors; her bosom the softest pillow of his cares, and her prayers the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head.

FASHIONABLE ABSURDITIES.

"O, wad some power the gifle gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us."

A WICKED wag has been plying his art in the production of what was, what is, and what may be. These verities, probabilities, and possibilities, in the way of ladies' dress, are not much more absurd than the fashions of the other sex, especially that of their great, heavy, bungling stove-pipe hats, or the fantastic manner of shaving and trimming the beard.



FIG. 1.

Cut No. 1 shows whence the present fashion of huge chignons or waterfalls may have originated. We had some admiration for the rather neat style of wearing the hair in a net,



FIG. 2.

which was the mode a few years ago—especially for girls and young women.

No. 2 is evidently an exaggeration; the bag

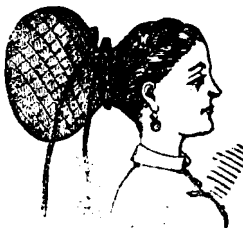


FIG. 3.

—unlike the tail of the otter—is supposed to be stuffed with wadding of some or any sort.

No. 3 is merely an expansion of the present



FIG. 4.

style, commended to those who are bound to lead the fashions, by getting a little ahead of

all the rest. We see no greater objection to this, than to the enormous bustle of a few years ago.

No. 4 seeks to re-introduce an ancient style of head-dress, of which we find many illustrations in old prints; and we may, ere long, see our young ladies topped off in this aristocratic coiffure.



FIG. 5.

No. 5 is plainly inadmissible, except for special occasions, or where ambitious mammas wish to show up their daughters, with a view to—what you call it?



FIG. 6.

No. 6 is simply absurd, and the man who drew it knew it. He ought to have his ears pinched for such a marked attempt to ridicule the ladies.



FIG. 7.

No. 7. We presume this is intended to represent a genuine waterfall. See the trees and shrubbery on the banks, with the cataract pouring down in graceful showers. But why

not have a little boat with a man in it, going down with the stream? Would not this heighten the effect, and increase the admiration of the beholder? Here is a large field for inventive genius.



FIG. 8.

No. 8 is a pretty girl, after our own heart, and "aint she neat?" Her hair—in wavy ringlets—is quite as ornamental as any in the group; nay, the very naturalness of her style exceeds them all, for is not "beauty unadorned, adorned the most?"

On Physiology.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—*Chabris.*

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—*Isaiah IV. 6.*

RECENT RESEARCHES ON MUSCULAR POWER.

BY PROF. RUFUS KING BROWNE, M.D.

It has long been questioned what the seat of the working power exerted by the human frame was—that is to say, if the products of exertion, during the evolution of force, were traceable, in what part of the tissues or other ingredients of the body did this change, during exertion, take place? The first who broached a pointed opinion on the subject was an English physician, 200 years ago, who stated the supposition, that the necessary conditions of muscular motion were the conveyance of combustible substances by the blood to the muscles, and the access of oxygen by respiration; but this was not exact. Liebig, Playfair, and other chemists and physiologists, contended that the source of mechanical power in the muscles was due wholly to the combination of oxygen with the muscular tissue—or, as it was termed, the combustion of the muscles. Assuming that there is an agreement, that muscular power is dependent on the mutual action of the food and the oxygen, it was wholly undecided whether that food must first be converted into the actual organized substance of the muscles before its oxydation can give rise to mechanical force, or whether muscular power may not be derived from the oxydation of food which has only arrived at the condition of blood, and not of organized muscular tissue. The answer to this question affords the key to the process of animal nutrition.

It has been recently shown, by careful experiment, that the sum of force evolved in muscular action, measured by the mechanical work performed, is far greater than could be generated by the quantity of muscle oxydized during the same period, and hence that the power of the muscles is not derived from the oxydation of their own substance. Frankland has recently announced the conclusions, that the muscular power is the product chiefly, if not exclusively, of the oxydation of matter contained in the blood itself, and not from the oxydation of muscles themselves; that the chief material used for the production of muscular power are non-nitrogenous absorbed matters of the food; that the constant renewal of the muscles, like every other part of the body, is not more rapid during great muscular activity than during repose; that the transformation of potential (or latent) energy into muscular power is accompanied by the production of heat within the body, even when the muscular power is exerted externally, and that this is the chief if not the only source of animal heat.

But plausible and however readily accepted this view now is, there are well-ascertained facts which qualify it. Smith has shown the amount of carbonic acid exhaled during rest and exercise. His experiments show that the greater amount of this is derived from the blood in which it is dissolved. This conclusion accords with Frankland's, who used Smith's data. It is exhaled in greater quantity during the greater activity of the work of respiration. But Matteucci has shown that the muscular tissue itself, when entirely deprived of blood, will yield carbonic acid when caused to contract by galvanism. He found that the muscles of frogs, which had been several times washed, exhaled carbonic acid, and the unavoidable conclusion was, that during contraction the muscular fiber itself is oxydized, the result being carbonic acid. He found that heat also is developed at the same time. In employing the most feeble galvanic currents possible to excite muscular contraction, it was easy to determine the quantity of zinc oxydized in the battery during the passage of the current which is employed to excite the nerve, to move the muscle, and produce contraction. He ascertained that the *work* of muscular contraction induced in this way is enormously greater than the amount of work done in the battery as measured by the voltmeter.

These experiments, although they do not exactly represent the exact elements of muscular work as done in the living body, yet furnish data well worthy of confidence in making up our general estimate of the problem of muscular power.

In Matteucci's experiments, it was found that of two equal and opposed muscles (of the thighs) of a frog, the one having been galvanically excited, and the other being at rest, the electro-motor force of the latter was considerably superior, that of the former, an exhausted muscle, showing an actual *loss* during the act of contraction. These experiments indicate that when deprived of all blood, the muscular

tissue does, by being contracted by an artificial stimulus, undergo change of substance and evolve certain proportions of energy in the form of one or more kinds of force, *i. e.*, heat. But between this and the *natural* contractile effort there is a very wide distance—a difference of two kinds. In the first place, the *physiological* or living stimulus to the nerves is not electrical; and in the second place, when removed from its complete investment by the living parts in the body and brought into the air, muscular tissue undergoes immediate oxydation and yields carbonic acid.

Matteucci, whose experiments were physically of the most delicate character, concluded that in the case of irritation of muscle by galvanism to the nerve, as above related, "that the nervous irritation [by galvanic excitation of muscles deprived of blood] can not act without having previously given rise to the combustion or oxydation of organic matters accompanying muscular contraction." On this theory, the change or disturbance in the muscular tissues occurs *before* the irritation initiated in the chemical work of the battery becomes a strictly nervous irritation, and although the nerve is its track, to begin with, the muscular tissue must *react* upon the nerve in an inverse direction. This latter irritation is, in a certain sense, not mere *conduction* from the battery to the muscle, but physiological irritation.

It results from a great number of experiments, that the *work* produced by muscular contraction is enormously greater than the corresponding chemical or calorific work in the battery. It necessarily follows from this, that the nervous irritation can not act without having previously given rise to the combustion of the organic matters, azotized or non-azotized, which accompanies muscular contraction.

"The muscular fiber is also burnt and oxydized during contraction." (Matteucci.)

EFFECTS OF A BAD DREAM.

THE five leading journals of Paris contain long and circumstantial accounts of a distinguished engineer whose head was turned perfectly white by a most frightful dream. The engineer had visited a rough and unfrequented mineral region for the purpose of exploring and reporting to a company of capitalists upon the richness of a certain mine. The night of his arrival, and before he descended into the mine, he lodged at a small inn, and after devouring a pound or two of pork chops, went to bed. He dreamed that he had visited the mine, and was being hauled up, when he discovered that the rope was almost severed, and there was only a single strand to support his weight and that of the bucket in which he was being drawn up. Suddenly, when he had ascended two hundred feet, the rope, he dreamed, gave way, and he uttered a fearful shriek, which aroused the inmates of the house, and when they burst open the door of the dreamer's room, they found a white-headed man in the place of the black-haired young gentleman who had retired a few hours before. The story is well authenticated, and his is the first instance on record of a man's hair having been turned white from the effects of a dream.

[It is not at all wonderful that the man had the nightmare, after eating two pounds of pork at supper; but that a dream should have induced such a metamorphosis in the color of his hair is a startling commentary for those to digest who indulge in late and hearty meals.]

TIGHT LACING.

WE have a letter before us asking some advice on the effects of tight lacing; and without attempting to give an elaborate analysis of this destructive custom, we offer a few hints for the use of those wise enough and true enough to themselves to appreciate them.

We introduce four engraved outlines. Fig. 1 shows the natural proportions of the different parts of the trunk of woman; No. 2 shows the skeleton in its natural condition.

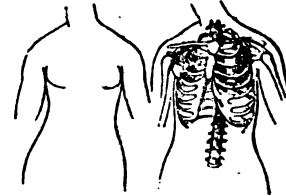


FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

The lungs and heart are located within the cavity formed by the ribs. That these organs should be protected from external injury, a bony frame-work has been thus thrown around them. The stomach and liver are located just below the ribs, at that point where the belt is generally placed. These organs require freedom, especially the stomach, in order that digestion may be carried on efficiently.

We have an idea, though we do not wish to insist upon it too strenuously, that the Creator understood what form was best for man, for woman, and for all the members of the animal kingdom.

In Nos. 1 and 2 we find the God-given form, with ample room for the lungs and heart to do their work, and with abundant room for the stomach, liver, and other organs essential to life and health located in that region.

Now, let us turn to art and see how she has improved upon God's work. Woman is called "God's last, best gift to man;" but here we find, in figs. 3 and 4, what Dame Fashion has given to mankind.

No. 3 is a laced, pinched-up, contracted waist, reduced nearly one half in diameter and three

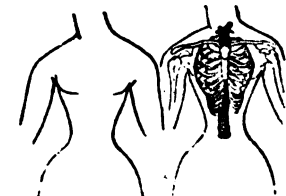


FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.

quarters in room. Look at No. 4, the skeleton of No. 3; see how those ribs are squeezed down! how narrow! how contracted! the lower part of the lungs reduced to less than one third their proper capacity, and the region of the stomach and liver is so small as to induce great physical weakness. Woman as well as man needs to digest food in order to be healthy. She can not live on fashion and flattery.

There seems to be a mania among ladies who are too slim by nature for substantial health, to

lace themselves as small as possible; and we are sorry to see there are men of good sense, in most respects, who are so ill-informed in regard to what a woman ought to be for a wife and mother, for a healthy human being, indeed, that they praise a small waist.

But women say, "My clothes don't feel tight—they are not uncomfortable." But we beg to remark that they are tight enough to prevent the proper expansion of that part of the system which contains the vital organs; and while thus cramped up, a woman can neither digest food enough to maintain her health or properly vitalize the blood, and the consequence is that her large and active brain and her nervous susceptibility exhaust life-power faster than she manufactures it.

We regret to see that lacing is again coming into fashion. Young girls seem to be crazy to get on corsets which can be girded up. The shop windows indicate what are in the market and what are in use; though nothing of this kind finds a place in the writer's family, or has for the last twenty-five years. The unphysiological, unnatural waists and stiff figures seen on the street, and in the shop windows aforesaid, where these stiffening apparatuses are kept for sale, tell us plainly that the present generation of women are committing suicide, and that the mothers of the next ten years will often be called, with Rachel of old, to "mourn for their children, because they are not."

If woman would be fair, healthy, and happy, and hold her youthfulness far on in life, let her avoid lacing, whether with or without stays.

If men would have healthy wives who will not break down within ten years after marriage and become invalids for life or go to an untimely grave, leaving behind them a family of puny children, let them seek for wives those who do not lace. Moreover, if women would avoid the thousand ills to which she is of late years apparently the heir, let her avoid lacing; insist on room for her lungs and her stomach, and she may be the wife of a happy husband, and the mother of healthy, happy children.

FRANKLIN AND JACKSON. THE MAN OF IDEAS AND THE MAN OF ACTION.

THE two faces illustrating this article we have chosen as the types of two prominent and characteristic classes of Americans. It is doubtful whether in the whole range of our biography there could be selected two who have left so deep a mark upon the generation in which they lived and acted, between whom the contrast is so entire and striking, as between the inventor of the lightning-rod and the hero of New Orleans.

Both these men attained great age, both reached fame at an early period in their lives, and both spanned a very wide arc in American history.

When Franklin first went from Boston to Philadelphia in 1723, a lad of eighteen, that city was then a pleasant country village. Bears were shot within sound of the nine-o'clock bell. He lived a long and prosperous



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

life under the Georges of England, accumulating one of the largest fortunes that were made by the industry of one man in colonial times; was an old man of seventy when the first volley was fired from behind the earthwork on Bunker Hill, and throwing the whole weight of his great character, his splendid reputation, and his consummate diplomatic genius into the struggle, he fought that contest through, leaving it doubtful whether he or Washington did the most toward the grand result, and died at the age of eighty-four, just after the final adoption of the constitution; the molding of which was the last of his public labors.

The first figure that Andrew Jackson makes in our national annals is during the last year of the Revolution, when he appears as a long, gaunt, red-haired, and blue-eyed stripling of twelve, fleeing with his mother from a raid of the red-coats, but even then breathing threatenings and slaughter against the enemies of his country and the authors of the disasters that overtook his family. From that time on till the close of the Mexican War, a period of more than sixty years, Andrew Jackson was emphatically *the fighting man* of this country, and the most distinguished citizen of this republic.

The lives of these men, taken in the order of time, cover almost the whole of our history from early colonial days till the beginning of the last epoch in our public affairs. But with these circumstances, the extreme age which both attained, the powerful influence which each wielded during almost the entire period of their lives, all resemblance between them ceases. At all other points the contrast is striking and total.

Jackson is the type of whatever is strong in volition, prompt in decision, vigorous in execution. A powerful and indomitable WILL char-

acterized the man through every period of his history, and in every prominent act of his life. His intellectual faculties, whether we take the testimony of Phrenology or of his biographers, though good, were not of a high order. Here he had many superiors. In fact, every public man with whom he came in competition, and especially his two life-long antagonists Calhoun and Clay, far surpassed him in volume of brain, clearness of mental vision, extent of acquirements, and ability in public debate; yet in a sagacious estimate of the political future and in the skill of party tactics he invariably foiled or crushed his opponent.

What appeared to be wisdom in Jackson was only a certain intuition. Having himself strong passions, and being swayed by violent prejudices, he was able to estimate the force of these in others; and as men are more frequently and more entirely governed by passion than by principle, his judgment as to the extent to which the masses would be or could be swayed, was more correct than if he had himself been guided more entirely by reason.

His intellectual powers being not much above the average of intelligent American citizens, never lifted him out of sympathy with the uneducated and unthinking crowd. None of the organs that make man pre-eminently an intellectual being are largely developed on the head of Jackson; Causality and Comparison, Ideality and Wit are all moderately developed. Only the perceptive are large. His memory of localities, dates, and faces was excellent. But knowledge with him was a collection of dry and perhaps isolated facts, not data from which wise conclusions and important truths could be drawn. A man with a head shaped like his does not care for the abstract principle, but for the fact on which it rests. Such men are not fitted to discuss and defend principles in debate, but are always prepared to fight for a position once taken, and to execute a policy once determined upon.

We have had no great man whose tendencies were so irresistible in the direction of active life. When Jackson was about thirty years of age he was a senator in Congress and a judge; but he resigned all these high and honorable positions in order to become a trader, a farmer, and a horse-racer. He was satisfied with no mode of life that did not allow him to pass the most of his time in the open air on horseback. He enjoyed a morning gallop on *Truxton*, his famous race-horse, far better than to sit all day on the mahogany and red morocco of a senatorial chair.

With Franklin, the tendencies were all in the other direction. He was a sedentary man by nature, and a philosopher by constitution. His mind was ceaselessly vigilant, restless, and acquisitive, but he was content to pass weeks in his library and at his fireside writing and talking, and taking his exercise in an hour's pacing of the floor. Though a great traveler, and at one time an Indian fighter, he did not

through a long and stirring life pass more than thirty days in the saddle; while from 1788, when Jackson first crossed the Alleghanies, till 1828 when he went to Washington as President, a period of forty years he was hardly ever out of the saddle for more than half a day at a time.

Observe the wide and striking contrast in the intellectual regions of these two heads. The face and head and figure of Jackson taken together give as strong an impression of superiority as the person of Franklin. In fact, Jackson has the more kingly bearing. But looking at their foreheads alone, one bears the stamp of genius and the record of long bright years of successful application to science, literature, music, fine arts, everything that decorates and ennobles our nature; while the other, though ample enough, has an arid and unused expression. Both were keen and vigilant observers, but how different as to the objects that came under their notice! With Jackson, everything was subordinated to a single and controlling purpose. If he was campaigning in a wild country he would have no thought that was not connected with warfare. He would observe the face of the country and learn all the roads and paths traversing it; aside from that, he would care for nothing.

Franklin, on the contrary, was interested in everything that could aid his fellow-men, everything that could in any manner promote their interests or enlarge the domain of man over nature. He could not pass a new plant without wondering if it was known to the botanists, or if it had any valuable properties; he took lessons from birds and bees, from running streams and rolling clouds. If he rode over a ledge of rocks, he was interested in knowing whether or not it might prove useful as a building material; if the chimney of the room in which he was staying did not convey away the smoke, he at once set about discovering the reason and removing the difficulty; if a thunder-storm swept over the town, he was devising some way in which the lightning could be stripped of its terrors; observing how much heat was wasted by the old open fireplace, he invented that admirable arrangement, which for cheerfulness, ventilation, and economy has never been surpassed—the Franklin stove. Whenever he crossed the Atlantic, he was studying the ocean currents, and making the most valuable suggestions as to the theory of storms, and for the improvement of navigation as an art. No man since Bacon has been so thoroughly imbued with the system of that great English philosopher, so constant and successful a devotee of "the philosophy of uses."

Observe how evenly and how admirably the forehead of Franklin is developed from the eyes upward. For a man with such a head no fact can long remain dry and unproductive in his memory. The law of his mental organization draws him ever from the special to the general, from the phenomenon to its cause, from the isolated truth to its connections, its history, and its lessons; in a word, a Franklin is always climbing up from the details of things to their philosophy, from effect to cause, from the arid plains of dry knowledge to the serene and slightly mountain-tops of wisdom.

In Jackson, on the other hand, the indifference to learning was remarkable. Though for many years a lawyer and a judge, it is doubtful if he ever read Blackstone or any other legal authority through in his life. He came near losing all his property at one time from ignorance of the familiar principle in our system, that when plaintiff and defendant are both non-residents of a State, a suit between them is improperly brought in the United States Dis-



ANDREW JACKSON.

trict Court. When he was senator he wrote in the grammar and style of a backwoodsman, and it is doubtful whether he ever believed that the world is round.

There was but one branch of knowledge in which he was proficient, but for winning success in life the man who understands *this*, and knows how to use his knowledge, can dispense with schools and all their lore. *Jackson knew men.* The certainty with which he selected honest men in his business transactions and successful men in politics, was equaled only by the correctness of his judgment at the race-course and in the cockpit.

Combined with this knowledge and springing from it was the ability to adapt himself to any company in which he was thrown. From the circle of rude wagoners around the camp-fire to the most polished society of city parlors he could pass at once, and seem equally at home in each. There were but two men of his time that could equal him in dignity of bearing and courtliness of address, these were Aaron Burr and Henry Clay. Yet his conversation was more entertaining than instructive, consisting as it did of fact, anecdote, and personal adventure, the stories of the frontier and the camp-fire.

The colloquial powers of Dr. Franklin have seldom been surpassed by any of whom history gives account; certainly by no American. He could talk delightfully with any human being from a child to a sage, for he was himself at once child and sage. He possessed that rare faculty, a gift that not more than three or four in the history of the world have displayed, that enabled him to illustrate every important truth by a most felicitous anecdote. To hear one of Franklin's anecdotes was to be most exquisitely entertained by a well-told story and, at the same time, to have some valuable truth in morals or philosophy brought home to the understanding and fastened in the memory.

He was emphatically a laughing philosopher. He believed in growth, in acquisition, in studiousness, and in industry; but he believed still more strongly in *happiness*. If Oliver Goldsmith had not said it, we should believe that Franklin was the author of that golden sentence: "As some men gaze with admiration at the colors of a tulip, and others are smitten

with the wings of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces." It was said of Burke, that one could not step under the shelter of a gateway with him, to escape a shower without discovering that he was in the presence of an extraordinary man. It might have been said of Franklin.

Until he was about fifty years old, he was a methodical, enterprising, and successful printer, editor, and publisher. Then he retired from business with a fortune of something more than a hundred thousand dollars, and devoted the rest of his days to acquiring and imparting knowledge, and to the public service. A great part of the time he spent in travel both in this country and in Europe, and in conversation with the most witty and learned men and the most charming women of his time. Thus for nearly forty years his life was one long festivity. He was in affluent circumstances, his health was perfect, his temperament sanguine and joyous, his mind stored by years of unremitting industry, his memory rich with the experience of a long, varied, and crowded lifetime. How could the conversation of such a man fail of being in the last degree charming?

Jackson was the warmest and most devoted of friends. He always proceeded on the conviction that he could not have been mistaken as to the worth or courage of any man whom he had trusted or who had served under him. The following anecdote illustrates at once his belief in his friends and his heroic bearing when excited. Some time not long after the last war with England, when the fame of his battles was still fresh, he rode into Nashville one morning and found the topic of the day was a duel, in which his old protege Sam Houston was one of the parties.

Houston, the least irascible of men, had shown himself reluctant to bring the "difficulty" to a crisis, and some doubts had been expressed as to his courage. Remarks to that effect reached Jackson's ears. Instantly the old soldier was all aflame. With hair erect he paced backward and forward on the flagstones in front of the old Nashville Inn, bringing down the iron ferule of his walking-stick with a ring that was heard all over the square, and shouting: "Gentlemen, you're mistaken, Sam Houston is no coward. I know him, and he'll fight. He was with me at Talladega, at Emucfau, and Horseshoe, and I tell you **HE WILL FIGHT!**"

The contrast in the personal appearance of these men is as striking as in their character. One reason why Jackson was always so intensely popular with the masses of the people was because he was in many respects the ideal and typical American. They saw in him their own qualities and their own personal characteristics exaggerated and made heroic. Six feet and two inches in his stockings, angular, bony, restless, and swift, "as straight as though he had swallowed all the ramrods in the army," the backwoodsman never saw a more perfect leader. He had that passion for swift, intense, and sometimes aimless or thoughtless activity which is one of the besetting defects of the American temperament.

The style of man to which Franklin belongs is English, and disappears in two or three generations when brought to these skies. Our climate and manner of life does not permit the development of this full, mellow, rounded physique, muscular in youth, tending to corpulence as age advances. It is seen, but mostly in families where the descent is direct on both sides from English stock. It is the temperament peculiarly fitted for social activity and social success. Somewhat less strenuous than the other, it is equally persevering and effective, accomplishing as much while sitting by the fireside or standing behind the counter as the other can do by the constant activity, long journeys, and swift rides of which he is so fond. L.

NEW YORK,

MAY, 1867.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unblinded truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Poe*.

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PHRENOLOGY IN SCHOOLS.

WE have received the annual report of the City Superintendent of Schools of the city of New York for 1866, and are pleased to find within its covers such a recognition of the advantages derived from the application of phrenological principles to scholastic training as must commend our science to those educators who have heretofore regarded it with coldness.

Recognizing the importance of a correct system of classification, careful investigations have been made with a view to ascertain the best basis or the proper conditions for such classification. One of the school inspectors, Mr. John Hecker, especially interested himself in this inquiry, and, in the language of the report, has come to the conclusion "that a classification of the pupils of our public schools, based, partially at least, upon *temperamental characteristics and physical conditions* [the italics are in the report] affecting character, disposition, and intellectual development, might advantageously be adopted. * * * In accordance with the soundest principles of physical science, he recognizes the strongly-marked and clearly defined external characteristics which discriminate the Nervous, the Sanguine, the Lymphatic, and the Bilious temperaments,* and recommends a subdivision by the teacher of each class into four portions, according to the predominance in the pupils of these four temperaments respectively."

Then follows a description of the characteristics exhibited by those children

* Mr. Hecker seems to adhere to the old classification of the temperaments. We now recognize three, the Mental (Nervous), the Motive (Bilious), and the Vital (comprehending both the Sanguine and Lymphatic) temperaments.

possessing these temperaments respectively in predominance; and though it may be somewhat tame reading to those of our readers who are familiar with temperamental differences, we give it verbatim for the purpose of showing that some of our metropolitan educators have got their eyes open to the fact that mental phenomena are greatly influenced by temperamental condition; and that these same educators have bestowed sufficient attention to this matter to obtain an excellent idea of the nature of temperament.

"Children in whom the Nervous temperament predominates are distinguished by quick intelligence, aptness and facility of apprehension, rapidity of conception, and readiness to acquire instruction; while, at the same time, they are less able to retain what they learn, and need frequent and thorough reviews. Those of a Sanguine temperament are more readily affected by external sensation than by mental impression—requiring the constant interchange of physical exercise with intellectual training, and a high degree of patience and perseverance on the part of the teacher to enable them to retain and assimilate instruction. Those of Lymphatic temperament are easily swayed, and led by the will of the teacher, receiving *impressions* as distinguished from ideas easily, but are slow of comprehension intellectually, inert physically, and deficient in retaining impressions. The Bilious temperament gives permanence and retentiveness to all instruction, when once acquired, although its acquisition is very slow and difficult."

The report goes on further to state substantially, that it is quite palpable that children differing in mental power and physical condition should not be subjected to a like standard of instruction, but that their different capacities for learning should be carefully considered, and those, only, of similar or nearly similar mental apprehension and physical condition should be graded together.

The teacher should be careful to study the qualities of his pupils, and so adapt himself and his instruction to them, that each scholar may be developed intellectually according to his or her capacity. The principles laid down in those works

which treat of education as related to physical and mental conformation are worthy of careful study and observation. Those principles have heretofore been much overlooked, but their importance has been shown to be such that no candid mind, if it be at all interested in the training of youth, can ignore them.

The above official recognition of the value of Phrenology when employed in the classification of pupils in the district schools of a metropolis like New York is worthy of more than a mere passing notice. There are many private teachers, some engaged in a small way and some conducting large seminaries, who recognize the utility of our science and employ it with the most happy results in the mental discipline of their scholars. Not long since we examined, phrenologically, a young man who stated that he was the principal of a large seminary in Massachusetts, having attained that position, he believed, solely through the knowledge of character and the correct notions of education which he had obtained by a careful study of Phrenology. He had entered the seminary as a subordinate teacher, and determined from the first to make practical trial of the science which had interested him. His successful management of the children intrusted to him was marked; and although a stranger in the place, and with no outside personal influence, he was rapidly promoted to positions of greater and still greater responsibility, until his advancement culminated in the principalship. "I found," he said, "that a system of classification based on the principles of Phrenology was the best, and in the very outset paved the way to successful training."

Mr. Hecker, whose deep interest in educational matters is only equaled by the attention he has given to phrenological investigations with the view to their practical application as already indicated, is highly commended by the Superintendent in his report, as will appear by the following extract:

"The interest thus manifested by Inspector Hecker in the practical working of the various schools under his immediate jurisdiction, and in those of the city generally, is praiseworthy in the extreme; and a lasting debt of gratitude is due to him from the large body of teachers for

whose welfare and success he has so perseveringly and energetically labored."

We are content that New York shall take the lead in thus introducing into her public school system the healthful principles of that science which is so eminently fitted to improve society at large; and we are confident that the more generally those principles are applied in the school systems of the different States, the better will become their details of arrangement and the more thorough the scholarship of the pupils. Of the beneficial influences flowing from a system of education which recognizes the disparities in character, mental caliber, and physical condition of youth, and grades them accordingly, it is hardly necessary for us to speak; they will be at once acknowledged to be incalculable to the State and the nation.

PHRENOLOGY.

BY A. A. G.

"PHRENOLOGY," says one, "is the worst of all ologies."

"Phrenology," says another, "is a money-making science, and that's all."

"Phrenology," says still another, "is one of the greatest of humbugs, and destined, sooner or later, to be exploded."

"Phrenology," says yet another, "makes fatalists and infidels."

And, after all these foes of Phrenology, there rises up another, who says: "The man who believes in Phrenology is a slave to his 'bumps,' for he is nothing more or less than his 'bumps' will let him be."

Another says: "No man who believes in Phrenology can be a cheerful man, for he carries about with him the consciousness that he has one or more *bad* 'bumps,' which, like an evil genius, must always lead him whithersoever he would not go. Despair goes hand in hand with Phrenology, and the devil follows after, as hard as he can go."

Truth always seeks to manifest itself, and to make revelations of good to man, and the truth of Phrenology, we think, longs to be recognized by all the race.

So far from being "the worst of all ologies," it is one of the best. It presents as respectable an appearance as any of them, and is as earnest a toiler in the field. It meets persecution, too, with as much fortitude as any of the "ologies," and waits as patiently for its time of complete triumph.

If it be a "money-making science," we should be glad to know it, as it is very seldom that we hear of anything *good* being "money-making." It is truer than we want to have it, that almost everything *good* that people do brings more happiness than money, in spite of the fact that

equal parts of each are very desirable. It was the devil, if we rightly remember, who said: "All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt" do thus and so. He generally stands ready to pay well for fraud and cheating, and all kinds of dishonesty, while those who toil unselfishly for the great brotherhood of man have to wait, usually, for "the good time coming," when every noble work shall be made manifest, and receive great "recompense of reward." Serious doubts may well be entertained whether Phrenology is a very "money-making science." Whether it is, or is not, nothing can be more certain than that it is no humbug. Reams of paper might be covered in proof of this assertion, but it is only necessary to say that humbugs generally live a short life. They run their race quickly, and are gone and seen no more. Phrenology seems to hold on its way without any abatement of vigor, and its sight—its insight—improves rapidly, if the testimony of some men, who have had their 'bumps' examined, may be received as reliable. If it be a humbug, it will die at least a very old humbug, and one that has accomplished great good in the world.

It will never be said truly of it that it has "made fatalists and infidels." It is not the phrenologist who says: "What is to be will be, and I will not raise my hand to work for myself or others." The phrenologist and the fatalist are two different beings. Light and darkness are not more unlike than they are. Neither are the phrenologist and infidel more nearly related. Infidel* and fool are synonyms. It is the infidel and fool who work together to prove that the great revelation of God to man is not what it pretends to be—not the infidel and phrenologist.

The believer in Phrenology is also as far from being a *slave* as he is from being a fatalist or an infidel. He does not propose to let his "bad bumps," as many name some of their "bumps," be conquerors. He proposes to be conqueror himself—not that he intends to kill any of his "bumps," for this he has no thought of doing; but he means to have the mastery of them all, and keep each in its appropriate place. And so he says to Secretiveness: "You are quite too large a 'bump;' you hold your head too high; you must go under!"

To Acquisitiveness he says: "You take up too much room; you are too prominent; you swallow down everything, and are never satisfied. I mustn't give you more than half as much, and I must make you give half of that away!"

To Benevolence he says: "You are small and puny and sickly; you need exercise. You must have daily activity, and then you will get to be a 'bump' of respectable size!"

To Conscientiousness he says: "I am ashamed of you. You, who should be the greatest

* Infidels, so-called, are merely unbelieving querists, having the frontal or *reasoning* organs larger than those of Veneration and Spirituality, hence are erratic in coming to conclusions which need aid from those higher organs, which are not large enough in their craniums.—Ed.

of all, are the least of all. You are so small that no one knows that you even have an existence. Rise to your true position. Follow my orders!"

And so the man is king over all his "bumps," and "a slave" to none. In other words, he is intelligent with regard to himself, and knows what needs to be cultivated, and what has already been too much cultivated, and he uses his knowledge to make himself better. The result is a symmetrical, harmonious character. The "bumps" of our believer in Phrenology are soon on the best of terms, and all work together to make a beautiful and perfect life. Who shall say, then, that the man who believes in Phrenology is a slave, and, more than all other men, lives under a cloud? Surely the man who believes in Phrenology, and uses it for his own renovation, is on the way, at least, to being a free man, and neither despair nor the devil love to have much to do with him.

Cheerfulness is, with few exceptions, the blessing of every man who strives after the full development and dignity of manhood. And the devil is always shy of the cheerful worker, as he is of everything good under the sun.

Phrenology, if thoroughly believed in and understood, and applied to the greatest work a man has to do in this world—cultivating himself—is a blessing beyond all price, and never brings infidelity or slavery, darkness or the devil. Let its light and truth once enter a heart, and that heart is made better.

Phrenology has blessed us, and we would therefore reach out our hands and bless it, bidding it God-speed through the world. And we would call upon all men, everywhere, to welcome it as a purifier and helper and friend.

In our next issue we purpose giving the portrait, with biographical sketch, of M. Ernest Rénan, the French author. Several correspondents doubtless will be pleased with the installment of the "Phrenological Theory of Man's Organization," published in the present number. Many persons kindly disposed toward Phrenology have been very seriously puzzled by the views of the English physician, Dr. Carpenter, relative to that science. His statements in "Principles of Human Physiology," which is regarded as a great work by the medical profession, are very neatly and fairly refuted, as the reader of the "Phrenological Theory" will perceive. The series of articles under that heading deserve a careful reading.

Owing to unexpected difficulties connected with its preparation, we are obliged to disappoint our subscribers and friends by not publishing in this number the article on "The Navy," as promised in our last. A third article in the series on the "Characters of Shakspeare," and a very interesting sermon on "The Gospel Among the Animals," by Rev. Dr. Osgood, of New York, will be presented to our readers in our next number.

THE METRIC SYSTEM.

In 1795 the *Corps Legislatif* of France adopted a system of weights and measures founded upon the decimal system of notation, and called it the "Metric" System. It is now used in all business transactions in France, where it is regarded as a great improvement upon the old methods, and it has since been adopted, either wholly or in part, by Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Belgium, Switzerland, Holland, and by considerable portions of Germany. In 1864 Great Britain passed an act authorizing its use, and the United States Congress, on July 27, 1866, passed a bill which, though it does not make the system compulsory, establishes it as legal.

The Metric System, as adopted by France, is based upon a fundamental unit or measure of length, which received the name of *meter*, from the Greek *metron*, signifying *measure*. This standard was sought for and found in the sublimest of sciences, namely, Astronomy. It is approximately the one ten-millionth part of the distance between the equator and the north pole. A bar of platinum was carefully prepared to represent this length, and was deposited in the archives of France as the perpetual standard. Other bars have since been copied from it and distributed throughout France and other countries, and thus it has become the recognized metrical standard; although the astronomical measurement then taken has been found to be slightly incorrect. Thus the distance of 10,000,000 *meters* from the equator to the north pole, as established by the French observers, is too small by 935 yards, according to Bessel; by 1,410 yards, according to Buisant; and by 1,967 yards, according to Chazalon. Sir John Herschell has also testified against the accuracy of this result. Therefore, for all practical purposes, the *meter* is really nothing else than a bar of platinum of a certain length. But the Metric System is none the less beautiful and free from inaccuracy in its elaboration, notwithstanding the mistakes of astronomers.

Let us now look at the system. The *meter*, which is assumed to be one ten-millionth part of the distance from the equator to the poles, is, in fact, 39 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches or 39.37 inches in length. It is especially the unit of length, but it is also the unit from which all measures of weight and capacity, square or cubic, are derived. Multiplied by 10, by 100, by 1,000, and so forth, the *meter* supplies all needed linear measures, measures of area and surface on the one hand, and of solidity and capacity on the other.

The unit of *measures of surface* or land measures is the *are*, from the Latin *area*, and is the square of ten meters, or, in other words, a square of which each side is ten meters in length.

The unit of *solid measure* is the *stere*, from the Greek, and is the cube of a meter, or, in other words, a solid mass one meter long, one meter broad, and one meter high.

The unit of *liquid measure* is the *liter*, from the Greek, and is the cube of the tenth part of the meter, which is the *decimeter*, or, in other

words, it is a vessel, of which, by interior measurement, each side and the bottom are square *decimeters*.

The unit of weight is the *gram*, also derived from the Greek, and is the one-thousandth part of the weight of a cubic liter of distilled water—at its greatest density—this being just above the freezing-point.

Such are the main elements of the Metric System. But each of these has its multiples and its subdivisions. It is multiplied decimally upward and divided decimally downward. The multiples are derived from the Greek. Thus, *deca*, ten; *hecto*, hundred; *kilo*, thousand; and *myria*, ten thousand, prefixed to meter, signify ten meters, one thousand meters, and ten thousand meters. The subdivisions are derived from the Latin. Thus *deci*, centi, milli, prefixed to meter, signify one-tenth, one-hundredth, and one-thousandth of a meter.

These same prefixes may be applied in ascending and descending the scales to the are, the liter, and the gram. Thus, for example, we have in the ascending scale, *deca*gram, *hecto*gram, *kilo*gram, and *myria*gram; and in the descending scale, *deci*gram, *centi*gram, *milli*gram.

In this brief space we have the whole metrical system of weights and measures. Its details and nomenclature may be best studied under the following tables as adopted by Congress:

MEASURES OF LENGTH.

Metric Denominations and Values.	Equivalents.
Myriameter..... 10,000 meters.....	6.2137 miles.
Kilometer..... 1,000 meters.....	0.62137 miles.
Hectometer..... 100 meters.....	328 feet and 1 inch.
Decameter..... 10 meters.....	39.37 inches.
Meter..... 1 meter.....	39.37 inches.
Decimeter..... 1-10 of a meter.....	3.937 inches.
Centimeter..... 1-100 of a meter.....	0.3937 inches.
Millimeter..... 1-1000 of a meter.....	0.0394 inches.

MEASURES OF SURFACE.

Metric Denominations and Values.	Equivalents.
Hectare..... 10,000 square meters.....	2.471 acres.
Are..... 100 square meters.....	119.6 square yards.
Centare..... 1 square meter.....	1550.52 square inches.

MEASURES OF CAPACITY.

METRIC DENOMINATIONS AND VALUES.		
Names.	No. of Liters.	Cubic Measure.
Kiloliter, or Stere.....	1,000.....	1 cubic meter.
Hectoliter.....	100.....	1-10 of a cubic meter.
Dekaliter.....	10.....	10 cubic decimeters.
LITER.....	1.....	1 cubic decimeter.
Deciliter.....	1-10.....	1-10 of a cubic decimeter.
Centiliter.....	1-100.....	10 cubic centimeters.
Milliliter.....	1-1000.....	1 cubic centimeter.

The equivalents of these measures in common use are respectively as follows:

Dry Measure.	Liquid or Wine Measure.
1.308 cubic yards.....	264.17 gallons.
2 bushels and 3.35 pecks.....	26.417 gallons.
9.08 quarts.....	2.6417 gallons.
0.908 quarts.....	1.0567 quarts.
6.1022 cubic inches.....	0.845 gills.
6.102 cubic inches.....	0.338 fluid ounces.
0.061 cubic inches.....	0.27 fluid drams.

WEIGHTS.

Names.	No. of Grams.
Miller, or Tonneau.....	1,000,000
Quintal.....	100,000
Myriagram.....	10,000
Kilogram, or Kilo.....	1,000
Hectogram.....	100
Dekagram.....	10
GRAM.....	1
Decigram.....	1-10
Centigram.....	1-100
Milligram.....	1-1000

Which are equivalent respectively to the following:

Weight of Water at Maximum Density.	Avoirdupois Weight.
1 cubic meter.....	2204.6 pounds.
1 hectoliter.....	220.46 pounds.
10 liters.....	22.046 pounds.
1 liter.....	2.2046 pounds.
1 deciliter.....	3.5274 ounces.
10 cubic centimeters.....	0.527 ounces.
1 cubic centimeter.....	15.432 grains.
1-10 of a cubic centimeter.....	1.5432 grains.
10 cubic millimeters.....	0.1543 grains.
1 cubic millimeter.....	0.0154 grains.

For the measurement of small surfaces, the *are*, which is the unit of surface (land) measure, would be found too large. Therefore the *square meter* has been adopted as the unit of surface measure not including land, and equals 11.9603 square yards. The other denominations used in this measure are the *square decimeter*, the *square centimeter*, and the *square millimeter*. The *meter* contains ten decimeters, hence the square meter contains one hundred square decimeters. Thus a square meter contains

100 square decimeters.
10,000 square centimeters.
1,000,000 square millimeters.

In accordance with this principle, in order to represent decimally a surface composed of several square meters and several square decimeters—for example, 8 square meters and 6 square decimeters—we should write 8.06, because the square decimeter is the hundredth part of a square meter; 49 square meters, 6 square decimeters, and 4 square centimeters, would be represented by 48.0604, because the square centimeter is the ten thousandth part of a square meter.

The only subdivision of the *are*, or unit of surface (land) measure, is the *centiare*, the one hundredth part of the are, which will be found sufficient for all practical purposes.

For the measurement of solids, as firewood and lumber, we have the *stere*, which is the cube of a meter, and equals 35.3166 cubic feet, or 1.308 cubic yards. The only multiple of the *stere* is the *decastere*, and the only subdivision of the *stere* is the *decistere*.

The beautiful simplicity and directness of the relations between weights and measures and volumes in this system can be seen at once. A little study will place it all as clear as daylight even to the dullest comprehension.

The manner of expressing weight or measure will be readily comprehended by comparison with our manner of reading decimal currency. Thus we read \$105.00 one hundred and five dollars—not ten eagles and five dollars. So in the Metric System we read 12 dekameters, 9 meters, 7 centimeters, 4 millimeters, as 129.074 meters, and so throughout the whole system, the unit being the basis, except where custom shall adopt a different one, as in France, where the kilogram is the basis of weight instead of the gram itself, which would be too small for commercial purposes. All computations under this system are made with decimals, thus doing away with the compound and fractional system.

The advantages to be derived from the adoption of the metrical system of weights and measures are incalculable. It may prove a little difficult at first to substitute a new system for one that has been learned in childhood, but practice will overcome this obstacle, and the Metric System become popular because of its harmonious simplicity. The utility of a system recognized by all civilized nations in their home and foreign trade needs no argument to sustain it.

On Ethnology.

True Christianity will gain by every step which is made in the knowledge of man.—Spurzheim.

ABORIGINAL LEGENDS OF NORTH AMERICA.

[CONTINUED.]

BY E. G. SQUIER, M.A.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HUMAN RACE; OF GAME AND THE INDIAN CORN.

A CHEROKEE LEGEND.

In the earliest days of the world there were two superior beings—a woman and a man. At that time two sons by this pair were the only children on the earth. These sons were under the uncontrolled charge of their mother. When the boys got old enough to observe, and began to reason, they wondered why their mother left them every day, for a short time, and whither she went. They began to watch her. As they grew older they watched her more intently. It now occurred to them that she disappeared when their provision was exhausted, and always returned with a new supply. Thereupon they determined to find out how she came by the food with which she fed them. They hid themselves and followed her unseen through a dense forest to a mysterious and secluded structure of logs, into which she shut herself. Peeping through the interstices between the logs, they saw her go through certain movements, to them entirely inexplicable, followed by an outgushing of corn and beans, from underneath her arms and from her loins. They were terrified and fled. They could not comprehend the power by which their mother enabled them to be thus supplied from her own person, and they determined to slay her as an enchantress. She discovered their dark design, and told them that they plotted against her life, because their minds were bewildered by their incapacity to understand her power; and she added:

"Sons, your minds are bewildered; your sense is gone, and your mother must be slain by her own sons! But I found food for you, and I was your food; and in killing your mother, under the pretense of her being evil, you will fill yourselves with evil. But your mother will remain a mother to you always, even though you slay her; take heed, therefore, and treasure up her words."

She then informed them that though they would incur the guilt of her murder, they would not be able wholly to destroy either her or her love for them; that she would still be alive, both on earth and in the skies; that in the skies she would occupy the place whence she descended on her coming to the earth, and in which place she would forever dwell. But she added that her death by their wickedness would entail upon them the necessity of earning their own subsistence, by overwhelming labors, under hot suns and amid pinching

frosts. Still, if they attended to her injunctions, they would not labor in vain. She instructed them at stated periods to draw her body slowly over the earth, and promised that she would return to them in a growth of corn from the places over which her body had thus been drawn; while, at the same time, she should observe from her unseen abode in the skies, whether or not they complied with her further instructions to attend the fields through which they drew her, at the various stages of her uprising, in the shape of corn, by rooting out the weeds and lopping away the superfluous husks, and at the same time uttering thanks and prayers in a series of devotional chants, which she would teach them.

"When you have discharged these duties, and when you shall have sung these songs," she added, "you will at length see me fully grown. I shall lift my head proudly. You will look upon me and be glad; and be sure that you are careful of me, for elsewhere you will find no milk whose source is inexhaustible—like mine; and when you discover that my bosom is full of nourishment, and when my head towers on high, so that no foot can step over my crest as it waves toward the sun, then you are to set apart seven days and seven nights, and on the morning which shall follow, at the time of the rising sun, you are to prepare me for a feast; and when the feast is ready, you are to make your invocations, first toward the east, secondly toward the north, and thirdly toward the west, and finally toward the south; then you are to stand in the center of the four points and call to me above—for I shall be there, and shall hear you if you call—and when I hear you I will take fast hold on your minds, and bring them back to what they ought to be. As you increase in strength and numbers, take heed that you observe these things, for I shall know if you observe them not. But if you forget to think of me, and of these things which I enjoin, and shall make use of me without remembering my words, I will fling among you the Desolator! I will do this, but you will not think whence comes the scourge. It will be my work, and you will feel me when you can not know me."

It seems, however, that the sons, after committing the murder of their mother, disobeyed her instructions, and were presently without food. Their father returning from the chase, discovered their crime, and was shocked by their perverseness in protesting that their mother was justly slain, because she was an enchantress and "full of evil."

"In killing your mother," he said, "you have filled yourselves with evil. By your mother you lived; by your mother you continue to live. She could not be full of evil when the sole business of her life was to sustain her sons."

And so he left them in anger. But knowing they were entirely destitute of food, he presently brought them venison, and made bows and arrows for them, telling them what particular birds they were to shoot when he was away

from them, and directing them at such times to keep within certain bounds. One day they complained to him that they could not find certain birds where they ranged, and he ordered them to obey his first instructions, and not to overpass the limits he had set for them. Now and then, for four successive days, he would return without game, but would not explain the cause; he nevertheless prepared bitter, mystical drinks for them, saying that after they had taken these the game would be more plenty. Their curiosity was aroused by the strangeness of these proceedings. Day after day they secretly stole out after their father, gradually exceeding their bounds more and more. On the last day they watched him as far as a mighty cave, just opposite to a high precipice, on which they themselves stood concealed to observe what passed. They saw their father roll a rock from the mouth of the cave, shoot a deer as it sprung forth, then carefully close up the cavern, and afterward sling the deer over his back, and go homeward with it. They were in great exultation in having, as they fancied, over-reached their father and possessed themselves of the secret source of their supply, whence they now thought they could always obtain as much venison as they might wish. So they rolled away the stone, and out sprang a fine deer, which one brother shot; and then leaped forth another, which was shot by the other brother. But not deer only; animals of every variety now darted out of the cave, each moment in quicker and quicker succession, and filling the air with hideous howlings. Eye-balls glared on all sides, the earth quivered with trampling and bounding hoofs; and at last there streamed forth a horrible rush of serpents and an interminable variety of other reptiles.

The disobedient sons, who had been turned giddy by the first outburst, reeled and staggered about, and finally lost all knowledge, even of themselves. Their father heard the tumult, flung down his game, and ran back to his sons. Though he was deeply wounded and mortified by their wickedness, he could not forsake them, but gave them herbs to bring them back to their senses. Being much troubled about them, after leaving them long enough by themselves to have had time for reflection, he called them to him one night and remonstrated with them on their murder of their mother, who had been their nourisher, and on their disobedience to him; but they were surly and said nothing. He told them:

"Sons, you have said in your hearts, 'We can do even without our father.' Beware lest your father leave you to yourselves!"

Finding no change in their deportment, the next night he again reproached them for having trifled with the ample means provided for their support, and told them that he had at length resolved to punish their waywardness by withdrawing from them altogether. The sons did not believe that their father was quite in earnest, but they had no objection to being relieved from the restraint of his presence. Besides, they said, one to the other, that their

father, being an old man, could not see so clearly as they; the game they had set at large in the forest must always more than supply them; and the pursuit of it would keep them in good health and spirits. So they went abroad light of heart, but wandered all day and found no game. Their father was not at home when they got back, weary and hungry, at night, and they felt disappointed and chagrined. The next day passed in the same fruitless effort, and the next night they again wished in vain for their father. They were nearly famished. "What has become of our father?" exclaimed one; "We must seek our father!" cried the other. "If we seek him diligently, we shall be sure to find him," replied the first. And so they took up their bows and arrows and went forth to seek their father.

Said one, pointing eastward, "Perhaps he is in this direction," and he shot an arrow eastward; but the arrow returned and stuck in the ground before them. Said the other, pointing to the northward, "Perhaps he is in that direction," and he shot an arrow northward; but the second arrow returned as did the first, and they exclaimed: "Lo! he is west, then. Is it thitherward that he is gone?" inquired they, pointing toward the west; but the arrow returned from the westward also, and they cried despondingly: "No! he is not this way!" And when they tried the south, the south too sent the arrow back, and they exclaimed, "Alas! where can our father be?" And now their minds were filled with fear and wonder. "Is it possible that he can be gone above?" They looked upward to the sky. The arrow which they shot thither never returned. "We have found our father!" cried they exultingly to one another; "joy, joy, we have found our father!"

The father was melted when he saw how earnestly his sons had sought for him, and he took pity on them, and came down to them from the skies. He talked with them much, and gave them much good counsel. But he told them that in consequence of their offenses against him and their mother, they must not again hope to be fed without hard and anxious toil. He then imparted wise instructions to them, which being ended, "I must now," he added, "rise up to my rest again, and leave you; but remember, when you are in want of game, the instructions I have given you; and if you should ever slight them, purify yourselves by the medicine I have told you of, and then strive afresh to do as I have taught. I return now to where your mother is, and where we dwell together. Against both of us you have offended; but take heed of what we both have told you, and if you do so, whenever you are in need of succor call on us, and you will find that the ingratitude of the sons to the parents is lost in the love of the parents to their sons." And having said this he was seen no more.

Among their other traditions, adds Mr. Payne, they have one to the effect that the world was created by three beings who came down from

on high for that purpose, at the commencement of the autumnal new moon, when the fruits were all ripe. Hence that moon begins the year, and is called the Great Moon. From this moon time is reckoned, as far as respects the festivals of the new moons. All beings were at first red; serpents were not poisonous, nor were any roots unfit for man's use. He would have lived forever; but the sun in passing over perceived that this earth was not large enough to support all men in immortality. Poison was therefore inserted in the tooth of the snake, in the root of the wild parsnep, and ferocity was given to wild beasts. One of the first family was soon bitten by a serpent and died. All possible efforts were made to bring him to life again, but without avail. Being overcome in the first instance, the whole race was doomed, not only to the death of the body, but to eternal misery.

Not long after, the Creator ordered men to build high places, on which to erect structures for purposes of worship, where they might offer sacrifices, assemble for religious instruction, and perform their dances. On certain days, it was ordained that they were to assemble in the temples they had erected obediently to the command of the Creator.

According to their tradition, the priests who officiated in these temples offered sacrifices at sunset, on an altar consisting of an elevated flat stone. The sacrifice was a piece of flesh, sprinkled over with powder of old tobacco. The fire was each time newly kindled by friction.

They have a tradition of the deluge coinciding suspiciously in its details with the Hebrew account, and evidently, so far as these are concerned, derived from the whites. They relate that long ago the Indians, having traveled a great distance, came to a great water. Dividing here, a part went north and a part went south. Those who went north settled in two towns, called Ka-no-wo-gi and Nu-ta-gi. Those who went south settled at Ka-gu-li, or Old Town, because they took the lead in the journey, and were considered the grandfathers of all the Indians.

Though the holy fire which the Indians originally obtained was not brought with them to this country, they afterward procured it, and kept it, until about a hundred years ago, in the council house at Ta-gu-la. In a war with the whites, their council house was destroyed, and some of the people suppose the holy fire was extinguished; but others think it is still burning in the ground.

Besides the sun and moon, they have many inferior deities; but the sun and moon were considered as supreme over the lower creation, and all the rest were regarded as having been made by them, subject to their direction, and employed in their service. Special duties were ascribed to each.

The most active and efficient agent appointed by the sun and moon to take care of the earth was fire. When therefore especial favor was needed, it was made known to Fire, accompanied by an offering. Fire was considered

the intermediate being, nearest the sun, and received the same sort of homage from the Cherokees that the same element did from the Eastern Magi. This reverence was extended to smoke, which was esteemed Fire's messenger, always in readiness to convey the petition on high. A child immediately after birth was sometimes waved over fire; children were brought before it, and its guardian care solicited for them. Hunters also waved their mocassins over it, to secure protection from serpents. Some consider fire to have descended direct from heaven. Others speak of it as an active and intelligent being, in the form of a man, dwelling in distant regions, beyond the waters whence their ancestors came. Some represent a portion of it as having been brought with them and sacredly guarded. Others pretend that after crossing wide waters, they sent back for it to the "Man of Fire," from whom a little was conveyed by a spider, wrapped in his web. It was thenceforth, they say, kept in their national heptagon, or rather in a hole or cave dug under it. But this edifice being captured by enemies and destroyed the fire was lost; but some suppose it only sunk deeper in the ground, to avoid unhallowed eyes, and that it still exists there. Since its disappearance new fire has been made at particular times, with various ceremonies, which are yet continued.

The Cherokees also say that the original or superior Creator, of whom the sun and moon are emblems, and whose abode is in the center of the sky, immediately overhead, in the beginning directed certain lines upon the earth, which we call North, South, East, and West. To each of these points he sent newly-created beings of different colors. In the north he placed the *Blue Man*; in the west, which is called the region of the setting sun, the *Black Man* was placed, who is called *Kah-waick-hu*, "the Fearless;" to the south was sent the *White Man*, the man of purity and peace; but the first and original of all was the *Red Man*, who was placed in the east (supposed to signify the seat of the sun). These four beings are now existing on high, as the Vicegerents of the Great Supreme Being, and the mediators between him and their posterity, of whom the *Red Man* (the sun) was the first born. To these four beings power is given over the world. To each one of them our first supplications are to be addressed in succession. Whatever is addressed to the *Black Man*, the Fearless, will forthwith be attended to; for all that relates to goodness, the *White Man* is to be invoked. But over all the Creator rules supreme, enthroned at the point where the four cardinal points intersect each other. His eye beholds them and us, and to him, after first invoking the man of the east, the man of the north, of the south, and the west, to him, the greatest of all, the last and most fervent of our prayers are to be addressed. It sometimes happens that the four beings usually invoked as men are prayed to as four dogs—the Great Black Dog of the West, etc.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ORIGIN OF LIFE.

COMPOUND or complicated forms of life are only traceable as the product of parentage, and so, necessarily, retrospectively through simpler forms, down to the first simple organized derivative germ, cell, or globule of each type. All complicated forms of life are built up and sustained in constant repair by blood globules, or cells with nuclei, which alone have the power of selecting from surrounding or introduced nutrition the appropriate and assimilative materials for the ultimate production of bone, muscle, tissue, etc., which are carried by these active globules to their various depositories, to build and keep in repair the whole animal organization, in all its varied and complicated parts. Now what are all these very important globules or cells, of which the red or vital parts of the blood are composed, with their observed internal organisms, or nuclei and nucleoli?

Jean Macé, in his admirable "History of a Mouthful of Bread," believes that each of these globules is an animated being (an opinion I have long entertained); and that their vitality has not been detected by the microscope, as he says, because they have been studied only in the clot or dead state. In their living condition of circulation through animal systems, these globules, in the frog's foot for instance, where they have been most investigated, their passage is so rapid, and the forms so minute, that the interposing films of the blood-vessels render their individual examination for evidences of life almost hopeless of detection.

In no liquid but the blood do we find any globules with nuclei, except such as are absolute low forms of cell life, as the monad, amœba, etc., whose vitality, under the microscope, are easily recognized, frisking and seeking food from the surrounding liquid; and even their mode of reproduction is noticed by fissure, gemination, conjugation, and, perhaps, other still undiscovered processes. These facts render the similar forms or character of the blood globules, floating in their serum liquid throughout the circulatory systems of all animals, as probably low forms, too, of cell life, or individual vitality.

In the case of simple celled monads, etc., there exists some intelligence, inseparable from life, as evidenced in their observed modes of enjoyable play, as well as maneuvers adopted in securing their nutrition from the surrounding protoplasm, and perhaps from still lesser organisms. This varied cell life probably has different habits in the forms of their work, as well as different selections for their nutrition, and the materials requisite for their varied habitations, our organs; hence the varied and seeming intelligent selection which the blood makes from food introduced into the animal digestive organs, whose globules alone carry to divers parts of the frame the necessary materials to build up or keep in repair the various forms and materials of the organs, of which compound animals are constructed. These characteristics of cause and effect, so like the intelligent oper-

ations of minute forms of life, forcibly remind us of the habits and wondrous accomplishments of the tiny polypus, who by their ciliated evolutions, draw currents of water to themselves, and from which they extract the materials out of the great ocean for their sustenance, as well as with their different habits, for their variously-constructed homes, in many beautiful forms, conjointly to produce great frameworks of calcareous stone for reefs, islands, and future continents.

Here then is, probably, a world of little intelligent globules, or nucleous cell life, constantly at work in our circulatory systems for our benefit, and in which alone, as intelligent operators, can we assign a cause for the varied selection which the blood makes from our introduced food, which is as variously applied to build up and keep in repair our variously positioned and constituted organs. Here, too, may be explained why these globules, after coursing through our systems as arterial and venous creatures, partially exhausting themselves by contributing to the building and repairing their homes, our bodies; carry away the refuse charcoal, or burnt carbon, in their now little blackened cells or bodies, in returning through our veins, as venous animalculæ, to seek the surface again, in the little pores of our lungs, to breathe, or be saturated with, the pure vital oxygen, in exchange for their load of carbon. Thus invigorated and lightened in color by this exchange, they return to the appointed work in their great ocean and its estuaries, the heart and arteries, as the now refreshed arterial creatures, or arterial blood (so called), carrying their full supply of stores for their own sustenance on their journey, and to build up and keep in repair their prized resorts, their appointed labor, which are our various organs. Here, too, is a further evidence of the usefulness of all creatures, however humble; none being made for drones—creation being all activity.

Thus in an endless round of such intelligent globular action are we alone enabled to account for such otherwise inexplicable processes, which selects always the appropriate material for each organ to build up and sustain by repairing the continued waste of all animal organizations, the various parts of which are, doubtless, the peculiar attraction and ambition of these various cell animalculæ.

To attain to the most comprehensive view of the origin of animal life, all that man can hope to do is thus to trace their most complicated forms by parental origin, and through vast periods of time, retrospectively, into less complicated progenitors, down to their simple derivative globule or cell; whose presence as very blood relations, pointing to our origin, we probably still carry in our veins, as the primal link in all animal creations, down to these infinitesimal existences, whose adaptability, through wondrous formulative laws, impressed on each of these little derivative creatures by Almighty Forethought, Power, and Beneficence.

CHAS. E. TOWNSEND.

A SPRING IDYL.

Oh, brightening skies, slow reaching through,
In warm and royal robes of blue,
The deep-drawn shadows that the Winter knew.

Give in thy heart your radiance room,
Unlock therein each hidden tomb,
And in the sunshine bury all the gloom.

Oh, truant birds, fast hovering near,
Whose golden drops of song I hear
With April rain fall through the atmosphere,

Bear me a new-born melody,
A deep, high breath of harmony,
That wakes, and lives, and lasts eternally.

Oh, breath of flowers, that bloom below
The leaves that faded long ago,
Where lingers yet the last light print of snow!

Wake from beneath the frost and mold,
Life's vernal buds will sure unfold
In perfect blooms and beauties manifold.

Oh, young capricious winds, whose wings
Hang sweet with balms of tropic Springs,
Captured in your far southward wanderings,

Touch all the soul as by some gracious chance
With fragrance and a higher excellence—
Waft back the dreams of youth, and all life's sweet romance.

Oh, plenteous showers, that sob to rest
On beds, your tears keep greenly dressed,
That kiss the graves of those loved most, and best,

Let fall the tender dews on me
Of loftiest truth, of largest charity;
Wash from all earthly dross the gold in purity.

CENTREVILLE, R. I.

EMILY S. TANNER.

WANT OF DECISION.—A great deal of labor is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they had only been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that in doing anything in the world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances; it did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward; but at present a man waits and doubts, and consults his brothers, and his uncles, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age, and that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time to follow their advice. There is so little time for over-squeamishness at present, that the opportunity slips away. The very period of life at which a man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings, and efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculations.—*Sidney Smith.*

Communications.

Under this head we publish such voluntary contributions as we deem sufficiently interesting or suggestive to merit a place here, but without indorsing either the opinions or the alleged facts set forth.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

WHAT WE THINK OF THE QUACKS.—Could we publish the letters sent us exposing wicked swindlers, who rob and poison their victims under the most benevolent pretenses, it would startle the incredulous. One poor fellow—an indiscreet young man—writes us, that he paid the proprietors of the Anatomical Museum one hundred dollars for worse than useless medicines, and when he assured them that he was getting no better, but rather worse under their treatment, they had the coolness to ask him for an additional sum, in all, four hundred dollars! For this, they *promised* positively to cure him. But what were their promises worth? Should the victim follow their prescriptions yet longer, the probability is they would hear nothing more of him forever. These quacks—and a hundred others—deceive, rob, and poison whom they can entice into their traps.

The "Howard Association" is a shameless cheat, and its owner gets money by selling stuff which he calls medicine—"to be procured nowhere else." He charges \$30 to start with, and then so much a month—as long as he can hang on to his deluded victim.

Then there are numerous small quack medical swindlers, who charge only \$10 or \$15 for worthless trash. These advertise "no cure no pay," or anything to catch young men who are green enough to fall into their nets.

We repeat the warning. Beware! Trust them not! Their show of nude figures, morbid and other anatomical specimens, are simply baits; and their "private lectures to gentlemen" intended, first to excite and pervert the passions, with the hope of catching a victim. All these advertising doctors are wicked quacks. We do not know of a single reliable physician who advertises for practice.

A PHENOMENON EXPLAINED.

Two gentlemen recently addressed to me the following query: "Why does the sun, in summer, shine on the north side of a house, or other raised object, at rising and setting?" I gave my solution, and received from the same parties the following response: "That is the best and only solution of that difficult problem we have ever seen, and are anxious that the same should be published."

As such phenomenon is little noticed, and less generally understood by the observing, if you, Messrs. Editors, think my solution is worth publishing, the following is submitted.

The sun comes north, that is, shines perpendicularly at the summer solstice $23^{\circ} 28'$ north of the equator, consequently his rays then fall the same number of degrees beyond the true pole; showing that the pole of the earth then leans that number of degrees toward the sun, as the south pole correspondingly does at the winter solstice.

At the summer solstice every parallel of latitude, viewed as a plane cutting through the earth, rises or becomes more elevated as it recedes from the sun, so from his meridian on that parallel to the east and west quadratures (the points of sunrise and sunset) there is a corresponding elevation of one half the entire plane of that latitude. From such elevation of the plane of each latitude, it will be apparent that objects situated near the quadratures, and having a north exposure, must then receive the sun's rays on that side. Example: Imagine a thin and very flaring hoop, placed edgewise around the globe, to represent a parallel of latitude, and its raised face, all around, to represent a continuous elevation, as a range of mountains or a continuous row of houses on that latitude, the side facing the pole, all around, being the north face. Now it must be apparent at and near the summer solstice, the pole then leaning toward the sun $23^{\circ} 28'$ (equal to his perpendicularity north of the equator), that if we elevate the hoop on the side from the sun $23^{\circ} 28'$, each of such parallels of latitude correspondently represents a plane, cutting through the earth, which rises as

it recedes from that luminary to the extent of $23^{\circ} 28'$; hence at the quadratures, half way (the farthest eastern and western points of sunrise and sunset), that there the sun must then shine on the inner or north face of that hoop; while at and near meridian his rays will exclusively fall on the outer or south face of the hoop (the meridian or side nearest the sun), as, on all raised objects, upon every parallel north of the sun's perpendicularity, at and near the season of summer solstice.

As a further illustration, hold a narrow strip of paper, coiled into a circle, before a light, and raise the farthest side about 23° , and you will observe that the light shines on the outer face of the strip which is nearest the light, and its south or meridian side; while it also shines, at the quadratures, on the inside of the strip, which represent the points of sunrise and sunset, and are the north faces of such raised objects on a parallel of latitude. The farther half of this hoop, of course, is the non-luminous half of that parallel, or the then night portion of the globe.

CHARLES E. TOWNSEND.

SUCCESS.

BY FRANCES A. BAKER.

How shall we measure that which men have called success,

And by what standard shall we test its worth?
That which is sought with yearning none can quite repress,
And watched and waited for through all the earth.

To one the dream of counting golden treasures o'er,
Makes bright the future, lends a charm to life;
The heart grows strong at thought of adding store to store,
Until at last sweet peace shall crown the strife.

But added weight of gold brings added weight of care.
With heart to "mammon" given too late, he finds
That that which he had deemed success is but a snare
Whose chains around the soul Time closer binds.

Too late he finds that wealth alone can never bless;
Peace has no song to drown his spirit's wail;
Gold has no charm, when looking back with sore distress;
And bitterness, he sees what 'tis to fail.

Another looks upon the glittering star of fame,
And fondly worships its unsteady light,
Firmly resolved to gain at any cost a name
That Time shall bear forever in its flight.

The prize seems won, but oh, at what a fearful cost!
Soul-wealth, heart-treasure, hopes, and joys, all, all
That might have been, now in the past forever lost—
For what? To reach a giddy height, then faint and fall.

It is not he who strives to meet a selfish aim,
Whom God crowns with the noble word success;
'Tis he who freely from his own pure life and name
Gives most his brother-man to cheer and bless.

'Tis he who struggles boldly, manfully through life,
Who rules that one strong city, his own heart—
Who nobly stands amid the tempest, toll, and strife,
Taking his Master's word for guide and chart.

'Tis he who will not shrink from burdens hard to bear,
Whose heart is strong to suffer and to love—
Whose feet will tread dark paths since God would lead them there—
Whose eye is firmly fixed on things above.

'Tis he whose heart is ever kept in perfect tune
With fearful, joyful sympathies of earth,
So that sweet harmony shall tremble in his own,
When other hearts are touched to give it birth.

Trusting and loving God more than all else beside,
Though earthly power and wealth to him are given,
They will be hallowed, consecrated, sanctified
Till angels write upon his brow "success," in heaven.

PERPETUAL MOTION!

A CORRESPONDENT writes as follows:

JAMESTOWN, GREENE Co., OHIO.
S. R. WELLS—I announce the invention of perpetual motion! The inventor is a man by the name of Havens. Providence not preventing, this man will soon astonish the scientific world. After thirty years' labor, he has perfected, or rather produced, what no other man has done, and if it should stand the test, it will produce a revolution in modern philosophy. I merely make this early announcement, that you may seek an opportunity to see him. He expects to be in New York shortly, as it will be on his way to the World's Fair, where his invention will be exhibited. I might say much more about this remarkable man, but I desist, hoping you will have an opportunity to see him.

From here he goes to Canada, from thence to Washington, D. C., from thence to New York, and from thence to Paris. Respectfully,

P. S. This is not for publication.

But "how in the world" can we be expected to keep such a discovery as this from the world? No, indeed. We keep the name of the above writer in the most profound confidence; but his sublime discovery *must* be announced in the A. P. J.! We await the visit of the inventor of perpetual motion with awe! Wonder if he wears spectacles and long hair! How wise he must be! We shall never forget our early experiments in this line of investigation; nor the investments of a weak and amiable man to forward the enterprise of one Heaton, who spent twenty years of valuable time, and all the cash he could borrow, in "perfecting" a machine, "almost ready to go off itself." What has become of Heaton? Has his spirit been transported from the Sixth Avenue, New York, to Jamestown, "Greene" County, Ohio? We shall report further when we find out. Till then, hold your breath!

TOLL NOT THE BELL.

BY FRANCES LAMARTINE KEELER.

Toll not the bell for me when I am gone,
When o'er life's stormy sea this soul hath flown;
Too solemn doth it sound for spirits blest,
When they have ceased to grieve and are at rest.

Toll not the bell for me when life is riven;
Then I shall speed away pure and forgiven;
Let not the bell's deep tones ring o'er my bier,
Smile when you look farwell, weep not a tear.

Toll not the bell for me if, in the spring,
Death fanneth out my life with his dark wing;
Then murm'ring streams will glide swift on their way,
Telling of brighter things than earth's decay.

Toll not the bell if, in the summer hours,
Death steals my breath away with fading flowers;
Then summer birds will sing o'er my retreat
Songs I have loved to hear, gentle and sweet.

Toll not the bell if, in the autumn time,
Death knocketh at my door whispering, "mine;"
For autumn crickets then, sadly and low,
Will chant above my tomb when night-winds blow.

Toll not the bell if, winter, cold and chill,
Shall bid my life-pulse cease, my heart be still;
Then dreary winds will moan their requiems sad—
Toll not the bell for me when I am dead.

A MISSISSIPPI newspaper copies the following, and adds remarks:

RELIEF FOR THE SUFFERING WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF THE SOUTH.—An association comprising many of the most influential ladies of New York, and called "The Ladies' New York Southern Relief Association," has been organized for the purpose of receiving and distributing contributions in aid of the suffering women and children in the Southern States.—*Exchange.*

REMARKS.—If these New York ladies will persuade their husbands, brothers, and sweethearts to cease their persecutions of the South, and return or pay for such articles as they stole from our widows and orphans, we can get along very well without their charities. Northern people may call it charity to take a fine gold watch or diamond pin from a helpless woman, and two years after subscribe two bits to buy her provisions, but we can't see it.

[In other words, "We want none of your charity." Fie, fie, Mr. Mississippian. How sure are you that it was not the bad men of your own State who stole the jewels? Besides, you can not eat watches and diamonds.]

Literary Notices.

[All works noticed in THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.]

THOUGHTS SELECTED FROM THE WRITINGS OF HON. HORACE MANN. Pp. 240, 18mo. Cloth, gilt. Price \$1 50. Boston: H. B. Fuller & Co.

A beautiful volume of beautiful thoughts. The editor has condensed the writings of this prolific educator and given us the gist of the whole in this handsome, handy volume, which should have a place not only in every library, but on every center-table. We have met with nothing new for years which pleased us more than this rich compilation, which is, indeed, *multum in parvo*—much in little.

THE TENT ON THE BEACH, and Other Poems. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Another gem from the Quaker poet. How gratifying it is to meet with such genial, happy thoughts so sweetly expressed! How much Benevolence! how much devotion! and what a vivid imagination are marked in the poems of Whittier! And yet how clearly all his images are described by the intellect to the intellect. He lifts us up to the ethereal world, and yet in contemplating the beauties of the supernal, the relations of the earthly are not lost sight of, but are invested with the charm of affinity with the spiritual.

PARIS SOCIAL. A sketch of every-day life in the French metropolis. By Lieutenant-Colonel H. B. Addison, author of "Belgium As She Is," etc. London print. Price 3s.

For those who are desirous of knowing the manner in which French people actually live; how to locate themselves pleasantly while in Paris, for a longer or shorter time; how to secure a good living without being "bled to death;" how to procure the necessities and comforts of life; and how to conduct themselves generally, this book is the best book that has come under our notice. It is rather a compendium of advice for the conduct of one's domestic affairs while in Paris, than a general guide-book.

PEDAGOGICS. By H. M. Cridder. Published by Kephart & Crier, York, Pa. Cloth. Price 75 cts.

This is a very readable little book. The metrical composition, after the style of "Hiawatha," invests it with a charm which renders the really interesting matter more interesting. Old style, tyrannical, lazy, stupid, love-sick, inefficient, and capable preceptors, or pedagogues as our author would style them, are graphically described.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. By Charles Dickens. With Forty-two Illustrations from original designs. 8vo. Cloth, \$1 25. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Peterson Brothers are certainly book-makers for the people. Bringing out, as they constantly are, editions of standard authors at prices quite within the pecuniary ability of the middle or working classes, they contribute in no small degree to the intellectual improvement of those classes. Their efforts in producing books at low prices have a favorable influence upon the trade at large, in the way of cheapening books. The diminished profit arising from the sale of one book will be more than compensated by the increased sales resultant upon the reduction.

We have also received a copy of Ticknor & Fields' Diamond Edition of **OUR MUTUAL**

FRIEND. It is handsomely illustrated, and of the same style of binding as "The Pickwick Papers." Price \$1 50.

Between Messrs. Ticknor & Fields and the Peterson Brothers, poor folks have a fine opportunity to add an occasional good book to their thin libraries.

THE AMERICAN FRUIT CULTURIST; containing Practical Directions for the Propagation and Culture of Fruit-trees in the Nursery, Orchard, and Garden. With descriptions of the principal American and foreign varieties cultivated in the United States. By John J. Thomas. 480 illustrations. New York: William Wood & Co. Price

The author is one of our most scientific fruit-growers. He has become venerable in his calling, is learned in the school of actual practice, and knows from his own knowledge whereof he speaks and writes. Since Downing, perhaps no author in America is more thoroughly posted in all departments of this most useful pursuit. Mr. Thomas was long connected with the *Albany Cultivator and Country Gentleman*. He has also written for other agricultural periodicals, and we have here the gist of his whole experience. His work is beautifully illustrated by accurate drawings, and handsomely printed by the veteran publishers of Walker Street. Whoever buys this book will buy a good one, one from which he may learn much. It is a work which is thoroughly reliable. Following its teachings he can not be misled, but will be put in the way of the best success. We wish a copy could be placed in the hands of every agriculturist, horticulturist, and gardener in America. It would tend to the production of an abundance of those delicious and healthful fruits which all unperverted appetites so much enjoy.

We take occasion to thank Mr. Seymour for the copy of his very interesting "Western Incidents Connected with the Union Pacific Railroad," which has recently come into our hands. Our own recollections of the excursion to the 100th meridian are so vivid, and our relations with several of the gentlemen connected with the management of the U. P. R.R. are so pleasant, that a reading of the book is doubly agreeable.

TEMPERANCE ESSAYS AND SELECTIONS FROM DIFFERENT AUTHORS. Collected and edited by Edward C. Delavan, South Ballston, N. Y. Fourth Edition. Published by the National Temperance Society and Publication House: New York. Cloth, \$1 50.

This collection, which may be considered a compendium of statistical information relating to the use and abuse of intoxicating liquors, will prove of great service to the temperance reformer. The history, the physiological, moral, and religious aspects of liquor drinking are so condensed in it as to be of practical use to him who would actively combat with the fiery demon—rum. Letters, essays, addresses, and selections from the addresses of distinguished clergymen, statesmen, physicians, etc., constitute a considerable portion of the volume, and enhance its value. A full account of the celebrated "Beer trial" at Albany in 1840 is given; in which the testimony offered is of an exceedingly interesting character, especially to those who are fond of ale or beer.

ENGINEERING: an illustrated weekly journal, conducted by Zerah Colburn, of London, is republished by D. Van Nostrand, of New York, and is doubtless the best periodical on the subject indicated by its title.

THE DRUGGIST'S CIRCULAR AND CHEMICAL GAZETTE is well worthy the patronage of all interested in *materia medica*. The February number contains excellent articles on "Public Hygiene" and "The Water We Drink."

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By Benson J. Lossing. Illustrated by many hundred engravings on wood by Lossing and Barrett, from sketches by the author and others. Vol. I. Philadelphia: George W. Childs, Publisher. 8vo, pp. 608. \$5.

An examination of this volume has convinced us of its permanent value. In Mr. Lossing as its author, we have a gentleman of acknowledged literary and practical ability. His numerous historical publications have ever received the approbation of the intelligent for their clearness, authenticity of detail, and liberal handling. Besides, Mr. Lossing writes for the people generally and not for a class, and therefore his books are entitled to universal consideration. The first volume is well brought out, abundantly illustrated, and will, we doubt not, command a ready sale.

ALCOHOL: its Place and Power. By James Miller.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF TOBACCO. By John Lizards. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. Cloth, \$1 25.

These powerfully-written essays, by two distinguished Scottish scholars, exhibit the pernicious tendencies of the use of Alcohol and Tobacco in the clearest light conceivable. We, although long convinced of the dangerous character of these social evils, find ourselves more convinced by the weight of evidence adduced in this book. They are fairly considered in their various aspects, and the conclusions are irrefutable. This is emphatically the book for young men to read.

DAVID COPPERFIELD. By Charles Dickens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The fertility of the press-rooms of the above publishers is becoming a matter worthy of admiration. Volume after volume is sent forth in quick succession, and the public are instructed by these enterprising gentlemen to expect more. We suppose that before long we shall have "Great Expectations" with their imprint. One commendable feature of their reprints of Dickens' novels is that the original illustrations, which served so much to popularize the English editions, are reproduced.

THE INITIALS. A story of Modern Life. By the Baroness Tanteus, author of "Quita," "Cyrilla," etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Paper, \$1 50; cloth \$2.

The lovers of fiction who have not read this likely volume, will find the above new republication of it issued in a style quite to their taste. The cloth edition is bound and ornamented in a style well adapted to the library. As a literary production, "The Initials" will compare favorably with any modern romance.

MESSRS. BLANCHARD & CRAM'S Hand-books of Iowa and Minnesota are excellent publications in their way. Those who contemplate removal to the West will find much information in these interesting hand-books respecting the agricultural, commercial, manufacturing, and other resources of the States specified.

COMMON SENSE. A Moral, Philosophical, and Political Poem. By E. Searle. Mr. Searle has selected a style of

versification which is somewhat difficult to manage with acceptance to the learned reader. His matter, however, reads pleasantly, and hits off the social and political aspects of the times with considerable accuracy. This is a good specimen of his verse:

We've had our manias and our crazy dreams

Of wealth and fashion, till the public mind

Has grown diseased with speculating schemes,

And Folly is on Folly's self refined.

Like old age in her dotage—fickle, blind,

She leads us onward in a madcap chase,

Some fancied or some latent good to find,

In some far distant and Utopian region,

Where dwells that alchemist whose name is "legion."

Within the same covers we find a good paraphrase of a portion of that glorious poem in the Bible, the Book of Job, and also a lyrical attempt to expose the pernicious tendencies of tobacco using. The last we can fervently say Amen to, because it strikes at the root of much moral evil in society to-day.

MR. S. T. FOWLER has issued a second part of his "Manual of Instruction for an Improved Method of Building with Concrete; or, How to Make the Best House at the Least Cost," which may be obtained from us for 25 cts.

New Books.

[Among the late issues of the press not elsewhere noticed in these pages, we may mention the following, all of which may be ordered through us, as in various ways and degrees valuable and interesting:]

THE PICTURE OF ST. JOHN. By Bayard Taylor. A Poem. Cloth, Library style, \$2.

BROTHER SOLDIERS. A Household Story of the American Conflict. By Mary S. Robinson. \$1.

RED LETTER DAYS IN APPLETHORPE. By Gail Hamilton. \$1 50.

THE NEGATIVE AND THE PRINT; or, the Photographer's Guide. By John Towler, M.D. Cloth, \$1 75.

WAR LYRICS AND OTHER POEMS. By Henry Howard Brownell. Cloth, \$1 25.

WASHINGTON AND HIS MASONIC COMPANIES. By Sidney Hayden. Illustrated. Cloth, \$2 50.

THE CENTENARY OF AMERICAN METHODISM. By Abel Stevens, D.D. \$1 50.

THE HUMAN HAIR, and the Diseases which Affect It. By B. C. Perry. Illustrated, \$2.

THE GIFT OF THE FATHER; or, Thoughts for the Weary. By Rev. C. Battersby. 18mo, pp. 122. Cloth, 90 cents.

FIRST YEAR IN EUROPE. By George H. Calvert. 18mo, pp. 308. Cloth, \$2.

A SEQUEL TO "MINISTERING CHILDREN." By Marie L. Charlesworth. Cloth, \$2.

STUDIES OF OUR ENGLISH; or, Glimpses of the Inner Life of our Language. By M. Schele de Vere, LL.D. Cloth, \$2 75.

PHILIP II. OF SPAIN. By Charles Gayarré. With an Introductory Letter by George Bancroft. 8vo, pp. iv., 366. Cloth, \$3 50.

GARDENING FOR PROFIT: a Guide to the Successful Cultivation of the Market and Family Garden. By Peter Henderson. Cloth, \$1 75.

CORFEW CRIMES; or, Thoughts for Life's Eventide. By J. R. Macduff, D.D. Second Edition. Cloth, 90 cents.

HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH FROM CONSTANTINE THE GREAT TO GREGORY I. Completing the History of Ancient Christianity. In Two Vols. 8vo. Cloth, per vol., \$4.

SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS A YEAR. A Wife's Effort at Low Living under High Prices. Cloth, \$1 90.

THE LAWYER IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM. Comprising the Laws of all the States on Important Educational Subjects. Compiled and Explained by M. McN. Walsh. Cloth, \$1 90.

WOODWARD'S ARCHITECTURE, LANDSCAPE GARDENING, AND RURAL ART. No. 1. 1867. By G. E. & F. W. Woodward. Illustrated. Paper, 90 cents.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF HUMAN NATURE. A Lecture before the London College of Preceptors, October 10, 1866. By E. L. Youmans, M.D. 16mo, pp. 41. Paper, 30 cents.

CATENA DOMINICA. A Series of Sunday Idylls. By John H. Alexander. Second Edition. Cloth, full gilt, \$3.

INJURIES OF THE SPINE. With an Analysis of nearly 400 Cases. By J. Ashhurst, Jr., M.D. Cloth, \$1 75.

BEADLE'S DIME HUMOROUS SPEAKER. 18mo, pp. 96. Paper, 30 cents.

SCHOOL-DAY DIALOGUES. Compiled by A. Clark. Cloth, \$1 75.

ELEMENTS OF LOGIC. Comprising the Doctrines of the Laws and Products of Thought, and the Doctrine of Method; together with a Logical Praxis. By Henry N. Day. Cloth, \$1 75.

THE MARKET ASSISTANT. Containing a brief Description of Every Article of Human Food sold in the Public Markets of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn. With Incidents and Anecdotes. By Thos. De Voe. Cloth, \$2 75.

NEW AMERICA. By W. H. Dixon. With Illustrations from Original Photographs. Cr. 8vo, pp. 486. Cloth, \$3 25.

FENIAN (THE) CATECHISM. From the Vulgate of St. Laurence O'Toole. Designed for the Use of the Fenian Soldier, at Home and Abroad. Paper, 35 cents.

THE LIFE OF JEANUS. According to the Original Biographers, with Notes. By J. R. Gilmore (Edmund Kirke). Cloth, \$1 75.

THE PAPAX; its Historic Origin and Primitive Relations with the Eastern Churches. By the Abbe Gnettee, D.D. Translated from the French; with a Biographical Notice of the Author. With Introduction by A. C. Cox, Bishop of Western New York. Cloth, \$3.

THE INDIAN CLUB EXERCISE. With Explanatory Figures and Positions. Photographed from Life. Also, General Remarks on Physical Culture. Illustrated. By Sim. D. Kehoe. Cloth, \$2 25.

THE PICTURE AND THE MEN. Being Biographical Sketches of President Lincoln and his Cabinet, an Account of the Life of F. B. Carpenter, author of the Picture of the First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation, an Account of the Picture, etc., etc. Compiled by Fred. R. Perkins. Cloth, \$1 75.

POPULAR PASTIMES FOR FIELD AND FIRE-SIDE; or, Amusements for Young and Old. By Aunt Carrie. Cloth, \$2.

RACHEL COMFORTED. Thoughts for the Consolation of Bereaved Parents. Cloth, 60 cents.

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HEALTH IN THE COUNTRY AND CITIES. With Tables of Death-Rates, Sickness-Rates, etc. By W. F. Thoms. Extracted from the Proceedings of the American Medical Association. Fl. cloth, 90 cents.

A TREATISE ON THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE. By George B. Wood, M.D., LL.D. Sixth Edition. 2 vols. 8vo, pp. 1,002, 982. Sheep, \$14.

To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will try to respond in the "next number." Your "BEST THOUGHTS" solicited.

MIRTHFULNESS.—Large Mirthfulness is indicated by the breadth rather than by the height of the forehead. You will find it illustrated at length in "New Physiognomy," or in "The Self-Instructor." Animal food is approved by the majority of mankind—disapproved by a few. We have in our catalogue works on Vegetarianism, and also on a mixed diet, which discuss the whole question, *pro and con*.

BAD HEADS AND GOOD CHARACTERS.—Can a person with what is called a low, bad head, where the animal propensities predominate over the intellectual and moral sentiments, manifest a good character?

Ans. Yes. And this is the most encouraging feature of phrenological science, viz., that although we may be ever so strongly inclined to vice, that the tendency pulls or pushes strongly in the wrong direction, still there is something within most men—indeed, we may say in all men who are not imbeciles or idiots—which will enable them to master themselves and steer a course contrary to their strong, natural inclinations. In other words, by the aid of grace,

and that still, small voice which whispers to every one, we may overcome our evil tendencies and inclinations, and live in accordance with our highest attributes. We have met splendid heads with decidedly bad characters, and indifferent heads with decidedly good characters. Nor will any phrenologist undertake to say, from any man's head, what he has done, nor what he will do. He can simply state what are his inclinations, tendencies, and capabilities; one is mechanical, another musical or artistic, another more inclined to count coppers than to seek the good of others. In our professional interviews, we frequently meet men who acknowledge how strong are their temptations in this or that direction, but by the grace of God they are enabled to overcome them; still others, who boast of their wickedness, and think it an honor to be able to eat or drink more than other men, and who brag of the prowess of a plucky dog or the achievement of a barn-door cock. No, let not those less favorably organized despair, but rather let them be thankful that they are no worse. Let them make the most of the talent they have, and strive to add to what they have rather than complain of what they have not. Every honest effort in the right direction will be rewarded, and God's blessing will attend all who do their best.

BATHING.—The "Hydro-pathic Encyclopedia" gives all necessary directions for the use of water—of all temperatures—in the treatment of disease, and in health. By post, \$4 50. The organs of the brain will grow by exercise.

DR. WINDSHIP, of Boston, is working, not writing. He has published nothing of late, and we have no new revelations in regard to his growth in strength.

MOHAMMEDANISM.—Will you inform me whether there were revivals or times of special interest in the Mohammedan Church, in its more prosperous times, similar to the religious revivals we now have, and did Mohammedans suppose they were influenced by the spirit when they embraced that faith of their own free will?

Ans. The chief instrumentality used by the "prophet" Mohammed and his earlier followers in the propagation of the religion of Islam was the sword. Afterward missions, if we can call them such, were established here and there in the East by the Saracens and Turks, who planted schools and taught their attractive doctrines. Wherever coercion was practicable, the Mohammedan teachers did not fail to apply it to expedite conversions, and in that way they have been very successful. Such conversions, however, have not the character of our modern religious revivals. The Moslems are very earnest in prayer, and "pious" ejaculations are often on their tongues; as for their being influenced by the spirit, we have no doubt that the sincere disciple communing with his one God feels nearly all the fervency and enthusiasm of the devout Christian.

THE TRINITY.—The doctrine of the Trinity is accepted as a matter of belief by all orthodox Christians. Its explanation is beyond the capability of the finite mind. In the days when the Almighty revealed himself to holy men by direct interpositions, it was said, as we find in the eleventh chapter of Job, "Can man by searching find out God?" intimating thereby the utter futility of a creature like man to comprehend the Creator. To-day, with all our much-lauded advantages for improvement in religious things, men can

not be said to be in closer communion with God than were those Old Testament saints who "walked with God," or to have better opportunities than they had for *knowing* the Eternal One. The great apostle to the Gentiles, whose strong faith seemed to grasp with the zest of fruition the other life, says, "Now we see through a glass darkly."

E. S. P.—Twenty-two inches is considerably above the average size for a lady. A high crown is indicative of much perseverance and steadiness of will.

"MIND YOUR STOPS."—The book which is well suited to your purposes is "Wilson's Treatise on English Punctuation." Price, postage paid, \$1 50.

THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT.—There is no end to the speculations of writers on ethics with reference to this subject. Some are inclined to accept the account literally as given; others, viewing it figuratively or allegorically, prefer various hypotheses. We are content to believe that man fell from his first estate of purity through transgression of moral law, disobedience of those commands clearly expressed in the laws which govern human nature. Having no other account of the fall than the Scriptural one, we are at a loss to suggest one more probable.

INQUIRER.—Our contributor in his discussion of the "Phrenological Theory," quotes from the Hebrew and Greek the original language of the Old and the New Testaments respectively, giving the literal rendering of specific passages. He finds that the closer the approximation of the English translation to the full signification of the original, the nicer the adaptation of the principles of Phrenology—and this, too, without any hair-splitting sophistry or metaphysical balderdash.

IMPROVEMENT OF MEMORY.—How can Language and Memory be improved?

Ans. This question, or similar ones, relative to the different organs, are being asked almost every week by correspondents, and we wish to state that we can not every month take up the space in the JOURNAL, giving instruction how to increase or diminish the strength and activity of the different faculties and propensities of the human mind. For the information of those who have not read much of Phrenology, who have only recently subscribed for the JOURNAL, we may say that our work entitled "Memory" teaches how all the intellectual organs can be strengthened and improved; while "Self-Culture" shows how all the passions, emotions, sentiments, and feelings can be regulated, educated, trained, guided, and restrained, and also gives valuable hints how to cultivate and restrain each one of the mental powers. To those works we refer all inquirers on the subject.

PAWNBROKERS' THREE BALLS.—What is the signification of the three golden balls suspended as a sign over the door of a pawnbroker's office?

Ans. We have nothing at hand which is authority on the subject, but have a vague recollection of an explanation of this fact: That pawnbrokerage was established by a broken-down Italian nobleman, and that the three golden balls were his coat of arms, and he put them up over his door. We have also heard of quite a different explanation, namely, that the three balls signify that there are two chances to one that you never will get back what you put into the office; and we think this last explanation the best.

WM. H. LAMBDIN, of West
Wilmington, Del., wishes information in
regard to the working of the Dalton knit-
ting-machine. Will some one who knows
reply?

Is it correct to say "Southern
Indiana," when you mean the southern
part of Indiana? *Ans.* Yes. Is coal oil
good for the hair? *Ans.* No. The least
objectionable oily substance is good sweet
oil, scented to your taste. It is better,
however, to abstain from all oily prepara-
tions in dressing the hair, as they tend to
heat the scalp and impair the action of the
hair cells.

SIGNS OF CHARACTER.—

Why is it that some persons whom I shake
hands with grasp my hand tightly within
theirs, while many others merely touch my
hand? 2. Why is it that some persons can
lie down and go to sleep without difficulty,
apparently, when some one of their dearest
friends is dangerously ill, while others seem
almost deranged with anxiety, and are in-
capable of rest? 3. Why is it that some
persons can not cry, even at the loss of a
dear friend, while others can cry with
ease, etc.?

Ans. A strong character exhibits itself
by a vigorous pressure and an earnest
grasp; a weak character permits the strong
one to shake it. Large Cautiousness re-
mains wakeful; while small Cautiousness
goes to sleep more readily. One with
small Secretiveness weeps spontaneously;
while one with it large is thereby restrain-
ed, and the emotions controlled. These
questions, or similar ones we have an-
swered over and over again. The whole
subject is pretty thoroughly elucidated in
the various works on Phrenology and
Physiognomy. Men do but act out their
organic constitutions in accordance with
natural laws. Education and social condi-
tion modify to some extent organic man-
ifestation, but do not entirely change it.

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.—Does

Conscientiousness decide between right
and wrong? or does it simply give the
impulse to do right, while Intellect decides
the question of right or wrong?

Ans. They act together. Idiots have
neither will nor conscience. Some men,
who have plenty of intelligence, have but
little conscience, and they reason upon
right and wrong very much as one reasons
upon mathematical questions, without any
feeling or emotion on the subject. The
mother loves her children, and reasons as
to what will be best for them. One feels
a similar emotion respecting right and
wrong. Intellect aids us in coming to just
conclusions.

DREAMING.—1. Does a per-
son ever sleep sound while dreaming?

Ans. No.

2. Why is it that I dream almost every
night, and yet sleep all night without inter-
ruption? I fall asleep very soon after retir-
ing, and the hardest storms rarely wake me.

Ans. The fact that you are conscious of
dreaming is evidence that your sleep is
not profound—that the faculties are not in
a state of perfect repose. In dreaming, we
are partially awake—i. e., some of the facul-
ties are conscious and others unconscious.

A MODEST REQUEST.—A

correspondent writes us as follows: I
greatly desire to know all the "wonders of
the world;" will you please give them in
your next number of the JOURNAL? Very
respectfully.

Ans. We can not get them all into a
single number, but will "spread ourselves"
during the year, and come as near to it as
we can.

Publishers' Department.

CHECKS, drafts, and post-
office money orders for books or JOURNALS
should be made payable to S. R. WELLS,
New York.

THE JOURNAL will be en-
larged at the commencement of a new
volume, in July, when the subscription
price will be \$3 a year. Present rates
rule up to the first of June.

GOING TO PARIS.—We pub-
lish a list of best European guide-books,
with prices, on cover of present number
A. P. J., to which we call the attention of
those intending to visit Europe.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—A respect-
ed correspondent suggests that in the pro-
posed change in the JOURNAL, to take place
in July, we omit all advertisements from
the body of the JOURNAL, inserting them
on fly leaves, so that they may be removed
at the end of the year, before binding. We
will consider the matter, and though we
may not act upon the suggestion at present,
we may do so at the beginning of another
year. If our subscribers will put our list
up to the respectable number of 100,000, we
will give them a journal entirely free from
advertisements. As it is, we are careful
to exclude whatever may seem to be de-
ceptive, and we seek only that which we
deem instructive, or in some way useful.
We can not, however, be supposed to in-
dose anything in this department except
that which appears over our own name.
We regard the announcement of new books
not in the light of advertisements, but as
useful information to all who would be
posted in regard to science, literature, and
general intelligence. We have the thanks
of many readers for these announcements.

GOOD WORDS FROM THE WEST.

—A physician writes us from Tennessee
as follows: "Inclosed find forty cents, for
which you will please send me your three
"Annals" for 1865-'66-'67. You say "they
are the best books for beginners, through
which to get an outline of the first prin-
ciples of Phrenology and Physiognomy."

Now, although a physician of nearly
twenty years' practice, I am (or desire to
become, rather) a "beginner in Phreno-
logy." Taught by the schools to oppose
and ridicule it, I have only recently become
a thorough convert to its teachings; and
would like, even at this late date, to repair
as far as may be this error of my life.
But I am so thoroughly ignorant of the
science, and having access to no one that
can teach me, I don't know how or where
to begin. Would you kindly give me a few
suggestions? I do not aim at becoming a
thorough phrenologist, but I desire to learn
the location of the organs, and how to im-
prove those that are deficient, for my own
improvement and that of my children. I
have just received the January number of
the JOURNAL, and am highly pleased with it.
I expect to be a subscriber for life.

Can you recommend me to any reliable
teacher of Phrenology in this part of the
country? If you could only see the need
of such teachers here, you certainly would
send us some. "Verily, the harvest is
great but the laborers are" *not to be found.*

For fear my questions may be too nu-
merous for you to answer in your JOURNAL,
I inclose an envelope with my address, and
must ask you to oblige a poor benighted
seeker after the truth so much as to answer
by mail.

Hoping you will pardon my presumption
in thus troubling you, I subscribe myself,
Yours, most respectfully, J. M. S., M.D.

[We trust some of our recent graduates
will find their way into Tennessee, and aid
in disseminating the truths revealed by
these sciences. NEW PHRENOLOGY, based
on Anatomy, Ethnology, Physiology, and

Phrenology, covers the ground, and brings
the subject down from the beginning to
the latest discoveries—we may say to the
present date.]

For the information of those
who may be contemplating a visit to the
Paris Exhibition, we would announce that
Cook's excursion tickets for the trip to and
from Paris by the best transportation lines,
at a price little above the ordinary rates for
a single passage by steamer, can be pro-
cured at our office. We are prepared to
furnish the particulars relating to the
excursion on the application of those
interested.

General Items.

HYGIENIC MEDICAL COLLEGE.

—The winter term of the above College was
brought to a close on the 25th of March, at
No. 36 Sixth Avenue, when Dr. Trall ad-
dressed the meeting and stated that since
its commencement much had been done to
promote its success, especially during the
last term, and that the school had much to
be proud of, diplomas having been given
in all directions. He desired it to be
understood, also, that the school claims
equality of the sexes, and that men and
women have been paid equally for services,
and that, in fact, if he had to select six or
even a dozen of his best pupils they would
be women. In conclusion he alluded to the
wholesale poisoning that goes on daily
under the present general system of medical
practice, and to the opposition that would
be met with in prosecuting the hygienic
treatment. A song and a thesis by Miss
Kellogg followed, when Professor Lyon
offered a few remarks to those of his au-
dience who had received diplomas and
were about to practice and lecture. Mrs.
Harmon next spoke at some length and
with great eloquence on the woman ques-
tion, and on the style of dress they should
adopt. She said that if they would have
their equal rights they should prove their
capacity, and that there have been and are
instances where they have equaled men
intellectually and physically—that no mind
could be healthy in an unhealthy body—
that what was required was the *mens sana
in corpore sano*. This was what her hearers
were to advocate and accomplish on vege-
tarian principles. After informing those
present that Dr. Trall had purchased ten
thousand acres in Ohio for a vegetarian
colony, called "Hygienia," the meeting
was dismissed.

CHEAP OCEAN POSTAGE.—

The present rate of letter postage between
the United States and Great Britain
(twenty-four cents) is not only unreason-
able, but acts unfavorably upon the trade
and commerce, and upon the intimate re-
lationship that should exist between the two
countries, being, in fact, a restriction upon
the free and social intercourse of the two
peoples. It will be seen how preposterous
this exorbitant charge is when we com-
pare it with the rates between other coun-
tries. The rate between England and
Australia, being six times a greater dis-
tance, is only half that amount; between
England and Canada, it is one half; and
between New York and San Francisco,
a longer distance than from New York to
England, with greater expenses, the price
is only three cents. To obviate this ex-
orbitant charge of twenty-four cents per
letter, the public send newspapers, the
charge on which is four cents (two cents
being paid in America and two cents in
England) for every four ounces, while a

letter of the same weight costs nearly \$1!
The enormous quantity of newspapers sent
off by the English mail, compared with the
number of letters, plainly show that a
cheaper rate of postage would increase the
number of letters; and it would be found,
should a uniform rate of two cents, or one
penny English, be adopted, that instead of
the governments having to vote large sub-
sidies yearly for the carrying of the mails,
that a large surplus would be the result.
It is a parallel case to the postal system of
England before the reform introduced by
Rowland Hill, when, instead of inflicting a
pecuniary loss upon the exchequer, there
was a positive gain. The increase in the
number of letters would far more than
compensate the reduction which we advo-
cate. The two countries are so closely
linked together by the ties of relationship
and commerce, that it must come to this
ere long, and we call upon the government
to give the matter a close and careful con-
sideration.

PRINTING PAPER.—The quan-
tity of paper used every year in England,
represents a weight of about two hundred
and twenty millions of pounds. France
uses one hundred and ninety-five millions
of pounds, while the United States of
America, with a much smaller population,
consumes more paper than England and
France put together, viz., four hundred
and forty millions of pounds. In a free
country, where common schools abound—
where newspapers, magazines, and books
are read by all the natives, it follows,
that more paper would be used than in
monarchical countries, where a few aris-
tocrats get all the land and learning, and
keep the mass of people in poverty and
ignorance. If bad government, bad whisky,
and bad religion were abolished in the
"old country," and free schools, free
religion, and free-soil established, they
would soon use as much printing paper as
we, in

"The land of the free
And the home of the brave."

OUR GRADUATES.—We are
receiving letters from the gentlemen who
composed our recent professional class in
Phrenology, and who are now in the
lecturing field and meeting with quite as
much success as they could reasonably ex-
pect. We hope their efforts to disseminate
the man-reforming truths of science will
receive the cordial co-operation of the
public. Mr. Evans lectures principally in
his native language, Welsh, to his country-
men, and is generally allowed to occupy
their churches. Wherever we have been,
we have found this people very much in
favor of Phrenology, and hearty supporters
of its teachers. We congratulate the Welsh
people on their acquisition of Mr. Evans as
a teacher of these useful truths. Mr.
McDonald, of Michigan; Mr. Stone, of
Indiana; Rev. Mr. Downey and Mr. King,
of Ohio; Mr. Newman, of Illinois; Mr.
Hammond, and others send us words of
encouragement in regard to their success.
There is ample room in America for a
thousand good and true lecturers and ex-
aminers, where we now have scarcely a
dozen. Help, help! we want missionaries
to help disseminate the truth.

SARTAIN'S fine steel engrav-
ing of "Our Saviour" is meeting with
merited success. Mr. J. S. Thomson, 436
Pearl Street, New York, is agent. The
picture sells at \$5 without frame, and at
\$10 in an elegant gilt frame. Descriptive
circulars sent on application to the agent.

Business.

[Under this head we publish, for a consideration, such matters as rightfully belong to this department. We disclaim responsibility for what may herein appear. Matter will be LEADED and charged according to the space occupied, at the rate of 50 cents a line.]

THE HYGEIAN HOME.—At this establishment all the Water-Cure appliances are given, with the Swedish Movements and Electricity. Send for our circular. Address A. SMITH, M.D., Wernersville, Berks County, Pa.

HIGHLAND WATER-CURE.—H. P. Burdick, M.D. (Laughing Doctor. See PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, December, '86), and Mrs. Mary Bryant Burdick, M.D., Physicians and Proprietors.

Send for a circular.

Address ALFRED, Allegany Co., N. Y.

MRS. E. DE LA VERGNE, M.D.,
149 CARLTON AVENUE, BROOKLYN.

THE MOVEMENT - CURE.—Chronic Invalids may learn the particulars of this mode of treatment by sending for Dr. Geo. H. Taylor's illustrated sketch of the Movement-Cure, 25 cents. Address 67 West 88th Street, New York City.

WATERS' SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS, MELODIONS, AND CABINET ORGANS, the best manufactured, to Let, and rent allowed if purchased. Monthly payments received for the same. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange. Liberal discount to teachers and clergymen. Cash paid for second-hand pianos. Pianos tuned and repaired. New 7-octave Pianos for \$375 and upward. Warerooms, No. 481 Broadway, New York.

HORACE WATERS.

FOR THE LADIES.—The Fashion Magazines are all recommending Bradley's celebrated Duplex Elliptic or Double Spring Skirt as the most graceful and elegant as well as the most durable and economical skirt made.

See advertisement.

Advertisements.

[Announcements for this or the preceding department must reach the publishers by the 1st of the month preceding the date in which they are intended to appear. Terms for advertising, 35 cents a line, or \$35 a column.]

TEMPERANCE CHIMES.—The National Temperance Society have just published a new Temperance Hymn and Tune Book, of 128 pages, comprising a great variety of New Music, Glees, Songs, and Hymns designed for the use of Temperance Meetings and Organizations, Bands of Hope, Glee Clubs, and the Home Circle. Many of the Hymns have been written expressly for this book, by some of the best writers in the country. The Odes of the Sons of Temperance and Good Templars are given in full, and set to appropriate music. The book is Edited by Wm. B. BRADBURY and J. N. STEARNS, and contains over 150 Hymns and Tunes, which will be found worthy of the great and noble Cause they are intended to advance. Price, in paper covers, 30 cents, single copies; \$35 per hundred. Price, in board covers, 35 cents, single copies; \$30 per hundred. J. N. STEARNS, Publishing Agent, 173 William Street, New York.

AN ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR, showing the facts in regard to the many different qualities of electricity, as now recognized by scientific men, will be sent to any address, free of expense.
Address DR. JEROME KIDDER, 480 Broadway, New York.

NEW AND ATTRACTIVE BOOKS. THE OPEN POLAR SEA.

A Narrative of a Voyage of Discovery toward the North Pole, in the schooner "United States." By Dr. Isaac I. Hayes, Commander of the Expedition. Embellished with six full-page illustrations, drawn by Darley, White, and others, from Dr. Hayes's sketches; three full-page charts; twenty-eight vignettes, and a fine portrait of the Author, engraved on steel. 1 vol. 8vo. Price, \$3 75; half calf, \$6.

"Written in a style peculiarly clear and elegant."—*Troy Times*.
"What we have said of Dr. Hayes's book, will, we trust, send many readers to its pages. The Doctor's heroism is remarkable, and he well deserves to be bracketed with the late Dr. Kane in Arctic honors."—*London Athenaeum*.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

By Douglas Jerrold. With appropriate illustrations from designs by Charles Keene. 1 vol. 16mo. Price, cloth, \$1 50.

"A perpetual, ironical lay sermon to all viragos and Xantippes."—*Boston Transcript*.

"The 'Lectures,' as many married men know, never lose their freshness, and there are those, we presume, to whom they always will have the charm of being true to life. The present edition is very elegantly printed, and profusely illustrated."—*Norwich Bulletin*.

VENETIAN LIFE.

Including Commercial, Social, Historical, and Artistic Notice of the place. By William D. Howells. 1 vol. crown 8vo. Price, extra cloth, \$2.

"Probably no book of the season has given so much delight as Mr. Howells's 'Venetian Life.' Mr. Howells has produced a volume which is worthy to stand with Irving's 'Alhambra.'"—*Hartford Press*.

"Mr. Howells's reminiscences of Venice are worthy of more than a passing glance, for he is not to be confounded with the crowd of superficial observers who annually float through the city."—*Saturday Review*.

"There is a continual stream of delightful humor running through this book."—*Ohio State Journal*.

"For a book which exhibits the whole panorama of Venetian life so faithfully and strikingly as Mr. Howells's we do not know where to turn."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"It is Venice directly presented to the imagination, steeped in its own peculiar atmosphere, so that we see what the writer sees, share his emotion, and are made the companion of his walks rather than the reader of his pages."—*Boston Daily Transcript*.

THE MARKET ASSISTANT.

Containing a brief description of every article of Human Food sold in the Public Markets of the Cities of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn; including the various Domestic and Wild Animals, Poultry, Game, Fish, Vegetables, Fruits, etc., etc., with many curious incidents and anecdotes. By Thomas F. De Voe, Author of the "Market Book," etc. With numerous explanatory illustrations. 1 vol. 8vo. Price, cloth, \$2 50.

"The Market Assistant" is a thick and well-filled volume, prepared by a New York butcher, and is exactly what it pretends to be—a plain account of every article of human food sold in the great city markets, with practical instructions of how and what to buy, diagrams of animals showing how they are 'cut up,' and all the information that one needs in going to market."—*Hartford Press*.

"Judging from the sheets which came under our notice, it gives evidence of a remarkable fund of knowledge, on the part of the author, in Natural History as well as in the odd and out-of-the-way paths of literature; and yet the author is a butcher, having his stall in the market where he daily deals out roasting-pieces and steaks. He is proud of his vocation, too, for the book will contain his portrait, exhibiting him in market costume."—*Cleveland Herald*.

Published by HURD & HOUGHTON,
459 Broome Street, New York,
And for sale by all Booksellers.

MANHATTAN PAPERS. No. LXXXIX.

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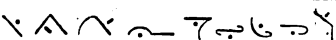
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[CONTINUED FROM APRIL NUMBER.]

NOR ends the pleasure with the first embrace;
They love themselves a third time in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common-charge attend,
The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend:
The young dismissed to wander earth or air,
There stops the instinct, and there ends the care;
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds, another race.*

A longer care man's helpless kind demands;
The longer care contracts more lasting bands;
Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the interest and the love:
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn;
Each virtue in each passion takes its turn;
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These natural love maintained, habitual those:
The last, scarce ripened into perfect man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
Memory and forecast just returns engage;
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope combin'd,
Still spread the interest and preserve the kind.

IV. Nor think, in nature's state they blindly trod;
The state of nature was the reign of God;
Self-love and social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of man.
Pride then was not; nor arts, that pride to aid;
Man walked with beast, joint-tenant of the shade;
The same his table, and the same his bed;
No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
Unbr'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
Heaven's attribute was universal care,
And man's prerogative to rule, but spare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb,—
Who, foe to nature, hears the general groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.†
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And every death its own avenger breeds:
The fury-passions from that blood began,
And turned on man, a fiercer savage, man.

See him from nature rising slow to art:
To copy instinct then was reason's part.
Thus then to man the voice of nature spake—
"Go, from the creatures thy instructions take:
Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
Learn from the beast the physic of the field;
Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.‡
Here, too, all forms of social union find,
And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind:

* This is according with the Divine injunction, to multiply and replenish the earth. There are no commands, no obligations on man, in Divine or natural law, which he is not capable of fulfilling.

† Is it to be inferred from these words of the poet, that man was intended to live without animal food? that he was to subsist on fruits and farinacea? and is he a murderer if he partakes of fish, flesh, or fowl? Did not animals from the beginning feed on each other?

‡ See the illustration of the nautilus at the head of this Epistle.

Here subterranean works and cities see;
There towns aerial on the waving tree.
Learn each small people's genius, policies,
The ant's republic, and the realm of bees;
How those in common all their wealth bestow,
And anarchy without confusion know;
And these forever, though a monarch reign,
Their separate cells, and properties maintain.*
Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,
Laws, wise as nature, and as fixed as fate.
In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
Entangle justice in her net of law,
And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
Thus let the wiser make the rest obey.†
And for those arts mere instinct could afford,
Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd."

V. Great nature spoke; observant man obeyed;
Cities were built, societies were made:
Here rose one little state, another near
Grew by like means, and joined through love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend?
What war could ravish, commerce could bestow;
And he return'd a friend who came a foe.
Converse and love, mankind might strongly draw,
When love was liberty, and nature law.
Thus states were form'd: the name of king unknown,
Till common interest placed the sway in one.
'Twas VIRTUE ONLY, (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms,)
The same which in a sire the sons obey'd,
A prince, the father of a people made.‡



VI. Till then, by nature crown'd, each patriarch sate,
King, priest, and parent of his growing state;
On him, their second Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, control the flood,
Draw forth the monsters of the abyss profound,
Or fetch the aerial eagle to the ground;

* Man is a social being, adapted to society, and must have it, to develop all his nature. Hermits are exceptions, and are eccentric or insane.

† It is natural and right for parents to govern their children, and for wise men to enact laws to govern such as can not or do not properly govern themselves.

‡ In America, we choose or elect our President and public servants for a term. In Europe, and in the East, they have monarchies, with hereditary rulers.

Till drooping, sickening, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as man :
Then, looking up, from sire to sire explor'd
One great First Father, and that first ador'd.
On plain tradition that this all begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son.
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple reason never sought but one :
Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right :
To virtue, in the paths of pleasure trod,
And own'd a father when he own'd a God.
Love, all the faith, and all the allegiance then,
For nature knew no right divine in men :
Nor ill could fear in God, and understood
A sovereign being, but a sovereign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of God, and this of man.
Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
The enormous faith of many made for one ;
That proud exception to all nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counterwork its cause.
Force first made conquest, and that conquest law ;
Till superstition taught the tyrant awe.
Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects made :
She, 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray
To Power unseen, and mightier far than they :
She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise :
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes ;
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods ;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust :*
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide ;
And hell was built on spite, and heaven on pride.
Then sacred seemed the ethereal vault no more :
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore ;
Then first the flamen tasted living food,
Next his grim idol, smear'd with human blood ;
With heaven's own thunders shook the world below,
And played the God an engine on his foe.

So drives self-love, through just and through unjust,
To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust ;
The same self-love, in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, government and laws.
For what one likes, if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel ?
How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take ?
His safety must his liberty restrain :
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forced into virtue thus, by self-defense,
E'en kings learn'd justice and benevolence :
Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the studious head or generous mind,
Follower of God, or friend of human kind,
Poet or patriot, rose but to restore
The faith that moral Nature gave before ;
Resumed her ancient light, not kindled new ;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew ;

* The advent of Christianity changed all that, and the attributes of the Christian's God are all virtues in their infinite essence ; and whereas the heathen ignored these high attributes, the Christian professes to be influenced, if not governed, by Faith, Hope, and Charity, the graces of a pure human life.

Taught power's due use to people and to kings,
Taught not to slack, nor strain its tender strings,
The less or greater set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too ;
Till jarring interests of themselves create
Th' according music of a well mix'd state.
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
From order, union, full consent of things :
Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade ;
More powerful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest ;
Draw to one point, and to one center bring
Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.

For forms of government let fools contest ;
Whate'er is best administered is best :*
For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight ;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right ;
In faith and hope the world will disagree, —
But all mankind's concern is charity, —
All must be false that thwart this one great end ;
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.†
Man, like the generous vine, supported lives ;
The strength he gains is from the embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
To make at once their circle round the sun ;
So two consistent motions act the soul ;
And one regards itself, and one the whole.
Thus God and nature link'd the general frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same, —

EPISTLE IV.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO HAPPINESS.

False notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, answered. It is the end of all men, and attainable by all. God intends happiness to be equal ; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general laws. As it is necessary for order, and the peace and welfare of society, that external goods should be unequal, happiness is not made to consist in these. But notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two passions of hope and fear. What the happiness of individuals is, as far as it is consistent with the constitution of this world ; and that the good man has here the advantage. The error of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of nature or of fortune. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favor of particulars. That we are not judges who are good ; but that whoever they are, they must be happiest. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of, virtue. That even these can make no man happy, without virtue—instanced in riches, honors, nobility, greatness, fame, superior talents. Pictures of human infelicity in men possessed of them all. That virtue alone constitutes happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect is eternal. That the perfection of virtue and happiness consists in a conformity to the order of providence here, and a resignation to it here and hereafter.



Oh, Happiness ! our being's end and aim !

Good, pleasure, ease, content ! whate'er thy name :

That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,

For which we bear to live, or dare to die :

Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,

O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise.

Plant of celestial seed ! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow :
Fair opening to some courts, propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine ?
Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field ?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* Providing it is just, granting equal rights to all, including life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, as in a democratic republic. No monarchy which denies equal rights to all her citizens can be just.

† Which is consistent with Christianity, and with all good. Benevolence, or brotherly kindness, is the source of all real charity.



EGYPTIAN ARABS.

EGYPTIAN ARABS.

THE population of Egypt is of a strangely mingled character. There is the Turk, who rules, and the various races who are subject to him—Egyptian Arabs, Bedouins, Copts, besides fragments of natives who have wandered to this central land from Asia, Africa, and Europe. The Egyptian Arabs are believed to be descended from the old inhabitants of the land, mixed with their Arab conquerors, and hence partake to a certain extent the peculiarities of the two races; the one, full of energy, restless activity, changing many times their manner of existence—sometimes nomadic, feeding their flocks in desert places, now settled and cultivating the earth, and filling their land with populous villages and towns and fenced cities, then spreading themselves by the love of glory and zeal of proselytism over distant countries; the other, reposing ever in luxurious ease and wealth on the rich soil watered by their slimy

river, never quitting it for a foreign clime, or displaying, unless forced, the least change in their position or habits of life. The physical characters of these nations are also different. In the wandering Arab are seen the sharp features, restless visages, and lean and active figures. In the Egyptian Arab, the full, but delicate and voluptuous forms, round and soft features, dark complexions—the whole aspect displaying a state of inactivity and degeneration.

The Egyptian Arabs are usually tall and well made. Their complexion is very dark, and their eyes black. The wealthier sort in the towns pass their time in idleness; the fellahs, or peasants, are occupied in agriculture; some being employed in keeping sheep, goats, or buffaloes, or carrying water, while others sit in the dust gossiping. The dress of the latter consists of a pair of loose blue or white cotton drawers, with a long blue tunic which serves to cover them from the neck to the ankles,

and a small red woolen skull cap, round which they occasionally wind a long strip of white woolen manufacture. In addition to the long flowing robe, which comes down to the heels, the women mostly use the face veil.

The Egyptian Arab has a finely-formed physique and head, though by years of inactivity and sloth his intellectual caliber has very greatly deteriorated. Mr. Wells, in his recent work, "New Physiognomy," thus speaks of the Arab proper:

"In the Arab of the desert we have the pure, wild Semitic stock, of which the Jew, the Syrian, and the Saracen are cultivated tribes. The genuine Arab skull is thus described by Baron Larry: 'It indicates a most harmonious development of all the internal organs, as well as those which belong to the senses. Independently of the elevation of the vault of the cranium, and its almost spherical form, the surface of the jaws is of great extent, and lies in a straight or perpendicular line. The orbits are wider than they usually seem in the crania of Europeans, and they are somewhat less inclined backward. We are convinced that the bones of the cranium are thinner in the Arab than in other races, and more dense in texture, which is proved by their greater transparency.' The Arab has undoubtedly the finest brain and the best-formed head of any nomadic and uncultivated man, indicating the nobility and purity of his blood. He is swarthy but handsome, with black eyes, hair, and beard; an arched nose, a firm mouth, a prominent chin, rather spare but muscular limbs, and dignified and courteous bearing."

ERROR CONTAGIOUS.

THE mischief of giving a child an erroneous principle of action, or habit of association, is not to be measured by taking the dimensions of that one error. No error is infused into the young mind to lie there dormant, or to be reproduced only when the subject of thought or action recurs to which the error belongs; but the error becomes a model or archetype, after whose likeness the active powers of the mind create a thousand other errors. Some leading idea in our minds being the mold in which our views are cast, it becomes of inconceivable importance what those patterns or formative ideas are.—*Horace Mann.*

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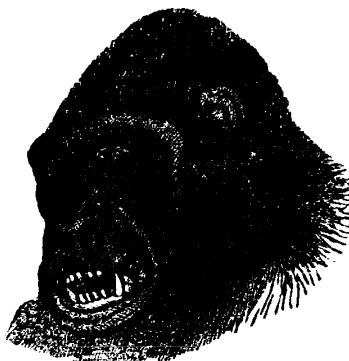


Fig. 360—GORILLA.

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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—Young.

ERNEST RENAN.

"To write the history of a religion, it is necessary, first, to have believed in it (without that, we could not understand by what it has charmed and satisfied the human conscience); in the second place, to believe in it no longer implicitly; for implicit faith is incompatible with sincere history."

This is the basis upon which M. Renan has constructed his "Life of Jesus," a work which perhaps created more sensation in the religious and literary world, when first announced, than any previous book of a like character.

And what an index is this of the character of the man who thus sits down to write a history of Christianity as exemplified in its great founder, coolly asserting that a man must be an apostate before he can fully comprehend it in its origin and varied relations. Should not this very assertion at once preclude us from placing much confidence in the statements of such a man? Would we trust the writing of the history of the American people to one who



PORTRAIT OF ERNEST RENAN.

has expatriated himself, or to a traitor? No! But, according to Renan, none but an infidel is fit to treat of the glorious principles of Christianity, which, by the way, he finds it impossible to comprehend! This is Renan, an imitator of that class of German theologians who attempt to understand the truths contained in the Bible

by the aid of reason alone; who totally ignore the existence of the faculty of spiritual apprehension or faith; who reject everything that does not appear to their intellect probable or possible; and who accept only that which they can fully grasp in their finite mind; therefore they deny the presence of any other ele-

ment than the human in the Bible and in the character of Christ!

These are the men who are the strongest opponents of religious truth; these are the rank and file of the rationalistic army who stand opposed to the advancement of Christian theology in the present century, and who attempt to bar the way of religious belief by presenting Christianity in the garb of their own philosophy. It is the old war between rationalism and supernaturalism, between infidelity and religious faith or belief, which is even now being hotly contended by the theologians of Germany, of England, and of America.

Considered from our stand-point of Phrenology, we find in both the intellectual and moral organization of man the infinite wisdom of a beneficent Creator. "Faith begins where reason ends." Reason alone can never comprehend the sacred and spiritual character of Christ. Spirituality, alone, however, unguided by reason, would soon degenerate into mere blind superstition. But, on the other hand, when reason dethrones faith from her true position and attempts to grasp the sublime idea of God, it loses itself in the mazes of vague speculation, and floats down the stream of rationalistic infidelity. Reason was given to man, not as a leader, but as a guide; as Bryant has said:

I would make
Reason my guide, but she should sometimes sit
Patiently by the wayside, while I trac'd
The mazes of the pleasant wilderness
Around me. She should be my counselor,
But not my tyrant; for the spirit needs
Impulses from a deeper source than hers;
And there are motions in the mind of man
That she must look upon with awe.

It is not our intention, however, to plunge into the depths of theological discussion; but, rather, to see, by the aid of Phrenology, wherein consist the defects in the character of Renan, which make him, instead of portraying Christ in all His divinity, write up his biography as an "incomparable man," and write himself down a pantheist.

Renan is lacking in some of the essentials of a devout Christian. His phrenological organization, as indicated in our portrait, shows that the organs of Veneration and Spirituality are but moderately developed—in fact, small, as seen by the low forehead and slanting crown. With the aid of rather strong Ideality and Sublimity, he can only sublimate Christ *intellectually* as "this sublime person, who each day still presides over the destinies of the world; whom we may call divine, not in the sense that Jesus absorbed all divinity, or was equal to it (to employ the scholastic expression), but in this sense, that Jesus is that *individual* who has caused his species to make the greatest advance toward the divine." He places Jesus upon the highest pinnacle of humanity; makes him the embodiment of all that is good and lofty in our human nature, yet says "he was not sinless; he conquered the same passions that we combat; no angel of God comforted him, save that which each bears in his heart. * * * There never

was a man—Sakya-Mouni perhaps excepted—who so completely trampled under foot family, the joys of the world, and only temporal cares. He lived only for his Father, and for the divine mission which he *believed* it was his to fulfill."

According to his theory, Jesus is to Christianity what Socrates was to philosophy; what Aristotle was to science—the founder. Renan can not comprehend His divinity. To him Jesus stands in the same light as a Mohammed, a Luther, or a Calvin, "a *superior person*, who by his bold initiative, and by the love which he inspired, created the object and fixed the starting-point of the future faith of humanity." Renan is unable, with his materialistic tendencies, to rise into the atmosphere of Christ's lofty ministry, which he describes as the period of His developed fanaticism, the time when "His brain was disturbed by the great vision of the kingdom of God which flamed before his eyes."

Renan's belief in God is limited, if not entirely wanting. Those faculties which link man with his Creator, through which we look from nature up to nature's God, seem to have little influence upon his positive intellectuality. A human being who ignores or discourages what spiritual emotions there may be within him, can not apprehend the connection between himself and his God; and, as if in confirmation of this principle, Renan says: "If God is a being apart from man, then it is visionary to dream of any personal and intimate relations between him and man." Christ himself, he says, had no more connection with God other than that "he *felt* himself with God, just as Plato, Paul, Augustine, and other great leaders *felt* God in themselves. The fullest consciousness of God that ever dwelt in human breast was that of Jesus. He conceived God as the immediate father; and he drew from the depths of his own heart all he says of his Father."

We can hardly believe Conscientiousness to be a leading faculty of Renan's organization. What he has appears to be like his religious organs; subverted to the reason; and in the following extract we do but find the echo of his organism, when in speaking of the propagation of new ideas he says: "The strife of life leaves none of its combatants immaculate. It is not enough to conceive a grand or beneficent idea—one must propagate it among men. *Pure means do not suffice for this.*" Renan is here unconsciously painting himself, and not Christ. *Pure means* certainly do not suffice for Renan.

Renan has a fine development of the intellectual faculties, especially the perceptive; he is talented, and having large Approbativeness, he betrays much learned vanity. The reasoning faculties are rather large; but these are held somewhat in subjection by the predominant development of the observing organs. True to his organization, Renan does not reason deeply or broadly; he first assumes his position, and upon that assumption builds his theory. He is plausible and attractive, but far from profound. In his introduction he says: "Let the

gospels be in part legendary, that is evident, since they are full of miracles and the supernatural." These are his great stumbling-blocks. He can not see, and feel, and hear the supernatural; he believes nothing that is not material, that is not apparent to the senses; hence he rejects miracles as untrue, but does not attempt to reason them away. He makes use only of that part of Christian history which will serve his purpose; he takes as true what suits his preconceived theory, and throws the rest aside as legendary. It is this preconceived opinion which compels him to degrade "the incomparable Jesus" into a mere thaumaturgist. It is this which compels him to call the raising of Lazarus from the dead a contrivance of the Apostles, connived at by the Master for the sake of enlarging his influence. He rejects miracles and the supernatural, not in "the name of any school of philosophy, but in the name of universal experience." He rejects them logically, because he is a pantheist. His mind is shackled; it can not rise to the grand idea of anything higher than the physical; hence he makes all things subordinate to the physical and the material.

Of Renan's intellectual attainments, we shall let his biography speak. Born at Tréguier, Brittany, February 27, 1823, at fourteen he entered the seminary of St. Nicholas, Paris, with the intention of preparing himself for the service of the Church, and showed a remarkable degree of intellectual ability, but at the same time an intractable disposition. Always reading, writing, talking, he seldom shared in the youthful sports of his fellows. At seventeen he gained the prize of History by an essay on Alexander the Great; subsequently he went to a seminary at Issy, where he completed his academical studies, his time being chiefly occupied in morals, mathematics, and, most of all, the German language. The *theologia moralis* of the school, taught after the old or orthodox Roman fashion, soon disgusted him; he read Jouffroy, and became his disciple. After leaving Issy, he commenced his theological studies proper at St. Sulpice; but the seeds of skepticism had already been sown, and he is said to have never learned much of theology as a science or history, but found solace in the study of the Oriental languages—Hebrew, Arabic, and Syriac. The Hebrew language, however, was never fully mastered by him. So said his eminent Oriental instructor, Le Hér. Religious instruction and skepticism had been battling for two years in Renan's breast; he had received the tonsure and the minor orders; the time of his ordination as sub-deacon was approaching; but his doubts growing every day, he opened his mind frankly to his superiors, who, as if fearful of the influence of his eccentric views, advised him to abandon his ecclesiastical career, which he did, and went out into the world to begin his life anew. Renan soon gained the friendship of Dupanloup, who secured him a position as tutor in the College of Stanislas. He published a "History of the Semitic Languages" at

twenty-three; he obtained the Volnay prize for an "Essay on the Semitic Languages;" and two years later he was crowned by the Institute for a historical essay on the "Study of Greek in the Middle Ages," thus securing for himself an early fame. Shortly afterward he was sent to Italy on an antiquarian mission by the Academy of Inscriptions; in 1850 he was made keeper of the MSS. of the Imperial Library, often writing brilliant and learned reviews in the mean time. In 1860 he was sent to explore the antiquities of Phœnicia, the result of which was a report to the Academy, in which Renan set forth a number of discoveries, which, however, were disputed by a Jewish *savant*.

It was during this tour that Renan collected the matter for the "Life of Jesus." In the course of his travels he spent a good deal of time on the borders of the Lake of Galilee; traversed the whole region covered by the Gospel history; visited Jerusalem, Hebron, and Samaria, and made himself familiar with all the sacred localities; and during a summer's rest on the top of Lebanon, wrote the "Life of Jesus." He was not alone in his travels, however. His sister, Henriette, was his companion, who, it is said, implanted in his heart the seeds of infidelity. She had spent several years in Germany as a teacher, and had drank deeply the intoxicating and blinding philosophy of Hegel. She, too, was talented; and these two beings trod through the beautiful scenery of the Gospel narrative, pilgrims of science, and not of faith. But pilgrims as they were, one came to the enchanted land to die upon its borders. Renan loved his sister devotedly. It is one of the redeeming features of his life. The story of her death as told by himself in his introduction to the "Life of Jesus" is very touching. It brings out the finest portions of his nature. It is a cry from the heart to the heart. He does not reason when Henriette is swept from him by the tide of fever. He says:

"To the pure spirit of my sister Henriette, who died at Byblos, September 24, 1861. Do you remember, from your rest in the bosom of God, those long days at Ghazir, where, alone with you, I wrote these pages, inspired by the scenes we had just traversed? Silent by my side, you read every leaf, and copied it as soon as written, while the sea, the villages, the ravines, the mountains were spread out at our feet. When the overwhelming light of the sun had given place to the innumerable army of the stars, your fine and delicate questions, your discreet doubts, brought me back to the sublime object of our common thoughts. * * * One day you told me that you should love this book, first, because it had been written with you, and also because it pleased you. In the midst of these sweet meditations Death struck us both with his wing; the sleep of fever seized us both at the same hour; I awoke alone! * * * You sleep now in the land of Adonis, near the holy Byblus and the sacred waters where the women of the ancient mysteries came to mingle their tears. Reveal to me, O my good genius! to me whom you loved, those truths which

master Death, prevent us from fearing, and make us almost love it."

Here, Renan, elsewhere pantheist and unbeliever, to whom the human soul has no existence apart from matter, for whom God is the monstrous All, or a shadowy Nothing, invokes the spirit of his sister from "the bosom of God;" and yet this tender outburst of love finds its channel in heathen phrase—"in the land of Adonis, near the sacred waters with which the women of ancient mysteries mingled their tears."

The great feature of Renan's book is its style. Language, perfect in description, graceful, limpid, yet full of color. His words are apt and expressive; his sense of the beautiful is large; and he paints the localities of the sacred narrative in veritable pictures. The landscape of Judea stands before the reader in all its fullness of life. He paints in exquisite language the smiling valleys of Samaria; the silver waves of Galilee; the billowy mountains of Judea; the desolate plains about Jerusalem. He is intoxicated by the glories of the Galilean landscape—the true land, as he calls it, of the "Song of Songs, and the Chants of the Well-Beloved." He sought repose from the hot sun on the top of Mount Lebanon, and with a brain burning with the scenes which he had passed, as he himself says, "fixed in rapid sketches the vivid image of the 'Life of Christ,' which the marvelous harmony between the Gospel story and the actual scenes of the Galilean landscape had imprinted on his mind."

This is beautiful language; and none the less beautiful, too, is its harmony with phrenological development. Look at his portrait, and note the large development of Language and the perceptive organs, and the fullness of Ideality and Sublimity, the latter especially. The occurrence of events with him is remembered; the locality of places becomes impressed ineffaceably upon his mind. He sees the whole Galilean landscape smiling in beauty; and with his large Language he is enabled to paint the scenes he looks upon in glowing, fervid words.

But how does he describe Christ? He can not bring to bear his spiritual nature, but simply describes him, stripped of all its artistic coloring, as "a young peasant of mild and even captivating manners, who appeared in a corner of Galilee, in the reign of Augustus Caesar. His education was but scanty. There is no ground for belief that he ever learned to read even the Old Testament in Hebrew. Of the Greek culture, philosophy, poetry, history, art, he knew absolutely nothing. As for the exquisite Greek mythology, his Jewish monotheistic training would not have allowed him even to comprehend it. Nature was his great teacher; the smiling valleys, the swelling hills, the brilliant sky of Galilee made him what he was. Of laws, society, government, ethics, psychology he was not only ignorant but indifferent. His book learning was confined to a part of the Jewish sacred writings. His practical wisdom was derived from Jewish tra-

ditions, that were incorporated two centuries after in the Talmud. Of politics he knew nothing, save that Cæsar reigned. Destitute of the knowledge of physical science, he believed in demons, angels, and marvels of all kinds. Though of a gentle nature, he despised the family tie; imbibed at an early age the idea of a divine mission, and abandoned the cottage in which he was born and the parents who nurtured him. A few susceptible peasants like himself hailed him as Messiah. An enthusiast named John favored his pretensions. His ambition grew, and, by-and-by, in spite of his lofty nature, he pretended to work miracles. After a few years of wandering he was arrested, tried, and executed."

Such is M. Renan's Christ!

On his return from Syria in 1861, M. Renan was appointed Professor of Hebrew and Oriental Literature in the College of France, although his skeptical tendencies were well known to the Government. His inaugural lecture was fixed for the 22d February, 1862; the college was crowded to excess to hear him; the first words were greeted with hisses, but these were drowned by the cry of the young students, "Down with the Jesuits!" M. Renan conquered, but his triumph was of short duration, for the next day his lectures were suspended. This lecture was soon published, but it was no miracle either of learning or style, and was soon forgotten in France. In the summer of 1863 appeared his noted work on the "Life of Christ," which has been followed by his "Lives of the Apostles." Renan intends also to treat of Christianity under the Antonines, and a fourth work to the progress of the new religion up to its establishment under Constantine.

Renan has a strongly-marked organization, and one strongly animal in its manifestations. The cast of the countenance and features is somewhat Jewish. [Is he not of Jewish blood?] In appearance he is thus described by a recent biographer: "Renan is a thick-set man of moderate height and stooping shoulders. He has a strongly-marked face, somewhat Jewish in cut, flecked with red spots, not wanting in signs of resolution, but yet preoccupied, and with an undescribable air of uncertainty. The man seems to be disputing with some invisible opponent, and shakes his hand, and even clutches his fist now and then."

His nose is aggressive; the mouth has an appearance of pride or assumed dignity, which corresponds with his large development of Firmness and Approbativeness. The social organs are well shown in the large chin, especially the animal propensities; while Destructiveness, Combativeness, Secretiveness, and Caution are all well indicated.

Renan needs to exercise his moral and religious faculties, to look to God through his intuition rather than attempt to grasp Him with his intellect.

NOTE. — For the portrait accompanying the above sketch, as well as the biographical facts connected with M. Renan's life, we are indebted to *Harper's Monthly Magazine*.

PHRENOLOGICAL THEORY OF MAN'S ORGANIZATION.

[CONTINUED.]

METAPHYSICAL ABSURDITIES.

WE shall next proceed to show the vast superiority of phrenological exposition, in a labor-saving point of view, over the old-school expositions, by comparing the bungling, verbose expositions in which the play of the faculties of Firmness and Concentrativeness is confounded. We must, however, notice a contradiction: on page 573 § 628, Carpenter says: "In regard to every kind of mental activity that does not involve origination, *the power of the Will, though limited to selection, is otherwise unbounded;*" and then continues on a few pages further, and maintains that the influence of the Will, so far from being unbounded in every kind of mental action not involving origination, is absolutely *nil*, and that mental actions capable of evolving very astonishing results, are not under the influence of the Will, but are automatic. Such contradictions among writers of the old school are too common to require any additional comment, and we shall proceed with our quotation to show how verbose and awkward are the metaphysical expositions when compared with the phrenological. Carpenter, p. 586 § 650: "Two striking instances may be adduced, of men distinguished, the one for intellectual, the other for artistic ability; in both of whom the mental action which evolved the result seems to have been almost entirely of an automatic character. All accounts of Coleridge's habits of thought, as manifested in his conversation (which was a sort of *thinking aloud*), agree in showing that his train of mental operation, once started, went on of *itself*, sometimes for a long distance in the original direction, sometimes with a divergence into some other track, according to the consecutive suggestions of his own mind or to new suggestions introduced into it from without. His whole course of life was one continued proof of the weakness of his Will; for with numerous gigantic projects continually in his mind, he never could bring himself, even seriously, to attempt to execute any one of them; and his utter deficiency in self-control rendered it *necessary* for his welfare that he should yield himself to the control of others.

"The composition of the poetical fragment 'Kubla Khan' in his sleep, is a typical example of automatic mental action; and almost his whole life might be regarded, in consequence of the deficiency of that self-determining power which is the pre-eminent characteristic of every really great mind, as a sort of waking dream. One of the most characteristic examples of his extraordinary deficiency of Will was displayed very early in his career, for when he had found a bookseller (Mr. Cottle) generous enough to promise him fifty guineas for poems which he recited to him, and might have received the whole sum immediately on the delivery of the manuscript, he went on borrowing for his daily needs, in the most humiliating manner, until he had drawn from his patron the whole of the

promised purchase money, without supplying him with a line of that poetry which he had only to *write down* to free himself from obligation. Yet there was no man of his day who surpassed Coleridge in the combination of the reasoning powers of the philosopher with imagination of the poet and the inspiration of the seer; and there was perhaps not one of the last generation who has left so strong an impress of himself in the subsequent course of thought of reflective minds engaged in the highest subjects of human contemplation. So, again, the whole artistic life of Mozart, from his infancy to his death, save in so far as the earlier part of it was directed by his father, may be cited as an example of the spontaneous or automatic development of musical ideas, which, under the guidance of his intuitive sense of harmony [§ 607], expressed themselves in appropriate language. When only four years old, he began to write music, which was found to be in strict accordance with the rules of composition, although he had received no instruction in these; and when engaged, during his after-life, in the production of those works which have rendered his name immortal, it was enough for him to fix his thoughts in the first instance upon the subject (the libretto of an opera, for example, or the words of a religious service), so as to give the requisite start and direction to his ideas, which then flowed onward without any effort of his own, so that the whole of a symphony or an overture would develop itself in his mind, its separate instrumental parts taking (so to speak) their respective shapes, without any intentional elaboration. In fact, the only exercise of Will that *seemed* to be required on his part, consisted in the *writing down* of the composition when complete, and this, under the temptations of social intercourse and a dislike to anything like 'work,' he would postpone until the last moment. Thus it is well known that his overture to Don Giovanni was only written out (although it must have been previously composed) during the night previous to its performance, which took place without any rehearsal. It is recorded of him, that being once asked by an inferior musician how he set to work to compose a symphony, he replied: 'If you once think of how you are to do it, you will never write anything worth hearing. I write because I can not help it.'

"Mozart, like Coleridge, was a man of extremely weak will. He could neither keep firm to a resolution nor resist temptation, and when not under the guidance of his excellent wife, was the sport of almost every kind of impulse. But there was probably never a more remarkable example than his musical career presents, of the automatic operation of that creative power which specially constitutes genius; and his life is altogether a most interesting study to the psychologist as well as to the musician. On the other hand, in the life and literary career of Southey, we have a striking example of what a determined Will, acting under a strong sense of duty, may do in utilizing and turning to the best account acquisitions of a comparatively mediocre order. Al-

though few of his poems may retain a lasting celebrity, yet his prose writings will always be models of excellence in composition; and he had his powers under such complete command, that he never failed (save from physical incapacity) to execute those engagements which are too often made by men of genius 'only to be broken,' and never shrank from what he felt to be a task of disagreeable drudgery, when once he had undertaken it."

This long quotation will serve to show the great superiority of phrenological over metaphysical expositions in clearness and terseness, for all this waste of words which we have just copied could have been expressed in two or three lines had the writer used the phrenological system of mental nomenclature. Coleridge and Mozart had very large Concentrativeness, and they could apply their minds continuously for a great length of time, and their other faculties, being of a suitable type, they could elaborate astonishing results; but being very deficient in Firmness, they became the "sport of circumstances," and were unstable in all their ways; while Southey had large Firmness combined with his Concentrativeness, and he stood true to his engagements, and carried through unflinchingly his undertakings. We can thus readily perceive that if Carpenter instead of presenting us with that long-winded waste of words had said, "Coleridge and Mozart had very large Concentrativeness, but were deficient in Firmness, while Southey possessed both faculties large," every reader—supposing the phrenological nomenclature generally in use—would have known just exactly what kind of beings those three men were, so far as that myth the Will is concerned, without the addition of another word.

We have called the above quotation a waste of words. Now for the proof. On page 573 he tells us that "In regard to every kind of mental activity that does *not* involve origination, the power of the Will, though limited to selection, is otherwise unbounded. For although it can not directly bring objects before the consciousness which are not present to it, yet it can concentrate the mental gaze (so to speak) upon any object that may be within its reach, and can make use of this, as we shall hereafter see, to bring in other objects by suggestion or association," and then turns around and informs us that the power of the Will, so far from being "unbounded," and "able to concentrate the mental gaze upon any object," is absolutely worthless, and that the operations of the mind are "automatic," and go on of themselves.

These cases of Coleridge and Mozart will serve to show the confusion of thought from their confounding the personified attribute with the spirit itself, and their misapprehension of the play of the faculties of Firmness and Concentrativeness. Since Coleridge and Mozart could "concentrate their mental gaze" for a great length of time on any given subject, we might logically conclude that it was an attribute of the Will to "concentrate the mental gaze;" their wills were very strong and determined;

but this would not suit, for it would be contradicted by the fact that they had very weak wills, and were "the sport of circumstances." Hence it was necessary to invent some other theory to get rid of this trouble, and the operations of their minds were supposed to be taken from under the care of their wills, and made "purely automatic." This, however, only exchanged one contradiction for another, for this automatic exposition contradicts his affirmation on page 573, that the Will can concentrate the mental gaze upon any object, and "can virtually determine what shall not be regarded by the mind, *through its power of keeping the attention fixed* in some other direction." What is such a system of mental science worth which gives us no more light than that which we derive from such contradictory expositions? Yet Carpenter really deserves considerable credit for not wasting any more words, for some other expositors would have given us twice as many words and no more light.

We would inquire, in passing, what is the use of a man's denying Phrenology, when he has to use language to disguise his expression of phrenological principles? Carpenter speaks of Mozart's "intuitive sense of harmony." Now, what is the difference between the phrenologist's organ or faculty of Tune and Carpenter's "intuitive sense of harmony?" We can not tell the difference. *Phrenologically*, Coleridge did not distinguish himself as a musician, because his organs of Time and Tune were not so largely developed as Mozart's, and *metaphysically* it was because his "intuitive sense of harmony" was not so large. On page 573, Carpenter says: "Thus no one has ever acquired the creative power of genius, or made himself a good artist, or a good poet, or gained by practice that peculiar insight which characterizes the original discoverer; for these 'gifts' are mental instincts or intuitions, which may be developed and strengthened by due cultivation, but which can never be generated *de novo*." When the metaphysician has to stand and acknowledge the existence of thirty-seven "gifts," or "mental instincts," or "intuitions," one after the other as he is questioned, what in the name of reason is the use of his saying it is "a fundamental error to suppose the entire intellect may be split up into a certain number of faculties?" Carpenter, so far from proving that it is a fundamental error to suppose that the entire intellect is split up into a certain number of faculties, actually furnishes proof that it is a fundamental truth, by his inability to explain phenomena on the supposition that the mind is a unit, while those very phenomena are readily susceptible of clear and harmonious expositions on the supposition that the intellect "is split up into a certain number of faculties."

Again, we frequently see men who are perfectly sane on every subject except one, and on that they are perfectly wild—monomaniacs. If the mind is a unit, "the whole of it (so far as we can form a judgment) being called into operation in every kind of intellectual process which occupies the attention at the time"

(Carpenter, page 580), it is absolutely impossible to give any rational exposition of insanity, for if deranged on one subject, the man must be on all. If, however, we say that the mind is not a unit, but is endowed with a plurality of faculties, and that some particular faculty is diseased, and hence the manifestations of disordered intellect on that particular topic, we have a clear, rational, harmonious, and satisfactory exposition of the whole subject. And it was not until the advent of phrenologists that any rational indications were laid down for the treatment of the insane; on the supposition that the mind was a unit, whenever an individual manifested clearness of intellect on some subjects, and was insane on another, he was supposed to do whatever was objectionable through "deviltry," and the roughest measures were planned to cure him of his evil disposition, and many a wail of woe and anguish has arisen from the suffering monomaniac in consequence of the erroneous charts handed out from the metaphysical temple of science for the guidance of the physician.

Again, on the supposition that the mind is not endowed with a plurality of faculties, the phenomena of memory are inexplicable. We often find men whose memory of figures is extraordinary, others whose memory of words is remarkable, while others, of equal ability in other particulars, can not remember figures or words half so well. On the supposition that phrenological revelations are true, we have a beautiful exposition. In one class the organ of Calculation, Language, Locality, or Individuality, as the case may be, is largely developed, and the individual possesses a tenacious memory of figures, words, places, or individual objects, accordingly. In the other class these organs are small, and the individuals possess a very defective memory on those particular subjects. My grandfather was well acquainted with a man whose organ of Language was so large that he was an accomplished scholar, thoroughly versed in Latin and Greek, yet his organs of Individuality, Size, and Color were so defective, he could not distinguish the horse on which he rode to church, but was obliged to apply to a friend to point out his horse, or wait until all had departed and take the horse that was left. On the supposition that "it is a fundamental error to suppose that the entire intellect may be split up into a certain number of faculties," such a case is perfectly inexplicable; but on phrenological principles the mystery is removed at once.

Since, then, old-school metaphysical dogmas can not be made to harmonize with or explain many well-established facts, but on the contrary are directly antagonistic to anything like a rational exposition of them, and phrenological revelations harmonize with and give a beautiful exposition of these very phenomena, we will presume that the reader will adopt, without further comment, the phrenological revelation that the mind is endowed with a plurality of faculties, and will proceed to show further in our next paper that the phrenological exposition of those faculties, instead of being "pretty much humbug," and at war with the Bible, is emphatically sanctioned by the Bible.

On Psychology.

The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes infinite,
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless inner sight;
Lovely, but solemn it arose,
Unfolding what no more might close.—Mrs. Hemans.

SHAKESPEARE'S SUPERNATURAL CHARACTERS.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

THE subject of supernatural beings manifesting themselves in human affairs has ever been most fascinating to genius. In the grand epic poems of the ancients, the human and the superhuman divide the field; Milton made the action of his celestial and infernal powers the very body of his immortal poem; and even our atheistic Shelleys and Byrons can not keep out of the charmed circle. The subject of the metaphysical agencies of the world—the good and evil—incarnating themselves in the action of human life, gives to the poet at once such a vast field for his capacities, and such a unique character to his work. Hence it is a favorite with genius; but it requires the greatest masters to handle it, or it will fall into contempt. And it is vastly more difficult to give the supernatural an extensive treatment in an acting drama than it is in the epic poem.

Shakspeare in several of his plays, such as Hamlet, trod on the boundaries of the metaphysical world and introduced a ghost. He also in the "Tempest" still made further inroads upon it, and introduced the magician Prospero, with his familiar spirit Ariel, and others of the spirit class; but this was only a drama of magic on an uninhabited island. Even Shakspeare did not fully succeed in reaching the great epic theme of supernatural powers manifesting themselves in the affairs of nations, until he embodied them in his play of Macbeth, which as a dramatic composition is his masterpiece.

And here it must be noted that Shakspeare's Witches are not mere hags, but supernatural beings; yet the subject is so nicely managed, that these unreal things not only originate the theme and shape the action, but they themselves form so much of the body of the play. They are as much realities upon the stage as Macbeth and Banquo. Thus our dramatist has brought into palpable relation, performing before the audience, the beings of two worlds. Herein is Shakspeare's triumph, that he has given his spirits a dramatic substance.

There are other pieces put upon the stage in which the deities of mythology are introduced, but they never impress the audience with the feeling of reality. We see in them nothing but old classical references. They are more of the fairy class of pieces, suitable only for the Christmas holidays, and are not presentable as solid dramatic performances. This is some what the case with Shakspeare's play of the "Tempest," which, if presented at all with due effect, requires all that a Charles Kean can do for it in fairy-like embellishments. In this

drama of magic, Shakspeare has not evolved a legitimate subject of supernatural beings entering into the action of human life. They smack too much of a defunct mythology. They are Homeric in their class and references, without, to us, the reality of personages, which made them to the Greeks much what the God of Israel and his angels were to the Hebrews—at once a part of their religion and their history. Iris, Ceres, Juno, nymphs, etc., are introduced, but they are too remote from the class of spirits, either good or evil, who will harmonize with the Hebrew or Christian theology, and they take too little hold of the superstitions of modern times. A fiction of supernatural beings brought into a modern play must be in harmony with the theology and superstitions of the times. It must be decidedly of Hebrew or Christian origin. Our poet evidently felt much of this when composing the "Tempest," which called forth from Prospero, as an apology for the creatures of his magic charms, one of Shakspeare's most splendid passages, in which we here get a deep vein of *our own* metaphysics:

These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

But in the play of *Macbeth*, though the witches also melt into thin air, yet we have *substance* in effects. Between its supernatural beings and action and our own spiritual essence and drama of life there is both a metaphysical and common harmony. The audience has almost as intense a relation with the superhuman of the play as *Macbeth* himself. In it we have the souls of evil incarnating themselves in the drama of human affairs, and the duplex subject held between the beings of two worlds move together in the unity of a common action. They are not far removed from our own race, but seem like the spirits of evil beings who once were mortals, now continuing their wicked parts in the other world, manifesting themselves through the mediums of this. They are still taking part with us on earth; and there is a fiendish attachment in them toward mortal existence and acts, as though the drama of this life was also theirs in its relations and issues. They are neither the offspring of heaven nor hell, but as the incorporeal evil powers of the earth. The weird sisters are typed more from the Witch of Endor than from the heathen deities, and they are made more modern in their character and tone. Indeed, this famous Witch of Israel, who was potent enough to call up the spirit of Samuel, might very consistently, in the supernatural fiction of *Macbeth*, be given a leading character among the weird sisters. They also remind us of the evil spirits who of old are said to have possessed people, and who, up to this day, are believed to have often insinuated themselves into human tabernacles,

and more frequently, in fact generally, to have influenced human action. These seemed to have such a predisposition for the tabernacles of flesh, that, when they were cast out of men, they implored Jesus to let them enter into the herd of swine, which, doubtless, was in our poet's mind, for he makes one of the sisters answer the other that she had been

Killing swine.

Moreover, in the present day—in this age of Spiritualism—when millions upon millions of people firmly believe that departed spirits take part still in our affairs, and manifest themselves through various ways and many mediums, Shakspeare's dramatic fiction, bringing into the play of *Macbeth* a class of spirits of the type of the Witch of Endor, is very effective and matter-of-fact-like.

It is just in this taking hold of the religious faith and superstitions of the people that makes the supernatural part of *Macbeth* so effective upon the stage; for, in all ages, the belief has obtained that the evil powers do work up the direful events among mortals, and that the agencies of darkness have the mission to tempt souls to their ruin. In thus giving his supernatural beings a semi-human character, and making them so intensely a part, though the evil part, of the spiritual agencies of our own world—in making them so tangibly related to our witches of Endor, and surrounding them with so much reference in our theology and superstition, our great poet has been most happy. Mankind ever has been, and ever will be, deeply interested in the real or fancied visitation of beings spiritual, whose existence is prophetic of our hereafter life, and whose continuation in the drama of mortals foreshadows our own continuation. Nor does the evil quality of the superhuman lessen the intensity of the interest, for wicked and direful plays are ever performed in real life, and it is a certain explanation, aye even satisfaction, to believe them to be inspired and worked-up by evil spirits, who are taking part with us and managing the issues against human good. The Arch Tempter ever has been, and ever will be, a potent center of interest and terror, not because he was once as a god in light, and now "archangel fallen," but because he was cast down into the very heart of human affairs, and is the great Tempter with his agents leading mankind to their perdition. As long as this state remains, he will share the dominion of the world with God, and be even a personage of more fascinating interest, for the dark and terrible in life is always the most bewitching. In Milton, Satan is the hero, and his wing is broader to overshadow us, because it has night as its fringing. So is it in the great drama of practical life. It was not Milton's design to make Satan his hero; but splendid genius finds its greatest triumphs on the dark sides of Nature. Thus with Shakspeare, and in showing us, with all the strength of his matchless genius, a soul, big in its twinship of good and evil, drawn by this fascination native in us, intensified by the potency of fiends, into the

whirlpool of a drama worked up around him by infernal powers, he enters deeply into our human sympathies. In much we are all *Macbeths*, and like him we have not only to fight against ourselves, but the fiends also, and upon their own ground. The sun-tipt Michael himself can not hold the field on earth; though he did in heaven, against the Power of Darkness. Jude tells us that when these two great archangels were contending over the body of Moses, Michael was in *himself* worsted, and he dared not bring a railing accusation against his sable antagonist, but resigned the field of strife with "the Lord rebuke thee, Satan." How would it have stood had it been *Macbeth*, instead of Moses, that Michael and Satan were contending for? There is suggestiveness here that brings the interest directly home to ourselves; and hence Shakspeare in his *Macbeth* seizes strongly hold of our theological faith and our superstitious fears. As we are not chiefly interested in "Archangel Fallen" because he was once as a god in light, neither are we in Shakspeare's superhuman beings because they melt into thin air, but that, like the Arch Tempter, they are concerned with us and are working themselves out through our dramas. Herein was Shakspeare most happy in choosing a supernatural subject having so much reference to all mankind, and in creating beings like the souls of the weird dead, who when in life were potent enough to call up by their charms the spirit of a Samuel. *Macbeth* is Shakspeare's Saul, who, finding himself outside the circle of the Power of Good, seeks unto his Witches of Endor to know his destiny, and they call up spirits, not like the faithful Samuel, who will rebuke him, but those who will

Palter with us in a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.

This supernatural fiction of the play of *Macbeth* is most consistent, and, therefore, most happy.

Had Shakspeare in this play brought on the stage the gods and goddesses of a defunct mythology, he would have failed, and more so because of the nature of the subject which he had chosen, and yet it is this subject which has given birth not only to a splendid drama, but also to the type of character of *Macbeth*. He might let these old classic deities take part in his "Tempest"—a play of magic—but dared not let them take part in the great drama of humanity. Christian nations could not accept Pluto as the Arch Fiend, nor allow any of the Greek deities to meddle in our affairs. They might do it among the ancient Greeks, but not among modern Christians. It is true that Shakspeare brings on Hecate as the mistress of all the witches, and she is the goddess of the moon; but it is the weird sisters who fill our mind from first to last, and Hecate is but one of them with a classical name. They have all the Hebrew or Christian type of witches. Moreover, the moon is religiously believed by many to have some direful influence over the earth, and to affect people as a ruling power

in their fits of insanity and madness. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad;" and Hecate, the most potent spirit of night, and her subordinate spirits of darkness, make Macbeth mad, and draw him down to perdition.

But this happy choice of subject and typing of his superhuman powers would not have realized such great and manifold effects, both dramatic and metaphysical, had not Shakspeare, in his play of Macbeth, given all its weird *tone* and tangibility in effects, at the same time so masterly weaving the action of supernatural beings in the unity of a literal drama. There is more dramatic science unfolded by Shakspeare in his play of Macbeth than in any other of his works. Metaphysical methods wonderfully abound in this play, and its dramatic machinery is most elaborate and well fitted. As a musical theorist testing the *Messiah* can see in it not only Handel's power of genius, but also his profound knowledge of counterpoint, so the critic can see in Macbeth that Shakspeare has put there all the might of his genius and all his dramatic science and skill. Here is the *master* as well as the matchless mind. All the effects which Shakspeare has put in this play he has done with design, and his methods are traceable. Let us analyze some of its supernatural portions, which is the most difficult part of his subject in treatment, and upon the effects of which all the rest hung, and we shall at once see the great dramatic *master* evolving his science, as well as the capacity of his genius. We have the prophecy of both at the very opening.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE 1.—An Open Place. Thunder and Lightning.
Enter three Witches.

1 Witch. When shall we three meet again—
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

3 Witch. That will be ere set of sun.

1 Witch. Where the place?

2 Witch. Upon the heath;

3 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

1 Witch. I come, Graymalkin!

All. Paddock calls: Anon.

Fair is foul, and foul is fair
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[Witches vanish]

Here is *preparation*, and then the quality and tone of that preparation! The scene is brief and abrupt, but it is a great prophecy of the drama and issues to come. Take it away and the play will not be perfect in dramatic art. And yet the action has not begun; it is the overture to the supernatural, and at once gives the subject into the hands of those designed to hold it and to work up the action. Had they come on in the second scene instead of the first, the *method* would not have been perfect nor the *preparation* there, neither in dramatic nor metaphysical effects. Again, that the weird sisters should meet in thunder and lightning, any writer of plays might conceive, but that brief scene has all the quality of Shakspeare's dramatic genius. There are the unique *forms* and weird tone in it, and in its very brevity there is *quantity*. Had the scene

been ten times as long, but destitute of those forms and tone, it would not have been as much, either in quality or quantity for dramatic development; and even with both, it would have been less artistic, for the play must *grow* upon us—the greater must come hereafter. A less masterly dramatist, even though a great poet, would most likely have produced something more splendid and elaborately infernal, and then he would have failed in an *acting* play. It is more than probable that this would have been the case with Milton. Out of that bit of supernatural subject the rest has been developed. The critic analyzing the whole will find in it the same quality and tone. Development always proves the master's science.

The second scene is held between the humans, in which the wounded soldier tells of the victory of Macbeth. Here we see more, unfolded of the method of treatment, and that Shakspeare is, very properly, giving the management into the hands of his superhuman powers; for that battle and its issue was worked up by them; so was the defeat of Norway and the rebel Thane of Cawdor, and also the arrival of this news, directly upon that of the victory, that from Duncan might come the command—

Go, pronounce his death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

And not only had they in their programme of performance the issue of that battle, which was to be "lost and won" "ere set of sun," with the defeat of Norway and the uprooting of the Thane of Cawdor to plant Macbeth, but they have also Duncan's *own* seat for him, and much more premanaged in their programme. Hence they must have the opening scene to *foreshadow* the action, and prepare the movements; and they time and shape the second scene, for they are immediately going to give in the next a dramatic surprise. We see them in the play throughout, even when they do not appear on the stage.

Scene third, the witches hold on the heath, according to appointment, to meet Macbeth. And here we have another rich illustration of Shakspeare's nice treatment of his most difficult subject. He first gives the weird tone to the scene, before he brings about the meeting, and yet the witches' dialogue has but very little reference to the action of the play; it is to stamp their *type*, and give the supernatural quality. See the character and unique forms of it:

A Heath. Thunder. Enter three Witches.

1 Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

2 Witch. Killing swine.

3 Witch. Sister, where thou?

1 Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd.
"Give me," quoth I:

"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

1 Witch. Thou art kind.

3 Witch. And I another.

1 Witch. And I myself have all the other.

* * * * *
Look what I have.

2 Witch. Show me, show me.

1 Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

3 Witch. A drum, a drum;

Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine:
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

That bit of composition shows more of dramatic genius and art than would fifty great soliloquies. This will surprise many who will see not much in it, and that of a very common quality. But there is more painting in two touches—seeming daubs—given by the brush of a great master, than in many a large picture which would delight the eye of the crowd, but which would not have on its yards of canvas *enough* even to provoke the contempt of an artist, much less draw out his admiration, and yet, perchance, he would give his left hand to purchase the power for his right to give those two touches on the master painter's canvas. What a witchy picture of *type* of character there is in the two daubs the sisters give:

1 Witch. Look what I have.

2 Witch. Show me, show me.

It takes us in its *performance* with its eagerness and wicked simplicity. It is like a group of innocent girls running together, the leader with the burden of interest, "Look what I have!" to be followed with the eager exclamation of desire from every tongue, "Show me, show me!" But then there is in this simplicity and eagerness such a volume of fiendish subject, that its very suggestiveness of something related to a group of innocent maidens is a master touch of weird painting; two more daubs of the same character immediately (*animate in the action*)—"Here I have a pilot's thumb, wreck'd as homeward he did come," and our minds are filled at once with a thousand wicked dramas of the fiends, while the quick breaking off, by the 3d Witch—"A drum, a drum; Macbeth doth come," hurries on, with weird music in the rhythm, the soul of the drama of Macbeth, even before he has made his *entrées* in the action of the play. The physical picture of direful wrecks of home-bound mariners, and the metaphysical picture of the wreck of the soul of Macbeth, home-bound from victorious wars, leap together into the scene to strike our mental vision.

All through the verse of the witches' parts there can be detected a weird harmony, not only in the rhythm, but in the very *tone* of its metaphysics. This doubtless suggested to Locke the design of composing to those parts his celebrated music. He saw that he could imitate the peculiar metaphysical chords and forms which Shakspeare had given to his supernatural theme, and that he could embody in harmony the weird subtlety of its qualities, and, by making palpable to the ear the strain

of subject, help to bring out in the performance its rare effects. Had the magician Beethoven elaborately worked upon every bit of Shakspeare's supernatural subject, by way of testing what quantity and quality was in it, he might have given a still grander illustration, in a more extensive form, and composed a great weird musical drama, strictly imitating Shakspeare's subject and treatment. All that can be done to make palpable in the performance the demoniac theme, of the play of the witches, whether of musical accompaniment, scenic effects, or dramatic rendering, can not more than illustrate Shakspeare. Our matchless dramatist has not only given so much metaphysical theme to be embodied in harmonic effects, but he has incarnated his supernatural influences in every conceivable form of the drama, as though he was aiming everywhere to make his weird chords tell. Sometimes it is his peculiar preparation and sudden resolution of the action and plot that catches us with a charmed power, and throws us into the demoniac interest of the play, and Macbeth it draws down as though he was in a whirlpool of infernal influences. See the example of this in Macbeth's first meeting with the witches. We have noticed their typing of themselves, the preparation, and the bringing on of Macbeth. Banquo describes them, but it is to Macbeth's "Speak if you can:—What are you?" that they answer:

1 *Witch*. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

This he knows, but it is to intensify a surprise burdened with wicked design in their programme.

2 *Witch*. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

He is in the whirlpool now, and the climax drowns him in his perdition.

3 *Witch*. All hail, Macbeth! that shall be king hereafter.

Their "Hail" to Banquo is but to sink Macbeth deeper, and there is much development to come of it in the play thereafter. The result reached, they vanish. No tarrying now, for the subject is working in.

Macbeth. Your children shall be kings.

Banquo. You shall be king.

Macbeth. And thane of Cawdor, too; went it not so?

All is timed in the management of the fiends, and now their evil drama comes on with a rush.

(*Rosse and Angus enter.*)

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honor,

He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor!

In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!

The rush of the fulfillment is overwhelming, But mark, this is not like the mere stage-manager's denouements. It is strongly dramatic in metaphysical effects, which only genius can produce. See how in that quality it immediately fills Macbeth's mind.

Glamis, and thane of Cawdor.
The greatest is behind.

Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.

This supernatural soliciting
Can not be ill; can not be good. If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smothered in surmise; and nothing is
But what is not.

The play moves on, and all its direful issues grow into a great drama; but though the supernatural powers have been "behind the scenes," moving the whole along, yet they do not appear in the play again until the V. scene of the Third Act, when Hecate, their mistress, comes into the action rebuking them.

The Heath. Thunder. Enter Hecate, meeting the Three Witches.

1 *Witch*. Why, how now, Hecate? you look angrily.
Hecate. Have I not reason, beldames as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?

[The "art" of the Evil Powers to lead mankind to their perdition; another proof that this was Shakspeare's principal subject.]

But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me! the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells provide,
Your charms and everything beside.

There is so much of the semi-human in this—so much of our ancient and modern Witch of Endor class and matter. They are as wicked spirits going to practice professionally, as when in mortality. But, as before dwelt upon, it is these human references, and their seeming kindred to the spirits of human beings, that catches such a deep hold of our interest, and gives to the whole the character of a legitimate play, and not that of a mere dramatic phantasmagoria. But there is a dignity directly added to the *caste* of these supernatural beings, by the rank of Hecate as mistress, or Spirit of the Moon.

I'm for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere noon.
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground;
And that, distilled by magic slights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion.

Here we have reference to the supposed evil influences of the moon, and the fiction that brings Hecate into the play is thus nicely sustained, by this shaping toward modern superstition and popular belief.

The principal witch scene is at the opening of the Fourth Act. Every one who has seen Macbeth performed will remember the scene at the "Pit of Acheron" around the magic

cauldron. The performance is not more striking than the text. In fact, the critic would revel more in the text. Read it again to test its witchy tone; mark its dramatic weird subject and coloring, and then fancy what "hell-broth" was ever mixed with such acceptable ingredients—what witches could offer such a drink offering to the infernal deities, as did Shakspeare's witches?

A Dark Cave. In the middle a Cauldron Boiling. Thunder. Enter the Three Witches.

1 *Witch*. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd—
2 *Witch*. Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
3 *Witch*. Harper cries: "'Tis time, 'tis time."

1 *Witch*. Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under coldest stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one,
Swelter'd venom, sleeping got,
Boil thou first! 't the charmed pot!

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 *Witch*. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owl's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3 *Witch*. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy: maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab;
Add unto a tiger's chandron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 *Witch*. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate and the other Three Witches.

Hecate. O, well done! I commend your pains,
And every one shall share i' the gains;
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

Then their characteristic revelry song.

Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2 *Witch*. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

The charms are complete. Macbeth is drawn on to his destiny, which he comes to them to have revealed, and he is further entrapped into the meshes of the drama of the Evil Powers among mortals. Having, by his deeds, sold to the fiends his "eternal jewel," and run his chosen course, he closes the tragic action of his life with the burden of the moral of the play:

And be those juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our ear
And break it to our hope.

The play of Macbeth is a great sermon

HON. E. C. SCRANTON.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.*

THE general build and make-up of this organization indicated, first, a good framework and an excellent constitution. The chest and all the vital organs were well developed; large lungs, with ample breathing power; a large heart, with good circulation; a capacious stomach, with excellent digestion. We infer that he was out of a hardy and long-lived stock; that his progenitors must have attained very old age, possibly near a hundred years; no indication of disease or premature decay was apparent in his whole organization. In fine, all things favored the inference that he, too (accidents excepted), might live healthfully and long. So much for the body. But what of the brain? This: it was one of the largest class, and well supported by a healthy physiology, and amply developed in nearly every part. It was broad between the ears, giving executiveness; high in the crown, giving decision, perseverance, and steadfastness; high in the top, indicating integrity, devotion, faith, hope, and kindness; and broad through the temples, indicating mechanical ingenuity, economy, constructiveness, and love for the beautiful in art.

He was large in the intellect, the perceptive faculties predominating, rendering him at once a practical, matter-of-fact, and a common-sense man. The reflective faculties, including Causality and Comparison, were also large, enabling him to comprehend and apply principles in a definite manner. He could appreciate the value of property, realizing its worth and the best way to use it. He understood mechanism; was ingenious in planning, contriving, and devising ways and means to accomplish difficult ends. Was methodical and systematic, accurate in his estimates as to values; could measure well by the eye in judging of forms, sizes, proportions, and of distance; had an excellent memory of faces, places, thoughts, experiences, and all things which he saw. He was prompt, off-hand, and could decide a question as satisfactorily in a moment as in a week. Was the opposite of an irresolute, timid, procrastinating spirit, and disposed to strike while the iron was hot.

His Cautiousness was but moderately developed, and if he failed it was likely to be through indiscretion, or venturing where a more cautious or prudent man would hesitate to go. He may have made investments or engaged in speculations beyond his control; but aside from this we see no reason why he was not eminently successful in almost any

* From Appleton's Railway Guide.



PORTRAIT OF HON. ERASTUS C. SCRANTON.

department of business, and well adapted to take a leading position even among leading men. As a banker, a broker, a merchant, or a manufacturer, he would have excelled. He was at once a dignified, intelligent, honest, frank, straightforward, manly man.

BIOGRAPHY.

Hon. Erastus C. Scranton, late President of the New York and New Haven Railway—says a cotemporary, the *Journal and Courier* of New Haven—was born in Madison, Conn., about the year 1808. In early life, he, like most of the enterprising young men of that vicinity, engaged in the coasting trade, gradually extending his business until he became largely interested in commercial adventures, from Connecticut to Florida. He was extensively engaged in commercial and banking business in Georgia and Florida, and accumulated a handsome fortune, with which he returned to his Madison home. His active and energetic nature still demanded occupation, and from his reputation for financial sagacity and resoluteness of purpose, he was sought out by his Connecticut friends to take the laboring oar in many of their public improvements and enterprises. He was an active friend of the New Haven and New London Railway. With his brothers and other capitalists he founded the town of Scranton, Pa., and developed that system of mines and railways which has given wealth to a considerable portion of the State of Pennsyl-

vania. On the organization of the Elm City Bank (now Second National Bank), of New Haven, he was elected its president, and held that office till his death, managing its large capital of one million of dollars with great sagacity and success. In 1858 he was offered the nomination for Governor by an American party, but he declined the honor. In 1860 he was elected to the Senate from the Sixth District, and in several Legislatures he represented the town of Madison in the House of Representatives. Though New Haven was his winter and business residence for several years, he did not make it his permanent home till 1864, and immediately afterward he was elected Mayor of the city by the Republicans. He was a candidate for reelection last year, and, though defeated, his popularity was evinced by the fact that he ran five hundred votes ahead of the Republican candidate for Governor. Last year he was elected President of the New York and New Haven Railway, and under his untiring and sagacious oversight great improvements and reforms were being developed in its management. His brother, S. H. Scranton, Esq., of Madison, was at the same time elected President of the Shore Line Railway, and by the energetic and harmonious action of the two, the railway along the Sound was being managed with greater ability and success than ever before. This interest will severely feel his loss. Probably no man in the State surpassed Mr. Scranton in business capacity. It seemed to be a pleasure to him to do the work of half a dozen men. He was always cheerfully kind and inspiring, and work in his hands seemed only a healthy recreation. His social life was, like his business life, free, generous, frank, and cordial, gathering friends and garnering friendship, till the whole city knew and loved him.

In giving an account of the sudden death of Mr. Scranton, which occurred on Dec. 29, 1866, the same paper says: "As President of the New York and New Haven Railway Company, Mr. Scranton was obliged to make frequent trips over the road, and at six o'clock and thirty minutes A.M., on the 29th inst., he left this city on one of those trips, accompanied by his daughter, an only child, a young lady of about twenty years. At Norwalk depot he got out of the cars and crossed the street north of the depot, to transact some business at a store. The train started before he got back, and he ran around the west end of the depot to catch the cars. He seized hold of the rails of a platform, and at that moment his foot slipped and he fell partially under the car. He seemed to the spectators to roll over two or three times, apparently endeavoring to get away, but was, almost in an instant, caught under the wheels, and two cars passed over him, the wheels literally severing his body. To a person who ran to his aid he said, 'I am cut in two,' and almost immediately expired. So sad a termination of an honorable and useful life plunged the whole city into grief, and everywhere the event was discussed in deep sorrow for the public loss, and heartfelt sympathy for the bereaved family and friends of the deceased."

Our Social Relations.

Oh, happy they—the happiest of their kind—
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.—*Thomson.*

ALTOGETHER WRONG!

BY MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

THE other day we bethought ourself—a very unusual and unprecedented proceeding, no doubt—to ask a question. Being a woman, we are curious; being naturally of an enterprising disposition, our curiosity is pretty certain, sooner or later, to find an outlet.

We had pondered the subject within ourself for some time, and finally concluded to carry it straight to headquarters, and have the matter decided at once, by the very best authority, a man. (Men are supposed, you know, Public, to be able to answer all the questions women can conjure up—a popular fallacy, as any one can speedily find out for him or herself, by asking *enough* questions!) However, we watched our opportunity, and cleverly propounded our subject to a gentleman who supposes himself, and probably is, quite up to the average of Adamkind.

"Do you know we have been listening to your conversation for the last ten minutes?"

"Have you?" And he looked as if we ought to be very much edified by the sublime privilege. None the less we carried our destroying sword into his camp, however!

"Yes, and we want to know why you always talk such nonsense to ladies?"

"Nonsense!" with an injured air.

"Yes—what was it but nonsense?"

Our gentleman stroked his whiskers retrospectively—he hadn't much to say for himself. Looking back upon his conversation, it *didn't* sound much like the Proverbs of Solomon!

"Why, I am sure I talked about the weather—and the fashions—and—and—lots of things! What else could I talk about, I'd like to know?"

"What do you talk about in the society of gentlemen?"

"Oh, that's a different thing. We talk of politics—news—current topics of the day, I suppose."

"But why don't you talk about the same things to women?"

"Because there isn't one woman in twenty who reads the newspapers, or keeps up with the general literature of the day—that's why!"

We were silenced, *pro tem.*, but not convinced, so we carried the question still farther—to the ladies themselves.

"It is true," confessed one. "I never pretend to read newspapers; as for the books of the day, their titles are all I know anything about!"

"But why is this?"

"I never get time to read, now-a-days!"

"Never get time!" we pondered. And what becomes of all the time? Have the days waxed shorter than when you were a bright, intelligent girl? or do the hours contain fewer

minutes? Yes, we know the answer you would make; you are married now, with a husband and little ones to claim your attention, and a house to overlook; but surely husband and children and little ones need not eat up all your time! When once a woman gets so that she has no time to read, she might as well go a little farther, and have no time to live! When the Brain stops growing and the Mind has its gates shut, life becomes a treadmill sort of affair at the best. Time should never be allowed to govern us; we should govern time.

Just look at the house of my friend who "never gets time to read!" It is not only neat—it is distressingly clean. You can not walk in without feeling painfully conscious of the three grains of mud that may have adhered to your soles; you sit down, aware that your hostess is nervously hoping the chair covers won't get dragged down. Dust is a thing persecuted and driven forth—all the furniture stands by rule and plummet—the piano is opened merely for show, and the books on the center-table are put there only to be looked at! "All my house is just like my parlor!" says our friend triumphantly, and we have no doubt, more's the pity, that it is so! All the rooms are scrubbed and swept and dusted and turned downside up and upside down once in so often, no matter whether they are used or not! If there is an atom of dust in the southwest corner of the scuttle-stairs, our friend is miserable; if a spider weaves its gossamer thread across the cornices of the ceiling, step-ladders, servants, and long-handled brooms are ordered to the rescue! It is her ambition to be a model housekeeper, and she is determined to reach that ambition if she dies at her post!

Look at her little children—they are like so many wax dolls. "I worked a week on that braided apron," says the mother, exultantly turning Wax Doll Number One around, the better to display her elaborate finery. Think of it, ye who count the days by the good works ye accomplish therein—who call the hours your Master's, not your own! A whole week of God's long bright days wasted on a child's useless adornments! And this is the woman who is subsiding into a mere animated drudge, because, forsooth, she has "no time to read!"

"I have finished Helen's skirts," goes on our devoted slave—what else can we call her? "Six of them, and I put nineteen tucks on each, and scoloped them all round the edge. I had to sit up nights to do it, though! And I don't know when I ever shall finish the baby's cashmere robe!"

Now we like to see pretty things, dainty embroidery and trim stitching, as well as any daughter of Eve in the land. But we don't like to see these crushing and elbowing Soul and Mind out of all existence. There is—or ought to be—a time for all things, fancy needlework included. But as for making ourselves slaves to the miserable frippery of fleeting fashion, that we don't believe in, no, and never shall!

We know there is a class of conservatives,

mostly in black silk dresses, false "fronts," and spectacles, who disseminate much mischief by perpetually holding up past ages to us. "Women don't begin to work as they did when I was a girl!" is their cry. Well, why should they, when you come to think of the matter? Neither do men. Machinery has stepped in to our aid. Invention is at work all the time to lift the heavy burden from overworked shoulders and wearied hands. We should be more than foolish, we should be wicked, if we persisted now in working as they did in the days when our grandmothers were girls.

"No time to read!" *Make* time! Put a few tucks less in the elaborate garments, a few stitches less in the long, long seams that continue to devour your leisure hours. Buy a sewing-machine, even if you go in calico a year to pay for it. Your family will be none the worse if you mix less cake and beat fewer eggs and conserve less sugared fruit; in fact, they will be rather the gainers, as far as dyspepsia and headache and annual doctor's bills are concerned. And if your husband is anything on earth but a spoiled epicure, he would far rather have an intelligent companion, who can converse with him on equal grounds, than a table full of sweets and indigestibles. As for his clothes, bless the man! do you suppose he knows or cares whether the stitches in his shirt-sleeves are microscopically small, or that his stockings are darned in the old laborious way, "when you can't tell them from woven work?" Let the work be done neatly and strongly, and tell us, if you can, most *exigent* [exact-ing] of housekeepers, what else is necessary?

Men say of the woman with whom they are brought in contact, "She is an intelligent person; she has read extensively; she is posted in what is going on in the world!" They never say, "She is a beautiful seamstress; she cleans house eight times a year," or "she gets breakfast over by candle-light!" You may immolate yourself soul and body on the altar of the housekeeping Moloch, and ten to one they won't appreciate the sacrifice! They do not see the necessity of it—neither do we.

We ought to be past the age when women make mere drudges of themselves out of a mistaken idea of duty, but it seems we are not. It is so easy to neglect book and pen and daily paper, because this thing and that thing and the other thing "*must* be done." *Must* is a marvelously elastic word, sometimes! Don't give way to it when the interests of your mental and intellectual nature are concerned! Once more we say, *make* time! The hour you devote to the living, moving history of to-day—to the books that fill your memory with pleasant things and new ideas—will never be missed when sunset comes.

Set open the chambers of your mind—sweep them, brush away the dust and cobwebs of antiquity, let in the free fresh air of the nineteenth century, and invite guests from every land and clime! Don't fall into the miserable refrain of "no time!" We can respect a machine as a machine—we owe deference to the

honest, hard-working drudge as a drudge—but we have neither respect, deference, nor patience with the educated woman of the year 1867 who finds no time to read the newspapers.

PLAIN WORDS WITH THE BIG BOYS, ABOUT PRYING AND SNEAKING.

BY REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

THERE used to be an old gentleman in business here, who, though wealthy, and at the head of a well-established house, had an ugly habit which caused him to be generally despised. Like all the bad habits that ever fasten themselves on people, it had evidently attached itself to him when he was a boy, and had grown up with him. In going into anybody's counting-house on business, this old gentleman would cast his eyes about him to see what information he could pick up. Instead of standing at the counter, he would edge up to the desk and look over the top of it to see if there were any letters lying open which he could read. If he came to receive a check, he would furtively glance over the margin of your check-book while you drew the check for him, so that he might see the names and amounts of other checks which you had entered there. His particular delight seemed to be to pry over an open account book. By long practice he had accustomed himself to read upside-down as well as in the ordinary way, so that if you were careless enough to leave your books or papers exposed on your desk, they were sure to be the victims of his investigating disposition, while he would stand quietly waiting and as quietly gratifying his curiosity at your expense.

The amount of information which this old fellow picked up in this way in the course of a long business career must have been stupendous. A sly glance may often have given him information which he could have acquired in no other way. A few moments spent in eaves-dropping, where other men were talking on what did not concern him, may have afforded valuable suggestion for the day's operations. A peep at a half-opened telegram may have furnished hints which served as a basis for a profitable purchase of stocks or merchandise. But with all this old person's industrious searchings for knowledge, with all his wealth, and his success in business, and in finding out all about other people's business, the name of "*Old Sneak*" so firmly cemented itself to him that it became a part of him, in the estimation of all who knew him. Men who dealt with him would often close books which were lying open on their desks, and cover letters and papers which were exposed when he entered their doors.

There are few boys who would like to grow up with such a character for prying and sneaking as this old man had. But there are many boys and men who, while they are not habitual meddlers in other men's affairs, do not hesitate surreptitiously to acquire information which is none of their business.

Here is a lad who has been to the post-office for letters. He brings half a dozen or a dozen to his employer. What is contained in those letters is none of the boy's business; nor does it concern him who wrote them, what are the places and dates post-marked on them, whether they contain inclosures or not, or whether the handwriting is that of regular correspondents or of somebody who has not been heard from before. All those things are his employer's business, and not his; and the boy or man who will fumble over a letter intrusted to him, hold it up to the light to see if it contains an inclosure, or to try to discover the style of the handwriting, or who will study the post-mark carefully to obtain from it information which he would be afraid to ask for openly, is but a step removed in perfidious criminality from the sly rascal who breaks the seal of the letter, or the bolder villain who actually robs the mail.

A lad in a lawyer's office in this city was in the habit of opening letters which were intrusted to him to deliver, whenever he found the gummed envelope sufficiently moist (from its freshness) to enable him to do so. The lawyer had reason to suspect him, and one day set a trap for him. He gave him a letter, with instructions to take it to a neighboring lawyer, and wait for an answer. The lad started off with the letter, but presently came back, looking very blank indeed, and confusedly stammering out something about, "Did you want me to deliver *that* letter?" The question and the confusion revealed the fact that the youthful sinner, having found the gum so moist that he could safely open the envelope, had opened it, of course with the intention of sealing it again, and had found, to his dismay, that the letter read, "*Please give the bearer a good thrashing!*" Had he retained his self-possession on making this discovery, he might have left the letter as directed, and hurried away without the "answer;" but his sin found him out, and his confusion overcame him, and, guilty and abashed, he returned to his employer and received a severe reprimand and a dismissal. It is more than probable that his prying habits never gained him any information worth having. It is certain that they lost him a very good situation.

A prying sneak is no gentleman. He will sacrifice the interests of his best friend in order to gratify his desire for procuring knowledge of that which is none of his business; and he who will stoop to this will stoop to any mean trick, no matter how low or contemptible. He may acquire an expertness in such things which will make him a good burglar or pick-pocket, or even a detective policeman. He may reach such a degree of skillfulness as to be sent abroad to listen at the key-holes of the door of foreign ministers, to catch and report so much as he can steal of their private conversation. But, as he stoops to these things, he puts himself in position to receive from society the moral kicks which his unprincipled conduct deserves.

Boys! remember that nobody respects one

who is continually spying into other people's affairs—who is sneaking and prying and nosing into what does not concern him. He is known as a mean fellow, and though he may be made use of by the unscrupulous and designing to further their purposes, and though he may in consequence boast himself of his ability in the way of picking up what does not belong to him, yet he is despised by the very people who would thus make use of him.

The world is full enough of information which can be honorably and fairly acquired, without sneaking into that which is the exclusive property of other people. Success in life is vastly more apt to follow a manly, open course, than the despicable course of the sneak. Hold up your heads like Christian gentlemen. Go honestly and straightforward to work at getting information, and manfully making use of it after you have obtained it, and you will the better enjoy your success, and be the more respected as you enjoy it.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Work while you can—
Time's flitting by;
Gather the moments,
Quickly they fly.

Cheerily labor;
Workmen are few,
Large is the harvest,
There's plenty to do.

The enemy soweth
Tares in the field;
Thistles and thorns
Doth the wilderness yield.

Cast with a bounteous
And plentiful hand,
Seeds that shall cover
The length of the land.

Work while you can,
And work while you may;
Soon the night cometh,
Soon passeth the day.

—Moravian.

WITHOUT GOD IN THE WORLD.—There is no other conceivable privation to be compared with an ignorance of our Creator. If a man be blind, he but loses the outward light. If a man be deaf, he but loses music and the sweet converse of friends. If a man be bereaved of companions, and the nearest and dearest kindred are plucked from his bosom,—if he be persecuted and imprisoned, and torn limb from limb, by the hatred and malice of men,—he is only beneath a temporary cloud which will pass away like the vapor of the morning. But if he is "without God," he is a wanderer and a solitary in the universe, with no haven or hope before him when beaten upon by the storms of fate; with no home or sanctuary to flee to, though all the spirits of darkness should have made him their victim.—*Horace Mann.*

THE GOSPEL AMONG THE ANIMALS.

A Sermon Preached in the Church of the Messiah, January 18, 1867,
BY SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D.

INTRODUCTION.

MESSESS. FOWLER AND WELLS: In reply to your request, I send you my sermon on our true relation to the animal world, and am encouraged to believe that it may be of some use at the present time, when so much attention is given to the subject, and we are looking horses, sheep, and cattle in the face with new interest, alike for our health and profit and their welfare. The handsome volume on Physiognomy that you were kind enough to send me, bears somewhat on the same subject, and shows that there is something of the human face in animals, and that they have their claims to something of our countenance.

It is very clear to me that we are to recognize the unity of the plan of creation as never before, and study out reverently the connection of all elements, laws, and beings with each other. It is utterly vain and foolish to shut off nature from the spiritual world, and say that natural laws have nothing to do with our moral and spiritual life. Body and soul are very near to each other, and immortality itself is not the annihilation, but the glorification, of the body, by a process which every true soul begins on this earth. We need the animals to educate both body and soul, and our substance is built up by the tissues that they develop, and our muscles and spirits are trained and quickened by their discipline. We have found food and that great medical secret, vaccination, from the cow, and learned much of our manhood as well as our ease from the strength and speed of the horse.

We have much more to learn of God by the study of His creation, and I know no subject in the Scriptures more interesting than that of the manifestation of God in the animal world, and the future relations of the natural and spiritual kingdoms. The cherubim that were the insignia or cipher of God in the Hebrew temple presented the ox, the lion, the eagle, and man in combination, and thus taught the manifestation of God in the whole compass of creation.

Allow me to express great interest in your work as the popular advocates of the study of natural laws in America, and my wish that you may continue and enlarge your sphere, and do what you can to give fair play to body and mind among our people, and interpret nature as the creature and servant of God.

This sermon was suggested by a conversation with the President of the Society for the Protection of Animals; and the preacher will think himself favored if his words shall add any interest to that movement, or do anything to start similar associations in our other great cities, and turn the minds and laws of our people in mercy toward the dependent creatures who too often are treated with neglect, and even with cruelty, in return for their great service. S. O.

NEW YORK, March 28, 1867.

SERMON.

PSALM CXLVIII. 1, 10.—Praise ye the Lord,
Beasts, and all cattle;
Creeping things, and flying fowl.

MATT. II. 2.—Where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him.

ROMANS VIII. 19.—For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God.

We say, in our age of large fellowship and universal ideas, that Christianity is the universal religion, and throws its light not only upon all men, but upon all nature, and looks to the consummation of all things under its merciful yet mighty sway. The New Testament does not use our language, and

bears no trace of the science of the nineteenth century, yet it expresses, in its own way, the convictions that we have so much at heart. It does not speak of the laws of nature, and the philosophy of nature, and the progress of arts and sciences, and the approaching integration of all races, interests, nationalities, and religions in one broad and godly humanity; but it suggests all that we have at heart by expressive symbols and devout yearnings. Thus all creation seems to gather around the cradle of Christ, and show forth the universality of his empire. The shepherds heard the angels sing his nativity, and came to do him honor. The Magi were led by a star to his feet, and brought in their homage the tribute of Eastern faith and the treasures of Eastern wealth; gold from the mines, frankincense and myrrh from the forest. The brute beasts were not forgotten, and although there is good reason to believe that his birth was not literally as usually described, among the oxen, and the manger was not an ox crib, but an outbuilding for servants, or a reserved apartment of the inn, yet the cattle were near his cradle, and they shared in the benign promise of his reign. The whole scene thus connected with the birth of Christ, and that especially which is associated with what is usually called the Epiphany, or the Manifestation to the Gentile Magi, has a very large and far-seeing significance, and furnishes favorite topics for the liberal thinkers and preachers of our time. St. Paul struck the key-note of all such generous aspirations when, in his deep experience and great heart, he felt the pulses of all mankind and all nature answering to his own, and said: "The earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God."

Let us touch to-day this chord of faith and love, and try to illustrate the manifestation of God in Christ to all nature—especially to what we call the animal creation—and to rise to a new and blessed sense of the unity of all things in Christ. No realm of creation, indeed, is to be left out of the account; and the mineral and the plant come in with the animal for a share in the ministry of reconciliation. The gold of the Magi stands for all the products of the mines, and pays tribute in their name to the Gospel for all the merciful and exalted uses of the mineral world. Of what service gold itself has been and is in giving a fixed standard of value, a reliable currency for trade, charity, and piety! And how marvelous are the adaptations of its pure and imperishable and flexible substance to the various purposes of the arts of utility and beauty! How much of the Gospel has gone into gold, and represents the spirit of Christ in industry, healing, benevolence, and faith! Well may devotion delight to express itself in the cross of gold, for that bright creature of the earth has been lifted by the Gospel into its best honor, and been made the almoner of the bounty of Heaven—whether in gilding the letters upon the Bible, or illuminating the pages of the missal or prayer-book; whether in giving to surgery its incorruptible substance for restoring lost or injured organs, or supplying charity and devotion with their most effective bounty.

Who shall say what the mine has not done under the merciful hand of true civilization? It gives us the fuel that warms our homes, and the light that pours forth from its vast reservoirs to make our streets and houses bright at night as the day. How wonderfully the metals have been evangelized, and have learned to sing, in their way, the angel song of the nativity!—whether they tremble in the harp or organ with divine melody, point out the sailor his way on the sea, in the magnetic needle, or flash the message of good-will under the ocean beds from continent to continent. It is not an unworthy illustration of our subject, that one of our own families was relieved of painful anxiety since we last met here, by word from Paris, on the submarine wire, that the son and brother was recovering from alarming illness; and so that piece of metal was evangelized, and was God's own messenger of glad tidings.

And the world of plants! Who shall exhaust the story of their service under the blessed ministry of Christ? Well were frankincense and myrrh, precious products of aromatic trees, brought to his cradle, for his religion has educated the gentle and refined and merciful tastes that have given the flowers and shrubs and trees their true interpretation. How much of the Gospel do flowers speak now in fields and gardens, churches and homes—whether to express sympathy to the sick or afflicted, give joy to the festival, or lend poetry to love, whether to throw comfort over death, or express the rising of life and immortality in the Easter altar. Frankincense and myrrh we all give to Christ, when we read in the flowers and trees the interpretation of his truth and grace; and our affections rise to his Father and our Father in the devotion which is incense and the remembrance which is myrrh.

The old tradition is, that on Christmas night all the cattle bow down in awful homage to Christ, in gratitude for his great condescension in being with them in his birth and infancy. We need not urge such superstitions in order to establish our position of his ministry of mercy to the animal creation. Mrs. Browning touches the true note in her charming poem of "The Virgin Mary to the Child Jesus:"

"He sat among the stalls at Bethlehem:
The dumb kine from their fodder turned them,
Softening their horned faces
To almost human gazes,
Toward the Newly Born!"

That would be an interesting and novel book that would give adequately a history of the influence of the Christian religion upon the relation of man to the creatures below, especially to those nearest to his uses, such as the dog, the ox, the cow, the horse, the camel, the deer, the elephant. It would be made to appear that animals have shared in the evangelizing of man, and have caught themselves from him something of the gentleness of the Gospel.

I. First of all, it is very clear that the animal kingdom has found *protection* in Christ from the cruelty of barbaric passions, and that in his name a great work has been done, and is still doing, for the dumb creatures who can not plead their own cause. The record of it is not very full, because they that have received the mercy have not had power to tell their own story or write their own gratitude. What a record it would be, if all the poor creatures who have been saved from cruel usage by Christian hands could say what they feel, and all those mild eyes of sheep, oxen, dogs, and horses, that have looked love and gratitude to benefactors, could be translated into words or break forth into song!

The old Hebrew religion was merciful to beasts; forbade masters to muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn; and gave a kind of majesty to animal life even when used for food, by offering it up first to God in solemn sacrifice instead of brutally destroying it in the slaughter-house. The Greeks were kind to animals, and the great court of the Areopagus at Athens sometimes condemned citizens for cruelty toward beasts. But Christianity is love itself, and took all creation under its mighty yet gentle empire. It did for the beasts what it did for men, and repeated the Blessed Mary's Magnificat in stables and fields, in parks and coliseums, as well as in camps and palaces:

"He hath shewed strength with His arm;
He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts;
He hath put down the mighty from their seats,
And exalted them of low degree."

How far the game of torturing tame and kindly animals by savage beasts and more savage men was carried, we can not fully tell; but we may be quite sure that the same cruel temper that cast men and women to the tigers and lions, did not spare the lamb and the deer, the cow and the ox, the

camel and the horse. When the Christian met the wild beasts in the arena, these were but manifestations—representatives of the lust, pride, and rage that ruled the heathen world;—and often, in dying for the faith under the wild beast's fangs, the martyr conquered the wild beast that lurked in the spectator's heart, and the bloody Coliseum sent many a convert to the Church in penitence and prayer. The cross that now stands in that arena speaks more eloquently of the power that has subdued that old empire of blood, and declared, in a new and mighty civilization, the sway of love, and repeated Christ's beatitude: "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth."

The day of wild animals, as well as wild men, has gone; and we measure our power and prosperity now, in great part, by our judicious and kindly care of the more gentle and useful orders of creation. Wild beasts are for the menagerie, where it is most instructive to see them; but the mild creatures of the pasture and the stable are now the companions and ornament of the farmer and the farm, the helpers and hope of industry and wealth. They are the wealth and pride of nobles and princes, who no longer boast of their beasts of prey.

Of course there is a large element of calculation and thrift in our mercy to the dumb creatures under our influence, and our horses, sheep, and cattle are a large part of our private and national property. Recognize the utility of these creatures, and do not forget the true principle that should preside over the vast interest. Remember that this State alone, in 1865, numbered 64,486 working oxen, 1,147,251 milch cows, and 1,824,221 neat cattle of all kinds. We made over eighty-four million pounds of butter, and sold over seventy-two million pounds of cheese, and over twenty-nine million gallons of milk in 1864. In 1865 we numbered 584,930 horses of all classes, and 5,515,610 sheep and lambs.

But the element of mercy also comes in, and a great sentiment of good-will toward these creatures appears in our manners and speech, and has been embodied in our literature, and, in some cases, it has established especial institutions of protection and healing. Surely there is still need enough for nurturing this sentiment, and especially for bringing it to bear upon the ruder class of men, and the less favored order of animals. Still, a sad amount of cruelty exists, as the streets of our city show every day and every hour; and many who are not willfully cruel are so by neglect, and allow dumb creatures to suffer wretchedly from want of due care for their food and shelter.

We have reason to express great satisfaction at the good work that has been done in this city to save animals from suffering; and it is clear that a great change has been effected. We no longer see loads of calves and sheep piled upon each other, like bags of corn or sticks of wood, with tongues protruded in agony, borne to the shambles as if to receive our curses in return for yielding up their lives to keep our tables supplied with food. The good work should go on until all such and the like acts of cruelty are done away; until the brutal passions and coarse temper at the root of the wrong are thoroughly rebuked, and the wild beast that is in man is subdued into good-will toward the almost human heart that lives in our domestic beasts.

II. It is not enough thus to protect the animal species from harm, but we owe them more—even full protection in their proper faculties and sphere, *liberty* to fulfill their functions and destiny, so far as consistent with the welfare of their superiors. Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty; and all creatures should be free to develop their natural gifts. Let the bird sing and the bee make honey; let the cow pasture and give milk, and the horse feed and run; all according to their true nature. Let us interfere as little as possible with the native ways of God's innocent creatures, and how pleasant it is to hear the birds sing and the squirrels chirp in our

parks and rural cemeteries, and to see the deer and the lambs gambol, and the ducks and swans swim! All creatures have some talent of their own, and it is right and pleasant to see its proper manifestation.

A lover of nature will find great delight everywhere; and an Izaak Walton or Audubon find history, and drama too, among the birds and fishes. We may all see things that surprise us, and I confess to being an especial admirer of all rural creatures that are not noxious by their bite or sting, and even the venomous reptiles and insects I can admire at a safe distance. I have seen a little humming-bird show fight and drive away a sparrow of ten times his weight, and have known the little crested lord of the barn-yard march out to meet a fierce hen-hawk most valiantly, and be torn in pieces in defense of his frightened family, and prove himself thus—as General Scott was fond of saying, in his favorite tribute to the gamecock—to have “the elements of the hero and the gentleman.”

In our care for our favorite domestic animals, especially the horse, we are to give him all reasonable liberty, and study his true nature in food and training, harness and usage. We probably often pain and worry him ignorantly, and there is need of studying anew the whole subject of his discipline. He is to have a new and large share in the science and education of his masters, and will well repay the care by new intelligence, docility, gentleness, and force. He has more talent than we commonly think, and we may learn something of the Mohammedan Arabs in bringing out the love and helpfulness of this noble creature. We must be generous in our estimate of him, and remember that he has pride and ambition as well as appetite and strength. Let him walk and trot and pace and run according to his gifts, and it is cruel alike to push him to feats beyond his power and health as it is to keep him from putting forth his native speed. God made the racer as well as the farm horse, and it is well to let the creature run the race within the limits of reason and humanity. A free field to all innocent faculties, the career open to all good talents, whether in man or beast! Down with all tyranny over God's creatures, whether in the chambers of the Inquisition or the stable, the kennel, the pit, or the street or field! I hate not the Pope, but the Pope's Encyclical Letter, with its gag religion; and I hate the bad spirit of tyranny that carries out its temper anywhere, whether in chaining a slave or torturing a beast.

Especially bring out the loving traits of God's creatures, and so carry the Gospel out in the widest compass, and bring creation into harmony with the manifestation of the sons of God. How much these creatures can love, we do not know; nor are we obliged to set any limit to their capacities. We know that they do rise sometimes into a certain human quality, and the dog who pines over his master's grave, or the horse that bears in the funeral procession his brave master's empty saddle, has a certain human worth about him, and our hearts beat and our tears flow at the sight.

I made a visit, the day after Christmas, to Van Amburgh's collection of animals—a pastoral visit to the animals—the first that I ever made, or that I ever heard of any minister making to these orders of our fellow-creatures. I hope that I got some good from them, and shall be able to do some good to them and their kind. The collection is large, various, rich, and most instructive. We may learn to interpret anew the vast range of animal forms, natures, and gifts, and also to dismiss many prejudices and illusions. We may admire the lama, while we see that he does not weep and die at a harsh word, but has his share of spite. We may marvel at the elephant's sagacity and strength, yet not ignore the fact that he needs discipline, and his good-will comes not without severe training.

We must beware, indeed, of the weak sentimentalism that expects to evangelize the whole animal world, and even

change the nature of wild beasts by kindness. Some beasts are apparently untameable—like the hyena; and others are subdued mainly by terror; and even the mildest of animals, such as the ox, the dog, and the horse, must be made to see the master's superior power. The great horse-tamer, Rarey, dealt gently with his mighty pupils; but he began by making them feel his superior force, and getting the creature's limbs into subjection. It is so, indeed, with the whole training of the willful element in man or beast. All discipline implies a certain power; not necessarily physical power, indeed, but some kind of force; and society rests upon firm law alike as an armed power and a force of public opinion. Who would like to live here, or anywhere in a great city, without a strong police? And they who have never felt its arm upon them may be all the more peaceful for the assurance that the arm is there, and may strike them the moment the bad spirit goes out into the overt act. For the whole animal world there is need of discipline, both strong and gentle, to curb the self-will and bring out the better nature. The thoroughbred horse and the well-trained soldier both illustrate the workings of the same essential law.

III. The last thought that we could urge in relation to the world of animals is the duty of regarding and treating them not only for what they are in themselves, but for what they are to God, as Creator and Preserver, and as *manifesting His mind and will*. Our point of view now is wholly practical, and I will not treat such speculative questions as whether animals have souls, or whether species exist by development and transformation, or by direct agency of God, once for all. There is no time now for these inquiries, and we must be content with the more obvious aspects of the subject.

The profound theologians have long taught us that the universe is not only the creature, but, in a high sense, the image and child of God, and shows forth His attributes in the all of nature—from the star to the flower; from man, who is little lower than the angels, to the insect of an hour's span. According to this idea, each creature shows us something of the mind of God, and we are therefore to study the structure and instincts and habits and uses of all creatures reverently, and read them as parts of the book of nature, the word of God. How vast and pictorial is that alphabet of creation, as you may read it here and there in nature, or see it gathered in some great collection of creatures like that now in our city! What variety, compass, and power in all that range of life, from the gentle lamb to the untameable hyena; from the little guinea-pig to the huge elephant; from the wee mouse to the great lion; from the chattering parrot to the solemn owl; from the cold and crawling crocodile to the tall and frisky giraffe; from the gentle deer to the bloodthirsty tiger! The grandest of these creatures say little or nothing; and their silence, that is perhaps the reason of their being sometimes worshiped as mysterious, should lead us to study them more carefully, and read God's mind within them. God's mind is eminently shown in animal instinct, and natural history is a vast illustration of the intellect of the Creator. That the animals reason as man does in the highest sense, we can not say; but it is very clear that there is much reason in them, and many of their motives and acts are infallible, and show certainty where man is in doubt, as in the bird's foresight of the seasons, and the migrations of beasts and fishes. There is reason in animals that do not seem to stop to reason, and it is more God's mind than their own.

Some creatures we can not understand; and it is not easy to see the design of rattlesnakes, scorpions, and sharks; yet even these creatures are perfect in their way and exquisitely organized; and Holy Writ has some of its most powerful illustrations from the more fearful aspects of nature; and these may be God's illustrations of the objectionable traits of character in their obvious manifestation, and therefore important parts of our study of man and His types in creation.

The book of Job and the Apocalypse are proofs of what powerful use may be made of the grandest and the cruellest creatures in illustrating the Word of God and the duty and destiny of man, while the masters of fable, from *Æsop* to *La Fontaine*, are ample proof of the treasures of wisdom and amusement that God has placed before us in the air and earth, the fields and woods and waters. Who of us would give up those old favorites of the nursery for any of the new moralists or story-tellers? Let us keep the new science, and study the anatomy and physiology and all the natural history of animals, yet we need not abandon the old drama in which they were actors, nor cease to hear the wisdom of ages speaking through their odd ways and funny habits. All pure and true literature is from God, and helps us own His mind in nature and in man.

A distinguished author asked me, last evening, if I thought that our fathers adopted the eagle as our national symbol from any prevalent notion of the place of that bird in heraldry. I replied to him that I had not studied heraldry much, and cared little about its antiquated conceits, but it was my belief that our national progenitors knew more of the Bible than of the books of chivalry; and they were more likely to have taken their idea of the eagle from seeing the noble bird for themselves in the air or in the forest or on the mountain, and to have interpreted his place in the arms of our Union according to such passages of Scripture as these words from the swan song of the Hebrew Washington, Moses, just before he went up into Mount Abarim to die:

"For the Lord's portion is His people:
Jacob is the lot of His inheritance.
As an eagle stirreth up her nest,
Fluttereth over her young,
Spreadeth abroad her wings,
Taketh them, beareth them on her wings:
So the Lord alone did lead him,
And there was no strange god with him."

What a picture of the States of our Union under their Providential rule as they have been, and God grant that they shall be!

We must, however, study animals not only *ideally*, but *dynamically*; that is, we must not only see the ideas or purpose of God, but the power of God in them. In ways partly seen, and, as yet, partly unseen, they are doing God's work in evoking the mighty forces of nature, and maturing it for its great consummation. We can see how it is that essential forces of nutriment and strength are ripened for great uses in the plants and animals that are used for food, and in the grass and corn, the sheep and the ox. Material atoms are taken out of the dust and brought up to assimilate with the muscle, nerves, and brain of man. In the year 1863 this city received nearly two millions of butchers' animals for food (1,927,203); among them 264,091 oxen and 529,316 sheep. What is this but bringing the strength of the pastures and hills to repair the waste and build up the energy of our people? It is the method of God, and His is the strength of the hills and the wealth of the flocks.

I confess to a feeling of gratitude and obligation in view of the dependence of a great community like ours upon the herds that supply our market. The great prize-ox that is decked with ribbons and paraded through the streets with shouts, is but the stately leader of the great procession of creatures that bring the fresh life of the country to repair the wasting energies of the city. What is the huge wholesome creature but a living Koh-i-noor, a mountain of light and warmth, a reservoir of sunshine, a treasury of sweet juices and flavors distilled under the bright or the shaded heavens from the rains and the dews, the grass and the clover, that are God's bounty to the pastures for the cattle, and through the cattle to man? Thank God for the ox, and let mercy to the creature go with thanksgiving to the Creator!

But who shall set a limit to God's economy in developing force for higher uses? Probably all creatures have a part in the mission, and are bringing on the consummation of all things, or preparing powers for the true civilization, that shall be the final manifestation of the sons of God. Nothing shall be lost, but every power, like every atom, shall exist, however transformed. Perhaps even venomous reptiles are evoking elements that are needed for new uses, or else keeping them out of combinations that might poison the air or the waters; and when they are extinct, those bad elements may be transferred to benign uses. The fierce beasts hold powers that shall not die, and they carry the forces as well as represent the poetry and drama of God; and the men who slay or tame them inherit their might; and so the might of savage nature passes up, and is exalted and evangelized in the mind and will of man, who is more and more a microcosm, or world in miniature, and ever enriching his powers, as he enriches his gardens and museums, with the treasures of all climes and the forces of all kingdoms of nature. The gentler animals shall more and more help their lord—like the horse, that, in return for his care, gives man so much of his courage and majesty.

We ought to lay far more stress than we do upon this dynamic aspect of nature as connected with the plan of creation and the education of the human race. The great fact of the continuity and correlation of forces that our modern science so insists upon, runs through the whole plan of the universe; and it is evident that the energies that are embodied in the animal kingdom do not end with the animals themselves, but act upon the training, and pass into the motive powers of men. God means to give us strength as well as wisdom, and he is as much opposed to idleness and inefficiency as to folly and improvidence. He keeps his rational creatures ever on the alert; and in ruder ages he set the wild beasts about men as a kind of watch to keep them awake; and sometimes it was the stern destiny of the backwoodsman either to slay or be slain, or to eat the bear or be eaten up by him. Even the annoying insects that we so little love and so readily commit to Beelzebub, the demon of flies as of lies, have a use, and are, like the mosquitoes, a sort of police-guard to keep sluggards awake, especially on warm days; and undoubtedly those little imps, whom I do not love, add to the wealth and health of the nation, by spurring the lazy and sleepy to work, and keeping many a lounging from a perilous nap in malarious regions.

So it is that God is educating us, and his powers as well as his thoughts manifest themselves to us in the animal kingdom. Reptile, insect, bird, beast are his agents, and are intended to help us to our own vocabulary of expression and our stock of energy. The powers that have existed never die; and we can see in actual history how marvelously the races that conquer brute beasts inherit their courage or utilize their strength or their gentleness. In this way, the lower creatures carry out the great plan of Heaven, and connect themselves with the character and destiny of man.

In this way the golden age shall come, and all powers shall be concentrated in man, and the creature shall find the manifestation of the sons of God by training his children to their higher powers and service, even if we do not accept the opinion of those Christians who have claimed for the animals that men cherish and love, a share in the immortal life which the established faith regards as the exclusive prerogative of man. In some way the prophecy shall be fulfilled.

"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb,
And the leopard shall lie down with the kid;
And the calf, and the young lion, and the falling together,
And a little child shall lead them.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain;
For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of God,
As the waters cover the sea."

FEELING.

BY BERTHA HASSELTINE.

In the gladsome sunshine sparkling,
Or in somber shadow darkling,
Element of smiles and tears,
Through life's widening valley stealing,
Flow ye limpid floods of feeling;
From your gushing fountains welling,
Evermore your story telling
Of the past and future years;

And with hopes and memories teeming,
Floats my soul awake or dreaming,
By thy vision isles of thought;
Where springs bloom, and light falls golden,
As I've read in stories olden,
That around elysian bowers,
Bloom enchanting spirit-flowers,
Which to mortal touch are not.

But my soul with spirit-fingers
Twineth these; and loving lingers,
Bathing in the waters bright,
Till the current ceases flowing,
Through its depths no motion showing,
Save when heart-enraptured dreamer,
With a bliss-o'erflowing tremor,
Stirs the surges with its might.

Or unto a pang of grieving,
The responsive tide upheaving,
Moans an answer to its sob,
Till the billows waked from sleeping
Shoreward roll; and backward sweeping
With a power beyond its staying,
Rocks the heart vibrating, swaying
With tumultuous thrill and throb.

And with gathered echoes sounding,
With new motion onward bounding,
Sweeps it onward to its goal;
Ah, its goal! Oh! whither tending
Is thy swelling current bending?
And beyond this life's commotion,
Into what eternal ocean,
Wilt thou final launch, my soul?

THE AUTHORESS AND THE ACTRESS.

LUISE MÜHLBACH AND CHARLOTTE BIRCH PFEIFFER.

"NOT to WOMAN, but to *women*, do I deny the talent of men," Rousseau has said; perhaps one of the finest compliments which a man of genius has paid to the feminine Corypheans of literature. There has always been one species of literature, especially, in which women have at times excelled, namely, romance. Miss Kavanagh, the well-known authoress of "Nathalie" and "Rachel Gray," in two pretty books has narrated the history of the French and English authoresses of the last century; in her preface she says: "The novel is not only the great characteristic of modern literature, but it is also the only branch in which women have attained undisputed excellence. Here they owe nothing, either to indulgence or courtesy." What the woman asserts of women with such universality, a newer critic, Rudolf Gottschalk, in his excellent work on "The German National Literature," has made a little more sharply precise when he says: "What to the novelist is indispensable?—a happy comprehension of social life, sharp observing talent, tact, agreeableness of description." These are exact distinctions, and are peculiar to the more passive and reproductive



PORTRAIT OF CHARLOTTE B. PFEIFFER.

talent of women. Their proper circle for representation, to which their experiences, observations, intuitions, yes, and nature itself seem to refer them, is, *the world of the heart and the life of society*. All the brilliant female names of all literatures move in this circle; in France, Scudéry, Stael, Sand; in England, d'Arblay, George Elliott, Miss Muloch, and Miss Braddon; in America, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Augusta Evans; in Sweden, Mrs. Bremer, Flygare-Carten, Schwartz; in Spain, Fernando Caballero; and in Germany, the names of Luise Mühlbach and Madame Pfeiffer take high rank in this department.

The works of Miss Mühlbach have gained for her a notoriety in America which has never been surpassed by any foreign authoress. Her novels are to Germany what Sir Walter Scott's are to Scotland and England, and James Fenimore Cooper's to the early days of America—history pleasantly interwoven with romance, truth with fiction. This class of novelists are undoubtedly the most successful in the end, though the mere sensational writer may gain immense popularity for the time being; but, unlike the novelist-historian, the works of such writers are soon forgotten. It is to the perusal of historical novels alone that many thousands of men and women are in-

debted for their knowledge of history. The history of the Scots, and manners and customs of the days of Bruce, would have been quite lost to us had it not been for Scott and Miss Porter; and how little of the aboriginal nature of the North American Indian, untainted by contaminating influences, would have been shown to us but for James Fenimore Cooper! and the perusal of the works of Miss Mühlbach will tend to give us an adequate knowledge of the German fatherland, of which the greater portion of Americans are ignorant. The writings of this lady bring us into more intimate connection with a people who are with us and for us, and where still may be found the germs from which sprung many a strong element in our own giant Republic.

Luise Mühlbach is the maiden name of this talented German lady. She was born January 2, 1814, and was married to Professor Theodore Mundt in 1837, who died in the year 1860. She did not gain her present popularity in a single day; but almost unnoticed she emerged from her obscurity in mature years, her first romance being "A

Pupil of Nature," which appeared in 1842. Some of these early writings indicate very extreme views of life, ultra liberal political impressions, and an unbridled imagination. In 1853 appeared her "Frederick the Great and His Court," a work which met with almost unparalleled success. But, unlike too many of our writers, she knew how to retain the favor of the public. Its extraordinary adulation did not dazzle her; on the contrary, she became more careful with each new success; and her next work, "Germany in Tempest and Oppression," published in 1856, besides an unaltered richness of imagination and power of production, exhibits a conscientious endeavor for artistic consistency.

Among her other works, may be mentioned: "Joseph and His Court;" "Berlin and Sans Souci, or, Frederick the Great and His Friends;" "The Merchant of Berlin;" "Two Life Paths;" "The Emperor Leopold and His Time;" "Empress Josephine;" "Napoleon in Germany;" "Henry the Eighth;" "Prince Eugene and His Time;" "The Great Elector and His Children;" "Louisa of Prussia;" "Count Bénjowské, or, Frederick the Great in Bohemia;" "Old Fritz and Modern Time;" "Frederick the Great and His Family," and others, all of which are deservedly popular.

The portrait of this lady, though accurately transferred from a German illustration of her,

does not exhibit the degree of fineness of texture that is seen in a photograph. In her organization there are strength and substance rather than shadow and show. If she be not handsome, she has power. It is an organization that looks to results; that has an object beyond temporary gratification. She is a woman of many talents and of great versatility. While others are so constituted that they can do but one thing, and that indifferently, she can do almost anything, and do it well. She combines the masculine and the feminine, the resolute and the executive, with the genial and kindly.

She has both economy and generosity, concealment and candor, imitation and originality. Ideality, Sublimity, and Constructiveness are all prominent, while Cautiousness and Approbativeness are not so large as to restrain or prevent her from manifesting herself fully. She would exhibit more of tragedy than of comedy, and yet there is a gentleness which would greatly modify her naturally resolute nature.

Miss Mühlbach resides in Berlin, where she is prized by a select circle of literary, artistic, and political celebrities, who are wont to associate in her *salon* as with a kind and amiable friend.

In contrast with Miss Mühlbach we have a lady of quite a different stamp. Madame Charlotte Birch Pfeiffer is a fair specimen of the feminine Teuton, with a strongly marked vital temperament. Her power lies in her affection and devotion, while the other exhibits more force of character. This lady's head is high in the crown, broad at the base, and large in the cerebellum; while the other having all the latter qualities, has not so large a development of the top-head. The intellect is that of an observer, a practical, definite, and descriptive nature. She has a large brain, well associated with a large body, by which it is amply sustained. She would exhibit more feeling, emotion, and intuition than reason or philosophy. There is eloquence of expression, poetry, and music in her countenance; and her large Language furnishes excellent descriptive powers. But humorist, *tragedienne*, or dramatist though she be, it is through her moral and spiritual sense that she derives her greatest ability and exerts her chief influence.

She is eminently fitted for social life in its various departments, and those more masculine traits which she has derived from her father, whom she probably resembles, give her much self-reliance, decision, ambition, and individual-



PORTRAIT OF LUISE MÜHLBACH.

ity of character. Her massive chin corresponds with the vital temperament; the lips indicate strength and fullness of affection; the nose shows development and culture of mind, and the whole physiognomy a strongly marked character.

Madame Pfeiffer is not unknown to the American public, as will be seen by a perusal of her biography. She was born in Stuttgart, in the year 1800. She early displayed a passion for the stage, and for about twenty years performed in the various theaters of Germany, and made excursions to Petersburg, Pesth, Amsterdam, and other cities, until 1837, when she undertook the management of the Zurich Theater, which she retained until 1843, when she received an appointment at the Royal Theater at Berlin. In Germany she is the sovereign of every *repertoire*, from the court stage to the wandering temple of art which builds itself in a barn. She, too, has also written some novels and romances; but she is best known by her dramatic writings. She is a dramatist of great industry, and she produces as many as two plays a year. Criticism was at first backward, shy—she did not wish to criticise her, but only to shut her out by a quarantine. But she made her way through, and criticism, like the old abbé before great Richelieu, at last took off the hat. Her vigor, aptness, yes, indispensability, as Gottschalk

says, are now fixed facts. Not the dramatic making, but the dramatic nerve and quintessence of her being; that is the secret of success. She has mastered the most difficult tasks, inasmuch as she has put such extensive matter as the "Orphan of Lowood" and "The Woman in White" in the narrow limits and form of five acts; and has not been less fortunate in her original dramas, "The Marchioness of Villette" and "A Child of Fortune." Always amusing, always lively, excited, and inciting, she shows the most solid qualities of the German mind.

Americans will best recognize her as the writer of the play of "Fanchon, the Cricket," which has been so well impersonated in its chief rôle by Miss Maggie Mitchell; "The Woman in White," dramatized after Wilkie Collins' novel of the same name; and the drama of "Jane Eyre," which alone would gain her the reputation she justly enjoys.

UTILITY OF BEARDS.

THERE are more solid inducements for wearing the beard than the mere improvement of a man's personal appearance, and the cultivation of such an aid to the everyday diplomacy of life. Nature combining, as she never fails to do, the useful with the ornamental, provides us with a far better respirator than science could ever make, and one that is never so hideous to wear as that black seal upon the face that looks like a passport to the realms of suffering and death. The hair of the mustache not only absorbs the moisture and miasma of the fogs, but it strains the air from the dust and soot of our great cities. It acts also in the most scientific manner, by taking heat from the warm breath as it leaves the chest, and supplying it to the cold air taken in. It is not only a respirator, but, with the beard entire, we are provided with a comforter as well; and these are never left at home, like the umbrellas, and all such appliances, whenever they are wanted. Moffat and Livingstone, the African explorers, and many other travelers, say that in the night no wrapper can equal the beard. The remarkable thing is, too, that the beard, like the hair of the head, protects against the heat of the sun; but, more than this, it becomes moist with the perspiration, and then, by evaporation, cools the skin. A man who accepts this protection of nature may face the rudest storm and the hardest winter. He may go from the hottest room into the coldest air without any dread; and we verily believe he might almost sleep in a morass with impunity; at least, his chance of escaping a terrible fever would be better than his beardless companion's.—*Anonymous*.

THE EYELIDS.—The drooping of the upper eyelids generally accompanies the expression of humility, and indicates *penitence*, the disposition to repent, to feel sorry for our sins, and to do "works meet for repentance."

NEW YORK,

JUNE, 1867.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slaughter. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Foe*.

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END OF VOLUME FORTY-FIVE.

THIS (JUNE) number of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL completes the semi-annual volume, FORTY-FIVE. With the JULY NUMBER we enter upon the FORTY-SIXTH Volume, which terminates with the year, in December, 1867.

The present period forms a convenient half-way stopping-place in the year's journey. Here we halt, take breath, and feed. To-morrow, being refreshed and renewed in body, and replenished in pocket, we re-commence our journey around the world; and, we trust, *toward* the "better land." Many who have journeyed so far with us, who took tickets to this JUNE station, leave the train here. Others, having paid in advance for the round trip, from January to December, will continue with us. We shall part from any with reluctance. A continuance of our frequent cordial "good-mornings," and our always happy "good-nights," have come to be almost necessary to our growth and well-being. We grow strong or weak in bone and muscle by virtue of what we eat and drink. We grow mentally, morally, socially, and spiritually by virtue of our surrounding influences, by what we see, read, and hear. Bad books, bawdy pictures, and vulgar conversation lower the tone of mind and morals. Good books, good journals, and refined conversation elevate and improve. If we would truly beautify our features, we must beautify our characters. We are constantly changing; and to grow in grace, we need all the instruction we can get from revelation and science. If our interpretations of nature—if Ethnology, Phrenology, Physiology, Anatomy, Physiognomy, and Psychology throw new light on MAN and his destiny, let us

avail ourselves of this light. Other fields are being worked. Earth, sea, and heaven are explored in our interest; but how few, how very few, study themselves! Who among us is satisfied with his lot? Who is making the most of himself? Who comes up to his own highest capability? Show us one such, and we will point to a thousand who are dragging out miserable lives, whose tendency is down, *down*, *down*! Why? Simply because they are "off the track," running in the wrong direction, out of their sphere, employed about that in which they can take no interest; tied to a clog, they can not elevate; discouraged, disheartened, they sink to rise no more. The advent of Phrenology helped the world to think on a sound basis, and to-day we see its fruits on every hand. Boys are selected and educated for pursuits to which they are adapted. Men will be chosen for responsible positions who are by organization and qualification fitted to fill them. Schools, asylums, and prisons will be conducted on principles more in accordance with the organization of man. Religious bigotry, sectarian animosity, social inequality, will all be modified in accordance with our clearer knowledge, and the evident will of God. But this is not the time to expatiate on the merits of our theme. Present readers know how to regard this. As to our enlargement; we find ourselves cramped for space. Twenty-four pages, equal to forty-eight octavo pages, were too few to admit the variety we wished to serve up; we enlarged to thirty-two, equal to sixty-four octavo pages, and the cry continued for "room, room, more room!" We now propose to give thirty-six quarto pages, equal to seventy-two octavo per month—or, say, a volume of 864 octavo pages a year, at the very moderate price of \$3. Counting cost for engravings, we believe this to be giving an ample equivalent for the sum. Other improvements are contemplated, which will render the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL still more desirable—may we not say, kind reader, *INDISPENSABLE*?

Club rates for generous-hearted co-workers who wish to aid in extending our circulation, and in disseminating a knowledge of these principles, are given on another page.

PREMIUMS are also offered as inducements

for zealous efforts in placing the JOURNAL in the hands of all.

In conclusion: To those who now elect to stop, we bid an affectionate though regretful farewell. To all who decide to go on to the end of the journey, we cordially welcome, and re-enroll their familiar names among the loved ones. To *all*, we wish a happy, prosperous, and joyous future.

WHOM TO ELECT.

POLITICAL agitation is not peculiar to America, nor to republics. All mankind participate or feel an interest in the governmental changes continually going on in the world. In Europe, it is the anxious care of a king or queen to keep the crown. And no bad, ambitious emperor or usurper sits easily or safely on his throne. The people everywhere demand their inherent rights. They will not be kept in slavery, nor willing subjects to selfish rulers. They ask for the franchise—a right to *choose* their officers and their servants; and they want the best. They also demand the right to worship God according to their own consciences. In America, universal suffrage is likely to become the rule. Were all as intelligent as the native born, or were all capable of reading and understanding the laws which their votes would help to make, and were each possessed of even a moderate property, no objection to universal suffrage could be urged. Each having an interest to protect and defend, each would use his best judgment in selecting the "right man for the right place." No gamblers, no boxers, no tricksters could get a nomination, much less an election to a post of honor or profit.

Political parties disgrace themselves, and bring contempt on a state, by obtruding bad men into responsible positions. There are honorable, competent, and honest men in every state, men worthy of the highest trust—religious men, who neither gamble, fight, get drunk, or even use tobacco or drink liquor! Why not select and elect such as these? What are good men about that they passively permit low-lived, bullet-headed swaggers to play the statesman? Why nominate clowns and showmen—persons chiefly known for their low cunning and

dishonesty. It is only the partisan, the ignorant, the indifferent, or the corrupt who will support such a character. Let all Americans, of native or foreign birth, see to it that they trust only the true. Let them not hope for peace, for prosperity, or for the perpetuity of our glorious institutions, with bad men in our councils. Then let us be mindful as to whom we elect. Noisy office-seekers are not wanted; professional gamblers and corruptionists should be sentenced—and sent—to State's prison—drunkards to asylums. Boxers should be put to work breaking stone, or at something more useful and ornamental than in smashing each other's countenances. And good men, temperate and religious men, should be elected to administer the law and the government. Let our Fourth-of-July orators, let the clergy, let editors, let all good men look to this, now and always.

OUR NEXT PRESIDENT.

ALREADY political newspapers are canvassing the country to determine who shall—not rule, but—be the *servant* of the people when the present incumbent's term shall expire. We are not among the number who believe that all great statesmen are departed. On the contrary, we know very well that in looking at men of the past, it is, to the view of many, "*distance*" which lends enchantment. Some there are who *live* in the *past*. Such see nothing favorable in the present. Others, more prophetic, live chiefly in the future; and some live only in anticipation of happiness beyond the tomb. Comparatively few live in the ever most wonderful present. We hold that the highest statesmanship ever displayed is being displayed in this our own day and generation. We need not instance examples. The future historian will put this in its proper place on the page of history. Let us not be deceived by the hopeless croakers. There is an unseen power, greater than that of man, which shapes our destiny, which is "onward and upward." Let us trust in God and do our duty. Light, rattle-headed nobodies will sometimes elbow modest worth out of his place, and thus wrong a nation. But if honest, sensible men will agree and unite, they may lead, mold, and elevate the public mind for its good. Among those most talked about for the Presidency are the following: Mr. S. P. Chase, who has filled various offices, from State Governor to U. S. Senator, Secretary of the Treasury, and Judge of the Supreme Court. He is an able man; we propose to give a portrait, with some account of him, in an early number of this JOURNAL. Mr. B. F. Wade, now president of the U. S. Senate, is an able and an honest man. See our March number for his portrait, biography, and character. Mr. Schuyler Colfax, chairman of the

House of Representatives, is a rising man and an excellent executive officer. Then there are Messrs. Stanton, Harland, Sumner, Wilson, Yates, Morgan, and half a dozen generals who can be had for the asking, who would, no doubt, with a suitable cabinet, serve the country acceptably. But *our* choice will be a thoroughly honest, temperate, religious, intelligent, good man—who will hold to the truth, the right, and the good of the whole country, regardless of all mere personal or party interests. Let us try to choose such a man to serve us.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

THOUGHTLESS and indolent persons will reply "Nothing," or, "Nothing in particular." But they are mistaken. Though not engaged in any regular employment, they are *forming character*. There is no standing still in life. We advance or recede—growing in grace, or going to waste. A thoughtful and industrious person will reply, "I am trying to improve myself, that I may be more useful to others, and thus increase my own happiness." A thriftless young man will "wait for something to turn up," instead of going to work and *turning something up*. One "waits for dead men's shoes," while another more enterprising earns his own shoes. What are *you* doing? Are you improving in mind or in pocket? You should do both at the same time. We *can* work and think, or, machine like, work and *not* think.

Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, is said to have studied many languages—more than fifty—while working at the anvil. Shoemakers have become legislators and statesmen; and a good tailor may be promoted to a high office. General Grant was a tanner and currier. All great men, or men who rise in life, have been real *workers* and hard students. Nor is it wise to be over-nice as to the calling, so that it be useful and honorable. Too many, who are not fit for them, aim for the learned professions—not realizing the fact, that it is better to be a good mechanic, farmer, or merchant, than a poor lawyer, doctor, or preacher. The question should be, "In what calling can I do the most good?" "be the most useful?" "succeed the best?" But if you would not become a dependent pauper, a miserable vagabond, go to work and do *something*—make brooms or baskets, fish-nets or fanning mills—and thus call the faculties into use, and develop them. It is *wicked* to be *idle*. What are you doing?

PHONOGRAPHY IN ILLINOIS.

THE legislature of Illinois have quite recently passed a bill for the "appointment of official reporters, and for the preservation of evidence in certain cases in Cook County." This act has special reference to the necessities of legal proceedings in Chicago, where the chief part of the judicial actions in the State are conducted. The act provides for the number of

reporters who shall be appointed, and their compensation. By virtue of this act, Messrs. Ely, Burnham, and Bartlett have been appointed the "official reporters" to the Superior Court of Chicago. Messrs. Burnham and Ely were formerly reporters in our office. The passage of the act referred to has been greatly due to the interest taken in it by Messrs. E. B. & B., and the official position which they have secured will enable them to further the ends of shorthand, by making their office a sort of Western nucleus for the shorthand reporting interest.

These gentlemen contemplate the establishing of a reportorial bureau, where shorthand writers can be obtained by those needing their services. We certainly wish them well in the enterprise. The advantages of shorthand for expediting business of all kinds in which much writing is requisite, are becoming more and more generally appreciated, and we have no doubt that in a few years it will be one of the questions merchants will put to young men seeking counting-house situations, "Can you write shorthand?"

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

AMONG other good things on the *tapis* for publication in the July number are, an elaborate paper treating of the various species of monkeys, and profusely illustrated; an excellent article on "Eloquence," by our senior contributor, John Neal; a philosophical review of the life of Queen Elizabeth, by Tullidge, and some unique physiognomical contrasts. We have also in course of preparation a biographical sketch and portrait of Hon. Salmon P. Chase, Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court.

We have received letters from time to time during the publication of the Phrenological Theory of Man's Organization, in which the writers express the strongest approval of the points taken in that serial treatise. The clearness and force of the reasoning which mark those passages wherein certain fundamental principles of our Science, which have been contested by clever anti-phrenologists, are maintained, have won over to complete discipleship many who before were hesitating and doubting.

The article on the Navy in the present issue will prove interesting to all our readers, as it presents, in a condensed form, nearly all that is of value in that department of governmental affairs. In fact, one would have to examine at some length into national statistics to procure all the information which is comprehended within our one article.

Some pains have been taken to prepare a list of premiums under "our new terms" of subscriptions, calculated to command the attention of all our readers, young and old, male and female. The variety is considerable, and the arrangements most liberal. We think the inducements offered are sufficient to swell our subscription list to one hundred thousand, and should that aggregate be attained, we might then be induced to return to our old rate \$2, without decreasing the size of the JOURNAL.

OUR NATIONAL MILITARY SYSTEM.

THE NAVY.

In a previous article we gave a sketch of the United States Army, and this month we present to our readers a similar account of the Navy. It is difficult to say in which service the force of modern innovations is most felt. Industry and invention have not merely given the soldier better tools to work with, but, by railroads and innumerable bridges spanning streams formerly impassable except by boats, they have changed the very face of the country. New tactics are needed in the Army, and a greater grasp of resources is demanded from the commander. In the Navy, the ordnance men wage war upon armor as if it were a good thing to find a gun that can send all our ships to the bottom, while the constructors are trying to make a ship that can maintain a fight under any circumstances until her timbers rot behind her armor. Our previous article was so long, that we left the consideration of the ordnance used in the Army to this article, and a description of some army guns, with specimens of their performance, will be found in the paragraph relating to the Navy ordnance.

The guns used in the Army have assumed proportions as great, and even greater, than those adopted by the Navy authorities. McClellan woke up the rebel army in Yorktown one morning by plunging into their camp rifle shells weighing 250 pounds. After that, in the splendid bombardment of Fort Sumter, the same guns, and others of less caliber, were used effectively. These weapons were made by Captain R. B. Parrott, at the West Point Foundry. They are simple constructions of cast iron, with a reinforce or strengthening band of wrought iron put in one piece around the breech. The sizes, charges, and weight of the projectiles used in those guns at the bombardment of Fort Sumter and of Charleston are given in the next table, which also shows the weight of shot thrown from the smooth-bore of the same size:

Size of Parrott.	Powder, Pounds.	Shot, Pounds.	Weight of Smooth-bore Shot same Caliber.
10-pounder.....	1	10	3
20-pounder.....	3	19	6
30-pounder.....	3½	20	9
100-pounder.....	10	80	33
200-pounder.....	16	180	64
300-pounder.....	25	250	125

The rifle guns throw their shot to enormous distances, as is shown in the following table of ranges, with varying charges and angle of inclination. The guns were posted on Morris Island, and at high elevations threw their shot into the city of Charleston:

Gun.	Elevation.	Charge.	Range.
300-pounder.....	13° 30'	26	4290 yds.
300-pounder.....	11° 47'	16	4270 "
100-pounder.....	13° 30'	10	4273 "
300-pounder.....	5° 12'	25½	1950 "
300-pounder.....	4° 19'	16	1750 "
100-pounder.....	4° 15'	10	1750 "

The range of the ten-pounder gun at twenty degrees was 5,000 yards; of the twenty-pounder at fifteen degrees 4,400 yards; and of the thirty-pounder at thirty-five degrees 8,453

yards. Such ranges as these for continuous lengths of time have not been reached before in actual war. Very much has been said of the lack of strength which is supposed by some to unfit cast iron for rifled guns. Several of the large rifles burst after a few rounds. But General Gillmore thinks the defect was in the shells, which burst prematurely and knocked off the muzzle of the gun. He says the endurance of the guns improved as the workmen at the foundry became more accustomed to casting the shells.

The United States Army possesses the heaviest gun in the world, of modern make. It is the twenty-inch smooth-bore, of which there are two in the service. One of these was lately tested with *two hundred pounds of powder* and a shot of 1,080 pounds weight. The size of the gun is not near so remarkable as the enormous charges it endures. With such a gun defending a harbor, it is decidedly a matter of doubt whether any hostile ship, iron-clad or not, could enter.

ORGANIZATION.

The Navy, like the Army, expresses in its organization the principles of economy and peace which govern the Republic when not imminently threatened by an enemy, and at the same time contains the root which can be quickly fostered to a growth ample enough to shield our country in any storm. Among the triumphs which our republican system won in the rebellion, one of the greatest was that we were not merely able to do as much in war as any other nation of equal numbers, but that we did not need to change our groundwork to do it. The provision we had made for the contingencies of war were proved under trying circumstances to be sufficient.

Our old Navy, if small, was worthy even of so large a country. Nothing impresses foreigners with so lively a sense of a nation's powers as the possession of fine war ships. We had these, and we had, besides, the prestige of having, by boldness in war and skill in science, advanced the standard of naval seamanship all over the world. For though our Navy has always been, and is to-day, after our great war, exceedingly small in proportion to our sea-coast and our marine, yet in building vessels our officers have ever studied the advancement and dignity of the service, and it has happened that enemies who professed in peace to despise us, had occasion to give us their respect in war. Both in speed and weight of offensive armament we early made such progress that other nations have been glad to follow in our steps.

Our naval service is made up of the combatants and the department of administration. The first is composed of the ships, the men, and the guns.

THE SHIPS.

The old Navy, when the war commenced, comprised seventy-six vessels, carrying nearly 1,800 guns. But most of these vessels were unavailable, being either on foreign service, or so old as to be of no value, though their names

were still on the navy list. The guns, too, were of a size and description that now are entirely obsolete. When the tidings of war came so suddenly, the Secretary of the Navy had difficulty to get together a fleet of half a dozen vessels. The first step toward the increase of our strength was the purchase of sea and coasting steamers, which were hurriedly strengthened at the navy yards and armed with all the guns they could bear. At the extra session of Congress in 1861, the Secretary was authorized to purchase and build new vessels of war, and among other appropriations a million and a half of dollars was allotted for iron-clad ships. The wooden vessels begun were mostly what are called gunboats—small, narrow, swift steamers, carrying armament which, for the time, was very heavy, and well fitted for river and harbor service, though not fitted for the sea. These were built at private shipyards, and have done good service. The rapidity of their construction, however, indicates that they will not last long, and some have already been broken up, some made over nearly new, and some sold. Some vessels of a larger size were built or finished after having been on the stocks for years. The appropriation for iron-clads produced the Monitor, New Ironsides, and Galena. With the exception of the last, these are now gone, the victims of disaster by water and by fire.

THE IRON-CLADS.

The victory over the Merrimac, achieved within a few weeks after the Monitor left the builder's hands, gave great prominence to that style of vessel, and determined the adoption of them into our Navy. She was a novelty from keel to turret, novel in principle, and novel in nearly every detail. With great boldness, considering the fact that she had had but one trial, the Department determined to build ten new monitors of larger size. The first of these was called the Passaic, and the ten are known as the "Passaic class." The necessities of the time threw these ships into the hardest service, and often it was of a kind for which they were not fitted. Many faults were developed, but they were patiently remedied, and with constant progress we were able, in the last years of the war, to build vessels of this class which were not only fitted for sea service, but which have commanded the admiration of the world.

The New Ironsides did good service all through the war, but there were certain faults of construction which condemned her as a type vessel, and she never was able to accomplish anything which could rival the brilliancy of the first Monitor's victory in Hampton Roads. She has never been duplicated, though there now lies in New York a vessel which far surpasses her in size and power, and which is armed on the same broadside principle. This is the Dunderberg, built by Mr. W. H. Webb. The Galena has been unfortunate, and inevitably so from the very nature of her make. It was attempted to combine the broadside method of carrying guns with light draft and an armored side. But to do all this the armor

had to be made very thin, and in the first action in which she was put to the test she suffered terribly in killed and wounded, and was repeatedly pierced by heavy shot.

THE MONITOR SYSTEM

alone found favor. And here it is well to explain briefly the distinction between the "broadside" and "turret" methods of construction, and their peculiar merits. In the former, the guns, as in the old sailing vessels, are ranged round the sides of the deck. The only difference is that the sides have a thick covering of iron, and in order to accommodate this increase of weight, the three decks of old ships of the line are cut down to one. The guns on this deck, too, are not more than half the number of those on one of the decks of an old liner; but they will be many times more powerful; and the Dunderberg, with her twelve eleven and fifteen-inch guns, is infinitely more formidable, even without her armor, than any of the three deckers famous in former times. In order to make the surface which must be covered with armor as small as possible, the gun-deck is much smaller than the other decks of the ship, and all of the latter but one are under water. Thus the Dunderberg again, which is 385 feet in length, has a covered gun-deck only 256 feet long, and under that, below the water-line, are the engines, boilers, living-rooms, and every other attachment of the ship. The vessel really consists of a hull, which is almost entirely submerged, carrying on its back a box strongly made of wood beams and heavily plated with iron, in which are the guns. The monitors themselves are not more remarkable in appearance than the Dunderberg.

The turret vessels are precisely like the broadside ships in construction, with the exception that the casemate which protects the guns is replaced by a circular turret, and which can be revolved by suitable machinery. In this comparison only the American types of the two constructions are referred to. In Europe, instead of a casemate mounted on a hull nearly submerged, it is more common to plate a vessel nearly of the old familiar shape, so that those iron-clads do not present the remarkable contrast in appearance to the old forms which the American styles do.

BROADSIDE AND TURRET.

However they may be constructed, the distinction between broadside and turret is well marked. The former carries so many guns on each side, that a volley from them all together would throw as much metal as half a dozen turrets. But the large extent of surface to be covered with iron compels the armor to be made very thin, or the vessel to be made very large. With the size of the ships the difficulties and expense of their construction increase very rapidly, and their usefulness is also limited to sea service, or to those harbors which have deep waters. Vessels of this class in England, where much more attention has been paid to them than in this country, now reach the size of more than 6,000 tons, and carry armor eight inches thick in a solid piece.

The monitors are limited in the number of guns, the largest number carried by any turreted vessel being six. But these are available at all points of the compass. To deliver her full strength of projectile, a broadside vessel has to present her side a fair mark to the enemy. A monitor can lie with her prow to her foe and present only the narrow curved line of the bow and the rounded turret to the hostile fire. These are difficult things to hit; and when they are struck, the shot finds them covered with a thickness of armor which can not be approached in other vessels. The Dictator carries fifteen inches of solid iron in her turret and six inches on her sides, the latter being backed with strips of iron running lengthwise the vessel and four inches thick. This armor is unmatched in the world, and there is little hope that a broadside vessel can be made to carry such a heavy shield. Another great advantage of the monitors is that their dimensions do not need to be large to enable them to carry turrets which are almost impregnable. The first monitor was only 173 feet in length and 776 tons measurement.

The following tables give a comparison between our monitors and foreign iron-clads. In the table of the latter it is plainly seen by what means the British naval authorities manage to build such large armor-plated vessels. With the exception of our light draught vessels, which are an acknowledged failure—the fruit of mismanagement—we have not a vessel afloat on the Atlantic coast with defenses so weak as the best of these great foreign ships.

TABLE OF MONITORS.

Class.	No. of Vessels.	Tons.	Length, Feet.	Draught, Feet.	In. of Armor.	Guns.
Monitor	1	776	173	10	15	2
Passaic	10	844	200	10½	11	5
Tecumseh	9	1,034	234	14	11	9
Light Draught	30	614	235	6½	8	3
Winnebago	4	970	170	—	—	—
Monadnock	4	1,564	260	14	11	9
Kalamazoo	4	3,200	262	19	15	14
Dictator	1	3,033	320	21	15	10½
Puritan	1	3,265	341	21	20	10½

FOREIGN IRON-CLADS.

	Tons.	Length, Feet.	Draught, Feet.	Inches of Armor.
Warrior	6,039	380	26½	4½
Defence	3,766	380	24.10	4½
Achilles	6,039	380	27	4½
Northumberland	6,621	380	27	5½
Prince Consort	4,045	277	25	4½

The magnificent structures built in England have had no trial more severe than a month's cruise in the Channel. Our monitors, on the contrary, have had the hardest service, and there can be no doubt that we know every defect in them. The men who have fought them in their most trying moments are those who are most willing to meet vessels of the broadside kind in action.

It would not be proper to leave this subject of armored ships without mentioning those which were built for service on the Western rivers. We have about 6,000 miles of river there, which during the war was constantly patrolled. It is true that the ships which did

* The Puritan's guns will be twenty-inch, throwing 1,080 lb. shot with 175 to 300 pounds of powder.

this work were for the most part hastily improvised and hurriedly built. But if another war comes, there is no question but that we shall do the work again in just as great a hurry. None of these iron-clads, except three monitors of the Tecumseh class, were intended to be impregnable. One or two inches of iron, with twice as much on the more important parts, was all that could be applied to vessels which were restricted to four and five feet draught. This accounts for the loss of life in the Western river battles. The boats were broad, flat-bottomed, with side or stern wheels. The armor, if penetrable to gun shot, was a protection against rifle balls, and saved many a valuable life. The boats were all made heavy about the bow, and most of the battles there were decided by ramming. They were mostly 180 to 200 feet in length and 60 to 75 feet in breadth. They carried a large number of heavy guns, and this was the secret of their power.

The subject of American iron-clads has in this article been merely outlined. To discuss the monitors alone, and the changes made in them, would require a much larger space than can be allowed now. Our vessels have been made to fit a particular case, and to do this, old ideas have been unhesitatingly cast off. As might be expected, the result is remarkable. The selection of the best form of iron-clad for our service has been greatly simplified by the character of our harbors and the peculiar service required of them in the war. The foreign armor-clad ships draw, almost without exception, twenty-five feet and more. Very few of them could enter New York, and none of them Charleston harbor. But we wanted vessels that could engage forts built far inland on rivers, the approaches to important cities. Hardly anything but the monitors would serve, and we therefore made them in great numbers. It might have been well to have given more attention to vessels of the New Ironsides type; and if we had studied this kind of battery as enthusiastically as we did the monitors, we perhaps would have sooner seen the inside of Fort Sumter. One of the objections to monitors is the difficulty of using them against forts, which are usually placed on hills or bluffs. The guns in a turret have very little vertical range, and to reach a fort placed a hundred or two feet above the water-line, they have to lie off so far that the shot are robbed of a large part of their destructive power.

The first vessels built to meet the great necessities of the war were a fleet of gunboats, so called. Fourteen of these were of about 1,200 tons each, and carried 7 guns apiece; twenty-three were of 500 tons measurement, and carried 4 guns; and twelve were 700 tons measurement, and carried 4 guns. These did good service patrolling rivers and guarding bays and harbors, but now there are but few of them in the service, the vicissitudes of war and the economical habit of the Government in selling its useless vessels having lessened their numbers.

When the first pressing hurry was over, the Government exerted itself to construct larger vessels. A number of steam sloops of war, of a pattern that for size and excellence of model is not equaled elsewhere in the world, were built. Effort was also made to produce very fast screw vessels, which would be able to overtake anything on the ocean. These, with the vessels significantly called "double enders," are perhaps the most characteristic of the vessels built by the Department during the war, and which were of a great many varieties. The last-mentioned ships have a rudder at each end, like our river ferry boats, and are thus able to navigate the narrow rivers of the Southern coast without difficulty. These vessels have done far more than could be expected of them. One went around Cape Horn to San Francisco. Another ran full tilt at a rebel iron-clad in Albemarle Sound, and came very near sinking her.

THE MEN.

The highest officer in the service is Admiral David G. Farragut, who had spent fifty-six years in the Navy when he received his present commission. His pay is \$10,000 a year.

Next in grade is the vice-admiral, now David D. Porter. His present service is as Superintendent of the Naval Academy. Pay on sea duty, \$7,000; on shore duty, \$6,000; on leave, \$5,000.

Of rear-admirals there are ten on the active list—Admirals Goldsborough, Davis, Dahlgren, Bell, Thatcher, Godon, Palmer, Radford, Rowan, and Craven. Pay at sea, \$5,000; on shore duty, \$4,000. On the retired list there are seventeen—Admirals Stewart, Shubrick, Smith, Stringham, Breesee, Paulding, Sloat, Mervine, Crabbe, Montgomery, Stribling, Sands, Bell, Pearson, Wilkes, Bailey, and Lardner. Pay, \$2,000.

There are twenty-four commodores on the active list, who receive when on sea duty \$4,000, and on shore duty \$3,200. On the retired list there are also twenty-four, whose pay is \$1,800.

The captains number forty-six on the active list, and twelve on the retired list. The former receive \$3,500 at sea, and \$2,800 when on shore duty, and the latter are paid \$1,600. There is also a retired list which numbers seven.

The commanders are ninety in number on the active list, twenty-seven on the retired list, and eleven on the reserved list. The first are paid \$2,800 when at sea, and \$2,240 on shore duty. The others receive \$1,400.

The lieutenant-commanders on the active list are one hundred and sixty-five, and on the retired list are four in number. The first receive \$2,343 at sea, and \$1,875 on shore duty. The pay of the latter is \$1,300.

Of lieutenants who are next highest, the service contains twenty-two on the active list, eight on the retired list, and nine on the reserved list. Pay of the first, at sea, \$1,875; on shore duty, \$1,500; of the others, \$1,000.

The masters number on the active list fifty-three, and on the reserved list seven. Pay of

the former, at sea, \$1,500; on shore duty, \$1,200; of the latter, \$800.

The ensigns are fifty-four in number on the active list, and two on the reserved list. Pay of the former, at sea, \$1,200; and on shore duty, \$960; of the latter, \$500.

The midshipmen are seventy-two in service, besides those not yet graduated, four hundred and twenty-one in number. The first are paid \$800, and the others \$500.

THE SURGICAL DEPARTMENT

is composed of surgeons, who rank with captains, commanders, and lieutenant-commanders, according to the length of their service; passed assistant surgeons ranking with lieutenants, and assistant surgeons who rank with masters. Of the first there are one hundred, of whom seventy-nine are on the active list. The pay of these is \$2,200 for the first five years, and increases \$200 with each succeeding five years of service. Passed assistant surgeons receive \$1,500, and assistant surgeons \$1,250.

THE PAY DEPARTMENT

is composed of paymasters, whose pay begins with \$2,000 and increases as follows with each succeeding five years: \$2,400, \$2,600, \$2,800, \$3,100; assistant paymasters \$1,300 for first five years, and \$1,500 thereafter.

THE GUNS.

The position of the United States is especially prominent in regard to the subject of ordnance, for while other governments have hastened to throw away the smooth-bore cast iron guns in order to replace them with rifles, usually made of wrought iron or steel, we have clung to the old form. This, however, has been perfected in our hands until results have been reached which no other nation has obtained, and which a few years ago were thought impossible. The great question of the day, in gunnery, is how to overcome iron armor, whether on ships or on forts. The practice in Europe is to use guns which will throw a shell through the armor into the vessel, and explode it in the heart of the enemy's stronghold. To do this they use rifles with high charges of powder and shot which are long but have a small face, so that they do not have to cut away much material in order to do their work. In this it must be said they are very successful, and their experiments have produced some very remarkable penetrations of thick iron plates.

We, on the other hand, try to get a shot so heavy, and to throw it with such force, that though it can not, on account of its size, go through the armor, yet by the force of the tremendous blow it delivers, it will break down the defence before it. Eleven and fifteen inches are therefore the diameter of our guns now, while six and seven and a half inches are the diameters of corresponding rifle guns, though they are made as high as ten and a half inches. Indeed, there is to be a fourteen-inch steel rifle at the Paris Exposition; but as it has never been fired, it is much more an experiment than are our twenty-inch guns. Of our system, we have it to say that it has produced the best

results, not merely in easy experimental trials, but in the important test of war. The fighting of our monitors has been almost entirely done with smooth-bores.

But we have by no means neglected the rifle system. We have used in the war with considerable success rifles throwing 300 pounds. 100 pound bolts have been thrown from rifles with the greatest success. The breaching and destruction of the walls of Fort Sumter at a distance of between four and five miles were done mostly by 100 pounders and by 30 pounders. That achievement lost some of its brightness by the subsequent failure to capture the fort. But the victory of the guns working at such an immense distance should be separated from operations that they could not influence, and it will be seen in its true light as a deed that no other war in the world can equal. The guns that did this work were made of a cast iron body, strengthened by having a thick band of wrought iron put tight around the breech end. These are the famous Parrott guns. Almost coeval with them were the Armstrong guns of the British service, which were made entirely of wrought iron by a tedious process. They were very expensive, and after all have been discarded for their many deficiencies. They have cost about twenty millions of dollars. When the war broke out, our largest guns in use were nine-inch, and threw shot of about ninety pounds weight. The change from these to fifteen inches leads to the expectation that there is to be a still greater increase in the future. But the old sizes are not altogether discarded. Nine-inch and thirty-two pounder guns were used with good effect on the smaller gunboats with which our Navy swarmed during the war. But it is very likely that rifle guns will replace these, as they are farther reaching and more effective; for the crushing effects of very large shot can not be expected from balls of thirty-two and ninety pounds weight.

THE DEPARTMENT OF ADMINISTRATION

is divided into eight bureaus, as follows:

1. Of Yards and Docks.
2. Of Equipment and Recruiting.
3. Of Navigation.
4. Of Ordnance.
5. Of Construction and Repair.
6. Of Steam Engineering.
7. Of Provisions and Clothing.
8. Of Medicine and Surgery.

The head of the Navy Department is Gideon Welles, who is assisted by William Faxon as assistant secretary, John A. Bolles as solicitor, Edgar T. Welles as chief clerk, and eighteen others.

There are eight Navy Yards in the country, at the following places: Portsmouth, N. H.; Boston, Mass.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Washington, D. C.; Norfolk, Va.; Pensacola, Fla.; and Mare Island, Cal. In these yards are stored the timber, materials for rigging, and all other things used in building vessels. They also contain dry docks for repairs, machine shops, and store houses for

ordnance and ammunition. They are very important, though almost insignificant in extent when compared with foreign yards. But they turn out the best of work, and during the war accomplished a vast amount. The Secretary has for three or four years urged the increase of the capacity of the yards, and the addition of a yard for iron vessels, which is certainly needed; but the head of the Department desires to locate this at League Island, a little below Philadelphia. Twice this has been examined by Naval Boards, and both times condemned by majority reports. A bill passed one branch of Congress last session to make a yard there in spite of this, but it fell through by the neglect of the Senate to take it up. The Portsmouth Yard has been extended by the purchase of Seavey's Island, and arrangements are making to incorporate the Ruggles estate into the Brooklyn Yard. These establishments are of great importance, for upon the efficiency of these depots of supply the power and activity of the Navy in a great measure depends. The Naval Asylum and the Naval Insane Asylum are under the charge of this bureau. The first of these was established to provide a comfortable home for disabled and decrepit naval officers, seamen, and marines. The applicants are obliged to prove a twenty years' service in the Navy. Last year there were 182 inmates, and the expenses were \$62,282.

The Bureau of Navigation has under its charge the Naval Academy, Naval Observatory, Hydrographic Office, Nautical Almanac, and the School for Naval Apprentices. The second highest officer in the service has the direction of the Naval Academy, which is located at Annapolis, Md. He has seventy-four assistants of various grades and eight vessels, one of which is an iron-clad, for the purpose of giving practical instruction in seamanship. Until lately, the instruction besides the customary studies of advanced schools was mostly in seamanship, navigation, and gunnery. But with the exclusion almost of sails from the Navy and the substitution of steam, it was obviously necessary to teach engineering, and a school for that purpose has been added to the Academy, in which "engineer cadets" are taught all that is necessary in their branch of the profession.

The Hydrographic Office was established in Washington last year for the purpose of issuing charts, sailing directions, and other nautical works to the Navy.

NAVAL APPRENTICES.

An old custom of the Navy was revived during the war, in the establishment of a school of boys who desire to enter the service. It is established on the frigate Sabine, which is stationed at the Naval Academy. The boys, of whom there are nearly three hundred, are taught all that is necessary to sailors.

THE NAVAL PENSION FUND

now amounts to more than \$10,000,000, which has been derived entirely from the Government share in prize money. It is sufficient for the wants of the service, and the necessity of taxation is thus avoided. The yearly interest in

1865 was about \$300,000 in currency, and of this \$249,000 was paid over to the pensioners, of whom there were 2,027.

The Bureau of Medicine and Surgery does a work precisely similar to that of the medical department of the army. The tables of casualties during the war show that 4,030 persons were wounded, of whom 3,266 received their injuries from gunpowder, 456 were scalded in battle, and 308 were drowned in battle. The casualties not connected with battle amounted to 2,070. The number of deaths was 2,272.

THE MARINE CORPS

is a sort of ocean police. It is indeed neither navy nor army. Its officers are graduates of the Naval Academy, but they have nothing to do with the management of the ship they may be on. They are a watch upon the seamen, and in case of mutiny, the jealousy which always exists between the marines and the sailors is trusted to make the former faithful to the officers. It is proposed to detail one of the officers of each ship to command the marines on board instead of having their organization so entirely separate, and it is also proposed to do away with them altogether. The utility of the organization is disputed, but it is still maintained. The corps numbers some thirty-six hundred men, under the chief command of a colonel. The other officers also bear the same rank and title of army officers.

THE DISPOSITION OF THE SHIPS.

The ships composing the active naval force are disposed in squadrons which are named according to the station they are on, as follows:

1. North Atlantic Squadron, Rear Admiral Palmer.
2. Gulf Squadron, Commodore Winslow.
3. South Atlantic Squadron, Rear Admiral Godon.
4. European Squadron, Rear Admiral Goldsborough.
5. North Pacific Squadron, Rear Admiral Thatcher.
6. South Pacific Squadron, Rear Admiral Dahlgren.
7. Asiatic Squadron, Rear Admiral Bell.
8. On special service, seven vessels.

These squadrons contain altogether seventy-seven vessels. They maintain the dignity of our diplomatic agents all over the world, and protect our commerce. In civilized countries this duty is peaceable enough; but the ships on the China and Japan station have at times a lively skirmish with pirates, or a refractory Daimio or Mandarin to subdue.

In the first paragraph of this article it was remarked that our Navy, though small, was very expensible. How elastic it is may be seen in the history of the service during the six years past. In 1861 the entire force of the service was 7,600 officers and men; when the war ended it was 51,500. At the beginning there were 3,844 artisans in the yards; at the end there were 16,880, and perhaps as many more in the private shipyards to which the Government demand gave their principal work. We commenced with fifty or sixty vessels nominally, but with an available fleet of not more than ten. We built or commenced 208 ships, and purchased 418 more. The latter cost \$18,366,000, and 340 of them were sold for \$5,621,800. Such figures as these show to what a development our small nucleus can reach in time of necessity.

On Physiology.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—*Chamberlain*.

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—*Hosea iv. 6*.

HEALTH AT HOME; OR, HYGIENE IN ITS PERSONAL AND HOUSE- HOLD RELATIONS.

BY JOHN H. GRISCOM, M.D.

CARBONIC ACID GAS IN THE HOUSE.

ONE more consideration relating to the air requires attention. The carbonic acid gas which has been proved to be one of the results of respiration, and thrown off from the lungs at every breath, is a *virulent poison*, to inhale which, in any considerable quantity, is certain death. Air which has been once respired is therefore unfit for a second inspiration, not only by reason of the diminished proportion of oxygen, but also because of the presence of carbonic acid gas. Hence there is a double cause of sickness in air which has been once breathed. A simple experiment will exhibit to the eye the evidence of the incapacity of such an atmosphere to sustain life. It is a fact that no person can safely breathe an atmosphere in which a candle will not burn. That the air which has been exhaled from the human lungs will not support the combustion of a candle may be proved by the following illustration:

Fill a small glass jar (pint or quart) with water, and invert it in a basin of water with its mouth below the surface, so that when inverted the jar will remain full. Then insert a tube under the mouth of the jar, and blow into it from the mouth, until the water is all displaced and the jar filled with the breath. Then turn it upright with the hand over its mouth, and dip into it a lighted candle suspended on a wire. The candle will be immediately extinguished, a sufficient proof that an animal could not live in it.

A distinguished authoress (Catharine Sinclair) tells us, that "an eminent chemist wishing to prove what a poisonous atmosphere is endured by crowded congregations in Edinburgh, carefully bottled off a specimen of the air of various churches after the audience had dispersed. The result was that a fly could scarcely survive upon the polluted air which had been breathed successively by a dozen persons at least;" and she adds, in allusion to the unaccountable dread which many people entertain of pure air, under all circumstances, "*Some of our friends, if they lived in a bottle, would wish to put the cork in.*"

The history of man is full of examples of the deleterious effects of impure air—air made impure by himself. The story of the Black Hole of Calcutta is too well known to be repeated here, though it was a striking proof of the rapidly destructive effects of foul air. Nor need I cite any other of hundreds of well-known instances in which death has followed similar exposures. I will take it for granted,

after what has been written, that every reader is convinced of the necessity of the purity and abundance in every breath drawn into the lungs. Let us then briefly review the manner of life and education of the human family in this respect, and see how near they generally come to inhaling pure air at every breath.

In the first place, how fares the *tender infant*? He has scarcely made his entrance into the great ocean of air, ere he is tucked away under the bed-clothes, lest the already too close air of the chamber should be "too strong" for his lungs, and there he is left to swelter in the foul air of his own little blanket prison, to generate scrofula from his own poison. Should he, in his suffocating throes, penetrate an opening through the woolen walls, and utter an instinctive cry for air, it is but the signal for the careful nurse to protect him against the danger of "taking cold," by hiding him again out of sight, and covering him head and ears. The louder the little Oliver cries for more oxygen, the closer is he confined to avoid it. As a consequence of this almost universal mode of treatment, in part, it is an appalling fact that one third of the children born in cities die before they are one year old, and one half before reaching their fifth year.

If he chance to survive his infancy, then how as a *school boy* is he treated with respect to pure air? Who ever saw a properly and well-ventilated school-house? If such a one exists, it is an exception to the general rule. Inclosed within four walls, and a roof impervious to air, with several hundred others, he has little else to breathe than the air which has become tainted in a few minutes after entering with the foul gases from the lungs and bodies of his schoolmates. Yet his brain, which requires a larger proportion of good blood than any other organ of his body, is stimulated to exertion by ambition, by competition, or by the ferule. Can we wonder that too many a one should "creep, like a snail, unwillingly to school," where the artificial stimulus of the rod is substituted for the natural stimulus of oxygen? and that so many break down in health before reaching maturity?

Should he survive till the period of *apprenticeship*, happy for him if opportunity is given him to learn an *out-door* trade or profession. A ventilated workshop is likewise an unknown thing. Where is the journeyman printer, tailor, shoemaker, or operative of any other kindred occupation, with the ruddy cheeks and stalwart frame of the carpenter, the mason, or the blacksmith? These classes of operatives, when living temperately, respectively demonstrate the relative values of indoor and outdoor life.

But, sad to say, even the followers of those occupations, which of all should be the most healthful and most conducive to longevity, viz., those of the sailor and the farmer, are deprived of a great portion of their advantages by being confined at night in close, unventilated dormitories. In the one case, the salubrity of his life "on deck" is counteracted during the hours of his being "turned in," in a low,

crowded, damp, "forecastle," where the sun never enters but by chance, and the atmosphere of which is never renewed by full ventilation. While in the case of the farmer, his nights are passed in chambers almost proverbially small, low ceiled, and whose ventilation is never thought of, the air being renewed only when "sweeping day" comes round to the housewife, when the windows are opened for an hour or two a week.

But these evils are by no means confined to the laboring classes. The humble toiler has no monopoly of foul air in his workshop or bedroom, nor do the costly furniture, the gilded mirrors, nor the downy carpets of the millionaire maintain the purity of the atmosphere of his dwelling, or exempt him from the pernicious effects of its foulness. Employer and employee are alike subject to the laws of nature, and suffer equally from their violation, while in many instances the indolence induced by luxuriousness aggravates the evil.

Nor is it alone as a *cause* of ill-health that the general breathing of our self-made foul air is to be deprecated. In the medical treatment of a great number of the diseases which "flesh is heir to," the impure air of private chambers and hospital wards, where there is insufficient ventilation, is one of the greatest obstacles that the physician has to contend with. Especially is this the case in the treatment of fevers, and such cutaneous disorders as scarlet fever, measles, small-pox, etc. But in no one place is the aid of a pure atmosphere more essential, or a close, confined, and impure air more injurious, than in the lying-in room. There is scarcely a physician who has not experienced in his practice the depressing and injurious influence of non-ventilation in this branch of his profession, upon both of the parties who most demand fresh air in the freest quantities, the one to avoid puerperal diseases, the other for growth and strength.

Let then the cry go forth from family to family, from children to parents and teachers and from workmen to employers, "*Ventilate! Ventilate! your chambers, your schools, your churches, your workshops, your everything!*" and keep up the cry till over the whole land it shall be as fashionable to do it as it is now not to do it; until it shall be the rule when you visit, or meet a friend, instead of the universal question, "How is your health?" it will be, "Is your house ventilated?"

INTEMPERANCE.—If all the wealth now sunk in the bottomless pit of intemperance were appropriated to the purchase of libraries, philosophical apparatus, or cabinets of natural history; if all the time, that element of priceless value, which is now worse than lost in the various haunts of dissipation, were devoted to the reading of well-selected books, to lyceum exercises, to music, or other social and refining arts, it would give to society a new moral and political sensorium. How can any man witness without pain this great deformity, where there should be beauty and divine grandeur!—*Horace Mann.*

THE NUTRIMENT OF BEER.—People who drink their ale and beer are very fond of telling how much *nutriment* they derive from them! Because they are manufactured from grain, many have the idea that the concentrated virtues of the grain are in the drinks. This is an entire fallacy. Professor Liebig, one of the most eminent chemists in the world, assures us that 1,400 quarts of best Bavaria beer contain exactly the nourishment of a two-and-a-half-pound loaf of bread! This beer is very similar to the famous English Allsopp's, and our more popular American beer. The fact is, the nutritious portion of the grain is rotted before beer can be made; and if the fermentation of the beer has been complete, Professor Lyon Playfair declares that no nourishment whatever remains in the fermented liquor; and, as the English *Alliance News* says, "No chemist now disputes these assertions; for, except in flavor and amount of alcohol, the chemical composition of all kinds of beer is alike, and brewers must laugh to hear doctors advising porter as more nourishing than beer, when porter is nothing but beer colored by burnt malt; and often when beer goes wrong in the making, and is unsalable as beer, it is converted into fine porter, the mere coloring covering many defects!"—*The Nation.*

WORK AND WASTE.

EVERY manifestation of physical force involves the metamorphosis of a certain quantity of matter. Prof. Houghton, of Trinity College, Dublin, asserts as the result of his investigations, that in the human organism there is a definite relation between the amount of force exerted and the amount of urea generated. The urea formed daily in a healthy man, weighing 150 pounds, fluctuates from 400 to 650 grains. Of this, 300 grains are the result of vital work; that is, of force expended in the motions of the digestive organs and the heart, and in sustaining the temperature of the body at a uniform rate. This amount exceeds all other force generated and expended in the system, and is equal to that required to raise 769 tons one foot high. In addition to the mere act of living, the working-man undergoes bodily labor equivalent to lifting 200 tons one foot high daily, which requires the formation of 77.38 grains of urea. The force expended in two hours of hard mental labor involves an expenditure of power equal to lifting 222 foot-tons, and a generation of urea weighing 86 grains. Thus we have a minimum formation of urea during 24 hours, amounting to 477.38 grains, for which there is expended force equal to 969 foot-tons.—*Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1865.*

[According to the above statement, the student or writer exerts a much greater degree of actual force with his brains, than the mere laborer does when engaged in the severest manual toil; and consequently the former expends physical vitality more rapidly than the latter. Can we wonder any longer that the man of letters, the brain-toiler, is generally spare in flesh and weak of limb? And have we not here a substantial reason, couched in terms of statistical exactitude, for urging the studious to cultivate their bodies as well as their brains?]

On Ethnology.

True Christianity will gain by every step which is made in the knowledge of man.—*Spurkheim.*

ABORIGINAL LEGENDS OF NORTH AMERICA.

[CONCLUDED FROM MAY NUMBER.]

BY E. G. SQUIER, M.A.

VARIOUS other fantastic conceptions exist among the Cherokees, from which we select those which appear to be least recent.

A female, for example, is held in special honor, and identified with Indian corn. Most of the night dances refer in some way to her, as did some of the ceremonies of the Green Corn Festival. A legend relating to her is copied elsewhere. The woman of the East is also held in much reverence.

Thunder was adored, or rather thunders, for there was supposed to be many stationed in different places, and each charged with a specific duty. They paid also a sort of veneration to the morning star, but rather as an object of fear. They say that long ago a very wicked conjuror committed murder by witchcraft. The Cherokees combined to slay him. Hearing of their purpose he gathered his shining implements of mischief and flew upward to a certain height, where his apparatus made him seem a star. He then became fixed in his position, and is prayed to by all who seek to kill others by necromancy.

The cluster usually called the "seven stars" was regarded with peculiar reverence. There are no prayers addressed to it, but there is a wild legend of its having sprung from a family of eight boys, who were wont to steal into the town council-house and beat the drum, which was kept there for public solemnities. Some of the elders reproving them for it, they took offense, and seizing the drum sprang upward, beating it in defiance as they ascended. On the way, however, one came down with so hard a fall that his head stuck deep in the ground. He was immediately transformed into a cedar, which is to stand forever, and which bleeds like a human being when cut. The others mounted on high, where they now are. There are many other celestial personages denominated "ancients," varying in figure, color, and office. They are said to be stationed in different parts of the firmament, and prayers are frequently addressed to them. May they not have been heroes deified after death? Certain animals also received some degree of homage, but only as intermediates. The Cherokees believe in various superhuman existences not properly coming within the range of their religious theories.

They have various crystals for purposes of divinations. They constituted part of the apparatus of the ancient Cherokee priest, and were indispensable to his vocation. They were called *ooh-ling-ah-tah*, which signifies "light that passes through," as through a glass. So sacred were these stones, that it was death for

any one who had not been sanctified and initiated for the purpose to touch them. The priests would sometimes wear them on their breasts, suspended by a string, but always hidden from view. They were sometimes carried, wrapped in a weasel's skin, by the great warrior of the nation; and if he was killed in battle, it was the first aim of his followers to snatch the crystal from his bosom and guard it reverently; but it was the first object of the foe to wrench it away and crush it between stones. All who were permitted to carry the talisman, the great warrior alone excepted, concealed even the knowledge of where it was worn. Such as were not borne about the body of a priest, were treasured up in a holy box or ark, or carefully folded away in deer-skins. Accounts are given of four different sides of this talisman. It was in the shape of a hexagon, of crystalline quartz, but many fancy this was only a substitute for the early diamond. How the supposed magical properties were imparted to it is not explained; we only know that each priest was possessed of one, and that all sizes were consulted with equal confidence and held in equal honor. The larger were used for divining the results of war; those used by civil priests were a size smaller. The latter were devoted to ascertaining whether sickness was to be apprehended, either by an individual, or a family, or a tribe. When consulted for that purpose a sacrifice was first made. This over, the stone was set either upon seven deer-skins folded, or on a post covered with a fawn's skin, or in some crevice of a house, so as to catch the first rays of the morning sun. If the omen was favorable, a bright and unclouded blaze would appear in the stone; but if unpropitious, the stone would look blue and smoky, and just as many would die as there appeared figures lying in its right side. The stone was consulted by the people in large bodies on certain occasions—for example, on the Great Moon, as it is called, when the ancient Cherokees commenced their year. The time being come, before sunrise in the morning the priest of each town would gather all the men, women, and children of the place in one building, and seating them in rows, with their faces turned toward the east, would open a crack in that side of the house and so set his crystal as to catch the rays of the rising sun. Receding a few feet, with his eyes riveted upon the stone and his face toward the sun, he would make a prayer; as he prayed, it is asserted, the crystal became brighter and brighter, till it attained a brightness equal to that of a mirror with the glare of the mid-day full upon it. The reflected beams would first strike the underside of the roof, then move back and forth, and then descending would at length glance toward where the people sat. Over such as were to die before another Great Moon, the light would pass without the least illumination. Credible witnesses of this superstition aver that they have actually known instances wherein this brightness failed to rest upon those it passed among, who all died before the termination of the stated period. During these

ceremonies the priest never touches the crystal, but simply utters prayers. A smaller crystal is used for detecting theft; another still smaller is used preparatory to hunting expeditions; and the least of the five is used in ascertaining the length of life. It was also applied to the detection of adultery.

So highly did each priest value his own particular crystal, that when he found death approaching, if he had no favored disciple to whom to consign it, he would totter to the woods, and as soon as he discovered a tree in the side of which some bird had picked an opening, he would bury the crystal there, and stop up the cleft, so as to render its discovery impossible. He did this, for if the stone were found lying about after his decease, with no properly authorized person commissioned to take it, it would be the death of every person who had resided beneath his roof.

Some singular customs prevailed as regards the initiation of boys in the mysteries of life and of manhood. Not only in cases of a birth being expected in a family where the priesthood is hereditary, but in others where it has been predetermined that an expected child, if male, should be devoted to any sacred office, it appears that a priest was always forewarned, so as to receive the infant upon its coming into the world. If a son, the first thing administered by the priest was a consecrating drink. As the child was then unable to fast, the parents were bound to fast in its place, and during seven days to taste nothing but a certain root, and even that not more than once during the twenty-four hours after sunset. Such sons were trained up with peculiar care. On the approach of the regular monthly disqualification of the mother for coming in contact with holy things, she delivered the infant to its grandmother, or some aged matron, for the protection of his purity. He was never permitted to wander about like other children, nor allowed to sit or eat in the hut of a neighbor, lest he should chance to come in contact with some female under the term of exclusion, or some male included for any cause in a similar interdiction. But though the child was thus rigidly reared by his natural guardians, the priest to whom he was committed at his birth always kept him in view. As he grew in years, the holy monitor increased in assiduity; and many a day of fasting and night of watchfulness would be employed in impressing upon the young pupil the various duties to which he was destined. Among them, even a knowledge of the divers articles of food from which certain orders of the sacred brethren must abstain, exacted no little time and attention; for particular officers were bound to particularized prohibitions; a child intended, for example, to be made chief speaker in the war (*Ska-li-lo-aka*), must never taste of frogs, nor of the tongue or breast of any animal whatever, and so on through a larger catalogue of exceptions than can now be remembered. Most generally the devoting of sons to sacred offices did not take place, however, until they had reached the age of nine or ten. Those thus set apart, when infants, were carried through the same course with the others, during some stage of their discipleship.

In such cases, the priest to whose care a boy was committed, would lead him at daybreak to a mountain's top, give him the purifying drink, and bid him plant his eyes upon the spot where the sun was to rise, so as to catch the first beams of that luminary, from which he was not to withdraw his gaze until the light died away in the west. If he never once took his eyes from the sun during the whole course of the day, he was supposed to be quali-

fied forever after to fulfill his duties during the night as well as the day; but were his eyes withdrawn, even for a moment, all previous labor was lost. During the first day's probation and the succeeding night, the instructing priest remained with the pupil, and both fasted rigidly, and the night was passed in walking and in giving and receiving knowledge upon high and holy themes.

On the following morning the priest took the boy to some more secret part of the mountain, where no female eye could penetrate, and there taught him the mysteries of the divining crystal, how and when it was to be used, and what must be said in all the ceremonies when it was consulted. In this retreat they continued six days, making in all a seven days' fast. During the first two days and the succeeding night they ate nothing; on the evening of the second day, a little after sunset, they only chewed a certain root; then, till the next day after sunset they fasted; subsequently during the whole period they were allowed to chew the specified root only once in the twenty-four hours. But on the seventh day and night the fast was unbroken, as was the watching; and on the morning of the eighth day the priest consulted the divining crystal, to see how long the boy would officiate in the place for which he was destined.

Setting the stone so as to catch the first sunlight, the priest prayed for instruction. If the boy was to live, the symbol considered as referring to that destiny would appear in it in the form of an aged man, with gray hair and a white beard; if not, a man would be seen there with hair and beard both black. The priest would then take the boy to a creek, and direct him to stand in the water with his face toward the east, while he took his own place on the bank, with his face in the same direction and prayed. He would then order the boy to plunge entirely in the water seven times in succession, first with his head toward the east, then to the west, and so on alternately. This being done, the priest took him to a certain house where he offered sacrifices for him. He cleared a place and lighted a holy fire, and placed over it the tip of a deer's tongue and a little flesh. When the destination of the boy was for service among warriors, if the meat crackled, casting a piece or two toward the boy, he would be slain by his enemies; but if the pieces were cast from him, he would be victorious. When the destination was for the civil and not for the military priesthood, or for the office of boiler of the sacred herbs, or for any other of the various orders, the appearances of the sacrifices and the inferences from them would vary accordingly.

One priest might have seven youths under his tutelage, but no greater number. After initiation they would continue occasionally to visit their holy guide. He would then pass a day and night with them in watching, fasting, and teaching. When he perceived that his own death was approaching, he would gather all his pupils around him and repeat his instructions, selecting some one of them to be his immediate successor, and to receive his miraculous crystal as a last bequest. Sometimes the pupil thus honored took the talisman at the moment, but generally not until after the death of his master. It was only to such persons as have been described that the sacred mysteries were disclosed by the ancient Cherokees. To make them known to the uninitiated was considered as provoking sudden or not long to be avoided death, both to the betrayer and listener. Hence it is with extreme difficulty that any information upon these subjects can be brought out from the old men at this day; but more particularly if imagined to be sought for by any white person—all of whom are supposed to feel a contempt for such forms and faith.

NEW PREMIUM LIST.

We are enabled to offer the following inducements to those who are interested in obtaining subscribers to the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL:

A new volume, the Forty-sixth, will commence with the July number. Subscriptions which in the aggregate will entitle the person procuring them to a premium, must date from that time.

CLUB RATES, WITH PREMIUMS.

- 5 copies, \$12, *pr.* one copy to getter-up of club.
 10 " \$24, — one copy "New Physiognomy," \$5.
 20 " \$48, — "Student's Set" of Phrenological Works, \$10, or any books amounting to that value which may be selected from our own list of publications.
 25 " \$60, — "Physiognomy," with "Student's Set," or other books selected as above to the value of \$15.
 30 " \$70, — \$35 of our own publications.
 40 " \$85, — and \$35 " " "
 50 " \$115, — and \$50 " " "

Here is a superior opportunity for parties to add a considerable number of valuable books to their private collections without much or any cost to themselves.

Clubs may be made up at one or a hundred different post-offices, but should be sent in during July and August, if possible.

Premiums will be sent as per order, by post or express, at the cost of the receiver. The postage on "New Physiognomy," when prepaid, is 50 cents. The larger premiums, including books or busts, must go by express or as freight. We are now ready to record new names or re-enter present subscribers on our new books for Volume 46. Let clubs be made up at once.

REGULAR RATE PREMIUMS.

OPEN TO ALL.

Persons sending us lists of new subscribers at the regular rate of \$3 for the year, commencing July next, will be entitled to premiums as indicated in the following schedule, according to the number of said subscribers:

1. 350 subscribers, at \$3 each, will entitle the sender to a seven octave rosewood piano, of Steinway & Sons or Chickering & Sons', as preferred. Value \$625.
2. 300—a seven octave rosewood piano, of Decker's, Boardman & Gray's, Berry's, or N. Y. Piano-forte Co.'s manufacture (among the best in New York), or an excellent Stuart's parlor organ. Value \$500.
3. 225—a seven octave rosewood piano, Grovesteen & Co.'s, or a Mason & Hamlin's cabinet organ. Value \$350.
4. 200—a Grovesteen seven octave rosewood piano—\$300.
5. 175—a Grovesteen seven octave rosewood piano—\$250.
6. 170—an excursion ticket to Paris and back by the best ocean steamers—\$330.
7. 160—a Mason & Hamlin cabinet organ—\$225.
8. 150—a handsome suit of parlor furniture, rosewood or black walnut—\$200.
9. 125—a cabinet organ or harmonium, of Mason & Hamlin's, Estey's, or Carhart & Needham's manufacture—\$150.
10. 100—a superior suit of parlor, dining-room, or bedroom furniture, walnut or oak—\$125.
11. 80—a lady's or gentleman's gold American lever watch, full jeweled, warranted—\$100.
12. 75—a \$90 library, your own selection from any publisher's regular catalogue.
13. 70—an \$80 library, your own selection, or Appleton's new American Cyclopaedia, 16 vols. 8vo.
14. 65—a \$75 library, your choice or selection.
15. 60—a Carhart & Needham melodeon—\$70.
16. 55—a gold lever watch, hunting-case, full jeweled, warranted—\$65.
17. 50—a Florence or Weed sewing machine—\$60.
18. 47—a \$60 library, your selection.
19. 45—a French china dinner set, good quality, about 135 pieces—\$58.
20. 40—one of Wheeler & Wilson's, Grover & Baker's, Willcox & Gibbs', or the Empire sewing machines, as may be preferred—\$55.

21. 35—a complete silver-plated tea set, 6 pieces, warranted of the best quality—\$46.
22. 35—a complete set of carpenter's tools, best quality, with chest—\$45.
23. 30—a silver hunting-case American watch, full jeweled, warranted—\$35.
24. 28—a superior double-barreled shot-gun—\$30.
25. 28—a set of 40 portraits, intended for lecturers on Phrenology—\$30.
26. 25—one of Howard's beautiful new breech-loading rifles—\$28.
27. 23—a china tea set, about 45 pieces, good quality—\$27.
28. 22—\$25 library, your choice.
29. 20—a fine violin, with case, complete, or a silver-keyed flute, or a music-box playing five tunes—\$22.
30. 18—a \$20 library of your own selection.
31. 15—heavily silver-plated water or ice pitcher, or a music-box (four tunes)—\$18.
32. 13—Doty's celebrated washing-machine—\$15.
33. 12—set of fine ivory-handled knives and forks—\$12.
34. 12—Webster's great quarto Dictionary, unabridged, latest edition, 3,000 illustrations—\$12.
35. 10—the Universal Clothes-wringer, best in use—\$10.
36. 8—a gold pen (best quality), with fine silver case and pencil, or copy of "New Physiognomy"—\$8.

Single \$3 subscribers will receive our illustrated chart of Physiognomy, suitable for framing.

Pianos and other musical instruments will be accompanied with all necessary appendages, stool, cover, etc. By sending to the manufacturers specified for catalogues, parties competing for premiums will be enabled to make their own selections.

All goods, instruments, books, etc., will be carefully selected and packed at our own expense, and sent by express or otherwise as the premium creditor may direct.

Persons at a distance may obtain catalogues of books from which to make selections, by inclosing stamps to any preferred publisher.

We wish it to be positively understood that the value of the premiums offered are in accordance with the regular manufacturers' or retail prices, and not in accordance with any advanced or invented standard of our own. Those who would prefer, instead of the premiums Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 11, to receive suits of parlor, dining-room, chamber furniture, or libraries of the same value, can signify such preference when sending their lists, and it will be faithfully observed.

We seek in the offering of this somewhat elaborate premium list to subserve some of the substantial wants of nearly every family or person in the land. Articles of a merely ornamental character find no place in the order, for the reason that our JOURNAL essentially aims to promote the substantial good of its readers, and its regular subscribers we know esteem more highly the good, the true, and the useful, than a toy which only flatters the taste for a while and confers no practical benefit.

The premiums, too, are rated on a very liberal basis, leaving scarcely any margin in the way of profit. Mere pecuniary profit is not our object. We wish the agent to be liberally remunerated for his services; though many will work *gratis* for the good they may do. But we especially desire to enlarge the circulation of the only publication in this country which has professedly sought to do with the great subject of Anthropology. Will our friends—some of those many who are enthusiastic in their approval of our course—take this matter in hand? Should not a hundred or so energetically set about procuring subscribers among their acquaintances, it would not be long before we had Fifty Thousand names on our subscription-books. Now is the accepted time; let all who believe in, and would help forward, the cause of social improvement, in its mental, moral, and physical considerations, bear a hand and disseminate the truth by bringing about a more wide-spread circulation of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

EXCUSES FOR DRINKING.

ONE drinks because he's very hot, as we are often told; Another must a tankard take because he's very cold; Another drinks because he's wet, its benefits to try; Another, sure, a beaker gets because he's very dry; Another must a bargain make, and have a glass to strike it! While one and all the liquor take because, in fact, they like it!

Literary Notices.

[All works noticed in THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.]

A CRITICAL HISTORY OF THE DOCTRINE OF A FUTURE LIFE. With a complete Bibliography of the Subject. By William Rounseville Alger. Fourth edition. Thoroughly revised. New York: W. J. Widdleton, 1866. Price \$5, post-paid from this office.

We are so much accustomed to being questioned on the subject of the hereafter, that we of necessity feel a lively interest in any good work that treats of the future life on natural, philosophical, and religious grounds. Mr. Alger has filled a chink in our library by the preparation of this most elaborate volume. The subject was never so well and so thoroughly handled before.

Part First contains a *résumé* of the various theories concerning the soul's origin, death, the grounds of the belief in a future life, and the soul's destination, entertained by various nations of ancient and modern times. Part Second treats of the doctrines of a future life held by the more prominent nations of historic times and by the principal religious systems, other than the Christian, existing. This is an exceedingly interesting portion of the work, and well repays the perusal. Part Third is devoted to the teachings of the New Testament with respect to the resurrection and the "better life." The views of Christ and the more distinguished among the Apostles are clearly and ably presented. In Part Fourth we have the opinions and practices of the different Christian societies or denominations; and in Part Fifth, historical and critical dissertations treating of the doctrine of a future life in the ancient mysteries, metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, the resurrection, future punishment, recognition of friends, and cognate subjects.

The book, as a whole, is characterized by much impartiality, fairness, and philosophical discrimination. One of the finest portions of the whole volume is that appropriated to the consideration of the grounds, moral, intellectual, and physical, for a belief in the future life; and we have no doubt that many who now grope in darkness and uncertainty concerning immortality, would find much mental relief in a careful reading of this portion. In the course of the philosophical grounds advanced by the author, he says: "In the material world, so far as we can judge, nothing is ever absolutely destroyed. There is no such thing as annihilation. Things are changed, transformations abound; but essences do not cease to be. * * * Now, as a solitary exception to this, are minds absolutely destroyed? are will, conscience, thought, and love annihilated? Personal intelligence, affection, identity are inseparable components of the idea of a soul. And what method is there of crushing or evaporating these out of being? What force is there to compel them into nothing? Death is not a substantive cause working effects. It is itself merely an effect. It is simply a change in the mode of existence. That this change puts an end to existence is an assertion against analogy, and wholly unsupported."

Again, we find evidence that life integral, sentient, is not terminated by that change called death, in the nature of man's pursuits and feelings. "Our whole life here is a steady series of growing preparations for a continued and ascending life hereafter. * * * There are wondrous im-

pulses in us, constitutional convictions present of futurity, like those prevailing instincts in birds, leading them to take preparatory flights before their migration." The more one lives for immortality, the more confirming tokens of a deathless inheritance his faith finds. Thousand "hints chance-dropped from nature's sphere" reassure us. The belief in a life beyond death has virtually prevailed everywhere and always; no matter how low in the scale of moral and intellectual apprehension a nation or tribe may be, there will be found instinctive notions more or less strongly exhibited of a future state. This argument, from universal consent, should be and is one of the most convincing of testimonies. Who can refute this believing instinct? "God and nature deceive not."

A full list of the books published up to the present time on the subject of a future life, arranged according to their definite topics and in chronological order, prepared by Mr. Ezra Abbot, is bound with the book, and greatly enhances its value.

ON FORCE. Its Mental and Moral Correlates, and on that which is supposed to underlie all phenomena; with speculations on Spiritualism, and other abnormal conditions of Mind. By Charles Bray, author of "The Philosophy of Necessity," etc. London: Longmans, Reader & Dyer. 8vo.

The author of this work takes a forcible view of physical things in general; he resolves all material phenomena by his doctrine of Force. Heat, light, electricity, magnetism, chemical affinity, matter whether solid, liquid, or gaseous, and the sense of feeling are but examples of Force under different conditions or in different relations. The general term Force includes both what we have been accustomed to call matter and spirit. Life and mind, therefore, according to this theory, are merely correlates of Force. These are the main premises on which Mr. Bray bases his argument. He endeavors to show, further, that changes or differences in form, quality, quantity, etc., of matter, and differences in quality, degree, constitution, power, etc., of mind, depend upon the peculiar phenomena and modes of operation of force. Accepting the phrenological structure of the brain, he goes on to say that force is developed in the structure and size of the different organs, rendering them more or less influential according to their greater or less size respectively.

Mr. Bray evidently belongs to that class of free-thinkers among whom we find the names of Hume, Mill, Bentham, Edwards, and Lecky, and therefore his psychological discussions breathe much of the *esprit* of liberalism. A third of the book is occupied by the speculations on Spiritualism, in the course of which some "manifestations" are introduced, with the view to showing their correlation with force. Taken altogether, the book is of an interesting character to those metaphysically inclined, and decidedly unique in the treatment of the subjects considered.

THE RED BRIDGE. A Temperance Story. By Thrace Talmon, author of "Edith Hale," "Captain Molly," "The New Clerk," etc., etc. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House, 172 William Street. 1867. Price, 87 cents.

This is a very interesting temperance story, full of good moral maxims, and shows the evils of the "fashionable wine cup," in its tendency to pave the way to the drunkard's grave. It is a book that should have a place in every household, where the ultimate welfare of its younger members is at all a matter of concern.

A NEW AND PRACTICAL SYSTEM OF THE CULTURE OF VOICE AND ACTION, and a complete Analysis of the Human Passions, with an appendix of Readings and Recitations. Designed for public speakers, teachers, and students. By Prof. J. E. Frohisher. \$1 75.

Americans are nearly all good talkers, but very few are known as good public speakers or orators, for the reason that sufficient attention is not given to the artistic culture of the voice. How often have we been pained by the wretched delivery of a well-written sermon, or by the uncouth grimaces of a public speaker, whose words, though eloquent and appropriate to his subject, lost nearly all their meaning and force from the disagreeable character of his voice and gesticulation! This book is well adapted to the instruction of those who would speak gracefully and acceptably. Considered as a manual of instruction in elocution, we feel warranted in pronouncing it a superior work. The author has struck the key-note of the whole subject in the very commencement of his treatise. He says, "BE NATURAL."

DAVID COPPERFIELD. By Charles Dickens. Diamond Edition, illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cloth, \$1 50.

This, one of the most interesting among the clever works of Dickens, is well brought out, both as regards the character of its illustrations and the clear and beautiful typography. The illustration of Uriah Heep and his mother is in excellent keeping with the pen portraits of those "marked characters."

THE ENGLISH OF SHAKESPEARE; Illustrated in a Philological Commentary on his "Julius Cæsar." By George L. Craik, Professor of History and of English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast. Edited from the Third Revised London edition, by W. J. Rolfe, Master of the High School, Cambridge, Mass. Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth. Cloth, \$1 75.

Professor Craik did a good work for those who are interested in philology when he prepared his English of Shakespeare. His lucid renderings and explanations of intricate or obscure passages, his references to historical incidents and to well-known phrases in common use, have contributed largely to an understanding and appreciation of the writings of the great dramatist. The American edition brought out by Mr. Rolfe is exceedingly creditable, and of service to teachers and students who are interested sufficiently in the history of the English tongue to avail themselves of the extended researches of others in philology. By a careful study of the commentary on "Julius Cæsar," one will learn more about Shakespeare than he could if he read the entire series of Shakespeare's plays without such learned assistance.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES. By Charles Dickens. With Sixty-four Illustrations. From Original Designs by John McLenan. Cloth, gilt back, \$1 25. Author's American edition. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

This volume contains one of the best written stories of the distinguished novelist. The publishers appear to have entertained that impression, since the number of illustrations which spice it is quite large, viz., sixty-four, and the paper and general appearance of the book an improvement upon former issues.

THE AMERICAN NATURALIST has reached its third monthly number. It improves on acquaintance, and promises to become a standard work. It is handsomely illustrated and clearly printed. See advertisement.

BACON'S DESCRIPTIVE HANDBOOK OF AMERICA: Comprising History, Geography, Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, Railways, Mining, Finance, Government, Politics, Education, Religion, Characteristics, Public Lands, Laws, etc. By George Washington Bacon, F.R.G.S. With Colored Maps. London edition. 12mo. Supplied by Fowler and Wells. \$3 25.

It was suggested to us that every American, before visiting Europe, should procure a copy of this work; and on thinking the matter over, we have come to that conclusion ourselves. There are very few Americans, even, who are thoroughly acquainted with the vast resources of their country. They have a vague idea of its vast extent; its unbounded commerce; its illimitable agricultural capabilities; its ever increasing population; its endless railways, telegraphs, rivers; its religion; its schools; its army and navy, and its glorious history; but they know comparatively little of the details. But here we have an industrious Englishman who has collected a store of information for us, classified it, and now presents it to us in a compact and readable volume, for which he deserves the thanks of all Americans. It is not a mere dry collection of statistics, gathered on the run, but the work contains evidences of deep and earnest labor.

THE RICH HUSBAND. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell, author of "George Geith," "Maxwell Drewitt," "The Race for Wealth," "Phemie Keller," etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Cloth, \$2.

This is the reprint of a novel which has commanded an extensive sale in England, and doubtless will meet with a like success here. The publishers have always exercised admirable discretion in their selections from the field of English novelists, and "The Rich Husband" does no discredit to their judgment. The work is tastefully and neatly bound, as usual.

WATSON'S RAILROAD MAP OF the United States, Mexico, etc. Pocket style. Cloth. Price, post-paid, \$1.

This is a new and very neatly drawn exhibit of our country and its network of railways. The map is large, nearly five feet square, representing the States and Territories with their counties, principal cities and towns in a style of completeness adapting it for general purposes.

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People; on the basis of the latest edition of the German Conversations Lexicon. Illustrated by wood engravings and maps. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Parts 115 and 116 of this invaluable work have come to hand. The present numbers contain excellent articles on "Trichina Spiralis," "Trichiniasis," "Turkey—Her Language and Literature," and others; bringing the work down to the word "Union."

THE ROUND TABLE, a first-class literary weekly, made a handsome start during the war, but found it prudent to reef sails and lie-to for a time until the storm subsided. The *Round Table* was subsequently newly manned with a capital crew of well-tried men, and again set sail on a voyage around the world. Regular weekly trips are now made. The craft is well freighted with the staunchest and best materials, and is just such an enterprise as all sensible people, who would keep up with the progress of the age should take stock in. It is one of the best advertising mediums for authors and publishers in America, and should have a place in

every private and public library. Terms of subscription are \$6 a year. Address THE ROUND TABLE, New York.

THE DENTAL COSMOS for April is at hand, and is replete with instructive matter of special interest to the dental profession. We notice in it the publication of an excellent article, from an exchange, on "Temperaments; their Influence upon Mentality and Disease in General," which sets forth the distinctive influences of the different temperaments recognized by Phrenology with considerable accuracy. The "Dental Cosmos" is published by S. S. White, Philadelphia.

New Books.

[Among the late issues of the press not elsewhere noticed in these pages, we may mention the following, all of which may be ordered through us, as in various ways and degrees valuable and interesting.]

RIGSIDE EDITION of the Works of Charles Dickens. Twenty-six volumes. 8vo. Containing all the English and American Illustrations. Price in cloth, per vol., \$2 50; half calf, \$4.

HOUSEHOLD EDITION. Fifty-three Vols. Illustrated. Price per vol., cloth, \$1 25.

HURD & Houghton, Publishers, New York, have recently brought out the following:

LAVATER'S PHYSIOGNOMY, printed in the German Language. 8 vols. Half calf, \$1 50 each.

THE SIGNET OF KING SOLOMON; or, the Freemason's Daughter. By A. C. L. Arnold. New Edition, revised and enlarged. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1 50.

MANUAL OF ELEMENTARY LOGIC. For Teachers and Learners. By Lyman H. Atwater. Cloth, \$1 25.

THE BIBLE-READER'S HELP. From the Religious Tract Society, London. Revised and Enlarged. Cloth, 45 cents.

HAND-BOOK OF MINNESOTA; Describing its Agriculture, Commercial and Manufacturing Resources, etc. By Rufus Blanchard. Paper, 35 cents.

A SEQUEL TO "MINISTERING CHILDREN." By Maria L. Charlesworth. Cloth, \$2 05.

THE REV. MR. SOURBALL'S EUROPEAN TOUR; or, the Recreations of a City Parson. By Horace Cope. Illustrated. Paper, 90 cts.

THE ENGLISH OF SHAKESPEARE; Illustrated in a Philological Commentary on his "Julius Caesar." By G. L. Oalk. Edited from the Third Revised London Edition, by W. J. Rolfe. 12mo, pp. xiv., 386. \$1 75.

MOSEY AND HIS MEN: a Record of the Adventures of John S. Mosby, etc. By J. M. Crawford. Cloth, \$2.

ECCE DEUS. Essays on the Life and Doctrine of Jesus Christ. With Controversial Notes on "Ecce Homo." Cloth, \$1 75.

PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS. By Richard M. Hodges, M.D. Second Edition, thoroughly revised. Half sheep, \$2 25.

IRVING'S SALMAGUNDI. [Putnam's Railway Classics.] Paper, 90 cents.

THE HOPES OF HOPE CASTLE; or, Times of John Knox and Queen Mary Stuart. By Mrs. Martyn. Cloth, \$1 20.

FAMOUS AMERICANS OF RECENT TIMES. By James Parton. Cloth, \$3 35.

THE EXPEDITION OF HUMPHREY CLINKER. By T. Smollett. Sq. 16mo, pp. 387. \$1 50.

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBERT RANDOM. By T. Smollett. With a Memoir. \$1 50.

A MOTHER'S LEGACY. By Mrs. S. A. Sproat. Cloth, 40 cents.

HEAVEN AND ITS WONDERS, AND HELL. From Things Heard and Seen. By Emanuel Swedenborg. Demy 8vo, pp. 453. Cloth, \$2 80. Small edition, \$1 50.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS INTO SEVERAL REMOTE NATIONS OF THE WORLD. By Jonathan Swift. With a Sketch of the Author's Life. Cloth, \$1 50.

THE AMERICAN FRUIT CULTURIST. Containing Practical Directions for the Propagation and Cultivation of Fruit-trees in the Nursery, Orchard, and Garden. With Descriptions of the Principal American and Foreign Varieties Cultivated in the United States. By John J. Thomas. 480 cuts. Cloth, \$3 35.

WELLS' EVERY MAN HIS OWN LAWYER AND FORM BOOK. A Complete Guide in all Matters of Law and Business Negotiations, for every State in the Union. New Edition, revised and enlarged. \$2 25.

GOOD ENGLISH; or, Popular Errors in Language. By Edward S. Gould, Author of "Abridgment of Alison's Europe." 12mo, \$1 75.

To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will try to respond in the "next number." Your "BEST THOUGHTS" solicited.

AN ORDER FOR BOOKS, JOURNALS, etc. must be written on a sheet by itself. Questions for this department—To CORRESPONDENTS—and communications for the Editor, must be written on separate slips.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Owing to the crowded state of our columns generally, and the pressure upon this department in particular, we shall be compelled hereafter to decline all questions relating to subjects not properly coming within the scope of this JOURNAL. Queries relating to PHYSIOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY, PSYCHOLOGY, ETHNOLOGY, and ANTHROPOLOGY, or the general SCIENCE OF MAN, will still be in order, provided they shall be deemed of GENERAL INTEREST. Write your question plainly on a SEPARATE SLIP OF PAPER, and send us only ONE at a time.

PHYSIOGNOMICAL PROPORTION.—The several features are quite distinctive, and seem to depend chiefly upon the percentage for their respective characteristics. For instance, where the parents possess features of very different types, their child will probably exhibit a blending of those features. He may have eyes like the father, a nose like the mother, or the mother's mouth and the father's ears. Nature aims at harmony and proportion, but there are generative laws or derivative influences which are in accordance with nature and our own reasonable deductions. Artists endeavor to present perfect types of human beauty, i. e., what is generally regarded as approximating to perfection by the community in which they move, and with the views of which they naturally sympathize. The old Greek masters admired a low forehead in woman, and so represented their goddesses in the marble and on the canvas. They also admired a nose mathematically straight and nearly on a line with a vertical forehead. Artists to-

day, although cherishing a deserved admiration for classic talent and beauty, seem to regard a high, broad forehead, in woman as well as in man, as an element of physiological beauty. As phrenologists we indorse them in this. Large eyes are certainly more expressive than small ones—and a small mouth more human than a large one. Considering the features as distinctive, we hardly see how, in a head and face well organized, large eyes should be associated with a large mouth, a large nose, or large ears. We would look for harmony among the several features. If the face be large, we should expect a large nose, rather large mouth, eyes, etc. Eyes bear a nearer relation to the upper portion of the head than the lower, and in fact, so far as actual size is concerned, vary less than other features.

INCREASE OF ORGANS.—Does an organ ever increase in size so as to produce a protuberance half the size of a pigeon's egg? or any protuberance? 2. What is the postage on the JOURNAL?

Ans. We don't look for lumps and protuberances, but for fullness and expansion from the center of the brain outward; though sometimes an organ is so much larger than those surrounding it as to produce a positive protuberance. 2. The postage on the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL to any part of the United States is six cents per year, if paid in advance, or half a cent per number. If paid by the single number, the postage is one cent each.

FROST.—Is it true that after a part of the body has been frozen, that it will get cold or freeze sooner than a part that has not? *Ans.* Yes.

PICTURES, IDOLATRY.—Do the Scriptures teach that a person shall not have his likeness taken? If so, what portion does teach us so? I have frequently been told that it would not be in accordance with the Scriptures to have a likeness taken.

Ans. We know of no injunction in the Scriptures against one having his likeness taken. In the Commandments, however, man is forbidden to "make any graven image," etc., to worship it—that is the only shadow of a disuse that we ever heard of in the Bible. If you do not have a likeness taken for the purpose of worshipping it, or keeping it as an object of worship or idolatry by others, you need have no fears in the matter.

TARDY DEVELOPMENT.—I am nearly nineteen years of age. Nine years ago it was nearly impossible to induce me to attend school, or to read a book or paper. If I did read anything I could hardly remember it till the next morning. Now, there is nothing I like better than study and reading, especially history; and whatever I read I remember. What is the cause of this? Has the brain undergone any change? If so, what? I am conscious of no change, except as I look back and compare my disposition then and now.

Ans. Some of the faculties and propensities mature later than others. The love element comes to its strength not before puberty; the reasoning organs seldom act with as much vigor as do the perceptive until twenty or twenty-five years of age. Sometimes the organs of perception and memory are slow to ripen, and are brought into action through the influence of the ripened reasoning organs; the moral sentiments never, or very rarely, reach their summit of vigor and activity before adult age.

BEST MEDICAL TREATMENT.—Inquiries as to the best treatment for specific diseases reach us from subscribers. We should be happy to specify,

were there such a thing known. At one time bleeding was the great specific; later, mercury was largely administered for almost everything; and at present quinine is a fashionable remedy with a class. Consider the different medical schools—not the isolated portable concerns which sell diplomas for so much a copy, but those having colleges where hundreds are graduated every year—whose students are thoroughly instructed in all the branches. Among these, very different modes of practice are pursued. It would not become us to decide for others which is best, though we may state, we agree with those experienced sages who affirm that "the less medicines we take the better." We keep the works of the different schools, which may be found in our "SPECIAL LIST," sent on receipt of stamp.

DRUG MEDICINES.—Why do you generally discountenance drug medicines? Without medicines, how can chronic diseases be cured?

Ans. Drug medicine never cures—it may aid nature, or provoke it to act, but nature works the cure, or it is never obtained. People think salve cures a wound, when it simply serves to keep the wound warm and moist, and excludes the air, while nature does the healing; a cloth or lint, kept wet with water, is found to be just as good as salve. Correct methods of living, of eating, drinking, exercising, sleeping, and sunshine, will cure chronic diseases, if anything will. Drugs have nearly ruined the health of the world, and those who take the least of them are the best off. The best physician Ohio ever had gave nothing but bread pills, with correct hygienic regimen, for thirty years; but the people were angry when they found they had been cured in so simple a manner.

HYDROPHOBIA.—Where does the disease originate? What is the best method of cure? Are all animals liable to be affected by the bite of one which is rabid? What is the "mad stone?"

Ans. The disease is supposed to originate with animals of the dog and cat kind, and is transmitted by means of virus, imparted by the bite, or perhaps by the saliva applied to a fresh wound. The bite may be only an incident to furnish the raw flesh in which inoculation becomes possible. A steam bath is lately reported to be an effectual remedy. All animals are liable to be poisoned by the bite of one that is rabid. The "mad stone" is, in our judgment, a popular delusion—at least as to any effect to cure hydrophobia.

MEMORY.—One remembers the locality of a sentence on the page better than the number of the page, because Locality is more exercised in the matter than Number. Another seldom notices the number of the page, and does not remember it.

THICK SKULLS denote less activity of brain and mind than thin skulls.

ANIMOSITY.—What is an antidote for "sectarian animosity?"

Ans. Charity, which comes of Christian kindness. In other words, cultivated Benevolence.

BASHFULNESS.—We have given the causes and cure of this mental infirmity in the "Annual of Phrenology and Physiognomy for 1867." Price, postpaid, 20 cents. The perusal of this will put you in the way to overcome the weakness, and to prevent "the embarrassment" of which you complain. The remedy is cheap and effective. Try it!

Publishers' Department.

HOW TO ADDRESS THIS OFFICE.—Among the literary curiosities of the day are many important packets lying in the dead-letter office, which failed to reach their intended destinations, owing to their singular addresses. Fortunately for us, being so generally known throughout the country as phrenologists and publishers, however imperfectly our firm name may be written, providing either of these designations be added, post-masters can readily guess if a letter be intended for us, and forward the same. The usual address for many years has been Fowler and Wells, but many transpose this, and write it Wells & Fowler; still others get it mixed as follows: S. R. Fowler and U. L. Wells; Fowler, Wells & Co.; and Wells, Fowler & Co. Of late, the more frequent address is Wells' Phrenological Journal. Office of New Physiognomy. For The Phrenologist on Broadway. Publisher of "Natural Waists or no Wives." "Phrenological Cabinet." "Craniological Museum." When our No., 389 Broadway, is added, all such letters come direct; but when directed to Boston, Philadelphia, or nowhere in particular, there may be, nay, often is, delay. It is not unusual for our letters to cross the ocean, and after reaching the city of York, in Yorkshire, England, London, Mexico, and even China—a year's pilgrimage—to be returned to us. For these delays we get letters of complaint—properly addressed—and hints that there must be a "screw loose" in our machinery. Is it not surprising that we should be supposed to know which of the twenty or thirty Washingtons, Jeffersons, Franklins, or Mount Vernons is meant, or what county and State our correspondent hails from? He is supposed to know where we reside, and why should not we know where he resides? O that everybody would read and learn "How to Write," and how to address those whom they wish to reach.

In future, to secure prompt attention, it may be as well to address all letters relating to this publication, as follows:

S. R. WELLS,
Editor Phrenological Journal,
389 Broadway,
New York.

If for books, or for anything connected with this office, it may be the same. Letters will reach us, finally, if addressed in any of the ways named above. While one or more of the three who formerly composed the firm may be away, in Europe or other where, the editor is expected to be always at home. Hence letters addressed to him will receive immediate attention, and all orders be promptly filled.

OUR NEW TERMS.—We enlarge the JOURNAL, commencing with the July number, by increasing its pages. The new terms have been fixed, as follows: Yearly subscriptions, payable in advance.

Single copies.....\$ 3 00
Clubs of Five..... 12 00
Clubs of Ten..... 24 00
and an extra copy to the getter up of the club of five, on receipt of \$12. No premiums can be allowed at the above prices. See premium list in another place.

Remittances may be made by check, draft, or post-office order, made payable to S. R. WELLS, New York.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—We can furnish all the back numbers of the JOURNAL from January, 1866, to all who wish

them. Subscribers should always specify what number they would like their subscriptions to commence with.

CANADA SUBSCRIBERS will please add twelve cents, the amount of the yearly Canada postage on the JOURNAL, to the subscription price, when remitting.

BACK NUMBERS of the JOURNAL, unbound, can be supplied for the years 1861, 1863, 1866, and up to present date, with the exceptions of the July and December numbers for 1865. Bound volumes of the same may be had, extending from 1849 to 1866. Prices on application. \$3 to subscribers.

EXCHANGES will please note our new terms. Instead of \$2, our terms will be, from present date, \$3 a year. Editors, who may wish to do so, may advertise and club this JOURNAL with their own, at \$2. This proposition will hold good up to December, 1867.

MESSRS. BELDING, KEITH & Co., American bankers in London, have published a pamphlet furnishing the rates at which United States bonds and securities are bought and sold over the sea; and besides the special monetary data therein given, they generously offer to render any assistance in their power that may add to the comfort and happiness of their American countrymen who may call upon them; will afford the conveniences of their reading-room, and receive and forward letters in behalf of those availing themselves of the opportunity presented.

POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN.—It is our intention to reprint this work in handsome book form, with all the notes and illustrations. We may defer it until the autumn. When ready, it will be announced in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

We have received a copy of the "Premium List and Regulations for the Illinois State Fair of 1867." The Fair is open to the world, and competition afforded without reserve. The number of premiums is very large, including all classes and species of manufactures, agricultural products, domestic animals, etc. The locality of the Fair will be Quincy; the opening, September 23.

DER PHRENOLOGISCHE JOURNAL ist eine erste Classe monatliche Schrift, gewidmet zu der Ethnologie, oder Rassenbeschreibung, Physiologie, oder die Naturlehre des menschlichen Körpers, Physiognomy, oder Gesichtskunde, mit "Zeichen des Charakters" und wie sie zu lesen. Nur \$3, das Jahr; oder 30 cents das einzelne Heft. Zu adressiren an S. R. Wells, No. 389 Broadway, New York. Ein gutes Mittel für ausserlesene Annoncen.

PROFESSIONAL CLASS OF 1868.—Next winter we expect to instruct another class in theoretical and practical Phrenology. The gentlemen who graduated last winter are meeting with good success as lecturers and examiners. Some of them had been in the field before as phrenologists or as speakers in other professions. These have enlarged their field of knowledge, and thereby greatly enhanced their power of doing good, and of course improved their ability to secure pecuniary success; but those who went for the first time on the rostrum are doing well, some of them much better than their most sanguine hopes had led them to expect. Our new circular is just out, and ready to be sent to all who wish it. Please inclose a

stamp and ask for circular entitled "Professional Instruction in Practical Phrenology." Address this office.

We have had the pleasure of sending to Miss Eliza Jones, of Pittston, Pa., a blind girl, who has long taken a lively interest in our works, a superior piano-forte valued at \$450, as a premium for subscriptions obtained for the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

MANY INQUIRERS.—The new subscription rate, \$3, will apply only to subscriptions received after June 1st. All who have paid \$2 for their yearly subscription, dating from January last, will receive the JOURNAL regularly as before, until the close of the year.

LE "PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL" et la "Vie Illustrée" est une revue de premier ordre, parvenue à sa 42me année, consacré à la Physionomie, avec les "signes du caractère" l'Ethnologie l'histoire naturelle de l'homme, la Phrénologie et les temperaments, la Physiologie, les lois de la vie et de la santé, la Psychologie, la science de l'âme. Amplement illustré. Mensuel, \$3 par an. Numéros simples 30 cents. Adresse: S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, New York.

Our thanks are tendered to Hon. N. P. Banks and Lieutenant J. L. Andem, of Washington, for valuable public documents.

HON. WILLIAM LAWRENCE, M.C., from Ohio, will please accept our warmest thanks for a copy—complete—of that very valuable work, "The United States Coast Survey."

AN ERROR CORRECTED.—A lady sends us the following, which shows what way she will vote, one of these days:

Mr. Editor.—Imagine my surprise upon opening the March JOURNAL, to behold the portrait of our townsman, Sydenham E. Ancona! But surprise gave way to consternation to find him denominated as the "Republican Representative from the Eighth Congressional District." Poor old Berks County! would that she could have a Republican candidate! But that can not be until this generation are gathered to their fathers. Why, Berks County is that benighted region, of which you may have heard, the inhabitants whereof still vote and cheer for Andrew Jackson! By the way, I was not born in Berks! I thought of writing at once to inform you of the error, but not wishing to be thought presumptuous, concluded not to; but two of my friends were so surprised and indignant that such a mistake should appear in the JOURNAL—forgetting that we all are liable to err—they forthwith declared a lack of confidence in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, and then I determined to write. Know then, all men, that to S. E. Ancona does not belong the honor of belonging to the glorious Republican party. * * * He is now a member of the Fortieth Congress! Excuse me for saying that he is not; he was defeated last autumn by J. Lawrence Getz, who takes his seat as the member from Democratic Berks in the Fortieth Congress. I am most respectfully yours, A. G. J.

We admit and regret our error, and doubt not Mr. Ancona will do the same, when the ladies take him in hand as they have us. Our fair correspondent speaks out with little reserve, and when she takes the field, we advise Messrs. Ancona and Getz to get on the other side of the fence.

TESTIMONIALS.—We have printed a neat three-page circular containing testimonials in favor of Phrenology by learned and eminent men. These may be used by lecturers and others as hand-bills, to great advantage. We can furnish these to lecturers by the thousand, at the cost of paper and printing. Those wishing a copy may send a stamp.

General Items.

GOING TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—We are pleased to hear that many sensible Americans will spend their summer vacations in our own great West, instead of running after the French show. They would learn something of the extent and resources of Uncle Samuel's Farm—something of his big mountains, big lakes, big trees, and big—newly acquired—ice-house. By the way, why not organize a company, charter a steamer, and make a summer excursion to the Big Cool? Parties can be made up in the East, and go overland to California, thence by steamer to the new territory, which, out of respect to Ben. Franklin, who, with his kite, suggested the electrical telegraph, we would venture to name FRANK-LAND.

DR. LEWIS, of Boston, announces the eleventh annual session of his gymnasium, commencing on the first of July. The importance of physical training is being felt by a world of invalids, and those who can should avail themselves of this excellent means by which to better their constitutions.

CRINOLINE CONTRACTING.—It is a relief to note the change, for the better, in the fashions, reducing the long-worn wiry expanse. Women will wear hoops. They insist on the convenience, gracefulness, and healthfulness of the airy cage. Its use enables them to walk more freely; and when reduced to proper limits we shall let them pass.

TEA AND COFFEE.—These are simply "luxuries," not necessities, and are indulged in very extensively—probably, in many instances, in such excess as to cause nervous headaches, mental irritability, sleeplessness, and probably in some degree to warp the mind, if not to increase a tendency to insanity. We say its excessive use may produce these results. We have never, in any instance, recommended the use of these substances, and we sincerely believe the less used the better. But who will heed our opinion when all the world are against us? Seeing these things advertised in the JOURNAL, have led some to suppose that we approve them. People with common sense must judge for themselves what they will eat and drink. If we advertise pork, cod-liver oil, or quinine, it does not follow that we approve their use, or that we use them at all. If tea and coffee be used as we use them, no serious harm can come of them.

SEARCHING YOUR BAGGAGE.—We think Napoleon has made a great mistake by refusing to permit a visitor whom he has invited from other countries to attend his show, to enter his territory without the humiliation of having his baggage overhauled by police, as though such visitor were a thief or a smuggler. When he said to all the world, "Come to Paris, and bring your friends," it would naturally be supposed that he would be glad to welcome them with something more cordial than with a body of "baggage searchers." But so it is, every American, every Englishman, and everybody else who visits and departs from France, must submit to the humiliating, degrading, degrading search. Ladies will be stripped and their under clothing examined to see if they have lace, jewelry, and so forth, concealed—which proceeding will leave anything but an agreeable impression on the minds of Napoleon's guests. When will this nuisance be abated?

THE END OF A GOURMAND.—

A celebrated character has disappeared from the Palais Royal, Paris. René Lartigue was a Swiss, and a man of about sixty. He spent the third of his life at dinner. Every morning at ten o'clock he was to be seen going into a restaurant, and in a few moments was installed in a corner, which he only quitted about three in the afternoon, after having drunk six or seven bottles of different kinds of wine. He then walked up and down the garden till the clock struck five, when he made his appearance again at the same restaurant, and always at the same place. His second meal, at which he drank quite as much as at the first, invariably lasted till half-past nine. Therefore he devoted nine hours a day to eating and drinking.

[What a task the poor fellow performed! and what a useless life he led! What of his future? let us leave that to his Maker. But we may consider the worthless life he led, and hold him up as an example to be shunned.]

[ENTER RICH HEIRESS.]—

"Good-morning, aunt, how does thee do?" "Very well, I thank thee. And how does thee do?" "Very well. Does thee see my new diamond ear-rings?" "Ah! are they real diamonds?" "Yes; they cost three thousand dollars. My lover gave them to me. How does thee like them?" "Well, I must bear my testimony according to my convictions, and I must say that I would rather know that they were clean linen, than to see thee with those diamonds in thy ears!" Curtain falls.—*New Bedford Standard.*

["Clean linen" indicates character—a clear conscience, for example. Diamonds are as often worn by rogues, jockeys, gamblers, etc., as by honest persons.]

PURE MAPLE SUGAR.—

Al-though our lot is cast far from the "sabbath," in the noisy, bustling, enterprising, wicked city, where "head work" absorbs us, our friends do not forget that we, like other children, have a "sweet tooth." Messrs. N. C. MEKKER, of New York, and PAUL C. HOWE, of Plattsburg, kindly favored us with choice packages of maple sugar from Cortland and Steuben counties, in Western New York. To these gentlemen we return the thanks of all our happy circle who partook of the same; and O what a smacking of lips there was when the rich, luscious saccharine dissolved under their tongues! The following note accompanied one of the packages:

S. R. WELLS: *Dear Friend*—When Montaigne entitled one of his essays, "We Taste Nothing Pure," he had not eaten any maple sugar from Cortland County.

Long ago I used to think that nothing would be finer than for a paper to print standard English poetry. Your beautiful production of the *ES-SAY ON MAN* carries out my idea. After all said and written, there is no poetry in our tongue equal to Pope's. Ever thine, N. C. M.

[We are now getting our mouths ready for "strawberries and cream," and shall save a little maple sugar to sweeten them. Won't that be nice? Why don't folks plant more sugar-maple trees and strawberry vines, so that everybody could have enough?]

CHECK YOUR BAGGAGE.—

In England, no checks are used; trunks, carpet bags, pelisses, bandboxes, and bundles are piled on top of railway trains, and the whole covered over with heavy canvas. When the train arrives at a station, each one is expected to point out his own baggage. If he fails, he has no means of tracing it. Americans are more inventive, and have used checks for years. But we now have something new in this line, recently patented by Mr. G. F. THOMAS, editor of Appleton's Railway Guide, which is the most safe and satisfactory of anything of the kind introduced. It must be adopted at once by railway

companies who keep the comfort and convenience of passengers in view. Mr. Thomas will send descriptive circulars to those who apply.

A NEW BROOM SWEEPS

CLEAN.—All women who sweep—not with costly dresses—give thanks for a boon in the shape of a new broom, recently invented by Mr. Silver, and now being introduced by Messrs. C. A. CLEGG & Co., of 206 Broadway, N. Y. We have seen it, tried it, and like it. All who are interested—all the women of course—should induce their other selves to get one of these new brooms at once. It will do no harm to get half a dozen to give away. What more appropriate present from a young man to a young lady? We know two or three among the phrenological fraternity who have tried them, who now refuse to use any other kind. See advertisement, and send for a circular.

THE NEW YORK MEDICAL

COLLEGE FOR WOMEN was chartered April 14, 1863. The following compose the present Board of Trustees:

President, Mrs. Wm. H. Greenough; Vice-President, Mrs. Edward Bayard; Treasurer, Mrs. Elvina A. Land; Secretary, Mrs. C. F. Wells. Mrs. R. B. Connolly; Mrs. V. C. King; Mrs. L. M. Ward, M.D.; Mrs. E. C. Stanton; Mrs. D. E. Sackett; Mrs. R. T. Holmes; Miss M. B. Devey; Mrs. M. E. Winchester; Mrs. S. L. Porter; Mrs. J. W. White; Mrs. H. G. Blinn.

FACULTY.—Hon. J. V. C. Smith, M.D., Lecturer on Anatomy; J. R. Andrews, M.D., Prof. of Principles and Practice of Surgery; F. L. H. Willis, M.D., Prof. of Materia Medica; S. L. Kilbourn, M.D., Prof. of Physiology; E. P. Fowler, M.D., Prof. of Theory and Practice of Medicine; Anna Inman, M.D., Prof. of Obstetrics; Chas. S. Stone, Prof. of Chemistry; Mrs. C. S. Lozier, M.D., Prof. of Diseases of Women and Children, and Dean.

There were graduated at the recent commencement a number of ladies, who will enter at once into general practice.

It is said there are now some three hundred lady physicians in the United States in full practice, the proceeds of which are from \$2,000 to \$15,000 a year each. One young lady, near New York, has a practice amounting to upward of \$10,000 a year! Her medical education cost not far from \$300, besides her time.

We can name no other calling at present which promises better remuneration than this; nor one in which an uncumbered lady can be more usefully employed. Of course, some men will "pooh, pooh," and charge the ladies with unsexing themselves, becoming "strong-minded," etc.; but what of that? Are not all new movements opposed? Is not Phrenology opposed? Is not Temperance opposed? Has not the Christian religion been opposed from the start? We must expect opposition, even martyrdom, for all brave pioneers. But truth and right will eventually triumph. Our accountability is to God rather than to Mrs. Grundy, or "what will people say." So, who's afraid? The managers of this College want money in order to increase its facilities and its usefulness. Here is their Appeal:

TO ALL WOMEN TO WHOM THIS MAY COME.—GREETING—Ladies: We, the Board of Trustees of the "N. Y. Medical College for Women and Hospital for Women and Children," do most earnestly and hopefully appeal to you for aid.

Our Fourth Collegiate Year terminated with Commencement, March 1st, and our College walls are yet unbuild, having petitioned moneyed and influential men in

vain; sure of success, we turn to you. Build for yourselves and sisters a metropolitan monument, of which the entire nation shall be justly proud.

Our Appeal is to all. Follow your first, your best impulse, and send us a Donation, individually or collectively, as may best suit your pleasure or convenience, of \$1 or more each, and the work is done. [Larger sums, \$5, \$10, or \$50, not declined.]

We are not unmindful of the generous sympathy and aid of noble-hearted men; and we shall not refuse their donations when proffered; besides, a Hospital Fund will always be needed, to relieve and aid suffering, helpless women and children.

Gratefully acknowledging the guidance and care of our heavenly Father in the past, with trustful hope for the future, we doubt not that your aid as well as sympathies and prayers will be ours.

Will Editors and Clergymen's wives please aid? Direct to Mrs. C. F. WELLS, Secretary, care of Fowler & Wells, N. Y. City, or to either of the Trustees.

[It may be proper to add, that young ladies with limited means, desirous of fitting themselves for practice, may attend the College on easy terms, by making arrangements with the Trustees. Those who favor this enterprise may form associations in towns and neighborhoods, select their candidate, raise the means to defray expenses, and send the lady student of their choice to the College, who, when graduated, may settle and practice at home. This is one way to secure the services of a lady physician, and help forward the cause.]

A BULLET IN THE BRAIN.—

About nine months since, a boy residing near Buffalo, N. Y., while amusing himself with a pistol, accidentally discharged it, and the ball entered his brain. The boy came to his senses after a while, and is still alive, though all attempts to extract the ball have been unsuccessful, and would probably result in death. He can not speak, and the ability to read is gone, but the accident resulted in increasing the power of the organ of Calculation, and he now figures up with marvelous celerity very abstruse sums. The above is vouched for.—*Exchange.*

[This is interesting if it be a fact, but it is altogether too vague to prove anything. Name, date, and place should have been stated, to make it satisfactory.]

BARNUM'S PHRENOLOGIST.—

When we named that degenerate specimen of humanity, Barnum's Prof. Livingston, under the head of Drunken Phrenologists, in the April number, we could not predict how soon he would come to grief, although it was evident that his career would not be a long one, judging from the life he led. It is not many weeks since his low conduct disgusted even the virtuous Museum man—the would-be M.C.—who turned him into the streets. The police report in the *New York Tribune* of the 19th April finishes the story of Barnum's bad phrenologist.

HOMICIDE IN THE SEVENTH WARD.—IN-QUEST BY CORONER WILDEY.—Shortly before one o'clock yesterday morning a row occurred in the "Library" (drinking) saloon, No. 17 Jefferson Street, kept by Marcus H. Tallman, between John R. Livingston, residing at No. 31 New Canal Street, and Vincent Cody of No. 393 Cherry Street, and Edward Allen of No. 201 East Twelfth Street. During the fracas, Cody shot Livingston in the head with a pistol, causing a wound that terminated fatally in a few moments. Cody and Allen left the saloon immediately after the occurrence, but were met soon after in Madison Street, near Jefferson, in company with a number of those who had witnessed the affray, by roundsman Whitcomb, and were by that officer taken to the station-house to await the action of the coroner. In the mean time, Police surgeon Bliven had been notified to visit the wounded man, and was soon in attendance, but before his arrival life was extinct. The body was then conveyed to the station-house.

Coroner Wildey was notified, and at eleven o'clock proceeded to the station-

house and held an inquest on the body. A number of witnesses were examined. From their testimony it appears that there were present in the back room of the saloon, just previous to the disturbance, a number of persons, most of whom were partially intoxicated. After the party had taken several drinks, one of the number proposed that they should throw dice. To this Livingston first objected, but finally consented. After a time Cody accused Livingston of fudging the dice. This the latter denied, and with oaths called the party liars and loafers. [This was like Satan rebuking sin.] He then turned to go out into the front room, when he was knocked down by Allen. Cody and Allen then attacked him, and kicked and beat him about the face and head. Livingston attempted to escape them by getting under the counter, but was dragged out, and the attack continued by Cody and Allen. The proprietor of the saloon attempted to stop the row and release Livingston from his assailants. Some of the bystanders called to Allen and Cody to be careful or Livingston would shoot. Cody said: "He'll shoot, will he?" and producing a pistol fired at Livingston. The shot took effect in the forehead, and the wounded man at once fell back and expired in a few minutes. Tallman attempted to detain the assailants, but they shook him off and left the store. [Grocery.] It was claimed by one or two of the witnesses that the pistol used by Cody was taken by him from the deceased. Sergeant Babcock, on examining the body soon after it was conveyed to the station-house, found in one of the coat pockets a pistol holster and a pawn ticket for a pistol, which had been pledged on the 2d inst. Cody and Allen, soon after the occurrence, entered the Seventh Precinct station-house and surrounded themselves. Deputy Coroner Wooster Beach, M.D., made a post-mortem examination of the body, and found that the ball had penetrated the left temple and passed into the brain, causing death. The jury, after a short deliberation, rendered a verdict in accordance with the evidence, Cody being returned as the principal in the affray, and Allen as an accessory before the fact. On the rendition of this verdict, the coroner committed the prisoners to the Tombs without bail, to await the action of the Grand Jury.

Cody is a native of Ireland, aged twenty-nine years. He has long been known to the police as a rough character, and a bully at elections, and has, on several occasions, been arrested for being engaged in pugilistic encounters at primary meetings and elsewhere. On being questioned as to his guilt, he made the following statement: "Deceased pulled a pistol from his pocket, and while I was trying to get it away from him, it snapped in my hand and went off and shot him." The prisoner exhibited a mark on his hand which he said had been made by the hammer of the pistol. Allen is aged twenty years, a native of Ireland, and by occupation a boatman. Like his companion, Cody, he is known as a rough and fighter. He made the following statement: "I am not guilty of the charge. The deceased cocked the pistol at me, and Cody attempted to get it from him, when it went off."

The deceased was a native of the western part of this State, and aged about thirty-three years. [He had been attached to Barnum's Museum for several years, and was known to be not only a drunkard, but something worse. Let other self-styled professors take warning.]

ECONOMY OF CIGAR ENDS.—

Two years ago a society was established in Hamburg, the members of which agreed to preserve all the points of their cigars, instead of biting them off and throwing them away. These ends are collected, and then sold in large quantities, either for the manufacture of snuff or for smoking in pipes. The sum thus raised is applied to the maintenance and education of orphans, and some idea of the extent of the society, and the intensity of its affection for the weed, may be gained from the fact that the cigar ends of two years' saving have brought in a sufficient sum for the maintenance of twenty-two children.—*The papers.*

[Beautiful. Now if the Hamburgers will save all the money they foolishly spend on tobacco and lager beer, they will have enough to educate all the children of that wicked city. Our remarks are equally applicable to the Manhattaners.]

AN ESSAY ON MAN.

IN FOUR EPISTLES TO ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE. BY ALEXANDER POPE. WITH NOTES, AND FIFTEEN ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

[CONCLUDED.]

WHERE grows? where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere:
'Tis never to be sought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.
I. Ask of the learn'd the way! The learn'd are blind:
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these.
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain:
Some, swell'd to gods, confess e'en virtue vain;
Or indolent to each extreme they fall,
To trust in everything, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness?*

II. Take nature's path, and mad opinions leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive:
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And, mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense, and common ease.

Remember, man, the "Universal Cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws;"
And makes what happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit rests self-satisfied.
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend.
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share, and who would more obtain,
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.

Order is Heaven's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness;
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defense, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heaven breathes through every member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But fortune's gifts, if each alike possess,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
While those are placed in hope, and these in fear;

* Physical enjoyment results from the normal exercise of all the faculties and organs of body and brain; but real happiness is only found in the subordination of all the passions and selfish propensities to the moral sentiments, or the spiritual part of man. Happiness results from perfect trust in and submission to God, and from that serene meekness, repose, and obedience which says, "Thy will be done."

Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better or of worse.*
Oh, sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains piled on mountains, to the skies?
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

III. Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.
But health consists with temperance alone;
And peace, O virtue, peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right?
Of vice or virtue, whether bless'd or curs'd,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all the advantage prosperous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains;
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

Oh, blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!

Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be bless'd,
But fools the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust!
See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more though Heaven ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
Why, full of days and honors, lives the sire?
Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When nature sickened, and each gale was death?
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me?

What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates nature, and here wanders will.

God sends not ill, if rightly understood,
Or partial ill is universal good,
Or change admits, or nature lets it fall,
Short, and but rare, till man improved it all.
We just as wisely might of Heaven complain,
That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
When the lewd father gave the dire disease.
Think we, like some weak prince, the Eternal Cause
Prone for his favorites to reverse his laws!

IV. Shall burning *Ætna*, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or sea new motions be impress'd,
Oh, blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?

V. But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have?
A kingdom of the just then let it be:
But first consider how those just agree.
The good must merit God's peculiar care!
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?

* Those with lucrative offices, or with great riches, fear they may lose them, while those without either office or fortune hope to obtain them; and this reminds us of a question, debated by young men, as follows: Which is most enjoyed—anticipation, or realization?

One thinks on Calvin Heaven's own spirit fell;
 Another deems him instrument of hell:
 If Calvin feel Heaven's blessing, or its rod,
 This cries, there is, and that, there is no God.
 What shocks one part, will edify the rest,
 Nor with one system can they all be bless'd.*
 The very best will variously incline,
 And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
 WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true,
 Was made for Cæsar, but for Titus too;
 And which more bless'd? who chain'd his country, say,
 Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?

VI. "But sometimes virtue starves while vice is fed."
 What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?
 That, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
 The knave deserves it when he tills the soil;
 The knave deserves it when he tempts the main,
 Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
 The good man may be weak, be indolent;
 Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
 But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
 "No—shall the good want health, the good want power?"
 Add health and power and every earthly thing—
 "Why bounded power? why private? why no king?
 Nay, why external for internal given?
 Why is not man a god, and earth a heaven?"
 Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
 God gives enough while he has more to give;
 Immense the power, immense were the demand;
 Say, at what part of nature will they stand?
 What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
 Is virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
 Then give humility a coach and six,
 Justice a conqueror's sword, or truth a gown,
 Or public spirit its great cure—a crown.
 Weak, foolish man! will Heaven reward us there,
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
 The boy and man an individual makes,
 Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
 Go, like the Indian, in another life,
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife,
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
 As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
 Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing;

* When it is known and realized that no two persons are organized precisely alike—that we differ in size, shape, height, breadth, quality, capacity, and complexion, the reason why we do not agree in belief, in tastes, in accountability, and in religious opinions becomes at once apparent. It must be clear to all, that though we may resemble each other very closely in general appearance, yet a marked difference between us exists, and a knowledge of Phrenology and Physiognomy makes those differences most palpable. Then, how can it be expected that we who differ in degree of knowledge, in powers of comprehension, in modes of education and development, shall be perfectly agreed with regard to religious opinions? One is born and educated in a Roman Catholic country, another in a Protestant country, another among the heathen—one among Christians, and another among Jews; and is it not natural to infer that each will accept and act according to the teachings of their kin and country? May not the differences of opinion in regard to religious matters be accounted for on these grounds? Do not "birds of a feather flock together?" Why is one a Roman Catholic, and another a Protestant? Why one Presbyterian, and another Baptist? Why one Episcopalian, and another Methodist? Why one Unitarian, and another Universalist? Is the God of the Calvinist a God of rigid justice and severe punishment? [Conscientiousness and Destructiveness] and is Benevolence or unbounded mercy the chief attribute in the God of the Universalist? Is blind belief more common to the Catholic than to the Protestant? Does the Episcopalian manifest more taste and refinement, more Ideality and Sublimity in his church edifices, in his music, in his decorations, in his personal dress, equipage, and surroundings than the plain Methodist? Who is it builds the finest churches, and enriches them with painted windows, etc.? How is it with the Swedenborgians? Have they more of the spiritual element in their phrenological composition?

If we admit an organic difference in the nature of different persons; if each looks at subjects through colored glasses—faculties—peculiar to himself; and if each is sincere, let us at least be tolerant, and not persecute each other on account of honest differences. It is not probable that all the world will come to be perfectly agreed on all points; but it is probable that we may be agreed on general principles. All will agree that each is accountable for the right use of every power of body and mind with which he has been blessed, and that he is to cultivate among other virtues, "the great commandment in the law:—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."—*Mat. xxii. 37.*

How oft by these at sixty are undone
 The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
 To whom can riches give repute or trust,
 Content or pleasure, but the good and just?
 Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
 Esteem and love were never to be sold.
 Oh, fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
 The lover and the love of human-kind,
 Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.
 Honor and shame from no condition rise;
 Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
 Fortune in men has some small difference made,
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;



The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
 "What differ more," you cry, "than crown and cowl?"
 I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk;
 Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
 The rest is all but leather or prunello.
 Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,
 That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings.
 Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
 In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
 But by your fathers' worth, if yours you rate,
 Count me those only who were good and great.
 Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
 Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
 Go! and pretend your family is young;
 Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
 What can ennoble sold, or slaves, or cowards?
 Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.*
 Look next on greatness: say where greatness lies:
 "Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"

* In some countries men are estimated by their ancestry. In republican America the question is not, "Who was your grandfather or grandmother?" but "What have you done? Have you achieved by your own studies, investigations, or labors success?" If so, you will be appreciated accordingly; but that which your forefathers may have achieved counts nothing to you. Here, men are judged by their merits; there, by their lineage.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
 Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

This is eminently democratic in its true sense, as may be seen by the elevation of men of humble sphere to posts of the highest honor and responsibility, who are supposed to be intellectually and morally competent to fill those high positions. In America, every mother is supposed to teach her son that any of the offices in the gift of the people, from corporal to commander, or from path-master to President, are rightfully within the possibility of his reach.

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
 From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
 The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find,
 Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
 Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
 Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
 No less alike the politic and wise;
 All sly slow things with circumspective eyes;
 Men in their loose ungarded hours they take,
 Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
 But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
 'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great;
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
 Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
 Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

What's fame? a fancied life in other's breath,
 A thing beyond us, e'en before our death.
 Just what you hear you have; and what's unknown,
 The same (my lord) if Tully's, or your own.
 All that we feel of it begins and ends
 In the small circle of our foes or friends;
 To all beside as much an empty shade
 A Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
 Alike or when or where they shone or shine,
 Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
 A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod:
 An honest man's the noblest work of God.
 Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
 As justice tears his body from the grave;
 When what to oblivion better were resign'd,
 Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
 All fame is foreign but of true desert,
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
 One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
 Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
 And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
 Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies?
 Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
 'Tis but to know how little can be known,
 To see all others' faults, and feel our own;
 Condemned in business or in arts to drudge,
 Without a second, or without a judge:
 Truth would you teach, or save a sinking land?
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
 Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
 Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account:
 Make fair deductions; see to what they mount:
 How much of other each is sure to cost;
 How each for other oft is wholly lost;
 How inconsistent greater goods with these:
 How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease:
 Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
 Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall?
 To sigh for ribbons if thou art so silly,
 Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
 Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
 Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
 If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
 Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
 See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame!
 If all, united, thy ambition call,
 From ancient story, learn to scorn them all.
 There, in the rich, the honor'd, famed, and great,
 See the false scale of happiness complete!

In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
 How happy! those to ruin, these betray.



Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
 From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
 In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all that raised the hero sunk the man:
 Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
 But stain'd with blood, or ill exchange'd for gold:
 Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
 Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
 O wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame!
 What greater bliss attends their close of life?
 Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
 The trophied arches, storied halls invade,
 And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
 Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
 Compute the morn and evening to the day;
 The whole amount of that enormous fame,
 A tale that blends their glory with their shame!
 Know then this truth, (enough for man to know,)
 "Virtue alone is happiness below."
 The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
 Where only merit constant pay receives,
 Is bless'd in what it takes, and what it gives;
 The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
 And if it lose, attended with no pain:
 Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
 And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
 The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears:
 Good, from each object, from each place acquired,
 For ever exercised, yet never tired;
 Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;
 Never dejected, while another's bless'd:
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
 Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow!
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know;
 Yet poor with fortune and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss, the good untaught will find;
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks through nature up to nature's God;*

* Sects are simply organized societies, regulated, though not necessarily governed, in the strictest sense of this term, by by-laws—in other words, creeds. There can be no objection to this, save when pushed to extremes, and when liberty of faith is de-

Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns from the union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end in love of God and love of man.

For him alone hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;
Till lengthened on to faith, and unconfined,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees why nature plants in man alone,
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown;
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find.)
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be bless'd
And strongest motive to assist the rest.
Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbor's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part;
Grasp the whole world of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence;
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The center moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will embrace;
His country next, and next all human race:
Wide and more wide, the o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in, of every kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty bless'd,
And Heaven beholds its image in its breast.*

Come, then, my friend! my genius! come along;
O master of the poet and the song!
And while the muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer,
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
O! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That, urged by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For wit's false mirror held up nature's light,
Show'd erring pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;

nied to its members. We have by-laws in business corporations, and why not have man-made creeds or by-laws equally binding in religious organizations?

Men are not so likely to look "through nature up to nature's God" who have only a "private road." Kindness, sense of justice, social feeling, mutual sympathy, and devotion are awakened by assembling in congregations. We should probably grant all the poet claims in this relation to the matter of looking through nature, but we should supplement to this that higher sentiment which we denominate the Spiritual, which is above the reach of reason and the senses.

* Narrow-minded and bigoted persons indulge a foolish prejudice against those not of their own country, not on their own plane, not of their own color; but the Almighty will judge all charitably—of whatever nation, race, or color—and impartially.

That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
That true self-love and social are the same;
That virtue only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.*



* SELF-KNOWLEDGE.—A distinguished American statesman remarked: "When a man properly understands himself, mentally and physically, his road to happiness is smooth, and society has a strong guarantee for his good conduct and usefulness."

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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there; To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—Young.

HON. SALMON P. CHASE, CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.

It has been said that Americans are long, lank, sallow, and skinny; that they lack stamina; but we present as a refutation of that transatlantic idea, the person of Hon. Salmon P. Chase, the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, whose portrait we present.

In addition to a splendid frame, we find a fully expanded chest, a large heart, ample lungs and stomach, and a brain almost ponderous in bulk, but fine in quality and full of electricity. And what is quite as important, it is symmetrically developed, plump and full in all its parts. There are no hills, hollows, mountains, or valleys, but a grand whole. There are no crevices to be filled up; nor is there whereof to spare—all is in place, and harmonious.

And yet, we would not put such a man at the head of a regiment to lead them on to battle. We would not send him out on an exploring



PORTRAIT OF HON. SALMON P. CHASE.

expedition; but we would put him in a responsible place, where judgment, integrity, dignity, and prudence were required. We would make him a spokesman in the councils—an adviser.

What of his phrenology? Intellectually he is great—great in observation and in reflection.

He would be both philosophical and practical. Nor is he wanting in the ideal, in moral sentiment, in social feeling, or in executive ability. It would be entirely safe to trust him with any responsibility. He will be true to his judgment and true to his integrity. His justice will be

tempered with mercy. There is no malice, vindictiveness, or revenge in his nature. To do right, to do good, to lift the world up and set it forward would be in keeping with his desires. There is strong sympathy combined with practical judgment, devotional feeling guided by reason, while Hope and Faith will be sufficient to buoy him up and sustain him in times of trial or adversity. There is good mechanical if not inventive ability here; so of economy, appreciation of property; so of appetite and love for the good things of life. In short, he is a complete manly man.

If Mr. Chase be no musician, it is simply because those faculties may not have been called out; if not an artist, it is for the same reason. But he has all the organs which go to make up a well-formed human being in accordance with the design of his Creator.

But what are his faults? Simply these. He is more kindly, amiable, and obliging than steadfast, distant, or willful. Were there more Self-Esteem and Firmness, he would probably be a stronger character, would be more absolute, authoritative, and commanding. He is more like Franklin than like Jackson; more like a philosopher than like a ruler. But he has sufficient love of liberty to defend it at any cost, though his nature is to conciliate, to oblige, if not to yield. That he appreciates the good opinion of others is also true; but that he would sacrifice principle to secure it, would not be in accordance with his make-up. Taken all in all, there is far less to criticize than to approve; much more to admire than to deprecate.

BIOGRAPHY.

Our biographical sketch, though brief, presents with distinctness the leading facts and features of a character and a career that has, under the pressure of the times, become as clearly and conspicuously a portion of the history and the glory of the United States, as the impress of the die upon the gold is a portion of our coin. The subject of this sketch is yet in the prime of life, a model of manly size and physical proportion, fresh with the juices of health, and warm with the blood of the kindest humanity. This country expects much of him yet; and here upon this page, and in few words, we desire to express our belief, that his country will not be disappointed.

Salmon Portland Chase was born in the town of Cornish, New Hampshire, on the 13th of January, 1808. At the age of seven years, on the removal of his father to Keene, he was taken to that town and placed at school. At the age of twelve, his father having in the mean time died, he sought the home of his uncle, Philander Chase, then Bishop of Ohio, at Worthington, in that State, and under that excellent and active man pursued his studies for some time. Bishop Chase, having been elected to the Presidency of Cincinnati College, removed to that city for the purpose of entering upon the discharge of the responsible duties thus devolved upon him, taking his

nephew with him. Salmon entered the college forthwith, and was soon raised to the Sophomore class. He continued at Cincinnati only about a year, when he returned to the home of his mother in New Hampshire, and in 1824 entered the Junior class of Dartmouth College, where he was graduated two years after.

These several changes were not the most favorable to Mr. Chase's education, but he improved his opportunities well, and graduated with honor. The world was now before him where to choose, and he was to be the artificer of his own fortunes. The winter succeeding, he went to Washington city, and, receiving good encouragement, opened a classical school for boys. This school was prosperous, and he continued it for about three years, pursuing, at the same time, a thorough study of the law, under the direction of the distinguished William Wirt. Having been admitted to the bar of the District of Columbia, and closed his school in 1829, he removed to Cincinnati in the spring of 1830, and took up his permanent residence in that city—engaging in the practice of his profession.

Working in that probation through which many sleep, Mr. Chase soon made himself known as an earnest thinker, a good writer, and a forcible speaker. He was an accepted contributor to the pages of the *North American Review*, an occasional writer for the *Western Monthly Magazine*, and a favorite member of the intellectual associations and social circles of the city. Among his contributions to the former periodical, which was at the time regarded as the model American work in its department, an elaborate article on "Brougham," and a dissertation on "Machinery," are remembered as having been received by the newspaper press and the literary public with great favor. At this time he prepared an edition of the "Statutes of Ohio," with copious annotations and a preliminary sketch of the history of the State, in three large octavo volumes. The manner in which this work was performed gave him an immediate reputation among the members of the bar, and secured him almost at once a most desirable position in the active commercial community by which he was surrounded. A valuable practice soon sought him out; in 1834 he became solicitor of the Bank of the United States in Cincinnati, and not long after that assumed a like position in one of the city banks.

The first important case that brought him distinctly and prominently before the public, outside of commercial practice, occurred in the year 1837. This was the "fugitive slave case," in which Mr. Chase acted as counsel for a colored woman, claimed under the law of 1793. The same year, in an argument before the Supreme Court of Ohio, in defense of James G. Birney, prosecuted under a State law for harboring a negro slave, Mr. Chase so acquitted himself as to add materially to his already honorable reputation, and inspire general confidence in his learning, skill, readiness, and power as a jurist. His status at the bar was

now an undoubted one. He took rank with the oldest and ablest of practitioners. But the very zeal with which he entered into the cases referred to, and others of a kindred nature—the thoroughness of his preparation, and the ability of his argument—while they fixed his reputation as a lawyer, and rapidly increased the business committed to his charge, at the same time tended to draw him aside from the legitimate and most successful practice of his profession, and start him in a new and untried career.

The extension of the anti-slavery sentiment, and his prominent connection with a class of cases so nearly allied to it, together with the fact that this sentiment was fast receiving vitality in organized forms, gradually drew him into politics. Previous to the year 1841, he had never taken anything like a prominent part in political movements. During this year, his anti-slavery sentiments having been strengthened by observation and reflection, and it appearing certain to him that legitimate aims, which he regarded as of paramount importance, could hope to be attained only through the instrumentality of party organization, he united in a call for the State Liberty Convention of Ohio, and subsequently for the National Liberty Convention of 1843, in the proceedings of both of which he took a part whose prominence was surpassed by that of no man.

Mr. Chase's political career was now fully commenced, and continued with activity and ability. He was chosen a Senator of the United States from Ohio in the year 1849, and served his full term with much distinction. In 1855 he was elected Governor of Ohio, and in 1857 re-elected—administering affairs with great ability and prudence, and by his wisdom and devotion to the interests of the State, commanding respect at home and abroad. In the beginning of 1860 he was again elected to the Senate of the United States.

Throughout the Senatorial service which he had already rendered, the most abundant evidence was afforded of his attachment to the great and free Northwest, whose interests he watched over with the most zealous care. No narrow feelings of sectionalism, however, controlled his actions; and when his responsibilities as Senator were about to be renewed, his vision, which was keen and steady, took a broad national sweep.

Mr. Chase took his seat for the second time, as Senator from Ohio, on the 4th of March, 1861. Two days thereafter, however, yielding to a very general and urgent demand, made by both personal and political friends, and by some who had not till then been either, he resigned that exalted position for the purpose of accepting the laborious and hazardous one of Secretary of the Treasury, to which he had been invited by Mr. Lincoln. His brilliant career in this department, the nerve he displayed, the breadth of intellect he manifested, the ardor of his patriotism, and the wonders wrought by his financial wisdom and skill throughout the first three years of

the rebellion, are so recent and so well remembered, and live so freshly in the hearts of his grateful countrymen, as to render unnecessary anything more than this simple reference. His enduring monument is built of his measures; his best eulogy is written in his acts. He vindicated the wisdom of the President's choice; he both justified and rewarded the confidence of the people.

Much as had been done, the times were still perilous; and when, through death, the highest judicial seat of the nation, if not of the world, became vacant, the same patriotism, the same judgment, the same voice that had in 1861 given into his keeping the seals of the Treasury, in 1864, with confidence strengthened, not diminished, called him to fill that vacant chair. Commissioned by Mr. Lincoln as Chief Justice of the United States on the 6th of December, Mr. Chase was at once confirmed by the Senate, and took his seat upon the bench on the 13th, "having previously," as the records state, "on the same day, taken the oath of allegiance, in the room of the judges, and the oath of office in open court, at his place upon the bench, in the presence of a large number of ladies and gentlemen, who had assembled to witness a ceremony which, in this nation, had taken place but once in sixty-three years preceding."

The visit made by Mr. Chase to the South, after he was commissioned Chief Justice—his tour down the Atlantic coast and up the Mississippi River, undertaken for the purpose of witnessing for himself the condition of the people, and of conversing unreservedly with such, white or colored, as might choose to avail themselves of the knowledge of his presence—the accounts he sent back in his correspondence with the President and others, and the measures he suggested as necessary and expedient for purposes of peace and reconstruction, of order and justice, are strongly calculated to remind one of the fact, that Chief Justice Jay, in the spring of 1794, went out to England as envoy extraordinary, and in the autumn of that year (November 19th) concluded the celebrated treaty which bears his name, while yet Chief Justice of the United States: and of the further fact, that Chief Justice Marshall, though nominated, confirmed, and commissioned as such in 1801, and although he presided on the bench of the Supreme Court during the February term of that year, yet continued to act as Secretary of State till the 3d of March following.

Another parallel may be worth running here, and it is a striking one. In the dignified eulogium so handsomely pronounced by the Senior Associate of the Court, on the occasion of officially announcing to that body the decease of Chief Justice Taney, Mr. Justice Wayne said:

"As his predecessor, our great Marshall, had been, he was made Chief Justice, having but recently held high political office. Both were leaders in support of the policy of the Administration of which they had been Cabinet officers. Each had to meet opposition of talent

and eloquence—Marshall, from those who had the impress of services in our long Revolutionary struggle with England for national independence, and for their conspicuous agency in the formation of the Constitution of the United States; his successor, the opposition of men of talent and virtue who had, as legislators and in arms, carried the nation through a successful war with the same power in support of its commercial interests and its rights of navigation."

And his successor (completing the parallel), the opposition of the men of "talent and eloquence" who plunged our nation into its third and bloodiest war, combined with "the opposition of men of talent and virtue" who have not scrupled to aid, countenance, and sustain those who bear "the impress," "as legislators and in arms," of having begun and made necessary that desolating struggle, the end of which, whether yet reached or not, restores to our nation "its commercial interests," and establishes throughout our dominions, for all time to come, not only the "rights of navigation," but also the rights of MAN.

While a student of law, and during the first years of his practice at the bar, history, biography, mechanics, politics, and general literature, each received a due share of Mr. Chase's attention. And during the period embraced between the first three or four years after attaining to his majority, few men of his years in the country had as nobly stored minds, or exhibited more striking marks of good mental discipline. With a mind comprehensive, discriminating, and sufficiently retentive, he brought to whatever task he undertook the graces of learning and the force of logic; and when he left it, whether complete or incomplete, the evidences were abundant of keenness of insight, extent of view, thoroughness of reflection, and strength of reasoning. The same breadth of premise, exactness of statement, logical sequence, completeness of consideration, and power of conclusion that have since, in a more remarkable degree, characterized his career as a jurist and a statesman, marked all his better efforts during the period under view. In public discourses, newspaper writings, occasional lectures, and contributions to periodical literature—in each of which departments he did a few things carefully, and not many things, "hastily and with a bad pen"—these traits are observable.

During his student life, Mr. Chase often wooed the muses successfully; and in later years, as a recreation, and from early love, he has indulged in similar pastimes; and amid the turbulence of politics has often retired for peaceful enjoyment to the quiet of a library stored with the master songs of the world, ancient and modern. Among recent literary recreations in which we have known him to engage, is the translation of various specimens of the Latin poets into an English form, which presents with striking excellence the wit and beauty of the original. One such effort is that of the eleventh Epigram

of the sixth book of Martial, with which we conclude this sketch.

"IN MARCUM."

"No real friendships now-a-days," you say:
"Pylades and Orestes, where are they?"
Alike Pylades and Orestes fared;
The bread and thrush of each the other shared;
Both drank from the same bottle; both partook
The self-same supper from the self-same cook.
You feast on Lucrines; me Peloris feeds;
In daintiness your taste not mine exceeds.
Cadmean Tyre clothes you; coarse Gallia me;
How loved by sackcloth can rich purples be?
Who wants me in Pylades, Mark I must prove.
To me Orestes:—who wants love, must love.

NOTE.—*Lucrines*; the finest oysters were taken from the Lucrine Lake. *Peloris*; a Sicilian promontory near which shell-fish of inferior quality but large size were taken. *Cadmean Tyre*; Tyre, named from Cadmus a Phœnician, celebrated for purples. *Gallia*; whence were brought coarse woolen cloths for servants' wear, by a permissible license, perhaps, called *sackcloth*.

PHRENOLOGICAL THEORY OF MAN'S ORGANIZATION.

[CONTINUED.]

For the benefit of those of our readers who have but recently given attention to the subject of Phrenology, we shall examine those faculties as now defined, arranging the name of the faculty in small capitals, and the definition of it in italics, and it will be perceived that there is no ground whatever for the foolish notion which some entertain, that Phrenology and Revelation are antagonistic, but that the Bible recognizes the existence of those faculties in man, and lays down rules for their guidance.

AMATIVENESS. *Reciprocal attachment and love of the sexes—sexual love.*—"Be fruitful and multiply."—Gen. i. 28. Restriction—"Whoso looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery already with her in his heart."—Matt. v. 28.

CONJUGAL LOVE. *Union for life—the pairing instinct.*—"Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh."—Gen. ii. 24. Restriction—"What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."—Matt. xix. 6. "Moses, because of the hardness of your heart, suffered you to put away your wives, but from the beginning it was not so. And I say unto you, Whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery: and whoso marrieth her that is put away, doth commit adultery."—Matt. xix. 8.

PHILOPROGENITIVENESS. *Parental affection and tenderness—love of offspring and of children generally—fondness for pets, especially young animals—and for the infirm and helpless.*—The existence of this faculty is recognized from Genesis to Revelation. For its guidance we have: "And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."—Ephes. vi. 4. "He that spareth the rod hateth his son."—Prov. xiii. 24. "No man ever hated his own flesh."—Ephes. v. 29.

ADHESIVENESS. *Friendship, susceptibility of attachment, sociability, union, and clinging of friends.*—"A friend loveth at all times."—Prov. xvii. 17. "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." "Faithful are the wounds of a friend." "He that hath friends must show himself friendly."—Prov. xviii. 24. "Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart, so doth the sweetness of a man's friend."

INHABITIVENESS. *Love of home and country.*—"By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps on the willows in the midst thereof. For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song, and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."—Ps. cxxxvii. The younger widows who do not love home are condemned: "And, withal, they learn to be idle, wandering about from house to house, and not only idle, but tattlers also, and busy-bodies, speaking things which they ought not." The young women were taught to be "keepers at home."—Tit. ii. 5.

CONCENTRATIVENESS, CONTINUITY. *Application, the power of mental concentration and continuity.*—Our Saviour continued "all night in prayer."—Luke vi. 12. "Give attendance unto reading."—1 Tim. iv. 13. "Apply thine heart to understanding."—Prov. ii. 2. The continual round of ceremonies in the Jewish law required a high degree of exercise of this faculty, and the Christian likewise is required to exercise it constantly; we are to "pray without ceasing," and the Saviour's direction to watch and pray can never be obeyed without a high degree of exercise of this faculty as well as of Cautionness.

VITATIVENESS. *Love of life as such; unwillingness to die.*—We presume few will controvert the remark of Satan as recorded in Job ii. 4: "All that a man hath will he give for his life."

COMBATIVENESS. *Propensity to resist, defend, and oppose.*—The existence of this faculty is recognized throughout the greater part of the Old Testament. David says, "Blessed be the Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight."—Ps. cxliv. 1. The Jews were commanded to fight to exterminate the idolatrous nations from the land; but the Christian is under a different law. He is not to return evil for evil; he is, however, to fight "the good fight of faith," earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints, and to dispute, as Paul did, with the enemies of the cross of Christ."

DESTRUCTIVENESS. *Propensity to destroy, exterminate, inflict pain.*—The Jews were commanded to exterminate the idolatrous nations in Canaan, but though they were thus commanded to exercise this faculty, yet its undue exercise was restrained by the law which said, "Thou shalt not kill." The Christian is also under the law. Instead of exterminating our

enemies, we have the command, "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you." "Whoso hateth his brother is a murderer, and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him." We are also urged to the proper use of this faculty by St. Paul, who says, "Be instant in season, out of season."—2 Tim. iv. 2; and the Preacher saith, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—Eccles. ix. 10.

ALIMENTIVENESS. *Appetite for sustenance, desire for nutrition, relish for food and drinks.*—Behold I have given you every herb bearing seed that is upon the face of the earth, and every tree in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed, to you it shall be for food.—Gen. i. 29. "Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb have I given you all things."—Gen. ix. 3. Restriction—"This our son is stubborn and rebellious; he will not obey our voice; he is a glutton and a drunkard. And all the men of his city shall stone him with stones that he die."—Deut. xxi. 20. "Be not drunk with wine wherein is excess."—Eph. v. 18. Among the enemies of the cross of Christ are those "whose end is destruction, whose god is their belly."

ACQUISITIVENESS. *Propensity to acquire substance, desire to amass wealth.*—The Jewish law regulated to a considerable degree the extent to which this faculty might be exercised. "If thou lend money to any of my people that is poor by thee, thou shalt not be to him a usurer, neither shalt thou lay any usury upon him."—Ex. xxii. 25. "If thy brother be waxed poor and fallen in decay with thee, then thou shalt relieve him, yea, though he be a stranger or a sojourner, that he may live with thee. Take thou no usury of him." The inordinate exercise of this faculty (covetousness) is frequently condemned in the Old and New Testaments. "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man servant, nor his maid servant, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's."—Ex. xx. 17. Covetousness is condemned as idolatry.—Colos. iii. 5. There is, however, a covetousness which is lawful: "Covet earnestly the best gifts."—1 Cor. xii. 31. Nothing like fraud in the acquisition of property is allowable: "defraud not."

SECRETIVENESS. *Self-control; propensity to secrete, to conceal, and to suppress the expression of the other mental operations; policy; tact.*—Any exercise of this faculty not bordering upon guile or deception is allowable. Joseph at the meeting with his brethren exercised this faculty within due bounds. Our Saviour, when walking with the two disciples near Emmaus, also exercised this faculty within proper bounds: "And they drew nigh unto the village whither they went; and He made as though he would have gone further. But they constrained him, saying, Abide with us." Of the improper exercise of this faculty there are many examples mentioned in the Bible—Jacob's deception of his father to obtain the

blessing of the first-born, and many other cases too numerous to mention.

CAUTIONSNESS. *Solicitude about consequences; apprehension of danger; instinct of fear; care; anxiety.*—Of cautions intended for this faculty the Bible is full. The Saviour says, "Rather fear him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell;" and for those whose fears prevent them from serving the Lord, it is expressly declared that the "fearful" shall have their part in the lake which burneth fire and brimstone, which is the second death.

APPROBATIVENESS. *Love of approbation; desire for the favorable estimation and good opinion of others; ambition for distinction and popularity; love of fame.*—Of the existence of such a faculty, we presume none will doubt; political history and numberless essays on "ambition" attest too well its existence. The pernicious influence of this faculty has an exceedingly wide range, and we shall not attempt to trace it, but merely present, as we promised, clear Scriptural proof of its existence. In John xii. 43, we read that some of the chief rulers did not confess their faith in the Saviour because "they loved the praises of men more than the praises of God." For its normal exercise we have the following in Rom. xiv. 18: "For he that in these things serveth Christ is acceptable unto God and approved of men."

SELF-ESTEEM. *Self-respect; dignity; self-reliance; independence.* This faculty in excess, and in combination with others, degenerates into pride and arrogance, and overbearing dogmatism. The Bible is full of condemnations of pride too numerous to quote. Humility is especially acceptable in the sight of God, but this does not imply absence of self-esteem; for in that case the individual would not possess self-respect enough to prevent him from degrading himself frequently. A due degree of self-esteem is absolutely necessary, hence we have the explicit command, "For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith."—Rom. xii. 3.

FIRMNESS. *Stability; perseverance; decision.*—This faculty large (other things being equal), renders the possessor very acceptable in the sight of God. He chose the most obstinate nation on earth as his own beloved people; and the Lord carries his disapproval of wavering, fickle-minded persons to such an extent that he will not hear their prayers. James commands us to ask in faith, "nothing wavering." "For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven of the wind and tossed. For let that man not think that he shall receive anything of the Lord."—James i. 6. "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."—1 Cor. xv. 58. Similar injunctions are found in 1 Cor. xvi. 13; Gal. v. 11; Phil. i. 27; 1 Thess. iii. 8; 2 Thess. ii. 15.

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS. *Moral principle; sense of justice; regard for duty; feeling of moral*

accountability.—Our Saviour gives the best definition of this faculty ever given: "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6. One of the qualifications of a deacon was holding fast the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience. There are many other references to this faculty: we are told that in the latter times there will be some "having their consciences seared with a red-hot iron."—1 Tim. iv. 2. And with reference to those who disregard the promptings of this faculty, Paul says, in 1 Tim. i. 19, "which some having put away concerning faith have made shipwreck" (of themselves implied).

HOPE. Expectation; anticipation; tendency of the mind to contemplate the future with bright anticipations of happiness and success.—Paul (Rom. viii. 24) says, "We are saved by hope. But hope that is seen is not hope, for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for?" "Hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ." (1 Pet. i. 13.)

MARVELOUSNESS OF SPIRITUALITY. Wonder; credulity; disposition to believe what is not proved, or what are considered supernatural manifestations; faith.—"But without faith it is impossible to please him, for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him."—(Heb. xi. 6.) The normal scope of faith includes the whole of revelation. In the exercise of our faith we must take heed that we be not led astray by any false doctrines. "Neither give heed to fables and endless genealogies, which minister questions, rather than godly edifying which is in faith."—(1 Tim. i. 4.)

VENERATION. Worship; adoration; devotion; deference; reverence for what is considered above us.—"I am the Lord thy God which brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them, for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me."—Ex. xx. For the exercise of this faculty in our earthly relations we have, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which thy Lord thy God giveth thee." "Likewise, ye younger, submit yourselves unto the elder. Yea, all of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility, for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble. Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time."—1 Pet. v. 5, 6.

BENEVOLENCE. Desire for the happiness of others; sympathy; compassion; kindness; charity.—"Take heed that you do not your alms before men to be seen of them, otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore when thou doest thine

alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily, I say unto you, they have their reward. But when thou doest thine alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth, that thine alms may be in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret, himself shall reward thee openly."—Matt. vi. The correlate function of this faculty—*gratitude*—holds a most important place in the plan of redemption. "In this was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he first loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins. We love him because he first loved us."—1 John iv.

ELOQUENCE.—ITS DIVERSITY.

BY HON. JOHN NEAL.

CONTENTS.—What is Eloquence?—Diversity of Opinions—A Lexicographer's Definition—Its Indefiniteness—Illustrations of Eloquent Sayings—Demosthenes, and Action—Pericles, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Rufus Choate, Edward Everett, Mirabeau, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, William Pinkney, etc., their Style, with Illustrations—True Eloquence based on Probity—False Eloquence, the Politician, the Lawyer, the Actor—An apt Definition difficult—Is Virtue or Vice to be encouraged—Where should we look for Oratorical Example—Admonitory—How Jean Jacques Rousseau reasoned Himself into Error—First Impressions Profitable—The Promptings of Conscience should be Respected—The Popular Idea of Eloquence, and its Effect.

WHAT is generally understood by eloquence? We are all acquainted with it, as we think, and are ready to acknowledge its power—the power, that is, of what we call eloquence; but who will undertake a definition? a comprehensive and satisfactory definition? What it is not, we all know, whether we have to do with the thunder and lightning of Pericles, the calm, subtle, insinuating logic of Demosthenes, accompanied with outbursts of magnificent declamation; or with Chatham, Burke, or Sheridan; or Patrick Henry, Webster, or Clay, each wholly unlike all the others. It is not rhetoric. It is not oratory. It is not declamation. It is not acting. It is not pantomime, like that of Roscius, when he challenged Cicero to a trial of their respective merits upon the stage—Cicero to speak, and Roscius to illustrate by action.

We have eloquent looks, eloquent written language, eloquent attitudes, without sound or speech. Paintings are eloquent; and the statue "that enchants the world" is said to be eloquent. And so, too, thought may be eloquent; and we have all heard of eloquent blood, eloquent eyes, and eloquent tears, and many of us have seen the eloquent bearing of those who were speechless, or too far off to be heard. Are these mere figures of speech? and, if so, are they not conclusive? Do they not show the greatest confusion of thought among a people who believe eloquence to be, not only a gift, but a power in the land, amounting sometimes to inspiration? and that while poets are born, orators are only made?

A LEXICOGRAPHER'S DEFINITION.

In a country like ours, where public speakers have the whole world for a stage, and all our public men are obliged to talk face to face with the people, either in person or by proxy, it would seem that we ought to have somewhat clearer notions of what is called eloquence than appear to prevail just now.

Let us see how it is understood by our highest authorities? Dr. Johnson says it is the power of speaking with *fluency* and *elegance*. Then Paul himself was not eloquent, for he was "in bodily presence weak; in speech contemptible;" and he who stood upon Mars' Hill, and declared to the philosophers, and rhetoricians, and scoffers and blasphemers of Athens, that "Unknown God" whom they ignorantly worshiped, preferred writing to speaking.

And Jeanie Deans, with her incoherent broken-hearted appeal in lowland Scotch, could not have been eloquent, whatever else she may have been, though we have always thought her so. Nor Meg Merrilies, though she may lift us off our feet with her terrible denunciations. Nor Robert Burns himself, when he tells of the murderer, and of the murderer's knife with "grey hair stickin' to the haft."

And Scipio Africanus, when he interrupted the judges on the second day of his trial, saying, "Tribunes and fellow-citizens! on this day, *this very day*, did I conquer Hannibal and the Carthaginians—let us go to the Capitol together and offer thanks to the immortal gods;" and was instantly followed by the whole body of the people, leaving the Tribunes "alone in their glory," was anything but eloquent, there being no display of "elegance" or "fluency."

And when the dying Opechancanough, then drawing nigh to his hundredth year, heard the trampling of many feet in his lodge, and commanded his attendants to lift his eyelids, and rising up in his bed saw Sir William Berkely among the crowd, and said to him, "Had it been my fortune to take Sir William Berkely prisoner, *I should not have made a show of him to my people*," the reproof, though terrible and burning, was not eloquent, since it could not have been characterized by "fluency" or "elegance."

DEMOSTHENES' OPINION—ITS APPLICATION.

According to Demosthenes, eloquence was *action*—that is, action was the first, second, and third requisite; and so it seemed to be with Roscius, and with that Athenian orator who gesticulated like a man in a boat; and so with Hortensius, who was nicknamed *Dyonisia*, after a celebrated stage dancer, on account of his extravagant action.

Yet with the ancients, eloquence and oratory, instead of being what they are now, unprepared, or at least unwritten, and in a measure spontaneous outflows of the overloaded heart and brain, were neither more nor less than dramatic exhibitions. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Rufus Choate, and Edward Everett, and even Mirabeau (some of whose best speeches were

written for him by Dumont), committed theirs to memory, and acted them before the people. But how few are they that can do this, whatever may be the time allowed. Not one out of a thousand, perhaps, could learn a speech by heart, as Everett and Choate did, by reading it over once, after having written it carefully out. Consider the labor of Demosthenes and the preparation of Cicero, both being trained as the wrestlers and runners were, day after day, and year after year, before the time of exhibition—the former haranguing the sea, clambering heights with pebbles in the mouth, and rehearsing underneath a naked sword.

But we are a busy people—and the business we have on hand admits of no such delay. What we do in our halls of legislation, or in our courts of justice, or on the platform, must be done quickly. And therefore we must either adopt a new definition of eloquence, or give up the idea of being eloquent, as the ancients were.

According to Webster, *rhetoric* is "the science of oratory; the art of speaking with propriety, elegance, and force; the power of persuasion or attraction; that which allures or charms;" and *oratory* is "the art of speaking well, or of speaking according to the rules of *rhetoric*;" and eloquence is "the power of expressing strong emotions with fluency and force." Are not these definitions almost interchangeable? And if so, ought we to wonder at the confusion of thought I complain of, which everywhere prevails upon the subject?

ILLUSTRATIONS OF STYLE.

"If I mistake not," says Hume, "our modern eloquence is of the same style or species with that which ancient critics denominated *Attic eloquence*, that is, calm, elegant, and subtle." How unlike the general idea entertained of Demosthenes, who is held by our rhetoricians to have thundered and lightened at will, like the Olympian Pericles—"calm, elegant, and subtle, which instructed the reason more than affected the passions, and never raised its tone above argument or common discourse." Lord Erskine and Lord Mansfield were illustrations of this style; and Burke and Grattan, Curran and Sheridan, especially where the latter introduces, according to Moore, the MS. exclamation of "My God!" as if carried away by a sudden outburst of indignation, were samples of that eloquence which we are so fond of, and which led William Wirt astray, and even William Pinkney at times; and Webster himself, when he prepared for a cast that should astonish the natives, while he was trout fishing. "I made that," said he to a friend, who was complimenting him on the fine effect of the passage where he mentioned the morning drum-beat of British military power, as the earth revolved upon its axis—"I made that while I was fishing in this neighborhood." And of course that portion of his great speech was adapted to the illustration, instead of the illustration being a sudden flowering of the speech itself. With Curran it was not so—nor was it so with Wirt—for both

were constitutional poets, and neither could help illustrating, as he flashed along on his way upward; and though Curran prepared the celebrated passage, "No matter whether an African or Indian sun burned upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberties may have been cloven down; no matter with what ceremonies he may have been doomed upon the altar of slavery," etc., long before he used it, it was not because he felt himself unable to do as well spontaneously, under excitement or provocation, but because he was not sure of the excitement or the provocation. With Mr. Pinkney, it was always downright labor—sheer drudgery. Having no imagination, he had to elaborate, and forge and hammer his metaphors, and lay them aside for use like so many unlighted thunderbolts; for Pinkney was a logician and a giant, and had no business with poetry or embellishment. Erskine was the model he kept in view, and all his wanderings from that standard were spurious and counterfeit, and wholly out of place.

Yet all these men were eloquent; and while no two were alike, the fame of their eloquence, whether studied or unstudied, spontaneous or prepared, has filled the world with admiration. What then is eloquence? Or, in other words, differing as they did among themselves in most things, what had they in common? Was it earnestness, or truthfulness, or imagination? Were they all alike entertaining, or persuasive, or convincing, and each in a way of his own?

A SOLUTION OF THE ANOMALY.

Perhaps we may be helped to a solution by referring to the *written* eloquence of a great and good man who seemed to have pretty decided notions upon the subject, though he had not the gift of speech. John Milton says, and "there were giants in those days"—"True eloquence, I find to be none but the *serious and hearty love of truth*." * * * When such a man would *speak*, his words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command, and in well-ordered files, as he would wish, fall aptly into their places."

And why not, if such a man would *write* instead of *speaking*. Is speech indispensable? If so, what is to become of written eloquence? and who shall venture to speak of eloquent thought? Must we have the sound of the human voice, gesticulation, rhetoric, and at last declamation? Are wailing and anguish and inarticulate cries to go for nothing?

A SOUND BASIS.

Blair says, "In order to be a truly eloquent or persuasive speaker, *nothing is more necessary than to be a virtuous man*. This was a favorite position among the ancient rhetoricians." Undoubtedly Milton was right—"a *serious and hearty love of truth*" must lie at the foundation of all that deserves to be called eloquence, whether written or oral; and so was Dr. Blair. "Nothing can be more necessary for the speaker or writer, who desires to be eloquent, than to be a *virtuous man*."

And yet, how little do we see of that "serious

and hearty love of truth," on the platform or off; and how little of the *virtuous man*, among those who are renowned for eloquence, either at the bar or in the senate chamber—in speech or in writing! From Pericles down to Mirabeau, and from Mirabeau down to the captivating Sargent, Prentiss, William Pinkney, Henry Clay, or Daniel Webster, how often have we found the miraculous gift of speech employed to make "the worse appear the better reason," and the splendid gifts of the orator blinding us to the faults of the man!

Of course, therefore, the pre-requisites insisted upon by Milton and Blair, and the ancients, are wholly overlooked, or lost sight of by the millions who are forever celebrating the eloquence of these men. But however much they may disagree among themselves in their preferences and reasons, they all agree in this, that define eloquence as you may, these men were all eloquent, and each in his own way—each holding fast by his individuality, however much he might affect, or counterfeit, or pretend.

AN APT DEFINITION DIFFICULT.

Is it not clear, then, that the received definitions of eloquence are worthless? And quite as clear, that no definition is likely to be framed comprehensive enough, and yet sufficiently distinguishing, to satisfy the admirers of men so wholly unlike in their style of speaking? At the least, we can only say what true eloquence should be, founded on a serious love of truth, and upheld by a virtuous life.

We are often told that we have no business with the private character of those who "play well their parts;" that, if a tragedy be well represented, whether it be by Edmund Kean or John Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neil, or Madame Vestris, we have nothing to do with their business off the stage. But, surely, if we hear virtuous sentiments from the lips of a wanton, of a profligate, we feel outraged. The unfaithful wife can not play Portia or Cordelia; and the shameless, heartless wretch, who, as a wronged husband, demands our sympathy on the stage or off, when everybody knows that his own wife has more to complain of, instead of bringing tears into our eyes, provokes a smile of derision, and converts the deepest tragedy into a miserable farce, and the finest moral lessons into something worse.

IS VIRTUE OR VICE TO BE ENCOURAGED.

And yet people ask, and people too of pretty good common sense are not ashamed to ask, if they can buy as good beef and mutton of the fellow that abuses his wife, and get as good a speech from a lawyer who abuses other people's wives, why they should not buy of the former and employ the latter? In other words, they ask whether it may not be good policy, or at any rate convenient, to encourage brutality and vice, if thereby a few pennies or a few steps may be saved? Are examples or any worth in this world? Are we permitted to overlook the essential distinctions between the virtuous and the vicious? And will not "the Judge of all the earth" hold us to a strict

account, if by our thoughtlessness we confound such distinctions? Will not our children suffer at first—and then our neighbors—and then our whole country, before the reckoning is finished?

Just so with our orators. They are public performers. In general, if they have a great reputation, they are the indiscriminate defenders of right and wrong, ready for a fee to counterfeit all the passions—to trample on the truth, to browbeat witnesses, and bamboozle juries, for the help of murderers and burglars, and pirates and thieves and highwaymen, the more atrocious the better, since the worse their cases the more money they get, and the more reputation. And this they call obedience to the oath they have taken, and being faithful to their clients. As if a man might not defend the foulest murderer, reeking with his mother's blood, according to law, and with due reverence for the privileges of humanity, without sacrificing the truth; as if, in short, because the law permits an advocate to share the plunder of a highwayman, or a bank robber, or a deliberate murderer, without reproach, though all but lawyers would be held answerable if they but touched the blood-money or sheltered the criminal, therefore the advocate is bound to lie the case through, to misrepresent the facts, and set aside the law, if by so doing he can save the culprit, and send him back to his old business, abundantly encouraged and strengthened for new enterprises.

Now, as most of our public speakers are lawyers; and as most lawyers—perhaps we might say all—have these notions of duty to their clients, or their cause, what becomes of that "serious and hearty love of truth" which Milton supposes to lie at the foundation of all true eloquence?

ADMONTORY.

Young man, beware! You are about joining, or you have already joined, a debating society. Of course, upon every question that comes up, there are at least two sides. Generally speaking there is most truth on one side, and most untruth on the other. Beware! You are at liberty to choose either side, nevertheless, and may do so, and argue on either side without offending your conscience. But how? By professing to believe what you do not believe? By pretending to be much in earnest, and thereby misleading others? No, indeed. But you may present, with all the clearness and force you are master of, all the considerations that occur to you in favor of the wrong side—taking care to urge them, not as convictions, but as arguments, and leaving others to answer them if they can.

ELOQUENCE.

The truth—plain wholesome truth—is not often attractive or palatable. Brilliant paradox and startling untruth are always captivating. It is for you to guard against the witchery of untruth, by exposing it, honestly and fairly.

Jean Jacques Rousseau had a great prize question propounded to him. I forget the

terms, but he was at liberty to attack or defend civilization. His first thought was to launch forth, in his eloquent way, in support of civilization; but after considering a while, he saw that anybody might manage that side of the question; but who was sufficient for the other? And so, the "self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau," undertook the defense of barbarism, and succeeded—in convincing himself. Certainly the essay was very clever, amazingly eloquent, and so ingenious, that one is lost in admiration of the man's adroitness. But he paid the penalty for taking such a delusion to his heart; for he lived and died in the belief that he had only championed the truth, and that savage life was altogether preferable to the civilized.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS PROFITABLE.

Let no man belie his first impressions. His views may change, and if so, he need lose no time in saying so; but let him never belie himself, nor tamper with his understanding or conscience, lest he may be found at last nearly destitute of both, although celebrated for his eloquence. I have known such cases; and I see about me, every day, men whose understandings and convictions are for sale—whose consciences are "up for Cowes, or a market;" who take sides upon every great question that arises, not according to their honest convictions, but according to their interest, or, in other words, according to the pay they are to receive; which pay may be in money or fame, in place or power. Eloquent men are they in the judgment of the people they abuse; and at the worst, very amusing, when we see them trying to swallow themselves, after having undergone all sorts of transformations, in social or political life.

THE POPULAR IDEA OF ELOQUENCE.

And now, once more, what is understood by eloquence? "Only this, and nothing more,"—namely, that some persons have the power of entertaining, and of almost persuading, or convincing, their friends and associates, and those who entertain similar opinions, hour after hour, without falling asleep themselves, or allowing others to fall asleep; and this power the multitude mistake for eloquence.

But what should be eloquence? Ask Milton. Ask Blair. And then ask yourself, as in the presence of God, and abide by the answer, if you ever hope to be distinguished for true eloquence.

One word more. Do not be discouraged, if you feel a desire to be distinguished as an orator, to make a noise through the newspapers, or to be talked about for your eloquence. Any live man who is able to convince or persuade while sitting, may do better standing, "after he gets the hang of the school-house;" in other words, he may if he will, become an advocate, a platform-speaker, a preacher, or a lecturer, and be courted and followed, if he will only consent to talk instead of declaiming—to be natural instead of being artificial. But he must never imitate, much less adopt, the style, voice, or bearing of another. It is always easier to

imitate an imitator than to copy the original. Hence the caricatures of Kean. They are only the successive stages of exaggeration. Edward Everett spoiled half the Unitarian preachers of the country; and they the other half, with a few glorious exceptions; like Holly and Pierpoint and Channing; and Daniel Webster scores of young lawyers, who insisted on being ponderous and solemn, or unwieldy and slow, without regard to the magnitude of the subject or the thought, because Daniel Webster, unlike Milo, began life with carrying, not the calf, but the bull.

Be yourself: and be nobody else. Maintain your individuality, at all hazards; and in time, you will not only be understood but respected. An imitator can never go beyond a certain point. At best he is only a penumbra: at the beginning, the shadow of a shade—and only a shadow at last, without substance, muscle, or character. Conventional tones, such as almost always distinguish different classes of Christian preachers, the Methodists, the Quakers, the Episcopalians, the Unitarians, and the orthodox, for example, are not only disastrous but preposterous; and so with conventional pauses and repetitions, and cadences and gestures. All gesticulation should be characteristic and spontaneous, unstudied and unprepared, like intonations. Above all, reverence yourself—cultivate "a serious and hearty love of truth;" and then, if you are not truly eloquent in the estimation of your fellow-men, you will be something better. Bear in mind, that public speaking is painting. There must be light and shadow, with alternations at every change of thought; that emphasis is contrast; and that whether you raise or lower the voice—or hurry or slacken your speed—contrast is always emphasis.

THE MORAL EXCHANGE.

THE latest reports from this quarter exhibit the following summary. We trust that before long the several ratings will undergo material changes more favorable to general investment.

Honor—Scarce. Old stock exhausted, and the new will be a complete failure.

Virtue—Old growth nearly consumed; young growth, prospects very unpromising.

Honesty—None in market.

Patriotism—First quality scarce, and none to be disposed of. Second quality easily bought on speculation at 100 per cent. discount.

Prudence—All in the hands of old stockholders, and held close.

Modesty—Stock badly damaged. None for sale to street speculators.

Vice—Market overstocked.

Pride—Market glutted.

Politeness—Cheap. Holders unwilling to dispose of any at present rates.

Scandal—None at wholesale. Dealt in chiefly by hawkers and peddlers at retail.

Religion—None genuine on hand. Stock generally adulterated. Very few investments.

Love—None offered, except for greenbacks.

Talent—Scarce article. Controlled mainly by the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Sold exclusively for greenbacks, at \$3 per annum.

Our Social Relations.

Oh, happy they—the happiest of their kind—
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.—*Thomson.*

DOMESTIC ARITHMETIC; OR, STRIKING AN AVERAGE.

BY MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

"WOMEN are re-mark-ably extravagant now-days!"

So Mr. Pinkster says, and Mr. Pinkster ought to know, if matrimony and milliners' bills can post a man up in such things. Twice a year Mr. Pinkster takes an account of stock at the store, and great is the turmoil thereof. Of course it is necessary to know just how much he is worth; but it never occurred to Mr. Pinkster to investigate matters at home, and attach a proper valuation to his wife!

How much is Mrs. Pinkster worth, *en grande toilette* (in full dress), "anyhow?" as the little ones say—that is, setting her own intrinsic value (Golconda is nothing to it) aside. Take out your pencil and tablets, meditative husband, and see! Silk dress, seventy-five dollars at least—Mrs. Pinkster is not a believer in "cheap silks"—cloak, fifty; bonnet, twenty—Mr. Pinkster selected it himself—don't like to have *his* wife looking like a dowdy. Furs—nice mink that will last ten years—one hundred dollars; watch and chain, one hundred more. Lace veil, five; gloves, two; linen collar and sleeves, two; sleeve buttons, six; crinoline and other sundries, about ten dollars; boots five (and very neat little Number Twos they are!); and you have Mrs. Pinkster complete, valued at three hundred and seventy-five dollars!

"Three hundred and seventy-five dollars!" says Mr. Pinkster to himself, slowly wagging his head backward and forward over the incontrovertible numbers—"that's a great deal of money—a great deal of money!"

So it is. Nobody thinks for an instant of denying that fact. And now, Mr. Pinkster, since you are so mathematically inclined this evening, suppose we go into another little calculation.

Who made your last set of new shirts? "Why—Mrs. Pinkster; but that is nothing." Nothing, eh? Do you happen to know that the making of a dozen shirts at a dollar and half each—the least you could have hired them made for—is eighteen dollars? Who nursed you through the weary six weeks of typhoid fever last spring? "Mrs. Pinkster; but it was her business." Yes, and if it had been a hired nurse's business, it would have cost you seven dollars a week. There's forty-two dollars on the "per contras." Who has kept house so daintily for you during the last year? "Mrs. Pinkster; but isn't she my wife?" Yes; but you must remember that Jenkins' housekeeper—Jenkins is a forlorn wretch who has never married—demands twenty dollars per month, and grumbles ominously at that. Let us see—twelve months, at twenty dollars per month,



ALBERT VICTOR CHRISTIAN EDWARD.

is just two hundred and forty dollars! Who ripped your overcoat all to pieces last week, and re-lined and re-trimmed it so neatly? a job that your tailor would have asked ten dollars for, and not have completed it half so artistically? Mrs. Pinkster, to be sure. Who made your last summer's suit of white linen, with such exquisite finished and pearly stitches, to save the seamstress' bill of fifteen dollars? Who goes into the kitchen and burns her pretty face to the color of carmine, to make the pies and puddings you delight in? because a regular cook would demand fifteen dollars a month for wages, and Bridget does very well at ten. Is five dollars a month, for twelve months, nothing? Verily, it is a saving of sixty dollars in the Pinkster pocket!

There is three hundred and eighty-five dollars at once! What does that look like? Is Mrs. Pinkster an advantageous possession, or is she not? Regarded merely as an investment, does not Mrs. Pinkster "pay?"

It would take ink enough to fill the river Styx to detect all the trifling little economies that she practices about the house, while Mr. Pinkster is reading the newspaper down at the store, with his heels several inches higher than his head; and no pen that ever was manufactured could describe the small, encouraging ways she has, and the cheerful atmosphere she diffuses around her, like a perpetual stream of artificial sunshine! Ah, Mr. Pinkster! you might hire your shirts made, and your plum puddings seasoned, but money won't buy those other things. They don't happen to be marketable commodities!

And now, Mr. Pinkster, do you entertain any objection to "being added up" yourself? You are not extravagant, oh, no! Men never are.

Your suit—a very nice quality of broadcloth—a gentleman can't well wear anything commoner—was eighty-five dollars; your overcoat, a year ago, cost sixty. Your big "Cooper" watch, with its cable chain, was "a bargain" at two hundred and fifty, and your pet seal ring was ten. Your hat cost eight dollars, and

your double-soled boots fourteen; gloves, three, and gold-headed cane, twelve; while your scarf was four, and the carved coral head of Bacchus that fastens it, was ten. Put down ten dollars more for flannel under-garments, super extra hose, and other necessities for keeping the "human form divine" comfortable, and you will find that the outer case inclosing Mr. Pinkster amounts to nearly four hundred and seventy dollars!

"You never would have supposed it could count up so?" Perhaps not, but when you made that sweeping assertion about women being so "remarkably extravagant," did you take the trouble to make any supposition on the subject?

Mr. Pinkster, there are too many of your stamp in the world. Women have enough faults to criticise, and enough mistakes to atone for, without bearing the burden of your unnecessary comments and false assertions! A woman can't very well defend herself unless she happens to own a pen and knows an editor. Then, indeed, she stands some little chance! But women in general have to suffer these floating slanders meekly and in silence. Job was undoubtedly a patient man; but if the manifold endurance of woman in this century could be made known, Job would be nowhere at all!

A LITTLE PRINCE.

WHAT a pretty little pet! We have here a sprig of royalty indeed, the first-born of the beautiful Princess of Wales, formerly Princess Alexandra of Denmark. The name of the little prince is Albert Victor Christian Edward; he was born January 8th, 1864, and baptized with this long name on March 10th, 1864. He is now a little two-year-old, and no doubt enjoys his bread-and-butter and his playthings the same as other little boys who have no royal blood in their veins and were not born with silver spoons in their mouths. It is rather an attractive face, thoughtful and "cunning." But he has a will of his own, and very much likes to have his own way. There are possibilities here of some magnitude, but we will not predicate anything very remarkable. It is scarcely possible that he will greatly surpass his parents, who may be very good, if not very great. Who would think such a pretty little fellow would be a great king of a great nation—a ruler over thirty millions of intelligent people, whose scepter should sway them all?

In France, they have another little boy very much like this, who is being fitted for an emperor. We are informed that he rolls his hoop, flies his kite, and rides his hobby-horse the same as other little boys. The little Frenchman is an only son, while the little Englishman has already two or three little brothers and sisters, for whom places or thrones are to be provided. But where is our little Andy Johnson? Ought we not to be looking after a successor? On second thought, we have it. Instead of one, two, or three royal babies, we have several millions equally competent, all of whom eat

pudding and milk, and hurrah for the "stars and stripes." The little Englishman has his lion, the little Frenchman his eagle, and the little Americans also have their bird, which is equally ugly, and can screech. Wonder if the eagles will ever pull the hair of the lion and make him roar?

What pretty eyes! What a pretty mouth to kiss! How every mother's heart throbs when she thinks of her own little cherub! and how proud, ambitious papas walk up and down in contemplation of their succession! Wonder if they shut the little boy up in a dark closet to punish him, or do they use the birch? We don't believe in boxing ears, in dark closets, or in whipping. Mr. Beecher once remarked, that "to strike children about the head is barbarous, unchristian, brutal. This should never be done, especially as nature has provided a good deal better place."

Oh, what a little rosebud! Isn't he sweet? How pretty his hair curls! But we must kiss him good-bye for the present. We may in a few years try him again.

CRUSHED FLOWERS.

BY HOPE ARLINGTON.

"Oh, mamma, see! we dot a pitty botay!" eagerly cried a bright little boy of four years, holding in his chubby hands the spoils of a long and patient search through the fields on a hot August afternoon.

"We dot a pitty botay!" again he cried, reaching it out toward his mother, who stood in the doorway of her pleasant cottage.

The little hands clasped only the blossoms of a few common weeds; but the large blue eyes looked at them so tenderly, so exultingly, as though they had been the choicest flowers, then turned to seek a look of sympathy in the mother's face. From my window I watched the two. What will the mother do? I thought. Will she clasp the little tired, heated form to her heart, and thank God that he has placed within it a soul filled with such love of beauty that it can find it in the simplest or the rudest of his works? Will she thank him for showing her so plainly the way by which this



PORTRAIT OF EDWARD CARSWELL.

young soul, intrusted to her care, may be led very near the Author and Creator of beauty?

She did not do this. She said, "Oh, you dirty boy! Throw those poison things right away, and don't you ever let me see you with any more!" The "pitty botay" dropped, the lips quivered, the eyes filled with tears. God saw the struggle, but the mother did not. She turned away, and gave no soothing word to soften the disappointment and sorrow of her sensitive child.

The little feet had run, and the little hands had toiled in vain; ah! worse than vain, for the flowers so reluctantly thrown away at the mother's harsh bidding were not to be compared with the beautiful soul-blossoms withered and crushed by her want of appreciation and sympathy.

Poor, tired, little boy! unless God folds you soon in his arms of love, there are lonely hours of bitter anguish in store for you—darker ones, it may be, of temptation and sin! So I thought as the little grieved face came up before me that night, and my pillow was wet with tears before I slept. Oh, mothers! strive to understand and appreciate your children, for unless you do, their young lives will be desolate!

EDWD CARSWELL, THE ORATOR.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.

MR. CARSWELL has a large-sized brain of the best quality on a moderately-sized body. His head measures something more than twenty-three inches in circumference, while the weight of the body probably does not exceed 150 pounds. In order that the brain might be well balanced, this weight should be increased to 180 pounds; but the quality being fine, and his habits temperate, he is tough, wiry, and enduring. We can not, however, predict long life for such an organization if living amid the whirl of mental excitement in public life. If he would tone down, cool off, and take life more passively, avoiding excessive excitement, he could hope to live into old age and escape both disease and the doctors. But he is impulsive, full of enthusiasm and enterprise. He is even impetuous, and might properly be called a "perpetual motion." There is no mud in his brain—nothing dull, slow, or stupid. He is sharp, keen, wide awake,

and intense. His danger lies in overdoing rather than in not doing enough.

Mr. Carswell's prominent phrenological developments are those of Benevolence, Ideality, Sublimity, Approbativeness, Mirthfulness, Individuality, Eventuality, Human Nature, and Language. Imitation is also decidedly large. He can do anything he sees done, though far from being simply an imitator. Indeed, he is an inventor—full of plans, projects, and schemes as a watch is full of wheels.

His social nature is strong, and he would become much attached to wife, children, home, and friends. But such a man would make himself at home everywhere, adapting himself to all conditions and circumstances, for he is indeed a "universal genius."

Should we be called upon to give this gentleman a professional prescription, it would be this:

Exercise the brain less and the body more. Abstain from stimulants and narcotics, including tobacco in all its forms; sleep regularly and abundantly; eat moderately of the most suitable vitalizing food, and avoid sedentary life. Live much in the open air; ride a horse,

row a boat, climb the hills, work on a farm; for recreation take occasional voyages at sea, or trips across the Rocky Mountains, and you may make life more a happiness to yourself and a blessing to others.

Mr. Carswell evidently inherits many of his better qualities from his mother, such as benevolence, kindness, mirthfulness, ideality, language, and the social affections. It is probable, however, that he has his father's love of liberty and sense of independence. As to a pursuit, he can do one thing as well as another; but his more appropriate sphere would be in literature or in the natural sciences.

BIOGRAPHY.

Edward Carswell, the celebrated Canadian Temperance Orator, well known in the United States as a lecturer and moral reformer, was born at Ware, England, February 19, 1832. His father, who was a jeweler, emigrated to Canada when young Edward was only four years of age, and there he received his early education. Naturally gifted by nature with wit and extraordinary power of conversation, and being of an open and lively disposition, when entering upon manhood he was eagerly courted by society, which, as is too often the case, resulted in laying the foundations of habits of intemperance. Happily, however, his moral nature did not become entirely blunted; and from this youthful folly may perhaps be traced the commencement of a career which has since been so honorable and so successful. Sober thought convinced him of the perils that such a course would inevitably bring, and he resolved to become a total abstainer, and in 1852 he joined the Oshawa Division of the Sons of Temperance, a connection which he has ever maintained.

When Mr. Carswell entered the Temperance cause, he did not intend to remain simply a "member"—he became a "worker;" and in 1857 we find that he held a high position in his Division, and was sent as one of its representatives to the Grand Division of Canada West; and four years afterward was elected G. W. A.—the second highest office in the gift of that body. The election to this office rendered him eligible for membership to the National Division—the supreme deliberative body of the Order—and in the following year he was initiated into that body at a conference held at Hamilton, Canada West; and at the same session was elected M. W. C.

Mr. Carswell was then well known in Canada, and for some years, as an able and popular lecturer on Temperance; but he distinguished himself at that session by a powerful and eloquent address which at once introduced him to the highest and best minds of the Order who were there as representatives from nearly all the States of the Union and the British Provinces.

Since that time Mr. Carswell's voice has been heard in nearly every city of the North American continent from Halifax to New Orleans, with the best results to the cause he advocates

and his own enviable reputation. His evidences of success and usefulness are not to be found merely in the ephemeral eulogies of the press, but he has built up a memento of his visit in every place where he has ever lectured, that had previously no Temperance Society, by organizing one before he departed. Nothing but the severest illness ever prevented him from keeping an engagement to lecture; and he has been known to walk forty miles through the roughest part of Pennsylvania in mid-winter, when he could not obtain a conveyance.

By profession Mr. Carswell is a scenic artist, and many of his paintings have obtained a deserved popularity. He has, however, what New Englanders term a "faculty," and can and has employed himself in some department of almost everything. A very amusing and truthful instance of this versatility is related by a gentleman who one day came a distance to see him. "In the morning," he says, "I found him icing and ornamenting a wedding cake; in the forenoon he took six pictures in a photograph gallery; at noon he sold a man's furniture by public auction; in the afternoon he engraved a coffin-plate, wrote a humorous poetical sketch for the local paper, and painted part of a scene of a panorama, and concluded the labors of the day by delivering a temperance lecture in the evening."

Mr. Carswell has a Canadian reputation as a prose writer, and some poems of his have an extended reputation. The following, "I wish I was an Editor," "Our Church is clad in Mourning," and "Maine," have gone the rounds of the press. He has also written songs which have been set to music and become very popular.

Much of Mr. Carswell's success in portraying the dreadful effects of intemperance—its many phases, and characteristic effects upon the human form and features—is due to his having been, like his compeers Gough and Hewlett, numbered with the "knights of the buskin." He performed several engagements in Canada and the United States under an assumed name. This association has been of great service to him, and was fortunately severed in time to prevent his jovial, open-hearted, and generous nature becoming a prey to the many temptations which beset such a life. As an actor, Mr. Carswell was very successful. Time and temperance would have given him a leading place in that profession. Fortunately his energies have been devoted to and employed in the production and exposition of his own clear, vivid, and fervent thoughts and feelings upon the great subject of Temperance, rather than in reproducing the thoughts and words of dramatists.

ALONE I walked the ocean strand,
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year and day;
As onward from the spot I passed,
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

POETICAL MOSAIC.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day
In every clime from Lapland to Japan;
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray,
The proper study of mankind is man.
Tell—for you can—what is it to be wise?
Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain;
The Man of Ross, each lisping babe replies,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
Far as the solar walk or milky way?
Procrastination is the thief of time,
Let Hercules himself do what he may.
'Tis education forms the common mind,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul;
I must be cruel only to be kind,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.
Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone,
Where'er I roam, whatever lands I see;
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
In maiden meditation fancy free.
Farewell, and whereso'er thy voice be tried,
Why to yon mountain turns thy gazing eye?
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
That teach the native moralist how to die.
Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
Man never is, but always to be blest.

OCTAVIA.

STUDIES IN PHYSIOGNOMY—No. 1.

WHEN we find material for physiognomical contrasts among living heads, or persons whose names and characters are parts of the world's history, there is certainly a substantial ingredient in the comparisons drawn which renders them especially interesting to the reader. That substantial ingredient—reality—sometimes, however, is fruitful of displeasure or annoyance. Displeasure to a reader who, from his reading or acquaintance, has formed a different opinion of the persons contrasted from that of ourselves; annoyance to ourselves lest we have been unjustly severe in our strictures, or have deduced erroneous inferences from premises which we had been led to believe on trustworthy evidence to be correct. It is difficult to tell the truth at all times. It is an undesirable task to delineate the character of a notorious villain, even when he bears "the mind's expression in his face." There is the sentiment of mercy which would soften the asperities of criticism when we sit calmly down to scientifically develop the nature of even a Jeffries, a Robespierre, a Palmer, or a Probst. Society is accustomed to regard the disciples of Science as an order of men without sentiment or feeling—merely delving among the arcanæ of nature in a manner zealously but coldly intellectual. When, however, we consider the true nature of the occupation of these delvers—primarily, opening up to view the marvelous works of the Infinite God; secondarily, adding

to their own accumulations of worldly wisdom, though it may be in some cases without a fervent recognition of the mercies of Providence who has piled up the great store-house of nature for his creatures' use and good—we are constrained to exclaim, "Truly the undevout astronomer is mad!"

Like Dante's sinner, who though immersed in water to his chin can not swallow a single



FIG. 1.—THE STUPID.

drop in alleviation of his burning thirst, so these cool philosophers amid the innumerable testimonials of a Divine hand ministering to the necessities and enjoyments of man, while they with apt Causality perceive their adaptation, they discern not spiritually their origin. There is something that savors of enchantment in the realms of natural philosophy. The beautiful organisms, the striking correlations, the wonderful combinations which are to be constantly met with in the realm of matter, excite an interest and an enthusiasm for their examination which none but those who have pursued a scientific profession can comprehend. The intellect runs riot in the expanse of knowledge, and absorbs all interest to the neglect of the spiritual nature. Yet there have been Newtons and Mitchells among the *savants*, whose learning helped them to a more comprehensive and therefore more adorable estimate of the "Father of lights."

Even in Phrenology, a science which recognizes and points out man's relation to his Creator, there have been men, zealous, earnest investigators, who have drowned the spiritual in the physical; but from the very nature of the calling, such men are few among those who have carefully investigated the doctrines of Phrenology. Discerning, then, the humane and spiritual in our practical applications of scientific principle, it is next to impossible to wield a trenchant pen in treating of the foibles and shortcomings of dead or living subjects. Has one an inferior organization, a meagre development of the moral faculties, a powerful development of the propensities, we can not but be compassionate him; although we must acknowledge that he might have done better had he perseveringly endeavored to improve himself. We censure such a one for not trying to modify his nature—for sullenly permitting his propensities to draw him into the pit of degradation.

We purpose in this article to present some contrasts of an extreme character, to the end that they may be the more striking; and it is to be hoped they will not hit any of our readers in any respect. The ancient physiognomists were disposed to thus depict anger, jealousy, hatred, lust, avarice, etc., approximating apparently to the climax of those passions as they supposed them to be personified in the man over whom these respective vices had obtained complete dominance.

Theophrastus of Eresus, a pupil of Plato and the successor of Aristotle in the Lyceum at Athens, was conspicuous among the ancient philosophers for learning and a general knowledge of human nature. Among the writings of this great teacher, which have survived the lapse of ages, are his "Characters." In their succinct portrayments of marked dispositional tendencies and confirmed mental organizations, he exhibits a comprehensive knowledge of men not often met with in the elaborate details of modern analysis of character, and his subjects are as fresh to-day as they were 2,000 years ago. Man is the same congeries of dispositions, freaks, fancies, and desires—the same impressible and susceptible "mold of clay." Opportunities and privileges have changed much with the revolution of centuries, but the same motives, the same passions, propensities, the same incentives practically influence the great round of humanity. There has been no change in the organization of man. Therefore we can introduce the pen-pictures of an ancient physiognomist with the strong expectation of their receiving due attention from the reader.

Morbid or abnormal conditions of temperament usually accompany deranged mental manifestation. The cerebral harmony being destroyed, the physiognomy or external physique in its entirety shows a correspondent state of aberration. Slow and torpid in physical and mental constitution, man at first may be characterized by great gravity and deliberation in thought and action. Yielding to the tendencies of his nature, making no decided effort to overcome the lethargic influences which are creeping upon him, because efforts of all kinds are distasteful, he becomes wearisome and annoying to his associates on account of his slowness and inaction; and then the vital temperament having altogether degenerated into the lymphatic, he becomes stupid and ungainly. His slothful mind can not take clear impressions of daily events in their quick transitions. He lives rather in the past than the future. When he does attempt to grapple with the present, his uncertain susceptibilities and blunted senses lead him into all sorts of absurdities, and make him a butt for the arrows of the witty and mirth-loving. Such a man the stupid face in fig. 1 indicates. It is one of this sort who, after he has laboriously made some simple calculation, turns to his neighbor to ask what is the amount. When attending any place of amusement or religious services, he is often left asleep by the departing assembly. He mislays articles of value, or puts them away

in his endeavors for security, so that he can not find them when wanted. He makes his appearance to pay obligations before or after their maturity, and forgets to cancel the bond which he has paid. In conversation, his stupidity becomes most strikingly apparent. He bursts into a horse-laugh at some passing remark of an acquaintance which is far from challenging



FIG. 2.—THE FEARFUL.

the mirth of others, and makes most irrelevant and incoherent replies to questions addressed to him—joining often in a laugh which is at his expense, but which he stupidly considers the effect of a witty remark of his own. Liberal dinners and much wine have worked their will upon him, and converted his brain into gravy and his body into fat.

Turning to fig. 2, we see a lean and hungry wretch—a man of nerves, of acute sensibilities, of painful impressions. His large and overwrought brain is a prey to himself. He scarcely lives; the unremitting nervous anxiety which besets him speedily exhausts all the energy and vitality he can obtain. He is restless, impatient, peevish, fearful. His tendencies have grown upon him, as in the case of the "huge mountain of flesh" already described, but have made him cadaverous and gaunt. His large Cautiousness renders him apprehensive of danger and misfortune and uncertain of his wealth, if he has any. His Marvelousness is large enough to furnish the back-ground of his dark mysterious forebodings, and lend a color of fascination to the horrible in his thoughts; and his large Secretiveness contributes to render him suspicious and unconfiding. His Hope is blighted; he sees nothing in life to encourage or animate him; but gloomy and despondent, querulous and impatient, he casts a cloud upon all those who approach him. Miserable in himself, he comprehends not joy in others, and would have others even as himself.

How great the contrast presented by these two portraits! How repulsive, both!

Thou wouldst my guardian angel be?

Alas! thou know'st not what the task.

The ange, that shall guardian me

Must suffer more than I can ask.

I would not have one pang of mine

Pass from this bosom into thine.

**HARRIET BEECHER STOWE AND
OCTAVIA WALTON LE VERT;
OR, THE WOMAN OF THE NORTH AND THE
WOMAN OF THE SOUTH CONTRASTED.**

PARTIAL or partisan judges will see all the graces and virtues in the person who represents their own opinions. It will therefore be quite natural for our Southern brethren and sisters to see in the face of the Alabama beauty all that is lovely and lovable; and even without bias, all may see in that intelligent expression great kindness, devotion, integrity, and affection. Madame Le Vert's person is gracefully modeled; she is neither too large nor too small, but is between the extremes, and is just such a character as one and all would admire and love. That is a handsome face and a nicely modeled head. It is even rather than angular, and so is the character. The face speaks generous hospitality; the mouth cheerfulness; the lips affection; the chin, nose, eyes, cheeks, etc., true womanly delicacy. There is nothing repulsive or objectionable. All is calm, serene, placid, obedient, humble, hopeful, and trusting.

In the likeness of Mrs. Stowe, something more emphatic may be seen. There is strength and force in every feature. The artist, however, has failed to do justice to his subject. To our eye, this face indicates amiability as well as great executiveness. But the engraver represents her organization less fine in texture than is the fact. Among the more prominent organs in this brain may be named Conscientiousness, Benevolence, and Veneration; while Imitation, Causality, Comparison, Ideality, and Sublimity are next in prominence. The entire group of perceptive faculties may be classed with the first named as among the largest. The love element, or social nature, though strong, would be subordinate to intellect and moral sentiment. She is a woman of thought rather than of impulse; and her motto would be "utility" rather than display.

Is she radical and reformatory? She is sincere and just. Is she resolute and courageous? She is meek and kindly. Is she severely critical and intellectual? So she is imaginative and emotional. If not a beauty—she is a power. If not delicately feminine, neither is she helpless or effeminate. If she represents the rugged, the strong, and the resolute, it is simply in keeping with her own nature and organization.

[Our worthy contributor L. L. continues the analysis from another stand-point.]

As the physiological laws of different latitudes are becoming better understood, our philosophers and thinkers incline more and more strongly to the belief, that climate exercises as potent an influence upon the formation and development of character as even race itself. Without stopping to illustrate this idea by examples, we may say that the wide contrast between the two representative women whose names stand at the head of this article, is, to a great extent, the result of the contrast between the climate of Florida and that of Massachusetts.



OCTAVIA WALTON LE VERT.

This effect of zone is probably more marked in woman than in man. It is his prerogative and glory to brave and conquer every variation of temperature from the equator to the pole. It is her destiny to adjust herself to the skies under which she is born. If these are mellow and warm, she will unconsciously and instinctively open her heart to all the gentle impulses and balmy breath of nature. She will enjoy the beauty and fragrance of flowers, the melodies of song, the gushing life of tropical exuberance, and become in her being and character at once a type and a reflection of the gorgeous fullness and the pervasive fragrance amid which her days pass.

What but a life of social brightness, mellow sympathies, and unclouded joyousness could we expect as a sequel to a childhood passed on the coast of Florida, where, in her own vivid words, Mrs. Le Vert says her first memories were "of the orange and live-oak trees shading the broad veranda; of the fragrant acacia, oleander, and cape-jasmin trees which filled the parterre sloping down to the sea-beach; of merry races with my brother along the white sands, while the creamy waves broke over my feet and the delicious breeze from the Gulf played in my hair; of the pet mocking-birds in the giant oak by my window, whose songs called me each morning from dream-land."

Turn now from such a childhood to the household of the New England minister in Massachusetts forty years ago. For nearly half the year the streams are sealed with frost; the trees are leafless, and apparently dead; the air is cold; nature is forbidding; and however man may breast the severities of the climate, woman must seek her enjoyment by the fire-side in the amenities of household life. In addition to this, the limited income of a Congregational minister in those times made industry and economy prime laws in such a family. While the daughter of the Governor

of Florida was frolicking with her brother on the sea-beach, and romping through the orange groves, or playing hide-and-seek among the roses in January, or picnicking with army officers beneath the magnolia groves, the child of the New England divine—the great champion of orthodoxy—was carefully economizing her time, so that between the making of beds, the sweeping of floors, and the washing of dishes she might eke out time for the mastery of her lessons at school. Be sure her dress pocket was ample and ever filled with some interesting book to be read in every moment of leisure, and the stores of knowledge thus at all times and everywhere laid away in the cells of memory were kept fresh and ready for immediate and constant use. A mind like Mrs. Stowe's, naturally active and vivid, living at the very focus of controversial theology, must have been rapidly developed by the perpetual stimulus of the fireside discussions and the public ministrations to which she was a constant listener. Accustomed to hear the abstract principles of right and of justice laid bare and analyzed by the master-hand of her reverend father and his compeers, she would naturally inquire with respect to all social and moral questions into their essential merits, and consider, not what was agreeable or pleasant or profitable for one's-self, but only what is in accordance with truth, justice, and the highest reason. Such a brain, with a heart inclined to love virtue, and inheriting benevolence and faith from a pious parentage, could find pleasure only in intense intellectual activity, and that activity in the direction of beneficence and moral improvement. A childhood and girlhood thus passed must have resulted in giving ideas, activity, effectiveness, and humanitarian convictions, which are, as we think, the distinguishing characteristics of representative Northern women.

If we turn now to the sunny-tempered child of the South, we find as much benevolence in the composition of Mrs. Le Vert as in that of Mrs. Stowe, but vastly different in its manifestation. Instead of striving to ameliorate the condition of large classes of degraded or suffering humanity, she devotes herself with untiring assiduity to dispensing happiness to those immediately within the charmed circle of her voice and her presence. She is the light, and warmth, and brightness of the circle in which she moves. She soothes the heart of the sorrowful, and breathes repose and sympathy upon the restless and way-worn, suggests the lighter occupations that give relief from life's endless toil and endeavor, and seems herself the embodiment of the sentiment, the amiability and grace, and the humanitarian feelings which are the distinguishing characteristics of representative Southern women.

But it will never occur to her to write a book exposing the little vices of virtuous people, for she will throw around her an atmosphere repressing or concealing them, and evoking whatever is amiable and agreeable, so that neither she herself nor those around her shall see or

suffer from aught unpleasant or ill-timed.

The genius of Mrs. Le Vert is *social genius*. Nearly forty years since she began to figure as a favorite and a belle in the gay and polished circles that graced the hospitable mansion of the Governor of Florida. From that day until the present moment no woman in America has been more remarkable than Mrs. Le Vert for the immense number of persons whom she could call by name, and with whose history she is acquainted, both in this country and in Europe; and the throngs of personal admirers of all ages and both sexes amid which she has lived, and moved, and had her being. Let us look at her phrenologically. Individuality, or the faculty of remembering persons that one meets, their names and faces, and the general facts of their personal history, is largely developed. One of the most remarkable characteristics of Mrs. Le Vert is the smoothness and

facility with which all her mental operations proceed. She not only never forgets, but she never makes an effort to remember. The names of that immense number of acquaintances which a fashionable lady is likely to make, seem ever present in her memory. If she converses with a person five minutes, and then does not see him for five years, she will call his name instantly upon meeting him, and probably resume the topic of conversation which was broken off five years before. Numberless instances of this sort are related by all her acquaintance as proofs of her astonishing memory. In this way she is always able to bestow that most delicate and insinuating of all flatteries, the conviction that *you* have made a deep and favorable impression upon her mind. Combined with this marvelous power of recollection, Mrs. Le Vert has the most exuberant social fertility. She is never at a loss for a suggestion as to what amusement, what excursion, what trip or journey, or what sort of a party, or what style of entertainment will be most agreeable with the group of friends of which she is the cynosure. If she is at a Southern watering-place, one day she will suggest a picnic, to be followed on the next by an excursion to some remarkable locality; this to be succeeded by a sailing-party, and the next day a grand dinner. If she is with a traveling-party, her advice as to when to go to Saratoga, and when to visit Newport, when to make the tour of the White Mountains, and under what circumstances to visit Niagara, is incomparable. In connection with these brilliant social characteristics, Mrs. Le Vert has always displayed qualities of heart as amiable as her mental powers are remarkable. In one of the numerous sketches of Madame Le Vert, she is described as "made up without antipathies." The legend of the old Italian sun-dial seems to be written on her heart: "*Horas non numero nisi serenas*" (Hours I do not count, unless they are sunny). Probably no prominent social character in the United States has ever led so long and brilliant a career, and yet inflicted so little pain, either by exciting envy, by invidious comparison, by a convenient rec-



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

ollection, or by the severer stings of irony and sarcasm. Domestic affliction she has had; and sometimes, no doubt, she has found that detraction and scandal are the thorns upon the rose of popular esteem, or, as Cicero says, "Envy is set over against glory;" but all this has thrown no cloud upon her sunny spirit. One of the warmest of her eulogists, herself a glowing writer, thus portrays this characteristic of Mrs. Le Vert: "Prejudiced by no sectarian dogmas, influenced by no sectional jealousy, she opens wide the portals of her heart, and folds the whole world of humanity in her loving and kindly embrace. With her a humane eclecticism has taken the place of a partial creed. She looks upon all her race with an 'infinite pity and infinite love,' and therefore the arts, literature, society, and systems of all countries through which she has journeyed are kindly viewed and liberally interpreted."

Yielding to the fascinations of her presence, and warmed by her ever vivid sympathy with all the joys as well as the sorrows of life, one does not miss in her the restless, and earnest intellectual activity of a high and strenuous soul. Yet, in summing up the intrinsic value of such a character as Madame Le Vert's, we can not but compare her to the magnolia grandiflora of her own native groves. The perfume that exhales from her language and her writings is evanescent rather than penetrating—delightful rather than permanent—sweet, not lasting.

Harriet Beecher Stowe must be pronounced, on the whole, the most brilliant and the most famous of American female prose writers now living. Though a constant contributor to various magazines, and the authoress of several books, her fame will rest upon the work which immediately after its publication gave her a national reputation. Her brain teems with all sorts of valuable social ideas, and the range of her activity takes in alike the delicate fireside problems and those of larger import and wider scope.

In society, Mrs. Stowe has never been, and can never be, the burning and shining light that has for so many years illuminated Southern salons; but nobody carries into society an eye keener to detect or a pencil more facile to portray the various characteristics and the different phases of life there represented. Receiving and retaining every impression which social life is

capable of making upon a finely organized intellect, she retires to her composing-room, and with brilliant grouping and artistic coloring weaves her conclusions, her convictions, and her lessons into stories which fascinate by their natural grace, delight by their beauty of language, and tend to elevate society by their high moral tone.

How many thousands have wept over the death of Eva! How many thousands, as they lingered over the fascinating page, have found their teeth clenched as their eye ran down the lines which recite the fearful story of Uncle Tom's torture! And ten years ago, how many hundreds of voters, who had up to that time been conservative, rose from the perusal of that book thoroughly radical in their political convictions! While the giant wrong was being smitten by a hundred sledge-hammers wielded by brawny arms, the wit of this one woman dealt it a home-thrust which proved to be like the word of the Lord, a "divider between the joints and the marrow." Her delicate bodkin reached the heart of the monster, and slavery never recovered from that stab.

In person, the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is slender but agile, compact and highly organized. Her faculties are so harmonized as to work with the utmost smoothness. No one of her mental powers is so wonderful as the memory of Mrs. Le Vert; but in poise and effective vigor of mind Mrs. Stowe has probably no superior among the writers of her sex. Her mental concentration and endurance are very great. She can carry on her trains of thought and weave one of her charming narratives while engaged in domestic duties. Michelet speaks of the manner of her labor as follows: "Some one asked the charming and illustrious Mrs. Stowe under what circumstances she had written 'Uncle Tom's Cabin?' 'While I was keeping the pot boiling,' she replied."

When the future literary historian of this country sums up the performances of the first half of this century, the names of Prescott and of Bancroft will stand first in their departments. In fiction, he must pronounce "Uncle Tom" as the most charming, and at the same time the most effective, novel which the times produced. Mrs. Le Vert is also an authoress, but her style is as different from that of Mrs. Stowe's as the splendor of a Brussels carpet is from the beauty of a parterre of roses.

One records her convictions, the other dashes off her impressions; one tells us of countless pleasant things she saw and innumerable kind people she met, while the other gives us the lesson and the wisdom of foreign travel—tells us what Europe is, and what it is not; delights us with little cabinet gems of pen-and-ink painting and trenchant outlines of character.

The difference between these two women is, to a great extent, a sectional difference. One is a good type of the Northern woman, the other as fair a specimen of the Southern lady. The contrast is a radical one. The Northerner regards life a failure if it is not effective, and his ideal of woman is of a person fitted to aid and advance all the prime interests of society. The Southerner, on the other hand, regarding life mainly as a scene of enjoyment, looks upon woman as a creature of delight; and woman in that society rarely rises above the standard there fixed for her. Hence a person like Mrs. Le Vert, formed to captivate Southern hearts and to be the delight of Southern society, appears to us of the northern clime more splendid than useful, more ornamental than valuable.

On the other hand, a person like Mrs. Stowe, diffident and retiring in general society and somewhat eccentric, must seem to a Southerner far more strenuous and earnest than is consistent with his ideal of the loveliness and the repose he seeks in the society of woman. L. L.

NEW YORK, JULY, 1867.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Foe*.

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Our best educational systems—great, and even glorious, as they are—are yet faulty, inasmuch as the temperament, natural disposition, and capabilities of the object to be educated are not properly understood. All are governed, treat-

ed, managed like machines, and educated alike, as though there were not the most marked constitutional differences among the pupils of every school. These differences PHRENOLOGY points out, and indicates the manner in which each mind may be called out, and the faculties of each more fully developed.

Then the question of MARRIAGE must be settled on scientific principles, so that it shall be determined who are and who are not adapted to each other, and how to harmonize where differences exist. All these, and a thousand other matters which concern every human being, belong appropriately to our investigations, and come within the scope of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Our field is large, the harvest is ripe, and the laborers are few. This is the only serial publication in the language devoted to these objects. It has found favor with many good men; is received into the best families; is largely patronized by the clergy, lawyers, physicians, naturalists, artists, teachers, authors, students, merchants, mechanics—indeed, by all intelligent classes, and its influence is steadily increasing in all parts of the world. That it has been the forerunner of important changes in the intellectual, social, and moral condition of man, those who have read it in the past will readily grant. That it shall in future be even more potent for good is the fixed desire and determination of its conductors.

Reader! our case is stated; the matter is before you. What part, if any, do you propose to take in this work? Will you simply sip honey from the flower, or pluck the fruit from the vine, and quietly enjoy these luxuries? Or will you assist in fertilizing the shrub and vine which produces the fruits, that *others* may also partake thereof and be refreshed? Will you selfishly read the JOURNAL alone, and, sponge-like, absorb its contents without giving thereof to a neighbor? If it be "more blessed to give than to receive," what a capital opportunity is here offered to obtain a great blessing! We know very well that the "laborer is worthy of his hire," and that one can not work "free, gratis," and "find himself." But something may be done on the score of benevolence, friendship, affection. Would you show your gratitude for favors received? Send the

JOURNAL a year to the one whose kindness you would repay. Would you be kept in constant remembrance of the most beloved? Order the JOURNAL to be sent a year to that one's address. Is your son or your daughter from home, or away at school? What frequent visitor would prove more welcome or cheering than the JOURNAL? Is your minister a subscriber? Do not ask him if he would like it, but send it to him. Is it among the magazines in your public library or reading-room? No other journal among a hundred would be more studied. Can you not place it there?

Are you foreman, assistant, accountant, or an apprentice in a large shop where there are twenty or more operatives at work? Can you not get up a club among these men and women? Has your fellow-student ever read a number? Show him this. Then there are your neighbors, Mr. BROWN, Mr. SMITH, and Mr. JONES, who would subscribe for it on *your* recommendation. What do you think? Is it worth your while to do so? You *may* get no thanks, or you may get more kicks than coppers, for meddling with the matter. Then of what account to *you* is this thing? However, show them your JOURNAL, and *then* if they wish to subscribe, they may do so on their own account. Will you do it?

This JOURNAL can not consent to go a begging; nor is it a subject of charity. It proposes to give an ample equivalent for all it gets. It will do *more* than this. Not only shall every dollar of its receipts be expended on its pages, but the time, talents, and best energies of its conductors shall be put with its receipts. Its terms of subscription shall not much exceed its actual cost of production. All its profits shall be divided among its subscribers and co-workers. More than this we will not promise. Is it not enough? Can any do more, or better?

We make an early start for the next station,—December,—with a well-provided train—conductors, engineers, stokers, brakemen, porters, baggage-masters, iced-water boys—reporters, newsmen, phrenologists, physicians, preachers, housekeepers, and all the paraphernalia for a most enjoyable (six months) excursion through and around the world. The bell rings. Shake hands! All aboard! We are off! Good-bye!

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE is "*electricity and steam.*" The TELEGRAPH and the LOCOMOTIVE are emblems of the nineteenth century. How soon the modes of using these may be improved or superseded by something superior, now unknown, we can not predict. All the elements of nature—water, air, light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and so forth—are to be subjugated to the use of MAN. All these God-given powers will be used as means for a still higher and more universal civilization and development. Just in proportion as mankind are brought into a more intimate communication and contact, will they rise. Barbarism is seclusion and exclusiveness. Civilization is education, art, commerce, invention, mechanism, navigation, railways, steamers, and the like. The world progresses. The present surpasses all previous periods for mental activity and for the celerity with which material improvements are being made. Till now, who ever heard of new railways being laid in a wild, unsettled country at the rate of three miles a day! Look at that incomparable work now going forward across the Rocky Mountains! Look at that other wonder, a five-mile railway tunnel through the Hoosac Mountains! The Atlantic and other ocean cables have been laid, and still other cables will soon wire the world together. Suspension bridges cross stupendous rivers, and city is united to city, and people to people.

But what of our moral, social, and political condition? Here, too, under God, there are evidences of progress and improvement. Serfdom in Russia and slavery in America have been abolished. The right of self-government is everywhere asserted. A "divine right" for any one man to rule is everywhere denied. Equal rights for all are everywhere demanded.

The education of children is no longer optional with ignorant or indifferent parents, but for the good of the state and the nation, God be thanked! is now, and is to be, COMPULSORY.

Scientific organizations are reaching out in all directions. Explorers are on every sea, lake, river, and mountain. Minerals, men, and monkeys are alike

brought into view, and our knowledge increased.

Missionary work at home and abroad is progressing; Sunday-schools are flourishing; church-building and religious enterprises are liberally encouraged. Barbarism *must* give way to Christianity. Every human being has an interest at stake. Each should do something, and come up promptly to do the work allotted him. There is no place for idlers in God's great vineyard. Let each put his shoulder to the wheel and help set the world ahead. Reader, what are *you* doing? Are all your faculties being used? or are they dormant? Remember the parable of the talents! *The right use* of what you have will be the measure of your reward. He who does little or nothing for the good of himself or his fellows will find little or nothing to his credit in the Book of Life. You who have realized the truth, that it is more blessed to give—and to do—than to receive, will need no urging from us.

Are you inventive? Give the world the benefit of it. You will be none the poorer, but much richer, in gratitude to God. Are you mechanical? Build yourself a monument in the hearts of the people. Are you a preacher? exhort, preach, and pray, "Let thy kingdom come!" Are you rich? "Let your light so shine that others may see your good works, and glorify your Father in heaven." Are you a publisher? Print only good books. A merchant? Weigh your goods on the scales of *justice*. A parent or a teacher? Remember, *example* is more powerful than precept. A phrenologist? Thank God for the good it may do you, and for the good you may do with it. Use it wisely, humbly, meekly, truthfully. Avoid flattery, egotism, vanity, tricks, and even all *appearance* of evil. When called on to describe an unfortunate, do it carefully, kindly, but truthfully; neither magnify, "nor set down aught in malice." Encourage the weak and timid; restrain the willful and careless. To the downcast, desponding, and hopeless; to the proud, arrogant, and haughty; to the dissipated, selfish, and sordid; to high and low, rich and poor, educated and ignorant, preach the true gospel it declares. Point *all* to the Great Example, who came to guide and to save, and the world shall be the better for your having lived and labored in it.

MONOPOLY.—It has been said that "two of a trade can never agree." It is natural for selfish men and women to want all the glory, all the money, and all the attentions. So it is with certain animals. The little petted poodle snaps and snarls if the mistress kindly notices another dog. The little canary and Pretty Polly show marked indications of jealousy when other birds sing and are praised. It is the same with children. How "tempery" little Charley becomes when a little sister takes the place on mamma's lap he formerly occupied. He wishes the red-faced little thing somewhere else. So in artistic circles—each wishes to be regarded as the bright particular star. Is it not the same in every circle of singers? Would not many an orator, poet, painter, author, lawyer, physician, surgeon, or preacher like to be *preferred*? Will not merchants sometimes sell at less than cost to monopolize the trade? Do not steam-boat men and stage proprietors sometimes carry passengers "free gratis," and give them their dinners, to command the traffic? Yea, verily! it is simply unregenerated human nature. But to what extent is this thing justified? Is not he the best Christian who first looks after the comfort and happiness of others? We know two or three small-minded, though much puffed phrenologists who are so foolish as to feel annoyed at the success of others whom they fear may eclipse them. As though Phrenology belonged to them! They are "would-be monopolists." The globe will not cease its accustomed revolutions when they depart, though there will be so much less egotism and bombast in the world. It is the present policy of *this* office to "lend a hand" to every good effort, by whomsoever made, in the interest of any good cause. Our readers know very well what we think of both quack doctors and quack phrenologists, of counterfeits and of the genuine article. We will have nothing to do with self-entitled "Professors," big or little, high or low, old or young, except to expose them; but all intelligent, sober, good, religious men shall have our best encouragement and support. Let all guard against low, mean jealousy. The more magnanimity a senior shows to a junior the better. Reader, are *you* a would-be monopolist? "Live, and let live."

AMERICAN ORATORY AND STRONG DRINK.—During the late session of the American Congress, a Temperance Society was organized, composed of Cabinet officers, Senators, and Representatives. The members met in the House of Representatives, and gave expression to their views in speeches and orations which for stirring eloquence, strong sense, and pathos have seldom if ever been surpassed. Indeed, the utterances by several of our ablest statesmen on that occasion must become the sentiment of civilization. So profoundly were we impressed by these brief and pointed speeches that we at once determined to put them into the handsomest print, and give them to the world. They are now beautifully embalmed "by the art preservative of all arts," and may be had by the hundred or thousand, at the cost of ~~paper and printing~~. The book makes forty-four pages, octavo, and single copies will be sent ~~free~~ on any address for twenty-five cents. Orders should be addressed to S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, New York. It is just the thing for lecturers, preachers, teachers, editors, debaters, and all who aspire to speak in public.



EMINENT AMERICAN CLERGYMEN. **BIOGRAPHICAL AND PHRENOLOGICAL SKETCHES,** **WITH PORTRAITS.**

THE Baptist denomination has acquired a position which may be compared with the High Church Episcopalian, or Old School Presbyterian, with reference to the standard of morality raised, and the rigid system of ordinances and requisitions laid down. This is especially the case with that branch of the order which is known by the term "Close Communion Baptists."

Large Firmness, Conscientiousness, Veneration, and rather influential Self-Esteem, with an active intellect, are among the prominent faculties found in most of the representatives of this Church. So far as earnestness, piety, and sincerity, in the prosecution of Christian work is concerned, it can not be denied that the Baptist is unsurpassed; and as regards social intercourse, friendly attachments, and co-operative parish work are concerned, this denomination ranks in importance and influence with the first.

Besides our ordinary group of distinguished American clergymen, we present Rev. Dr. Spurgeon, who is the most popular representative of this denomination in England.

BARNAS SEARS, D.D., was born in Sandisfield, Mass., Nov. 19th, 1802. He graduated at Brown University, Providence, R. I., in 1825. In 1829, having completed his theological studies at Newton, Mass., he became the pastor of the First Baptist Church in Hartford, Conn., where he remained for two years, when he was appointed to a professorship in the Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution (now Madison University), N. Y. In 1833 he went to Europe, and studied for several years at Halle, Leipzig, and Berlin; and upon his return he was appointed to a professorship in the Theological Seminary at Newton, where he remained twelve years, during the latter part of that period being President of the Institution. In 1843, on the resignation of the late Horace Mann, he was made secretary and executive agent of the Massachusetts Board of Education. In Aug., 1855, he was unanimously elected President of Brown University. Dr. Sears has published an edition of "Nöhdén's Grammar of the German Language;" "Classical Studies," consisting of essays on ancient literature and art, with the biography and correspondence of eminent philologists, prepared in conjunction with the late Prof. B. B. Edwards of Andover, and C. C. Felton of Harvard; "Ciceronia, or the Prussian Mode of Instruction in Latin;" "Select Treatises of Martin Luther in the Original German;" "Life of Luther, with special reference to its earlier periods and the 'Opening Scenes of the Reformation';" a revised and enlarged edition of Roget's "Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases;" together with numerous reports on education, occasional addresses, and contributions to the "Christian Review," "Bibliotheca Sacra," and other periodicals. Dr. Sears was several years editor of the *Christian Review*. He has lately resigned the presidency of the Brown University to accept the general agency of the Peabody Southern Educational Enterprise.

Dr. Sears' features manifest much dignity and self-reliance, together with forbearance and modesty. He has a close, studious expression, dwelling more in the sphere of thought than in the domain of observation. Though the organ of Language is large, the influence of other faculties is such, that he is probably more a thinker and writer than a speaker—more given to the carefully worded statements of the manuscript than to free and untrammelled extemporaneous expression. He possesses qualities which admirably adapt him to a literary or philosophical pursuit. He possesses method, discrimination, taste, and ready judgment. Benevolence is one of his most prominent phrenological developments.

See how his head towers up at this point! and its influence is all the greater because of the comparatively small side head—Acquisitiveness, Destructiveness, Secretiveness being moderate. We can safely state, that in selecting this gentleman for the philanthropic work just entered upon, that the right man will be found in the right place.

RICHARD FULLER, D.D., pastor of the Seventh Baptist Church, Baltimore, Md., was born in Beaufort, S. C., in 1808, his father being a planter there. He was early sent to Harvard College, where he applied himself diligently to his studies, and took his degree with his class, although he had left college at the end of his junior year. On his return to Maryland he commenced the study of the law, and was admitted to and practiced at the bar. During a severe attack of illness, his mind was turned toward religion, and on his recovery he became a member of the Episcopal Church. He afterward became a convert to the Baptist persuasion, was baptized, abandoned the law, and devoted himself to a preparation for the ministry; and after pursuing his theological studies for a year he was ordained, and took charge of the Beaufort Baptist Church, where, besides

ability to discern character. He reads those with whom he comes in contact literally as he would a book, and therefore is able to adapt his manner and language so as to secure the desired result. He is strongly emotional. In discourse he is not so much marked by argument as by feeling. He appeals to the moral sentiments rather than the intellect, and his efficiency is therefore all the more striking. He should be known for his social qualities, for the readiness with which he becomes attached to others and others to him. He has large Benevolence, Veneration, and Conscientiousness, while Human Nature appears to be decidedly prominent. There is oratory in that face, and Ideality, Sublimity, and executiveness in the brain. Nature blocked him out on a liberal scale. Speaking after the manner of the world, we should ascribe to Dr. Fuller the qualities of an actor, in which all the various shades and phases of human character would be portrayed.

ISAAC WESTCOTT, D.D., pastor of the Bloomingdale (Forty-second Street) Baptist Church, New York, was born at Plymouth, Mass., April 10, 1804. He pursued his academic and theological studies at Methuen, in that State, and subsequently preached three years as a licentiate in the Baptist ministry at Dunbarton. In 1831 he was ordained, and took the pastoral charge of the Baptist Church at Whiting, Vt., where he remained also three years. He was next called to Stillwater, where his pastorate extended over the long period of eighteen years. In 1850 he was called to the Laight Street Baptist Church, New York. He next went to Gloversville, Fulton Co., N. Y., where after a service of four years he was called to Newburg, where he labored other five years, after which he was called to his present position in New York. He received the degree of D.D. from Rochester University a few years ago. In appearance, Dr. Westcott is somewhat under the average height, and of round, full person. He is popular with all classes and ages, and is a great favorite with the young. He may be regarded as a representative in his denomination. He is a self-made man, raised to the ministry out of the body of the church. He is known for his eminent piety; his life has been a practical one; he has labored for the good of his fellow-men, and his success has been marked. It is a fact worthy of record, showing the natural energy of Dr. Westcott, that in every field of labor, with the single exception of Laight Street, New York, a new church edifice has been erected during his pastorate, and more than fifteen hundred persons baptized. As a preacher, his style is common sense, and partakes largely of the pathetic. Whatever he says is the result of the living feeling within, and in this way



PORTRAIT OF REV. DR. SPURGEON.

his regular duties as pastor, he found time and enjoyment in making excursions as an evangelist, preaching the Gospel among the slaves. In 1836, his health having become impaired, he spent a year in Europe, and on his return with recruited energies, resumed his labors in Beaufort with great success. In 1847 he took charge of the church over which he is now pastor.

As a pulpit orator, Dr. Fuller has few equals; and a marked feature of his preaching is a highly spiritual and evangelical element. He has a full, round, manly form, tall and dignified; a frank, open countenance; a clear, deep, and musical voice; and with warmth, earnestness, and depth of pathos he carries his audience along with him, and awakens in the heart of even the hardest a responsive throb. When not in the pulpit, he is generally engaged in visiting and praying with his people; and being remarkably easy and pleasant in his manners, though dignified, he thus wins his way to the hearts of his hearers.

Dr. Fuller's is an open, earnest, ardent nature. The temperament is one of unusual susceptibility. Whatever interests and is entertained by him, he is inclined to become enthusiastic in its advocacy. He has unusual

his ministry is especially effective. Dr. Westcott has now been forty years engaged in the Gospel ministry, and is still hale and energetic in his work.

Dr. Westcott's brain is large and active, and the quality good. He is evidently his mother's son, partaking largely of her spirit and disposition. The head is high in Veneration, Conscientiousness, and Benevolence. He is practical in every sense of the word. His organization is not developed in the direction of the visionary or the superstitious. He has a very warm, even ardent nature. His social attachments are strong, and these manifest themselves in his religious work. He is an earnest, hearty man, both in speech and action. His Language is large; he clothes his thoughts in ready words; and stimulated by an emotional nature he would speak eloquently. The perceptive faculties are large. He is the opposite of a fastidious man. He looks to purposes and appropriateness rather than to ornamentation or temporary pleasure. He has a sense of his own worth, which enables him to be steady and progressive against opposition. He is not easily influenced by others; not easily swayed from a chosen line of conduct. Uniformity and consistency are marked on every feature.

GEORGE W. EATON, D.D., LL.D., President of Madison University, N. Y., was born in Huntingdon County, Penn., July 8, 1804. In the following year his parents removed to Ohio, and settled on a farm in Delaware County, then on the frontier. From early childhood he manifested great intellectual quickness; which together with no great fondness for the narrow sphere of action on his father's farm, he being the ninth of a family of twelve, resulted in his being sent, at the age of fifteen, to a collegiate school in Worthington, Ohio, where he attained great proficiency in classical and mathematical studies. Here he formed a warm, boyish friendship with Salmon P. Chase, the Chief Justice of the United States (whose portrait graces our present number) which has continued to the present. In 1822 he entered the Freshman Class of the Ohio University at Athens, where he remained two years; but discovering the difficulties experienced by a kind father in furnishing means, he resolved to relieve him, and with commendable spirit left the College, went to Virginia, taught for three years, and with accumulated earnings returned North, entering from the Junior Class of Union College in the fall of 1827, which institution he graduated in 1829, with all the honors of the College. In the same year he was elected Fellow, the highest honor that could be conferred upon a graduate then, and spent a year as tutor. In 1830 he accepted the principalship of Union Academy, Belleville, Ohio, and in the following year received simultaneously the appointment to the professorship of Rhetoric and History in Hampden Sydney College, Virginia, and to the professorship of Ancient Languages at Georgetown College, Kentucky, the latter of which he accepted. In 1833 he was called to the professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the Collegiate Department of the Institution at Hamilton, N. Y., now Madison University. There he has been ever since, successively occupying the chairs of Mathematics in the University proper, of Ecclesiastical History and of Biblical Theology, in the Theological Seminary. In 1836 he was appointed President of the University, succeeding Stephen W. Taylor, LL.D., which position he still holds. In 1840 his Alma Mater conferred upon him the degree of D.D.; and some years subsequently the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the Union University in Tennessee. Dr. Eaton's published productions consist mainly of Discourses, Lectures, and Essays, which contain evidence of eminent literary ability and a high order of eloquence. His religious life is inspired by a sincere desire to spread the triumph of the cause which he advocates; more especially to raise the standard of Christian education and culture, general and ministerial. Unbigoted and unsectarian in his feelings, loving all who love Christ in sincerity, loving man as man, and ardently desiring that all may be good and happy, an enemy to none, and delighting to render any one a good service, are the chief elements of Dr. Eaton's religion.

Dr. Eaton's organization is eminently delicate, both with regard to its susceptibilities and adaptability. He should be an earnest and usually an accurate student of human nature. His perceptions of character are keen and clear. Although appreciative of the refinements of life, his whole character is so thoroughly pervaded by a sense of the practical, that he may be said to be a practical man, to look upon life in its varied aspects from a practical stand-point. His religious nature is developed more in the direction of active measures, whether co-operative or individual, than in the direction of sentiment and emotion. He has more Benevolence than Faith or Veneration. He appreciates public sentiment, and is much influenced by that appreciation in the carrying out of whatever enterprises he may inaugurate for the benefit of society. He has a stronger sense of personal obligation and duty than a disposition to be stiff, precise, or domineering. While he would have his views cordially accepted by others, he is not one to insist upon them with the stiffness of the dogmatist. He should be a cordial, courteous, frank, genial man in society. A spirit like this would impress itself on all with whom it comes in contact.

WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS, D.D., pastor of the Fifty-fourth Street Baptist Church, New York, was born in New York city, October 14th, 1804. After the usual academic studies he entered Columbia College, where he graduated with the highest honors of his class, in 1823. Subsequently he studied law, and for a time

practiced it. In 1829, or 1830, he became a member of the Oliver Street Church, New York, and on Dec. 17th, 1833, was ordained at the constitution of Amity Street Baptist Church as pastor, where he labored for many years. In 1867 he assumed the charge of the congregation in Fifty-fourth Street, over which he now ministers.

Dr. Williams has published "Religious Progress," "Lectures on the Lord's Prayer," a volume of "Miscellaneous," with several Introductory Essays to books of other writers and various occasional sermons and addresses. His writings are peculiar for their spirituality and devotion, affluence of illustration—especially historical illustration—for a vigorous, racy, figurative style, remarkable for breadth, variety, and power, and a brilliant and fervid imagination. Dr. Williams' theological position is that of a Calvinist of the school of Andrew Fuller, with liberal feelings toward all evangelical bodies. His leading characteristics are fervor and depth of piety, unaffected modesty and simplicity of style, coupled with inflexibility of principle. He is of studious and retiring habits, profound in his attainments, an excellent linguist, and takes delight in the study of authors among the English Puritans, the early Methodists, and the Jansenists of the French Catholic Church. In appearance he is of middle size, pale, thin, contemplative, and intellectual.

A distinguished divine of the Presbyterian Church in New York said of Dr. Williams, on being asked by an individual from abroad as to who deserved to be placed foremost among the eminent ministers in that city, replied: "If piety, humility, comprehensive scholarship, wide acquaintance with history, unusual attainments in literature, together with a refined taste and rare genius as a writer, constitute a great man, then William R. Williams, of the Baptist Church, is the man for whom you inquire."

The countenance of Dr. Williams indicates great susceptibility and intensity, the mental temperament predominating. There is an exhibition of considerable wear upon his constitution, from the undue activity of the brain and nervous system. Dr. Williams possesses, too, a strongly marked will. Fortunately, he has inherited a tenacious physical constitution. There is much of steel wire and gristle in him. Were not this the case, he would have ere this succumbed to the pressure of his mental assiduity. His apprehensions are quick; his thoughts are quick; his actions are quick; his conclusions are rapidly drawn. He must think quickly to think accurately. Observe how nicely and sharply those features are chiseled! Notice his large Causality and Language; the latter supplemented as it is by large Ideality, Sublimity, Spirituality, Mirthfulness, and a superior intellect in general, he should be known as a writer and speaker of eminence. He should, however, be careful to guard against undue cerebral activity, by judiciously selected diet, by plenty of sleep and moderate outdoor exercise. Would not riding a horse be useful to one of this temperament?

JOHN DOWLING, D.D., pastor of the Berean Baptist Church, Bedford St., New York, was first settled as a pastor in New York city in the year 1836, and is one of the oldest and most popular of the Baptist clergy. He was born and educated in England, although he has spent by far the larger portion of his life in America. The place of his birth was Pevensey, on the sea-coast of Sussex, in England, memorable as the landing-place of William the Conqueror in 1066, and near the town of Hastings, where, at the memorable battle of Hastings, the Norman Conqueror, soon after landing, triumphed over the Saxon monarchs of England. Overhanging the house in which Dr. Dowling was born may still be seen the ivy-crowned walls of Pevensey Castle, which once sheltered the soldiers of King William—even in his day, an ancient ruin of Roman origin, covering several acres.

The date of Dr. Dowling's birth was May 12th, 1807, and he has therefore just completed his sixtieth year. Removing at an early age to the city of London, although his parents and his ancestors, for several generations, had been zealous adherents of the Established (Episcopal) Church, he became a member of the Eagle Street Baptist Church at the age of seventeen, under the care of the Rev. Joseph Ivimey, the historian of the English Baptists. His youth was devoted chiefly to study and literary pursuits. At the early age of nineteen he accepted an appointment as instructor in the Latin language and literature, at the Clapham Rise Classical

Institute, in the suburbs of London; and two years later he became instructor in the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French languages, in a similar institution in Buckinghamshire, under the care of Rev. Ebenezer West.

Soon after his marriage in 1829, Mr. Dowling established a classical boarding-school in Oxfordshire, a few miles from Oxford University, which continued in a flourishing condition until he disposed of it to his successor for the purpose of removing to America. While principal of that academy, he published three school-books, which for many years were in general use, and are still in use in some of the schools of Great Britain. During all this time, also, he frequently officiated as a preacher in the pulpits of the neighboring pastors.

In 1832 he resolved to make America his future home. He was induced to this course in part on account of the fearful commotions and riots which then prevailed in his native land relative to the Reform agitation, and in part on account of the taxation and oppression inseparable from a monarchical government, and from the union of Church and State. He preferred a republican government, and was much influenced by the fact that America was a promising field of usefulness, and presented greater facilities to a father in bringing up a family of children and settling them comfortably in the world. Upon arriving in America, he received a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Catskill, and was ordained over that church November 14, 1832, where he preached the Gospel with great success for two years, and afterward for two years at Newport, R. I. In 1836, he commenced his ministry in New York city, where he has, from that time, continued to labor, with the exception of a few years in Providence and in Philadelphia. In August, 1836, he was installed as pastor of a Baptist church then worshipping in the old Gothic Masonic Hall in Broadway, at that time standing opposite the New York Hospital. On this occasion, the installation sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Spencer H. Cone, and the other services were performed by Doctors Archibald MacLay, Charles G. Sommers, William R. Williams, and Jonathan Going. Dr. Dowling also preached for some two or three years as pastor of the Broadway Baptist Church in Hope Chapel.

In 1844 he first became pastor of the Berean Baptist Church, Bedford Street, New York, where he still continues to preach the Gospel to large congregations. He is now in his second pastorate with his present charge, having accepted a call to Philadelphia in 1832; but in 1836 resumed the charge of the Bedford Street Church, at their urgent and unanimous request.

The success of Dr. Dowling as an author has been no less marked than his success as a preacher. In addition to frequent contributions to our religious periodical literature, introductory essays to several works, and several anniversary sermons and college addresses, he has, during that time, written and published several works which have obtained a very large circulation and a wide celebrity. Among them are the "History of Romanism," a large octavo volume of 784 pages, of which some thirty thousand copies have been published and sold; "Power of Illustration," "Nights and Mornings," "Judean Offering," etc., etc. Twice, since his settlement in America, Dr. Dowling has been made the recipient of collegiate honors. In 1834, soon after his removal to Rhode Island, the honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him by Brown University, under the Presidency of Rev. Dr. Wayland; and in 1846, soon after the publication of his "History of Romanism," the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Transylvania University, under the Presidency of Rev. Dr. Bascom.

A Baptist clergyman thus describes him: "*Indomitable perseverance and untiring industry* in endeavoring to do good are striking traits in Dr. Dowling's character. His preaching, when he has time to thoroughly prepare his discourses, is ratiocinative, pathetic, and powerful. Large audiences flock to hear him. We must not omit another characteristic, which we believe to be very essential for every minister of the Gospel, and that is the remarkably kind manner in which he treats his brethren. He is always ready to take a brother in need by the hand, and go out of his way to introduce such a brother into a place of usefulness."

Dr. Dowling is probably the largest man in the group. He stands six feet and three inches high, and weighs two hundred and seventy-five pounds. In build, he is not unlike the late General Scott. His brain is large in proportion, measuring twenty-four inches in circumference. All the conditions for health and long life are clearly indicated. He is erect, active, and vigorous. His circulation, breathing, and digestion are excellent. There are no indications of consumption or premature decay here. Socially, he is one of the most loving and affectionate of men. Though somewhat combative, he is the opposite of a belligerent who would seek controversy. His love for money is very moderate. He is cautious, guarded, and prudent. Ambition is subordinate to Benevolence, Conscientiousness, and a desire to do good and do right. Is steadfast and true to his convictions; is moderately hopeful, though never desponding; is eminently devotional and trusting. Though Ideality and Sublimity are prominent, their influence is secondary. He is mirthful, playful, jovial, and even witty. He will scarcely ever outgrow a boyish youthfulness. He is a good observer, a profound thinker, and a capital writer and speaker. With more ambition for worldly honors and display, he could have taken a foremost place even in the councils of a nation. He is the enemy of no man, and can have no enemies.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, D.D., was born in Boston, October 21, 1808. He graduated from Harvard College in 1829, and studied theology at Andover for three years, and for the next eighteen months was editor of the *Baptist Missionary Magazine*, published in Boston. In 1834 he was ordained pastor of the First Baptist Church, Waterville, Me., and at the same time elected Professor of Modern Languages in Waterville College, both which posts he filled till 1842, when he removed to Newton, Mass., and became pastor of the First Baptist Church, and editor of the *Christian Review*. He continued his charge of the latter till 1849, when it was removed to New York, and remained in the pastorate at Newton till the summer of 1854, when he resigned, and has since been engaged in literary pursuits and editing the publications of the American Baptist Missionary Union. From his early youth Dr. Smith has contributed largely, both in prose and verse, to periodical literature. During his collegiate and theological course he was a large contributor to the "Encyclopedia Americana." The well-known national hymn, "My Country, 'tis of thee," is one of his earlier productions. In 1843, in connection with the Rev. Baron Stow, he compiled the "Psalmist," a rich collection of psalms and hymns. His other publications are "Eric Gems," poems original and selected, and "Life of Rev. Joseph Grafton," besides occasional sermons. He also contributed a large portion of the songs in the "Juvenile Lyre," edited by Lowell Mason.

Dr. Smith possesses a strongly marked organization. There is much positive decision and matter-of-fact in his character. He has an exceedingly high head. The temperament being of the nervous or mental cast, he is inclined to exalt the practical, to perceive in the relations which exist between man and man in society a quality which partakes strongly of the spiritual and devotional, and indicates the workings of Providence in the affairs of men. His piety is that of benevolence, veneration, and conscientiousness, guided by a cultivated intellect rather than by blind superstition. He has a keen insight into character. He is the clear, earnest, apt speaker rather than the verbose talker. He does not ignore the respect of others. His social feelings are warm and earnest. He discerns in society the true field of Christian labor. His tastes are refined, his imagination fervid, but he does not overflow with emotion, so that his expressions mark a spontaneous disposition. His productions would be characterized by care and critical acumen. That is an expressive face, indicating a definite, analytical, descriptive, racy mind. There is nothing dull, heavy, or opaque. All is clear, animated, and sensible. There is dignity, decision, perseverance, and will-power here. His poetry will be more descriptive than imaginative.

ROBERT TURNBULL, D.D., pastor of the First Baptist Church, Hartford, is by birth and education a Scotchman, having been born in Whiteburn, Linlithgowshire, Scotland, September 10, 1800. He re-

ceived a liberal education, and proceeded while young to the University of Glasgow, where he graduated, after which he attended the lectures of Chalmers, Wilson, and others, at Edinburgh. His theological course proper was pursued at Glasgow, on the completion of which he was led to adopt the views of the Baptists, and, after preaching for a short time in Scotland and England, came to the United States in 1833, where he was for about two years the pastor of the Baptist Church in Danbury, Conn. In 1835 he went as a home missionary to Detroit, Michigan, and became pastor of the First Baptist Church in that city. In 1837 he returned to New England, at the call of the South Baptist Church, Hartford, Conn.; and in 1839 he was called to the Boylston Street (now the Harvard Street) Baptist Church, in Boston, where he labored till 1846, when he received and accepted a call from the First Baptist Church in Hartford, Conn. He has remained pastor of this church since that time, winning with each year a stronger influence, not only among his own people, but in other denominations. As a preacher, Dr. Turnbull is eminently scholarly, with great breadth of culture. He is at the same time highly evangelical and earnest. Some of his sermons, for beauty of style and grandeur of thought, are seldom equaled, and hardly ever surpassed. He has much of the fervor, glow, and eloquence of his countrymen, rare command of language, great facility as an extemporaneous speaker, and a most retentive memory. His more elaborate and carefully prepared discourses are models of a nervous and polished English style. He has been, amid all his pastoral and pulpit labors, a very diligent student, and has made himself thoroughly familiar with the metaphysical theories of the German, French, and British schools of philosophy. He has also devoted much attention to general literature and to the discussion of theological topics. His principal published works are "The Theatre," "Olympia Morata," "Vinet's Vital Christianity," a translation, "The Genius of Scotland," "The Genius of Italy," "Theophany, or the Manifestations of God in Christ," "Vinet's Miscellanies," "Pulpit Orators of France and Switzerland," "Christ in History, or the Central Power," and "Life Pictures, or Sketches from a Pastor's Notebook." He also edited Sir William Hamilton's "Discussions on Philosophy," with a historical introduction, conducted for several years the *Christian Review*, a Baptist quarterly periodical, and has been a large contributor to religious periodical literature. His "Genius of Scotland" has been reprinted in Scotland, as high a compliment as could have been paid to its accuracy and worth. His "Christ in History" has shown most fully the "hiding of his power," as one of the best thinkers and writers of our times. He received the degree of D.D. from Madison University in 1851.

Dr. Turnbull is one of the most genial of men, high-minded, and ever true as a friend. His mild eye, beaming with kindness, and his pale intellectual face alike indicate the man, the scholar, and the minister of Christ. In a word, he ranks as one of the ablest writers and preachers of this generation, honored of all, and beloved of the good.

Dr. Turnbull possesses to a considerable extent the intensity, earnestness, and application of the Scottish character. The intellectual lobe is largely developed, the reasoning organs being large, and susceptible of high cultivation. He is possessed of much critical and discriminating acumen. His natural tendency is to studiousness. He is more a thinker than a talker, and on this account his statements, whether they be extemporaneous or carefully prepared before delivery, exhibit marks of deep thought and attention. He should be deeply versed in the relations of society, of the influences which men naturally exercise. Although endowed by nature with much agreeableness, or ability to please, he may exhibit at times abruptness, because his mind becomes thoroughly occupied by a line of thought, so that he can not immediately transfer his attention to any new subject which may be presented. His Language indicates decision, definiteness, and force rather than fluency. Work, work, is clearly depicted here. The mind or spirit which uses this brain is restless, active, and impatient. It is wearing out the vital machinery, and unless mental repose be soon obtained the body will be exhausted. There is something of the Cicero and something of the Cassius here.

THOMAS ARMITAGE, D.D., pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York, was born in England in 1819, and came to America at the age of nineteen. He is a descendant of Sir John Armitage, of Barneley, Yorkshire, whose descendants hold good rank among the English nobility. The precepts of a pious mother, who was a member of the Methodist persuasion, made a deep impression upon his mind; and at the extremely early age of fifteen we find him licensed to exhort in the Methodist Church. Six months after he was licensed to preach, and delivered his first discourse at Attercliffe Common, near Sheffield, with such marked success that it was the means of converting quite a number of his hearers. After three or four years of successful labor as a local preacher in England, his attention was turned toward the liberal institutions and the promising field of religious labor in the United States. After coming to this country, he preached first in Suffolk County, L. I.; then in Watervliet, Albany County, N. Y.; and next in the Garretson Station Methodist Episcopal Church, Pearl Street, Albany, and subsequently in other places, inaugurating extensive and extraordinary revivals. He soon attained an eminent and influential position in the Methodist Church. In 1839, having occasion to attend the ceremonial of baptism as performed in the Baptist Church, he was so deeply impressed that he commenced a series of careful investigations into the doctrine, practice, and government of the Baptist Church, and after six months' careful consideration he became fully persuaded that in that denomination he would find a more congenial religious atmosphere. Withdrawing then from the Methodist Episcopal Church, he was baptized by Rev. Dr. Welsh into the fellowship of the Pearl Street Baptist Church, Albany, and was shortly afterward ordained as a minister, and was called to the Norfolk Street Church, New York, over which congregation he is still settled, who now worship in the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, corner of Forty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue. The honorary degree of A.M. was conferred upon Dr. Armitage by Madison University at the age of twenty, and fourteen years later the degree of D.D. was conferred by Georgetown College, Ky. Since 1856 he has been the president of the American Bible Union. He is an eloquent and powerful preacher; a splendid orator—with a voice beautifully clear and musical—often soaring into the ideal, or the realms of wild and impassioned eloquence. His thoughts are highly original; and being endowed with the greatest gifts of eloquence, a man of extended learning and the highest social culture, he is enabled to hold one of the foremost places among the incumbents of the Baptist pulpit.

Dr. Armitage has an intense, earnest nature; his life is full of enthusiasm and fervor. Inheriting the feminine cast of intellect, his intuitive knowledge of truth flashes upon him instantly; his mind is full of facts and relations, which are always on hand; and though his language is only fairly indicated, yet this peculiar, intuitive character of his intellect enables him to bring his ideas clearly forth with only a moderate amount of colloquial talent. Firmness is large; he is positive, and strongly inclined to take a position of independence and authority. As a preacher he would be more ethical in his teachings than subservient, more inclined to instruct people how to do justly and love mercy than to walk humbly. Dogmatic theology is no part of his creed. He is a leader, not a follower of men; he would make innovations as a reformer, yet would not be averse to adopting unpopular truths. Whatever Dr. Armitage thinks to be duty, he performs for the earnest love of it, with a spirit of philanthropy and love for his fellow-men which gives him great influence in awaying the minds and molding the character of others. There is a free, frank openness, without concealment, which introduces him at once into the confidence of another. Such a temperament is capable of almost constant effort without exhaustion, there being so little mental friction. Kindness and affection are his more prominent traits of character.

REV. SIDNEY A. COREY, pastor of Murray Hill Baptist Church, New York, was born at Leroy, Jefferson County, N. Y., October 6, 1822. In his early life he was an actor, but becoming seriously interested in religious matters, he abandoned the stage,

and finally completed his education and studied theology at Madison University, where he graduated. In 1841 he was ordained to the Baptist ministry at Sing Sing, N. Y., where he preached for eighteen months. In 1843 he came to New York, where a church was erected for him in Eleventh Street; afterward removed to Twelfth Street for increased accommodations. In 1856-7 a magnificent church edifice was erected for his congregation at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street; but in the following year, bringing with it the great financial crisis, the congregation, unable to pay for a debt incurred of one hundred thousand dollars, the church building was sold, and Mr. Corey's congregation removed to a church in Thirty-fifth Street. In 1862 the congregation again removed to a commodious edifice in Twenty-eighth Street, near Broadway, and subsequently to the church on Murray Hill, where they now worship. As a preacher, Mr. Corey's style of address is thus stated by a lady critic: "He illustrates his text with lively anecdote, spicy commentary, and solid facts—now warming up into the realms of imagination, now descending again into the prosaic reality. If we were called upon to describe his peculiar eloquence, we should say it was the *flowery* style. He garlands every sentence with rhetorical flowers—he polishes and refines—there is a soft, romantic, sentimental atmosphere around his discourses. There is a delusive, *unreal* radiance around his eloquence, like the strange supernatural light of the winter moon. He covers his subject with blossoms of fancy and ideality, as the robins in the nursery tale covered the babes in the wood with forest leaves. In all his sermons there is deep religious fervor and earnestness of appeal, sometimes dramatically expressed, but always appropriate and seldom surpassed."

Mr. Corey has highly distinguished himself also as a religious lecturer. In appearance he is kindly, courtly, and gentlemanly. Cheerful and hopeful, he is always welcome. Polished and gentlemanly, fluent and entertaining in conversation, his companionship is sought for the profit and pleasure it imparts.

Mr. Corey stands not far from six feet high, is well proportioned, erect, and stately. He is blessed with a good degree of self-reliance, a high degree of firmness, and a strong love of approbation, and is not wanting in self-esteem. These qualities combining with a fine intellect, which is highly cultivated, with mirthfulness, imagination, and an aptitude for any calling, fit him for a leader. His Benevolence is large, and his sympathies active and strong. Veneration, Hope, and Spirituality are also large; and he is profoundly devout, eminently spiritual, with exalted hopefulness. He is full of feeling, impulse, and emotion, and could scarcely prevent himself from manifesting these strong characteristics always and everywhere. He is without cunning or concealment, and enters instantly into the nature of those he meets. There is poetry, music, art, and oratory combined in him.

REV. WM. H. PENDLETON, pastor of West Fifty-third Street Baptist Church, was born in Stonington, Conn., in the year 1832. He spent his early years in academical pursuits and the study of law. Having located himself in California, he was called to the work of the Christian ministry in the year 1855. His first pastoral charge was assumed in the city of Brooklyn in the year 1858, in which he spent eighteen months, when he was called to the care of the Cannon Street Baptist Church, and continued to labor as its pastor for five years. It is now nearly four years since he assumed his present charge. In all these positions his ministry has been eminently successful. The aggregate of conversions under his preaching reaches nearly six hundred.

As a speaker, Mr. Pendleton is attractive and effective. His arrangement of a discourse is lucid and striking; his argument is cogent, his style elegant, sometimes verging toward the florid. His manner is fervent and deeply impressive. Few pastors in this city are more highly esteemed by their churches, and few individuals have warmer or more devoted friends.

Mr. Pendleton has been much distinguished as an advocate of the American Bible Union, of which he has been an influential manager for a considerable number of years. One of his most brilliant platform speeches was delivered before that body about four years ago. The flashes of poetic eloquence by which it was illustrated evinced that, if he should direct his attention to

platform speaking, he would not have many competitors for the palm. His mind is essentially poetic, but with sound discretion he has chastened it to the more sober shade of thought suitable to the character of the Christian ministry.

The evidences of power of expression are marked on this countenance. He should talk fluently, copiously. The eyes are full, the head wide in the region of suggestion and ideality. The social affections are influential; and there is, too, a vein of the controversial, all of which qualities in combination nourish discussion and discourse. He should be a firm adherent of his denomination. The organs of Firmness, Spirituality, Conscientiousness, and Veneration are well developed. He has a practical cast of intellect, and should be correct in his discriminations and descriptions. The temperament supplies activity and elasticity. He is impressive, yet his impressions are rendered useful and efficacious. He has a strong sense of the humorous, the witty, the elegant, and the eloquent. Although one who would exhibit a powerful defense when his liberties were invaded, he yet is cautious and calculating. As a clergyman, he should exhibit a profound acquaintance with the main characteristics of his people, much affability in society, and sufficient regard to their interests to render himself acceptable. He is genial, social, kindly, self-assured, and confident.

REV. HENRY M. GALLAHER, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., the youngest in the group, was born in Castlebar, Ireland, September, 1833. He received but the rudiments of an education at his native place, being apprenticed at the age of twelve. At the age of seventeen he emigrated to this country, and after a few years' sojourn in the East he settled in Illinois, engaging in his occupation of carriage painting. Being possessed of a mind thirsting for knowledge, and having a very strong desire to enter the ministry, he entered Shurtleff College, Alton, Illinois, there receiving the benefits of a regular theological training. Mr. Gallaher had then been married about a year; and despite his great responsibility, he managed to support his wife and child during the period of his collegiate course. He accepted a call from the Baptist Church at Quincy, Illinois, and continued his ministrations there for three years. In 1864 he was appointed as a delegate to the Baptist Convention at Philadelphia; and while East, the First Baptist Church of Brooklyn, being without a settled pastor, invited him to occupy their pulpit during one of the Sabbaths of his visit East. An enthusiastic reception met the young preacher; and soon after a unanimous call was extended to him, which was accepted only after mature deliberation, and in October, 1864, he assumed the pastorate of the Church. From that time until the present the career of his Church has been one of uninterrupted prosperity; the original congregation of one or two hundred was soon swelled to fifteen hundred, and the church is now too small. Mr. Gallaher is a fluent and polished speaker; his language is full of apt illustration and originality of idea, and he is fearless in announcing his convictions. Naturally talented, Mr. Gallaher has by cultivation and close application and earnest thought become one of the most effective workers in his denomination. His abilities as a lecturer have also caused him to be in universal demand; and few lectures have been so acceptably delivered as his "Ireland and the Irish," "America and the Americans," and "A Summer's Trip to Europe."

Mr. Gallaher has a superior intellect. His perceptive faculties rather predominate, thus indicating ability to portray and describe. He would be brilliant rather than profound. He belongs to that class of ministers who are eminent for their ability to rivet the attention of an audience by a warm and enthusiastic style of address. His moral organization is finely developed. Veneration, Benevolence, Spirituality, and Conscientiousness are well marked. He is not remarkable for independence of character. He is rather diffident than forward. The nature of his vocation, the moral status of the community, are the stimuli which urge him forward to take a conspicuous position. He must believe in his work earnestly to act in a position which draws the attention of others. There is much breadth of mind, much liberality of sentiment in this organization. There is also much humor, and in his discourses there may be quaintness of style, or a vein of facetiousness which inclines

the hearer to smile. He is an easy, tender, and accessible man. The more he may be known, the better he will be beloved.

REV. CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON, one of the most popular ministers of the Baptist Church in England, was born at Keldvedon, Essex, June 19, 1834. His father and grandfather were preachers in the Independent denomination in England. At the age of sixteen he commenced teaching, as an usher, at Newmarket, and afterward at Cambridge. While at the latter place, he connected himself with a "Lay Preachers' Association," and went out almost every evening to some one of the adjacent villages, to conduct religious meetings. Soon he commenced preaching, and before he was eighteen became pastor of a small Baptist congregation at Waterbeach, one of these villages. In 1864 he was called to the New Park Street Baptist Chapel, in Southwark, London, where his preaching attracted such crowds that the congregation removed, first to Exeter Hall, and then to Surrey Music Hall, the largest public room in London. This proved to be totally inadequate, however, and in 1861 a chapel called the "Tabernacle" was erected for his immense congregation. Here he has preached ever since; and sometimes in the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, where he draws together larger audiences than any other preacher in England. A writer in the *Christian Advocate* gives the following interesting statement respecting Mr. Spurgeon and his work:

"Mr. Spurgeon has added to his Church during the year 1866 between three and four hundred members. His success depends upon his simple faith in Gospel instrumentalities, and the power with which the Holy Spirit honors his unstudied and unpretending messages. There is an utter abandon in his manner, as if it were of no account what his hearers thought or said of him, or whether he appeared as an intellectual and eloquent man or otherwise. His sermons are delivered with great directness and confidence of immediate results in the conversion of sinners. His efficiency lies in his administrative ability. His power to do and make others do, probably exceeds that of any man in England. He preaches twice on the Sabbath to seven thousand people, and administers to them the Lord's Supper; has a prayer-meeting in his church every morning and evening; has baptism two evenings of the week; lectures, I am told, somewhere, about every day; manages a theological seminary of one hundred students, for whose subsistence he chiefly provides; publishes a monthly magazine, and one sermon every week; has just issued a hymn-book; is about establishing an orphan asylum; manages a Church of 3,000 or 4,000 members; makes frequent journeys to preach abroad; and how many more enterprises he has on hand I know not.

"Of course he has to do much of this work through the agency of others, keeping two clerks to do his writing, twenty or thirty deacons to do the pastoral visiting and other work, a corps of theological teachers, and other co-operators, upon all of whom he has the faculty of so impressing himself as to direct their work and be the animating soul of the whole movement. It is said that a commercial firm of London were so impressed with his administrative ability, that they offered him fifteen thousand dollars a year to embark his influences in their enterprise. He can so infuse his own spirit into others as to make them one with himself in his peculiar lines of labor and activity. There is nothing in Mr. Spurgeon's person to indicate his career. In a crowd, one would pick out hundreds as apparently better fitted for his work. He is short, chubby, with distended cheeks and apoplectic neck, receding forehead, and other characteristics of person setting at defiance the doctrines of Phrenology. His voice, though clear, and well suited to be heard by a multitude, lacks variety, depth, and pathos, and has in some cases a wiry twang, which is by no means specially captivating."

[We disagree with the foregoing statement as to there being nothing in Mr. Spurgeon's person to indicate character. To our mind it is quite the contrary. He would be a marked man anywhere; nor is it true that his voice lacks depth or pathos, nor has it a wiry twang. This writer may have heard him under peculiar circumstances, when the speaker may have labored under some temporary infirmity. No man's voice is always the same. A "bad cold" makes a great difference. We heard Mr. Spurgeon during our summer in London on many dif-

ferent occasions. We have been seated near him and far from him, in the farthest extremity of his immense Tabernacle, and his voice filled the house as completely as that of an ordinary speaker would fill an ordinary room. Is it not strange that different observers and listeners come to conclusions respecting others so various? Each, no doubt, tries to tell the truth. But the colored glasses through which we look at each other makes the difference.]

Mr. Spurgeon has a plump, well-formed body and a good-sized brain. There is nothing colossal in either, but the whole is healthy and well proportioned. Those who try to make Mr. Spurgeon out a superhuman character are as much in error as those who represent him to be less than a man. He is neither a philosopher nor an idiot. He would claim nothing for himself which the world would not readily concede. We see nothing in his character or career at all wonderful or puzzling. He is a spiritually illuminated preacher, and the psychologist would count him a capital medium for the manifestation of religious impressions. That he makes the best possible use of what there is of him is clear; but this only goes to show how much less more capable men make of themselves and accomplish in life than their Creator intended and expected them to do, whereas many fritter away their lives and come to naught. Mr. Spurgeon improves almost every moment of his time, and turns all his faculties to the best account. He is simply true to his nature, doing what he finds to do with his might. Mr. Spurgeon has a top to his brain as well as a base, and a fairly developed intellect. He takes impressions from above and beyond, and he communicates those impressions in a clear, concise, and practical manner.

His strong social nature, with his ardent, impulsive temperament and his great executive power, warns him up, impels him on, and with his high moral sense he devotes himself to what he conceives to be the best and the highest interests of humanity. We have not space at present to go into a detailed analysis of Mr. Spurgeon's character. Should we take him up again we will analyze more minutely, and show the various phases as well as the eccentricities peculiar to him.

DENOMINATIONAL FEATURES.

The Baptist Church in the United States is one of the largest, numerically, and most powerful among the denominations of Evangelical Christians. The peculiar tenet which distinguishes Baptists from other sects is that relating to the mode of administering the sacrament of baptism. They insist on the immersion of the entire person as the proper performance of this rite; and claim this mode was originally practiced and (except in case of the sick) universally observed throughout Christendom for 1,300 years. In substantiating this claim, they urge the signification of the Greek word βαπτίζω (*baptizo*) used in the New Testament in relation to the rite; the example of Christ himself and of his Apostles; and the allusions of the evangelists when explaining the spiritual import of it.

They maintain also the necessity of an intelligent belief in the mediatorial sufficiency of our Saviour, to render baptism of effect to the recipient. Those only who profess repentance for sin and faith in Christ are eligible candidates for the sacred ordinance.

There are several bodies of Baptists; but the Regular or Associated Baptists form the most numerous body. The character of their church government is congregational, each society or assembly being complete in itself, and managing entirely its own affairs. This principle of independence is balanced by an-

other principle which they highly esteem—that of intercommunion. This intercommunion between their churches is regarded as the visible expression of unity; and in the furtherance of this principle they from time to time hold councils or conferences to which the different churches send delegates. Through these councils, societies are organized for extensive benevolent or missionary enterprises. Church association is also maintained by them for mutual advice and co-operation in such measures as will promote their general interests. These councils or associations, however, can exercise no judicial or appellate power; their measures may be adopted, or not, by individual congregations as the latter elect.

Baptists are sometimes called "close communionists," for the reason that they do not admit the members of other denominations who have not been baptized in their way to unite with them at the celebration of the Lord's Supper. They profess, however, that in this restriction they do not judge the consciences of others, but seek to preserve their own inviolate.

The Declaration of Faith with the Church Covenant, published by the Baptist Convention of New Hampshire, expresses at some length the general sentiments of the Associated Baptists; to that we beg leave to refer our readers for further information respecting doctrinal features.

The Baptist Almanac for 1865 gives 1,039,400 as the number of Regular Baptists in the United States. The Disciples, or Campbellite Baptists, number 300,000.

QUAKER COURTSHIP.

[A MEMBER of the Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers, gives us for the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL this account of their courtship and marriage.]

There is no relation in life that exerts so important an influence over our happiness, here and hereafter, as that of marriage. Youth should therefore be guarded with a jealous care, if possible, to prevent the affections from becoming entangled in a manner that might lead to unhappy consequences. The practice of the Friends in this respect is somewhat peculiar. Their regulations forbid young persons associating together with a view to matrimony without consent of parents. This may appear quite unromantic, and in a very few exceptional cases attended by no good result. But let any one familiar with that Society remark the general prevalence of domestic happiness, and the extremely rare cases of separation, and he will see good reason to conclude that there is some unusual preserving element. Before marriage, the parties appear in a meeting and state that, with Divine permission and the approval of Friends, they intend marriage with each other. The meeting then appoints a committee to see that there are no similar engagements between them and others, and about a month afterward, if reported clear, they proceed. In a public meeting for worship, after a considerable time of silence, they rise, and taking each other by the hand solemnly declare that in the presence of the Lord and the assembled people they take each other to be husband and wife, promising, with Divine assistance, to be loving and faithful until death. A formal certificate setting forth these facts is then produced and read, and the parties sign it, and as many of the company as desire to do so, subscribe their names as witnesses.

Thus a religious sanction is thrown around this most important engagement, under which it is hoped those entering into it will be led to feel, that however ardently

attached in the bonds of love, a higher Power alone can preserve from the discord incident to so close an association of two individual wills.

[That the Quakers are among the most orderly people in the world must be conceded. That they are quite as loving and as happy in wedlock, is also true. That their children are as well constituted and as well behaved is undoubted. It has been said that Quaker babies do not cry; but we doubt the statement. As for music, which they ignore, the less said by them the better. We believe in the "Art divine," and insist on the legitimate exercise of the organs of Time and Tune. We rather like their courtship and marriage, and think well of the Quaker girls; they make good wives, good mothers, good Friends, and good neighbors.]

OVER THE RIVER.

BY FRANCES L. KEELER.

THE river is dark and the waves are cold,
The boatman is pale and the bark is old;
'Tis the burden that's breathed from lips of clay,
And the spirit shudders to launch away,
To ungrapple the chains from the shores of Time,

With an outward bound for an unknown clime;
To loose its grasp from the realm of Real,
And be drifted away to the dim Ideal.

But a mystical voice that the deep life hears,
Would scatter such doubts and would banish the fears;

It talks to the soul in a different way,
And it says that the rays from the regions of Day
Give *warmth* to the waves that we *dream are*
so cold,

And the *river* is glinted with glimmers of gold;
That the ripples are bronzed by a brilliancy bright,

Unswept by the shadows that darken Time's flight.

And it says that the bark, though a fairy thing,
Is a masterpiece of the heavenly King;
And though light as a cloud in the ether blue,
And clear as the air, it is strong and true.
And angels' wings are the sails that fan
The longing Life to a lovelier land;
And the music that drifts from the world of bliss,
Makes the spirit forget all the music of *this*.

And this is the way our bark shall ride
Over the murmuring, musical tide;
And a host of souls on the other side,
So pure and fair, and so glorified,
With anthems of rapture shall welcome in
Another Life from the land of sin;
And the spirit released shall nevermore
Regret its change to the fadeless shore.

THEATERS IN EUROPE.—There are in the whole of Europe 1,490 theaters. Of these there are 337 in France, 168 in Spain, 169 in England, 152 in Austria, 115 in Germany, 76 in Prussia, 44 in Russia, 34 in Belgium, 23 in Holland, 20 in Switzerland, 10 in Sweden, 8 in Norway, 16 in Portugal, 10 in Denmark, 4 in Greece, 4 in Turkey, 3 in Roumania, and 1 in Servia. In Italy there is one theater for every 75,000 of the inhabitants.

Communications.

Under this head we publish such voluntary contributions as we deem sufficiently interesting or suggestive to merit a place here, but without endorsing either the opinions or the alleged facts set forth.

ORIGIN OF VEGETABLE LIFE.

THE two great organic departments of our globe are exclusively monopolized by the animal and vegetable. These great families have each their land and water varieties, and respectively form a network of beautiful constructions entirely surrounding the globe. There is probably not a spot of surface, on land or water, but is occupied by some of the maximum or minimum species of these two great kingdoms of nature.

When we trace these organisms of both departments down to their minimum forms of simplest construction, the microscopist is puzzled to say where animal life ends and vegetable life begins, or the absolute demarcation or line of separation takes place. Simple cell life comprises the beginnings of both, while each by mechanical (so-called) division of their respective cells multiply arithmetically—as one into two, two into four, four into eight, eight into sixteen, etc.—and thus into more compound organisms and complicated forms. As each progresses in complicity, the distinction becomes marked in the compound animal organization, possessing its own individual sentient or intelligent principle, which is more or less traceable in their very minute microscopic forms; while in the most complicated forms of vegetation this distinctive characteristic is nowhere found, except perhaps in its most simple cell forms, floating in their circulatory systems.

In plants, as in animals, from introduced or surrounding materials, are extracted the assimilative nutrition to build up and keep in repair their varied compounds, as well as forms, of which their respective organs are constituted, and each possessing its reproductive powers. Each, too, has its circulatory system, through which are carried the assimilative materials for their varied constructions; as have, also, each their secretions, excretions, inhalation and exhalation, constituting their lung-breathing apparatus. The animal absorbs into its lungs atmospheric air, separates its components, retaining its oxygen and giving back the carbon, in the form of carbonic acid gas; while the plant also absorbs into its lungs—the leaves—the same vitalizing air, separates its constituents, retaining the carbon and giving back the oxygen.

We have suggested as highly probable that the animal frame, with its attached intelligence, has within its body innumerable animalcules, with their sentient principle, coursing through our veins, to intelligently select materials for building up and keeping in repair our animal machine in all its complicated parts. Why is it not also probable that minute organic intelligence performs the same offices to build up and keep in repair all vegetable organs and their compounded forms? There is the corresponding assimilative materials for secretions, the circulatory system, the digestive and the lung-breathing organs in the vegetable, as in the animal, in which animalcules in both may become erated and refreshed, and the same opportunities in both cases for the display of limited intelligence and usefulness in supplying their own necessities, and using the surplus in building up the varied vegetable forms; just as the polypes, in building up their diversified cellular homes, as frameworks for future islands and continents, obtain such materials from the surrounding ocean; only that in the two former the animalcules have a wider range of materials to select from for their nourishment and more complicated structures, compound animal and vegetable organizations.

Microscopists find in all vegetable infusions, however much pains are taken to exclude animalcules or their germs from the air or associated water, that many forms of infusorial life are rapidly developed and multiplied; which rather points to the overlooked probabilities of their being indissolubly associated in all vegetable constructions, either as retaining life even in dried vegetation, or their germs there left, ready to spring into existence as soon as the sap is liquefied by warm water penetrating their capillary or circulatory systems, in

which, in living plants, moving colored globules are seen passing up and down in the cellular tissues of chara, caulinia, etc. This probability is lost sight of by microscopists, in their eager belief that such animalcules exist exclusively in the water or air, and from thence introduced, despite all precautions, into all vegetable infusions, never apparently dreaming that such profuse cell or globular life is probably the inseparable accompaniment, as well as origin, of all vegetable forms which comprise the homes and scenes of industry of a vast variety of infusorial life.

The sensitiveness of vegetation, so marked in very many species, as well as other peculiarities of many, has some more direct association with contained intelligent life and feeling than could possibly arise from mere vegetable crystallization. Again, the temperature of vegetation in winter is maintained but little below that of its season of growth, and in the winter, too, it is far above that of surrounding inorganic matter, which preserves it from damage through inclement periods, thus clearly evidencing a vitalizing warmth within far above that of mere cold crystallization. Again, animal industry and intelligence are apparent in surrounding their vegetable constructed homes in the capillary vessels with thick coatings of bark, as non-conductors of heat, to preserve themselves and their vegetable constructions from the destructive effects of more direct exposure to the elements.

Thus I infer that all vegetable constructions, fiber, tissue, fruit, flower, and reproductive organs, are but materials which animalcules intelligently select, carry, and assimilate; from the parent stock to the bud or kernel, as in the animal to the fetal embryo, there to multiply its growth by their industry, and by the same order of progression, through a countless succession of generations, for the perpetuation of species.

Some of the same modes of reproduction which characterize the lower forms of animal life—as the monad, hydra, actinia, etc.—such as mechanical division of the cell, budding, branching from the parent stem, etc., are also observed as equally characteristic of vegetable cell reproduction or multiplication. Both animal and vegetable remains in a state of decay, when placed in favoring circumstances, invariably exhibit an immense amount of animalcules or infusorial life, probably reproduced from the remaining germs in each, when death or destruction stayed their circulatory systems.

The very many similar characteristics of construction, composition, and growth, existing in animal and vegetable organizations, clearly point to some uniform mode of origin and progression, from the simple to the complex; and we know of no other mode so likely and so congenial with known facts as that both are built up and sustained by the intelligent actions of globules, or simple cells, found floating in liquids contained in the circulatory systems of each; and, as in both cases, these globules are found to have a rapid motion of oscillation, and an up-and-down movement in the capillary vessels, that therefore they consist in both cases of living animalcules. As intelligence more or less is inseparable from all life, so the appointed and intelligent labor of these minute creatures is expended in keeping in repair their homes, the organs and entire frames, which constitute the varieties of these two great departments of organic life. In further confirmation of this view, the laticiferous tissues of some plants abound with colored globules in a constant state of motion, and when separated from the plant coagulate and leave a fluid lymph, or serum, like animal blood, which certainly are thus proved to partake of similar origin.

The rise of sap in the circulatory systems, or capillary vessels of many tall trees, is much more readily accounted for on the supposition that it results from the labors of living intelligent bodies, which probably construct intervening valves in these capillaries, as in the animal system, to prevent its return by the same passage, than to any theory of mere capillary attraction performing such anomalous hydrostatics.

Simple cells of cellular tissue in the lower plants perform all the functions which, in higher forms of vegetable organization, are performed by particular parts; therefore cells are the primal living principle of vegetation. The functions of plants can not be considered as a mere mechanical process, as those functions immediately

cease on the death of the plant, as with the animal; so, necessarily connected with vitality, from which intelligence in some degree is inseparable; hence a cell is an animal organization. The storing or secreting of more assimilative material or food in some parts of plants, as in the bud than is required for immediate use, is evidently provided to serve as subsistence for future growth, and can not be possible to be a mere mechanical operation, but must be the design and performance of a provident intelligence within the circulatory system; hence such operations must be performed by animal organisms. The spiral arrangement of many plants to cling for support can not be simply mechanical, varying as they do with surrounding circumstances, but a recognized necessity, for which contained or associated intelligent action is also adequate to effect.

Vegetable as well as animal cells or globules (both originally animalcules) multiply by mechanical division, adhering to the parent wall or capable of a separate existence, according to circumstances. Now it is in the highest degree probable that such branching from animalcules, in the circulatory systems of plants as well as animals, are left by the parent attached to the organs, whether vegetable or animal, but they are constructing (as with the polype to his cellular matrix), and thus themselves, with their assimilative materials, form the cell-like structures of many vegetable and animal organs, making an appointed sacrifice of their simple organizations to build up more complicated structures, both vegetable and animal. Thus, wheel within wheel, are animal and vegetable existences due to the multiplication of these formulative individual animal cells.

Here it remains to be observed that with such intelligent animalcule life, engaged in the construction of both vegetable and animal forms, may be readily assigned the cause of the variation in growth of the same species, under varying circumstances and requirements, by the primary adaptable habits of these industrious, constructive little creatures.

These reflections point to the probable agency of minute forms of life, in their formulative processes, through impressed habits, governing these infinitesimal creatures, as the instruments or working machinery of an All-wise Projector in the creation of His most marvelous works, the animal and vegetable kingdoms—the only organic existences with which we are acquainted.

CHAS. E. TOWNSEND.

DEAR JOURNAL: This year finds my name on your subscription books for the first time, and when I read our editor's kind, welcoming words, "You have come again," in the January number, I must own to a little feeling of—no, not envy, not jealousy, but a little wish that I, too, were one of the "first-born" and well-beloved. But the same kind greeting is extended to the new additions to our great phrenological family, and to all who are with the cause in "thought, spirit, and sentiment," and all who feel interested in this great work can not afford to do without our beloved JOURNAL. Why is it that the JOURNAL family all have a "fellow-feeling" for each other? a strange heart-and-soul sympathy, or kindred feeling? I think if I should ever see our editor, I should know him in a moment, and would not feel at all backward in holding out my hand for his kind, friendly grasp. I keep a warm corner for him in my heart, and I, for another, send up a plea for his portrait in the JOURNAL. I think he owes it to the "family," and I am safe in saying each member will give it a glad welcome; and I for one would like to try my pen at his "delineation." A kind greeting to all the readers of the JOURNAL.

EMMA A. T., Cambridge, O.

[It is gratifying to be thus appreciated by the "Journal Family," and especially so by the sisterhood. But we must be guarded. What will the men say when they hear the ladies complimenting the editor of the A. P. J.? Won't they be jealous and feel defrauded? Then won't they demand of us "that satisfaction which one gentleman expects from another"—pistols and coffee for two? Oh, dear! we beg our lady friends to spare us such embarrassment. We fear to publish our portrait for these reasons, but will continue to make the JOURNAL just as fascinating as ever—indeed, indispensable to all "lovers"—of good reading.]

MAN, MONKEYS, AND GORILLAS.

SPECIES, HABITS, INCIDENTS, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

UNDER this head we purpose giving some account of those species of the great family of quadrumana which, on account of certain marked peculiarities, especially their singular instincts, have rendered them most conspicuous. Did we attempt to present all the species now known as belonging to the ape or monkey tribe, the space of many entire JOURNALS would be requisite. Natural history presents many attractive features to the general reader when treated in a popular way and divested of its dry technicalities; and it is in this way that, of late years, the general public, through newspapers and magazines, have acquired much scientific information. But to our subject. Apes live in communities. They seem to prefer society, and are usually on amicable terms with each other. Their social instinct, however, seems limited to the purposes of mutual protection. They are found in great herds, but different species do not amalgamate or intermingle. They are strongly adverse to the doctrine of miscegenation.

It is but recently that particular and accurate investigations into the nature and habits of these animals have been made, and information gathered which places the ape in his proper place in the catalogue of mammalia.

THE APE AND MAN.

Before the extensive researches of Cuvier, many accounts were current, contributed to by both writers and credulous travelers, affirming the existence of "long-armed, hairy men," who dwelt in the wooded recesses and jungles of Africa, and whose language was a sort of hissing. The more ignorant and debased negro tribes of some portions of Africa probably aided such *canards* by their belief in the monkey, especially the chimpanzee, or orang-outang, being a hairy man that was so cunning that he would not speak lest he should be put to work. There have not been wanting, among even the *savants* of natural science, those who have striven to demonstrate a connection between man and the ape. Such have asserted their common derivation, and ascribed their present distinctions to the different physical or moral agencies to which they have been subjected. These distinctions are so great, both with reference to nervous phenomena and physical organization, that we can hardly think it possible for any careful investigator to find positive starting-points from which to trace backward toward a common origin. Professor Agassiz disclaims any such possibility, and so do most naturalists of distinction. Certainly among apes we find the animals who approach nearest to man, but the latter's mental faculties and moral sentiments raise him immeasurably



FIG. 1.—HAND OF APE.

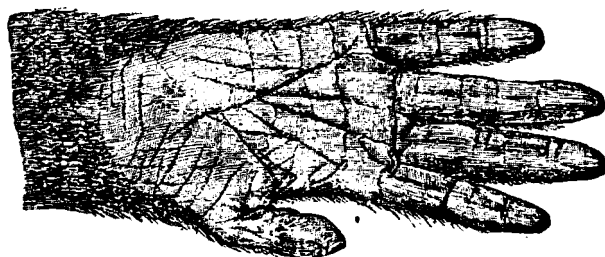


FIG. 2.—HAND OF CHIMPANZEE.

above them. His physical structure is vastly superior. In the human skeleton, the symmetry and elegance of its arrangement above that of the chimpanzee are marked. A more striking difference is seen in a comparison of the human with the chimpanzee's skull and brain. The chimpanzee is considered the most intelligent of his race, and so far as volume and quality of brain go, he takes the highest rank in the

brute creation. Yet how wide the difference! The large, beautifully arched and rounded skull of man, with its small jaws and regular teeth, at once indicate superiority over the small and low crown, massive and protruding jaws, and somewhat uneven teeth of the chimpanzee. The removal of the brain from the skull of each shows a still greater disparity in size and structure. Not only is the brain of the chimpanzee far smaller than the human, but the convolutions are coarser, with little depth and uniformity. The lower part of the brain of the chimpanzee in the middle lobe protrudes considerably, giving great relative breadth to the head between the ears.

The teeth in the jaw of the ape, as indeed of all the other monkeys of the Old World, are of the same number as in that of man; and as far as the cutting teeth and grinders are concerned, they present no marked difference in form. But, in the adult animals, and more especially in the old males, the dog or canine teeth are developed in the same relative proportion as in the flesh-eating animals, being elongated so as to pass beyond each other. The tusks of the orang-outang, when full grown, are at least as large as those of the lion, and are most formidable weapons, which, coupled with that already mentioned rela-

tive to the width of head between the ears, furnishes strong reason for supposing that the gentleness and placidity often observed in those brought into this country are not common in their native climates, but that their disposition alters according to the increase of their muscular force, and that in their adult state they are extremely formidable and dangerous.

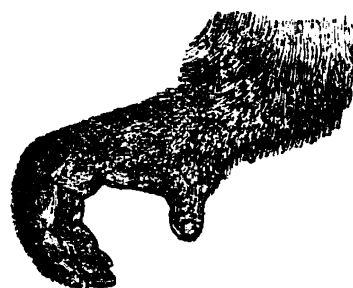


FIG. 3.—FOOT OF APE.

The neck in all the ape tribe is shorter than in man, and relatively larger. The skull is joined to the trunk or back-bone in such a manner that the former is inclined forward when the monkey stands erect, and the strong muscular connections which support and control the head are analogous to those of the inferior animals.

The great dexterity exhibited by monkeys in the use of their paws has been much extolled, but the superiority of the human hand is readily perceived on examination. The paw of the chimpanzee, as seen in the illustration, has a small and comparatively weak thumb, extending only to the root of the fingers. In man, the thumb is large and powerful, and quite indispensable to the prehensile capacity of the hand. Expert workmen in any of the branches of manual industry are distinguished for the size and power of their thumbs. For purposes of grasping, however, the paws of the ape are admirably adapted, while they lack the special muscular mechanism which in man enables him to control the movement of single fingers. The muscle which in man terminates with a single tendon, and concentrates its action on the great toe of his foot, in the chimpanzee terminates with three ten-

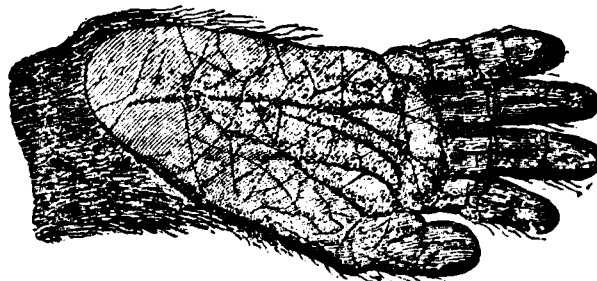


FIG. 4.—FOOT OF CHIMPANZEE.

dons, none of which are connected with the great toe or hinder thumb, but being connected with the three middle toes, adapt the foot for clasping as a hand. The natural walk of the chimpanzee is not upright, but on all-fours—the great length of the arms or upper limbs raising his body so that it makes an angle of about sixty degrees with the horizon. The arms are used to steady the body, and help the

animal's progress very much, as crutches assist one who uses them. By these he swings the body forward in a rapid but not very graceful manner. The use of these long arms is best seen when the animal is gamboling among the branches of his native forests, where they act like the balancing-pole of the tight-rope dancer, rendering him perfectly secure, however precarious his footing. Thus it is that travelers have seen monkeys poised on the very extremity of slender bamboo shoots, waving their arms from side to side.

THE CHIMPANZEE.

This species of ape (*Troglodytes niger*) is a native of the warmest parts of Africa. It is sometimes called the black orang or pigny, but differs from the Asiatic orang in the proportionately shorter arms, in the possession of an additional dorsal vertebra, and an additional or thirteenth pair of ribs, and in other particulars. Although the chimpanzee is able to move easily in an erect position, it usually, when so doing, holds its thighs with its fore hands, as if to support the upper part of the body. The appearance and characteristics of the animal are as follows: the skin appears of a yellowish-white color, thinly covered with long black hair in front, while it is considerably more hairy behind. The hair on the head is rather thin; it is thickest on the forehead, and forms whiskers on the cheeks. There are a few stiff black hairs on the eyebrows, and a scanty eyelash. A few whitish hairs are scattered over the lips, especially on the under one. The rest of the face is naked, and has an ash-colored and wrinkled skin. The hair is somewhat bushy on the back. The longest hair is just at the elbows. There is none on the fingers or palms of either extremity. The ears are remarkably prominent, thin, and naked. The nose is quite flat, or rather appears only as a wrinkle of the skin, with a slight depression along its center. The nostrils open upward, which would be inconvenient did the creature usually assume the upright position. The projection of the jaws is excessive. The mouth

is wide, the lips rather thin, and destitute of all human expression. From the lower ribs the body decreases rapidly to the loins. The thumb of the foot is longer and more powerful than that of the hand or fore paw, and may be considerably extended.

Their natural dwelling-place is found in a mountainous tract of country, with numerous intervening valleys, where fruits of a luscious and nutritious character, like the plantain, pineapple, banana, and the agreeable edible rice are abundant.

Cuvier says that the chimpanzee lives in troops, arms itself with



FIG. 5.—THE CHIMPANZEE.

stones and clubs, employs them to repulse from its dwelling both elephants and men, and pursues and carries off the negro women. Strange as the latter statement may appear, its truth is asserted by the people of the country. Their strength and courage are indeed extraordinary, and it is very dangerous for persons to pass singly near their places of abode. On one occasion, a number of them attacked, overpowered, and were proceeding to take out the eyes of two slaves, when a party of negroes arrived to their rescue.

In Sierra Leone they generally take up their abode near some deserted town or village where the papaw-tree grows in abundance, of the fruit of which they are very fond. They build huts nearly in the form of those reared by the natives, and cover them with leaves; but these are intended only for the females and their young, the males always lying on the outside. If one of them is shot, the rest immediately pursue the destroyer of their companion, and the only means of escape from their vengeance is the surrender of the gun which proved fatal; when, with the utmost indignation, they tear it in pieces and give up the pursuit.

M. Du Chaillu gives several entertaining accounts of his experience with chimpanzees in Africa. The following extract from his book, "Journey to Ashango Land," relates to the chimpanzee which he sent to England, and which unfortunately perished in the recent fire which destroyed a portion of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham:

"On the 1st of November a negro from a neighboring village brought me a young male chimpanzee, about three years old, which had been caught in the woods on the banks of the Nponlounay, about three months previously. Thomas, for so I christ-

ened my little *protège*, was a tricky little rascal, and afforded me no end of amusement; he was, however, very tame, like all young chimpanzees. Unfortunately, Thomas was lame in one hand, several of the fingers having been broken and healed up in a distorted position. This was caused by his having been maltreated by the village dogs, who were sent in chase of him one day when he escaped from his captors and ran into the neighboring woods. I had Tom tied by a cord to a pole in the veranda of my hut, and fed him with cooked plantains and other food from my own table. He soon got to prefer cooked to raw food, and rejected raw plantains whenever they were offered to him. One day I witnessed an act of Master Thomas which seemed to me to illustrate the habits of his species in the wild state. A few days after he came into my possession I bought a domestic cat for my house; as soon as the young chimpanzee saw it, he flew in alarm to his pole and clambered up it, the hair of his body becoming erect and his eyes bright with excitement. In a moment recovering himself he came down, and rushing on the cat, with one of his feet seized the nape of the animal, and with the other pressed on its back, as if trying to break its neck. Not wishing to lose my cat, I interfered and saved its life. The negroes say that the chimpanzee attacks the leopard in this way, and I have no doubt, from what I saw, that their statement is correct."

The chimpanzee does not attain its full growth until it is nine or ten years old. At full maturity its height is said to be between four and five feet. One species, inhabiting the Isle of Princes, in the Gulf of Guinea, is reported to attain a height of over five feet, and to be so strong that they will attack the elephant.



FIG. 6.—THE ORANG-OUTANG.

A chimpanzee kept by the sailors on board of a vessel manifested great intelligence. She had been taught to heat the oven, and take care that no coals fell out. She knew well when the temperature was adapted to baking, and never failed to fetch the baker, who implicitly trusted her, in good time. She also assisted in unfurling the sails, splicing the ropes, and could even pull one along with the sailors. The vessel on which she was seen was bound for America, but she did not live to reach it, in consequence of an act of cruelty. The mate having severely and undeservedly punished her, she immediately thereafter exhibited the keenest grief, refusing all food, and finally dying of a broken heart and starvation. Chimpanzees can not endure brutal flogging.

THE ORANG-OUTANG

is found native in the deep forests of Sumatra, Borneo, Malacca, Cochin China, and in some of the islands of that part of the world. It is remarkable for its size, swiftness, and ferocity. The name "orang-outang" is Malayan, and signifies wild-man, or man-of-the-woods. The hair of the orang-outang is of a brownish red color, and covers his back, arms, legs, and the outside of his hands and feet. The face has no hair, except on its sides, somewhat in the manner of whiskers, and a very thin beard. The eyelids and margin of the mouth are of a light copper color. The insides of the hands and feet are of a deeper copper hue. The head, viewed in front, is pear-shaped, expanding from the chin upward. The eyes are close together, of an oval form, and of a dark brown color. The eyelids are fringed with lashes, and

the lower ones are wrinkled. The nose is confluent with the face, except at the nostrils, which are but little elevated. The mouth is very projecting, the lips are very narrow, and scarcely perceptible when the mouth is shut. The chin projects less than the mouth; below it a membrane gives the appearance of a double chin, and swells out when the animal is angry or pleased. The chest is full and broad, and the abdomen very protuberant. The hands are long compared with their width, and with the human hand. The fingers are small and tapering; the thumb is very short, scarcely reaching the first joint of the fore-finger. All the fingers have very perfect nails, of a blackish color and oval form, and exactly terminating with the extremities of the fingers. The feet are long, resemble hands in the palms, and in having fingers rather than toes, but have heels resembling the human. The great toes are very short, are set on at right angles to the feet close to the heel, and are entirely without nails.

The bony structure of the orang-outang is somewhat heavier than that of the chimpanzee; the arms are relatively longer, reaching to the ankle-joint, and there is one pair of ribs less. Like the chimpanzee, which it so nearly resembles, the orang has evinced considerable intelligence. It can be taught to do many serviceable things, such as carrying burdens, watching the fire, and waiting on the table, but usually the training must be gentle, as the animal, if an old one, is easily irritated. A female orang, which had been captured when quite young and taken to Holland, exhibited a marked degree of tractability. She would present her hand to the people who came to visit her, and walk as gravely along with them as if she formed part of the company. She would frequently sit with persons at dinner, when she would unfold her towel, wipe her lips, use a spoon or a fork in conveying food to her mouth, pour her wine into a glass, and make it touch that of a person who drank with her, after the custom of the Hollanders. If invited to take tea, she would bring a cup and saucer, place them on the table, put in sugar, pour out the tea, and allow it to cool before she drank it. All these acts she performed without any other instigation than the sign or verbal orders of her master, and often even of her own accord.

The capture of an adult is attended with much difficulty, on account of its amazing agility in springing from tree to tree. One of extraordinary size, which a party of sailors killed, after a long chase, on the coast of Sumatra, equaled the swiftness of a race-horse in his progress from one tree to another, and would certainly have escaped had it not been for the scarcity of trees in the neighborhood where he was discovered. He was shot many times before he exhibited any signs of weakness, and when apparently dying, he seized a wooden spear which would have withstood the strength of the strongest man, and broke it, to use the words of the narrator, "as if it had been a carrot." The natives who had been attracted to the spot by the noise attending the chase were astonished, almost as much as the sailors, at the great size of the animal. His stature is said to have been not less than six feet.

Of an orang which M. le Comte saw in the Straits of Malacca he says, that all its actions were so imitative of those of mankind, and its passions were so expressive and lively, that a dumb person could scarcely have made himself more clearly understood. This animal was very gentle and affectionate, though it would frequently make a stamping noise with its feet, from anger as well as joy, when it received or was refused any kind of food to which it was partial.

Its agility was scarcely credible. With the greatest ease and secrity it would run among the rigging, vaulting about from rope to rope, and indulging in a thousand pranks, as if it were delighted at exhibiting its feats for the diversion of the company. Sometimes, suspended by one arm, it would police itself, and then suddenly turn round upon a rope with nearly as much quickness as a wheel or a sling. Sometimes it would slide down one of the ropes and then climb it again with astonishing agility. It seemed as if there were no posture which this animal could not imitate, nor any motion that it could not perform. It had sometimes been known to fling itself downward from one rope to another, though at a distance of more than thirty feet.

THE GORILLA.

The gorilla (*Troglodytes gorilla*) is the largest of the ape species, and is generally referred by naturalists to the same genus with the chimpanzee, although some claim for it a separate genus. It received the name by which it is now known in consequence of its being supposed to be the same animal which is mentioned by Hanno, the Carthaginian navigator, in his *Periplus*. He visited the tropical parts of the west coast of Africa about the year 600 B. C., and it is by no means certain that the gorilla of Hanno is not the chimpanzee. Vague accounts of apes of great size, of which very wonderful stories were told, were occasionally brought from Western Africa; but it was not till 1847 that the gorilla became really known to naturalists.

Dr. Thomas S. Savage, a member of the Boston Society of Natural History, and at the time a medical missionary, while on his voyage to America from Cape Palmas, was unexpectedly detained on the Gaboon River during the month of April, 1847, at the house of the Rev. J. L. Wilson, senior missionary of the American Board of Foreign Missions to Western Africa. Soon after his arrival, Mr. Wilson showed him a skull, represented by the natives to be that of a monkey-like animal, remarkable for its size, ferocity, and habits; and the doctor was led to believe that it had belonged to a new species of orang. Intent on further investigation, and, if possible, on deciding the point by the inspection of a specimen alive or dead, Mr. Wilson entered cordially into the matter, and promised his full co-operation; and having been a resident of the country for several years, well acquainted with the chiefs and people, highly regarded by them, and speaking freely their language, he was able to render the doctor advantages of signal importance. He did not succeed, however, in obtaining either a living or a dead specimen, but only several skulls of the two sexes, and of different ages, with other important parts of the skeleton of the gorilla. These portions were afterward ably described, with several engravings, in a quarto pamphlet, on the return of Dr. Savage to America, by Dr. Wyman, professor of anatomy in Harvard University.

Professor Owen has given us a full and elaborate description of the gorilla, from which we extract. The lofty ridges of the skull, he affirms, give to the face of the gorilla a most forbidding appearance (see illustration of gorilla skull); the thick

covering forming a scowling pent-house over the eyes. The nose is more prominent than in the chimpanzee or orang-outang. The mouth is very wide, the lips large, and the chin very short and receding. The huge canine teeth in the male are very frightful. The eyelids have eyelashes, but there are no eyebrows; the ears are smaller in proportion than in man, and much smaller than in the chimpanzee. The length of the upper limbs is not greater than in man when compared with the trunk; they seem longer through the disproportionate shortness of the lower limbs. The arm is longer than the fore-arm, which is remarkable, and the thumb reaches to beyond the first joint of the fore-finger, while it does not extend to that joint in the chimpanzee or other ape. The hand excites attention from the breadth, thickness, and great length of the palm; the fingers appear short, taper quickly at the ends to the nails, which are not larger or longer than in man. The back of the hand is hairy as far as the divisions of the fingers; the palm naked and callous, and the thumb scarcely half as thick as the fore-finger. The leg has no "calf," and grows thicker from the knee to the ankle. The sole of the foot is more walked upon than by the chimpanzee, or any other ape. The hind thumb or great toe is stronger than in those creatures; it stands out like a large thumb from the rest of the foot; its base swells below into a kind of ball; the nail is small and short. The sole is wider than in man, the foot more like a hand, but one of huge dimensions and immense power of grasp. And yet the gorilla, judging from the structure of his grinding teeth, lives on fruits: This latter statement is corroborated by Du Chaillu, who says that he has, after examining many intestines of the gorilla, failed to find anything except vegetable food in the stomach.

The skeleton of the gorilla indicates great strength, both in the jaws and limbs. The bony ridges in the skull are extremely prominent, giving in the engraving an apparent size to the brain far greater than the reality. As compared with the chimpanzee or orang-outang, the brain is exceedingly small and inferior.

The gait of the gorilla is shuffling; the motion of the body, which is never upright as in man, but bent forward, is somewhat rolling, or from side to side. The arms being longer than those of the chimpanzee, it does not stoop as much in walking; like that animal, it advances by thrusting its arms forward, resting the hands on the ground, and then giving the body a half-jumping, half-ewing motion between them. In this act it is said not to bend its fingers, but to make a fulcrum of its hand. When it assumes the walking position, it balances its huge body by bending the arms upward.

The gorillas live in bands, which are not so numerous as those of the chimpanzee. Only one adult male is said to be seen in a band; and when the young males grow up, a contest takes place for mastery, and the strongest, by killing and driving out the others, establishes himself as head of the band. Their dwellings, if they may be so called, consist simply of a few sticks and leafy branches, supported by the limbs of trees. The natives call the gorilla a fool, to make a house without a roof, in a country where they have so much rain. They say he has not so much sense as a certain bird,



FIG. 7.-THE GORILLA.

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which Mr. Wilson pointed out to Dr. Savage, which makes a large nest with a tight roof, then daubs it with mud in the inside, and, unfolding its wings, whirls round and round till the crevices are all filled, and the inside is smoothly plastered like a house.

The appearance of the gorilla when young is shown in the engraving on the third page. This animal is the most ferocious and intractable of the ape kind. M. Du Chaillu, who has studied this species more thoroughly than any other naturalist, says: "The difference in tamability between the young chimpanzee and the young gorilla is a fact which I have confirmed by numerous observations, and I must repeat it here, as it was one of those points which were disputed in my former work. A young chimpanzee becomes tame and apparently reconciled to captivity in two or three days



FIG. 8.—SKULL OF GORILLA.

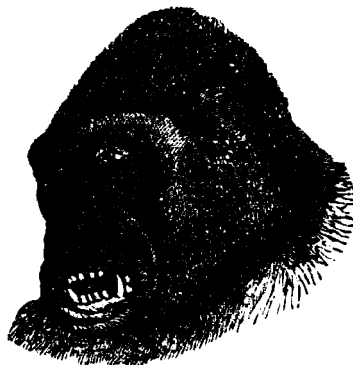


FIG. 9.—HEAD OF GORILLA.

after he is brought from the woods. The young gorilla I have never yet seen tame in confinement, although I have had four of them in custody, while still of very early age."

The hunting of gorillas is attended with as much, if not more danger, than the hunting of the fiercest beasts known to the tropics. Among the natives of those parts of West Africa where gorillas abound, the killing of one is considered an act of great skill and courage, and they rarely attempt its capture except in self-defense. They call it Engé-ena. When the male is first seen by the adventurous sportsman, he gives a terrific yell that resounds far and wide through the forest, something like KA-ah! KA-ah! prolonged and shrill. His enormous jaws are widely opened at each expiration, his under lip hangs over the chin, and the hairy ridge and scalp is contracted on the brow. The females and young disappear at the first cry. He then approaches the foe, pouring out in quick succession his horrid yells. The hunter waits his advance with his gun extended; if his aim is not sure, he permits the animal to grasp the barrel, and as he carries it to his mouth, according to his habit, the hunter fires; should the gun fail to go off, and it is an ordinary musket, the thin barrel is crushed between the teeth of the gorilla, and the hunter perishes.

Du Chaillu gives the following interesting incident of gorilla habits: "I had not been at the village long, before news came that gorillas had been recently seen in the neighborhood of a plantation only half a mile distant. Early in the morning of the 25th of June I wended my way thither, accompanied by one of my boys, named Odanga. The plantation was a large one, and situated on very broken ground, surrounded by the virgin forest. It was a lovely morning; the sky was almost cloudless, and all around was still as death, except the slight rustling of the tree-tops moved by the gentle land breeze. When I reached the place, I had first to pick my way through the maze of tree-stumps and half-burned logs by the side of a field of cassava. I was going quietly along the borders of this, when I heard, in the grove of plantain-trees toward which I was walking, a great crashing noise, like the breaking of trees. I immediately hid myself behind a bush, and was soon gratified by the sight of a female gorilla; but before I had time to notice its movements, a second and third emerged from the masses of colossal foliage; at length no less than four came into view.

"They were all busily engaged in tearing down the larger trees. One of the females had a young one following her. I had an excellent opportunity of watching the movements of the imphish-looking band. The shaggy hides, the protuberant abdomens, the hideous features of those strange creatures, whose forms so nearly resemble man, made up a picture like a vision in some morbid dream. In destroying a tree, they first grasp the base of the stem with one of their feet, and then with their powerful arms pull it down, a matter of not much difficulty with so loosely-formed a stem as that of the plantain. They then set upon the juicy heart of the tree at the bases of the leaves, and devoured it with great voracity. While eating, they made a kind of clucking noise, expressive of contentment. Many trees they destroyed apparently out of pure mischief. Now and then they stood still and looked around. Once or twice they seemed on the point of starting off in alarm, but recovered themselves and continued their work. Gradually they got nearer to the edge of the dark forest, and finally disappeared. I was so intent on watching them, that I let go the last chance of shooting one almost before I became aware of it.

"The next day I went again with Odanga to the same spot. I had no expectation of seeing gorillas in the same plantation, and was carrying a light shot-gun, having given my heavy double-barreled rifle to the boy to carry. The plantation extended over two hills, with a deep hollow between, planted with sugar-cane. Before I had crossed the hollow, I saw on the opposite slope a monstrous gorilla, standing erect and looking directly toward me. Without turning my face, I beckoned to the boy to bring me my rifle, but no rifle came—the little coward had bolted, and I lost my chance. The huge beast stared at me for about two minutes, and then, without uttering any cry, moved off to the shade of the forest, running nimbly on his hands and feet."

In speaking of the untamable qualities of the animal, he thus alludes to a young

one which was brought to him: "I made at least a dozen attempts to photograph the irascible little demon, but all in vain. The pointing of the camera toward him threw him into a perfect rage, and I was almost provoked to give him a thrashing. The day after, however, I succeeded with him, taking two views, not very perfect, but sufficient for my object.

"During the few days Tom was in my possession, he remained, like all the others of his species that I had seen, utterly untractable. The food that was offered to him he would come and snatch from the hand, and then bolt with it to the length of his tether. If I looked at him, he would make a feint of darting at me, and in giving him water, I had to push the bowl toward him with a stick, for fear of his biting me. When he was angry, I saw him often beat the ground and his legs with his fists, thus showing a similar habit to that of the adult gorillas, which I described as beating their breasts with their fists when confronting an enemy. Before lying down to rest, he used to pack his straw very carefully as a bed to lie on. Tom used to wake me in the night by screaming suddenly, and in the morning I more than once detected him in the attempt to strangle himself with his chain—no doubt through rage at being kept prisoner. He used to twist the chain round and round the post to which it was attached until it became quite short, and then pressed with his feet the lower part of the post until he had nearly done the business."

THE GIBBON.

This genus (*Hylobates**) of apes comprehends several varieties, all of which are natives of the East Indies. They are nearly allied to the oranges and chimpanzees, being tailless, but are more slenderly formed. They are especially remarkable for the enormous length of the anterior extremities. The brain resembles that which is found in larger creatures of the monkey race. The arms, when they stand erect, very nearly touch the ground. The eyes are large and deeply seated, the nose is flat, and the ears small. A circle of gray hairs passes over the eyes, cheeks, and under the lower jaw, completely surrounding the visage and giving a very singular appearance to the gibbons. The hair on the back of the hands and feet is gray, in all other parts it is black, as is also the skin. No one of these creatures has been found exceeding three feet in height. Our illustration of the great gibbon may be taken as a fair representative of the whole gibbon class. There is the common gibbon, found in some parts of India; the agile gibbon of Sumatra; the dusky gibbon, found in Malacca and the Sunda Isles; the Hooloch, a native of the Garoow Hills, and the Siamang, a Sumatran species, and many others. All the gibbons are of gentle disposition, and easily domesticated.



FIG. 10.—HEAD OF GREAT GIBBON.

Nothing is more striking in the Malayan forests, where the gibbons are found to be numerous, than the grandeur of the vegetation. Creepers and vines appear intertwining larger trees, and hanging suspended for more than a hundred feet, in girth not less than a man's body, and many much thicker; the trees seldom under a hundred, and generally approaching from a hundred and sixty to two hundred feet in height. Among the branches of these trees the gibbons display the most astonishing activity. Sweeping from branch to branch with arrow-like velocity, they expend themselves by their long arms and, by an energetic muscular movement launch themselves onward, aiming at a distant branch, which they seize with the most admirable precision. Most of them live in families or troops; some frequent the mountain ranges covered with forests, while others keep to the forests of the plains.

THE BARBARY APE.

This species (*Inuus sylvanus*) is abundant on the Barbary coast, where it was first found. It is, however, native in India, and remarkable as being the only four-handed animal found on the European continent. The most celebrated abode of this species is the Rock of Gibraltar, in Andalusia, the most southern province of Spain, connected with the continent by an isthmus of low sand, and almost surrounded by the waters



FIG. 11.—THE BARBARY APE.

of the Mediterranean. Numbers of these apes have been observed on its summit, breeding in inaccessible places, and appearing in large droves, with their young on their backs, on the western face of the Rock. From these, showmen usually obtain their specimens. In the wild state they grow nearly to the height of four feet, and are remarkable for their docility. They walk most commonly on all-fours, and are very active climbers. They are gregarious, filling the forests with their vast troops, and openly attacking the enemies they think they can overcome, while they drive to a distance, by their numbers and screaming, any intruder of whose powers they are doubtful.

The Spaniards, a few weeks before the memorable siege, attempted the surprise of

* *Hylobates*, from the Greek for "wood-walker," or "one that goes through woods."

one of the British outposts, and they would have inevitably succeeded if they had not had to pass a party of apes, whose assemblage was quite as extraordinary as the project of the Spaniards. These, on being broken in upon by the invaders, set up a loud cry, and alarmed the outpost which was menaced. Shortly after the conclusion of peace, a party of officers belonging to this corps were amusing themselves with whiting-fishing at the back of the Rock, but were disturbed and obliged to shift their ground on account of being pelted from above, they did not know by whom. At last, however, they came to a place where they were left in peace, and where they caught plenty of fish. At this time the drums beat to arms, on some unexpected occasion, and the officers rowed their boat ashore, and left it high and dry on the beach, hurrying where their duty called them.

On their return, their surprise was excessive to find their boat beached, not half so high as they had left it, and at some little distance from its former position. Their



FIG. 19.—THE BABOON.

amazement was increased, on examining their tackle, to find some hooks baited which had been left bare, and to see the disposition of many things altered. The cause was afterwards explained. An officer of Hanoverian grenadiers, who was amusing himself with a solitary walk, happened to be a close observer of animal and vegetable nature. This man, hearing the

party from behind some rocks, arrived, who drove the youngsters away from the small proceedings of the whiting-fishers. The fishing party having beached their boat, the time was come for turning their backs to sea, and they launched the boat, put to sea, but the sport was small, as might be anticipated, but what few fish they caught was all they were tired they landed, placed the boat on the rock with their gear.

The Nshlego Mbouwe, or nest-building inhabits the gorilla country. It is of moderate size: its face when its head is bald, and its body is covered with the tops of huts in trees, with the tops of calvus is not gorgeous abide until the berries in the vicinity are consumed, when they remove and construct another nest. These huts are so well built that Du Chaffin was for a long time unwilling to believe that other than work of human hands.

The Kookra, or ape, was covered with hair, and resided in the

the human. The eyes are round, reddish, and have great vivacity. The hinder parts are naked and callous, and instead of a tail there is a small prominent piece of skin of five or six inches in length. The general color of the body is olive brown. According to M. Desfontaines, these apes live in great troops, and at Sara, in ancient Numidia, are exceedingly numerous. Their food consists chiefly of pine-apples, nuts, Indian figs, melons, and various kinds of roots and vegetables. Like many others of their tribe, they often go in a body to attack gardens and plantations, and notwithstanding every precaution that is taken in the way of defense, their depredations are frequently successful.

The varieties already considered belong to the first division of four-handed animals, or the apes which have no tails. We come now to speak of the second division, of short-tailed apes, commonly known as baboons.

THE BABOON.

The common name of this class of monkeys is supposed to have been derived from the Latin word *papio*, applied to them by the writers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which is itself a diminutive of the Italian word *babbo*, answering to *papa*. Cynocephalus, the name given to them by Cuvier, meaning *dog-headed*, is far more appropriate, as the marked resemblance to the head and face of dog is very striking. (See illustrations.) Their size is very large, their strength enormous, and their disposition usually fierce and malign, which renders them dangerous.



FIG. 20.—THE BABOON.

real or imagined danger. Their tones of voice on these occasions are so distinctly varied, that a person much accustomed to watch their movements will at length fancy—and perhaps with some truth—that he can understand their signals.

"The main body is composed of females, inexperienced males, and young ones of the tribe. Those of the females who have little ones carry them on their backs. Unlike the dignified march of the leaders, the rabble go along in a most disorderly manner, trotting on and chattering, without taking the least heed of anything, apparently committing in the vigilance of their scouts. Here a few of the youth linger behind to pick the berries off some tree, but not long, for the rear guard coming up forces them to regain their places. There a matron pauses for a moment to suckle her offspring, and not to lose time, dresses its hair while it is taking its meal. Another younger lady, probably excited by jealousy or by some sneering look or word, pulls an ugly mouth at her neighbor and then uttering a shrill squeal, highly expressive of rage, vindictively snatches at her rival's leg or tail with her hand, and gives her perhaps a bite in the hindquarters. This provokes a retort, and a most unladylike quarrel ensues, till a loud bark of command from one of the chiefs calls them to order. A single cry of alarm sends them all halt and remain on the *qui vive*, till another bark in a different tone summons them, and they then proceed on their march.

"The scouts, he scouts take their positions on the eminences all around, and under the tribe collect provision with the utmost expedition, filling their pouches as full as they can hold, and then tucking the heads of wheat there be a partition of the collected spoil, now do seem several times, and never observed them was time for the tribe to return, or till moment. They show also the same places where it is most best as men would, ved is con-

waited his turn. Eagerly did he follow the bottle with his eyes, and hold out his plate for his coveted portion; it having been found that, in drinking out of a glass, his impatience generally caused some of the spirits to run up his nose, which kept him coughing and sneezing for hours afterward. Le Vaillant was engaged in sealing a letter, when Kees was stooping to drink the brandy poured into his plate, and his master adroitly introducing a slip of lighted paper under his chin, the spirit was fired, the whole plate suddenly burst into flame, and the terrified animal, with a yell of indescribable horror, leaped backward, at one bound, twelve or fifteen feet. There he sat, looking intently and chattering loudly, so long as the spirit continued to burn; but from that time he could never be induced to taste it again, and the mere sight of a bottle was sufficient to fill him with terror.



FIG. 19.—THE MITRED MONKEY.

appearance—the cheeks being of a clear violet-blue color, with various oblique furrows, which are produced by a singular development of the bone, forming a socket for the roots of the immovable canine teeth, and furrowed also deeply. A bright vermilion begins a little above the eyes, runs down the nose, and spreads over the lip. The hair is small, but acute and sparkling—the iris being of a blue hazel color. The hair of the head is long, mostly growing upward, and terminating in an acute point. The head is long, erect, and of a yellowish hue. The body is covered with stiff bristle-like hairs, each of which has rings of black. The tail is small, taper, and well made; and the chest is extremely hairy. These monkeys generally live in troops, and are said to put to the test of being domesticated unless taken very young. I exhibited some years ago in England in a menagerie.

was placed, and in this, when directed, he was at a variety and evident satisfaction, he smoked some pipes were performed with great alacrity. He smoked his pipe and presented it to him, he was so eager, as if to know it was when introduced almost up to the it was retained without any smoke was not done, and he was actually but his cheeks puffed out and this smoke from his mouth, nose, and Still, he does not appear to eat taste to humanity itself—the commencement of the that time, smoking and the combination of the and his fondness for that was given him, to

quadrumana which termed monkeys, are denominated of quadrumana

pouches are wanting. The body is slender; the limbs long and thin; the thumbs of the hands small; the tail is long and slender; and the fur soft, flowing, and often glossy. One of the most singular of these varieties is

THE NASALIS OR PROBOSCIS MONKEY.

This animal is remarkable for a peculiar development of the nose, rudimentary at an early age, but afterward forming a proboscis capable of being dilated, having apertures underneath the bent down point, and divided from each other by a thin cartilage. The ears are small, and the face, together with the palms, are of a leaden color, with a slight tinge of yellow. On the sides of the neck, which is short, and on the shoulders, the hair is long compared with that of the rest of the body. The top of the head

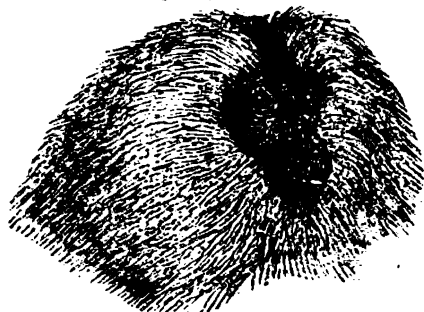


FIG. 20.—THE WANDERBOO MONKEY.

It can leap fifteen feet or more. Its fur is thick, and is not long or woolly. The engraving furnishes a good representation of this animal.

Portions of India literally swarm with monkeys. For instance, Bangalore, a city of Mysore, is completely hidden by a dense grove, which stretches round it, and is penetrated at different points by roads leading to the gates. This grove is said to be "a perfect metropolis of monkeys." Swarming in thousands, they chase each other on the roads, caper on the hedges, chatter on the boughs, grin hungrily at every one who passes with any cask, and are a constant pest to every housewife in the city, discovering unsuspected passages to her larder, forestalling the meat, and, after rioting in the spoil, making a hasty retreat.

Among those which are the most worthy of notice, or which the natives specially esteem, are the long-tailed and graceful Entellus, the Douc, and the Talapoin. The Entellus, of which we have no apt illustration, is held sacred in some parts of India, particularly in Lower Bengal.

The origin of the veneration which multitudes cherish for this animal is involved in the obscurity of their early history, and may be traced back to the most remote periods. The superstitions and traditions of the Brahmins, in reference to monkeys, hold a prominent place in the "Ramayan," which has been styled a "great epic poem." It describes a struggle between the Hindoo gods, on the one hand, under Rana, and a nation of demons on the other, who are called Rackschases, and who, under their King Ravana, are supposed to reside in the island of Ceylon. The former, assisted by an invulnerable tribe of monkeys, under their chief, Hoonuman, at length triumphed over the latter.

THE DIANA MONKEY

is distinguished by the peculiarity of its hair, and was so named by Linnaeus, from the fancied resemblance of the crescent-shaped bar which ornaments its brow to the ancient poetical representation of Diana, the goddess of light, or the moon. Its color is peculiarly varied and graceful. The head, neck, sides, and middle of the body beneath are of a deep ash color, which becomes gradually darker on the outside of the limbs, and is finally converted into a deep black on the hands.

The sides of the face are ornamented with broad tufts of white hairs, which are somewhat bushy, and terminate on the chin in a thin flat beard of two or three inches in length. The length of the animal is about eighteen inches, and that of the tail about two feet.

Mrs. Bowdich, in describing her "Voyage Home" from Western Africa, gives an interesting account of a Diana monkey which was on board. "We made acquaintance," she says, "very suddenly, and, to me, disagreeably, for I had not till then conquered the foolish aversion with which these animals always inspired me. It was a dead calm, the wheel was lashed, and all, save myself, below; nothing round us but sea and sky, and I had sheltered myself with a book in a corner protected from the equatorial sun. Suddenly, and without noise, something leaped upon my shoulders, and the tail which encircled my throat convinced me that Mr. Jack was my assailant. My first impulse was to beat him off, in which case I should probably have received some injury; but, fortunately, I sat perfectly still, and twisting himself round, he brought his face opposite to mine and stared at me. I endeavored to speak kindly to him, upon which he grinned and chattered, seated himself on my knees, and carefully examined my hands; he then tried to pull off my rings, and was proceeding to a bite



FIG. 21.—THE RHESUS MONKEY.

for this purpose, but I gave him some biscuit which happened to lie beside me, and making a bed for him with a handkerchief, he settled himself comfortably to sleep, and from that moment we were sworn allies.

"The amusement afforded to me and others by Jack made him tolerated when his mischievous propensities would otherwise have condemned him to perpetual confinement. He was often banished to an empty hen-coop, but as this made no impression upon him I always tried to prevent it, which he knew so well, that, when he had done wrong, he either hid himself or sought refuge near me. Much more effect was produced by taking him within sight of the panther, who always seemed most willing to devour him.

"On these occasions I held him by the tail in front of the cage, but long before I reached it, knowing where he was going, he pretended to be dead; his eyes were closed quite fast, and every limb was as stiff as if there were no life in him. When taken away he would open one eye a little to see whereabouts he might be, but if he caught a glimpse of the cage it was instantly closed, and he became as stiff as before. He clambered into the hammocks, stole the men's knives, tools, handkerchiefs, and even the nightcaps off their heads, all of which went into the sea. When biscuit was toasted between the bars of the caboose, and the dried herbs boiling in the tin mugs, he would rake the former out and carry it away, and take out the latter and trail them along the planks; if he burnt his paws he desisted for a day or two; and he often regaled the parrots with the biscuit, biting it in small pieces, and feeding them with the utmost gravity. At other times he would knock their cages over, lick up the water thus spilled, eat the lumps of sugar, and pull the birds' tails. When he thought fit to ride, he would watch behind a cask, on the days the pigs were let loose, dart on their backs as they passed, dig his nails into them to keep himself on, and the faster they ran and the more they squealed, the happier he seemed to be.

"His most important misdemeanors, however, were performed to the injury of his fellow-monkeys, of whom he was very jealous. The smaller ones were very obsequious to him, and when he called them by a peculiar noise, they came, hanging their heads,



FIG. 22.—THE COAITA.



FIG. 23.—THE MELANOCHIEIR.

and looking very submissive; and in one week the two admitted to the cabin were drowned out of sheer malice. I saw him throw the first overboard, and the poor little thing swam after us some time, but the ship was going too fast for even a rope to be effectually thrown out, in the hope he would cling to it."

THE MONA.

More graceful in form and beautiful in its markings than the Diana is the Mona Monkey. The top of its head is of a greenish yellow mingled with a slight tinge of black, and the neck, back, and sides are of a deep chestnut brown, extending as far as the shoulders and haunches, when it changes into a dusky slate color, which is continued on the limbs and the tail. The under surface of the body and the inside of the limbs are of a pure and delicate white, separated from the neighboring colors by an abrupt line. The naked upper part of the face, comprehending the orbits of the eyes, together with the cheeks, is of a bluish purple; the lips, and as much of the chin as is without hair, are flesh-colored. On the sides of the face large bushy whiskers of a light straw color, mixed with a few blackish rings, advance and cover a considerable portion of the cheeks. Above the eyebrows is a transverse black band, extending on each side as far as the ears, and surmounted by a narrow crescent-shaped stripe of gray, which is sometimes scarcely visible. The ears and the hands are of a livid flesh color.

Of the Monstached Monkey several naturalists have spoken, and of it there was a living specimen in the Paris Menagerie. It has a resemblance to the Mona in the forehead and the sides of the face, but its tufts of hair are more gray, and it has no white spots on its body. Cuvier considers the species to belong to a group of which the Mona is the type, gentle in their dispositions, and responding to kindly treatment.

Another curious structure of the hair is seen in the Mitred Monkey, of the head of which we give also an engraving. This animal has curled hair; above, it is bluish gray—below, it is grayish white; a black line runs from the upper part of the ears across the head.

THE GREEN MONKEY.

This animal is a native of the Cape Verd Islands and the East Indies. Its color, which is of a greenish-yellow above, is the effect of the numerous rings of hair of various shades of yellow and black, but it assumes more of a dark grizzled appearance on the sides of the body and outer sides of the limbs, which become gradually darker toward the hands. The face, ears, and naked part of the hands are of a jet black; the face is of a triangular shape, bounded above the eyes by a straight line of stiff black hairs, with a yellowish tinge, meeting in a point beneath the chin. The neck and chest are white; the under parts of the body have a yellowish tinge; and the inside

of the limbs is gray. The length of the head and body is sixteen or eighteen inches, and that of the tail somewhat more. Like most of its family, it is brisk and frolicsome, and has a remarkable tendency to imitation. In this variety the Werner Monkey is conspicuous—so called from an able artist to whose illustrations zoological works are much indebted; it is of a reddish fawn color; its head having, as our engraving shows, bands of hair of two colors, presents a remarkable appearance.

THE MALBROUK.

This creature is described by F. Cuvier as of truly arboreal habits; walking with difficulty on the ground, and exhibiting the greatest activity when sporting on the bars of its cage. The one he observed would sustain itself by a succession of darts from one side of its cage to another, performed by the force of its feet alone, keeping up this severe motion for a considerable time. When young, it was docile and mild tempered, but as it grew old, it became savage and sullen. The chief characteristic of its disposition was extreme caution, or, as it were, an arrangement beforehand, or previous plan of action. Thus, in its attacks, it watched the opportunity, when the person or animal was off his guard and otherwise employed, making the attack from behind. The countenance of this creature becomes more like that of the baboon, as it advances in life.



FIG. 24.—THE WERNER MONKEY.

The feet are black, and so is the skin of the ears; the cheeks, chin, and a band above the eyes are white, as also are the under parts and the insides of the legs; all the rest is of a yellowish green, and the general contour is so similar to the Green Monkey, that when young it has been mistaken for that animal. Our engraving represents a side view of this animal's head. Mr. Parkyns relates the following incident, showing their great natural cunning;

"At Khartûm, the capital of the provinces of Upper Nubia," he says, "I saw a man showing a large male and two females, who performed several clever tricks at his command. I entered into conversation with him as to their sagacity, the mode of teaching them, and various other topics relating to them. Speaking of his male monkey, he said he was the most dexterous thief imaginable, and that every time he was exhibited he stole dates and provisions enough for the day. In proof of this, he begged me to watch him for a few minutes. I did so, and presently the keeper led him to a spot near a date-seller, who was sitting on the ground, with his basket beside him. Here his master put him through his evolutions; and although I could perceive that the monkey had an eye to the fruit, yet so completely did he disguise his intentions, that no careless observer would have suspected them.

"He did not at first appear to care about approaching the basket; but gradually brought himself nearer and nearer, till at last he got quite close to its owner. In the middle of one of his feats he suddenly started up from the ground on which he was

lying, stretched like a corpse, and uttering a cry as of pain or rage, fixed his eyes full on the face of the date-seller, and then, without moving the rest of his body, stole as many dates as he could hold in one of his hind hands. The date man being started out of countenance, and his attention diverted by this extraordinary movement, knew nothing about the theft till a bystander told him of it, and then he joined heartily in the laugh that was raised against him."

THE WANDEROO.

This powerful little animal is a native of Malabar and Ceylon. Some of

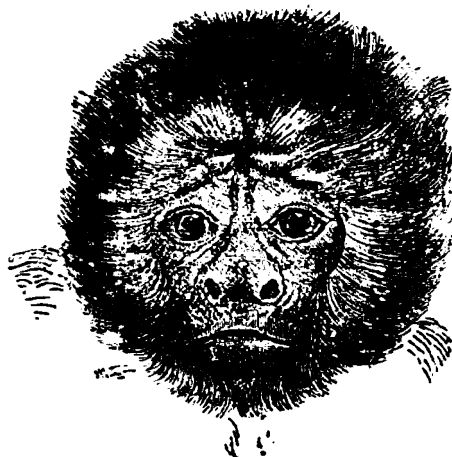


FIG. 25.—THE BROWN SAJOU.

this species are described as being as large as English spaniel dogs. Their general color is black; the tail is of moderate length and tufted at the tip; the face is encircled by a mane of long hairs (see illustration) of a white or light ash color. They do but little mischief, keeping in the woods, eating only leaves and buds of trees; but when caught, readily eat almost anything eatable.

THE RHUNDER OR RHESUS MONKEY.

This is a Northern India monkey, migratory in its habits, visiting the Himalaya Mountains in summer. The Hindoos hold this animal in great veneration, and refrain from killing or injuring them, though they commit frequent depredations upon the plantations. The native farmers, however, leave a share for these monkeys, believing this to be necessary for averting their anger, as otherwise next year they would destroy the whole crop while yet green. The Rhesus has a stout frame, short ears, a

short tail, large callosities, the skin hanging loose about the throat and abdomen, the hair rather long, the back brownish, the lower part of the back and haunches bright chestnut or almost orange, the shoulders and arms lighter. It is intelligent when domesticated, but mischievous, cunning, secretive, and rat-like—to which animal the face bears a strong resemblance.

An intelligent traveler living in an Indian bungalow which overlooked a bazaar has graphically described a ludicrous instance of monkey thefts.

"The Rhunder reclined on a roof, fronting a sweetmeat shop, feigning to be asleep, but every now and then raising his head to enjoy a glimpse and catch a stimulus from the piles of good things below. It was, however, of no use, for sitting beside his stores was the seller looking as if he were far from a doze, and absolutely 'wide-awake.' So it was for a good half hour, when the monkey got up, yawned, and stretched himself artfully as if he had only just awoke. He began to play with his tail, and even 'made believe' he was tying knots in it, as if on this he were wholly intent, but ever and anon stealing sly looks over his shoulder at the sweetmeat stall, only, however, to see the seller still there, speculating as to how he could invest the profits of his stock to the best possible account.

"The monkey was now clearly taken aback, and so he again whiled away his time and impatience in some of those amusements so common to his race. But suddenly the confectioner rose from his seat, took up his pipe and turned toward the door of



FIG. 26.—CAPUCHIN SAJOU.



FIG. 27.—HOODED SAJOU.

his back-room for a fresh supply of 'the fragrant weed.' Instantly the monkey was on all-fours, and the sweetmeats were the only things he saw. In another moment he had cleared the street, was banqueting on the coveted dainties, and began to cram his cheek-pouches with them for after-indulgence. But alas! for the spoiler! there were others there—a cloud of hornets had already settled on the sweets, equally voracious as himself. His lightning-like descent so startled them that they were unfitted for immediate revenge, but before he could regain the roof the hornets were on him in a mass, and right heartily did they sting the invader of their feast. His efforts at escape became frantic, smashing and scattering the tiles as he went on; he got on a roof, but it was covered with the branches of a small thorny shrub, the barbed prickles of which cling to the flesh like fish-hooks, and endeavoring to shake one branch off, he became as entangled in them as if he were in the midst of a thicket. Unable to move or turn, and with his wounds bleeding, he sat a picture of helpless misery, if not remorse, spurted out his stolen property from his cheek-pouches, and barked hoarsely through the bushes. The rumble of dislocated tiles without, and the fall of broken plaster within, brought out speedily a crowd of natives to the streets. These were soon joined by the confectioner, who approached them running, with his turban half unwound and streaming behind him for a couple of yards. All laughed at the discomfited thief, but as the culprit was a monkey, and therefore an object of respect and veneration, two Hindoos got on the roof, and with great difficulty rescued him from the thorny branches on which he had become impaled, when he limped off as well as he could to a neighboring grove."

MONKEYS OF AMERICA.

It is a remarkable fact, that while certain species of monkeys are peculiar to the Old World, others are equally so to America—the four-handed animals of the one hemisphere never having been found in the other. The American species may always



FIG. 28.—THE HORNED SAJOU.



FIG. 29.—HORNED AND MOUSTACHED SAJOU

be distinguished, as the engraving shows, contrasting the rhesus and the brown sajou, by the lateral position of the nostrils, between which there intervenes a considerable space. To this invariable sign of distinction may be added another less universal; for no American species has ever been discovered in which the tail is

wanting. This member in every such species is long, and has the under surface naked, which enables the animal to grasp anything tightly with its folds. This peculiarity is not found in any species proper to Asia or Africa. When, too, the tail is extended, it naturally, and without any voluntary effort, forms a hook-like curve at its extremity, just as the claws of a bird contract and grasp with firmness solely by the bending of the leg and sinking down of the body, in the natural posture of rest, on a twig or perch. In both instances, the design is the same—security during sleep, without any effort of the will. A third peculiarity in many American monkeys is the imperfect state of the thumb, which is reduced, in some instances, to a mere rudiment, and in others is altogether wanting. On the ground the American monkeys are exceedingly awkward and embarrassed, dragging themselves along with pain and difficulty, their loosely-jointed limbs apparently yielding no support; but in the trees they exhibit the most astonishing agility, suspending themselves by the tail, and bounding from one distant bough to another with the greatest address, or traversing the smallest branches with the utmost ease and rapidity.

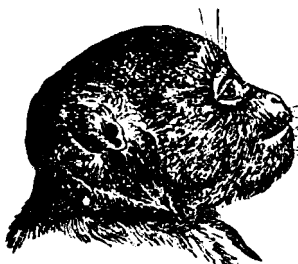


FIG. 30.—THE ERIODE.

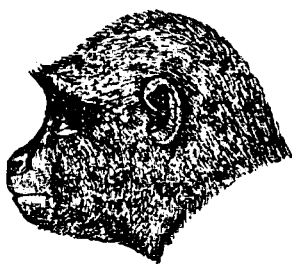


FIG. 31.—THE METIS.

In one genus (*Mycetes*) are found the Howling Monkeys, which are robust in form; the lower jaw is expanded, the muzzle is prominent, and they have a thumb well defined, on the fore-hands.

The Indians assert that when these monkeys fill the forests with their howling, one of them always chants as leader of the chorus, and Humboldt considers that the Indians have good ground for this assertion. One solitary and powerful voice is generally distinguished from the rest for a considerable space of time, till its place is taken by another voice of a different pitch. The same peculiarity has been noticed among frogs, and almost all animals that live together and exert their voices in unison. When any extraordinary sounds—such as the groans of a dying monkey—arrest the attention of the band, the howlings are suspended for some minutes. Humboldt's guides gravely assured him that to drink out of the bony drum of one of these creatures is a certain cure for an asthma. This animal has, indeed, such an extraordinary volume of voice, that the Indians ignorantly imagine that the larynx must necessarily impart to the water poured into it the virtue of curing affections of the lungs!

Our illustration of the head of the *Eriode* is a fair representative of this class, though much smaller than some. The head is rounder; their hands are provided with thumbs, their tail is long and prehensile.

THE SPIDER MONKEYS.

The *Coatis* is one of an extensive group called Spider Monkeys, which are remarkable for the ease, rapidity, and freedom of their movements among the branches of the forest. They move onward by means of a series of swinging evolutions, in the performance of which the limbs and the tail take an equal share. In ascending or descending, or in traversing the branches of trees, the tail is constantly put in requisition; they coil it round branch after branch in their passage, turning it in various directions, and applying it with wonderful precision. They often suspend themselves entirely by means of the tail, and swinging until a sufficient impetus is

gained, launch themselves to a distant branch, or, stretching out their arms, catch it as they vibrate toward it. The touch of the tail is finger-like; and it is capable of seizing small objects with great nicety. The extremity of the tail is often introduced as a foot into the fissures and hollows of trees, for the purpose of hooking out eggs and other substances. The Brown *Coatis* is of a uniform reddish-brown color; when full grown, measures rather more than two feet in length; the tail is a little longer. The hair is fine and soft. The *Chuva*, the *Melanocheir*, and the *Metis* are also species of the Spider Monkeys.



FIG. 32.—THE MASKED CALLITHRIX.

THE SAJONS.

The tail in the *Sajon* tribe has not the acute sensibility and mechanical dexterity of the last named. In lieu, however, the strength is diverted to the limbs, which are well developed. These animals are intelligent, mischievous, and inquisitive. Their

activity is surprising. In their native forests in Brazil and the Guianas they live in troops, feeding on fruits, grain, insects, and eggs. So amusing are they in their gambols that the apathetic Indians will stop in their canoes to watch them. As in all their movements, so constant and varying, the females carry their young on their backs, it might be expected that the young ones were constantly in danger of injury from falls. But they are not; for they are provided with an instinct which induces them, in sailor phrase, "to hold on." Nor is this all; structure aids the offspring in clinging to its mother with the greatest tenacity, its extremities, and especially the anterior limbs, being very strong.

Of these, we engrave the head of the Hooded *Sajon*, the Capuchin *Sajon*, the Furred *Sajon*, the



FIG. 33.—THE NYCTIPITHECUS FELINUS.

Horned *Sajon*, and the Horned and Moustached *Sajon*. The Capuchin is distinguished for the roundness of its skull, the shortness of its muzzle, and prehensile tail. Its food consists chiefly of Brazil nuts, of which they are extremely fond. The Horned *Sajon* attains to a considerable size, but is of gentle and tractable disposition. Its name is taken, as the engraving shows, from two bushy tufts of hair issuing from the base of the forehead, and producing a resemblance to horns. These mimic horns do not appear until the animal has reached maturity. It is a native of Guiana. Another singular creature is the Horned and Moustached *Sajon*, who really presents a most comical expression. The organ of Mirthfulness is doubtless largely developed in his head. He is a native of Brazil.

THE MASKED CALLITHRIX.

The engraving shows the very remarkable head of this creature. The prevailing color is a grayish-yellow; the head and the four hands are black, and the tail is of a reddish hue.

Lieutenant Edwards, during his voyage up the Amazon River, saw a monkey that had climbed to the top of a house, and could not be persuaded by threats or entreaties to come down. He ran over the roof, displaced the tiles, peeped into the chambers below—for there are no ceilings in that country—and when he was called, imitated an action he had often observed, by putting his thumb up to his nose. On being shot at with corn, he held before him a rag that he had picked up, and so tried to evade the discharge, every now and then slyly peeping over the top. At last he was left to himself, and then came down of his own accord.

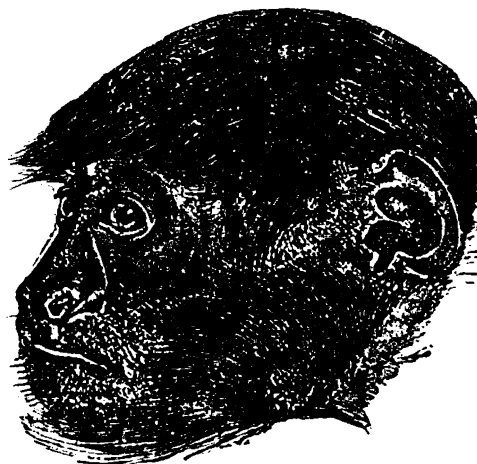


FIG. 34.—THE COUXIO.

The *Nyctipithecus Felinus* is given as a specimen of the *Dorroucouli* genus. Its habits are nocturnal, and it sleeps during the day. Greatly annoyed by the light, it seeks the hollow trunks of trees and similar dark places for concealment. On night approaching, it glides cat-like through apertures so narrow as to be incapable of admitting it, and its movements resemble those of the civet tribe. The nocturnal cry of this animal is extremely loud and sonorous, and resembles that of the jaguar. It has also a kind of mew, like the mew of a cat, and a deep, harsh, guttural note represented by the syllables *quer, quer*. When irritated, its throat becomes distended; and in its posture, as well as in the fluffy state of its fur, it resembles a cat attacked by a dog.

THE COUXIO.

Various are the names that have at different times been given to this monkey. Its head, limbs, and tail are black. The hairs of the body are pale at the roots, sometimes, indeed, nearly white. The under parts are scantily covered. The hair of the head radiates from a point, and on the sides of the forehead forms two large elevated tufts, with a depression between them. These tufts, when fully grown, fold over and conceal the ears, which are black and naked. The face has at its sides full bushy whiskers, which meet under the chin, forming an enormous glossy black beard. The teeth are large, the canines formidable.

The *Couxio* is agile, wild, and very difficult to tame. Its habits are nocturnal. When irritated, it assumes an erect posture, grinds its teeth, rubs the extremity of its beard, and jumps around the object of its dislike. Humboldt says he has seen it in its fury drive its teeth into thick boards. Nothing enrages this monkey so much as wetting its beard. In drinking, other American monkeys bring their lips to the

liquid; this creature inclines its head upon its shoulder, lifts the water in the hollow of its hand, and carries it in this way to its mouth, and drains it with great deliberation. Humboldt thinks that this mode is adopted to prevent the wetting of the beard, which could not be avoided were the water imbibed in the usual way.

THE MARMOSET MONKEY.

The full soft fur which clothes the body of this little creature, the beautiful tufts of hair which, in most species, adorn the sides of the head, the long bushy tail, the small fore-paws, and the crouching or semi-erect position assumed in eating, remind us of the peculiarities of the squirrel. It inhabits the woods of the tropical portions of South America that border on the Amazon and the other great rivers. The conformation of the teeth gives it great facilities in devouring insects, the crowns of the grinders having sharp conical elevations instead of rounded tubercles.

The beauty of the Marmosets, their diminutive size, for some of them are so small that they could be entirely covered with a common breakfast cup, and their freedom from the petulance and malice of many of the monkey tribes, render them great favorites. Even in their native regions they are

sold to the Spanish colonists for a considerable price. They have not the activity for which many monkeys are remarkable. They do not bound from branch to branch with bold and vigorous leaps, yet the expression of Shakespeare was appropriate when he spoke of "the nimble Marmoset." These creatures are often called *Quistiti*, from their sharp whistling cry.

The mode of capturing these beautiful little animals is singular. Arrows dipped in weak poison are discharged at a group, and then a great number of young monkeys are taken alive at once; for the titi, in falling, remains clinging to its mother, and if it be not wounded, it does not quit the shoulder or the neck of its parent, even when dead. Most of those found alive in the huts of the Indians have been thus captured. Those that are full grown, when cured of a slight wound, generally die before they can be used to live in bondage.

The Striated Monkey, or Striated *Quistiti*, is a native of Guiana and Brazil, and is another of the Marmoset family. The head and body of this animal do not exceed twelve inches in length. The tail measures nearly the same. Its face is naked and swarthy; ears large, and like the human. Its fur is long and soft, of a fine dark-gray or reddish-brown color, banded with black. On each side of the face it has a long tuft of white hairs.

The Mico, or Fair Monkey, is another native of the banks of the Amazon. It is a most beautiful specimen of the class. Its head is round, its eyes vivacious and spirited, its face and ears a lively vermillion color; its body is covered with long hair of a bright silvery whiteness and uncommon elegance; tail long, and of a shining chestnut color.

According to Humboldt, the Marmoset or Titi has a face the greatest resemblance to a child of any of its species. There is the same expression of innocence, the same playful smile, the same rapid transition from joy to sorrow; and when frightened, its eyes instantly fill with tears. The head of Weddell's Marmoset, which we engrave, shows that its scale of intelligence does not come up, by any means, to the chimpanzee or orang-outang, and a comparison of their skeletons shows a vast difference in the bony structure of the framework.

The spinal column in these little creatures is especially framed to accommodate itself to the movements and twistings of such agile animals. The tail is most elaborately constructed. The brain is of a low degree of development. The convolutions which are found in the brain of the chimpanzee and orang are here entirely wanting. The skull is well made and in good proportion to the body; the osseous covering of the brain is well compacted with the bones of the face.

A novel mode of catching Brazilian Monkeys recently put in practice is worthy of mention. The hunters engaged in trapping them had a lot of boots made just large enough to be drawn over a monkey's foot, and filled the bottoms with pitch. With these they set out for the woods, and soon found themselves under the trees, where the monkeys went rattling on over their heads, but never for a moment removing their eyes from them. Then they placed the boots where they could be seen, and commenced taking off their own boots. Having

done this, they let them stand awhile near the little boots. All this the monkeys carefully noticed. The hunters were too wise to attempt to catch them by climbing the trees; they might as well have expected to snatch the moon as to lay hands upon one of these little fellows. They had an easier way than this, and one more effectual; they sat down under the trees while the little chatterboxes were rattling on over their heads, but never for a moment removing their eyes from them. The hunters now taking up their own boots, having carefully looked over them, drew them slowly one after the other upon their feet. Not a motion escaped the observation of the monkeys. Having replaced their boots they hurried away into the thicket of undergrowth not far off, where they were hidden from the sight of the monkeys, but where they could see every-

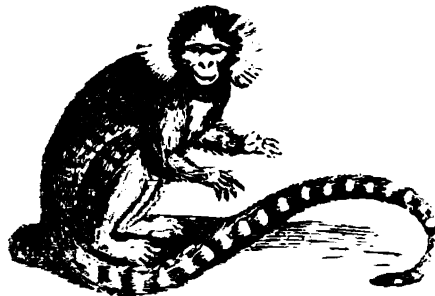


FIG. 38.—THE STRIATED MONKEY.

thing that happened under the trees. They left the small boots all standing in a row. The monkeys soon descended from the trees, and imitating the motions of the hunters, thrust their feet into the boots set as a trap for them, chattering and gesticulating all the time in great glee. As soon as they were fairly in the boots, out sprang the hunters from their hiding-places and rushed among them. The monkeys affrighted at once started for the trees, but only to find that they had destroyed their power of climbing by putting on the boots. So they fell an easy prey to their cunning enemies.

CONCLUSION.

Many other diverting incidents might be recited. In conclusion, we will briefly notice the comparative intelligence of the monkey, the gorilla, and man. The extraordinary instinct displayed by the higher species of apes has led some learned observers to ascribe to them intellectual faculties akin to the human. Let us look at these for a moment. We have already indicated the prominent peculiarities of cerebral organization in the chimpanzee and orang-outang, and have shown how greatly below the human type that organization appears on careful examination. Size, conformation, internal structure, habits, and disposition indicate the brute. The phenomena of instinct in the lower animals vary with the quality and character of organization. The bee, the sparrow, and the beaver exhibit intelligence in the construction of their habitations, and in this respect vie with the best of the ape family. The parrot, the magpie, and the starling are taught to mimic to the extent of clearly uttering words and sentences. The horse, the dog, the elephant, are trained to perform astonishing feats. The chimpanzee, with his relatively larger and superior brain, exhibits a wonderful aptitude for imitation; this faculty, because of occasional instances in which it has been carried by the animal to an unexpected extent, has led some men, without much forethought, to elevate him above the brute. If we visit the native haunts of this wisest of the beasts we do not find any special marks of a more than instinct intelligence. The chimpanzee of to-day lives and acts precisely like the chimpanzee of the past. His habits and disposition are the same. In this respect he is no more remarkable than other orders of the animal kingdom. The instinct which characterizes his race has likewise been transmitted from age to age. Man as an intellectual being gifted with powers above instinct is both subject to and the agent of change. He is progressive and improvable. Even at the lowest stage of ignorance and debasement, man, when influenced by civilizing and refining agencies, exhibits a striking susceptibility to improvement. The missions established in South Africa among the Hottentots and Bushmen have found among even those low races, men whose facility in acquiring education soon made them indispensable as assistants in disseminating the seeds of Christian truth in that darkened region. Looking at the ape from the phrenological point of view, we notice strong perceptive faculties; these enable him to make accurate observations, and his quick instinct, stimulated by strong propensities, or the self-protecting faculties, takes advantage of those observations for animal gratification. We find nothing which indicates moral qualities in the chimpanzee. Its social tendencies, its self-preservative qualities, and its power to imitate, probably, in some respects, exceed those capabilities as observed in other animals, but these after all are but animal instincts, and these are common to all chimpanzees. Those faculties which in man subserve his purposes of mental and spiritual improvement; those which find enjoyment in the pursuits of science, art, literature, and mechanical invention; those which conduce to patience, contentment, sympathy, and devotion; those, in fine, which rise far above the sensuous and animal, are not found in the organization and external characteristics of the ape. The latter eats, drinks, gambols, displaying, it is true, great dexterity in procuring food and providing for its other bodily necessities, and marvelous agility and balancing power, but what more? One can not credit it with conscientiousness, but can with selfishness—an animal quality; or with benevolence, but can with parental affection and attachment; or with reasoning ability, but can with secretiveness, constructiveness, imitation, individuality, size, weight, and other perceptive faculties. And the possession of those we have designated is sufficient to account for all that is claimed as wonderful in the conduct of the animal.



FIG. 35.—THE CRESTED MONKEY.



FIG. 36.—THE MARMOSET.



FIG. 37.—WHITE EYED MARMOSET.



FIG. 39.—THE MICO.

Literary Notices.

[All works noticed in THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.]

WOMAN'S WORK IN THE CIVIL

WAR. A Record of Heroism, Patriotism, and Patience. By L. P. Brackett, M.D., author of "History of the Civil War," "Philanthropic Results of the War," "Our Great Captains," "Life of Abraham Lincoln," "The Camp, the Battle-field, and the Hospital," etc., etc.—and Mrs. Mary C. Vaughan. With an Introduction, by Henry W. Bellows, D.D., President U. S. Sanitary Commission. Illustrated with sixteen steel engravings. Zeigler, McCurdy & Co., No. 501 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; Lombard Block, Chicago, Illinois; No. 509 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo. 1867. 8vo., pp. 799. Price, from \$3 75 to \$6, according to style of binding.

No account of the tremendous conflict which shook the American continent for more than four years can be called complete if it ignores the important part sustained by many heroic women in the camp, on the field, and in the hospital. The many accounts which have become familiar as "household words," of women who sacrificed the comforts and luxuries of home to share the exposures and privations of the soldier "at the front," and to nurse and cheer him when wounded or sick, evidence the part and lot she had in the matter. How many precious lives were saved by "ministering angels" in the camp, or through the earnest co-operation of those who at home spared neither time or money that they might send to the suffering boy in blue needed supplies, it is impossible to estimate! In the preparation of the volume under consideration, the talented author and authoress strove to include every name worthy a place in such a record.

Three and a half years of labor and correspondence were expended upon it. Here are biographical sketches, more or less complete, of two hundred of the representative women, who, in camp, field, or general hospital, in the not less arduous, though less romantic labors of the Aid Societies, in the relief and instruction of freedmen and white refugees, in volunteer refreshment saloons, soldiers' homes, or other labors sought to benefit those who were sufferers in consequence of the war. In addition to these two hundred, there is a briefer mention of nearly three hundred others. Of course, there are thousands more unnamed heroines of whom these are but the representatives, women of whose noble deeds, as Dr. Bellows well says in his eloquent introduction, "God himself keeps the record! It is too sacred to be trusted to men."

Great care and judgment have evidently been bestowed by the authors of this work in their selection of the representative women who should find a place in it. All sections of the country, all classes of social life, all denominations of religious belief have their representatives, yet with wise care and reticence there is no prominence given to this distribution. The jealousy of sections, the diversity of social position, the variety of religious views are all made subordinate to the intense loyalty and patriotism, the philanthropic zeal and the earnest longing to be of service to a cause so precious.

The sanction and hearty approval which the work has received from the U. S. Sanitary, the Western Sanitary, and the Christian Commissions, sufficiently stamp its authenticity and merits. The narratives are, so far as we have had opportunity of observing, all interesting and

well written, and many of them furnish in their *naïveté* and simplicity the deepest elements of pathos. In its typography, its fine steel illustrations, and its binding, the externals of the book are worthy of its contents. Mrs. Mary C. Vaughan, of 430 Broome Street, is the agent for its sale in New York city.

SIX MONTHS AT THE WHITE

HOUSE WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN. The Story of a Picture. By F. B. Carpenter. New York: Hurd & Houghton. \$1 50.

We have received from the author's own hands a copy of this interesting book. Every loyal ear has heard of the celebrated picture which Mr. Carpenter produced by months of close study and assiduous labor at the easel—"Lincoln and his Cabinet"—and the book which chronicles the experiences of those months, especially the interviews and associations with the lamented "martyr" during the progress of the work, must command the interest of all who revere his memory and sympathize with the great occasion which that cabinet scene thus pictured forth commemorates. Many incidents are given from the ordinary routine of President Lincoln's daily life while administering the affairs of government which serve to illustrate the man as he was, plain and unpolished yet earnest and humane. Says Mr. Carpenter in his preface, "My aim has been throughout these pages to portray the man as he was revealed to me, without any attempt at idealization." Probably no better collection of characteristic sketches of Mr. Lincoln has been published.

THE BANKRUPT LAW OF THE UNITED STATES, 1867. With notes and a collection of American and English Decisions upon the Principles and Practice of the Law of Bankruptcy. Adapted to the use of the Lawyer and Merchant. By Edwin James of the New York Bar, and one of the Framers of the recent English Bankruptcy Amendment Act. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Cloth, pp. 325. \$3 50.

This valuable compilation, having for its author a lawyer of acknowledged ability, particularly in cases involving commercial interests, and being issued at a time when much financial embarrassment exists or is imminent, claims special attention. The numerous cases which are quoted as bearing directly upon the subject of the New Bankrupt Law, and showing its equitable bases, are important aids to the lawyer in preparing a case which involves the question of bankruptcy. The numerous decisions in both American and English courts cover an extensive field of inquiry, and present the most complete digest published relating to the subject under consideration. The work is very complete as a law-book, and no well-selected library in an attorney's office or a merchant's counting-room should be without it.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. By Charles Dickens. With original illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Diamond edition. Cloth, \$1 50.

If the truth were known, it would be found that no book published within the past twenty years wrought so much substantial good in the conduct of English schools as Nicholas Nickleby. Certainly no book brought out in such vivid and truthful colors the errors and abuses of juvenile education in some parts of the "Christian land." Nicholas Nickleby is a book which will live green and fresh for generations, and Messrs. Ticknor & Fields present it in such compact and convenient shape that it can readily be accommodated to any library.

WELLS' EVERY MAN HIS OWN

LAWYER, AND BUSINESS FORM BOOK. A Complete Guide in all matters of Law and Business Negotiations. For every State in the Union, etc. New edition, revised and enlarged. New York: Benj. W. Hitchcock. 12mo. 650 pp. \$3 00.

This new edition of a well-known family and general Law Book contains the most recent modifications in the modes of administering justice and equitable rights between man and man, and forms an excellent digest of those matters which affect the business man or the farmer. Forms are prescribed for drawing the necessary papers in suits, and succinct instructions are given for their prosecution, without legal assistance. The general bankrupt law, patent laws, pension laws, with forms and advice, are fully given. Also the provisions of the different States affecting property exempt from execution, the validity of contracts, collection of debts, mechanics' liens, usury, voters, licenses, etc., are clearly defined. The United States excise laws, stamp duties, post-office and custom-house regulations, and a multitude of other matters, relative to which a man may have occasion to inquire, are intelligibly presented. There is no better book of reference so comprehensive in detail as "Wells' Every Man His Own Lawyer," and so well adapted to the requirement of the general public.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

By Charles Dickens—"Boz." With twenty-seven original illustrations, from designs by John McLean. Author's American Edition. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Green morocco cloth. 8vo. \$1 25.

"Great Expectations," with its quaint portraits of character, is before us, thanks to the Messrs. Peterson. Exhibiting the enterprise which has led them to expend large sums of money for the right to publish Dickens' works, they are certainly entitled to much credit and a liberal patronage. It is hardly necessary for us to commend this book, so thoroughly has it worked its way into general favor.

CHRIST AMONG THE CATTLE.

We have reprinted Rev. Dr. Osgood's beautiful sermon, "The Gospel among the Animals," in a handsome pamphlet, on large open type, and the best of paper. It is a capital missionary document, and should be widely distributed. Single copies will be sent post-paid for twenty-five cents. By the dozen or hundred at first cost.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Complete. Diamond edition. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cloth, \$1 50.

The beautiful little edition of our American Tennyson will serve to render him more popular than ever. The hitherto costly editions of Longfellow "complete" have deterred many a lover of poetry whose pocket had little or no lining, from reveling in their metrical richness. Tennyson and Longfellow, *à la diamant*, though costing almost nothing, grace our library with their neat and graceful covers.

THE MARYLAND EDUCATIONAL

JOURNAL, a School and Family Monthly, devoted to Popular Instruction and Literature—Organ of the State Board of Education and of the Commissioners Association. Editorial Committee: Rev. L. Van Bokkelen, LL.D., State Superintendent; Rev. John N. McJilton, A.M., City Superintendent; Dr. Samuel A. Harrison, Easton; William H. Farquhar, Esq., Sandy Spring; James L. Bryan, Esq., Cambridge; Rev. T. S. C. Smith, Belair; E. S. Zevely, Managing Editor, Cumberland, Md. Terms, \$1 50 a year.

This new candidate for popular favor is nicely printed, and will, we doubt not, do

a good work for education in that State, where it is so much needed. We were a little puzzled by one of the titles in the first number, which reads as follows: "Colored Education in the United States." The writer does not tell us whether it is, or is to be, "red, white, or blue." We wait to be informed as to the color, shade, hue, or tint to be advocated.

AMERICAN POMOLOGY. AP-

PLES. By Dr. John A. Warder, President Ohio Pomological Society; Vice-President American Pomological Society, etc. Large 12mo., pp. 744, and 293 illustrations. Price, \$3. New York: Orange Judd & Co.

One of the best works yet written on the Apple. The author is a ripe scholar, a practical fruit-grower of long experience, and stands at the head of his calling. The first 375 pages are devoted to propagation, nursery culture, selection and planting, cultivation of orchards, care of fruit, insects, and the like; the remainder is occupied with descriptions of apples. A list of selections for different localities by eminent orchardists is a valuable portion of the volume, while the Analytical Index is the most extended American fruit list ever published. A complete classification of apples is given. Fruit-growers will welcome this book as a valuable and long-wished-for addition to pomological literature, and it will be found equally useful to the novice and the experienced orchardist. The book will be sent post-paid, from this office.

A WOMAN'S SECRET. By Mrs.

Caroline Fairfield Corbin. 12mo., pp. 440. Price, \$1 50. Chicago Central Publishing House.

A very creditable piece of Western book-making, so far as paper and printing go. But what of the character of the work? What is its object? This is its dedication: "TO JOHN STEWART MILL. The Author would hereby express her admiration and gratitude for his noble efforts in behalf of the enfranchisement of woman." There! can the reader now guess the object of this portly volume? Here are the mottoes, which further show the spirit of the author.

"Force rules the world still;
Has ruled it; shall rule it.
Meekness is weakness;
Strength is triumphant;
Over the whole earth
Still it is Thor's day."

LONGFELLOW.

Ere long a fairer morn shall rise,
With purer air and brighter skies,
When Force shall lay his scepter down,
And Strength shall abdicate his crown;
And love incarnate sway the race
With wisest power and tenderest grace.

Passing the Preface, which is modest and brief, Mrs. Corbin discloses, in part, what she means, by the Table of Contents. We give it in full.

Chap. I.—A Bachelor and a Baby. II.—The Lion and the Mouse. III.—Woman's Wit. IV.—About Money Lending. V.—A Woman who wasn't Strong-minded. VI.—Business as Love Making. VII.—"They Twain shall be one flesh." VIII.—Some Idea concerning a Woman's Sphere. IX.—Hysterics. X.—An Old Man's Dream. XI.—The Making of Men. XII.—The Silent Shrew. XIII.—Chiefly Metaphysical. XIV.—Hysterics, Male Species. XV.—A Deed Without a Name. XVI.—Honpecked. XVII.—From Jerusalem to Jericho. XVIII.—An Embarrassed Lover. XIX.—A Chapter which Weak-minded Persons are advised to skip. XX.—A Motherless Child and a Childless Mother. XXI.—The Incapables. XXII.—Among the "Vines." XXIII.—Miss Hildauber's Summer Bonnet. XXIV.—A Professional Visit. XXV.—The First Law of Courtship. XXVI.—Joel's Secret. XXVII.—How Mrs. Moss paid the Doctor. XXVIII.—A

Man's Love. XXIX.—The Right of a Woman to have a Husband. XXX.—The Verdict of the Sewing Circle. XXXI.—Milton Gaines, Jr. XXXII.—Rose Color. XXXIII.—The Right of a Man to Whip his Wife. XXXIV.—The Ark of the Lord in Tabernacles. XXXV.—The Power that is Stronger than Love. XXXVI.—A Love that was Free. XXXVII.—The Flower of the Ages. XXXVIII.—Our Best Society. XXXIX.—A Sacrifice for the Public Good. XL.—Two Equal Souls; one Round, Perfected Whole. XLI.—The Pestilence that Walketh in Darkness; the Destruction that Wasteth at Noonday.

To say that this is a most spicy, racy, readable book, would but faintly express the fact. Whether it will meet with favor, depends entirely whether or not the reader agrees with the author. We will neither predict nor prejudice. The work will speak for itself.

KELLOGG'S UNITED STATES MERCANTILE REGISTER. For the year 1887-8. Octavo, 1043 pp. Price, \$3. T. D. Kellogg, 116 Nassau Street, New York.

A want of space prevents at present anything more than this brief announcement of this most useful work. We shall describe it more at length at another time.

THE WINE CULTURE IN CALIFORNIA. By Henry Gibbons, M.D. 12mo, 48 pp. Price, 25 cents. H. H. Bancroft & Co., New York, Publishers.

A graphic history of Temperance in a very small compass. The author says there are three classes of men for whom this work is not intended: 1st. Those who estimate the welfare of society by the standard of dollars and cents. 2d. Those who acknowledge no obligation to their fellow-men in the way of labor or sacrifice. 3d. Those who live to eat and drink. From this it may be inferred where our author stands on the question of Wine Culture in California.

AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE. A Tale of Love, Selfishness and Retribution. By a New Writer. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1 vol., octavo. Price, 25 cents.

It is understood that this story has been written by the daughter of Charles Dickens. This is her first work; and if one may judge of the fair author by her book, she is certainly a sweet and modest young lady. It is a charming story, free from all deadly crimes and monstrous vices; a quiet story of selfishness on the one hand and of love betrayed on the other; sorrow is gently touched, and sinfulness dealt with as it should be dealt with in life—tenderly, yet abhorrently.

THE CRITTENDEN COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC AND BUSINESS MANUAL. Designed for the use of Merchants, Business Men, Academies, and Commercial Colleges. By John Groesbeck, Consulting Accountant, Principal of Crittenden's Philadelphia Commercial College. Abridged Edition. Philadelphia: E. C. & J. Biddle, 508 Minor Street. 1867. Price, \$1.25.

In the 216 12mo pages of this compact volume may be found more of practical utility to the student and business man than in many far more pretentious works of three times the price. "The object of the book," as ably set forth in the preface, "is to impart that practical knowledge which is daily required in business life. Business is based upon comprehensible principles and facts, and a knowledge of them will promote efficiency in actual transactions. Practice only can impart skill in application; but practice enlightened by knowledge sooner acquires proficiency, and saves from many errors and much useless drudgery." Instead of laying down rigid rules, to be blindly followed,

Mr. Groesbeck has adopted the motto, "knowledge is the guide of practice," and explains and fully elucidates all difficult and complicated problems. It is a practical, comprehensive work, and one that we can cheerfully and confidently recommend to our readers.

OVER SEA; or England, France, and Scotland as seen by Henry Morford. 12mo, pp. 371, price \$1.50. New York: Hilton & Company.

The witty, rollicking author started out from home to see something of the Old World, and he saw it. He is a good observer, and can describe to the life just what he sees. He has put his observations and his thoughts in his book. Those going to Europe should read it as a guide to interesting places. Those who have been, should read it as a reminder of pleasant places seen. Those who can not go in person, may, by the aid of this book, go mentally, and see all the sights worth seeing. We could wish the enterprising publishers had printed so interesting a book with better type and on better paper. It is handsomely bound.

MESSRS. A. WILLIAMS & CO., of Boston, have nearly ready for general sale—**CHEMISTRY OF THE FARM AND THE SEA.** By Jas. R. Nichols, M.D., editor of "Boston Journal of Chemistry and Pharmacy." 12mo. Cloth, \$1.25. And **GEYLLIN POULTRY BREEDING**, in a Commercial Point of View. With an introduction by Charles L. Flint, Secretary of Massachusetts Board of Agriculture. 12mo, with 27 illustrations, \$1.25.

These two excellent works contain the most recent and useful information in their respective departments, and are published at a price which brings them within the reach of every enterprising agriculturist.

BACKBONE; Photographed from "The Scalpel." By Edward H. Dixon, M.D. New York: Robert M. De Witt. 12mo.; pp. xii. 306. Cloth, \$1.50.

This volume is made up of gleanings from "The Scalpel," of which Dr. Dixon is editor, but it must not be supposed that those gleanings are merely selections, and not reflections of that editor's own brain, whereas the truth is, that the "backbone" of the compilation is his dictum. One can find amusement and information in the book. Much of a physician's sick-bed experience is divulged, and quackery, stupidity, blundering, and inefficiency in medical practice receive their meed of justice without stint from a pen wielded by a severe censor. The book is not made up even in part of mere professional technicalities, but is clear, cogent, forcible, and in some portions sprightly and graceful. The chapters on "Tartar-emetica," "Tobacco," "Nature as Physician," "Crucifixion of Children," "Fashionable Dress," and "The Life Force," deserve the heedful reading of all classes.

THE OLD PATROON; or, the Great Van Broek Property. By Jas. A. Maitland. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street. Fancy Cloth, gilt, \$2.

The author evidently possesses a keen insight into human character and disposition, and though the personages introduced are mainly those of the old Knickerbocker families of New York, some twenty years ago, they are brought before the reader with great vividness of description. The *local* of the story is in the northern part of New York State—the situation of the Van Broek property—with pleasant divergencies to Albany and New York city, rendering the story exceedingly interesting.

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA, a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People, on the Basis of the Latest Edition of the German Conversations Lexicon. Illustrated by wood engravings and maps. In Parts; 25 cents each. Nos. 117, 118, and 119 of this invaluable work are just received from the publishers, Messrs. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, completing the ninth volume. No. 117 contains an excellent article on the United States, bringing its history, in a condensed form, down to the year 1866. Nearly fifteen pages are devoted to this article alone.

New Books.

[Among the late issues of the press not elsewhere noticed in these pages, we may mention the following, all of which may be ordered through us, as in various ways and degrees valuable and interesting:]

THE PAINTER, GILDER, AND VARNISHER'S COMPANION: Containing Rules and Regulations in everything relating to the Arts of Painting, Gilding, Varnishing, and Glass Staining, with numerous useful and valuable Receipts; Tests for the Detection of Adulterations in Oils and Colors, and a Statement of the Diseases and Accidents to which Painters, Gilders, and Varnishers are particularly liable, with the simplest methods of prevention and remedy. With directions for Graining, Marbling, Sign Writing, and Gilding on Glass. To which are added Complete Instructions for Coach Painting and Varnishing. A new edition of this valuable work is now ready, and may be ordered through this office. Price, post-paid, \$1.50.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY OF NEW STORIES. By A. L. O. E. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.10.

THE SIEGE OF WASHINGTON. For Little People. By F. C. Adams. Illustrated. Cloth, \$2.25.

CELIA; or, the Force of Example. Illustrated. Pp. 100. Cloth, 50 cents.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY, AND HOW TO KEEP IT. By T. A. Davies. Cloth, \$1.75.

TEMPERANCE ESSAYS, AND SELECTIONS FROM DIFFERENT AUTHORS. Collected and Edited by Edward C. Delavan. Fourth Edition. Cloth, \$1.75.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. (Diamond Edition.) With illustrations, \$1.75.

POST-OFFICE DIRECTORY FOR 1867. Alphabetical List of Post-Offices in the United States, Rates, etc. Revised and Corrected by J. Disturnell, to January, 1867. Paper, \$2.25.

GOOD ENGLISH; or, Popular Errors in Language. By Edward S. Gould. Cloth, \$1.75.

THE BANKRUPT LAW OF THE UNITED STATES. 1867. With Notes, and a Collection of American and English Decisions. Cloth, \$3.75.

FRIENDLY WORDS WITH FELLOW-PILGRIMS. By J. W. Kimball. Cloth, \$1.15.

LOTTIE WILDE'S PICNIC. By Grandmother Hope. Illustrated. Cloth, 60 cts.

OVER-SEA; or, England, France, and Scotland as seen by a Live American. By Henry Morford. Illustrated. Cloth, \$2.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD. By Rev. George S. Mott. Cloth, \$1.15.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS FAMILY. A novel. By Clara Mundt (Mrs. Louise Muhlbach.) Paper, \$1.75.

THE RED BRIDGE: a Temperance Story. By Thrace Talmon. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.

THE NOTARIES AND COMMISSIONERS' HANDBOOK. Containing Forms, Fees allowed, Practical Suggestions and References, etc. Paper, 90 cents.

THE TWELVE DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WAR: a History of the Eastern and Western Campaigns, in Relation to the Actions that Decided their Issue. By W. Swinton. Illustrated. Cloth, \$4.

HOME OF WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON, and its Associations. By J. A. Wineberger. Illustrated. Paper, 40 cents.

THE BIRTH OF PLEASURE. The Story of Cupid and Psyche. From Apuleius. Cloth, \$1.15.

MAY-DAY, AND OTHER PIECES. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Cloth, \$2.25.

FAMILIAR LESSONS FOR NEW CHURCH SUNDAY-SCHOOLS. Sq. 34mo, pp. 96. Cloth, 60 cents.

FOLLOWING THE LEADER. Illustrated. Cloth, 90 cents.

GILBERT'S LAST SUMMER AT RAINFORD, and what it Taught. By Glance Gaylord. Cloth, \$1.75.

THE PUBLIC DEBT OF THE UNITED STATES. Its Organization; its Liquidation: Administration of the Treasury: The Financial System. By J. S. Gibbons. Crown 8vo. Cloth, \$2.25.

A TRIP TO THE AZORES OR WESTERN ISLANDS. By M. Borges de F. Henriques. Cloth, \$1.45.

GEORGE LEE; or, Making the Best of Trials. By Mrs. Mary J. Hildeburn. Illustrated. Cloth, 90 cents.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND. In Rhyme. Oblong, pp. 48. Cloth, \$1.65.

THE MODERN CARPENTER AND BUILDER. New and Original Methods for every Cut in Carpentry, Joinery, and Hand-Railing. By Robert Riddell. Illustrated. Cloth, \$5.50.

THE CHRIST OF THE APOSTLES' CREED: the Voice of the Church against Arianism, Strauss, and Rénan, with an Appendix. By Rev. W. A. Scott, D.D. 8vo, pp. 432. Cloth, \$3.25.

MANUAL OF LEGAL STUDY. For the Use of Students. By Scott R. Sherwood. 8vo, pp. 28. Paper, 60 cents.

THE LAWYER IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM. Comprising the Laws of all the States on important Educational Subjects. Compiled, Arranged, and Explained by M. McM. Walsh. Cloth, \$1.40.

AMERICAN POMOLOGY. Apples. By Dr. John A. Warder. 200 Illustrations. 12mo, pp. 744. Cloth, \$3.25.

A MANUAL OF ELEMENTARY GEOMETRICAL DRAWING, involving Three Dimensions. For Use in High Schools, Engineering Schools, etc. By S. Edward Warren, C. E. Third Edition, revised and enlarged. Cloth, \$1.75.

TESTIMONIALS OF AMERICAN STATESMEN AND JURISTS TO THE TRUTHS OF CHRISTIANITY. By Hon. Henry Wilson, U. S. Senator. Paper, 10 cents.

PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE. Besides canvassing for the JOURNAL, and looking to premiums for remuneration, many persons of both sexes, North and South, East and West, are doing well in the sale of our books. **THE NEW PATROON** is found to "take" as a subscription book. A copy is procured to exhibit when persons subscribe. Then the work is ordered in lots of 5, 10, 20, and even 100 copies have been sent to our agent at one time. Young men and women out of employment can engage in this with profit to themselves and usefulness to the public.

To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will try to respond in the "next number." Your "BEST THOUGHTS" solicited.

AN ORDER FOR BOOKS, JOURNALS, etc., must be written on a sheet by itself. Questions for this department—To CORRESPONDENTS—and communications for the Editor, must be written on SEPARATE SLIPS.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Owing to the crowded state of our columns generally, and the pressure upon this department in particular, we shall be compelled hereafter to decline all questions relating to subjects not properly coming within the scope of this JOURNAL. Queries relating to PHYSIOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY, PSYCHOLOGY, ETHEROLOGY, and ANTHROPOLOGY, or the general SCIENCE OF MAN, will still be in order, provided they shall be deemed of GENERAL INTEREST. Write your question plainly on a SEPARATE SLIP OF PAPER, and send us only ONE at a time.

MEMORY—TOBACCO.—I am an old man. For sixty years I have used tobacco. I think my memory is as good as when I was young. I always have, and think I shall ever, enjoy a smoke. You new reformers of the present day are riding theory to death, are you not? I feel confident that I am not any the worse for my constant use of tobacco from boyhood to old age, for I am now sixty-nine years old. Please give the public a faithful view of this subject. —E. C. F.

Ans. Our correspondent has evidently been endowed by kind nature with a tough, energetic constitution; or otherwise so virulent a poison as tobacco, used from nine years of age upward, would have broken him down and sent him full of pains and penalties to an untimely grave. Probably ten thousand people have been induced by our personal advice to quit the use of tobacco; they have gained from ten to forty pounds in weight, and they come in their thankfulness to congratulate themselves and to thank us for their delivery. The human system is capable of enduring great strains before it breaks. Men can learn to use arsenic or laudanum so that they can take enough at once to kill fifty men who are not accustomed to it. But the strain the system receives is evinced by the nervous prostration and delirium occasioned by the withdrawal of the drug. It frequently happens that tobacco users do not apparently suffer in their own person very materially, but their posterity are cursed by all the debility naturally resulting from abnormal indulgence. A medical friend of ours tells us a good story on this point. A man thus accosted him: "Doctor, my father was an inveterate smoker for sixty years, and died at ninety." Our friend replied: "Ah! you look as if you belonged to a family that had some stamina and constitutional vigor, and probably there was a large family of you?" "Yes, there were twelve of us." "How many of you are still alive? What has become of the younger members of the family who received their constitution after your father had been for a long time a great smoker?" The man hung his head and replied, "Well, the six younger ones are dead. They never seemed to have much constitution." "This tells the whole story. The deleterious

effects of the tobacco used by the father were evinced in the children; and while the father's constitution remained comparatively sound, the children born to him first inherited enough of his strength to live and grow up, but the younger ones were born without strength and stamina; and everybody wondered why such robust parents should be so unfortunate with their children. The soundest one of this family will not live to be ninety. If one touches his sixty-fifth year he may consider himself fortunate. Rheumatism or dyspepsia, or both, nearly always attend upon habitual users of tobacco, and we hold that, though a man himself may stagger under the burden of dissipation, he has no right to inflict upon a family of children the damaging influences of his own bad habits. If a man were to poison children one by one with arsenic so that they should not be permitted to see the fifteenth year, he would be called a monster, and be hung accordingly. He who, by the use of liquor, tobacco, or by gluttonous practices poisons the life of his children and sends them to early graves, commits just as great a crime as he who commits the double crime against nature and God by administering the deadly drug direct. We advise our friend to gradually quit his tobacco, to smoke less and less from week to week, until at the end of six months he shall have reduced it to a merely nominal amount, and then drop it altogether; and we doubt not, old as he is, he will be improved by the change, though he is too far gone ever to know how much he has damaged himself, how much better and higher a life he might have lived by abstaining from that poisonous drug. It is only the man who has had experience on both sides of a question who is qualified to form a judgment that covers the whole ground. We remember an illustration of great constitutional vigor enduring dissipation for many years in the case of old Dr. S., of Conn. He was stout and solid, and well made, eminent in his profession, but equally known for his love of liquor. We remember seeing him stand surrounded by a number of rum-drinkers, he holding in his hand a glass of rum. Some one said: "Well, Doctor, some people say that rum hurts men. Now, you are a doctor, and you know about rum; what do you think of it?" "Well," said the Doctor, looking at his glass of rum, "I have drunk liquor pretty hard for forty years, and have been drunk a great many times within that period of my life, and am strong now at seventy-five years of age;" but hesitating a moment, his common sense and his scientific knowledge came to his rescue, and he added: "and perhaps if I had not drunk liquor I might live to be a hundred." That tells the story.

TEMPERAMENT—MARRIAGE.

—A lecturer has advised those with light hair to marry those with dark hair, and *vice versa*. Is this good advice? and would persons marrying companions with hair of the same color be likely to disagree?

Ans. We think this the true method—those who have too much of the vital and mental should marry those who have more of the motive temperament, so as to equalize the extremes. But marrying companions with hair of the same color does not indicate that they would disagree, more especially if the color was the right one—a medium between two extremes. But two persons of very light complexion, or very dark complexion, would not be likely to harmonize so well as two persons of a medium temperament, each possessing about an equal degree of all the temperaments.

DELINEATION OF CHARACTER.

—You should ask your questions of the man who marked your chart. We can not spend our time working out puzzles or interpreting charts marked by others. It is not infrequent for people to get a chart marked by some strolling phrenologist whose name we never heard, and then send the charts thus marked to us to study out and interpret. Some of these men send us a three-cent stamp to prepay the answer, but most of them do not. We wish it understood that this kind of work is not in our line, and mere thanks, if we had the disposition to do it, would not be an equivalent for the work. Ask all your questions at the time your head is under the hands of the examiner, and if there are doubts which you would have removed, send for a "Mirror of the Mind."

FISHING.—We are desired to state the conditions on which a young man may become one of a crew or party about to engage in the coast fisheries for mackerel, cod, etc. Will some one of our readers please reply through this department, stating time of sailing, length of voyage, cost of outfit, of what it consists, and probable profits or wages, together with such other information as a landsman who desires to spend a summer in this pursuit may wish to know.

EXTINCTION OF FACULTIES.—Will any of the faculties become extinct through neglect or inactivity?

Ans. No; but they may become inert and almost powerless. The talent buried may become dim, rusty, opaque, but is not annihilated. It is the use of the powers that gives strength, activity, success, and the approval of the Master. Fish have lived in caves for years, ages perhaps, in total darkness, having no use for eyes, and when caught are found to have only the rudiments of eyes, which daylight and use would develop. So with dormant faculties. Quakers may, and do, ignore tune and music, but they can not destroy the faculty. Every well-formed Quaker baby born into the world will have all the organs of body and brain the Almighty intended it should have, except in cases of idiocy.

FASCINATION—PSYCHOLOGY.

—Can persons communicate their thoughts to each other silently and without gestures? and if so, how? Is there such a thing as psychological fascination? If there is, how can it be acquired?

Ans. This whole subject of psychology, clairvoyance, fascination, and mesmerism will be found explained and elucidated in that large volume entitled "LIBRARY OF MESMERISM." Such questions are constantly being asked, and we must answer them generally by referring to the work above named. It would require fifty pages of the JOURNAL to satisfy inquiries on the subject.

A VICTIM who wishes advice should give us his address, any address, so that we can answer by letter. We can not even name the infirmity in this JOURNAL for which he asks advice. But we may venture to admonish him to keep clear of all quick doctors who swindle and poison their victims.

GAINING WEIGHT.—In having my head examined at your establishment a few weeks since, I was told that I ought to acquire, if possible, a weight of 160 pounds to correspond with the size of my head, which is 22 inches. I am 18 years of age and weigh 120 pounds. I drink neither tea nor coffee, nor smoke or chew tobacco. How shall I increase my weight?

Ans. By living rightly in all respects.

This includes taking all the sleep you need; sleep enough, no matter if it be ten hours. Eat nutritious diet; avoid spices, condiments and stimulants. Eat fruit in abundance, so as to keep the liver in an active condition. Eat coarse bread, that made of unboltheaded wheat meal is best. Eat but little greasy food, no pastry, candies, or pickles. Take active exercise, live in the open air, or be where there is plenty of light, and you will be in the way of gaining size and strength.

LITERATURE.—It is a well-known fact that our leading literary journalists do not even read articles which are sent to them unless they come from their "regular contributors." How, then, can young writers gain an audience with the public by whom they wish to be judged? And how can they proceed in order to obtain pecuniary compensation for articles which are really meritorious?

Ans. Let them start journals of their own. The field is open, and free to all. But it is not a fact that editors read only articles from regular contributors. But there must be something novel, original, rich, or racy, from unknown writers, to warrant insertion. It is much easier to drive a team of well-broken horses than to handle colts. Young writers getting experience and age come to regard their earlier efforts with anything but favor, and would gladly recall the same.

GIRLS AND BOYS.—Should they be educated together?

Ans. We are requested to give our views on this question through the JOURNAL, and will do so at an early day.

Publishers' Department.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers when stating the fact of their removal give us the place to which the JOURNAL should be sent in future, but fail to state their former address. The following is a sample:

ED. A. P. J.: Sir—Please forward my JOURNAL in future to me at this place.

Truly,

JOHN SMITH,
Smithville, N. Y.

Now, as our subscribers are all entered under the head of their respective residences—towns, villages, or post-offices—it is evident that we should have a difficult task to find John Smith's former residence, or which particular John Smith had removed. The following is a specimen of the style such letters, apprising us of change of address, should be written in:

ED. A. P. J.: Sir—Please to change the address of my JOURNAL from my former residence, Jonesborough, N. Y., to Smithville, Smith Co., N. Y., and oblige,

Truly, JOHN SMITH.

OUR PIANO PREMIUM.—Mr.

John Jones, of Pittston, Pa., to whose blind daughter we sent a piano recently, as premium for subscriptions, writes us in acknowledgment of its receipt: "The piano arrived safe and in good condition. It is an elegant instrument. I can not find words to express my feelings of gratitude for your kindness and liberality in presenting a piano valued at \$450 to my dear blind daughter. * * * I have called in many of my friends to see the piano, and among them teachers and professors of music, and they all unite in pronouncing the piano an excellent instrument." Accompanying the letter are certificates of resolutions passed by Thistle Lodge No. 512, Gahonto Encampment No. 96, and Gahonto Lodge No. 314, I. O. of O. F., of which Mr.

Jones is an esteemed member, awarding thanks to the editor of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for his kindness and liberality. To whom shall we send the next piano?

A POCKET KINGDOM.—We have pocket, or small, editions of books, pistols, spy-glasses, and why not of other things? Our aristocratic neighbors across the border want a kingdom. They don't like republics nor provinces. The words kingdom, empire, etc., sound grand in monarchical ears. "Little Hard Scrabble" would never amount to much, but change the name and call it *Great Hard Scrabble*, or *Royal Hard Scrabble*, and it is quite another thing. So Canada, Labrador, Nova Scotia, etc., simply mean certain designated places—unimportant except for fishing, lumbering, plaster, and potatoes. But erect these places into a KINGDOM, and something more *mighty* is indicated. Then let them be backed up by England, Scotland, the Shetland Islands, and "all out doors," wouldn't it be grand? Then what would we be? Only poor republicans and democrats. We should not wear cockades with lions, unicorns, etc., like our neighbors: nor should we have ever so many "footmen," "lackeys," and sycophants hanging on; nor a swarm of hungry beggars, made so by the foolish expenses of foolish fellows aping foolish royalty. But why will Americans submit to such nonsense? Here is a paragraph from a New Brunswick paper, which explains itself:

The St. John's (N. B.) *Globe* complains thus: "That we are to enter upon a course of extravagance in the new kingdom is pretty certain. The President of the United States, who governs about forty millions of people, has a salary of only twenty-five thousand dollars, and greenbacks at that. The governor-general of our little kingdom of four million people is to have a salary of fifty thousand dollars in gold."

And a long line of petty officers in the train. There is no justice in taxing the people to support a useless monarchy, nor will an enlightened people submit to it. It is only an ignorant populace that will consent to pay for needless pomp and ceremony. Have a pocket kingdom if you will—we prefer a republic.

THE TURKISH BATH.—When in "the old country," we were induced to take a Turkish bath, simply to try its effects. We very soon learned that this sort of bath exceeded all similar luxuries. The wet-sheet pack, the vapor bath, the Russian, the douche, shower, and so forth, were not to be compared with this. We procured all the books, pamphlets, circulars, etc., giving information as to the construction and management of the Turkish bath in Europe, and sent the same to our much-esteemed friend and former coadjutor, Charles H. Shepard, M.D., of 63 Columbia Street, Brooklyn, then conducting a first-class water-cure. He "took the idea," and at once erected a Turkish bath, which we believe was the first opened in America. It worked beautifully, and was largely patronized. Others were started in New York and Boston. The Doctor was desirous to learn from personal observation the working of the Turkish bath in Great Britain and Ireland, as well as on the Continent. With this view he set sail more than a year ago on a tour, to visit all the great public baths of Europe, extending his journey even to Constantinople, from whence he brought home all that is known of the Turkish bath, ancient and modern. He saw how potent for the relief of rheumatic aches and pains; how almost magical for the removal of skin diseases; and how *renewing* this, to him, newly discovered

agency proved to be. He decided to enlarge his facilities, so as to accommodate a larger number of applicants—of both sexes—and has recently, at great expense, fitted up on his own premises the most sumptuous set of Turkish baths to be found in any country. They are as clean and as elegant as a Fifth Avenue drawing-room, entirely free from bad odors and sulphurous smells, common in some of these warm places. We congratulate the Brooklynites, so blessed with churches, on this excellent means of *physical* regeneration. Those who wish to know more about this Eastern—heathen—institution, may send to Dr. Shepard a stamped envelope properly addressed to themselves, in which to receive a descriptive circular by return post.

ANYTHING YOU WANT.—Every day letters reach us from "far, far away," asking if we will "be so kind and condescending" as to purchase a paper of pins, a skein of thread, a piece of tape, fish-hooks and lines, photographic pictures, books, maps, writing paper, pens, ink, hats, caps, coats, cloaks, carpets, and so forth, and send them by return post or express, C. O. D. To save time, we give this public answer. On receipt of the cost, we will buy and forward anything merchantable to be found in this market—except poisonous liquors, tobacco, lottery tickets, and other nuisances. These things and the like we will not touch, taste, nor permit others to do so if we can prevent it. All the great express companies call at our store, 389 Broadway, N. Y., daily, and give receipts for all sorts and sizes of boxes, bundles, and parcels. Our country friends may remit what amount they please, by check, draft, or post-office order payable to our order, and we will send anything they wish—from a cake of soap to a grindstone or an anchor. Elephants are scarce at present; but cats, dogs, monkeys, and donkeys may be had in any quantities. Send on your order, and the money with it.

DRAWING TEETH.—The dentist, thanks to recent developments of science, is no longer an object of terror to young and old. Nitrous oxide, pronounced the most efficient and harmless among anesthetics, has wrought the wonderful change. By its administration the martyr to decayed and aching teeth falls into a profound sleep of a few minutes' duration, and awakes to find the osseous troubles no longer festering in his jaw—the source of all his ill departed. A skillful and experienced hand is to be preferred in the delicate operations of dental surgery, and we would recommend no other. Dr. Colton, of Cooper Institute, in this city, probably has drawn more teeth with the use of nitrous oxide than any other American dentist, and some of our assistants speak in terms of strong commendation of his efficiency.

Owing to a surplus of prepared matter for our present number, we have been obliged to lay over until our next our usual instalment on Physiology. On that subject we have in hand "Adulteration of Food," "Water Cure," "Adopting Children," and other items.

The Gymnastic apparatus, or Bacon's "Home Gymnasium," advertised in the JOURNAL, is admirably adapted for the purposes of gradual physical training. Its completeness and portability are unequalled by any other similar device. Dr. Dio Lewis, speaking of it, says: "I congratulate the public and Mr. Bacon upon this important contribu-

tion to our means of physical culture. It is undoubtedly the best apparatus ever devised for home use. It is adapted to the clergyman's study, to the parlor, and, indeed, to any and all homes."

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We are indebted to the *Skandinavisk Post* for the following favorable notice: "AF PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED hafva vi emottagit aprilhäftet, och hänvisa till vår rekommendation i numro 47.—Denna journal är af så mangfaldigt intresse, att hvarje skandinavisk familj skulle törmära sitt husbibliothek dermed."

We are compelled, by lack of space, to defer the publication of "Queen Elizabeth" until the August number.

FIFTY DOLLARS SAVED.—Sometimes men come two or three hundred miles to New York solely for the purpose of obtaining a phrenological examination, with advice as to what profession, trade, or business would be best adapted to their talents, health, and success in life. Though this is a good investment, the fifty dollars might be saved, and the information be obtained by means of likenesses. Persons wishing our aid in this way, who can not afford to visit the city, may send us a prepaid envelope properly addressed to themselves, asking for the "Mirror of the Mind." This will give information as to what likenesses are needed, proper measurements, terms, etc.

THE HELIOTYPE PROCESS.—This process of engraving by means of photography and chemicals is now in successful operation in this city, and promises soon to supersede the old methods of wood engraving. Many of the cuts which illustrate our article on "Man, Monkeys, and Gorillas," in the present number, were executed by this method, and they are quite equal to the original "copy" in our estimation. Cuts No. 1 to 4, 7, and 15 to 37 are good specimens. As work can be done much cheaper by heliotype, the new process can not fail to recommend itself to publishers; and we would refer our contemporaries to the advertisement of the Heliotype Company, whose prospectus may be seen on another page.

ROMAN CATHOLICS.—We are making slow progress in procuring portraits and biographies of the more prominent American priests—but we shall eventually succeed. There seems to be a disinclination on the part of some to appear in print. But it is not our intention to either libel or to defly them. They are simply human beings, just as good as others who conduct themselves as well, and will receive courteous treatment at our hands. Public men belong, in a measure, to the public, and may be seen. In showing up the Protestant clergy to our readers we do them no harm; nor shall we treat the Catholics less kindly. It is our intention to give the Jews a similar treat. All want a hearing, and it shall be the aim of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL to exhibit all the leading religions and religionists, with their preachers, priests, and rabbis, to an intelligent inspection of their various merits. We have already given groups of the Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Methodists, and now give the Baptists. When ladies who are not before the public beg us to excuse them from appearing in print, we always respect their wishes; but we feel no such tenderness toward white cravats or clerical robes. If we are not mistaken, they are like the rest of us—all sinners. But we will handle them gently, and point out their faults in all kindness. Such as are to be consigned will be judged by a Power higher than themselves.

Business.

[Under this head we publish, for a consideration, such matters as rightfully belong to this department. We disclaim responsibility for what may herein appear. Matter will be LEADED and charged according to the space occupied, at the rate of 50 cents a line.]

ALBANY LAW SCHOOL. The next Term of this School commences on the first Tuesday of September, 1867.

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For further particulars address N. D. THOMPSON, M.D., 140 West Sixteenth Street, until the first of May, 1867, after that 117 Waverley Place, New York. M. 3t.

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Another "call" is from SYDNEY, New South Wales, Australia. Another from Jamaica, West India Islands; and still more pressing calls come from several parts of the new Dominion of Canada. These applicants object to anything "green," with a "brogue." In fact, we are obliged to spend considerable time writing letters declining invitations. Good phrenologists, like physicians, will always have enough to do where they are.

THE NEW ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY FOR 1868 will be put to press early in the autumn. A limited space will be given to appropriate advertisements, at \$50 a page; \$30 for half a page; or \$15 for a quarter of a page. We expect to print at least 50,000 copies, on good paper, and the whole will be illustrated with numerous portraits of distinguished personages, including biographies and characters. It will be an excellent medium for advertisers.

"MONSIEUR TONSON COME AGAIN."—A former generation had their laugh over the persecutions and annoyances suffered by the poor distracted Frenchman. We reproduce the poem, with illustrations by CHAPMAN, for the entertainment of the present generation. We think it equal to the best of modern comic literature, and worthy a place in "LIFE ILLUSTRATED."

THE LAW.—We have received the catalogue of the Law School of the University of Albany, N. Y., for 1866-7, from which we learn that the institution is in a flourishing condition. There is some satisfaction in having for professors such men as Hon. IRA HARRIS, Hon. AMASA J. PARKER, and AMOS DEAN, LL.D. The next term commences in September. There is no better law school in America. Anyone contemplating the study of law should send stamps to Prof. DEAN for a circular.

SOAP! SOAP! SOAP!—We sing to beautiful soap, not the soft slimy soap used to scrub floors, wash dirty linen, or scurry pigs; but the fine, creamy, toilet, which leaves no unpleasant odors, is the sort. Such is COLGATE'S AROMATIC, advertised in this JOURNAL. Then there is Griswold's Soney Toilet Soap, and the Soney Floating Bath Soap, which claims to be "buoyant upon the water, floating on its surface like a cork, and never softening or wafting like other so-called soaps. Its effect upon the body is invigorating and healthful." Then there is CONSTANTINE'S PERSIAN HEALING SOAP, noticed in a former number. This is also highly perfumed with an odor very much like tar—not in the least disagreeable to one accustomed to it. We regard this an excellent soap in all respects.

OUR BOOKS IN UTAH.—THE photographic artists, Messrs. SAVAGE and OTTINGER, of Salt Lake City, recently opened a somewhat extensive book store in that Rocky Mountain paradise, and have ordered from us a stock of books,

busts, etc. It is the intention of these gentlemen to do what they can to place within reach of the Western pioneers all that is new and useful in literature. We send many JOURNALS to all the Western Territories, of which UTAH must become the great central mart, a stopping-place on the road across the continent.

IN THE WORKS.—Our neighbor Bogardus, photographic artist, corner of Broadway and Franklin Street, is taking some of the finest pictures to be seen on this great thoroughfare. Besides the merit of clearness and sharpness, his pictures have the special merit of correct posture. The artist goes places his sitters as to bring out his "character." To one he gives a front view; to another a side view or profile; to another a three-quarter view, depending on the expression. He must, indeed, be something of a physiognomist to be so uniformly successful in catching the spirit of his subject. Among those recently taken for the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, now being engraved, are portraits of Du Chailu, the gorilla hunter; Naat, the artist, who has been called the Doré of America; and Hon. Richard B. Connolly, our comptroller of New York.

Mr. Bogardus is one of the earliest and one of the best photographers in the city. Whether he is competing for a Paris medal, we know not. His work commends itself.

FOR THE LADIES.—The Fashion Magazines are all recommending Bradley's celebrated Duplex Elliptic or Double Spring Skirt as the most graceful and elegant as well as the most durable and economical skirt made.

See advertisement.

A NEW KEROSENE BURNER.—Dr. A. H. Platt, of Ann Arbor, Mich., has invented and patented a lamp, which he calls the "Victory"—described in advertisement—said to be superior to all similar burners. It is described on another page.

HOW TO SWIM.—We have a little book entitled "THE SWIMMER'S GUIDE," illustrated with several engravings, showing how this healthful and interesting art may be learned. Besides these, it contains those most sensible "Hints to Swimmers," by Dr. Franklin. Also, the Effects of Bathing on Health; Time and Places for Swimming; Aids in Learning to Swim; the Cramp; Entering the Water; Striking Out; Diving or Plunging; Swimming in Deep Water; Treading Water; Thrusting; Floating; Artificial Aid; Swimming Under Water; on the Back, etc. With remarks on the Causes of Drowning; How to Save Persons from Drowning; Resuscitating the Drowned, and all that is necessary for a person to know preparatory to leaping into river, lake, or sea. The "SWIMMER'S GUIDE" will be sent by mail, post-paid, for 25 cents. Address this Office.

SOME of the engravings which illustrate the article entitled "Monsieur Tonson," were engraved for us by Dr. E. Alexander Anderson, of this city, who is now ninety-one years old! He has been engaged in engraving for over seventy years, and is known among artists as the "father of wood engraving," although his first attempts were on type metal. He first illustrated a work published over seventy years ago, entitled the "Looking-Glass," a book of instructive and short moral stories, well known even now. Although independent, the Doctor—who is a regular graduated M.D.—is never idle. He is hale and hearty still, and we hope he has many long years of usefulness before him yet.



By John Collins.



HERE lived in London, in the days of yore,
A Frenchman, exiled from his native shore;
Poor, friendless, forced by fortune long to roam,
At last he found within its walls a home.
Nor wife nor children cheered his lonely hours,
For him no sunshine brought the birds and flowers
But, hermit-like, he loved the world to shun,
In quiet solitude, till life was done.
He read, or smoked, or dozed the livelong day,

Or with his spaniel whiled the time away.
Yet he was kind; the beggar knew his door,
And starving children blessed him o'er and o'er.
The neighbors proudly claimed him for their own,
Till "Bon jour, Monsieur!" seemed no foreign tone.



Thus peacefully the worthy man grew old,
Unvexed by care or cankering thirst for gold;

In close retirement, each succeeding year
 Rolled on unmarked by doubt, or hope, or fear.
 It chanced, howe'er, a wicked wag, who knew
 How much our friend withdrew from public view,
 Resolved to tease him, merely out of fun,
 And thus the plot mischievously begun.
 One night when Monsieur had retired to rest,
 A rousing knock his slumber deep distressed.
 He rubbed his eyes—"Mon Dieu! vat 'ave we here?
 Who-o-o's dat?" he stammered, in suspense and fear.



I ha-
 Is M.

Whose name is Thompson, if I guess aright,
 For I must know his whereabouts to-night."



"Ah! sare, we
 know your
 voice—de oder
 day

You knock so loud,
 you fright my
 vits away.

Indeed, sare,
 no M
 Ton



And his poor victim raised his drooping head,
Glad to believe his vile tormentor fled.

Years passed, and yet his strength knew no decay,
Though sober thought had tinged his hair with gray

voice, still strong, in patriot numbers rung,

And the Marsellaise he sung;

Ands disturbed his nightly rest,

And by danger pressed:

peace he hoped to die

—than an alien sky.

were howling loud,

—ivy shroud;

—not stone—

—led alone.

—sed,

Is it the tread of fast approaching day,
Or speeds the storm along its furious way?

A louder sound his very soul appalls,

As if a crash of thunder burst the walls.

His hair on end, and shivering with the cold,

The night-robe slipping from his nerveless hold,

The unwieldy door, with pain unlocked at last,

He steps aside to shun the piercing blast.

A spectral form, in deep sepulchral tone,

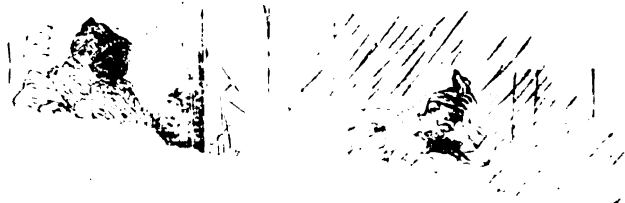
Solemn and slow began to speak—a groan,

One wild despairing cry escaped him then,

"Begar! here's Monsieur Tanson come again!"

Down fell his lamp—he rushed outside the door,

With terror frenzied, and was seen no more!



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CALL

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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—Young.

THE HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX.

PORTRAIT, WITH PHRENOLOGICAL DESCRIPTION AND BIOGRAPHY.

MR. COLFAX has a very large brain on a well-formed though lithe and slender rather than corpulent body. The quality of the whole organization is excellent. The shape of his head is peculiar considering its circumference. It is very long, very high, and narrow between the ears. Causality with the perceptive faculties are the largest organs in the intellectual group, while Benevolence and Conscientiousness predominate in the moral region. Approbativeness is sufficiently large to make him ambitious to excel, and to merit the good opinion of worthy men; the affections are strong enough



PORTRAIT OF HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX.

to hold him to the domestic circle. Self-Esteem is barely sufficient to give him the necessary dignity to command attention; but this lack is counterbalanced by his large Firmness and Conscientiousness, which make him steadfast in the

right, and a firm opponent of that which he can not approve.

Cautiousness is well developed, imparting care and prudence. Acquisitiveness is moderate; the acquisition of property for its own sake would be with him a

secondary matter. Secretiveness is not large. He is candid, outspoken, and free, though his large Cautiousness acts as a check upon what would otherwise make him too transparent.

His Language is well evinced by the fullness of his eyes; those features are in him very expressive. They have a peculiar laughing brightness, and their frank glances straight-forward at their object indicate a kindly, open, upright nature; taken as an indication of character, they seem to embody all the peculiarities of his being. Mirthfulness is well indicated by the broad, high, almost square forehead. The mouth is expressive of humor and good-nature, while the finely cut lips indicate genial affection and decision combined.

Mr. Colfax does not live in the lower region of his brain. The great comparative height of his head would show him to be possessed of an intellectual, moral, and spiritual nature. The imaginative and esthetic faculties are well developed, inclining him to be a lover of the beautiful; but his tastes in that respect would usually be subordinate to the useful.

He should be a clear, practical reasoner; a just though merciful judge; an earnest advocate, a warm and ardent lover, a brilliant wit, and a sound, sensible man. He is not cruel or vindictive, but would incline rather to the side of lenity; though his Conscientiousness and Firmness would hold him to his duty to God and his country. Taken altogether, his would pass for a good head. He has a good, honest face, and is genial, amiable, and companionable.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Speaker of the House of Representatives, was born in New York, March 23d, 1823, and is a lineal descendant from General Schuyler and Captain Colfax, both of Revolutionary celebrity. Of his early life in New York little can be gleaned; but all the academical instruction he was favored with was received before he had reached the age of ten years, and that was obtained chiefly through his own diligent application. That he assiduously made use of his leisure time for mental improvement while following the vocation upon which he depended for support, is manifest in the superior cultivation and rare abilities which characterize him at the present day.

At the age of thirteen he went to Indiana, where he entered a printing-office, and continued to follow the pursuit of printing, with degrees of advancement, until about the year 1844, when he became editor and proprietor of the *South Bend Register*. Mr. Colfax was then only twenty-one years of age; but by his energy and his sterling integrity he had worked his way up into a position of influence and responsibility. The paper he published was a political organ in the interest of the Whig party. Its circulation was not extensive, but its editor strove to render it a useful and healthy journal; and it was not long before he obtained considerable reputation for his bold

avowal of honest sentiments, for his temperate habits, and his substantial abilities; and eventually he became an influential leader in the politics of Indiana.

Fortunately, we are enabled to gain an insight into the character of Mr. Colfax as he appeared when an editor. At an entertainment given by the representatives of the press in Washington to Mr. Colfax, an address was made by Mr. Wilkinson, in which occurs the following passage:

"Eighteen years ago, at one o'clock of a winter moon-lighted morning, while the horses of the stage-coach in which I was plowing the thick mud of Indiana were being changed at the tavern in South Bend, I walked the foot-way of the principal street to shake off a great weariness. I saw a light through a window. A sign, '*The Register*,' was legible above it, and I saw through the window a man in his shirt sleeves walking quickly about like one that worked. I paused, and looked, and imagined about the man, and about his work, and about the lateness of the hour to which it was protracted; and I wondered if he was in debt, and was struggling to get out, and if his wife was expecting him and had lighted a new candle for his coming, and if he was very tired. A coming step interrupted this idle dreaming. When the walker reached my side I joined him, and as we went I asked him questions, and naturally they were about the workman in the shirt sleeves. 'What sort of a man is he?' 'He is very good to the poor; he works hard; he is sociable with all people; he pays his debts; he is a safe adviser; he doesn't drink whisky; folks depend on him; all this part of Indiana believes in him.' From that day to this I have never taken up the *South Bend Register* without thinking of this eulogy, and envying the man who had justly entitled himself to it in the dawn of his manhood."

Mr. Colfax replied to this in the following modest but pleasant speech:

"I have had to listen to-night to a eulogy from your distinguished chairman, of which I can only wish I was worthy. What he has said has called back to my mind, what is often before it, the years of my early manhood—and I see a friend seated at this table (Mr. Defrees) who knows much of it about as well as myself—when, struggling against poverty and adverse fortune sometimes, I sought in the profession to which you have devoted yourselves, to earn an honest livelihood for myself and family, and a position, humble, but not dishonored, among the newspaper men of America. I can not remember the exact evening to which he alludes, when, eighteen years ago, a stranger then, as I am glad he is not now, he saw me through a window in my office, with the midnight lamp before me, and heard the commentary on my life from the lips of some too partial friend among those who from my boyhood have surrounded me with so much kindness and attention. But well do I remember, in the early history of the newspaper that numbered but two hundred and fifty subscribers when I established it, I was often compelled to labor far into the hours of night. And little did I dream, at that time, I was ever to be a member of the American Congress; and far less that I was to be the recipient of the honor whose conferment you commemorate and indorse to night. I can say of that paper that its columns, from its very first number, will bear testimony to-day that in all the political canvasses in which I was engaged, I never avoided a frank and outspoken expression of opinion on any question before the American

people. And that, as these opinions had always been honestly entertained, could not have hesitated to frankly and manfully avow them. Though the effect of these avowals was, from the political complexion of the district and the State, to keep me in a minority, the people among whom I live will bear testimony that I was no less faithful to them then than I have been when, in later years, that minority has by the course of events been changed into a majority."

In the same speech we find another passage which we appropriate, showing as it does the elevated opinion which Mr. Colfax holds of journalism, and its position and influence in the country. How characteristically does he preface it by his humor and suavity! His compliments all tell; and his speech reflects back upon himself the elevated opinion he held of that profession while engaged in it:

"I can not avoid saying a few words in relation to the profession to which we have devoted our lives. I think you can not but acknowledge that the American Congress has not overlooked the press. Not only have they seen fit, for the first time in the history of Congress, to select a printer for the grave responsibilities which cluster around their presiding officer, but from the ranks of the same profession they have taken a gentleman for the next office in order, the Clerk of the House, and one whom, with a modesty equal to his worth, I see blushes as I allude to him (Mr. McPherson). And besides these we have also in the American Congress another gentleman a printer, acting as Postmaster of the House. Having thus generously given a majority of all offices to the press, they have magnanimously allowed 'the rest of mankind' to take the remaining two offices. [Laughter and applause.] In the other branch of Congress we have a Secretary of the Senate, (John W. Forney), one of the most gifted and distinguished journalists of our time. The Vice-President of the United States also was a newspaper man, and I doubt not a good one. And so, also, was the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, Mr. Brown, of Illinois. And if our excellent President (Mr. Lincoln) was not directly connected with the press, I think we can bear testimony to the fact of his having furnished material for innumerable editorials in its columns.

"You do not expect me to make an elaborate after-dinner speech to-night, because the usage of a Speaker is not to make speeches, but to listen to them, and I expect to have considerable of that latter duty to perform during the eventful Congress just opening. A few words before I sit down in regard to your profession. Next to the sacred desk, and those who minister in it, there is no profession more responsible than yours. The editor can not wait like the politician to see the set of the tide, but is required, as new necessities arise, not only to avow at once his sentiments upon them, but to discuss them intelligently and instructively. It is also his duty to guide and protect public opinion in the proper channels, and to lay before the readers of his sheet such matter as shall tend to the elevation of their character. I have sometimes thought that newspapers in their sphere might be compared to that exquisite mechanism of the universe whereby the moisture is lifted from the earth, condensed into clouds, and poured back again in refreshing and fertilizing showers to bless the husbandman and produce the abundant harvests. So, with the representatives of the press, they draw from public opinion, condense public opinion, and finally reflect and re-distribute it back again in turn to its elevation and purification."

In the year 1848 Mr. Colfax was appointed a delegate from his adopted State to the Whig National Convention, of which he was elected secretary, and although extremely young, he discharged the functions of his office commendably. In 1860 he was elected a member of the Indiana State Convention, having for its object the preparation of a State Constitution. In this body he proved very efficient in bringing about the adoption of the present constitution of his State. In 1851 he was the candidate of the Whig party in his district for a seat in the House of Representatives at Washington. The result was unfavorable to him, yet as an indication of the increasing strength of his political party in Indiana, it was regarded as very encouraging. In 1852 he was again sent as a delegate to the Whig National Convention, of which also he was appointed secretary. In 1854 Mr. Colfax was elected to Congress as a Republican nominee; and from that time to the present he has always occupied his seat as a representative.

At the opening of the Thirty-fourth Congress occurred the memorable contest for the Speakership, resulting in the election of Mr. Banks to that position. During that session Mr. Colfax took his stand as one of the most promising of our Congressional debaters. His speech upon the then all-absorbing topic of the extension of slavery and the aggressions of the slave power was a masterly effort, and stamped him at once as a most influential orator. This speech was circulated throughout the country at the time, and was used as a campaign document by the Fremont party during the canvass of 1856. Mr. Colfax labored zealously for John C. Fremont, who was his personal friend; the result of that campaign is well known. In the Thirty-fifth Congress Mr. Colfax was elected to the important position of Chairman to the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, which place he continued to hold until his election as Speaker to the Thirty-eighth Congress on the 7th of December, 1858; to which responsible position he has since been twice re-elected—to the Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Congress—honors awarded before only to Henry Clay.

In Congress the same energy and industry has characterized him which was so prominent in his private life and personal vocation. His course while in the great council of the nation has been one of straightforward, unswerving integrity; and he counts many friends among even his political opponents. He has so discharged the important duties of the Speakership, that he is considered one of the best presiding officers that has ever been called upon to conduct the proceedings of a great body. So general, indeed, are the expressions of approval from all sides, that we may confidently look for his further promotion ere long.

Mr. Colfax is only forty-four years of age. In personal appearance he is of medium height, solid, and compactly built. His hair and whiskers are brown, now a little tinged with gray. His countenance has a pleasing and

intellectual expression. His person is graceful, and his manner denotes unusual energy. His eyebrows are light in color, and overshadow eyes which sparkle with intelligence and good-humor. He is strongly affectionate and kindly in disposition. Whenever his mother-in-law appears in the gallery of the House, Mr. Colfax generally calls some member to the chair, and goes immediately to her side. Such a trait in his character serves still further to deepen the respect and esteem in which he is held everywhere.

As a speaker, Mr. Colfax is earnest, frank, pointed, and fluent. His manner is pleasing, and his language is always well-chosen and refined. Urbane in demeanor, and courteous and fair toward opponents, he always commands respect and attention on both sides of the House. He is zealous and fearless in maintaining his principles, though his benevolence and good-humor so temper his speeches that he gains few or no enemies. He is one of the few whose personal qualities have secured exemption from the bitterness of feeling generally displayed by the friends of pro-slavery aggression toward their opponents. He seldom indulges in oratorical flourish, but goes straight to his subject, which with his keenly perceptive intellect he penetrates to the bottom; while his close, logical reasoning presents his aspect of a question in its strongest light. He has obtained also a popularity as a lecturer equal to any. His "Across the Continent" has been delivered in the chief cities of the East, and is always fresh. We shall close our description of Mr. Colfax with a portion of a patriotic address lately delivered by him before the members of the Union League Club, New York. In reviewing the past, and while speaking of the duties of the present hour, the following brilliant passages occurred:

"How rapidly and yet how gloriously we are making history; but posterity will read it on the open pages of our country's annals. Six years ago—how brief it seems—but a fraction of an individual's life—but a breath in the life of a nation—the banners of Rebellion waved over hostile armies and stolen forts from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and the onlooking world predicted the certain downfall of the Republic. Now, thanks to our gallant armies and their gallant commanders—Grant the inflexible—Sherman the conqueror—Sheridan the invincible—and all their fearless compatriots on sea and shore—but one flag waves over the land—the flag that Washington loved, and that Jackson, and Scott, and Taylor adorned with their brilliant victories—the flag dearer to us in all its hours of peril than gilded by the sunshine of prosperity and fanned by the zephyrs of peace, at last triumphant, unquestioned, unassailed. Six years ago, millions of human beings born on American soil, created by the same Divine Father, destined to the same eternal hereafter, were subject to sale like the swine of the sty or the beasts of the field, and our escutcheon was dimmed and dishonored by the stain of American Slavery. To-day, auction-blocks, and manacles, and whipping-posts are, thank God, things of the past, while the slave himself has become the citizen, with the freedman's weapon of protection—the ballot in his own right hand. Nor can we forget, while rejoicing over this happy contrast, the human agencies so potential in its

accomplishment. First and conspicuous among the rest rises before my mind the tall form of a martyred President, whose welcome step no mortal ear shall ever listen to again. Faithful to his oath, faithful to his country, faithful to the brave armies his word called to the field, he never swerved a hair's breadth from his determination to crush this mighty rebellion, and all that gives it aid, and comfort, and support. Unjustly and bitterly denounced by his enemies, and yours, as a usurper and despot; compared to Nero and Caligula, and all other tyrants whose base deeds blacken the pages of history, your noble League stood by him amid this tempest of detraction, cordially and to the end; and you have now your abundant vindication and reward. Though the torch of slander was lit at every avenue of his public life while he lived, the civilized world would become mourners at his coffin; and with those libelous tongues hushed, our whole land enshrines his memory to-day with the Father of the Country he saved."

"I can not doubt the future of the great party which has won these triumphs and established these principles. It has been so brilliantly successful, because it recognized liberty and justice as its cardinal principles; and because, scorning all prejudices and defying all opprobrium, it allied herself to the cause of the humble and the oppressed. It sought to enfranchise, not to enchain; to elevate, not to tread down; to protect, never to abuse. It cared for the humblest rather than for the mightiest—for the weakest rather than the strongest. It recognized that the glory of states and nations was justice to the poorest and feeblest. And another secret of its wondrous strength was that it fully adopted the striking injunction of our murdered chief: 'With malice toward none, with charity for all, but with firmness for the right, as God gives us to see the right.' Only last month the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, in defending his Reform bill, which holds the word of promise to the ear to break it to the hope, exclaimed: 'This is a nation of classes, and must remain so.' If I may be pardoned for replying, I would say: 'This is a nation of freemen, and it must remain so.' Faithful to the traditions of our fathers in sympathizing with all who long for the maintenance or advancement of liberty in Mexico or England, in Ireland or Crete, and yet carefully avoiding all entangling alliances or violations of the law, with a recognition from ocean to ocean, North and South alike, of the right of all citizens bound by the law to share in the choice of the law-maker, and thus to have a voice in the country their heart's blood must defend, our centennial anniversary of the Declaration of Independence will find us as an entire nation, recognizing the great truths of that immortal *Magna Charta*, enjoying a fame wide as the world and eternal as the stars, with a prosperity that shall eclipse in future all the brightest glories of the past."

Mr. Colfax's sympathies, in the House, are with the Republican party, of which he is one of the ablest supporters and best representatives. But he is not bigoted or prejudiced. When the times demand it, he rises above party strife and ambition, and appeals earnestly and eloquently for the good of the country. His long and faithful service in Congress has created a kindly feeling toward him from all classes of the community. He has been nominated by several committees as a candidate for the next Presidential election, and his well-known sterling worth and ability doubtless fit him for the highest position which it is in the power of the nation to confer upon him.

PHRENOLOGICAL THEORY OF MAN'S ORGANIZATION.

(CONTINUED.)

CONSTRUCTIVENESS. *Mechanical ingenuity and talent; ability to make, build, construct, and manufacture.*—The commands of the Lord for the erection of the tabernacle and Solomon's temple are ample proofs that man is constituted a constructive, tool-using animal. The superintendent sent for by King Solomon needed a very large development of this and the kindred faculties to come up to the requirements of Solomon. "Send me now therefore a man cunning to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in iron, and in purple, and crimson, and blue, and that can skill to grave with the cunning men that are with me in Judah and in Jerusalem.—2 Chron. ii. 7. Bezaleel the son of Uri, Exodus xxxi., is spoken of as a man skilled "in all manner of workmanship, to devise cunning works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass."

IDEALITY. *Imagination; the love of the exquisite, the beautiful, the splendid, the tasteful, and the polished; that impassioned ecstasy and rapture of feeling which give inspiration to poetry and oratory.*—A subdivision of this is—

SUBLIMITY. *Love of the grand, vast, endless, and infinite.*—The well-known 38th, 39th, 40th, and 41st chapters of Job are directly intended for these faculties, and no further proof need be required that the Lord supposed man to possess those faculties, otherwise it would have been out of place to have addressed anything so admirably adapted to reach them. The Psalms of David abound in appeals to these feelings, and St. John, in the magnificent description of the Apocalypse, challenges the most exalted admiration of man.

IMITATION.—*Ability to represent, copy, and do what we see done; the power of imitation; copying in general.*—"And let them make me a sanctuary, that I may dwell among them. According to all that I shew thee, after the pattern of the tabernacle, of all the instruments thereof, even so shall ye make it. * * And look thou that thou make them after their pattern which was shewed thee in the mount."—Exod. xxv. 8, 9, and 40. The pattern for the temple of Solomon the Lord also gave: "All this," said David, after giving Solomon instructions for the building of the temple, "the Lord made me to understand by writing by his hand upon me, even all the works of this pattern."—1 Chron. xxviii. 19. There can be no doubt, then, that the Lord considered man possessed of a faculty which would enable him to imitate, or he would never have given him a pattern for him to imitate. Religiously, Paul is given for a pattern: "Howbeit for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might shew forth all long-suffering for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on him to life everlasting."—1 Tim. i. 16.

MIRTHFULNESS. *A quick and lively perception of the ridiculous and absurd; facetiousness; pleasantry; humor; fun.*—This faculty is recognized in Holy Writ, as appears in the fol-

lowing: "Then will I cause to cease from the cities of Judah, from the streets of Jerusalem, the voice of mirth, and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride, for the land shall be desolate."—Jer. vii. 34. Elijah, when he ridiculed the priests of Baal, exercised this faculty within due limits. It is this faculty which causes editors of religious journals to slip in their papers, now and then, a column of "religious anecdotes." They know very well their readers have such a faculty as will enable them to relish those "religious anecdotes." This faculty requires great watchfulness on the part of Christians. Jest-ing which is not suitable is strictly forbidden.

INDIVIDUALITY. *Intellectual power of noticing single objects as separate existences, and of considering each a distinct individuality; desire to see and to examine objects.*

FORM. *That mental power which takes cognizance of the shape or configuration of objects and remembers them.*

SIZE. *That mental power which takes cognizance of magnitude and proportion, imparting ability to judge of length, breadth, height, depth, distance.*

LOCALITY. *Cognizance of the relative position of objects; recollection of the looks of places; knowledge of the geographical position of things, the points of the compass, etc.*

These faculties are all largely concerned in the acquisition of knowledge, and it is better to group them together. King Solomon had these faculties largely developed. "He spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, of creeping things, and of fishes."—1 Kings iv. 33. The remarkable 38th, 39th, 40th, and 41st chapters of Job recognize the existence of these faculties, for the numerous questions propounded there are all founded upon the supposition that these faculties had been actively engaged in the acquisition of knowledge. It would lengthen this article unnecessarily to examine those chapters in detail, and as any one can see at a glance when any one of these faculties is exercised, we shall without further comment pass on.

WEIGHT. *Intuitive perception and application of the principles of specific gravity; ability to judge of the force of bodies, and of equilibrium; to preserve the center of gravity.*—Of the exercise of this faculty in building, from the days when "Cain built a city" downward, three columns of references in Cruden's Concordance are full proof of the active exercise of such a faculty by man.

COLOR. *Ability to perceive and recollect the various colors of objects, to compare them and judge of the contrast of their different shades when mingled.*—The brilliant display of colors ordered by the Lord in the construction of the tabernacle and of Solomon's temple is proof enough he considered man the possessor of a faculty which would enable him to obey the commands given, and properly appreciate the result after the commands had been obeyed.

ORDER. *System, method, going by rule; desire*

to have things in their places.—"Let all things be done decently and in order."—1 Cor. xiv. 40. So determined was the Lord that man should do things "in order," that he struck Uzzah dead for presuming to touch the ark when unauthorized so to do. The Jewish temple service was performed in a special order, any infraction of which was followed by the severest penalties, and we may therefore logically conclude the Lord would never command things to be done in order if man had no inherent faculty which would enable him to comply with that command.

CALCULATION. *Intuitive perception of the relation of numbers and proportions; ability to count and reckon.*—The commands of the Lord in relation to the dimensions of the tabernacle and temple clearly demonstrate he considered man able to calculate. The sands of the sea and the dust of the earth are mentioned by the Lord as beyond the power of man to calculate, and this of course implies that minor quantities could be calculated. The places in the Bible where numbering and reckoning are mentioned are too numerous to quote.

EVENTUALITY. *Memory of events; power of calling to mind those circumstances, occurrences, incidents, historical facts, etc., which have previously come to the knowledge of the individual.*—"Thou shalt well remember what the Lord thy God did unto Pharaoh, and unto all Egypt."—Deut. vii. 18. The books of the Bible are filled with commands to remember events, and as the Lord would not give commands unless man was able to obey, it is clear that the existence of this faculty is recognized by the Scriptures.

TIME. *Telling when events transpire, time of day, how long.*—The Jewish law required the exercise of this faculty in a high degree, not merely for the remembrance of dates of remarkable events, but a monthly, daily, and hourly use of it. The faculties of Eventuality and Time were brought largely into exercise in the oral tradition of the Jews, who were commanded to hand down from generation to generation. "And when thy son asketh thee in time to come, saying, What mean the testimonies, and the statutes, and the judgments, which the Lord our God hath commanded you? then thou shalt say unto thy son, We were Pharaoh's bondmen," etc.—Deut. vi. 20, 21.

TUNE. *Love of music; ability to learn tunes and detect discord; singing and playing by ear.*—David possessed this faculty in a high degree. "And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took a harp and played with his hand, so Saul was refreshed and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him."—1 Sam. xvi. 23. There were singers and players upon the harp and cymbal: "And David spake to the chief of the Levites to appoint their brethren to be the singers with instruments of music, psalteries, and harps and cymbals, sounding, by lifting up the voice with joy."—1 Chron. xv. 16. All this could not have been accomplished unless these performers had possessed the faculty of Tune, or, metaphysically, an "intuitive sense of harmony."

LANGUAGE. *Power of communicating ideas by means of particular signs of vocalization; memory of words; recollection of words and arbitrary signs as expressions of ideas.*—This faculty was small in Moses and large in Aaron. "And Moses said unto the Lord, O my Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore nor since thou hast spoken to me, but I am slow of speech and of a slow tongue. * * And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Moses, and he said, Is not Aaron the Levite thy brother? I know that he can speak well."—Ex. iv. 10, 14. This is a clear recognition of the fact that Aaron possessed a larger faculty or organ of speech than did Moses, for the inability of Moses to speak fluently could not be attributed to want of sense or great inferiority to Aaron, for it is affirmed that Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and in deeds. Had the mind been a unit, as maintained by the metaphysicians, Moses could have spoken well, for on that supposition any one that could learn all the wisdom of the Egyptians could certainly learn to speak well; but, as was really the case, his organ of Language was only moderate, while that of Aaron was very large, and the result was that the latter could "speak well," while Moses was "slow of speech." St. Paul was also moderate in oratorical ability, as is shown in 2 Cor. x. 10, where he writes: "For his letters (say they) are weighty and powerful; but his bodily presence is weak, and his speech contemptible."

CAUSALITY. *Ability to discover and trace out the connection and relations existing between causes and effects; to plan, invent, and adapt means to ends; to draw conclusions from given premises; to reason; disposition to investigate and ask why; keystone of common sense.*—"I applied mine heart to know and search and to seek out wisdom and the reason of things, and to know the wickedness of folly," etc. "Behold, this have I found, saith the Preacher, counting one by one to find out the account (marginal reading), weighing one thing after another to find out the reason."—Eccles. vii. 27. "Come, let us reason together, saith the Lord."—Isa. i. 18. Unless there was a special faculty in man adapted to reason and discussion, such statements would be quite absurd.

COMPARISON. *Disposition and ability to compare various things for the purpose of ascertaining their points of resemblance and difference; power of classification; perception of the principles of analogy; ability to discover truths that are unknown by discovering their resemblance to those already ascertained; critical acumen.*—It is needless to make quotations in proof of the existence of a faculty of Comparison, for scarcely any three pages can be found in the Bible without some comparison. The parables chiefly exercise this faculty of the intellect.

HUMAN NATURE. *This faculty furnishes its possessor with an intuitive knowledge of human character, and enables him readily to perceive the state of mind or feeling possessed by others, and thus successfully to adapt himself to and operate upon the minds and feelings of his fellow-men.*—

As there can not, in the very nature of things, be any commands addressed to this faculty, we need only look for incidental cases of its manifestations. We read, "And it came to pass after this that Absalom prepared him chariots and horses, and fifty men to run before him. And Absalom rose up early, and stood beside the way of the gate, and it was so that when any man that had a controversy came to the King for a judgment, then Absalom called unto him, and said, Of what city art thou? And he said, Thy servant is of one of the tribe of Israel. And Absalom said unto him, See thy matters are good and right, but there is no one deputed of the King to hear thee. Absalom said moreover, Oh, that I were made a judge in the land, that every man which hath any suit or cause might come unto me, and I would do him justice. And it was so that when any man came nigh unto him to do him obeisance, he put forth his hand and took him and kissed him. And in this manner did Absalom to all Israel that came to the King for judgment; so Absalom stole away the hearts of the men of Israel."—2 Sam. xv. Absalom had this organ large, and so adapted himself to the people as to win their favor.

SUAVITY. *Ability to render one's self agreeable; pleasantness, courtesy, blandness.*—"Be courteous."—1 Pet. iii. 8. Julius courteously entreated Paul."—Acts xxvii. 3. "Publius received us and lodged us three days courteously."—Acts xxviii. 7. The conduct of Abraham in entertaining the three strangers was a manifestation of a large development of this faculty, and his course was a fine development of the harmonious working of Suavity and Benevolence.

We have thus carefully examined the phrenological exposition of man's organization, and have found it triumphantly sustained by the Bible. Our references to Scripture evidence are not a tythe of those which we might have mentioned, had there been space or had necessity required their mention. The few we have selected are sufficient for our purpose, though not in all cases the best to be had. And whenever we hear any one say that Phrenology is a humbug and antagonistic to the Bible, we at once without the least hesitation classify him with those who talk on subjects of which they are ignorant. When old metaphysicians can harmonize their crudities and absurdities with man's real organization, without putting forth mystic theories concerning his organization, to reconcile their dogmata with well-known facts, and when they can make their notes accord with that glorious revelation from the God of harmonies, instead of turning the whole civilized world into a horrible Babel of discord, by the jarring, grating instruments they have furnished to the theological performers on the stage of life, then it will be time enough to denounce Phrenology as a humbug; but until then they had better think soberly, not more highly of themselves than they ought to think, lest their fall, as fall they must before the light of phrenological revelation, be more mortifying and galling to them.

FAMOUS HISTORICAL PERSONAGES.

No. 1.—ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

BY E. W. TULLIDGE.

RISTORI's great but almost hideous rendition of Elizabeth of England has made her fresh. Let us, in a journal devoted to the faithful portraiture of famous personages, give an epitome of her life of seventy years and a correct view of her character.

Elizabeth was one of those remarkable beings in whose very birth the soul of destiny is concentrated. An age was incarnated in her, and a world suspended on her life and mission. Born in the great crisis of human affairs, her long life was a bridge of transition from the night of past ages to the looming future. She was conceived when the very destiny of the world was transmuting itself into the body of a new civilization; and into her hands were given the issues of the times. She represented the rising empire of Protestantism. In her was the struggle of the stripling Future with the giant Past. Which should be victorious was the problem of the age, and this met the imperial maiden not only at the very foot of her throne to challenge her for the solution, but it also embraced her even in her cradle. Elizabeth in her youth was the female David, of a young new era, to meet and slay Goliath, or be herself given to the eagles and her kingdom torn to pieces by the vital antagonisms of the times.

We must neither consider Elizabeth in her abstract womanhood, nor in the simple unity of a private lady, nor even in the character of a plastic female sovereign like Queen Victoria. We must look upon her as an imperial soul born to a mission, and, therefore somewhat losing her very sex—as a woman multiplied into all the mighty issues of her nation and of all Christendom—as a potent instrument of that Mysterious Power who was molding a rising age, and giving to the world a new civilization.

The fate of Elizabeth's life was born before her. She was the daughter of the divorce. When Harry the Eighth deposed Cardinal Wolsey, married Anna Boleyn, overthrew the ancient church in his kingdom, and asserted the supremacy of England above that of Rome, he was laying out a great programme of necessities and complications for his unborn child to solve, and they were all on the side of Protestantism, the opening new era of progress and innovations. Thus an overruling Providence directed the passions of Harry the VIII. to the accomplishments of its own purposes, in the daughter of Anna Boleyn. And following this vein of thought, it is worthy of note that an imperial *lioness* was born for the work, and not a lamb for the lions of the times to devour. She was mightier than them all, and though she brought not forth kings as her children, she brought forth lions as her issues.

However the case might stand with her sister Mary, or her brother Edward, or all the world, Elizabeth is predetermined in her father's acts. She must stand by her legitimacy, re-establish

the supremacy of England, lead the vanguard of the future, crush everything that called her bastard, and win the age after the stern controversy which, in its culmination, terminated in the destruction of the Spanish Armada. All this was in the pre-decrees of her life, indexed in her father, and worked up as so many fates around the daughter of Anna Boleyn.

It was much in this view that all Europe looked upon Elizabeth, in her lifetime, from her very birth. To the Protestants, on one side, she was the child of hope and promise, and to the Roman Catholics she was the prophetess of the new faith—the very “end-all” of their every issue, if she was herself not cut off before her day had come. This destiny, to which she was born, suspended the axe over her head every day during her sister Mary's reign, but fulfilled at last her great career of empire. The burden thereof grew with her from her cradle, and in her very childhood began to unfold itself to her consciousness, and consequently to the development of her character.

Elizabeth was born on the eve of the day observed by Romanists as the Virgin's Nativity, and died on the eve of the day so observed as the Virgin's Annunciation, seventy years afterward. This is very singular; and, probably, the event of her birth on the eve of the Virgin's Nativity had considerable to do with her long persistency and jealous pride in proclaiming herself by the sanctified title of the “Virgin Queen;” and her dying on a corresponding day, seventy years afterward, is coincidently strange. Elizabeth had all the splendid superstition which so often marks great characters, as seen in the vast influence of astrology over her long life, and probably very early she was struck with the circumstance that she was born on the eve of the Virgin Mary's Nativity. It is more than likely, also, that many of those who looked into the future to Elizabeth as the rising star, pointed out everything oracularly propitious in her prospect; and such men as Dr. Dee, the astrologer, who held a long unbroken charm over her life, would be certain to make capital out of matter that had the least shadow of fanciful reference to her destiny and mission. Even men like Cecil, her famous prime minister, looked upon her much in the light of a daughter of destiny, and, as a far-seeing, ambitious young statesman, actually played the prologue of his rôle of prime minister to her when yet princess, and that, too, in the dangerous reign of Mary. On his part, the immortal Shakspeare has boldly come out in his play of Henry the Eighth as the prophet of her destiny and mission, and unfolded to her and the future (for Shakspeare wrote for the future) his scroll of her fate, much as Dr. Dee might have done in casting the figure of her nativity. The scene described by the immortal dramatist is the one of her baptism, when Archbishop Cranmer, who, as her godfather, is made Heaven's oracle of her great mission and virgin destiny, as though Providence claimed her as its bride for the work of the age:

Cranmer.

Let me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them
truth.

This royal infant (Heaven still moves about
her!).

Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall
be

(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be: All princely graces
That mold up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her; truth shall nurse
her;

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be loved and feared; her own shall
bless her;

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads in sorrow.

Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
Her honor and the greatness of her name
Shall be and make new nations.

She shall be to the happiness of England
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.

But she must die,
She must, the saints must have her; yet a
virgin,

A most unspotted lily must she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn
her.

Our royal heroine was named after her grandmother, Elizabeth of York, the daughter of Edward IV. and sister of the young princes whom, according to Shakspeare, Richard the III. had murdered in the Tower. Her great-grandmother (on the side of Anna Boleyn), the Duchess of Norfolk, bore the child in great pomp at her baptism, and was her godmother, and Elizabeth well fulfilled even all that Shakspeare makes the famous Protestant archbishop and martyr promise for her. Cranmer, in a letter to a friend, exulted in the part that he took with the Duchess of Norfolk at the infant princess' baptism; and had her father then foreseen the great imperial career of his mighty daughter, perchance Anna Boleyn would not have been given to the headsman.

For a short time only this royal heroine, destined to play such a long and glorious part in a world's great course, was cradled as became her then presumptive right, as heiress to the throne, but in the sequel of her father's capricious and despotic acts after her birth, her mother was beheaded, and she, like her sister Mary, was made now legitimate, and then illegitimate, to become legitimate again with equal consistency, and both to take rank after their brother Edward the VI., son of Jane Seymour, the successor of Anna Boleyn.

After the star of her ill-fated mother began to wane, and finally expired in blood, the infant princess suffered from actual destitution, such as no private gentlewoman's child would be expected to experience. Her governess, Lady Bryan, in a letter, said in pathetic complaint, “She hath neither gown nor kirtle [slip], nor petticoat, nor no manner of linen, nor for-

smocks [day chemises], nor kerchiefs, nor ruffs [night dresses], nor body stichets [corsets], nor handkerchiefs, nor sleeves, nor muffers [mob caps], nor biggins [night caps].”

The salutary adversity of her very childhood, and the storms and perils of her girlhood and young womanhood, doubtless superadded strength and self-reliance to the lioness-like character which nature endowed her with, and made at once much of her imperial greatness, and much of her marriages of gentle womanhood.

The first public act of her life was her carrying the chrim of her infant brother Edward VI., at the christening solemnity of that prince. On the second anniversary of his birth, when the nobles and ladies of the realm made their costly presents, she gave the simple offering of a shirt of cambric, worked by her own hands. She was then only six years of age.

Notwithstanding that Anna Boleyn was sent to the headsman to give place to the mother of Edward, who died in giving him birth, between the young heir to the throne and Elizabeth there sprung up, from the first, a strong and tender love; and the young princess played much the part of the girl-mother to her pet brother Edward, while the boy invariably spoke of her as his “dearest sister.”

From her earliest age she was a child of the fairest promise, and possessed the art of attracting the regard of others. Anne of Cleves, when she first saw Elizabeth, was charmed with her beauty, wit, and endearing manners; and she conceived the most tender affection for her. Indeed, when she was divorced from Henry VIII., she plead with him to be allowed to have the young princess near her.

Katharine Howard, who was kinswoman of her mother Anna Boleyn, and Harry's next wife after Anne of Cleves, also favored the young Princess Elizabeth and desired to take her under her protection, but our heroine, whose attachments formed in childhood, were ardent and enduring, still clung to Anne of Cleves.

This art, and natural qualities of mind and manners, to win the affections of all around her in her childhood, and which as a woman made her among her subjects the most popular sovereign that ever lived—the idolized heroine of her age—speaks much for the goodness and genuineness of her native character, in spite of the marriages which appear in her long life of seventy years.

The charm, to win the love of those around her, also drew Catharine Parr, her father's last wife and widow, wonderfully toward her, as it had done Anne of Cleves before. This fourth stepmother of Elizabeth greatly admired her wit and manners, and appreciated her character. Under this lady, the young princess received a very superior education, which in due time she further perfected under Sir Roger Ascham. When but a young girl, budding from very childhood, she understood geography, the principles of architecture, mathematics, and astronomy. She astonished her instructors by the facility with which she acquired knowledge,

and her skill in languages was wonderful. Her handwriting was also beautiful; she was fond of poetry, and wrote verses of merit; but this she only regarded as an exercise agreeable to her classic tastes and to while away her leisure hours. The principal portion of her time was spent in the study of history, and she devoted three hours a day to this branch of education, in all languages affording information on the subject. She was even thus early, in her judicious study of history, preparing for her mission and fitting herself for the throne; but she endeavored to conceal her object by the semblance of the most perfect humility, and affected a love for the leisure and quiet of private life. There are in such characters as an Elizabeth or a Napoleon the great instincts of their destinies, speaking with clamoring voices to their souls, making them hear the prophecies of their lives long before they fully understand them. Thus a Napoleon will rehearse his epic of wars and empire at school before there is a France for him, or a revolution to open the way for his great leap to the throne. Thus also was Elizabeth's soul instinctive of a mission and empire. Moreover, those who most appreciated the character of the young princess were in the habit of saying of her "that God, who had endowed her with such rare gifts, had certainly ordained her to some distinguished employment in the world;" and her stepmother Catharine Parr often said to her, "God has given you great qualities; cultivate them always, and labor to improve them, for I believe that you are destined by Heaven to be Queen of England." All such oracular sayings of her friends doubtless fanned into a flame the prophecies of her own soul, and filled her mind with visions of her great future, while all tended to prepare her for its coming.

We are told that when Elizabeth and Edward were children, as soon as daylight came they would call for their books, and so eager were they for their studies, that their enthusiasm for knowledge stole from them their natural desire for sleep. Their first hours were spent in religious exercises and the study of the Scriptures. In all this we see the imperial and conceptive mind of Elizabeth unfolding and stamping itself on the more plastic mind of her brother Edward. She absorbed him, inspired him, molded him, and had not Providence taken him away in his youthful reign, to give place for one thrice mightier than he for its work, still it would have been Elizabeth that first fashioned him; but the rising age of Protestantism needed a greater soul than a plastic, gentle Edward, and of all created beings his "dearest sister" was the fittest one to stamp the impress of a new era on the world, for she inherited a kingdom whose emblem is the lion, and she was a lioness to mount its throne. Thus we see the preparation for the times going on in these royal children, and Elizabeth, even then, as afterward, during her forty-five years' reign, leading and molding all around her.

At the death of Henry VIII., the Earl of Hertford and Sir Anthony Browne brought

young Edward privately from Hertford to Enfield, and there, in the presence of the Princess Elizabeth, declared the death of their father, whereupon they gave way to such a passionate burst of tears, and united in such lamentations as moved all present. Elizabeth was then fourteen years of age and Edward nine.

In spite of the fact that Henry gave her mother to the axe, Elizabeth, evidently, all through her life, entertained a strong attachment for the memory of her father, and was proud in being the daughter of Harry VIII. She loved his greatness and imperial strength, for she herself was great and strong; yet, perhaps, she had more of her mother than her father in her, and especially the heroic enthusiasm of her mother's race, with "her mother's constitutional levity," in her character. The Boleyns themselves were lions, and not lambs. The subject of her mother was a sealed volume to her; but after she came to the throne she never lost an opportunity to advance her mother's kindred.

After her brother Edward became king of England, under the protectorship of the Duke of Somerset, his uncle, the political claims upon the young king somewhat broke up the near and dear association which had from his infancy existed between him and his "dearest sister;" but still for a time she held her great influence over the young king. But in a year or two from the death of her father came the love intrigues of Admiral Seymour, the brother of the Lord Protector, to win the affections of the young princess, who refused him upon the score of her youth and indisposition to encourage his addresses. The Admiral afterward married her stepmother, Catharine Parr, but upon her death renewed his courtship to the young Elizabeth. This in the sequel cost him his head, the Lord Protector Somerset, his brother, consenting to his execution. There was much scandal at the time touching the Admiral and the Princess. He was her first lover.

Lord Protector Somerset fell, and a mightier schemer arose in the person of the Duke of Northumberland, who estranged Edward not only from his sister Mary, but also from his "dearest sister" Elizabeth; and at his death, at the age of sixteen, both of the daughters of Henry VIII. were excluded from the succession in favor of Northumberland's daughter-in-law, Lady Jane Grey.

But England was outraged by the setting aside of Henry's daughters by the machinations of the ambitious Northumberland, and the royal Elizabeth promptly and vigorously supported the claims of her sister Mary, to the overthrow of Lady Jane Grey, the nine days' queen.

July 29th, 1553, the princess Elizabeth came riding from the country along Fleet Street to Somerset House, attended by 2,000 horse, armed with spears, bows, and guns; and when she rode through Aldgate the next day to meet her sister, she was accompanied by 1,000 persons on horseback, a great number of whom were

ladies of rank. The sisters met at Wanstead, where Elizabeth paid her first homage to Queen Mary, who received her and her train very graciously, and kissed every lady Elizabeth presented to her. On the occasion of Mary's triumphal entry into London, the royal sisters rode side by side in the grand equestrian procession. The youthful charms of Elizabeth, then in her twentieth year, the majestic grace of her tall and finely-proportioned figure, attracted every eye, and made a striking contrast with Mary, who was nearly double her age, small in stature, and prematurely faded. Mary never condescended to practice those arts of courting popularity with which Elizabeth, who was ever playing for empire, never lost an opportunity to steal the hearts of the people.

But now came the storms and perils of Elizabeth's life. Mary no sooner came to the throne than she began to oppose the Reformation in England. The Romanist prelates were restored, and the Reformed prelates deposed and imprisoned; and all the acts of the preceding period of change repealed. The Protestants were in despair, or recklessly disposed for revolution; and more than ever Elizabeth became the hope of the nation and the star of the rising age. All the issues of the times were now centered in the very persons and lives of Elizabeth and Mary. On one side, the Past again, and Mary; or, on the other, the Future, and Elizabeth. All the world knew it, felt it, throughout Europe; and herein was our heroine's imminent peril every hour thenceforth till Mary's death. And what, too, enhanced this peril a hundred-fold, was the general consciousness of both the Protestant and Catholic powers that the mighty Elizabeth was equal to her part, and that once upon the throne the Catholic reign in England would pass away forever, and the foundations of Protestantism be established beyond the rooting up.

A breach was made between the daughters of Henry VIII., which Noailles, the French ambassador, helped to make with fiend-like subtlety and satisfaction. His business was to pave the way for the young Queen of Scots to the throne of England, and the destruction of the heiress presumptive. The insidious caresses of Henry II. of France and his ambassador led the princess into a trap, and fostered an ill-advised Protestant conspiracy, the design of which was to unite Elizabeth and Courtenay in marriage and place them upon the throne. She might not have sternly forbidden these popular manifestations in her favor, but she ever protested, and, doubtless, truthfully, her innocence of all designs against her sister; but Spain as well as France was seeking her destruction, and her enemies found enough to handle against her.

She was ordered to London as a prisoner. They commenced to remove her from her seat at Hatfield on the very day appointed for the execution of the Lady Jane Grey. The day was ominous to the mind of the royal prisoner. Thrice she was nearly fainting, as she was led between two of her escort to the royal litter

sent by the queen to fetch her. On her way to London she was taken very ill, in consequence of which her journey was suspended, and she lay for several days seemingly in a very dangerous state. It is thought that this illness saved her life, for every moment was to her precious that lengthened the interval between the execution of Lady Jane Grey and her entrance into London.

But when the moment came for the public entrance of Elizabeth into London as a prisoner of state, her firmness returned; and the lofty spirit of the lioness of England triumphed over the weakness of the invalid and the terrors of the woman. Simon Renaud, the Spanish ambassador, who thirsted for her blood, was an eyewitness, and in a letter to her great enemy, Charles V., his master, thus writes:

"The Lady Elizabeth arrived here yesterday, dressed all in white [emblematic of her innocence], surrounded with a great company of the queen's people, besides her attendants. She made them uncover the litter in which she rode, that she might be seen by the people. Her countenance was pale and stern, her mien proud, lofty, and disdainful, by which she endeavored to conceal her trouble."

Every inch a heroine was the royal Elizabeth. It was only eleven days before that the head of the Lady Jane Grey fell at the block; and that very morning the Duke of Suffolk was executed; and not many years before, her own dear mother perished in the same way, and in the Tower where she was soon to be consigned. From Highgate to London, where she passed the road was thronged with gazing multitudes, some of whom wept and bewailed her. It was a pageant of almost tragic interest; but she, though "pale," was "stern; her mien proud, lofty, and disdainful" in the very presence of fate herself. Such was Elizabeth when not yet queen. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Religious Department.

MIRIAM.

BY HOPE ARLINGTON.

BENEFIT OF FRIENDS.

Of money, the hard world said of virtue,
Where could she go? To her the poor-house doors
Alone were open, and through those she passed,
Seeking a shelter from the unkind storm,
And the unkind world.

The night came on,
But ere she sought the rest her humble cot
Reached out to her, the pitying angels bore
Her tearful prayer to Heaven.

"Oh, Lamb of God!
That taketh all my sins away, to-night
I bring my worn, bruised, burdened heart to Thee!
Just Searcher of all hearts! search mine, and if
Ingratitude to Thee, my only Friend,
Or hatred toward the unforgiving world,
Lurk there, oh, do thou cleanse and purify!
Oh, Son of God! that once did wander on
The earth, and had not where to lay Thy head,
Thou knowest all my wanderings, all my
Sufferings and wrongs! I do not fear Thy
Judgments!

Oh, in mercy take to Thy sweet
Heaven my poor lone life before another
Feebler one shall dawn from it, and let me know
Without the bitterness of earth, the pure
And holy joys of motherhood! But if
Our lives are parted, oh above, where soon
I feel that I shall be, and one below,
Oh, let my spirit hover near and guide
Through all life's lonely way, up to the gates
Of heaven, my child!"

Before another night,
Her soul had reached the peaceful haven where

The wicked cease from troubling, the weary
Are at rest; and near her side a little
Babe lay waiting for the warmth and food its
Mother could not give.

A golden circle
On her finger bore the one word "Miriam."
This was all, all that could be known of her;
And on the board that marked her grave, after
Long years had gone, the idle passers-by
Have gazed and wondered when they read only
The one word "Miriam" written there. A
Half-year glided by, and one, a stranger
In the place, from whose warm mother-heart her
Lord had called the birdling that had nestled
There, gave with her love her name and home
To Miriam's child.

The years went on, all full
Of gladness and of love for Mary Joy;
And very fair she grew, blessing with her
Pure trust the hearts that loved her as their own.

* * * * * One golden day in June,
The ninth bright happy June that came to place
Another pearl in Mary's crown of years,
She, with her loving guide, was wandering through
The city of the dead. On every side
Bright lovely forms were springing from the dust
Beneath. Fragrance of flowers and music sweet
Of birds floated through all the air to fill
The soul with harmony; and Mary stood
Entranced, a new life being born in her
At Beauty's touch; when, suddenly, as if
By magic drawn, she turned aside, and looked
In sadness on a lone neglected grave.

"Oh, mamma, see! there are no flowers upon
This grave. How very naughty 'tis to make
The pretty flowers grow all around, and not
One here. But I will have this grave for mine,
And plant my daisies and my violets here.
'Miriam,' 'Miriam!' That's a pretty name.
I wonder who this Miriam was!" And with
Her little brain full of strange thoughts and plans,
Mary reached home, and went to sleep that night
To dream of a young girl, with hair and eyes
The color of her own, and face that wore
A sad sweet smile, and in her small white hands
The loveliest flowers she ever saw, who came
To her, and told her to be pure and good,
And some time she would come again and guide
Her to her own fair home; and then she went
Away, but Mary, in her dream, felt sure
That it was Miriam.

The morning came, and with it new resolve
In Mary's heart that she would be a friend
To Miriam's grave; and every day until
The flowers faded and were gone, a garland
Fresh was woven there by Mary's hands.
And through the years that followed, all the years
Of her short life on earth, as soon as spring's
First blossoms raised their tiny heads, they shed
Their fragrance upon Miriam's grave.

Alarmed
At Mary's fading form and brightening eye,
Her friends entreated her to leave her charge
To other hands, and seek repose. "Oh, urge
Me not," she answered; "dearly as I love
My parents and my friends, 'tis strange, so strange
A mystery I can not understand,
Yet nearer, dearer than aught else of earth
To me is this lone grave. My purest and
My holiest thoughts are here, and when my heart
Grows troubled with its sin and sorrow, there
Is something here can take it all away
And make me calm again. And here my soul
Is often filled with such bright visions of
Another life, that I have sometimes felt
That glimpses of the glory, harmony,
And peace of heaven had been revealed to me.
Oh, mystery! What is there in this name
And grave, or what beside this name and grave
That holds my soul in such sweet thralldom, fills
It with such longings for the freedom of
The spirit-life? How I have tried to think
It foolish fancy, and as such to drive

It from my heart—but all in vain. The spell
Is o'er me, and I can not break it. Death,
It may be, can. It may be, Death can solve
The mystery. Then welcome, welcome Death!"

With eighteen summers, Mary's frail hands ceased
Their work. The spirit conquered, leaving one
Word "Miriam," and not "Mother," trembling on
The faded lips. The veil at last was rent,
And Mary's spirit soared away from earth,
To know in heaven who Miriam was.

Among some papers folded carefully,
And neatly written o'er by Mary's hand,
Were found the verses that we give below.
And there were sketches, too, of faces fair
And beautiful, most delicately drawn
And finely shaded; and the one of all
Most perfect and most beautiful, because
It had in it a look of Mary's, was
Marked "Miriam." And this for Mary's sake was
Hung in costly frame, within the room in
Which she died.

A traveler passing by, one
Day, called at the door to ask for water,
And a place where he could rest awhile; but
Ere his errand was made known, his eye fell
On the picture. Pale and trembling, he could
Only gasp—"Has she been here? Has Miriam
Been here?"

More wonderful to those who heard
Than prophet's vision, or the miracles
Of old, was this new revelation. All
There was to tell was told. They did not doubt
That God had been among them, and had wrought
A miracle. The stranger, gazing still
Upon the picture, murmured, "Oh, my poor
Deserted, orphaned Miriam! driven from
My father's house because she could not prove
She was a wife, and I her husband. And
All the search of years to give me only
This." All efforts were in vain to learn the
History of Miriam's death, or Mary's
Birth, for Mary had been given away by
One who called herself her mother. She was
Dead, and no one lived who knew that Mary
Was the child of Miriam.

So mystery
Enshrouded all, and he, the husband and
The father, went away from earth to meet
His long-lost Miriam, and to find in heaven
Who Mary was.

AT MIRIAM'S GRAVE.

Beautiful spirit, that hovered near me!
Beautiful presence, to comfort and cheer me!
Magical spell, that in chalice ever holds me!
Influence sweet, that surrounds and enfolds me!
Beautiful spirit, to strengthen and love me!
Beautiful presence, around and above me!
Angel of hope, bringing gladness in sorrow!
Angel of patience, with faith for the morrow!
Angel of light, through my soul ever stealing!
Angel of love, God's dear mercy revealing!
Heavenly messenger, leave me, oh, never!
Yield I my soul to thy sweet guidance ever!

THE LATE REV. JOEL HAWES, D.D.

DIGNITY, steadfastness, integrity, devotion,
and kindness may be named as among the lead-
ing traits which marked this character. There
was also great prudence and sense of propriety.
No one could associate this head and face with
that of a rude clown or a blatant comedian.
Dignity is marked in every lineament. See
how high the head at the crown, and how long
and full the upper lip! His high sense of honor
and propriety prevented him from letting him-
self down in his own estimation or in that of the
public. There was comparatively little strug-
gle between the flesh and the spirit in his case.

The former was subordinated to the latter. His animal propensities rarely if ever brought his moral sense to shame. His was a self-regulating organization, and it was in this that whatever greatness may be accorded to him consists. No one would claim this as the head and face of a butcher, a money-getter, or a boxer. But it is at once apparent that he must have been a preacher, a teacher, or an author—that his pursuits being in accordance with his make-up, would partake of one or all of those indicated. There was strong affection here. (Note the under lip and the chin.) There was also considerable executiveness, without cruelty; moderate force, with great uniformity; a good degree of taste, without fastidiousness; economy without parsimony; imitation without mimicry; good language without verbosity; and he was altogether one of the noblest works of God—an honest man. The following interesting biographical sketch we appropriate from the *Hartford Daily Courant*:

BIOGRAPHY.

"About fifty-five years and a half ago an earnest and zealous young man from one of the country towns in Massachusetts, with one hundred and thirty dollars in his pocket, a plaid suit upon his person, three books under his arm, and a hopeful spirit, ascended for the first time the hill on which Brown University in Providence is placed. He had just given up a half-learned trade, under the stimulus of a new-found hope in Christ, and started out with his little store of funds to obtain the education necessary to preach the gospel. The ministry commenced in intention on that autumn morning, and continued in the zealous and successful labors of half a century, was suddenly terminated by death, and the young man, grown old, passed quietly from earth yesterday.

"Joel Hawes was born in Medway, Massachusetts, December 22d, 1789. After receiving a common school education, he was engaged in various mechanical employments, and at last commenced learning the clothier's trade. While at work at this trade, when about twenty years old, he was converted, and soon began to cast about for the means of obtaining an education, with a view to becoming a minister. He finally entered Brown University with but little money to support him, but with the determination of working his way through. He took the regular course, supporting himself so far as he could by working during term time, and teaching during vacations. He also received some assistance from a benevolent lady, but this he always considered a debt, and with his first savings after beginning to preach, he refunded the amount, telling the lady to give it again to some student or young minister. After graduating at Brown University in 1813, he entered the theological school at Andover, from which he graduated in 1817. He was here very zealous as a Christian, and a close Bible student. In fact, his close attention to the Bible com-



THE LATE REV. JOEL HAWES, D.D.

menced earlier than this, for when at work in the clothier's shop, he used to paste leaves from the Bible on the wall before him, and commit verses to memory as he worked, a practice of which he often spoke afterward with a great deal of pleasure, as it had given him such a good command of Scripture texts.

"After graduating at Andover, he preached several times at Newburyport, Mass. The following winter he preached five or six Sabbaths in Center church, Hartford, and soon afterward received and accepted a call, becoming its pastor. On March 4th, 1818, he was installed as pastor of the church, a fit successor of that "able and faithful minister of Christ, the Rev. Thos. Hooker," who, in 1833, according to the inscription on his tombstone, planted in Hartford, "ye first church in Connecticut." From Mr. Hooker's time until 1818, a period of one hundred and eighty-five years, this church had never settled a pastor who had previously been settled elsewhere, nor dismissed one until death separated him from them, but six faithful ministers had spent the whole ministerial portion of their lives in its service. Dr. Hawes was also installed here without being previously settled elsewhere, and his ministry proved one of the longest and most useful of all. He remained sole pastor till October 22d, 1862, when the Rev. P. W. Calkins was installed as his colleague. Unfortunate differences of opinion between the two, and among the members of the church, led to the resignation of Mr. Calkins after a ministry of about two years, and the separation of Dr. Hawes from the nominal pastorate of the church. December 14, 1864, the Rev. George H. Gould was installed as pastor, though Dr. Hawes was still retained on a salary, often occupied the pulpit, and performed much acceptable pastoral work. After this time he preached very often in other towns, particularly in the smaller towns of that section of Connecticut, and thus became personally dear to many who had before known him chiefly by reputation. During the last three years, there were only three Sundays on which he did not preach in some church, and these

last scattered pulpit labors were blessed in the conversion of very many persons.

"It was on one of these visits to outside towns that he was attacked by the illness which resulted in his death. He preached morning and afternoon of Sunday, June 5th, in the Congregational church in Gilead. He had intended also to go out to service in the evening, but felt too unwell. About midnight he had an attack of hemorrhage, and through the night and part of the next day was in very great pain. When he seemed aware that he had not long to live, in reply to a remark that he was almost home, he said, 'Oh, yes, I am so thankful that the great work of preparation has not been put off till now.' Some one referred to his two solemn sermons of the previous Sunday, in which he had referred to the fact that we none of us knew how near we were to the close of life, and in which he said that he might be very near eternity, when he replied, 'I was struck with the thought when I was laid upon this bed, that I was led to preach those sermons last Sabbath.'

"Dr. Hawes was an earnest and effective preacher, and though not possessed of extraordinary abilities, he was very influential and successful. His words carried conviction to the hearts of his hearers, for they knew him to be earnest, sincere, and truthful, and he became one of the most useful ministers in New England. Wherever he was known he was respected, almost revered. His writings for publication were somewhat meagre, his pulpit and pastoral labors occupying nearly all his attention. His first published work was 'Lectures to Young Men,' originally preached in Hartford and New Haven, and printed in 1828. He also published a 'Tribute to the Memory of the Pilgrims' in 1880, a 'Memoir of Norman Smith' in 1839, 'Character Everything to the Young' in 1843, 'The Religion of the East' in 1845, with occasional addresses and sermons. Among his last employments was preparing a volume of his sermons for publication. When printed he gave an edition of eight hundred copies to the American Home Missionary Society, that one might be sent to each of their missionaries, and the remainder distributed where they would be valued.

"Dr. Hawes was married in June, 1818, three months after his installation, to Louisa Fisher, of Wrentham, Mass. They had six children, four of whom, two sons and two daughters, died when quite young. Their oldest daughter, Mary Elizabeth, was married September 4th, 1843, to the Rev. Henry J. Van Lennep, missionary under the American Board in Smyrna, Turkey. In October of the same year Mr. and Mrs. Van Lennep sailed for their missionary home, accompanied by Dr. Hawes. He returned the following July, and a few months afterward heard of the death of his daughter, which occurred September 24th, 1844. The youngest of the family, Erskine J., was born in July, 1828. He graduated at Yale College

in 1851, and was installed pastor of the Congregational church in Plymouth, Conn., in January, 1858. In July, 1860, he was out riding, when he was kicked by a horse, and died two days afterward from the effects of the blow. Memoirs of this son and daughter were prepared by Mrs. Hawes, and published. The old couple were by this accident left childless, yet scores of people, young and old, have cherished for them a kind of filial regard, and many will hear with deep regret of the death of the good Doctor. The funeral sermon was preached by President Woolsey, of Yale College, in accordance with an agreement made between the two some time ago."

In appearance Dr. Hawes was tall and athletic. His complexion was dark, his features prominent, and his countenance remarkably strong. He carried with him an air of self-confidence and easy self-possession. There was about him nothing like style or starch. His great brown hand was offered to farmers and laborers anywhere, and he had about him a generous and beneficent manner, which gave every one assurance that he could be approached easily, and that he would listen kindly to any request which poverty or obscurity might desire to make. He was a great, good, genial, generous man of the people.

Scarcely had the good Dr. Hawes been laid in his final resting-place on earth, when the aged companion of his long and useful life was called to join her husband in immortality. Mrs. Hawes died on June 11th. She had faithfully watched by the bedside of her husband during his last illness, and the consequent exhaustion resulted in an attack of congestion of the lungs, under which she sank rapidly until death intervened. She was seventy-six years old, one year younger than her husband, and has shared with him the labors and duties of forty-nine years of service in the church. She was a woman of great good sense and strong character, and was ever active in Christian works.

SUCCESS.

—O:—

"Tis not in mortals to command success."

Addison's Cato.

Success! This is the word which causes many a heart to leap and many a brain to burn with ambitious yearnings. "Oh," says the young man, "if I could only succeed in attaining a reputation for scholastic ability, for professional skill, I could then rest on my laurels and be happy." Success! What is it people generally mean by this term? Should we appeal to one hundred men as we meet them on the busy street, in open day, five sixths would reply substantially: "the lucrative prosecution of business enterprise—the accumulation of a fortune;" while the remaining sixth would be variously divided, according to the bent of each one's mind or disposition; but the underlying principle which actuates all in the strife for success is the reputation—the respect—it will inspire in others for them.

The man of wealth hears remarks thrown

about here and there that he is possessed of a princely fortune, and capable of accomplishing great results if he chooses, and he chuckles triumphantly within himself over the thought, "I am successful." The lawyer who has patiently and laboriously plodded from insignificance up to influential eminence, smiles when men speak of his profound legal ability, and thinks it, if he does not utter aloud the sentiment, "I am successful." The man of science—the *savant*—who for years has devoted himself to searching investigations among the great arcana of nature, and has unraveled a few folds in the great mesh of complicity, receives the loud applause of admiring multitudes as a substantial token of his success. The diligent scholar, whose brain is stored by the lucubrations of many years, hears his name on the lips of the intellectual, sees it on the printed page, and accounts himself successful. The soldier who has ridden victoriously over many a bloody field; the statesman who has seen many a political measure inaugurated, of which he was the prime mover; the adventurous explorer, whose startling experiences on arid plains, in pestilential jungles, or amid fields of eternal ice, are the themes of many a journalist; the wordy novelist, whose highly painted stories feed the craving marvelousness of a gaping multitude, one and all congratulate themselves with being successful.

Such are indeed successful. We would not deny them one jot of the merit to which their zealous and persistent efforts have won; but the question comes home to us: Are they happy in the success thus attained? Do they feel in their hearts a contented enjoyment of the fruits of their years of physical or mental toil, reaped as those fruits are, from the applause of the world? This is the vital point which strikes at the root of all human exertion. Though many a man can say

"Chaplets of fame enwreath my brow,"

or "honors thickly clustering press upon me," very few can say, "I am happy in my success." And why? Simply because the success of the mass of mankind has ministered to the gratification of but a portion of their mental organization, and left the remainder to "feed on husks."

The quotation at the head of this article would supply us with thought sufficient for a voluminous discourse did we think it expedient to be lengthy. It contains, however, in itself the gist of what we would say.

The constitution or organization of man mentally—that part of his nature which is capable of experiencing the feeling of satisfaction—is composite. The distinctive parts; intellectuality, morality, sociality, and propensity, or the organism which ministers to his personal security, have each their appropriate spheres, yet are so constituted that they can, when properly directed, operate harmoniously together or in mutual correlation. The more harmonious their activity, the more nearly perfect their mutual reciprocity, the more composed, the more efficient and the happier will be the man. On the other hand, the more one

part is exercised to the neglect of the others, the more irregular and inharmonious will the organization, taken as a whole, become. Therefore it is that men who, having yielded to predominant mental influences, and pursued earnestly the bent of such inclinations until they have attained the object of their pursuit, do not attain also a satisfied mind, but exhibit usually a restless avidity for greater achievements in the same direction. "Increase of appetite hath grown by what it fed on."

The wealthy man may be said to have succeeded in pleasing his selfish nature; but that selfish nature is not satisfied—it is clamorous for more. The learned man may have gratified, to a great extent, his intellect, but it is not surfeited. The demagogue may have succeeded in pleasing his ambitious nature, and the sensualist may have drunk deep of the fountains of pleasure, but there is no happiness pure, unalloyed for them. Contentment flows from an organization which is harmoniously developed by the exercise of all its parts, especially of those which minister in spiritual things. "The contented mind is a continual feast," says the old proverb, and herein only is true happiness. The first step to be taken in the process of securing this greatest of all successes—happiness—in comparison with which all other acquirements pale into insignificance, is to satisfy the moral nature. Bearing in mind the motto, "Tis not in mortals to command success," we will look to the Author of all things for those spiritual instrumentalities which we shall need to aid us in securing "our being's end and aim"—

"For He satisfieth the longing soul,
And filleth the hungry soul with
Goodness."

The cravings of the man-spiritual once ministered unto, the "end" is about accomplished. Then "all things will work together for good" in us, and success—which before appeared so difficult of attainment—which required so much toilsome study, so much painful exertion—will meet us on every hand. Stimulated by proper motives—sustained by a Power omnipotent, all our objects will seem easy of acquisition—the man moral, the man intellectual, the man social, the man physical, will each be fed, satisfied, contented, and happy. Thus, each faculty acting for and in harmony with all the others, will procure that universal desideratum, success.

SIGNS OF RAIN.—Just before rain, flowers smell stronger and sweeter, because the vapors of the air prevent the scented particles of their perfume from ascending, as they would in a drier atmosphere. Instead of rising above the earth, the odor is disseminated by the moisture. Because the plants are stronger in fragrance just before a fall of rain, we see horses stretch out their necks and sniff the air in a peculiar manner. Animals are more observing than men, and nature speaks to them in a silent manner. They thus are able to prognosticate the coming storm with unerring certainty, while man often stands bewildered and lost in doubt.

HON. C. A. SHAW.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.

This gentleman has a very large brain, exceeding twenty-three inches in circumference, and high in proportion. He also has a somewhat powerful framework, which is amply filled up in all the vital parts, and he has constitutional vigor enough to last him into old age, provided he uses it economically.

He should be known for his powers of observation, analysis, criticism, and for his perseverance. He is remarkable for his mechanical ingenuity, ability to plan, contrive, invent, and execute. He is much more original than imitative, but can do what he sees done quite readily, and make one part fit another.

He is intuitive in his intellectual perceptions; reads the motives of others at the first interview; seems to know at a glance whom to trust, and is not easily misled. He has a great love for all that is grand and sublime in nature—appreciates the beautiful in art—all things, indeed, which appeal to the emotions. He is well developed in the devotional sentiments, readily impressed by psychological influences and religious matters. He is somewhat prophetic in the cast of his mind—capable of anticipating to a considerable extent future events. In this, and in many other respects, he resembles his mother in feature as in character.

It should be comparatively easy for him to comprehend principles, to work out difficult problems in science and philosophy. His is a comprehensive, far-reaching mind, more like a telescope than a spy-glass, more like a cannon than a pocket-pistol. He is full of enterprise and push; would leave no stone unturned to accomplish an undertaking upon which he was fully bent. He has become self-relying, whereas, when younger, he was sensitive and diffident; contact with the world has given him assurance and confidence.

He is not very hopeful, but he usually realizes more than he anticipates, succeeds better than he had promised, and comes out of the big end, instead of the little end, of the horn.

He has much kindness—sympathizes with all who suffer, and would even make personal sacrifices for their benefit. His is a reforma-



PORTRAIT OF HON. CHARLES A. SHAW

tory cast of mind. He would not cling to the old because it was old, nor reject the new because untried. His mind is open to conviction—ready to investigate, to look into new things, but not incredulous, nor yet liable to believe too much. His religion is, first of all, a matter of kindness; next, of justice—next, of humility and devotion—last, of faith and trust in Providence. He would become fluent as a speaker, if trained to it, and would communicate his ideas freely in writing. He can impart what he knows upon a subject with facility. Would make an excellent teacher. His mind is strongly scientific in mold, practical and usable, as occasion may demand. In temper he is quick and sharp, but not cruel. There is *force* in him, resolution, and sufficient firmness, steadfastness, and decision.

He is quite versatile—can readily transfer his thoughts from one subject to another, and keep several irons in the fire at the same time. He is sociable, fond of the society of ladies, enjoys his home, and soon becomes attached to persons and objects of interest. If a father, he would find much enjoyment in his children—

take an interest in pets or some kind—possibly a fine horse or an intelligent dog.

All things considered, his, in many respects, is quite a remarkable organization, possessing high capabilities and talent. He has been blessed above many, and will be held accountable according to the measure of the gifts and graces given him. If educated for a learned profession, he would have taken a good position in the law. Next to that he might have succeeded in the ministry. In something artistic or mechanical he would have attained eminence already.

He would have made an artist, an architect, an engineer, a projector, a navigator—in short, his organization is such, that whatever he might take up and prosecute with a reasonable degree of diligence would conduce to his success. There is timber enough in him to build up a very considerable edifice; and if rightly placed in life he ought to attain to eminence and success.

BIOGRAPHY.

HON. CHARLES A. SHAW,
Mayor of Biddeford, Me.,
was born in the town of
Sandford, York County,

Maine, November 5th, 1831, and is a direct descendant of distinguished New England ancestry. He is a grandson of General Shaw, formerly a prominent politician and business man in the Eastern States. His father was a farmer, but being in moderate circumstances, and having a large family to support, was unable to give his son any other than an ordinary education, and that, too, such as could be acquired in four or five weeks of study yearly in a cold school-house, to which it was necessary to travel on foot for more than a mile each day in mid-winter—for winter is the only school term of a large portion of our New England farmer youths. During the summer he worked on the farm, even from his early boyhood, and at thirteen was required to do a man's work. Toiling on the scanty soil of his native State tended to develop the capacities which were inherent in him; and naturally philosophical and mathematical in the cast of his mind, the long winter evenings found him deeply absorbed in study, with an earnestness which almost amounted to enthusiasm.

At fourteen he left home and commenced

teaching, which he followed for a while with good success, and after attending one or two terms of an academy at Alfred, in his native county, he prepared himself for college, under the instruction of Hon. Henry Holmes, a distinguished scholar then residing at that place. Limited pecuniary means, however, prevented him from fitting himself for a profession, and he abandoned the idea and turned his attention to mercantile life.

Shortly afterward he took charge of a newspaper in Boston, which he managed with ability and success; and here he became impressed with the great value of advertising to the business world—a knowledge which he has since used with great advantage to himself. But the newspaper world did not offer facilities sufficient for such a versatile intellect as his. He left that occupation, and engaged in various other pursuits of an adventurous and novel character; but to follow the events of his life during the few following years would far exceed the limits of a single article. Suffice to say that, after serving a regular apprenticeship at the watch-maker's and jeweler's trade, he commenced business for himself in the city where he now resides, as senior partner of the firm of Shaw & Clark, long well known as one of the most enterprising and successful business concerns in the country, and which has but recently been dissolved, after an existence of nearly fifteen years. During this period the radius of his business constantly extended and widened. He engaged in numerous speculations and enterprises, all of which, under his management, were successful.

Invention was a subject to which he paid particular attention, and he has probably taken out more patents than any other man in the country. Among the more important of these may be mentioned various improvements in cotton machinery, tanning apparatus, agricultural and domestic implements, sewing-machines, etc., in all amounting to more than one hundred in number. The well-known Shaw & Clark sewing-machine, the original foundation of all cheap sewing-machines, is of his invention. He is also the inventor of "Shaw's Perpetual Pocket Almanac," of which several millions have been sold, and which is copyrighted in nearly every civilized country of the globe. This little invention, although comparatively unimportant, is recognized in the scientific world as a wonderful mathematical achievement, overcoming obstacles which had previously been considered insurmountable. He has also, what is exceedingly rare with inventors, the faculty to make money out of his own inventions.

He has brought out, under his own management, several exhibitions, entertainments, and lectures. The reputation of the late Artemus Ward is mainly due to Mr. Shaw's early interest in him. The Hon. Edward Everett often lectured for him, and until his death remained his intimate friend. As an instance of his keen foresight and intuitive perception in speculative matters, his offer of five thousand dollars for the original manuscript of President Lin-

coln's Emancipation Proclamation may be cited.

At present Mr. Shaw is president of the Shaw & Clark Sewing-Machine Company, with three hundred thousand dollars capital, a corporation employing a large number of hands and doing a very extensive business; president of the Ne Plus Ultra Collar Company, with two hundred thousand dollars capital, besides being a director in several other corporations in which he is largely interested. He is also managing agent and attorney of the Union Paper Collar Company of New York, with a capital of three million dollars, and having under his control all of the legitimate paper collar manufacturers in the country, consisting of twenty different corporations, ranging in capital from one hundred thousand dollars to five hundred thousand dollars each. Besides all of this, he has under his immediate direction over one hundred important suits at law and in equity in the United States Courts, enough, of itself, to overwhelm almost any ordinary mind, to say nothing of such minor matters as conducting two large advertising establishments for furnishing agents' supplies (being a firm believer in the value of printers' ink to the man of business, he has long been one of the most extensive of advertisers, his advertisements frequently appearing in more than two thousand papers simultaneously), attending to his real estate, with other matters too numerous to mention, which are either directly or indirectly in his charge. Notwithstanding all of this, however, he finds time to contribute, under a well-known *nom de plume*, to some of the leading magazines and papers of the day, with ample leisure to spare for recreation!

Mr. Shaw has served two terms as Mayor of Biddeford, Me., being a most efficient officer, and very popular with all parties. His inaugural addresses, extracts from which have been extensively copied by the press, exhibit a thorough knowledge of national as well as municipal affairs, and treat in a masterly manner the various subjects discussed. He has also represented his city in the Legislature of the State, where he took the lead of his party, which, although in a minority, by his shrewd management and judicious course in relation to all matters of general interest, enabled him to hold the balance of power and secure the passage of many important measures. As a speaker, he is ready in debate, quick to analyze the subject at issue, logical and convincing in his arguments. As a writer of both prose and poetry, he has already acquired some distinction.

Mr. Shaw has been twice a candidate for State Treasurer, and at the last Congressional election was tendered the nomination for Member of Congress from his district, but he declined to contend for that honor. He is Commissioner from Maine to the Paris Exposition, in which he has taken great interest, having been appointed by the unanimous request of all parties, as peculiarly adapted for the position. He was also recently appointed Consul-General to Russia, one of the most important

and lucrative foreign offices under government, but declined to accept the position on account of his numerous and pressing business engagements.

In general deportment Mr. Shaw is of pleasing address, modest and unassuming, frank, open-hearted, witty, without affectation, and making friends at once of all with whom he comes in contact. With the keenest shrewdness of the genuine Yankee, he combines the broad, genial liberality of the South and West, being every way what is generally termed a whole-souled gentlemanly man.

In stature he is five feet eleven inches in height, of good form, and weighs about one hundred and seventy-five pounds. He is possessed of ample means, and contributes liberally to every good work, especially to the aid of those less favored than himself. Generosity is a part of his nature, and he attributes his success to this trait of character, feeling within himself that it is far "more blessed to give than to receive."

Mr. Shaw has traveled and seen much, both of his own country and of Europe, and his experiences with the world, its pleasures, cares, troubles, and responsibilities, have already far exceeded what usually falls to the lot of most men. His acquaintance is very extensive, and among his intimate friends he probably numbers as many personages of note as any man living.

The *Saco (Maine) Democrat*, in speaking of Mr. Shaw, pays him a well-merited compliment: "The numerous instances of men in our country who have raised themselves from the humblest walks of life to the most eminent positions of usefulness and influence, not only furnish proof of energetic effort to make the most of small means and commonest opportunities, of honest working and a persevering application of all the faculties given to man, but they are also the best proof that riches and ease are not essential to man's highest culture, else the world would not have been so largely indebted at all times to those who have sprung from the humbler ranks of life and exhibited those traits which have made them such bright examples of all that goes to make up and adorn true manhood. On the contrary, men are not trained to effort and encounter difficulty, or awakened to that consciousness of power which is so necessary for energetic and effective action in life, by an easy and luxurious existence; and hence, so far from poverty being a drawback, it may oftentimes be converted into a blessing, rousing to that struggle with the world in which all true-hearted men find strength and victory.

"One of the best illustrations of what can be accomplished by the proper exercise of these qualities is afforded in Mr. Shaw, who undoubtedly embodies, in the highest degree, as many of those peculiar traits and qualifications which go to make up what may be termed the strictly American character as any man living, and we are happy to see that he is not unappreciated."

Our Social Relations.

Oh, happy they—the happiest of their kind—
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.—*Thomson.*

WOMAN.

BY SAMUEL CAMERON.

[Lines suggested on hearing the atrocious sentiment, uttered by a distinguished legal gentleman, that "the word of a bishop is worthier of belief than oaths of women."]

In the chivalric days of old,
When woman's name was purest gold,
A woman's name and word were then
The worthy pride of worthy men,
And kings and knights of first degree
To virtuous woman bent the knee,
And no one dared, as now, to say,
That any wayward prelate's word—
The libel utterance of our day,
Alike dishonoring and absurd—
Is worthier of belief, by far,
Than oaths of virtuous woman are.
Our day is boastful of its mind,
Its high intelligence refined,
And frowns upon that distant time
When virtue was the true sublime.
But, give this godless doctrine wing,
Its poisonous breath around us fling—
Around our homestead or our hearth,
And what remains to halo earth?
Where were the solace—where the pride,
That since creation's earliest morn
Sat smiling by our mother's side,
And blest the hour when we were born.
Oh! 'tis a dangerous thing to stir,
From its foundation in the heart,
Which has been woman's worshiper,
Untouched by time, unstained by art,
The beautiful and holy love,
So linked to that we owe above;
That from our infancy we owe
To her, all, all we feel or know
Of good and pure, and fond and mild,
Thro' manhood, from the absorbing hour,
When first her lips in worship smiled
Upon the beauty of her child,
And prophesied its future dower—
Its dower of glorious fortunes here,
For Heaven would bless a mother's prayer.
Away with this most foul attest,
The venom'd shaft will harmless fall,
When aimed at noble woman's breast.
Wherefore the libel, and for whom?
Why, ere yon mitred man was born,
Now trembling downward to the tomb,
She was the starlight of the morn,
The bringer in of light and love,
To people God's own realm above.
Oh! let us pause, and as of yore,
Sparta, beside the deathless shore,
Defied the vaunting Persian king,
Let us our strength chivalric bring
In aid of woman's glorious name,
And, as our lives, defend her fame.
Thus, while we look on woman's face,
Her beauty, loveliness, and form,

We'll feel she's Heaven's embodied grace,
The shielding Angel of the Storm—
The pure, the beautiful, the only,
Without whose smile, without whose love,
Man were a creature drear and lonely;
No joy below—no hope above,
And life, a wild tempestuous river,
Where life and love are lost forever;
HAIL! GLORIOUS WOMAN, as the sun,
Careering in his noonday might
Outshines the stars, the morning one,
And all the galaxy of night,
Even so does woman—brightest, best
Of all God's works—outshine the rest.
The beggar whom we daily meet,
Craving his pittance through the street,
If pure in principle and heart,
And free from infamy of art,
I reverence as pure and bright,
As he arrayed in priestly light.
He is God's own since time began,
Make bishops better—if you can.
And when our day shall pass away—
As pass away it will—
Their every word will be revered,
Among the virtuous still;
THEIR every word, so purely given,
Which testifies of truth and Heaven.
Those virtuous woman's words compare—
Words, pure as new-born fountains given,
With the high oaths that man could dare
To breathe like blasphemies to Heaven,
And they will stand, supremely grand,
A power, from Truth's unerring hand.
Where—where is all remembrance gone,
Of that great votive time,
When, as 'twas taught us, called upon,
To ministries sublime—
Where is the memory that should be,
The star that never falters,
But shines as purely, faithfully,
Above the billows of life's sea,
As o'er the temple's altars?
Where is this memory? Like a river
That was, and is not, that, whose name
Forgot its nature, not its fame,
Which rolled by Ilium, gone forever.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY.

BY MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLIE.

THERE are some lost arts, and some arts that never have been found. What is the use of covering ourselves, figuratively speaking, with dust and cobwebs hunting through the lumber-rooms of the dark ages for things that we don't want, and can't use, and are ten times better without, when the real, actual wants of to-day are crying aloud in the streets?

We need no alchemist's crucible to coin gold now-a-days. The question is, not how to make money, but how to save it. Almost any man or woman with a clear head, a quick wit, and industrious hands can earn money, but not one in twenty—we might almost say, not one in a hundred—knows how properly to

economize that money after it is earned. Here is an art that may be studied to some advantage. We have schools, conservatories, academies almost without limit—establishments that profess to turn out graduates by the dozen, full blown and ready for all the requirements of life. They are *not* ready, and they can not be ready until they have in some degree learned the uses and abuses of money.

As a nation, we are supposed to identify ourselves altogether too much with the "almighty dollar." Now that is the greatest mistake our sapient critics ever made. We only wish an Englishman's pound note could once "compare notes" with an American's five-dollar green-back. Twenty to one that pound note has been turned, and twisted, and meditated over, and calculated upon, and made to compass more purchases and include more items than three times its equivalent in Republican currency! In our anxiety to avoid the imputation of "stinginess," we rush blindly into the opposite extreme, and become reckless and extravagant.

Our money comes too easily. We have never been through the agonizing ordeal consequent on glutted markets and supply far exceeding the demand. Our "hard times" have been children's play compared to the famine-stricken want of other nations. May we never become any wiser—but, and if, we *should* pass through that fiery furnace of trial, we should emerge more sensible, far. It is a lesson that we can only learn in the bitter school kept by that sour old pedagogue, Experience!

Now, we don't pretend to dip into the deep sea-soundings of political economy. We are not "strong-minded;" we don't wear short hair, nor speak in a deep, gruff voice; and, moreover, we have a vague sort of idea that gray-haired statesmen who have devoted their life's study to the science, may know rather more than we do about it! But of one thing we are morally certain—that women have more to do with the practical workings of our financial system than they have any consciousness of.

Any one can earn—few can save. We must *all* learn to save. If a man works hard, whether with brain or muscles, to bring home money to his household, he has a right to expect that it will be properly expended and carefully economized. It is not enough that daily expenses should be met, and daily bread provided. Something should be laid aside for the great unreliable future—for the "rainy day" that comes to every home, sooner or later. When a man has worked a lifetime patiently and constantly, and finds out at the last that he has but just kept pace with time—that he stands no farther ahead in the world than he stood a quarter of a century ago—that he has no actual, positive result to show for the strength and time and persistent effort he has invested, who can blame him for being discouraged?

"But I am not extravagant," says the woman whose eyes may chance to fall upon these columns.

Are you not? What right have you to make the assertion? The fact that you own no cashmere shawls, no thread laces, no diamonds—that you do not buy *moire-antiques* at eighteen dollars a yard, nor imported china worth its weight in coined money, is nothing at all to the point. Extravagance has its degrees; it is like a great flight of stairs, and although few women may have reached the top, there are plenty half way up, and the second or third stairs is quite dangerous enough.

You are not extravagant? Look at your expense-book for the last twelve months; or, if you do not keep such a record, run over the list in your mind. How many articles have you purchased that were actually *necessary*—that you could by no possibility do without? and how many have you bought that were useless, save to gratify the passing impulse of the moment or the short-lived fashion of the day—mere wells of folly into which you dropped your money and saw it no more! Add up the price of these foolish investments, and imagine it nicely laid away in some savings bank, or turned into treasury bonds. Then ask yourself whether or not you have chosen the “wiser part.”

Look at a woman's “shopping-bag” after she comes home from a stroll through one of our tempting thoroughfares. “She didn't mean to buy a thing” when she went out—which, being translated into the vernacular, means that she did not want anything. But that ribbon was such a lovely shade, and those buttons were so cheap, and she found a remnant of nice lace—a “bargain”—lace is *always* useful in a family, you know—and she could not resist that delightful French cambric, and after all, shirtings might not be so cheap again, and Mr. Smith would need a new set of shirts next spring at the latest—and so the money melted out of her purse, she herself can scarcely tell how.

And yet if you told this woman she was not economical, she would look upon you as one demented. *She* not economical! Why, she is the very one who would bring dyspepsia into the family stomachs with second-rate butter for cooking, “because it is cheaper,” and pay her servants half price for work half done, and persuade her seamstress to strike the odd half dollar from her bill, “money comes so hard now-a-days,” and closes her ears against the plaint of poverty. “She really can not afford to give anything in charity, Mr. Smith's business is so dull, and her expenses for house-keeping are so numerous!”

That is the way *she* economizes. Do not believe in this warped version of the “golden rule!” The truest economy is the truest generosity. Of all our bread, that which we cast upon the waters is the only one that comes back to us!

Let no one think the art of economy below her study; on the contrary, it should enter into all her calculations and be a daily object. Economize in small things—the great ones are very apt to take care of themselves. Remem-

ber the old maxim, “what is wasted does nobody any good!” There is neither merit nor profit in scattering money profusely on all sides. The wealthiest people are those who look most closely to seemingly insignificant expenses and minor details. Poor people, too, often fancy they “can not afford to be economical!”

The hardest of all lessons to learn, albeit, the most necessary, for a woman brought up as women are now-a-days, is *how to save money!*

TRUE, AND UNTRUE MARRIAGES; OR, NOTES BY THE WAY.

BY A. A. G.

EAVES-DROPPING always deserves to have the stamp of disgrace set upon it, but every man—be he bachelor, or married man—has an undoubted right to hear what he can not help hearing, as, without curiosity, he goes quietly on his daily way. He has also an indisputable right to jot down what he hears, particularly when taking notes may be profitable to others.

The above will suffice, without anything further, to introduce a listener, and his “Notes By The Way.”

Note I. I am a man who owes all I have been, all I am, and all I ever shall be, to women. Many of them have been bright, particular stars in my otherwise cloudy firmament. Without them I should have stumbled, even at noonday, and I believe that to be united, in true marriage, to a true woman is the greatest blessing of a man's life. But as there are spots on the sun, so there are great defects in the sex, and one of the greatest is their lamentable ignorance of what constitutes true marriage, and this ignorance is a great obstacle to true marriage.

Note II. Walking, not long ago, behind two demoiselles with jaunty hats and bright blue and red scarfs and engaging manners, I overheard the following colloquy:

“There's one thing I'm determined I'll never be, and that's an *old maid*.”

“Neither will I,” was the answer. “I've always had a horror of being one, but I'm almost twenty-two years old, and I shall have to stir myself, or I shall be on the list of the *horrid creatures*.”

“There's half a dozen fellows I can have,” replied the first demoiselle, as she tossed back her long blue scarf over her shoulder. “I could bring any one of 'em to his knees just by holding out my hand to him.”

“Then why don't you do it? It seems to me you've lost many a *good chance to get married*.”

“Well, maybe I have; but, to tell the plain truth, I'm looking out for *money*, and every man who has been after me yet is poorer than ‘poverty's picked ghost.’ Now, my father is always *raving about heart and intellect*, and they are good enough in their place, I know; but if I can't have plenty of money to spend,

I'd about as lief as not stay I as am, although it would be a little mortifying to turn brown and be an old maid. The fact is, I want about a dozen pair of kid gloves a year, and everything else to match. Anything for me but scrimping and screwing and living on *love*, as some married people do.”

“I don't know that I care to marry *rich*,” said the young lady with the red scarf, “but I don't want one of these *pokey domestic* men who don't believe in any other joys than the joys of the *fireside*, and who always want their wives tied up to 'em. I believe in keeping young as long after marriage as possible, and going to parties, even if your husband does persist in staying at home, with his toes in the ashes.”

“Well, the truth of the matter is,” replied the fair maiden—for fair she was—with the blue scarf, “men are unreasonable creatures. They think that women were made on purpose for them, and just to be sticking-plasters, nothing more; and if a woman only could make up her mind to live single, it would be a *great* deal better for her—that is, if her father can support her in the style in which she wants to be supported.”

“A dilemma, with two girls in it,” answered red scarf. “We, neither of us, know what we want. Oh, do you know who *Mary Deming* is going to marry?”

“No, I don't.”

“Well, guess.”

“I'm sure I couldn't guess in an age. She don't belong to my circle, and I don't know much about her.”

“She isn't exactly in our set, to be sure, but then she's highly respectable. She belongs to one of the *first families*, and she *dresses beautifully*, too. Well, she's going to marry that soldier, Harry Doolittle; and that isn't the worst of it, you know. He's got a *cork leg*! But I suppose she's bound in honor to marry him, for she was engaged to him before he went into the army.”

“Engaged to *him*!” exclaimed red scarf. “She was engaged to a man with *two legs*; the *cork leg* wasn't in the bargain. I'd break the engagement quick, if I were in her place, but she won't do it. He has ‘served his country so splendidly,’ *Mary says*, ‘and is worthy of some one who is a great deal better than she is.’ You know she has *very romantic* ideas of marriage. Now, if I were she, I'd let his *country* pay him splendidly, if he *has* really done his country such splendid service. I wouldn't sacrifice *myself* to pay him for what he has done for his *country*; but then she *fell in love* just as thoroughly as any one falls down stairs, and I believe she'd have him if he had two cork legs and two cork arms.”

Pardon the listener, all you of the dear fair sex, if he gives you no more notes just now, but proffers a little advice. He is not a man of caustic spirits, and he delights rather in praise than in blame. But as the fair demoiselles in the red and blue scarfs, who so kindly furnished him with material for notes, are mirrors in which

many of you may see yourselves, forgive him if he ask you to look in and see yourselves reflected. Excuse also the liberty he takes in asking and answering the question: "What is a true marriage?" In other words, what constitutes a happy marriage, for a true marriage is a happy marriage, and a happy marriage is a true marriage.

"Similarity in tastes," answers one. Not always. You, young lady, may be very domestic and fond of staying at home, and the same being true of your liege lord, you decline the invitation to Mrs. B.'s large party, and stay at home together, to exchange hard words and thrusts, and prove that yours is not a true marriage. You may be strikingly alike in your fondness for the *last* word, and both may possess so much self-will as to be determined to have that last word at any cost. Similarity in tastes and similarity in marked characteristics will not by any means always make a true marriage.

We believe that *love* is the foundation-stone of the sacred institution of marriage. We believe that "*falling in love*," much as it has been ridiculed by sages, and made the theme of wild romances, is an essential pre-requisite to a true marriage, and that love alone makes that harmony without which marriage is a great failure. "*Falling in love*," said a writer, "belongs to the ignorance and shallowness of *sixteen*. Lads and lasses, knowing nothing of real life, breathe out their love on rose-colored paper, and all their notions of marriage are colored like their paper. They sigh and almost die for each other, and really believe they were made on purpose for each other. The most important question of all: What shall we live on? occupies an inferior place among other questions, and they *fall in love* when they had better keep out of it.

Now, as a roof over the head, and food and clothes for the body are, to say the least, very convenient, proper thought should be given to them; but "*falling in love*" is just as indispensable to a true and happy marriage as a shelter and food and clothes are to the body. And you, young lady in the jaunty hat and blue scarf, will certainly fail of the only marriage—a true marriage—that can make a woman happy, if, instead of falling in love, you keep your eye out for some prosperous business man who will spare you the pain and the plague of economy, and give you what you say you must have—"about a dozen pair of kid gloves a year, and everything else to match."

Money is no objection to a man, provided other things are equal; but if you are "looking for money," as you say you are, I fear you will get both money and misery, and you may get more of the latter than of the former. I was a kind, compassionate listener to *your* conversation, my dear demoiselle, and should be only too happy could I enlighten your ignorance and raise your ambition, and lead you to aspire after a true and happy marriage, but I am afraid I shall fail; for there is a very poor prospect

indeed of your falling in love, so long as you look not at what men *are*, but at what they *have to give you*. You seem to seek rather a *marriage de condescendance* (marriage of convenience) than the true marriage of the heart. Being supported in just that style which so much pleases you, and having a house with all the modern improvements, and a wardrobe with all its modern improvements, and modern *expenses*, too, would be so delightful—yes, and so much better than "scrimping and screwing and living on *love*, as some married people do."

Ah, my fair friend, money is a very useful article; but if you marry with the idea of not "*living on love*," you will live a very wretched life. You may find out what you *now* do not seem to suspect—that you have a heart, and that even "a dozen pair of kid gloves a year, and everything to match," will not satisfy it. And then you will repent at your leisure and spend your years in pouring out the lamentation: "What a fool I was to marry for money, and not for love!" It is to be hoped that you will be wise in time, but the obstacles that prevent your true marriage with any man are many and great. The eye so firmly fixed on money will not easily look at anything else.

Then, too, there is another obstacle, and a serious one it is. There are "so many after you." Yes, "there are half a dozen fellows" all waiting for you, and you will, I fear, take up with one of them without waiting to fall in love.

And you, too, my dear demoiselle with the red scarf, have obstacles in your way. You can not fall thoroughly, deeply in love while you think and speak so lightly of "the joys of the *fireside*," and of "*pokee domestic men*," and of those noble men who have given their country a leg of *flesh and blood*, and taken a *cock* one in exchange.

And all you fair, not yet married, but confidently expecting to be, "straight is the gate and narrow is the way" that leads to a true marriage. Selfish motives that so easily obtain supreme control in the heart, lead to ill-assorted, wretched marriages. To marry for money, to marry for position, to marry that you may not "turn brown and be an old maid," is to marry in the spirit of selfishness, ruinous selfishness, and not for love.

"Hasn't every woman a right to look out for herself?" indignantly asks one of the fair. Yes; but when you begin to talk about looking out for yourself, you venture on dangerous ground. You should remember that your married life may call you to self-sacrifice, not to self-indulgence. The constantly turning wheel of fortune may bring poverty and sickness, and if you have not love enough for a man to go through fire and flood for his sake, you had better never marry him. If you marry for anything but love, you marry for what may perish in a night. Now, do not talk selfishly or frivolously about that union which, if it be a real union of hearts, is of God, for "love is of God," and destined, for aught you know, to run parallel with eternity. There are two lines, often sung, and said to be sacred, but we think they are not:

"There is no union here of hearts—
That finds not here an end."

No, a true union of hearts, not even death can end, and may your marriage, my fair friend, be a true union of hearts, a true marriage—such as will be yours not only through life here, but in the life beyond, where souls rejoice forever in a perfect union.

HOW TO GET A HOME.

OF land, there are in the United States millions on millions of acres, rich as nature can make it, ready for the plow, which may be had for the asking and the cost of surveying. They lie in Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, Dakota, Minnesota, New Mexico, California, Oregon, Utah, Colorado, Nevada, Montana, Washington—not to mention vast tracts of unbroken forest and prairie in many of the older States—Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, Tennessee, Arkansas, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, Louisiana, and others. In all these States there are thousands of acres of excellent lands suited to growing various fruits, and any crops adapted to the latitudes in which they lie. When the facts concerning these lands—their cheapness, accessibility to market, healthfulness of climate, etc.—become known in the old country, immigration to the new must rapidly increase. The poor working-man can not even hope to better his condition in *that* country. He may live on from hand to mouth, with family increasing, till he becomes too poor to get away, and hence must remain poor, if not a pauper, in the land of his birth.

WHO OWNS ALL THE LAND IN ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND?—Mr. John Bright, in a late speech delivered at Glasgow, Scotland, put the following questions: "Are you aware of the fact, that one half of the land of England is in the possession of fewer than one hundred and fifty men? Are you aware of the fact, that one-half of the land of Scotland is in the possession of not more than ten or twelve men?" [Americans, think of that!]

A few persons called princes, dukes, lords, nobles, etc., own nearly all the land, and will not sell an inch on any condition. Everybody who occupies any portion thereof must pay rent to them. They get the cream, while others get only skimmed milk. Is there no cause for complaint on the part of those who do *all* the work in that country, and can not, by any possibility, get houses of their own? In America, whoever will may own his own home. He may buy from one acre to a hundred or more, at any price, from a few shillings to a few dollars, and improve it as he pleases.

It is the habit of Roman Catholics to keep together as much as possible, and hence they remain—many of them in subordinate positions—in the larger cities. Would they colonize and go to the country, buy lands and occupy them, they would at once greatly benefit themselves and the country of their adoption.

Protestants, on the other hand, from England, Scotland, Germany, Sweden, Norway, etc., push into the country, take up lands, and plant themselves. They soon become wealthy farmers, and begin to cultivate the arts as well as the soil. Soon, they enjoy all the refinements of older society. It is the same with enterprising Americans. Those of the East go West and build up cities, get rich, and enjoy the luxuries of life. To landless, houseless Europeans we say, look to America. Here you will find many of your own countrymen, or the descendants of your own forefathers. Buy lands, build houses, plant fruit trees, and "make yourselves perfectly at home."

E. B. FAIRFIELD.

I HAVE but a slight acquaintance with President—sometimes called Governor—Fairfield. He is a graduate of Oberlin College—a Free Baptist preacher, and President of Hillsdale College. He has been a member of the Michigan State Senate, and Lieutenant-Governor of the State, and is distinguished somewhat as a lyceum lecturer and eloquent preacher. As a political stump speaker he has few equals, and during a political campaign his services are in great demand. His readiness of utterance seems now and then to stand in the way of careful preparation, and like many other natural speakers he sometimes leaves to impulse that which should be toned and tempered with reflection. Although he is an untiring student, passionately fond of the beautiful in art and science, and a great lover of belles-lettres, he does not always bring beaten oil into the sanctuary, nor his best thoughts into the lyceum. Being one of the master spirits of the denomination to which he belongs, he has been petted and praised so much that he has become careless, and does not always put his entire strength into the efforts which he makes in public. It is charged against him that he is jealous of rivals and impatient of criticism, and that he is not disposed to yield to his equals that homage he expects from them. Notwithstanding these failures he is an able man—one of the ablest men of the State. He stands abreast with the noted men of learning and eloquence, and for impassioned oratory he has few equals in Michigan or elsewhere. When he enters heartily upon his theme, his mind and heart and body speak at once. His voice and face and gesture utter the thought and emotion that stir his nature. At such times the pulse of his soul becomes a tidal flow in the breasts of his auditors. His eyes speak before his lips can coin the sentiment into words; his hands assist in shaping the impression he makes upon the masses. He is Rufus Choate seen from a new stand-point, and toned down to a more moderate style of speech. If he has less fire than the Massachusetts man, he has more sympathy with the public. He is a capital type of the Western speaker, and lyceums of the East can not do better than secure his services. He is about forty-five years of age, of average size and height; has an earnest, thoughtful face, full forehead, and eyes that kindle in conversation. He has not what may be termed a literary look—he resembles rather a well-to-do farmer in his Sunday suit. He has a brilliant future before him, and will probably distinguish himself more and more in the world of politics and of letters.

The following extracts from an address delivered before the Amphictyon Society of Hillsdale College afford good examples of Mr. Fairfield's style of oratory:

"I have wondered that when Shakspeare put into the mouth of Hamlet that almost inspired utterance: 'What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in



PORTRAIT OF E. B. FAIRFIELD.

faculties! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a God!"—I have wondered that in this sublime, though fragmentary outline of man's exalted being there had been no more particular mention of that other of the crowning gifts of God to man—the gift of speech—the Divine expression of breathing thoughts in burning words. But he has made his hero illustrate that, and perhaps he deemed that sufficient, leaving it somewhat as the Washington letter-writer who undertook some years since the description of the person of Henry Clay; after going through with his other striking features, he added: 'As for his mouth, that can speak for itself.'

"The cultivation of eloquence has always been, and will always continue to be, in every civilized society, and the more so as civilization advances, a chief end and aim of education. We are very far, therefore, from subscribing to that remark of the ingenious and acute author of Lacon, in which he says: 'Oratory is the huffing and blustering spoiled child of a semi-barbarous age. The press is the foe of rhetoric, but the friend of reason; and the art of declamation has been sinking in value from the moment that speakers were foolish enough to publish, and hearers wise enough to read.' Mere declamation—a fictitious oratory all mere gibberish, balderdash, rhodomontade, wish-wash—that bombastic, inflated, frothy style which is sometimes known as *hyfalutin*, and which consists of 'great swelling words of vanity'—that style of oratory is destined to pass away before the light of general intelligence, as the moving fog that gathers from the fen passes away before the sun.

"But a high-sounding grandiloquence, or a pompous magniloquence, is at an infinite remove from true eloquence. The mire which gathers upon a coach-wheel is no essential part of the vehicle. Whoever comes with that fustian stuff, brings the incense of Baal to the altar of Jehovah, and no heavenly fire shall ignite the unhallowed offering, albeit it may consume instead the sacrilegious offerer.

"Words without thoughts never to Heaven go," exclaimed the king in Hamlet, when he strove in vain to pray; and it is just as true of men as of God, that words *merely* meet no response—only such as are loaded with thoughts. All else is firing blank cartridges.

"Words," says Hobbes, 'are the counters of wise men, but the money of fools'—a most suggestive comparison. A banker may have a

counter, and be very poor; so let no speaker imagine that he is rich because he has 'words—only words.' 'Literature hath her quacks,' says Lacon, 'no less than medicine, and they are divided into two classes: those who have erudition without genius, and those who have volubility without depth; we shall get second-hand sense from the one, and *original nonsense* from the other.' College faculties generally, I fear, encounter much of this *originality*!

"Besides, plain, earnest words not only do the most execution when spoken first, but they are the best remembered afterward. For example, in one of John Randolph's splendid speeches in the Senate of the United States (and he sometimes made such), he paused, and fixing his eyes on the presiding officer, exclaimed: 'Mr. President, I have discovered the philosopher's stone—it consists in these four plain English monosyllables, PAY AS YOU GO!' These words have been by far the best remembered and the most quoted of any which that splendid speech contained. THE SPEECHES AND THE BOOKS THAT CAN NOT WELL BE SHORTENED, ARE THOSE THAT ARE DESTINED TO LIVE.

"Akin to condensation is *brevity*. Sometimes a speech of six days, such as that of Burke in his impeachment of Warren Hastings, may be not only endurable, but tremendously powerful, and increasing in interest and intensity from beginning to end. But ordinarily, and especially in these times of lightning expresses and magnetic telegraphs, a speech of even four hours demands for its apology and even for its patient endurance a most remarkable occasion and most transcendent abilities.

"Eloquence is a sort of majesty—a species of kingly power; and men acknowledge the mastery of no one who has not in his nature a *strong element of self-assertion*. A born king is acknowledged, but none other. A strong man went to the grave a while ago whose chief element of power over men as a popular orator was his imperial positiveness of character. The very authority, and even audacity, with which he asserted a thing, made half the world believe it true.

"Closely allied to this is another essential constituent element of an impressive speaker, *strength of feeling*. 'Si me vis flere, primum tibi dolendum est,' wrote the Roman poet many centuries ago. This is sometimes translated: 'If you wish me to weep, you must first weep yourself.' But it will be observed that it is stronger than that: 'If you wish me to weep, you must first *wail* yourself.' If you wish me to feel a little, you must first feel *deeply* yourself.

"It may safely be asserted that no orator ever lived who was deficient in this respect. A stoic might possibly be a philosopher, after a fashion, and within narrow limits, but he could never be an orator. His philosophy even must never traverse the department of the sensibility, unless he have such a department in his own nature. The volcanic fire which moves others must be kindled in the soul of him who speaks."

A glance at Mr. Fairfield's portrait shows strong firmness. The compressed lips seem to be accustomed to curt remarks, and to emphasis. His word would be law; not to be gained or repealed. Large Combativeness and Conscientiousness, a clear intellect, with a touch of censoriousness, may be found in this very strong character. Benevolence is evidently large, but the sweet and the tart are so mixed, that they may not be easily separated. His more natural sphere is in law and legislation. He possesses, in a marked degree, ability to discipline and govern others.

ON THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES.

BY JOHN NEAL.

Most people of education, no matter how acquired, have a desire to understand at least one more language than that which they have inherited from their fathers; many for business purposes, and others for pleasure. To the professional man, to the man of the world, to the finished gentleman, as well as to the student or scholar, an acquaintance with French, at least, seems to be an indispensable accomplishment—a necessity, indeed; and not an acquaintance with French dictionaries and grammars and literature only, but a *speaking* acquaintance with the language itself. And this necessity, acknowledged by men of high breeding, from the days of Chesterfield, is becoming more and more evident with every generation.

With languages, too, as with everything else, the more you do, the more you may. One acquisition leads to another, until you find it easier to learn two languages a year, than it was at the beginning to learn one in three, four, or five years—to say nothing of a lifetime, passed in the study of Latin and Greek, only to be forgotten, if the study be intermitted for a few years. But he who has mastered one language is quite sure to venture upon another, if he can afford it, for although "one tongue may be enough for a woman," in the judgment of such learned Thebans as John Milton, it is never enough for a full-grown man, with something to do in this world. Having once acquired a relish for the study, "the appetite doth grow with what it feeds on."

THE TEACHERS.

But the acquisition is costly. Time and money can not always be spared. When business is good, the business man can not spare the time; and when it is bad, he can not spare the money. And so, sometimes, will the man of pleasure—and so always will the poor scholar. And then, too, after you have engaged a master, every way qualified, and wholly unexceptionable, you are obliged to fix upon certain hours, and you are not always in the best of humors, nor is he—always punctual. What then is to be done?

Let me give a little of my own experience. I have learnt many languages *without a master*; without a *living* master, I should say; and yet I have always had the best of masters, and masters who were always in good humor, always ready *when I was*, and always patient with my backwardness or stupidity, and willing to repeat a lesson, as long as I might wish, and as often, without losing their temper. And who were these masters?—the best writers of the language I wanted to be acquainted with. How much better than the itinerant language-masters from France and Spain and Italy and Germany, who leave other callings, that of the dancing master, the confectioner, or the fencing master—or perhaps that of a man milliner, to teach us the language of their country. How well qualified the majority of

such persons are for such business, may be guessed at, by asking how large a proportion of our retail shopkeepers, attorneys-at-law, loafers, and wandering adventurers, the drift of our larger cities, who have been caught in the eddies of business, or pleasure, would be qualified to teach their mother tongue over sea, even though, like poor Moses in the Vicar of Wakefield, they should happen to find out, before it was too late, that, to teach a Dutchman English, one ought to know something of Dutch.

COMMON ERRORS.

Observe how few of our people, even among the well-educated men of business and professional men, speak our language with scrupulous precision; and how few there are—how very few—who are not in the constant habit of mis-pronouncing familiar words, and violating the best established principles of grammar; saying for example, "*It was me*"—"between you and I"—"*If anybody asks for me, tell them I shall be back*," etc.; "*was you there?*" and "*who did you see?*" or pronun-ciation, instead of pronunhiation, and *oft-en*, for often, while they would never think of saying off-ical, but offishal, nor *soft-en*, but soffen, according to the genius of our language. How often you will find men of high reputation saying, and not only saying, but writing, "*a historical*" for *an* historical, "*a historian*" for *an* historian (Bancroft and Motley do this), "*such an one*" for *such-a-one*; being, it would seem, ignorant of that law, whereby, of the accent before, the initial aspirate be transferred, the article *a* becomes *an*, as a hero *an* heroic, a history *an* historian, as well as of that other law, whereby the article *a* becomes a consonant by relation, with the power of *w*, as in "*such-a-one*." And yet, with the floating population of other countries, they not being so well educated as our people are, errors of speech and of pronunciation, provincialisms, patois and argot (cant or slang) are likely to be more abundant and more contagious. In learning a new language, if we take writers of established reputation, and make use of them, as hereinafter mentioned, we avoid all this, and have the best of teachers for little or nothing, instead of being obliged to pay from one to two or three dollars a lesson—teachers who are always punctual, always good-tempered, and always ready when we are.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

And now for my own experience. At the age of twenty-four, I knew not one word of any other language than that which I had inherited. Having just failed in business, with little or nothing to do, beyond what I could manage with my pen, it occurred to me that I might employ my time to advantage in learning to *parlez-vous*. From early boyhood, in consequence of the mortification I felt, on hearing one of my schoolmates talk French—a phrase or two at most—which I affected to undervalue, as the Fox did the grapes, when my poor mother was too poor to gratify me, I had always a longing for what seemed to me

the forbidden fruit, and was determined to learn, at least, that one language, if I ever had a chance.

Now it happened that my partner in business—"John Pierpont, Esquire"—was a pretty good French scholar. He had studied the grammar faithfully, translated at sight, and actually wrote French verses with much readiness, though he was never able to talk the language decently. His "accent," as the French call it, was deplorable from the first, and it grew worse and worse, to the very last. And yet, he did not lack ear, and the organs of speech with him were always uncommonly flexible. What then was the trouble? I believe now, though I did not know it then, that being poor and proud, he began to study the language by himself, before he had mastered the pronunciation by the help of a native teacher—a fatal error, with solitary and self-confident men, who having a little acquaintance with the dead languages, begin to study living languages, by the help of grammars and dictionaries, before they have had their organs—the ear and the tongue—exercised by a living teacher. The fact is, that no man ever reads, or tries to read, even a tablet in a strange language, without pronouncing the words to himself—as for example, the inscription upon the Rosetta stone, or that of the handwriting at Belshazzar's Feast, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin," or that lamentable cry, recorded in our Scripture, "Eli, Eli, lami sabacthani!" and if he continues the study of a language by himself, that pronunciation will soon be fixed for life.

Having made up my mind to face the music, I broached the subject in a straightforward, business-like way to Mr. Pierpont, and asked him to help me. "Not for the world!" he replied, without giving a reason. Perhaps he distrusted himself—perhaps me; for at the time I had never shown either aptitude or inclination for study; and had revealed little or nothing of that unconquerable resolution, which within a few years after, when my self-esteem and love of approbation supplied the want of obstinacy, came to be regarded, by all who knew me, as a leading characteristic. He was in labor just then with the "Airs of Palestine," and I was beginning to exercise myself in the heavy armor, which, after a while, I flung aside, as the young Spartans did theirs, when they combed out their locks, and prepared for battle.

MY FIRST FRENCH TUTOR.

Not long after this, when I had begun a course of reading, which, by little and little, came to sixteen hours a day at last, remembering that Milo began carrying the bull when he was a calf, a friend, who knew something of my purpose, and had been told by Mr. Pierpont that I never should have patience for the work—which settled the question with me at once and forever—informed me of a worthy man, very poor, who had been a tutor in Judge Marshall's family, and was now trying to obtain a few private scholars to keep him out of

the workhouse. I engaged with him at once, and for a few months took private lessons, with so little advantage to myself, that although I studied the grammar and the dictionary, and *Télémaque*, and translated and re-translated Paul and Virginia, without his knowledge, for pastime, he lost all patience with me; and one day, when I told him that I should never undertake to learn whole pages by heart—nor even the verbs—he came down upon me with—“Maister Nee-al! dere iss long time dat you have study zee lang-age, boat, you shall nevair speak him—no, nevair—zo you shall onderstand him, and read him, pitty vell.”

This was a little too much. If you will undertake to teach me, my excellent friend, in my own way, said I, I will promise to speak better French than you do in six months. And well I might, for Mons. Victor Le Roy was from Normandy, as I learnt there in after years, and being one of the best Latin scholars of the day, had acquired a habit of talking three languages at once—French, Latin, and a barbarous English, acquired in Judge Marshall's family, according to his belief—in such a way as to be well-nigh unintelligible. I proceeded to explain my views; but he only shook his head, with tears in his eyes; when I urged that he might as well give *Paradise Lost* to a Frenchman, desirous of learning our language, as *Télémaque* to me; for if I should commit the whole to memory, of what use would it be to me in the business of life? I should not be able to inquire the way, or to ask for a cup of cold water in that language. No, no—and that, as for learning to spell *a b ab*, as little children do, or to sound the letters of the alphabet by themselves, or count, as he wanted me to do—that was wholly out of the question.

I wanted to read at once, and to talk a little every day—and if he would indulge me, how could I keep getting the sound of the letters, and learning to count, as I had learnt my mother tongue? Instead of *Corneille* and *Racine* and *Voltaire* and the classics, I wanted dialogues and phrases, and newspapers and farces—in short, anything and everything where the language that men *talked* might be found. Nothing else would satisfy me. He heard me with patience—and we parted forever, except that he afterwards gave me the great case of *Chirac* to manage, as it appears in *Wheaton's Reports*, and with it, my first retainer at law, though it was many a long year before it was decided.

The more I considered the subject, the more satisfied I was, that what I called the *natural way* was to be followed. Soon after this, I met with a young man who had obtained a pretty good knowledge of the Spanish needed in business, by the help of Duffie's “*Nature Displayed*,” in a single voyage; a work, by the way, which deserves to be regarded as the original germ of what now, on its consummate fullness of adaptation, is called the system of Ollendorff; with the improvements of Signor Forresti in Italian and of Señors Velazquez and Simone in Spanish; but unfortu-

nately for the poor fellow, he had begun studying by himself, and of course reading to himself and pronouncing the words he met with, in his own way, before he had thought of reading with a native Castilian. The consequence was, that, although he succeeded in writing the language well enough for ordinary business purposes, he was never able to talk it, nor to understand it, when spoken—so unlike the truth were his ideas of the pronunciation.

Being satisfied upon this and two or three other points, I engaged a master in French, and after reading with him for a few weeks, turned him adrift—having no further occasion for his services, till I should be far enough advanced to speak the language. Having mastered French, I undertook Spanish, Italian, and German, all of which I studied in my own way, together with Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Saxon, all of which I had to manage through interlinear translations, according to the method of Locke, and of Roger Ascham with Queen Elizabeth, not being able to find *live* talkers in the dead languages.

QUACKERY IN TEACHING.

Meanwhile a man had appeared in Baltimore who undertook to teach the French language in forty-eight lessons. His name was Hamilton, and he was the author of what was called the Hamiltonian System. People went half mad about him, and many of the middle-aged, and some of the grey-headed members of the Baltimore bar—William Gwynn and General Winder among the rest—were perfectly convinced, before they had got through with the first twelve lessons, that they were in a fair way of overtaking the best French scholar of their day; but long before they had finished the course, they began to have their misgivings, and then to drop off one by one—averring as they did so, that the fault was not in the teacher, nor in the system—no indeed, but in themselves! And yet, the method of Hamilton, for it was no system, and ought never to have been called a system, was excellent up to a certain point. Beyond that point, however, it was impudent quackery—and insolent pretension.

His plan was to take the first chapter of *Genesis* “an commencement,” or one of the Gospels in French; and choosing a portion with which all his pupils had been familiar from their childhood, either at home, or at church, and read over a few lines, very slowly and distinctly, followed by the class, word by word. Then he gave a liberal translation of the passage; repeating it two or three times; and then the pupils were required to read, each for himself, and to render the passage, word for word, into English. This he did in public, with eminent success, and strangers wholly unacquainted with the language would learn to translate and retranslate half a dozen lines or so at a single sitting, to the unspeakable amazement of outsiders. For a time, the New Testament in French was to be found in the pockets of people who had never read it in English; and so great was the diligence of some, for the first month, that people began to

talk about *Racine* and *Rousseau* and *La Harpe*, as if they already understood the language; after awhile their diligence began to relax, and when they found that their familiarity with a part of *St. Matthew* did not help them much in reading *St. Pierre*, or *Chateaubriand*, or *Voltaire*, their ardor cooled off, and they found that, instead of acquiring the French language in forty-eight lessons, so as to read, write, and speak it with fluency and correctness, they were fast losing all confidence in themselves; having acquired such a distaste for the language, that, before six months were over, it was hardly safe to mention the subject in their presence, or to ask what had become of the “professor.”

But I availed myself of what I believed to be good in the system, and have persisted from that day to this in learning whatever language I took a fancy to, whenever I could find a native teacher to give me the pronunciation, and to talk with me after I had made myself acquainted with the language. Cicero learnt Greek in his old age, and, if I do not mistake, Dr. Samuel Johnson studied German after he had passed the age of three score and ten. What should prevent others from doing the same, and thereby avoiding one at least of the dangers that beset old age—that of rusting out?

MY OWN SYSTEM.

And now for the course I should recommend alike to the poor and the rich. In the first place, it may be well to bear in mind that all beginners are children, and are to be treated as children, whatever may be their age. They are not to be reasoned with, any more in languages than in orthography. They are to take upon trust whatever the teacher may say. The less they employ of reasoning power the better. What adult would ever be able to learn the orthography or pronunciation of our language, for example—as a child learns both—in a spirit of criticism? Would a full-grown man ever be able to remember the difference between the pronunciation of *hough*, *rough*, *slough*, and *though*, if his faith had not been exercised in his childhood? or the orthography of *phthisic*, or *drachm*, or *hostelry*?

Next—in languages, as in all other studies, only one thing at a time should be attempted—first, pronunciation, then translating, then retranslating, then writing from dictation, then talking; first the eye and then the ear, and then the tongue must be trained separately at first, and then altogether, as in reading after the teacher.

Let the learner begin with choosing for himself the language he desires to be acquainted with. Shall it be French, Spanish, Portuguese, or Italian? German, Dutch, Swedish, or Danish? If wholly indifferent, or if he would learn both Spanish and French for business purposes, let him begin with Spanish; or French and Italian, as accomplishments, let him begin with Italian. The idiom and construction of all three, Spanish, French, and Italian, being so much alike, and the pronunciation of Spanish and Italian being so easy, that a child may

learn it in a few hours, while that of the French may require months, half the work is over in learning French, when you have already got familiar with the construction, by learning either Spanish or Italian.

Having made choice of a language—the Spanish for example—let him engage a native who understands English and speaks the pure Castilian, get a copy of Ollendorff, with the key, and read a dozen or twenty pages of the dialogues and phrases, after the teacher, without giving the least attention to their meaning, and then a dozen of the conjugations, following the intonation and accent of the teacher as nearly as he can. At the end of three lessons of one hour each, he will have as good an idea of the best Spanish pronunciation as he can ever hope for till he understands the language. But he must never try very hard in any case. I remember having made my throat sore in sounding the *x* in Mexico, the *j* in reloj (watch), the *g* in muger, under the direction of Señor Mariano Cubi y Soler, author of Cubis grammar, when, if I had been told that precisely the same sound is heard in alcohol, I should have found no difficulty. And so with most languages—the most difficult sounds are met with in English.

Let him now dismiss the teacher for a while, get one of the comedies of Moratin, or, "La Conquista de Mexico," by Solis, or Voltaire's "Las Costumbres," or any other prose work of merit, with an interlinear translation, and read a few pages every day, or every other day, alternating with Ollendorff, *by himself*, that is, without help.

Next, let him write out at length the verbs *Haber* and *Tener*, and *Estar* and *Ser*, the two forms of *to have* and *to be*, with the pronouns, though the pronouns are seldom used in speech; and then re-write them, without the pronouns, from recollection; going over them, without looking into the grammar, again and again, till he has made himself somewhat familiar with the general type.

Next, let him read over some of the regular and irregular verbs, so as to get a general idea of the laws that govern both—without learning any by heart, and he will soon find the anomalies and exceptions diminishing, and by their inherent self-arranging power crystallizing into shape, and fastening on his memory.

Next, let him take Ollendorff, and after reading over the first lesson carefully and *aloud*, pronouncing every word distinctly, let him translate the Spanish phrases into English, *word for word*, and as literally as possible, and writing them distinctly on alternate lines of ruled paper, leaving blank lines between, without looking at the key; then, having completed the translation, let him compare it with the key, filling the blanks, and supplying the omissions, word for word; the next day, let him take the second, and the next, the third, going on regularly, and laying aside the manuscript, until he has reached the tenth lesson; after which let him begin with the first of his translations into English and return it into Spanish,

without opening the key, until he has finished—leaving blanks for the words he can not supply, the first time in going over the lesson, and correcting and supplying by the key: and so with the subsequent lessons.

After a few weeks, he will be astonished at the facility with which he renders, not only Spanish into English, but English into Spanish without looking at the vocabulary or key. Short exercises every day are better than longer exercises, with intervals of sluggishness and forgetfulness; as O'Meara found out, when he was teaching Napoleon English, on their way to St. Helena, and lost his scholar for not knowing it, or not remembering it in season.

Having learned to translate by the *eye*, let the pupil now try his hand at translating by *ear*. To this end, let him find somebody who is learning in the same way; or, if such a person is not to be found, let him take a little brother, or an obliging sister, and after teaching her the pronunciation without regard to the meaning—let her read over the lesson to him in Spanish, while he renders it in English *on paper*—leaving blanks in the lines for such words as he can not recall, and blank lines between for corrections. Having continued this for a month or so, let him return these exercises into Spanish, correcting them by the key, and reading his Moratin or Voltaire (*Las Costumbres*) at intervals, and always aloud. This, by the way, must not be done with French or German, the pronunciation being so much more difficult, until after months of practice in reading with somebody who has a pure accent.

Having translated and retranslated long enough to be acquainted with the general structure of the language, let him now recall his master, and read with him for a few days in some pleasant, simple, sprightly book—not in Don Quixote, however—the teacher translating, word for word, as literally as possible, and the scholar following him.

And now let him get up a class, if he can, of people who have some little acquaintance with the language, no matter how obtained, if the pronunciation be good, and take up Ollendorff with them—each in turn reading the Spanish, and each in turn translating that Spanish by *ear*, into English; and then, each in turn, the English into Spanish, so that the ear is trained, as in conversation with different persons of both sexes, and of different ages, and of course with different styles and voices.

CONVERSATIONAL PRACTICE.

And last of all—that he may understand what is meant by learning Spanish, or Italian, *without a master*, having been patient, regular, and persevering, let him recall the master, and begin to talk Spanish with him, at occasional half hours, for practice. But how? What shall he talk about? Everybody knows how hard it is to write a letter, or to make a speech, when you have nothing to say. But conversation, with nothing to say, is yet harder. There are usually two difficulties in the way, which very few have power to overcome until they go abroad, and are obliged to talk, or

starve; 1st. The pupil does not know what he wants to say: and 2d. The master himself, not knowing what the pupil wants to say, can not help him, without much circumlocution, much delay, and a great waste of English words. Nevertheless, there is a way, and a capital way, which most professors overlook. Let the pupil take up any simple book written in the language of the streets, or a newspaper, in English, and seating himself by the side of his teacher, let him try to render the English into Spanish, not word for word, but in the plainest and simplest language he can, to be understood, the master helping him, not by supplying the most beautiful words, or equivalent phrases, in a higher style, but such words only and such phrases as are in common use and may be easily understood. In this way, he is learning to talk Spanish, without knowing it, and as he already reads and writes it, and begins to understand it, when spoken, his progress will be in a geometrical ratio. With the printed page before him, the master knows just what the scholar wants to say, and no time is lost. These exercises may be greatly varied—and in this way, and in this way alone, may a *living* language be learnt "*without a master*." With the *dead* languages a somewhat different and shorter course may be followed.

REPUDIATION.—*Bad men*, men without moral principle; men who would borrow your money and then refuse to pay it; or your coat, or your horse, and then deny the like favor; ungrateful men, very mean men, men with bad heads and worse spirits; low-lived gamblers, pot-house politicians, and thoroughly corrupt men may be heard slyly whispering, *Repudiation*. But the moral sense of all *honest* men will instantly frown down any such wickedness. Whatever person, or whatever party projects such a scheme, is unworthy the name of American and should have no part in the management of our public concerns. No; the NATION will never repudiate its debts, whatever individuals of satanic tendencies may propose. No honest man, or honorable man, no good citizen, no one worthy of any trust will assent to the repudiation of a just debt. We repeat, the man who even whispers such a thing, is bad at heart. He is unworthy of trust. Beware of him!

CHIROGRAPHIC.—Authors who take no pains to write legibly for the papers, and not the printers, are responsible for most of the mistakes that occur in rendering hieroglyphics into print. The following was printed according to copy:

"Alone toss'd rolls a tear by Moses,
A many things we mourn by day;
Tom and the shouting Indian chorus,
And see the their limbs at play."

The author subsequently gave the correct rendering in a more legible hand, as follows:

"I love to stroll at early morn
Among the new-mown hay;
To mark the sprouting Indian corn,
And see the lambs at play."



PORTRAIT OF FERDINAND MAXIMILIAN JOSEPH.

MAXIMILIAN AND JUAREZ.**MAXIMILIAN.**

A SMOOTH, round Teuton. There is a fair show of brains, but more of ambition. Born to be petted, courted, and adored, we have no doubt he likes it. His Approbativeness and Self-Esteem seem to be large, especially the former. There is evidently fair ability, but no great power. While he would delight to be in the lead, to have the honors and wear the trappings of royalty, he would be subject to wiser or stronger minds. There is more imitation than originality, more taste than force, more pride than pluck. Such an organization is adapted to the lap of luxury rather than to a pioneer life of the American, and he would be as much out of his right sphere ruling or attempting to rule Mexicans as an American would by playing the sycophant to the Emperor of France. Judged by the style of wearing his beard, of parting his hair, and other externals, he is what would pass in London for a snob or a swell. But in his own country he would no doubt pass for a nice young man; and judged on his merits he is very much like other folks who like to rule.

In assuming to manage Mexicans he evidently mistook his calling, and would better grace the opera, the studio, or the museum. Rigged up in regimentals, with straps and spangles, and put on a horse with a high head and tail, he would, no doubt, astonish little boys. But both Mexicans and Americans would look on the show with a feeling something like contempt. The fact is, the man was not adapted to the work his master set him to do, and of course he failed. The good points of our subject are named in the following biographical sketch, which seems an impartial view.

Ferdinand Maximilian Joseph, Archduke of Austria, late nominal Emperor of Mexico, was born at Schonbrunn on the 6th of July, 1832. His father was Francis Charles Joseph, Archduke of Austria, and his mother Sophie Dorothea, daughter of Maximilian I., King of Bavaria. Upon the abdication of Ferdinand, Emperor of Austria, the Archduke renounced his claim to the succession in favor of his eldest son, the present Emperor, the brother of the subject of this sketch. The abdicating Emperor, in giving up his throne, unequally divided his power, and gave an advantage to the Archduke Maximilian, to the detriment of his elder brother.

This was the origin of constant, and at times very warm differences which arose between the two brothers.

Maximilian received his education at Vienna. At an early age he entered the navy of the empire, where he saw considerable service at sea. At the age of twenty-two he was placed at the head of what is termed by courtesy the Austrian marine, and with a squadron visited the coasts of Syria and Palestine. He went also to the Red Sea, and took great interest in the works of the Suez Canal, which were then just begun. In 1856 he paid a visit to Paris, and spent a fortnight at St. Cloud with Louis Napoleon. The year following he was appointed Viceroy of Lombardy and Venice, and in the exercise of the powers attached to the position soon made himself quite a favorite among the Italians. This popularity was, however, displeasing to Francis Joseph, and in 1859 he was removed.

Maximilian remained idle after his removal from the governorship of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom until 1863, when Napoleon decided upon making a cat paw of him in Mexico. The crown of Mexico was offered to him by Napoleon in August, 1863, and the diplomats were put to work to arrange for his acceptance and occupancy of the throne. Nearly a year was occupied in this work, and it was not until the 10th of April, 1864, that he formally accepted the proffered crown. By the terms of the acceptance he made a conditional renunciation of the right of eventual succession to the throne of Austria, and an unconditional renunciation of his share of the family estates, amounting to 20,000,000 florins. The condition reserved in the renunciation of the right to the succession was, that such renunciation might be revoked should Maximilian, finding his foothold in Mexico insecure, choose to resign within six years from the date of his acceptance of the crown of Mexico.

The career of Maximilian while in Mexico is well known to the people of this country. His first official act was to offer terms to Juarez, looking to the submission of the latter. These were rejected, and then followed the past years of war and bloodshed, with alternate success, and the final defeat of the Imperialists. His efforts to attract emigration and to develop the resources of the country are well known, as are also his personal sacrifices for the success of his cause. That he failed was only a natural and expected result; but it is doubtful if he would be now in his present position had he not issued his famous order declaring the Republic President and his supporters bandits and outlaws. Personally, Maximilian had the reputation of being a most accomplished gentleman and scholar. That he was kind-hearted and humane we are assured from the frequency with which he saved the lives of many unfortunate liberals who fell into the hands of his generals and were condemned to death. That he had courage and administrative abilities is not doubted. He was led to believe that the people of Mexico wished to have him for their ruler;

and when deserted by Napoleon, he bravely attempted to keep up the state of his waning empire until the force of circumstances compelled him to seek refuge in flight. On the 15th of June the telegraph announced to us the fall of the imperial works at Queretaro and the capture of the convent at La Cruz; the garrison of the city, after having retreated to the Cerro de la Campana, was, with all the generals, and Maximilian at their head, forced to surrender.

PRESIDENT JUAREZ.

Juarez is an original. Contrast the faces of these two men. If the one is pretty, the other is powerful. If the one is ideal, the other is natural. If the one shows delicacy and high culture, the other shows vigor, force, and common sense. That is not a bad head, nor is it the head of a saint. It is long and high, rather more than low and broad. It is not remarkably wide between the ears, nor is it over large. There is more prose than poetry in his make-up. Vitality, strength, and endurance are depicted in these features. With equal education and culture, he would be vastly the greater man of the two. Nature has done all for him, while Art has been exhausted on the other. Firmness, Self-Esteem, Combativeness, Comparison, and all the perceptive are largely developed in this head. There is less Destructiveness, Acquisitiveness, Constructiveness, and Causality. Language is fairly indicated. He would work or fight easier than he could talk. There is no lack of sympathy or kindness here, nor is he wanting in the moral brain. Benevolence and Veneration are large; but he would be incredulous, and require proof beyond question to convince him. In conclusion, the way to manage him is to let him have his own way, or prove to his reason that some other course wherein his liberty would not be restrained would be a better way. This gentleman would no doubt be as much out of place in Vienna as the other was in Mexico.

Benito Juarez, now President of the Republic of Mexico, is a descendant of the Indian race of the Tapatecos, and was born in 1807, at Ixtlan. He studied law and rose to be Chief Judge in the State of Oajaca, and a member of the Legislative Assembly. From 1852 to 1858 he was Governor of his native State, Oajaca. In 1853, when Santa Anna became dictator a second time, Juarez was banished. In 1855 he joined Alvarez, and became Minister of Justice. Under Comonfort, the next President, Juarez was President of the High Court of Justice, and on the overthrow of Comonfort, became President of the Republic. His government was, however, resisted by Zuloaga, who headed the Church party, and subsequently by Miramon. The rule of the last was recognized by the European powers, while that of Juarez was recognized by the United States. Since then has followed the events of the last few years, but now it appears that Juarez is again successful.

Among other and prominent actors in this Mexican rôle were the late Gen. Miguel Miramon, commander of the imperial forces, and Gen. Mariano Escobedo, commander of the liberal army of Mexico; the former showed much military ability, and was one of the chief supports of Maximilian until his death. To Es-



PORTRAIT OF BENITO JUAREZ.

cobedo, with the army under his command, is due the glory of the capture of Maximilian and his generals, which, if the liberal party in Mexico prove true to themselves, is the most important action which has been performed there for years. The following dispatch gives an account of this capture:

CAMP IN FRONT OF QUERETARO, May 15th—4 P.M. CITIZEN MINISTER OF WAR:

At three o'clock this morning La Cruz was taken by our forces, who surprised the enemy at that point. Shortly after that, the entire garrison were made prisoners, and our troops occupied the plaza. Meanwhile the enemy retreated toward the Cerro de la Campana, which our artillery forced him to occupy in disorder. At about eight A.M. Maximilian and his generals, Castillo and Mejia, unconditionally surrendered from the above-mentioned point.

You will please give the President my congratulations on this important triumph of the national army.

ESCOBEDO.

Such is the story, in brief, of a few years marked with war and bloodshed in the life of the Mexican Republic. Let us hope that the annals of Mexican warfare are past, and that her future history may be decorated with a page of peace and mercy, of brightness and honor, to which she has been so long unfamiliar.

P. S.—Since the above was put in type, Maximilian and his generals were tried, condemned, and, on the 19th of June, executed. Strong appeals from royalty were made that the lives of the ambitious usurper and his aids be spared, but in vain. Here is a bit from a Prussian sympathizer.

"In the name of humanity and of honor I conjure you to order that their lives be not taken; and I again repeat that I am certain that my sovereign, his Majesty the King of Prussia, and all the crowned heads of Europe, united by ties of blood and kindred to the prince prisoner—his brother, the Emperor of Austria; his cousin, the Queen of the British Dominions; his brother-in-law, the King of the Belgians, and his cousins, the Queen of Spain and the Kings of Italy and Sweden, will readily agree to give his Excellency, Senor Don Benito Juarez, all security that none of the prisoners shall again tread on Mexican soil.

"A. V. MAGNAR."

He spoke too late. Mexico has simply vindicated her rights, as any of the aforesaid "crowned heads" would have done in their own interests. Let this serve as a warning to all European meddling with other people's affairs. When crowned heads are wanted here, they will be sent for. The last words of Maximilian were "Poor Carlotta!"

NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1867.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself!"—*Dr. Mc.*

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STATE PRIDE.

REPUBLICANISM VS. ARISTOCRACY.

Now that all the States are again united; now that all are in the great national family—let us try to put away that narrow, selfish feeling known as "State pride." It was, years ago, the policy of politicians—not true statesmen—to look after local or sectional interests only; to seek appropriations for their particular section or State. They could only comprehend a section. To secure measures favorable to *that* was the end and aim of all their efforts. Was the member from Virginia? He had an eye single to her supposed interests. Her oysters, tobacco, and other products, demanded all his care. Was he from Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, or Michigan? it was the same. His cotton mills, iron mills, mouse traps, and machine shops must be "protected." Was he from the West? His ambition was to secure grants of land for railroads, and to open rivers and harbors for the benefit of *his* State. Now, all this is quite natural, if not quite right; but a broader view of statesmanship would include the entire domain. And instead of legislating exclusively for Maine or Minnesota, the representative should keep the whole country in view, and deal as impartially as possible with all its interests. One is none the better or worse for having been born in Hoboken or Kinderhook, in Virginia or Alabama, in Canada or California, and it is a foolish egotism to boast of birth-place. One boasts of being a "Yankee," another, of being an "F. F. V.," a "Buckeye," a "Hoosier," a "Badger," or a "Sucker." Now, all this is childish, and should be put away with childish things. Let us be AMERICANS. Should you go abroad

and claim to be an AMERICAN, *that* will be enough to secure due respect. Saying you are from Connecticut, or Carolina, will add nothing in the estimation of the world. In this country, where our rights are more equal than in any other, we should do all we can for the *mutual* good. This is being done to some extent in building lines of railways East and West, across the continent—and North and South, from Canada to Mexico. These means of communication will tend to unite us still more closely. And if they do not wipe out town, county, and State lines, they will render them less and less barriers of separation and exclusiveness. We are rapidly conglomerating into *one* people. We shall absorb the young and freshly imported European blood, and all traces of Saxon, Celt, and Teuton will be blended into a harmonious and powerful whole, the like and might of which will nowhere else be seen on earth. Then it will be American Democracy *vs.* European Aristocracy—American Equality *vs.* European Inequality. Here, all will be free, educated, industrious, thrifty, virtuous, and self-regulating, and each eligible to every office in the Government, from postmaster to President. *There*, all are "subjects," save the few who are *born* to rule over the many; few will be educated—those only work who must; few are thrifty; many live from hand to mouth, and millions are miserable paupers, with no hope of bettering their condition while on earth. Ignorance, dissipation, and crime go hand in hand, and poor-houses, prisons, and penal colonies are rapidly filled and stocked with human beings. What a contrast to the condition of *our* millions of ambitious, enterprising, wide-awake, go-ahead Americans! But have *we* none of the European drawbacks in our social system? Have we no paupers, criminals, vagabonds? Aye, verily, but *nine out of every ten are IMPORTED*. They are the riff-raff and flood-wood of European aristocracy and despotism, who come here to ply their vocation. Expert pick-pockets, thieves, and robbers among us are generally European—not native Americans. Examine our prisons and poor-houses and learn the facts. Abroad, we have the reputation of being great rogues. Our accusers forget that it is

their sort of people who bring this disgrace on *us*. But if we can not reform *them*, we can shut them up and keep them out of mischief.

We disapprove the forming of our new-comers from Europe into separate organizations. Why should the naturalized Irishman, German, or Scot seek to perpetuate his idiosyncrasies on our soil, his former habits and customs? Why keep up the snobbery of aristocracy? If he proposes to become an American citizen, let him drop his Irish, English, and German monarchical fashions and customs, and learn the ways of his betters. European etiquette is one thing. Democratic Republican etiquette is quite another. Here, one in homespun or in broadcloth, in calico or in poplin, is entitled to the same rights, privileges, and respect. God is no respecter of persons; and in *this* country we bow to no other power. As to the rest, one is as good as another, if he conduct himself as well. Then let us enlarge our views in regard to State pride, and count each other—native and naturalized—as Americans!

It is not desired, nor expected, that we should ignore or suppress the love of home. On the contrary, we would increase it; but instead of confining it to a town, county, or a State, we would include in our affectionate embrace all the States in the Union, and open our arms to receive any new-comers on the North or on the South, till our flag—the glorious Stars and Stripes—shall wave over the entire continent. Let kings, queens, and emperors practice their policy on those who will endure it. Americans want none of it, nor will they permit it to be planted in America.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

YOUNG MEN AND YOUNG WOMEN.

SHALL they be educated together? There are two sides to every question. In discussing this, we will first take the AFFIRMATIVE. Our points are these: Boys and girls are born together, of the same parents, in the same family, and under precisely the same circumstances. There may be twins—and the twins a boy and a girl. They are organized very much alike—so nearly alike that there are no differences except in sex—none in the number of bones, muscles,

nerves, etc. They are alike in faculty, in emotion, sentiment, and in feeling. Phrenologically, there are no differences, save in the size and quality of brain—precisely the same as may be found among males or females of the same species. Children of both sexes remain together from choice till grown; when they separate only to choose mates with whom they shall hold relations closer still than those of brother and sister. There is no natural bar to this natural arrangement. Boys become the natural protectors of their sisters as husbands do of their wives. When separated from girls and women, boys and men become more rude, careless, unrestrained, and unmanly. Girls and women are less guarded, restrained, gentle, and self-regulating when left by themselves. Being born and brought up together, mutual association is the normal condition of boys and girls. Being separated for any considerable period, an abnormal state of mind and body is produced. What is it but a forced separation from the opposite sex, respectively, that begets in each a disposition to break away from authority, from compatible or incompatible acquaintance, culminating in foolish—often ruinous—run-away matches? Being kept from those who would be deemed suitable associates, a morbid feeling is generated, which increases till the whole nature becomes perverted, and the impulsive victim consorts with a servant, a footman, hostler, or waiter, for the want of an equal. *Without* suitable companionship, the worst results sometimes follow. There is nothing more disagreeable, tiresome, or distressing than the feeling of loneliness.

The person—suppose it be a young lady—is now in this unhappy condition, almost delirious, craving that society which is rigidly denied her, and she becomes dull, spiritless, without ambition or purpose. This state continues. The patient goes into a decline—a physician is consulted; he finds “nothing the matter,” but prescribes tonics, out-door air, and a season at Saratoga or Newport. She must pursue her studies. The tonics are swallowed, and the young lady is kept in school. She loses flesh, becomes thin and sallow, cheeks and lips colorless. Finally she has fits. Teachers become alarmed, and the young lady

student, in the dawn of womanhood, is sent home to linger out a weary life, if not to die. On the other hand, suppose it to be a young man. If the son of careful parents, he would be closely guarded at home, and seldom, if ever, thrown on his own judgment or resources. He would feel that his parents were in all respects responsible for him. He is to be educated. One of the “best schools” is selected—a school where boys alone—sons of the rich—are taught. For the first time in his young life the boy is “at sea,” as it were, and his own captain. He is away from his anxious father, mother, brothers, and sisters, wholly among strangers, and they of his own sex, without sympathy or affection for him. A sense of the fullest freedom comes over him. Who is to check, criticise, guard, or warn him? The duty of his preceptor is to hear him recite his lessons—and his boarding-house keeper to feed him on the smallest and cheapest living allowance. He soon makes the acquaintance of his elders, from whom he learns—not that which his parents would have him know—their vices. Habits which sap the constitution—and in a few years leave the growing boy a withered wreck. He can not get along now without pipe or cigar! In *his* young eyes—seeing professors and the larger boys smoke—he must do so too, to be a man. Of course it made him deathly sick at first; but there being no girls around to make fun of him, or to shame him out of the foolish thing, he fixed for life the nasty habit on his clean soul. *Now*, he may retire at night when he pleases—and he pleases to do as the other boys do—namely, carouse, visit fruit orchards, melon gardens, and hen roosts—*vide* Dr. Nott’s account of “Old Prex,” “Marm Prex,” etc. There are no sisters or young ladies near, and “nobody will know it.” As to the dissipation and moral apathy in many of the colleges, we do know. And as for the wild rudeness, and the almost insane desire for society, experienced in some of the young ladies’ seminaries, we do believe it. If it be said ill effects are sometimes seen in schools where the sexes are educated together, we grant it; but maintain that *still worse* effects are seen in schools where the sexes are kept strictly by themselves. And the reasons

must be self-evident to all who think or know anything of human nature. How is it with men? Go to a public meeting where there are no women. How noisy, rough, rude, and almost savage! Let a lady unexpectedly enter. How quickly “hats off” and all come to order! and how modest, respectful, and well-behaved the whole! Then go into a room where there are only women. They are careless, slipshod, untidy, and indifferent. Let a gentleman be announced, what a fluttering and bustle in putting things to right, in smoothing the hair, and making all things tidy and decorous. This is a fact—both men and women are better behaved in the presence of each other. It is so with girls and boys. The ambition to grace the situation, and to excel each in his or her sphere, is natural to all *unperverted* human beings. The one gives zest and enterprise to the other. Boys raised in a family where there are no sisters are not so easy or graceful in woman’s society, nor as likely to be moral and correct in conduct as where there are sisters; and we fancy we can tell whether a lady has been brought up in a family with brothers, or has been secluded from male society during her character-forming years. A girl brought up without the society of boys knows nothing of the masculine character, and is very likely to be fascinated by the first attention she receives; she has no means of understanding the character of men, and a miserable match and an unhappy married life is likely to result. The boy having had no sisters or cousins about his own age, goes into society at adult age afraid of woman—is green, awkward, unsophisticated, and knows neither how to show his own capabilities nor how to understand those of others—and if he do not fall a victim to the arts of some designing, selfish woman, or take up for life with some half-developed, eccentric partner, his escape may be considered providential.

If it be objected that a student’s thoughts would be diverted from his books by the presence of one who would win and absorb him or her through the affections, thus preventing close application to study, we reply: let the sexes—say at the ages of twelve to twenty—have separate apartments in which to *study*, but let all come together at reci-

tations. The presence of young women would inspire the young men with ambition to do their best—and the same would be true of the other; so the presence of one sex would tend to sanctify and give a grace to the other. We are aware that this view of the subject is contrary to long-established custom; we know that in some religious bodies or churches the sexes are divided off—the wives and daughters on one side of the house, and the husbands and sons on the other. We are not Shakers, and *much* prefer a seat with the fair sex—both at church and elsewhere. Indeed, we *always* did. Our mother was a woman! So is our wife and sister! Why should we not sit together? Who is wise above the Creator? And on what authority are we separated and herded off, each sex by itself, like cattle? Is there so much of the "Old Adam" in us that we can not be trusted in the society of each other? We plead for those who suffer this wrong—those whose natures are being sacrificed or crucified for no good purpose. If the sexes be educated together, under judicious supervision and wise direction, it will be a safeguard to both, and every way better for all concerned. This is the *affirmative* side of the question.

CAUTIOUSNESS SMALL.

"I LET IT RUN OUT." Let what run out? My insurance; and when the great fire swept away my "house and home, it left me poor indeed." Another let the policy on his life insurance "run out," or, rather, the annual payment thereon—just a few days before an accident deprived him of life, and when his wife was made a widow—his children were left destitute. Another neglected to pay the interest on a mortgage when it was due; a foreclosure followed, and he lost all he had paid, and all he had *hoped* to realize. Another neglected to pay his taxes at the proper time; his property was advertised to be sold by the sheriff, considerable additional expense incurred, and everybody who heard of it wondered what it meant; watching, at the same time, for the sale to come off, hoping they might benefit by the incautious man's poverty or neglect. Another noticed that the children had left the gate open, or the bars down, but small Cautiousness neglected to close it, or put them up in time to prevent the "old sow and pigs" from getting into the garden and rooting up and tramping down lots of plants, vines, and shrubs, worth more than all the fore-legged grunners that did the mischief. Another—in-
stead of looking after the poor and infirm—

failed to keep up his subscriptions to the several charities he helped to set on foot, with which his name had been honorably identified—and he has felt so "mean" and "self-condemned" since, that he can not hold up his head, look at himself in the mirror, and speak his once benevolent name without remorse. It is fortunate for him that "it is never too late to mend." Another, with small Cautiousness, let his subscription to the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL "run out," and there is something wanting in that house. Wife looks gloomy, children feel sad, the dog and the cat partake of the same spirit, and are grave or cross, and the whole are under a cloud.

There is but one remedy for this state of things, namely—*re*-subscribe at once, and thus let daylight, with the invigorating sunshine, into the minds and hearts of that desolate family. Can't afford it! What, not afford less than one cent a day, for this means of spiritual, moral, and intellectual enlightenment? Let us see. Look here, Mr. Moses, how many cigars do you smoke in a day? How much tobacco do you chew? How much beer, wine, or other liquors do you drink? How much money do you spend on knick-knacks, gew-gaws, circuses, negro minstrels, acrobats, and the like? No, no—it won't do to say you "can't afford it." However, if you *will* indulge a perverted appetite, and neglect to provide the wife and children with what they need, then wife must go hungry, and do without that "food for the mind," without which nothing satisfieth; or she must save her "pin money" and secure the JOURNAL for herself and children. But, reader, whatever else you do, or fail to do, never let anything "run out." Keep up your insurance—keep up your subscriptions—keep up your charities—keep up your self-respect—and keep up the supply of good reading—keep *down* bad habits, and all will grow in intellect, in social feeling, in moral sentiment, and in all things which beget success in life, growth in grace, and the promise of peace, prosperity, and happiness.

SURRATT.

WHAT of this conspirator? What had he to do with the assassination? Only this. He was simply a poor "tool" in the hands of more wicked men—a "cat's-paw"—nothing more. As to his guilt, there was no doubt, from the conviction and execution of his miserable mother, with her fellow-conspirators. Another wicked Satan planned the work; he simply helped in its execution. As the electric telegraph was the result of many minds—indeed, of all past and present prophets, poets, philosophers, and inventors—so that assassination was the concentration and culmination of all the wickedness in that struggle for the perpetuation of the "peculiar institution." Bad, ambitious men had sworn to "rule or to ruin." This was one of the modes by which it was to be done. Who were the managers? Whisky-drinking, cock-fighting, horse-racing, lottery-vending, pot-house politicians, and play-house actors were employers and employed to do the wicked work. A few of the lesser criminals, as usual, will lose their poor lives, while the older Satans will, as usual, escape unhung. As to what becomes of the insignificant Surrott, nobody cares. Let him be forgotten.

GENERAL GRANT AND THE PRESIDENCY.—Why spoil a good General to make a — President? Have we in this great nation no other or better material? Is General Grant ambitious? He is too sensible a man to foolishly jeopardize the reputation he now enjoys for any uncertain successes in politics. He is a soldier—not a statesman. All his education and experience have been—not in the forum or halls of legislation, but—in the field. Should he now be sacrificed—as General Zachary Taylor was—on the score of *availability* rather than *capability*? Besides, he is needed where he is. Our relations with other nations are not yet settled, and it may be very convenient to have a good general "in the house," on whom we may call in an emergency. Have we not now, within easy reach, the "right man for the right place?" Ah, we see the question is, What man will poll the most votes? Is it Grant, Chase, Colfax, or—What's his name? It is not, Who would make the best President? This is a fault with our system. We do not get the **BEST MEN**. Our misfortunes in the past should be a warning for the future. Mediocrity, respectability, or temporary availability are not the qualifications needed. We need not enumerate the weak men who have been inflicted on the nation within the past twenty years—men of the most common capacity, mere weather-cocks, or ignorant bombasts. There are enough good and capable men from whom to select—who would preside with honor and influence. Why not select such as these? Again we see, it is "the party," rather than the NATION, which is to be served in the selection of a candidate.

A new Presidential campaign is about to be projected, and all other interests must be suspended or subordinated to this great squabble. But they say it is "educational," and we submit, believing it not so bad as a monarchy, where reigns supreme, king, queen, or emperor. We had rather have a four-years' President than any of those or a Pope for life.

"DO THY LITTLE."—A certain king would build a cathedral, and that the credit of it might be all his own, he forbade any from contributing to its erection in the least degree. A tablet was placed in the side of the building, and on it his name was carved, as the builder. But that night he saw in a dream an angel, who came down and erased his name, and the name of a poor widow appeared in its stead. This was three times repeated, when the enraged king summoned the woman before him, and demanded, "What have you been doing? and why have you broken my commandment?" The trembling woman replied, "I loved the Lord, and longed to do something for his name, and for the building up of his church. I was forbidden to touch it in any way; so, in my poverty, I bought a wisp of hay for the horses that drew the stones." And the king saw that he had labored for his own glory, but the widow for the glory of God, and he commanded that her name should be inscribed on the tablet.—*Ralph Wells.*

On Ethnology.

True Christianity will gain by every step which is made in the knowledge of man.—Spurzheim.

THE CHINESE EMPIRE.

THE MANCHUS.

THE condition and characteristics of the various races inhabiting the great Empire of China, with its four hundred millions of inhabitants, are deeply interesting to the student of ethnology. The Chinese and the Tartars have generally been classed with the great Mongolian race; and though all may have sprung originally from the same stock, yet they now present many important differences. The ruling power or family in China is the Manchu. This people formerly inhabited a portion of Chinese Tartary, and as late as the seventeenth century were considered by the Chinese in the same light as we look upon the Sioux or Pawnee Indian tribe, and an armed force was constantly employed in keeping them in check. But finally a peace was concluded with them, and their assistance obtained in quelling one of the internal wars of the empire. The Manchus, taking advantage of the disturbed state of the empire, established themselves in Peking in 1644, and, after a seven years' struggle, acquired the sovereignty of the whole country. Their number was very small in comparison with the conquered country, being only about half a million of men, yet their superiority over the more indolent and luxurious Chinese soon asserted itself. They first took possession of all the governmental offices, placed Manchu soldiers in the garrisons, and then ordered the Chinese, as a symbol of submission, to conform to the then prevailing fashion among them of shaving the hair from the head, except at the crown, where now grows the, to us, ridiculous "pig-tail." Great was the consternation among the followers of Confucius, who had always taken such pride in their glossy, black hair bound in simple style around the head, at this arbitrary law, from which there was no appeal. The penalty of death was attached to the non-adoption of this sign of allegiance, and the fashion thus begun by compulsion is now followed by choice, and one of the greatest insults a *barbarian* can offer now to a Chinaman is to cut or disfigure his caudal appendage.

The chief hindrance in studying the Chinese character has hitherto been their exclusiveness. Only a few travelers have been able to give us much information about them. Their manners and customs differing greatly from our own, have been ridiculed and distorted, and instead of having a picture of their real life presented to us, we have generally had nothing but miserable comparisons. S. Wells Williams, in his "Middle Kingdom," has perhaps given us as fair an account of that curious people as any writer. He says: "The Sons of Ham are indeed a remarkable race, whether regard be had to their antiquity, their numbers, their government, or their literature, and on these



A MANCHU OFFICER AND LADY.

accounts deserve the study and respect of of every intelligent student of mankind, while their unwearied industry, their general peaceableness and good-humor, and their attainments in domestic order and mechanical arts commend them to the notice of every one who sees in these points of character indications favorable to the permanence of Christian institutions, when once established."

The Chinese always cultivated the arts of peace, which is or should be the aim of all civilized nations. A fighting nation they look upon in the very lowest light, regarding trade and commerce of vastly more importance. The Dutch and the Russians long held the exclusive right to trade with China, and we find that their intercourse was generally very pleasant. After a while, England and France becoming jealous of this "favoritism," as they called it, attempted to force their presence upon the unwilling Chinese. The English obtained a slight footing, and immediately began to flood the country with opium from their Indian colonies. The Emperor, looking to the good of his people, remonstrated with the English, but to no avail; they poured in the opium until the whole country was demoralized by it. Then the Emperor sent a force down to the warehouses of the English merchants, seized 20,291 chests of the poison and completely destroyed it, "a solitary instance," adds Mr. Williams, "in the history of the world of a pagan monarch preferring to destroy what would injure his subjects than to fill his own pockets with the sale." This was in 1839. Then followed the English "opium war." The French helped their allies, and finally China was compelled to open her ports to the introduction of opium, and England and France forcibly secured a foothold.

Had the picture been reversed, and had China attempted to introduce opium, or arsenic, or

corrosive sublimate into England, and it had become a rage among the people, would the trade have been allowed to go on? It is doubtful. There is a trade in that very country, legalized by acts of Parliament, which every day destroys more than ever the opium did; and yet it is allowed, because such enormous revenues are derived from it.

The Americans have fared better in China than either England or France. Seeing the destructive policy pursued by the former, they have endeavored to gain the goodwill of the people, and to a great extent have been fortunate in the attempt. President Tyler made overtures for a treaty of peace and trade in 1844, which was afterward ratified. The Americans were well received

by the officials, but the people were not friendly. Now, however, the United States have gained a prominent foothold there, and are regarded in a good light by the Chinese generally.

But to return to the characteristics of the people. Mr. Williams, from whom we must again quote, says: "The physical traits of the Chinese race may be described as being between the light and agile Hindoo and the muscular and fleshy European; their frame is well built and symmetrical. Their color is a brunette, or a sickly white, rather approaching to a yellowish tint than a florid, but this yellow hue has been much distorted by travelers. In the south they are swarthy, but not black, differing in shades of complexion in different latitudes. The hair is lank, black, coarse, and glossy; the eyes invariably black and apparently oblique. This is owing to the slight degree in which the inner angles of the eyelids open, the internal canthi being more acute than in Western races, and not allowing the whole iris to be seen. This peculiarity in the eye distinguishes the Eastern races of Asia from all other families of man. The cheek-bones are high, and the outline of the face remarkably round. The nose is rather small, much depressed, and nearly even with the face at the root (better developed among the upper classes, as seen in our engraving), and wide at the extremity. There is, however, considerable difference in this respect, but no aquiline noses are to be seen. The lips are thick, the hands small, and the lower limbs well proportioned, with the exception of the feet. The height is about the same as the average of Europeans. The women are much smaller, but plump. The Chinese female face is not destitute of some beauty, especially when animated by good-humor and an expressive eye tinted by the glow of youth and

health. But it is a Chinese style of beauty, not always admired by Europeans. Age does not affect them so soon as in many races; they generally retain their vigor to a good age.

"The Manchu, or governing class, are of lighter complexion, heavier build, and more intellectual. Originally they lived in Manchuria, the natives of which are hardy and powerful, being an agricultural and hunting people. Their soil is poor, while the long winters leave but a few months of summer. Millet, barley, tobacco, etc., are among their chief products, while the deep forests in the south furnish abundant lumber and grazing. Thousands of cattle are found on the high steppes of the interior. The climate being so rigorous, necessarily makes the people self-supporting, energetic, and warlike; hence their ability to conquer the more luxurious and sensual inhabitants southward. Among the Manchus a few are found of fair hair and florid complexions, blue eyes, straight or aquiline noses, and brown hair, evidently the result of a mixed race. The countenances of these present greater intellectual capacity, and they are generally regarded as the most improvable race on the continent."

The Chinese skull has a larger proportion of its bulk back of the opening of the ear, and less prominence and elevation of the forehead than that of the Caucasian. Breadth at the base and narrowness at the top distinguish the Mongolian head. Phrenologically considered, Combativeness, Destructiveness, Acquisitiveness, Secretiveness, Cautiousness, and Constructiveness are all generally full or large, while Ideality, Mirthfulness, and Causality are more or less deficient, and we herein see the organic cause of the half blind but persistent mechanical activity, the tireless, patient industry, and energetic, though instinctive rather than intelligent pursuit of material ends which distinguish the race.

The real religious belief and practices of the people are decidedly heathenish, but of their precise nature it is not easy to form a fair and impartial judgment; and those who have resided long in the country have arrived at very different conclusions. M. Huc asserts that they are "destitute of religious feeling and belief," but Mr. Meadows thinks that this charge is not true. The worship of ancestors is a remarkable feature in their social life, and is dictated by a deeply imbedded principle of filial piety among them. The rich have a chamber dedicated to the memory of their forefathers. The future state troubles them very little, while the quality of their coffins, however, is of vital importance, and a coffin is reckoned a most acceptable present, and is frequently given by children to their parents. "To be happy on earth," say the Chinese, "one must be born in Lu-chow, live in Canton, and die in Lianchau"—Lu-chow being celebrated for the beauty of its women, Canton for its luxury, and Lianchau for furnishing the best wood for coffins. Death is never alluded to by them in direct terms; they say, the person "exists no more"—"he has saluted the age"—"ascended to the sky," etc. In China marriage is universal, and

within the reach of all. The sexes, however, never mingle before marriage. The betrothal is undertaken by the parents, or by professional match-makers, and frequently the bride and bridegroom see each other on the wedding day for the first time. Women hold a very inferior rank, and are considered as little better than slaves. Polygamy is not recognized by law, but secondary wives are not uncommon. Infanticide is the great crime of China. Mr. Williams says, that on asking the question as to how many female children were destroyed in a particular village, the reply was: "More than one half." The reasons he assigns are first, poverty; second, that great numbers of the men emigrate to the Archipelago, thus creating a large surplus of females, who not finding husbands would have to be sold by their parents. Again, the expenses of marriage are so great that the poorer classes, unable to dispose of their daughters profitably, kill them. Among the educated the crime is not so frequent.

APOSTROPHE TO THE ALLEGHENY.

Oh, Allegheny, bright and bold and free!
From the dark grandeur of thy mountain home,
Who rushest forth in wild impetuous glee,
Rejoicing thy wayward course to roam;
Down rapids steep and over rocks of foam
Thy current speeds in swift impulsive flight,
Between thy banks of fruitful yellow loam,
That rise on either side to noblest height,
Or spread afar in landscapes blooming fair and bright.
Well doth thy lustrous current bear the name*
Bequeathed thee by that dusky hunter race,
Who once in savage freedom roamed thy stream,
Or skimmed in birch canoe across thy face,
And who with oaken bow and spear did chase
The bounding deer thy wooded banks along,
Ere yet the white man's boat had learned to trace
The windings of thy current; while yet rung [song.
The sounding war-whoop or the captive brave's death
That race has passed; all have been swept away
Like autumn leaves before the whirlwind's scorn;
Thy waves have hymned their requiem, for they
Had none besides thee o'er their fate to mourn.
Thy banks, of their primeval forest shorn,
Have given birth to city, forge and field;
And now upon thy noble breast are borne
Those stores of riches which the earth doth yield
To man, when taught aright her subtle powers to wield.
Thy name, oh, Allegheny, bright and clear
Upon the page of history doth stand;
On thy banks Brady, that bold pioneer,
With the red warriors grappled hand to hand;
Among the rivers of this broad free land,
Thou hast a record which shall yield to none;
'Twas here, even where thy minstrel now doth stand,
Thy stream had well-nigh been the grave of one,
The proudest of earth's heroes, our great Washington.
While but a youth, ere yet his star of fame
Had reached its height, in winter, bleak and cold,
His country's faithful messenger he came
Through pathless forests, till he stood where rolled,
Half choked with ice, thy wintry torrent bold;
He launched upon a feeble raft—midway
His frail support was crushed—thy waves unfold
The dawning hope of liberty; to-day
Where had our freedom been had he been swept away?
Be thou, oh, stream, the emblem of my thought;
Have I not listened to thy ceaseless song,
And quaffed thy crystal waves, till I have caught
The spirit of thy waters? Deep and strong,
Yet pure as mountain dew, thou speed'st along,
A thing untamed as thought, and wild and free;
And in thy course what mingling beauties throng!
So may the utterance of my spirit be
A thing of life and light and glorious melody.

* Allegheny in the Indian tongue—clear water, or crystal water.

On Physiology.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—Oshens.

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—Isaiah lv. 4.

WATER-CURE.

It must be confessed that some of the processes of water-cure in the treatment of disease are most efficient in producing desirable results. Probably the first in importance among those processes is the bath or application known as the "wet-sheet pack." This consists generally in first wrapping the patient snugly in a sheet wrung from cool or tepid water, and then overlaying the sheet with blankets or comfortables. According to the *Herald of Health*, it is one of the most powerful, most useful, and most abused of all the hydropathic appliances; and among those who know but little about water treatment, much dreaded. It is efficient for allaying irritation, and for restoring the healthy action of the glandular system. It is powerful as an absorbent of effete matter. Dr. Shew says: "The wet-sheet-pack draws morbid matters out of the body, as any one can see who applies it for a short time only, and then washes the sheet; observe what an odor arises from it when a diseased, tobacco-nized, narcotized, pork-eating patient has been packed."

This process is certainly more agreeable for purifying the blood and skin of morbid humors, and for restoring the healthy action of the digestive organs, than the nauseous and sometimes painful results which follow the taking of drug preparations. Our own experience strongly indorses the wet-sheet-pack, properly used, as an excellent remedial agency. For full instruction, see "The Hydropathic Encyclopedia."

ADULTERATIONS OF FOOD.

THE times and principles of men are so out of joint, that when we sit down to a table the chances are ten to one that we will not eat some substantial, healthful edible, as we may suppose. Eggs have not yet been counterfeited; but as to milk, is there any in our large cities that is not a mixture? A hundred mixtures make our ground coffee; and our tea, to a great extent, is made over after it has been used at the tables of hotels. There is a substance called terra alba, or white earth, brought from Ireland, and sold for two and a half cents a pound, which enters largely into many of our confections. When sugar costs from fifteen to twenty cents a pound, the temptation to adulterate with this stuff is scarcely to be resisted by unprincipled shopkeepers. The body of candies and the coating of lozenges and almonds are made of this in many cases, as it is whiter than plaster, and is largely used in the adulteration of flour. In one ounce of lozenges, two thirds of the weight, when dissolved in water, was nothing but this white earth. Gum-arabic is too costly for pure gum-drops to be

made to advantage, so a substitute is made which, although it is beautiful to look at, is very poisonous.

Liquorice drops are made for the trade of the poorest kind of sugar and lampblack, and merely flavored with liquorice. Twenty parts of liquorice and eighty per cent. of white earth are dexterously mixed, and sent to the South and West as pure liquorice. Traders do not hesitate to use the most virulent poisons to make pickles appear fresh and green; while it is a notorious fact that skilled persons can by a combination of drugs make almost any liquor known, and which will so nearly resemble the taste of the true article, that experts are deceived. To escape these impositions, it is not sufficient that a man has the utmost confidence in his grocer, for he, too, may be profoundly deceived. Let every family have the courage to make its own bread—even buying the grain in the berry, and grinding it with a hand-mill, if convenient; to prepare its own fruits; and as to every compound article of food which comes to the table, let it do its own mixing.

STRAWBERRIES.

Not half enough of these healthful and delicious berries are raised in this country. Sidney Smith was right when he said, "Doubtless God *could* have made a better berry than the strawberry, but doubtless he never *did*." Wherever this berry grows vigorously, the people need it as an article of diet. Our theory is, that fruits are best adapted to the use of the people who live in the climate where they grow. In New England and the Middle States, oranges, lemons, pineapples, and bananas are not half so well adapted to promote health, as articles of diet, as they are among the people in the regions where they grow. The apple and the strawberry belong specially to the northern part of the temperate zone. The grape is excellent as an article of diet when it flourishes in open culture. Melons taste best when they are really native to the soil and climate, than in more northern regions to which they may be carried. A kind Providence has wisely diversified the products of the earth in such a way that each region which is fit for the residence of man, produces mainly the articles best adapted for food to people residing in the vicinity where they grow. We always fancied that beans and peas, wheat and corn, were articles much better adapted to Northern people as food than rice. But we wander from our text—the strawberry. We would encourage its culture, and we speak now for next year.

A friend of ours from Vineland, N. J., informed us, recently, that one man is capable of attending one acre of strawberries, and that the crop will net on an average, if well attended, from \$600 to \$800 a year, after paying for the labor of culture and for transportation. We clip from an exchange the following, which will show the business to be good:

"Mr. Sims, of Marion County, Illinois, on the 12th June, 1867, contracted his strawberry crop, the product of forty acres, to parties in

Chicago for the snug little sum of fifty thousand dollars (\$50,000), or at the rate of \$1,250 per acre."

This price, of course, pays for the work as well as the nett profit. Who says the business is not good? Our farms are too large. Too few people are engaged in tilling the soil, and there is not one fifth as much fruit raised and eaten as there should be. Let more land be devoted to fruit and less to raising food for swine and for raising grain for whisky, and mankind will be less swinish and vastly more human, not to say angelic.

It is not for us to decide the respective merits of the numerous varieties. Suffice it to say, the best, nay, the *very* best, we have tasted this year were grown by Mr. Hyatt, of Morrisania, N. Y., and they were simply seedlings!

TWELVE WAYS OF COMMITTING SUICIDE.

A MEDICAL cotemporary thus enumerates the fashionable modes of doing it:

1. Wearing of thin shoes and cotton stockings on damp nights and in cool, rainy weather. Wearing insufficient clothing, and especially upon the limbs and extremities.

2. Leading a life of enfeebling, stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in an unnatural state of excitement by reading trashy novels. Going to theaters, parties, and balls in all sorts of weather, in the thinnest possible dress. Dancing till in a complete perspiration, and then going home without sufficient over-garments, through the cool, damp night air.

3. Sleeping on feather beds in seven-by-nine bed-rooms, without ventilation at the top of the windows, and especially with two or more persons in the same small, unventilated bedroom.

4. Surfeiting on hot and very stimulating dinners. Eating in a hurry, without half masticating the food, and eating heartily before going to bed, when the mind and body are exhausted by the toils of the day and the excitement of the evening.

5. Beginning in childhood on tea and coffee, and going from one step to another, through chewing and smoking tobacco and drinking intoxicating liquors; by personal abuse, and physical and mental excesses of other descriptions.

6. Marrying in haste and getting an uncongenial companion, and living the remainder of life in mental dissatisfaction; cultivating jealousies and domestic broils, and being always in a mental ferment.

7. Keeping children quiet by giving paregoric and cordials, by teaching them to suck candy, and by supplying them with raisins, nuts, and rich cake; when they are sick by giving them *mercury*, *tartar emetic*, and *arsenic*, under the mistaken notion that they are medicines and not irritant poisons.

8. Allowing the love of gain to absorb our minds, so as to leave no time to attend to our health; following an unhealthy occupation because money can be made by it.

9. Tempting the appetite with bitters and niceties when the stomach says No, and by forcing food into it when nature does not demand, and even rejects it; gormandizing between meals.

10. Contriving to keep in a continual worry about something or nothing; giving way to fits of anger.

11. Being irregular in all our habits of sleeping and eating; going to bed at midnight and getting up at noon; eating too much, too many kinds of food, and that which is too highly seasoned.

12. Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves, and not apply early for medical advice when disease first appears; taking celebrated quack medicines to a degree of making a drug-shop of the body.

The above causes produce more sickness, suffering, and death than all epidemics, malaria, and contagion, combined with war, pestilence, and famine. Nearly all who have attained to old age have been remarkable for equanimity of temper, correct habits of diet, drink, and rest—for temperance, cheerfulness, and morality. Physical punishment is sure to visit the transgressor of nature's laws. All commit suicide and cut off many years of their natural life who do not observe the means of preventing disease and of preserving health.

[The case is well made out by the Doctor, and we submit it to the world. Premature death is more frequently the result of these causes than by any direct curse from God. If we do not hold our lives in our own hands, we certainly have the ways and the means of committing suicide in divers ways and manners. Let us be sensible and law-abiding.]

THE LAUGH OF WOMEN.—A woman has no natural gift more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on the water. It leaps from her in a clear, sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through the trees, led on by a fairy laugh, now here, now there, now lost, now found? We have; and we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care, or sorrow, or irksome business, and then we turn away and listen, and hear it ringing in the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away the evil spirits of mind. How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns prose to poetry; it flings flowers to sunshine over the darkness of the wood in which we are traveling; it touches with light even our sleep, which is no more than the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are the shadows of immortality.

WOULD NOT "BILE."—The following ingenious trick at advertising is as amusing as it is "fowl!" A man in Clark County having made preparation for a big dinner, selected one of his finest turkeys to boil. Dinner time came, and with it the turkey, but to carve it he could not—the fork refused to enter and the knife refused to cut. Fearing some fiend in human shape had made an attempt to poison the family, the turkey was sent to a chemist to examine for the deadly poison. In the mean time the servants were closely questioned, when the truth came out that a box of "R—'s Blood Pills" were accidentally thrown out, and the turkey eating some of them, they had taken all the "bile" out of him.



MAP OF NORTH AMERICA.

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS.

By a treaty with Russia, lately consummated, the United States has acquired sovereignty over all that portion of the continent known as Russian America. As this region is neither a new Eden, as represented by one of the partisan papers, nor an entire Arctic waste, as represented by others, we present the following facts in regard to it, derived from the most authentic sources. The descriptions found in our geographies and encyclopedias are meager in the extreme, but the recent investigations and surveys by the projectors of the Behring's Straits Telegraph Company have given us many interesting facts, which are of great value at the present time. In the preparation of this article, we have accepted the statements of these surveyors in regard to the character of this region, taking care that they are corroborated by the general conditions which are known to exist.

EXTENT.

This territory extends from the 141st meridian west of Greenwich to the Sea of Kamchatka and Behring's Straits, and from latitude $54^{\circ} 40'$ north to the Arctic Ocean. The main body is a quadrilateral, about six hundred miles square, lying north of latitude 60° . From this compact portion, two long arms extend southerly to latitude $54^{\circ} 40'$; the peninsula of Alaska in a southwest direction, and a narrow strip of sea-coast to the southeast, the two inclosing a wide bay opening to the south. A large number of islands adjacent to the coast are also included in the purchase. The whole area is variously estimated at from four hundred thousand to six hundred thousand square miles.

FACE OF THE COUNTRY.

A high and broken range of mountains, known as the Northwest Coast Range, extends from the southern boundary, along the coast, to the extremity of the peninsula of Alaska. The main ridge of this mountain chain, from twenty to fifty miles from the coast, and nearly parallel to it, constitutes the boundary between

the Russian possessions and British America south of latitude 60° . Numerous high spurs, from this range, extend to the water, dividing the coast into a great number of islands, promontories, and headlands, separated by deep and irregular straits and inlets. Among the most peculiar features of the coast are the long, narrow bays, which stretch far inland, and appear to fill the valleys of a half-submerged mountain system. These bays are surrounded by lofty summits, and are similar to those which, on the coast of Norway, take the name of fiords. The culminating peak of the Coast Range is Mount St. Elias, nearly eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the highest mountain in North America. Between these mountain spurs are deep sheltered and secluded valleys, through which small mountain streams flow to the ocean in a series of rapids and cascades.

The main body of the territory north of latitude 60° is little known. Our information is gathered principally from fur-traders and the telegraph surveyors. The northern portion, bordering on the Arctic Ocean, is mostly low, flat, and swampy. The central and southern parts are also generally level, here and there broken by low mountain spurs, which extend from the Rocky Mountains westerly to the ocean. The whole tract is well watered by numerous rivers, the principal of which is the Knitcheik, a large stream flowing into the Sea of Kamchatka, north of latitude 60° . This stream is said to be navigable for steamboats for nearly one thousand miles. A large number of deep sluggish streams drain the swampy regions of the north, and flow into the Arctic Ocean.

CLIMATE.

In regard to the climate of this region, we must bear in mind the difference between the temperature of the eastern and western coasts of the two continents. In the Atlantic, a cold arctic current, accompanied by a cold northeast wind, flows along the coast of America, greatly intensifying the severity of the climate, while a warm, tropical current, attended by a genial southwest

wind, bathes the coast of Europe, moderating the severity of the cold, and carrying tropical influences to high latitudes. It thus happens that there is a remarkable difference of temperature upon the opposite sides of the Atlantic. Naples is in the latitude of New York; Venice, of Montreal; Paris, of Newfoundland; London, of Labrador, above the region of trees on the Atlantic coast of America; and St. Petersburg is on the parallel which extends through regions of perpetual snow, on the American coast.

In the Pacific like influences prevail. A warm oceanic current from the southwest continually bathes the northwestern coast of America, carrying the warmth of the tropics to so high latitudes that Behring's Straits are never frozen, and very little ice is found along the coast.

In the interior the winters are long and severe, and snow falls to a great depth, but on the Pacific side of the Coast Range snow rarely falls except on the tops of the high mountain peaks. In summer, the moisture of the warm southerly winds is condensed by the mountain chain, causing heavy fogs and frequent rains. The general temperature, therefore, is not to be compared with that of the Atlantic coast of America, but rather with that of similar latitudes in Europe. There is, however, a slight bend in the isotherms, which makes a difference in favor of Europe of about one degree of latitude.

The southern extremity of our new possession is in the latitude of the northern counties of England. New Archangel, the capital, is on the same parallel as Edinburgh, and Fort St. Nicholas, at the northern extremity of the Bay of Alaska, is on the parallel of St. Petersburg. The portions lying between Alaska and Behring's Straits correspond in latitude to the southern half of Norway, and the climate of these different places on the same parallel does not greatly differ. The telegraph surveyors report that the Knitcheik River was clear of ice last year on the 27th of May, so that boats made the passage from Fort Yukon to the ocean.

PRODUCTIONS.

The islands and valleys along the coast from Prince of Wales Island to the extremity of Alaska, a distance of twelve hundred miles, are generally covered with forests of pine, fir, and other resinous evergreens. In many places, these forests, with a dense growth of underbrush, come down to the very edge of the water. It is also reported by the telegraphic surveyors that the whole region north of Alaska, as far as Fort Yukon, is heavily wooded. North of this point the trees begin to diminish in size, so that only dwarf trees and shrubs are found on the borders of the Arctic Ocean. Along the sides of the mountains, and on the high table-lands in this extreme northern latitude, the only kinds of vegetation found are mosses, lichens, and the small fungous plants which find their nourishment in the snow.

Grass grows along the coast as far north as 60°. Barley and oats, the only cereals that can be grown, are produced on the islands and in the valleys of the western coast south of 60°. The tables at New Archangel are plentifully supplied with garden roots and esculents grown in the country, and there is no doubt but that nearly the entire southern half of the territory can be made to yield a considerable quantity of bread products.

MINES, FISHERIES, ETC.

Native copper in considerable quantities is found near Copper River, and at several other places along the coast. Iron ore has been smelted and worked by Russian miners, producing an excellent article of iron. It is said to be found in inexhaustible quantities. Surface gold has been found to some extent upon the head waters of the rivers east of the Coast Range. Bituminous coal of a good quality has been found in large quantities, sufficient for the wants of the people and to supply the prospective steam navigation of the North Pacific.

The fisheries along the coast are extensive and important. The vicinity of Behring's Straits, in both the Arctic and Pacific oceans, is the best region for the whale fishery in the world. Salmon of the finest description swarm in all the fresh-water streams, furnishing food for the Esquimaux and their dogs. Herring and cod abound along the islands and reefs of the whole coast, and there is no reason why these fisheries may not become as important as the cod fisheries of the Grand Banks, or the herring fisheries of Scotland.

The fur-bearing animals are the sable, otter, furred seal, and the black, silver, and red foxes. Reindeer abound in the north, and the red deer in the south. A large share of the fur trade is in the hands of the British Hudson Bay Company, and Fort Yukon is one of their stations. Russian trappers and fur-traders have occupied the country to a certain extent.

INHABITANTS.

The inhabitants consist of about six thousand Russians and fifty thousand natives, most of whom are Esquimaux. The Russians are principally engaged in the fisheries, and have done little to develop the resources of the country. The Esquimaux population consists principally of nomadic tribes, ignorant and filthy, but mild and peaceable.

There is doubtless a fair chance for American enterprise upon this northwest coast. The pine forests will furnish the supplies of timber so much needed in Oregon and California, and any surplus will readily find a market in China and Japan. The fisheries will give remunerative employment to large numbers of enterprising mariners for all time to come, the teeming millions of China furnishing an exhaustless market for all possible supplies. Ship-building, for the navigation of the Pacific, may be profitably carried on by the side of the forests which supply the timber, and the three indispensable articles of coal, iron, and copper may be dug from the adjacent hills. Ice, formed upon the fresh-water streams and ponds in the vicinity of Cook's Inlet, can be easily gathered, and cheaply furnished to California and all the tropical coasts of the Pacific.

The scenery along the coast south of Alaska is among the finest on the continent. The bold rocky shores rise from an almost unfathomable sea, presenting an endless variety of precipitous ledges, rocky cliffs, and deep chasms. From the calm surface of the narrow fords steep mountains rise in every direction; the somber evergreen forests stretch downward to the very edge of the water, and, in the distance, the grand and solemn

mountain peaks rise far into the regions of perpetual snow.

When the empire of the Pacific arrives at its full stature, and San Francisco becomes the commercial emporium of the West; when a busy, thriving, vigorous, and intelligent Yankee population shall inhabit the whole coast from Lower California to Vancouver's Island, then these now desolate regions of Russian America will become favorite summer resorts, and will be as well known as the Vale of Chamouni or the lakes of Como and Maggiore.

OUR COUNTRY.

ACCORDING to the report of the United States Census of the year 1860, we then had—

Free Population	27,439,561
Slave Population	3,953,760
Aggregate	31,443,321

—upward of a million more than England, Scotland, and Ireland combined.

Acres of land in the Union, exclusive of the new territory just acquired from Russia	1,926,636,300
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—for each inhabitant, all told, sixty-one acres.

Number of families, counting only the people who were free in 1860	5,210,934
Average number of persons in a family	5 1/4
Acres of land in farms	407,212,538
Acres to each family	78
Acres of improved land in farms	163,000,000

—or thirty-one acres to each family, or a little less than six acres to each three persons.

Cash value of farms	\$6,645,000,000
Average value per acre	\$16
Horses	6,349,174

—or more than one horse for each family.

Milk cows	3,581,735
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—or nearly two to a family.

Sheep	22,471,000
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—or four and one-third to each family.

Swine	33,513,000
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—or about six and one half to each family.

Wheat (bushels)	173,104,934
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—or thirty-three and one quarter bushels (about nine barrels of flour) to a family.

Indian corn (bushels)	838,793,000
Rye	21,101,380
Oats	173,643,185
Potatoes	111,149,000
Buckwheat	17,572,000
Wool	60,265,000
Butter	459,681,372
Cheese	103,664,000
Maple sugar	40,120,300
Honey	23,366,357
Hops	10,992,000
Hay (tons)	19,084,000
Animals slaughtered, value	\$213,619,000

By these facts and figures it will be seen that we have land enough for millions more of the landless sons of other nations, and abundant resources developed or undeveloped for hundreds of millions of people; and the genius of our free institutions and the spirit of our people unite in offering to the sons of industry throughout the world a cordial welcome among us and a permanent home on our soil. The farm, the factory, the workshop, the school-house, and freedom of the press, of religious opinion and worship are the basis of our greatness, and a share with us in these we tender to all our brethren of the human race. Let us thank God that our lot was cast in a land so large, so good, and so promising.

THE GREAT WEST.

NEBRASKA.

THE tide of emigration is ever setting westward. Rivers and deserts present no obstacles to our hardy pioneers and settlers. Now Nebraska is opened up to us, and it is doubtful whether the Rocky Mountains will present any greater barrier to our farther progress westward, and the development of more new States and Territories. Already the railroad is cutting its way through the new State, and the Rocky Mountains will soon be reached and pierced. In Nebraska we have a rich mine of wealth at present unexplored, and only a portion surveyed and settled.

Nebraska was admitted into the Union as a State on March 1, 1867, having been organized as a Territory since the passage of the Kansas and Nebraska Bill, May 30, 1854. It comprises an estimated area of 833,883 square miles, lying between the fortieth parallel on the south and the forty-ninth on the north; being bounded by Kansas on the south, the British Possessions on the north, the Missouri River, with Iowa and Minnesota on the east, and on the west by the Rocky Mountains, beyond which are the Territories of Utah, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington. The State has a frontage of nearly 300 miles on the Missouri River, a breadth of about 450 miles, and a length of above 700 miles, covering a surface as varied as it is extended.

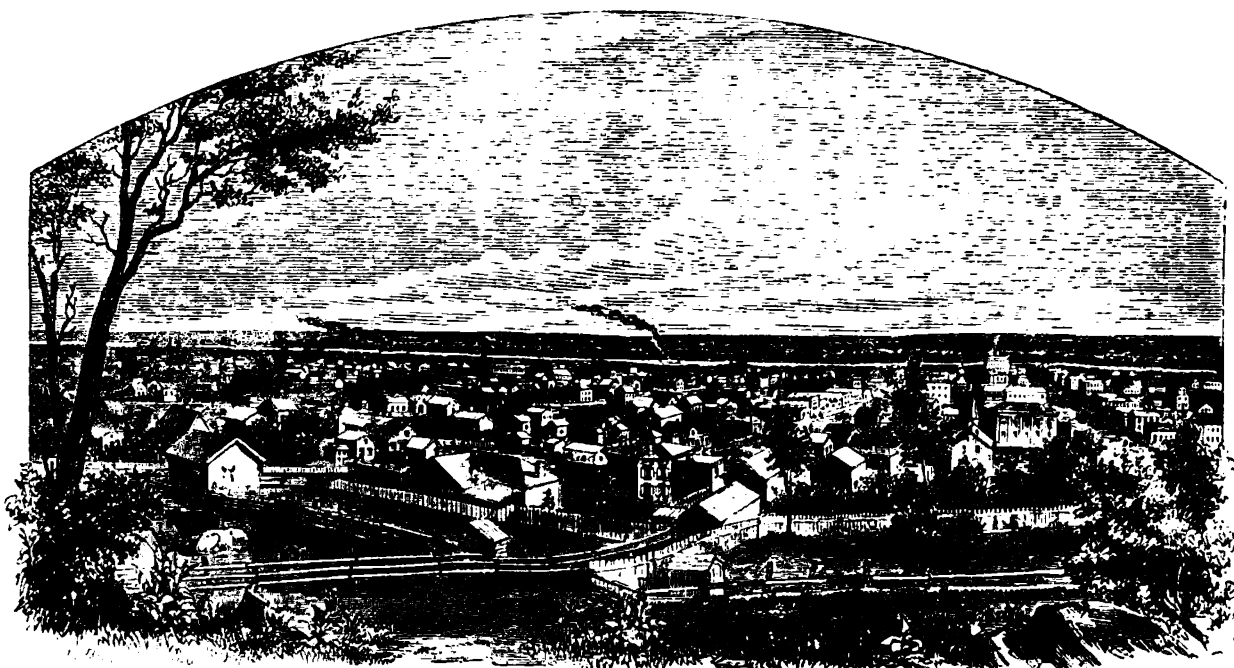
ITS EARLY HISTORY.

Originally Nebraska was a part of the old province of Louisiana, and partook of the fortunes of that State; was finally ceded to the United States in 1803, then being known as the Indian Territory. Previous to 1854, when it was organized as a Territory, this wide extent of country afforded capital hunting-grounds for the Indians, where millions of buffaloes, elk, and antelopes were found in abundance. In 1853 the first white settler crossed from the Iowa shore. Other emigrants soon followed, slowly at first, but in 1854 emigration began to flow thither rapidly, and the rich bottom and prairie lands were soon populated. The population that year was 2,723; in 1860 it had reached 36,903, and to-day it is estimated at upward of 75,000.

Of course the increase of the white settlers drove the Indian farther westward to the Rocky Mountains. Some of the tribes remaining in the State have partially adopted civilization, and all of them are peaceable. Fifteen years ago the Omahas had their wigwams where now stands the city of Omaha. They are now only about 1,000 strong, and live in the northeast corner of the State, friendly and peaceable. There are but a few scattered tribes over the whole State, numbering in the aggregate but little more than 5,000. The most powerful are the Pawnees, who have a reservation of twenty miles by thirty, located twenty miles north of Columbus. They are partly civilized, and have a saw and grist mill and blacksmith shop, built for them by the Government, which they run themselves. The Ottos and the Missouries occupy a tract twenty miles by thirty on the Big Blue River, seventy-five miles from Nebraska City, and number about 1,000—peaceable, and allies of the whites. In the southern and eastern corners are the Sacs, the Foxes, and the Iowas, about 1,500 strong, partly civilized and peaceable. Soon, by the tide of emigration, they will have to seek other homes, perhaps amid the wild canons of the Rocky Mountains.

LAND IN NEBRASKA.

The general character of the land, with some exception, is a gentle rolling prairie, upon which neither ponds, lakes, nor stagnant waters emit noxious exhalations to infect the pure air of the region. Rich bottom lands, save on the Sandy Desert, stretch across the State from the Missouri to the base of the Rocky Mountains. These are intersected by the Platte, the Niobrara, and the Yellow Stone rivers, and numerous other small streams. The whole is diversified by small knolls, but is destitute of hills until the Black Hills are reached. The valley of the Platte, which is from ten to twenty miles in width, which seems to have been designed by nature for a grand highway, and through which now runs the Union Pacific Railroad, is of great fertility, and here the most desirable locations are to be found. The same remark



OMAHA CITY, THE CAPITAL OF NEBRASKA, ON THE MISSOURI RIVER.

is true to a great extent of the valley of the Missouri, and the valleys of the Elkhorn, Wood, and Loup rivers. Very desirable locations are along the line of the Union Pacific Railroad through the Platte Valley, the company having nearly a million acres of fertile land near their road for sale. The valley of the Elkhorn River, which for 100 miles from its mouth is equal to the Platte Valley for fertility, is also rapidly settling.

That portion of the State lying between the Missouri River, the Kansas line, and the ninety-ninth parallel of longitude is most thickly settled. The land there is generally of a superior character. Near the Platte are the rich bottom lands, which is the deposit of the river after ages of overflow. It is easy of cultivation, and productive to an astonishing degree. Above these bottom lands, farther interior, are table-lands, now and then broken by bluffs, running abruptly into the river. Along the Missouri these table-lands run from the Kansas line up to where the ninety-ninth longitudinal meridian crosses the river, on the picturesque site of which one continuous city might be laid out. Beyond these two descriptions of land is the rolling prairie, which is well watered by springs and streams of pure water. So plentiful is the water, that there is scarcely a quarter section of land that has not its spring, nor a township that has not its stream. The soil of the prairie is of much the same character as the other, having a larger proportion of minerals and a smaller proportion of vegetable matter. These prairies are about equal in richness to the wheat-growing districts of Illinois.

Between the Black Hills and the Rocky Mountains the land is a succession of valleys, walled in by lofty wooded mountains which abound in scenes of grandeur and beauty. The valley of the Yellowstone River is fertile, and so is the valley of the Maria, abounding in timber, pine, cedar, and fir trees. A portion of the bottom lands of Nebraska are wooded with heavy cotton-wood, and the bluffs or hills with the harder growths of oak, black walnut, hickory, elm, etc.

PRICE OF LAND.

In the Platte Valley the Union Pacific Railroad is entitled to the alternate sections for twenty miles on each side of the road, and the moment the lands are surveyed they are withdrawn from the market. But the even sections along the road are open for settlement in lots of eighty acres, upon paying the sum of \$2 50 per acre, under the provisions of the homestead bill. The land in the Platte Valley within 100 miles of Omaha, owing to its proximity to the railroad and its richness, has been extensively settled upon, and improved land,

when it can be bought at all, must be paid for at the rate of from \$5 to \$12 an acre. The same remark is true to a great extent of the land in the bottom of the Missouri, and the valleys of the Elkhorn, Wood, and Loup rivers. There is no doubt, however, but that the Union Pacific road will dispose of their lands at terms so moderate as to invite settlement.

Improved farms can be purchased, in tracts of one hundred acres, with from forty to eighty acres under cultivation, with small dwelling and out-buildings for from \$5 to \$25 per acre. There are 1,500,000 acres of government lands subject to be entered under the Homestead Law or located with land warrants or cash in the Omaha District. These lands lie in the most fertile sections of the State, being in the great valley of the Platte and along the Elkhorn River, Shell Creek, Loup, Fork, and Wood rivers. The names of the counties in which these lands lie are as follows: Douglas, Izard, Washington, Dodge, Platte, Monroe, Madison, Burt, Cumming, Dacotah, Dixon, Pierce, L'Eau-qui-Court, and Archer.

PRODUCTS OF THE SOIL.

The soil is free and lively and easily brought into cultivation, producing Indian corn, wheat, oats, hemp, and sorghum. Hay and clover are also grown in abundance. All kinds of vegetables, fruits, etc., thrive well. The fertility of the soil, especially in the rich bottoms, is wonderful and unlimited. Radishes six inches in diameter, sweet potatoes weighing from eight to ten pounds each, beets that almost fill a flour barrel, and cabbages with solid heads thirty-six inches in circumference, are said to be among the vegetable marvels. Eighty bushels of corn per acre are raised in the valley of the Platte, and in the Decatur bottom. The wheat raised in the Elkhorn bottom weighed sixty pounds to the bushel; that in the Tekama sixty-two, and in the Dacotah sixty-three. The potato yields are immense, and owing to the dryness of the atmosphere and soil, rot is unknown; nor has the wheat been attacked by a variety of those diseases to which it is liable in the East. Grapes of an excellent quality are also produced in quantities.

As a grazing country Nebraska can not be surpassed, and stock-raising is extensively carried on. The wild buffalo grass predominates here as in Utah, and cattle, horses, and mules fatten on it very readily. In regard to the advantages of Nebraska for raising sheep, an old and well-informed settler of that Territory writes: "I know of no part of the United States where sheep are so healthy or do so well, and I doubt if there is a place on the globe equal to Nebraska for wool-growing." The surplus corn, grain, animal and vegetable products culti-

vated in this "Nile of Nebraska" can find ready market by the proximity of the Union Pacific Railroad. Timber is somewhat scarce. Skirting the streams is sufficient for ordinary uses, and it can be grown with great profit and success. Water is pure and plentiful, and well distributed by springs, streams, and wells.

The following is the estimated number of bushels of wheat, oats, and corn for 1886, compared with those given in the last census report:

	1860.	1886.
Wheat.....	147,867.....	1,000,000
Corn.....	1,482,080.....	4,000,000
Oats.....	74,509.....	500,000

Part of these crops which is not consumed in the Territories, either finds its way down the river to St. Louis, up it to Montana, or across the plains to Colorado.

MANUFACTURES, MINERALS, ETC.

Nebraska has as yet but few manufactures. Agriculture is probably the destiny of the eastern part of the State, and the mining districts will consume all that can be grown here. The southeastern part abounds in limestone, and in some places the sandstone crops out along the bluffs and ravines. In Cedar County, on the Missouri River, and in some other places, there are, but a few feet below the surface of the soil, large deposits of a soft, pliable, calcareous substance, which hardens upon exposure, and makes excellent lime. Alum has been discovered in Dixon County, and salt springs in Salt Creek, as well as oil wells near Columbus and Fremont in the Platte Valley. Around Omaha, and for some distance up the Platte and up the Missouri, are to be found lime and building stones of a gray or yellowish color. Geologists are of the opinion that bituminous coal is to be found about six hundred or a thousand feet below the surface. It is expected that the salt springs will be a source of great profit to Nebraska. Of course, the advent to railroads will naturally increase manufactures to a large extent. The railroad shops in Omaha are but the commencement of the thousands of workshops and manufacturing factories that will spring up in the course of a few years along the lines of railroad.

PRICES OF LIVING, LABOR, ETC.

Unskilled labor is in good demand in the State, and commands good wages. Farm hands find ready employment at \$25 to \$50 per month with board. Carpenters, blacksmiths, bricklayers, and mechanics generally make from \$4 to \$6 per day. The best hands readily obtain the latter figure.

Considering its recent settlement, Nebraska is a cheap

place in which to live, almost every article of consumption being abundant. The excursionists who celebrated the completion of the Union Pacific Railroad to the 100th meridian in autumn, 1866, in one of their dispatches report the market prices as follows: Buffalo meat per lb. 15 c.; elk meat per lb. 12 and 15 c.; antelope 16 to 18 c.; prairie chickens per pair 50 to 60 c.; wild ducks 75 to 81 c.; wild geese each \$1 25 to \$1 50; sage hens each 50 to 65 c.; snipe each 25 to 30 c. Other things are in like proportion.

THE CLIMATE.

The settled portions of the State, lying in the same latitude as Southern Iowa, Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, partake to a great extent of the same peculiarities of climate, somewhat milder, however, than the same latitudes east. The atmosphere is dry, clear, buoyant, and pure, and is exceedingly favorable to pulmonary difficulties. In spring and fall there are rains, but the summers are generally dry. The thermometer does not usually indicate a higher temperature than 100° F., and in the extreme cold weather the mercury rarely falls lower than 10°. The wind blows with great force, and with much constancy; of snow there is not much on the plains. Western Nebraska is, in point of fact, warmer than places in the same latitude on the seaboard, as shown by the fact that the isothermal line of summer heat of 80° F. which strikes the Atlantic coast near Charleston, S. C., curves northward, and crosses the forks of the Platte a little west of their point of junction. Then, too, the isothermal line of winter heat of 40° F. which touches the ocean at New York, and which passes through Southern Illinois, curves northward as it approaches Nebraska.

Spring opens early, and the seasons afford time for two crops. The heat is great in summer, but is relieved by cool winds from the prairies. The winters are alternately mild and severe; rarely deep snows. December is often found to bring severe weather, which breaks up in March. Fever and ague are unknown. Stock of all kinds require some shelter to enable them to keep through the winter, and notwithstanding the cold winds which prevail, slight sheds, sufficient to break their force, will answer for cattle, and sheep fatten rapidly on the rich buffalo grasses of the State.

EDUCATION AND RELIGION, GOVERNMENT, ETC.

Ample provision has been made by the appropriation of public lands in the State for the benefit of common schools and the encouragement of education generally. This will be a great inducement to respectable emigrants. At present these schools are free, on the average about six months in the year, but will doubtless soon be made free all the year round. Churches of nearly every denomination are scattered through the State.

The government of the State is established by organic act, and acts of the Legislature, and is the same as in other States. The capital at present is Omaha, but will eventually be, doubtless, owing to its central position, Columbus. The civil code of Ohio and the criminal code of Illinois were adopted with few modifications in 1866, and are now in force.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Nebraska is fortunate in occupying the position she does, being on the direct line of travel from the great emporiums of the East—New York, Chicago, St. Louis, to the Pacific coast and San Francisco. The Union Pacific Railroad, starting from Omaha, as the great Western terminus, will be the main channel of communication with the West. Trains are now running 300 miles west from that point, and the route is far superior to all others to the Rocky Mountains. Starting from Council Bluffs, opposite Omaha, on the Missouri, which will soon be connected by a bridge, the terminus of the Iowa division of the Chicago and Northwestern, Burlington and Missouri, and Mississippi and Missouri roads—the first of which has lately been completed, while the others are being pushed rapidly forward—will connect with the East and South. Chicago is now reached—a distance of 500 miles—in twenty hours, without change of cars. From the south, the capital is reached by a daily line of packets, running in connection with the Hannibal and St. Joseph and North Missouri railroads, and by steamers

from St. Louis, Kansas City, Leavenworth, Atchison, and all points on the Missouri River, which is navigable as far as Fort Benton. Between Sioux City, Iowa, and Omaha there is a semi-weekly line. Stage and express coaches run in direct connection with the passenger trains of the Union Pacific Railroad between North Platte and the mountains, taking emigrants to all the large cities and populous portions of the State. Omaha is the starting-point for a daily line of stages, via Denver City to Salt Lake City; to the gold-mining districts; in fact, all points westward—Utah, Idaho, Montana, Colorado, California—may all be reached from there. Roads in all parts of the State are generally good. Postal communication is well established, the length of the post routes within the State being 1,872 miles. The Platte Valley was the route taken by the cattle trains to Utah and Colorado and the mining regions, and will continue to be until the Union Pacific Railroad is completed. For the guidance of intending emigrants we append the following table of distances, from Omaha, the capital, to the chief points in the Union:

The distance from Omaha to Chicago, is 500 miles; to St. Louis, 450; to Portland, Me., 1,643; to Boston, 1,522; to New York, 1,450; to Philadelphia, 1,419; to Baltimore, 1,349; to Washington, 1,320; to Charleston, 1,466; to Mobile, 1,999; to New Orleans, 1,210; to Denver, 630; to base of Rocky Mountains, 517; Lamarie River, 578; Salt Lake City, 1,835; Humboldt City, 1,595; Nevada and California State Line, 1,500; Sacramento City, 1,716; San Jose, 1,695; to San Francisco, 1,890.

OMAHA—THE CAPITAL.

Omaha is one of the most striking evidences of the prosperity of Nebraska, and is aptly called the "New Chicago of the West." It is situated opposite Council Bluffs, on the Missouri River, by which it is reached by a ferry, sixteen miles above the mouth of the Platte, in latitude 41° 15' 39", and longitude 189° 48' 37" from Washington. Situated upon an elevated position, she looks proudly down upon the swiftly-flowing Missouri below, with its scenes of industry and commercial life. Nearest the river are the busy shops of the Union Pacific Railroad and the dwellings of the workmen; on higher ground, sixty feet above the level of the river, and 968 feet above the level of the sea, is the city proper; while sixty feet higher still is the prairie, on the verge of which stands the State House. On this plateau the town is also built, extending along the river for four miles. Farther back, tree-covered hillsides appear, where elegant dwelling-houses are beginning to make their appearance. To the south are the newly erected cottages of the *Credit Foncier*, a moneyed association, having for its object the development of the principal towns on the railroad. This association owns some eighty acres of land in Omaha; they have divided it into lots, and are now building cottages, neat frame buildings, which readily rent for \$30 per month. The city was originally laid out into streets crossing each other at right angles, none of them being less than one hundred feet wide; while Capital Avenue, which leads to the State House, is one hundred and twenty. The streets running north and south are numbered up to Twenty-third Street, while those running east to west are named either after individuals or the forest trees. Streets are planted with trees, giving in summer a beautiful appearance to the whole city.

ITS GROWTH AND EARLY HISTORY

have been remarkable. Previous to 1853, it was left to the Indians. In November of that year, Mr. A. D. Jones crossed the river from the Iowa side, and settled on what is now the main business portion of the city; and others following, in 1854 the Indians were obliged to dispose of their lands. Then the Golden State opened, and Omaha formed one of the main routes for the New Eldorado. As a consequence, speculation became rife, and the prices of property ran up to an extraordinary height, and it was fondly believed that Omaha, which is nearly the geographical center of the United States, would at once become the foremost city in the West. But with 1857 came bankruptcy and temporary despondency, and it was not until 1859 that signs of vitality began to re-appear.

It then became the outfitting point for the mining trains to Idaho and Colorado, which, returning in the autumn laden with gold, again clothed and equipped before proceeding East. Its population, wealth, and size have since increased to a wonderful extent. The establishment of the large machine shops of the Union Pacific Railroad, and the consequent influx of a large number of mechanics, whose high wages enabled them to pay high rents, thus causing the erection of a great number of new buildings, was another great cause of its rapid growth. During 1866, about 600 houses of various sizes were erected. The city is constantly extending its limits northward. It has swallowed up the rival village of Florence, and even two others, and now stands unrivaled in the State.

The city now boasts of a large gas-works, having a capacity of 40,000 cubic feet; above a dozen churches of all denominations, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Methodist, Lutheran, Congregational, Baptist, Catholics, all being represented; three beautiful cemeteries, Prospect Hill and Cedar Hill, the first of which contains 12,000 trees, and Mount St. Mary's; five public schools, constantly increasing in number, besides an excellent female seminary, under the auspices of the Episcopal Church; a Methodist College in embryo; a board of trade organized November 4, 1865; two newspapers, the *Herald* and *Republican*; four large and successfully managed hotels—the Herndon, Douglas, Farham, and Fremont—together with numerous banks, manufactories, private buildings, railroad shops, etc., etc. The extensive shops of the Company have added greatly to the value of the land in their vicinity. When fully completed they will be able to turn out several cars daily, being limited at present to about one per day.

THE LOCAL AND WESTERN TRADE

of Omaha is immense. In the prosecution of the latter, over one hundred steamers ascended the Missouri above Fort Benton during the year, many of them taking their entire freight from Omaha. Packets leave regularly for St. Joseph, Sioux City, and other points on the river. Stage lines radiate in all directions, and hence is the shortest line to Virginia City and other points in Montana and Idaho, following a route which possesses the advantage of an abundance of good water. Being the terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad, the trade of Omaha will increase with every year. It will inevitably be the starting-point to all places west of the Missouri.

THE FUTURE OF OMAHA

is thus described by a correspondent of the *Buffalo Express*: "Omaha has, during the past two or three years, transacted an amount of business and increased with a rapidity that really astonishes herself, whenever she takes time to pause and figure upon her past and present prosperity. Is it destined to continue its ever-lengthening strides until Omaha shall become the recognized commercial center of the two thousand miles of rich country lying between Chicago and San Francisco? It does not require a very extraordinary reach of the imagination to conceive the practicability of this latter suggestion. Providence seems to have made ample provision for the commercial demands of the American nation, in the natural adaptation of certain localities, conveniently distant from each other, for the establishment thereon of important cities. Thus we find occupying a more southern parallel, situated, respectively, from three to five hundred miles apart, the principal cities of Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, while along the northern line are located the flourishing cities of Boston, New York, Buffalo, Chicago—and why not Omaha, between the "Garden City" and San Francisco? Geographically considered, Omaha certainly occupies a favored location, with over a thousand miles of river navigation stretching away to the northward, bringing down to her wharf from the snow-capped mountains of Montana the rich products of that far-off region of the great Northwest; while into her lap is being poured the entire trade from the Missouri River to Salt Lake City."

Such is Omaha, the capital of Nebraska, the eastern terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad, and the great city that is to be of the Missouri Valley.

Literary Notices.

[All works noticed in THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.]

THE SOLITUDES OF NATURE AND OF MAN; or the Loneliness of Human Life. By William Rounseville Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 12mo. cloth, \$1 75.

We like the name on the cover of this somewhat peculiar book better, viz., "The Genius of Solitude." The author is a man not altogether unknown to fame through his recently revised "Doctrine of a Future Life," and can lay claim to a superior grade of scholarship with little fear of its not being promptly accorded. The object of the book is briefly stated, that its "readers may learn from it how, at the same time, to win the benefits and shun the evils of being alone." The philosophy and tendencies of solitude are discussed, and much attention given to those authors who, in the fastnesses of seclusion, produced their most valued works. Under the head of "Sketches of Lonely Characters, or Personal Illustrations of the Good and Evil of Solitude," we find names of world-wide renown—Confucius, Demosthenes, Cicero, Dante, Descartes, Milton, Zimmerman, Wordsworth, Byron, Channing, Thoreau, and even our Saviour, are included. With reference to the last the author is somewhat speculative, and diverges a little from the regular connection of his subject, yet there is nothing in such digression calculated to offend a broad-spirited Christianity.

THE SMALL FRUIT CULTURIST.

By Andrew S. Fuller, Practical Horticulturist, Ridgewood, Bergen Co., N. J. Beautifully illustrated. New York: Orange Judd & Co. 12mo. cloth, \$1 50.

Many valuable works for the use of the gardener or family have been recently issued by Messrs. Judd & Company, but none of a more practical character than the above. Each of those delicious berries which are welcomed in their season, and out of it, too, when they can be had in a palatable state, is plainly treated of, and clear directions given for its production. Every householder who owns a rod of soil can, with a little effort, make it yield fruit in astonishing abundance, and thus save himself some of the many dollars which a table well supplied with good fruit costs him now-a-days, to say nothing of the physical benefit derived from a little open-air exertion with the spade.

GOOD ENGLISH; or, Popular

Errors in Language. By Edmund S. Gould, author of "Abridgment of Alison's Europe," etc., etc. New York: W. J. Widdleton. 12mo. cloth, pp. v., 224. Price, \$1 50.

Since the issue of "The Study of Words," by Dean Trench, and of the valuable volume by Swinton, entitled "Ramblings among Words," many persons more or less cultured in philology have given to the world their views on the subject of our modern English. The author of "Good English" is an educator of long experience, and a philologist of no mean reputation. In his book he endeavors to indicate the popular errors in language by the use of plain Anglo-Saxon terms and definitions, briefly disposing of each error as it is introduced, so that in the pages of a moderately-sized volume he has included all that are familiar. Among Americans there is a grave tendency to looseness or inaccuracy in ordinary conversational parlance.

From this tendency our more cultivated class is not altogether free. If Gould's book be generally read, we have no doubt but that it will correct this tendency to a considerable extent. Introduce it to your reading tables, gentlemen.

THE GOSPEL AMONG ANIMALS; or, Christ with the Cattle. By Samuel Osgood, D.D. Revised and reprinted from the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. 12mo. paper, 25 cents; flexible muslin, 37 cents. New York: S. R. Wells, Publisher.

"A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

Rev. Dr. Osgood is a home missionary. He takes in to his sympathies not only all mankind, but all living kinds. He sees something of the Divine will even in the lowest of God's creatures, and he looks at all through kindness, justice, and affection. He who reads this little book will be more considerate of the poor dumb animals who are subject to the use—and abuse—of man. Let those who would kindle a feeling of kindness and mercy in the hearts of others, place a copy of this appeal in their hands.

NEW AMERICA.—By William

Hepworth Dixon, editor of the "Athenaeum," and author of "The Holy Land," "William Penn," etc. With illustrations from original photographs. Complete in one volume. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. fancy cloth. Price, \$2 50.

This book has already created a considerable sensation. Mr. Dixon is a traveler of great experience. He has visited so many countries, and found so much in each for a susceptible temperament to admire and learn, that he has acquired the broad impartiality of a true cosmopolite. He visited America not long ago, with the view, as appears in his book, to study her domestic institutions. He acknowledges, pleasantly, that his visit was profitable, that he learned much; and unlike former English writers, who hurriedly glanced at a few of our public buildings and caught their cue of American progress from a momentary inspection of towns, villages, and landscape, as the iron horse bore them swiftly along, and then returned home to disparage and sneer at us, Mr. Dixon comments favorably on American institutions in general. The Mormons, the Shakers, and the Communists of Oneida especially interested him; to the description of their organization and internal management he devotes the larger part of his book. The wild border life of the far West exerted a strong influence on him; he reveled amid the dangers of the mountain passes of the Sierra Madre and the Black Hills, and several of the prevalent accounts of murder and vengeance peculiar to those regions are detailed. He alludes feelingly to the late conflict which drenched our land in blood, and while deploring the sad results entailed upon the South, admonishes it to adhere to the old flag and cherish its influences in the spirit of concession. He says of those who would have disintegrated our country: "Happily for the world they failed and lost; failed by a law of nature, lost by an ordinance of Heaven. No calamity in policy could have equaled the success of a slave empire founded on the ruin of a strong republic. All free nations would have felt it, all honest men would have suffered from it, etc." The whole tone of the book is frank and hearty, and one of the most readable of its kind that has issued from the press during the last decade.

A VIEW AT THE FOUNDATIONS;

or, First Causes of Character, as Operative Before Birth from Hereditary and Spiritual Sources. Being a Treatise on the Organic Structure and Quality of the Human Soul, as determined by Pre-natal Conditions in the Parentage and Ancestry, and how far we can direct and control them. By W. M. Fernald. Address this office. Price, \$1 50.

The object of this book is to show the importance of a good natural or constitutional character, and the extent of our agency in producing it. In other words, to show how much human beings are responsible for the kind of children they bring into the world. Much is said by Christians, and said truly, about the second birth; this is an attempt to show how the first birth is equally under our control. A considerable amount has been written of late upon this subject, but it has been chiefly on the natural plane. The author of this treatise does not overlook or disparage the natural at all; on the contrary, the book is profusely illustrated by facts from the operations of nature. But, differently from the common run of books of this order, this is an attempt to blend more fully the spiritual with the natural, and to look at the whole subject from a higher point of view. The hereditary transmission of moral and intellectual qualities from parents to children forms a prominent part of the work. Many facts of such transmission are given, and some of a character showing how, by design and effort on the part of the parents, the most beautiful and marked results can be procured in the offspring. We commend these facts to universal attention. The great fact of marriage, and the right adjustment of human pairs, come in for a prominent place in the author's views of human destiny; and the possibilities and impossibilities of human perfectibility, as based upon the laws of hereditary descent, are set forth in a forcible and conspicuous manner.

A TREATISE ON GENERAL PATHOLOGY AND ITS RELATION TO PRACTICAL MEDICINE. By Charles L. Carter, M.D., Honorary Member of the St. Louis Medical Society; lately Surgeon in the United States Army. St. Louis, Mo. Cloth, 8vo. Price, \$1 50.

The subject of Pathology is carefully yet succinctly considered in this volume. Many statements here and there occurring in its progress impress us with the notion that the author is not only well acquainted with the primal features of Phrenology, but has wisely applied them in his practice as a physician, and to his book. In Chapter VI. we find this paragraph:

"It remains yet to notice some facts in support of the localization of particular faculties of the mind in special regions of the brain. This proposition is established by many conclusive evidences that the brain does not act as a unit. The faculties of the mind are not developed contemporaneously, but at different periods of life, and in the same independent manner do these faculties decline; thus conforming to the general mechanism of the system, in which each organ is assigned special functions and periods of activity. That each of the powers of the mind is as independent of, as distinct from the others, is well exemplified in disease. In typhoid fever, the sufferer readily recognizes acquaintances when every other faculty of the mind is perverted or abolished. Some insane persons have more sense on some subjects than they ever had before. Monomaniacs are perfectly rational in some of their faculties, while the other faculties are entirely abolished. Indeed, the whole nervous system is constructed on this prin-

ciple of special localization and definite independent functions, as shown by the separate localities and definite functions of the ganglia and nerves of sensation, motion, and vision."

Dr. Carter appreciates the pre-ordinating influence of the brain in disease, and is enabled like many other physicians to be clear-sighted in diagnosis because of such appreciation. The book can be read with profit by all medicists.

EARLY AND LATE PAPERS

HITHERTO UNCOLLECTED. By William Makepeace Thackeray. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cloth, \$2.

Who does not like Thackeray, whose brilliant wit never palls on the sense, but seems to freshen the more we read him? The above collection is in many, if not in all respects equal to any of his already well-known productions. There is an easy off-hand freshness in these stray dottings which pleases the reader, who generally reads Thackeray as much for intellectual amusement as for profit; and he is more pleased by their apparently unstudied, yet always refined style than by the same author's more carefully prepared volumes. "Bluebird's Ghost," "Dickens in France," and "Little Travels and Roadside Sketches," parts of this collection, are charmingly written sketches in their way, and in fact are fair specimens of Thackeray in his happiest vein. The volume contains an excellent steel portrait of the late author.

THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF

THE PICKWICK CLUB. By Charles Dickens. With twelve original illustrations, from designs by George Cruikshank. Price, \$1 50 in cloth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The large and clear type in which this volume, the first of an entirely new edition of Dickens' works, is printed, its completeness, its illustrations which would dispose the most ascetic to laughter, and its cheapness are well calculated to make it popular. The edition, which will consist of twelve volumes, each containing a complete story, is called the "People's Edition."

THE PRACTICAL FAMILY

DENTIST. A Popular Treatise on the Teeth. Exhibiting the means necessary and efficient to secure their health and preservation; also the various errors, and pernicious practices which prevail in relation to dental treatment. With a variety of useful receipts, etc., etc. By Dewitt C. Warner, M.D. For sale by us as Publishers. Price, \$1 50.

It is unnecessary for us to describe in detail a work of this character. Suffice it to say that the subject is treated from a point of view reasonable and hygienic, and that whosoever reads it carefully and follows its suggestions will save himself much time, inconvenience, and pain. We would help humanity to cure their aching jaws, and to save those useful instruments whose proper tuncement for a lifetime is the human mouth.

THE RECTOR'S WIFE; or, the

Valley of a Hundred Fires. By the author of "Margaret and Her Bridesmaids," "Lords and Ladies," "Queen of the County," etc. 1 vol., 12mo. pp. 371. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Price, \$4.

A charming story, full of simple country life, and written in a simple yet attractive style. The scenery is laid in a romantic portion of Wales; the story is well developed, closing admirably. The book has an intensely moral tone throughout, and should command a large and extended sale. It is pronounced by some to closely resemble "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Brontë, in the *moral* and in the delicacy of its treatment. The fact of such resemblance should give it ready sale.

THE ELECTROPATHIC GUIDE, prepared with particular reference to Home Practice, containing Hints on the Care of the Sick, the Treatment of Disease, and the Use of Electricity; with Cuts Illustrating the Apparatus used in Medical Treatment, and full directions for treating over One Hundred Cases. By S. M. Wells, Medical Electrician. Price, \$1 25.

A plain, practical, common-sense, and comprehensive treatise on Medical Electricity, especially suited to private practice and family use. It is a well-known fact that diseases of certain kinds are frequently successfully treated by this method, when other remedies have been unavailing—such as stiff joints, paralysis, tumors, ruptures, etc. The authoress has presented the subject in a popular manner, avoiding all technicalities, putting forth her views in language so plain and simple that all may understand. The principle upon which electricity is applied to the treatment of disease is ably treated, and we have no doubt that the book will prove highly useful and valuable.

THE UNIFORM TRADE LIST

CIRCULAR. For the benefit of Publishers, Booksellers, News Dealers, and every branch of trade connected with these interests. Philadelphia: Howard Challen, 1,308 Chestnut Street. 8vo. Price, \$3.

The object of this work is set forth in its preface: "Its value to the trade consists in every publisher contributing his complete list to its catalogue, so as to present under one cover and in uniform shape the Trade Lists of all who have hitherto published their individual circulars in so many forms as to make it impossible to preserve or to refer to them."

The compiler promises to revise constantly and correct his work to the latest date, asking only the adequate support of the trade. This we hope he will get. All booksellers and publishers must be aware of the difficulty experienced by not having publishers' catalogues on hand, corrected; but here we have them altogether, well bound, and nicely printed in large 8vo form.

LECTURES ON THE NATURE OF SPIRIT, AND OF MAN AS A SPIRITUAL BEING. By Chauncey Giles, Minister of the New Jerusalem Church. New York: Published by the General Convention of the New Jerusalem in the United States of America, at its Publishing House, 20 Cooper Union, New York. 12mo. Cloth, gilt, \$1 25.

The Rev. Mr. Giles is too well known a minister of the Swedenborgian Church to require special notice at our hands. He is earnest, forcible, and profound as a preacher, and his book as a compilation of specific discourses carefully prepared, on so profound a theme as the spiritual nature of man, possesses the merits of earnestness and force. The answer given by the author to the question, What is the Spiritual World? is evidently from the Swedenborgian point of view, viz. "It is a real world composed of all the forms that are necessary to constitute a world. It is objective to the senses of those who dwell in it, and far more distinct, substantial, and real to them than this world is to us. And yet it is not material, but is as distinct from every form of matter as the soul is from the body." The death, resurrection, and state of man hereafter are discussed at considerable length, and as clearly as such occult subjects may be dealt with by an intelligent mind this side of "the river."

OUR NEW ANNUAL FOR 1868.—The engravers are at work on the illustrations. "Copy" will be given to the printers soon. We hope to have it out in October. A few pages will be given to

advertisements. **THE ANNUAL** will be larger and better than ever before. For advertising terms, send stamp for circular. We shall print 50,000 copies, or more.

THE PUBLIC DEBT OF THE UNITED STATES. Its organization; its liquidation; the administration of the Treasury; the financial system. By J. S. Gibbons, author of "The Banks and Clearing House." Pp. 376. Price, \$2. C. Scribner & Co., New York.

The first section of this work shows the public debt to be in a state of disorder. It is represented by near twenty different loans, each subject to a number of contingencies. The bonds have nineteen different dates of maturity, six different rates of interest, and options without number. Of the six per cent. loans, there are twelve kinds; of the five per cent. loans, five kinds; of the seven-thirties, there are six different issues. Twelve Acts of Congress, full of the unintelligible jargon of law, make the napkin in which all are wrapped up. Mr. Gibbons dispels the obscurity and confusion of the debt by classifying each kind apart, and shows how the whole might be reorganized so as to come within the popular understanding. He proposes that all the different securities, including the legal tender notes, shall be converted into one six per cent. stock, payable without date, and with quarterly interest. He thinks this would make the credit of the United States the choice investment of capitalists in all countries, and there is little doubt of it.

As to the liquidation of the debt, he proposes to adopt a scale of gradual reduction, and to put the process under the control of fixed laws instead of leaving it in the secret discretion of a bureau. To use a common expression, he "blows up" the notion that "one generation has no right to transmit debt to another," and proves it to be absurd, unjust, and brainless.

Mr. Gibbons lays down, as the "natural law" of taxation, the simple rule that governs all private business. That is, to put the tax at the lightest that will effectually bring the debt within the power of resources. This is in contrast with the present policy of the Treasury, which is, to screw out of the people the last cent they can or will pay. The consequence of this policy is, that the taxes are not only oppressive, but destructive, and property is concealed, or its income misrepresented, and the revenue defrauded. This process is, we fear, becoming rather popular. The Government would get a larger revenue by reducing the rates.

The two last reports of the Secretary of the Treasury show a deplorable state of industrial oppression and embarrassment. It is cheaper to send our timber to the British Provinces and pay for the building of ships there than to build them at home, so destructive are the high taxes. Business generally languishes from the same cause.

In this volume, we find, also, a clear demonstration that the cause of high prices has been wrongly attributed to the currency. The "inflation" of paper money has never been so great as commonly believed. Editors and Members of Congress have represented it at near one thousand million of dollars, whereas the highest it ever reached was five hundred and sixty-five million in 1864. The currency as a whole has not been higher than the average before the war. Taxes, high taxes, cruel and unnecessary taxes, levied with a view to carry out the policy of paying off the debt in one generation, are the sole and sufficient cause for excessive prices.

We commend this volume to the deliber-

ate perusal of all persons who wish to get an intelligent view of our debt and finances. Every bond-holder ought to have it on his table, and every man or woman who expects to be a bond-holder. Every business man ought to have it for the light that it throws on our present commercial embarrassment.

The tables of liquidation are full, and show how the entire debt may be paid off, while the taxes may at the same time be gradually reduced, even from the start.

ELSIE MAGOON; or, The Old Still-House in the Hollow. A Tale of the Past. By Mrs. Frances Dana Gage. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. Cloth, \$1 50.

A powerful story, well written. Not in the interest of whiskey, but dead against it. No one can read it without deep emotion. The portraits of character, the scenes and incidents, are too vivid to be merely imaginary. Its influence, if the book were widely distributed, would be highly salutary.

BREAK HOUSE. By Charles Dickens. With thirty-seven original illustrations. From designs by H. K. Browne. Price, \$1 25 in cloth; or, \$1 in green paper cover, sewed. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This ingenious and very amusing novel appears in this edition in a shape decidedly adapted to please. The numerous illustrations command our approval, while the type is large enough to suit the general reader.

THE RIGHT WORD IN THE RIGHT PLACE. A Pocket Dictionary and Reference Book; embracing collections of Synonyms, Technical Terms, Abbreviations, and Foreign Phrases; Chapters on Writing for the Press, Punctuation, and Proof Reading, etc., etc. By the Author of "How to Write," "How to Talk," etc. New York: Fowler and Wells, 339 Broadway.

In this snug little volume is condensed and made available to every writer, speaker, and reader, what can be found elsewhere only by consulting ponderous volumes, which few private libraries contain. The collection of synonyms is of the greatest value to writers, especially those in whom the faculty of Language is not largely developed. The Dictionary of Technical Terms is not less valuable, and the list of Foreign Phrases comprehensive, reliable, and indispensable. The chapters on Proof Reading, Punctuation, Writing for the Press, add additional value to the book.

TEMPERANCE IN THE AMERICAN CONGRESS. Addresses by Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Hon. Henry Wilson, Hon. Richard Yates, Hon. William E. Dodge, Hon. Hiram Price, Hon. Samuel McKee, Hon. F. E. Woodbridge, Hon. J. B. Grinnell, Hon. J. W. Patterson, delivered on the occasion of the First Meeting of the Congressional Temperance Society, Washington, D. C. Held in the House of Representatives, February 17, 1867. With a list of Pledged Members. New York: Samuel R. Wells, Publisher, 389 Broadway, 1867. Small 12mo vol., pp. 43. Tinted paper. Beautifully printed. Price, 25 cents.

"Temperance in Congress" is beautifully printed on tinted paper, in large, clear letter, and is in every way worthy of the great occasion which called it forth. We would have a copy placed in the hands of every young man in the nation. It would serve to fortify him in resisting temptations, which will sooner or later beset him. Walled in with the best resolutions, he is still liable to fall. This concentrated and powerful appeal will help such a one to keep his resolutions, and must produce conviction in the heart of the skeptic, and hold the convert. Reader, place a copy of

"Temperance in Congress" in the hands of the one you love best.

A NEW BOOK ON ORATORY.

—We have in course of publication a new and valuable treatise entitled "How to Preach and Speak Extempore," by Rev. William Pettenger, author of "Daring and Suffering." It is written in a clear and concise style, conveying the information so much needed by youthful aspirants to the honors of Demosthenes and Cicero, in an emphatic and impressive manner. As soon as the book is ready for sale we shall announce it more at length.

IN PRESS.—We are now re-printing, from the JOURNAL, POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN, with all the notes and illustrations. It will be published in two styles, one on tinted paper, handsomely bound in fancy muslin, beveled boards, gilt—a companion for AEsop's FABLES—a beautiful gift book. Price, \$1. And the other on plain paper, only 50 cents. It will be ready in October.

New Books.

[Among the late issues of the press not elsewhere noticed in these pages, we may mention the following, all of which may be ordered through us, as in various ways and degrees valuable and interesting.]

MODERN INQUIRIES: Classical, Professional, and Miscellaneous. By Jacob Bigelow, M.D. Crown 8vo. Cloth, \$2 75.

GLEANINGS FROM THE HARVEST FIELDS OF LITERATURE. A Melange of Excerpts. Compiled by C. C. Bombaugh. Third Edition, revised and enlarged. Cloth, \$2 75.

MARRIAGE IN THE UNITED STATES. By A. Carlier. Translated from the French by B. J. Jeffries. Third Edition. \$1 50.

CLASSIC BAPTISM. An Inquiry into the Meaning of the word *Baptizo*, as Determined by the Use of Classical Greek Writers. By James W. Dale. 8vo. \$3 25.

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP; and Sketches, Part 1. By Charles Dickens. (Globe Edition.) Illustrated by Dalry and Gilbert. 4 vols. in 1. Cloth, \$1 75.

TEMPERANCE CATECHISM, for Bands of Hope and other Temperance Societies. By Rev. J. B. Dunn. Paper, 7 cents.

ON THE BORDER. By J. R. Gilmore (Edmund Kirke.) 12mo, pp. 333. \$2.

HANEY'S PHONOGRAPHIC HANDBOOK: being an Introduction to Munson's Complete Phonographer. Paper, 30 cents.

THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH IN VERMONT. For the Use of Bible Classes, Schools, and Families in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. By J. H. Hopkins, Bishop of Vermont. Cloth, 60 cts.

OLD ENGLAND; its Scenery, Art, and People. By James M. Hopkin, Professor in Yale College. Cloth, \$2 25.

THE INVISIBLES: an Explanation of Phenomena commonly called Spiritual. 12mo. Cloth, \$2.

LIBER LIBERUM; its Structure, Limitations, and Purpose. A Friendly Communication to a Reluctant Skeptic. \$1 75.

THE McDONALDS; or, The Ashes of Southern Homes. A Tale of Sherman's March. By W. H. Peck. Cloth, \$1 25.

RIP VAN WINKLE; or, The Sleep of Twenty Years. 8vo. Paper, 30 cents.

JOSEPH REED. A Historical Essay. By George Bancroft. Paper, 30 cents.

WOODWARD'S RECORD OF HORTICULTURE FOR 1886. Edited by Andrew S. Fuller. Cloth, \$1 15.

THE AMERICAN ANNUAL CYCLOPEDIA AND REGISTER OF IMPORTANT EVENTS. 1886. Vol. 6. Cloth, \$4 50.

PRACTICAL AND SCIENTIFIC FRUIT CULTURE. By Charles R. Baker. Illustrated. Royal 12mo. Cloth, \$4 50.

THE LAND OF THOR. By J. Ross Browne. Illustrated by the Author. Cloth, \$2 25.

THE GREAT AGRICULTURAL AND MINERAL WEST, a Guide to the Emigrant. With Itinerary of Routes, and Journal of Residence in Idaho and Montana. Maps. Illustrated. Fourth Annual Edition. By J. L. Campbell. Paper, 30 cents.

FAITH'S WORK PERFECTED; or, Francke's Orphan House at Halle. By A. H. Francke. Edited and Translated by W. L. Gage. Cloth, \$1 15.

GARDENING FOR PROFIT; a Guide to the Successful Cultivation of the Market and Family Garden. Illustrated. By Peter Henderson. Cloth, \$1 75.

HANDBOOK OF GRAPE CULTURE; or, Why, Where, When, and How to Plant and Cultivate a Vineyard. Manufacture Wines, etc. Adapted to the State of California and to the United States generally. By A. Hart Hyatt. Cloth, \$2 25.

THE CAXTONS: a Family Picture. By Sir E. B. Lytton. Globe Edition. 3 vols. in 1. Cloth, \$1 75.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD. By Rev. George G. Mott. Cloth, \$1 75.

COMMON SCHOOL READINGS: containing New Selections in Prose and Poetry for Declaration, Recitation, and Elocution. By John Swett, Superintendent of Public Instruction, California. Cloth, \$1 75.

To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will try to respond in the "next number." Your "BEST THOUGHTS" solicited.

AN ORDER FOR BOOKS, JOURNALS, etc., must be written on a sheet by itself. Questions for this department—TO CORRESPONDENTS—and communications for the Editor, must be written on SEPARATE slips.

SURPLUS HAIR.—Being one of the fair sex, I want to know if superfluous hairs will grow again when pulled out by the roots? Having read your JOURNAL for three years, I think I am entitled to an answer.

Ans. We are informed that the N. A. Indians pull out their whiskers by the roots and thus keep down the growth. If the scalp is in a healthy state, the hair will in most cases grow again, although its forcible extraction will tend to retard the new growth.

RAILROADS.—The first instance of the use of rails as a means necessary for conveyance, appears to have been early in the seventeenth century, at the collieries near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England. Here coals were conveyed from the mines in bulky carts, the rollers of which were adjusted to fit on rails of timber; the motive power used was horses. It was not until 1767 that iron was substituted in the place of wood for rails.

CHILLS AND FEVER.—I am living in a miasmatic district. The whole community here is complaining of derangement of the liver. "Chills and Fever," as well as all other kinds of fever, are visiting almost every family. The doctors here have not the ability to give more than temporary relief. What advice can you give that will be useful to us?

Ans. We do not approve the use of drug medicines. Any family who will purchase and read any good work on Hydropathy, such as the "Family Physician," by Dr. Shew, or the "Hydropathic Encyclopedia," by Dr. Trall, will be able to acquire enough knowledge respecting how to live, to be able, in the main, to avoid all the avoidable difficulties belonging to such a region as yours. There are several causes entering into the production of diseases incident to many parts of the West, especially your State and Illinois. The soil is rich and full of decaying vegetable matter, consequently the water is not so good. This leads to bilious difficulties; besides, the atmosphere is more or less impregnated with the miasma arising from decaying vegetable matter upon and in the soil. The water question could be, in the main, obviated as follows: Let there be a cistern dug in the ground, say eight feet in diameter and twelve feet deep. Then let it be finished on the inside with hydraulic cement. If the hole can be dug so as to be smooth, the wall of cement may be put on with a trowel, as plaster is applied, until it is, say, three inches thick. A top should be put on, and may be made of the same material arching. This would have to be put on as brick arches are laid, namely, a scaffolding put inside, with an arched frame at the top, boarded over, and after the cement has been put on and dry, this scaffolding can be taken down, so that there shall be no wood inside. There should be a round or square hole, large enough for a man to go down, left on the top; and this cover or arching on the top should be at least four feet from the top of the ground. And when the cement is thoroughly dry and strong, let the earth be thrown in over the top, all except the opening for the man hole and the pump. It may be necessary to pump out the first water that fills such a cistern, and let the walls be scrubbed with a brush, so as to remove as much as may be the limy influences from the walls, after which the water will not be hard. Such a cistern will last a dozen lifetimes, and is comparatively inexpensive. In the spring of the year, when the rains are abundant, and the roof is clear from dust and from the influences of smoke, and the cistern filled up full, and then, as soon as the weather begins to be warm, turn the spout away from the cistern and cover it up tight, and the water will be cold, clear, sweet and wholesome through the entire summer, remembering this is for family use, for cooking and drinking. This water will be free from miasmatic tendencies. There should be another cistern to supply water for washing and purposes of general use, unless the main cistern furnishes enough for all purposes. Good water procured in this way would obviate one half of the difficulties complained of. The other half might be greatly mitigated by pursuing the following suggestions, namely: Eat no pork or other greasy food except, sparingly, a little butter, and perhaps the less of that the better. Eat but little sirup or sugar, and make free use of tart fruits, apples, and tomatoes, which might be abundant. All districts where the soil is rich and the climate miasmatic should furnish enough of the fruit acid element to keep the people in health. The liver being

torpid should be kept active by the use of fruits. Western people eat too much greasy food, especially pork; they eat pretty largely of saccharine matter, both of which tend to produce a torpid state of the liver, and, consequently, bilious complaints. If meat be eaten, that which is lean should be chosen. We believe if these suggestions were followed, the standard of health in all southern Illinois, southern Indiana, and Ohio would be increased fifty per cent.

NEWSPAPERS.—These found their origin, in ancient times, in the popular demand for current information, when they were but manuscript reports of public occurrences. These written "newsletters" were continued in Italy, Germany, and England until 1622, when the first regular series of newspapers were printed in England, and issued weekly under the title of the "Weekly Newes from Italy, Germanie, etc."

DYSPEPSIA.—A subscriber wishes a prescription for the treatment of this malady. The best thing we can do at present is to refer him to the little book recently published by us, entitled "The Story of a Stomach," which may be had for 50 cents in paper, or 75 cents in muslin. If the gentleman had given us his address, we could have written him direct.

SHOULD a child learn nothing except that which he thoroughly understands?

Ans. The only solid mode of administering instruction to children is adapting to their opening intellects those branches of practical knowledge which will prove serviceable to them in maturer years. And in order to its being of practical use to them it is evident that they should thoroughly comprehend it, otherwise they become wholly or partly mere chatters of memorized sentences. Knowledge of a subject suggests new ideas and much reflection, and is therefore productive of mental benefit to the person comprehending it. But statements, obscure or unintelligible, laid away in the memory, because of their reputed value, are like indigestible food in the stomach, cumbering space and conferring no benefit.

DANDRUFF—CORNS.—1. Can you give me a remedy for dandruff? 2. How can corns be removed?

Ans. 1. Wear the hair short and wash the head twice a day in cold soft water with a very little fine toilet soap. 2. The best preventive for corns is easy shoes and stockings—the best cure is to go barefoot. A piece of a lemon may be bound on a hard corn over night, and generally it can be peeled off in the morning. It is well to soak the feet at night in warm water, and pare corns as closely as may be. When they become inflamed, the tepid foot-bath is indispensable. Wash the feet every morning in cold water before dressing.

STRENGTHENING THE MIND.—1. Will you please inform me if the mind can be strengthened? 2. Also, what is the difference between a man's head and a woman's?

Ans. 1. Yes, at least practically. The instrument through which mind is manifested can be strengthened just as the body through which power is manifested can be strengthened. Let it be understood once for all, that the proper exercise of the muscle enlarges it, gives it tone and strength. The proper exercise of the brain gives it vigor, consequently force and clearness of mental vision.

In regard to the difference between the head of man and woman we can not here speak at length; suffice it to say, that it would require a lengthy article to do the subject justice. This has been set forth in the JOURNAL some years ago, and copiously illustrated, and may be again at some future day. 2. Woman generally has more Parental Love, Veneration, Cautionness, and Approbativeness than man. Man has more Combaticiveness, Destructiveness, Self-Esteem, Firmness, and Causality than woman.

BADLY MATED.—If "Conscience," writing from Taunton, will give name and address, we will answer by post. We can not publish the letter, nor give public answer to the question. To insure answers to questions, correspondents generally had better inclose a stamped envelope with their address. We can not answer one quarter of the questions sent us monthly in an issue of the JOURNAL.

THE NEGRO.—Will he ever attain the same degree of intellectual eminence as the Caucasian?

Ans. We do not know. There are fools and philosophers of various degrees among both. There are black Topsyies and white Topsyies; but far more crazy whites than crazy blacks. All have the same number of bones, muscles, nerves, senses, and are alike human. As to the possible capabilities of either, no man can take the exact measure. Our planet is believed to be comparatively new, and the races young; what there may be concerning the races of man in the womb of time, the future alone can reveal. God, the author of all, will, in his good infinite wisdom, exalt, humble, destroy, or perpetuate such as he pleases. Let it be ours to study His laws, and obey them. If "man proposes, God disposes." All human beings have equal rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Whatever differences there may be in natural capacity, in relative strength of body or of mind, do not imply privilege to rule over the weak, except by love and wisdom. Let God be the judge as to whether I am better than another, of whatever color, race, or nation.

JUDGE HURLBUT, E. P.—We sent a package, as per your order, to Albany, N. Y., which has been returned to us. Please give us your present address, that we may re-send the package.

Publishers' Department.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, New York, is devoted to its designated specialty, but not slavishly confined to it. Its philosophical and theological positions are not identical with our own; but it is able, courteous, and often instructive.—*N. Y. Christian Advocate*

Our venerable cotemporary has our thanks for its words of approval—may we continue to merit the same. But is it not slightly in error? Is it not the aim of the C. A. to disseminate the truth? We claim nothing less than this for the A. P. J. Then wherein do we differ in our "philosophical and theological positions?" It is true that the one is professedly religious, and the other professedly scientific. But do not the truths of science and religion harmonize? We decline being counted out of the category of the highest philosophy and the best theology. Our science is but a stepping-stone to the temple of spiritual truth revealed in the works of God to man. We return the compliment

of "ability, courtesy, and instruction" to the *Advocate*, which we have read with profit for nearly thirty years.

WHAT TO BELIEVE.—The ever-recurring question, "What to believe?" is not so easily answered. The sense of sight is easily deceived by optical delusions and false appearances. The sense of hearing by ventriloquism. The senses of taste, touch, and smell are each liable to deception. Then, if we can not depend on our senses for the truth, what can we depend on? Truth is a *principle*, and we may arrive at it by the exercise of a *combination* of the faculties, if not by any *one* faculty. Thus Individuality, Form, Size, Weight, Order, Number, Color, Comparison, and Causality are all brought to bear on a question, and when agreed in their verdict we may take the answer as *probably* correct. But to believe all we see or seem to see, or all we hear or seem to hear, would lead us into all manner of foolishness. The safer way is to keep *probability* in view when looking at a new question. The microscope reveals hidden facts and truths which are below the power of our unaided vision, and the telescope reveals distant wonders which are beyond the reach of the unaided eye. Thus it is that we, with our finite faculties, can never reach the infinite, nor know it all. Let us then pursue our studies in a modest and humble spirit, without pretension, nor permit impostors to mislead. "Spiritual things can only be discerned with spiritual eyes."

"HARD TIMES."—We have noticed that those who complain most are generally extravagant, if not really wasteful. Is not work plentiful? We refer to really productive work, such as growing crops, navigating ships, railroading, manufacturing, etc.; not counter-jumping, tape-measuring, or selling peanuts. Think of a great stout six-footer rolling on a counter, standing behind a bar selling liquor and tobacco! There ought to be a law to prohibit it! No wonder there are "hard times" when so many lazy, foolish people do nothing but eat, drink, and doze. There is no good reason why we may not have "good times" steadily, throughout the United States. Let the people be temperate, industrious, and economical; let each plant, reap, or work in some useful calling, and we should hear no more of "hard times." PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL readers will suffer less and enjoy more than any other equally large number of people. For, do we not observe the laws of life, health, and happiness? We have fewer tobacco users, liquor drinkers, idlers, loafers, and rogues, than may be found among those who do not believe in Phrenology. There are very few good phrenologists or good farmers who complain of "hard times." There will always be "hard times" for rogues, when police officers and justices of the peace do their duty. The way to have good times, we repeat, is for all hands to "go to work," earn something, and then enjoy it.

THE FASHIONS.—Several of our lady readers have requested us to open a Fashion Department in this JOURNAL, to represent the ever-changing styles, and thus keep our phrenological family posted in that respect. We had not felt the importance of this subject before. In the event of our adoption of the suggestion whether we should block out and work up something original and American in this line, or whether we should simply imitate Paris—whether we should lead or follow the fashions, are the questions. We will think of it. If we see the way clear, our lady friends shall hear from us in good time. Who shall be the American Eugenie?

A. A. A.—The American Advertising Agency, formerly at 389 Broadway—in which we had an interest—is now wholly owned and conducted by Mr. Enos Alvord, of 37 Park Row, New York. The publishers of this JOURNAL have no further connection whatever with it. We find it quite enough for us to manage our own affairs, and can not consistently give personal attention to matters entirely disconnected with our immediate sphere.

SPECIE PAYMENT.—Of course we are in favor of the resumption of specie payment as speedily as is practicable. We object, however, to receiving coins by mail inclosed in the letters of our correspondents, for the reason that we are charged extra postage upon them. A Canada correspondent inclosed to us thirty cents in silver, on which he had paid ten cents postage, and we had to pay a further expense of twenty cents! We sent the JOURNAL, however. Another correspondent sent us a two-cent piece to make up a small amount, upon which we had to pay six cents extra postage! For such small sums U. S. postage stamps are more readily transmitted and quite as acceptable. Correspondents will also be careful, when remitting moneys, to see that the currency is not counterfeit, as it is at a considerable discount in the market here.

We are pleased to find frequently in the columns of cotemporaries wholesale transfers of JOURNAL matter. They indicate the esteem in which some editors hold us and our specialty. There are a few of these, however, who are inclined to appropriate occasionally a paragraph or two from our columns without giving the credit which professional courtesy if not strict justice requires. We notice in a recent edition of a leading weekly, an uncredited excerpt from our May number, having reference to "shopping," which excerpt is included in other matter apparently editorial. Let justice be done, etc.

OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTORS.—We have always sought to encourage youthful talent, and have frequently opened our columns to contributors whose names never tickled the ear of the literary world, but in whose articles we discerned something good. This fact appears to be established in the minds of the reading public, if the large number of gratuitous articles sent us weekly may be taken as evidence thereof. But did we attempt to print all that is so sent, we should need the space of four JOURNALS instead of one. Of course, the reserved rights of the editor enable him to select what matter he deems most suitable for his columns, and of course, in order to secure the most appropriate matter, he must engage writers of acknowledged ability to prepare it. Articles eloquently and aptly treating of general subjects can be obtained for the asking, but articles of a scientific character, adapted to our own field, are not easily prepared or procured. Probably no magazine or editor of a periodical experiences the difficulties and embarrassments of the editor of the A. P. J. in keeping his subject fresh and attractive.

With respect to those who "would like to have this or that article appear in the JOURNAL," or "would have the editor's opinion of its merits," we feel compelled to say: If you would have your article read by us, write it clearly and legibly. We can not afford the time required to spell out a badly scrawled or microscopically penned essay. Besides, our eyes are

too much used and too valuable to be put on the strain gratuitously. Whenever we open a paper and find it closely and minutely written, we feel inclined to lay it on the shelf indefinitely. But when we receive an article fairly written, in bold outlines, on one side only of clean letter paper, we are at once favorably impressed with the literary character of the effort, and if a perusal do not confirm or heighten that impression, our criticism of its merits at least is softened and encouraging. Ye who aspire to literary fame, and would make the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL your channel to glory, be careful to use good paper, good ink, and good pens, and write as legibly as nature and education will enable you to write.

OUR COMMERCIAL COLLEGES.—There is competition here as in other enterprises. In one, students are "put through with a rush"—a short term of a few weeks being all that the professors require to fit their pupils for bankers, brokers, merchants, etc. Another deems it necessary to thoroughly drill the student as many months, to properly qualify him for a place of trust and care. We do not believe in granting medical diplomas to "six weeks' doctors," nor business diplomas to "six weeks' students." We hear favorable reports from the Springfield, Mass., Business College, conducted by Mr. Burnham, in which both young men and women are fitted for mercantile pursuits. His advertisement may be found in our present number. For further information in regard to terms, etc., send for a descriptive circular.

CASH, CREDIT, COUNTRYMEN.—When strangers visit New York to see sights or to purchase goods, we advise them to deposit their valuables at once in a safe place before being swindled or robbed. One of the safest and most convenient is believed to be THE NINTH NATIONAL BANK, 363 Broadway, corner Franklin St. This is a government agency and depository of the United States. Every facility for banking business is afforded by The Ninth National Bank.

General Items.

TIMBER GROWING IN THE WEST.—J. S. Merrill, Onawa, Iowa, says, in a late number of the *Iowa Homestead*: "Two years ago a neighbor of his and a hired man drove twelve miles to a sand-bar on the Missouri River, got fourteen thousand cottonwood trees, returned home and heeled them in the same day. They planted three thousand per day, with a spade, till all were in, and they have since grown finely. Last year he went to the Little Sioux, eight miles distant, with a scoop shovel, and quickly filled his wagon with maple seed and planted them. They promise well." He says that in seven years these will make three rails each, as he has tried them, and knows whereof he affirms. They will grow, planted 4½ feet one way and 36 inches the other, 4,300 to the acre, producing an aggregate of about 13,000 to the acre in seven years from planting out. For confirmation of this estimate, reference is made to Judge C. E. Whiting, West Fork, Monona County, who has thousands of living witnesses of what is affirmed of timber-growing prairie regions of the West.

If the legislators of the Prairie States of Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Minnesota, etc., will loan the credit of these States, and raise a fund with which to plant trees, and then make it incumbent on every landowner to plant one acre in the hundred or more to forest or fruit trees, it would enrich the value of the whole more than a thousand per cent. on the cost in ten years. Timber for building, fencing, ma-

chinery, implements, etc., all indispensable to a high state of civilization and to health, to say nothing of the enhanced beauty of scenery which trees everywhere give to a landscape, are among the advantages of this proposed improvement. Then plant trees. Who will take the lead in making it incumbent on every prairie farmer or land-owner?

STATISTICS OF THE WAR.—During the war, the number of men called for by the Federal Government was 2,759,649; the number actually furnished, 2,656,553. Of colored troops there were 189,097. By aid of railway lines, the armies sometimes made rapid marches; 33,000 with artillery, baggage, and animals passed from Rapidan, Va., to Stephenson, Ala., 1,193 miles, twice crossing the Ohio, in 7 days. Railways were many times destroyed and repaired. Etowah bridge, 685 feet long, 75 feet high, was burned, and rebuilt by 600 men in 6 days; Chattanooga bridge, 740 feet long, 90 feet high, was rebuilt by 600 men in 4½ days. The Federal losses during the war are estimated at 275,000. The State of New York, with a population of less than 4,000,000, sent 233,886 volunteers; of whom remained at the close 125,000. There was an annual loss of one third, half of which was by wounds in battle. The statistics of the Confederate forces are imperfect. In 1864, the army consisted of 20,000 artillery, 128,000 cavalry, 400,951 infantry—total 548,951, commanded by 300 general officers. The Confederate losses are unknown.—*Chambers' Encyclopedia.*

CURSING AND SWEARING.—When Sir Christopher Wren was engaged upon the erection of St. Paul's Cathedral, he resolved to do all in his power to check the unmanly practice of swearing. He accordingly had large placards posted on the walls in various parts of the Cathedral, as follows:

"Whereas, among laborers and others, that ungodly custom of swearing is so frequently heard, to the dishonor of God and contempt of his authority; and to the end that such impiety may be utterly banished from these works, which are intended for the service of God and the honor of religion, it is ordered that profane swearing shall be a sufficient crime to dismiss any laborer that comes to the call; and the clerk of the works, upon a sufficient proof, shall dismiss him accordingly."

We are gratified to be able to state that an eminent London architect is following the good example of Sir Christopher Wren. He has the above "notice" placarded in the churches and chapels which he is engaged to erect, with the addition of the following words: "The above rule will be strictly carried out."

WHEN Andrew Jackson was President, a member of Congress from North Carolina told him that a gold mine had been discovered in the district he represented. Jackson replied, "It would be better if it had been an iron mine." "Why?" said the member. "Because," said the President, "iron is more generally useful than gold, and miners for precious metals are a more idle people than those who dig out iron, for they depend on the value of what they find more than in their labor in procuring it."

It appears from recent experiments conducted by the Pneumatic Dispatch Company of London, that tons of goods can be sent through eighteen miles of tubes every hour, at a cost of less than one penny per ton per mile.

BOGUS REPUTATION.—We have heard that a popular orator of New York, after having made a speech at the Cooper Institute, went to the newspaper office for the purpose of revising the report for the press, and inserted by interlining all through the speech, "tremendous applause," "shouts and laughter," "deafening applause," "bravo," etc., where they really did not occur. The following shows how to attract attention and how to acquire popularity:

At a political meeting the speaker and audience were very much disturbed by a man who constantly called out for Mr. Henry. Whenever a new speaker came on, this man bawled out, "Mr. Henry! Henry! I call for Mr. Henry!"

After several interruptions of this kind at each speech, a young man ascended to the platform in magniloquent style, striking out powerfully in his gestures, when the old cry was heard for Mr. Henry.

Putting his hand to his mouth like a speaking-trumpet, this man was bawling out at the top of his voice, "Mr. Henry! I call for Mr. Henry to make a speech!"

The chairman now rose, and he remarked that it would oblige the audience if the gentleman would refrain from further calling for Mr. Henry, as that gentleman was now speaking.

"Is that Mr. Henry?" said the disturber of the meeting. "Thunder! that can't be Mr. Henry! Why, that's the little fellow that told me to holler!"

WASH THE TEETH AT NIGHT.

—A few who inherit good teeth, and care nothing for "looks," neglect brushing their teeth; but none who study cleanliness and a sweet breath, or who wish to preserve their teeth, good or bad, as long as possible, should neglect to brush them well one or more times a day, with a brush so stiff as to clean them well, but not so hard as to wound and irritate the gums. They should be brushed both night and morning; but if only once, let it be done the last thing before retiring. Portions of food, sweets, etc., left on or between the teeth during the night, decay or acidify, and corrode the enamel, and thus gradually injure them. If the cavities between and in decaying teeth be thoroughly brushed out with water at night, and when rising, it will add years to their effective use and freedom from pain. Most of the tooth-powders sold contain an injurious acid, which, though it gives the teeth a clean, white surface, does it at the expense of some of the natural surface. A little hard soap, pleasantly perfumed, is the best possible application. We would not recommend even the finest charcoal, or prepared chalk or clay, for though inert, they wear upon the enamel.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE SKY AN INDICATOR OF THE WEATHER.—The color of the sky at particular times affords wonderful good guidance. Not only does a rosy sunset presage good weather, and a ruddy sunrise bad weather, but there are other tints which speak with equal clearness and accuracy. A bright yellow sky in the evening indicates wind; a pale yellow, wet; a neutral gray color constitutes a favorable sign in the evening, and an unfavorable one in the morning. The clouds also are full of meaning in themselves. If their forms are soft, undefined, full and feathery, the weather will be fine; if their edges are hard, sharp, and definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep, unusual hues betoken wind and rain; while the more quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather. These are simple maxims, and yet not so simple but that the British Board of Trade has thought fit to publish them for the use of seafaring men.

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.—376 MILES OPEN FOR TRAVEL—TO JULESBURG.—The telegraph has announced the completion of this road to Julesburg, three hundred and seventy-six miles from Omaha, and the materials are nearly all on the ground to lay the track to the base of the Rocky Mountains—one hundred and forty-one miles farther—by September next. This is certainly very rapid work, but intelligent correspondents say it is well done, and that the road is well equipped; that its depots and stations are of brick and stone, and its locomotives and cars of the best. The United States Commissioners are also compelled to testify that it is in all respects a first-class road before the Government will accept it. The business of this road is already surprising. The thousands of teams that once spent a summer in toiling over the prairies have transferred their loads to the rail-track, and by autumn the locomotive will be at the base of the Rocky Mountains. The editor of *Harper's Weekly* remarks, that "when the Union Pacific is completed, all other lines of railway will become, to a certain extent, its feeders. Along its entire route over the great Plains lateral branches will be constructed, which will pour into it their way-side contributions to an extent that can not to-day be approximately estimated."

"Already, with less than one third of its length complete, it is earning several times its operating expenses, as officially stated. Such success is without precedent. When it reaches the already populous gold regions of Montana, Idaho, and Nevada, the freight to and from those points alone is likely to be almost fabulous. And population follows the road as it extends. A town or village marks each stage of its progress. Who can calculate the quantity of way freight that the road is destined to carry for these rising communities? Who, indeed, can estimate the passenger traffic alone? When hundreds of thousands of persons, with their faces toward the West, have tramped over the Plains at the risk of their scalps, how many peradventure will ride, when they can make the journey with safety in a few days? But a short time will elapse before the demands of trade will call for a second track, to be used exclusively as a freight road, over which an endless line of slowly-moving vans shall continuously pass, leaving the other track for the use of impatient passengers only."

Our readers will perceive by reference to the Company's advertisement, that it offers its First Mortgage Bonds, paying six per cent. interest in gold to subscribers, at ninety cents on the dollar. These bonds are a *first lien* upon the road, and are limited in amount to \$16,000 to the mile.

The Company state their net earnings for the month of May, while only two hundred and ninety miles of road were in operation, at \$261,782—a sum which, after deducting operating expenses, is several times the interest on the bonds they are by law permitted to issue upon it. If the earnings are so large upon the *very* business, what may we not reasonably expect when the connection is made in 1870 with the Pacific coast? We can see no reason why the First Mortgage Bonds of such a road are not a safe security, and they are fifteen per cent. cheaper than Government bonds at the market rate. Subscriptions are already large, and are received by banks and bankers generally throughout the country.

THE ADELPHI ACADEMY, advertised elsewhere, is, without doubt, one of the best schools in America—may we not say in the world? We shall give further account of it in our next. Meantime, we advise those interested to send for a circular.

ENTERPRISE OF NEW YORK MERCHANTS.—In no other city in the world are so many remarkable examples of indefatigable enterprise presented as among the merchants of New York. No disaster is able to overcome the sleepless industry, the determined, enterprising spirit which rules our mercantile community. The frequent fires, which, during the past two years, have swept down, one after another, hundreds of fine buildings and palatial stores, in which the mercantile business of the city was transacted, and nearly prostrated scores of our Insurance Companies, might well have appalled men less bold in expedients. But the disasters of one day were repaired the next, and the sign which in the morning was defaced by the flames, would presently be restored, and inform the passers-by that the firm "still lived," and were able to furnish goods with their customary promptness. Meanwhile, from the debris of their ruined warehouses, like the phoenix from its ashes, more costly palaces arise, with a rapidity which must astonish those who move only in beaten paths, and are governed by precedents. These reflections are inspired by a recent inspection of the GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY'S ESTABLISHMENT on Broadway. Three months ago a fire, which gutted in the night their handsome store, drove them to seek temporary quarters in the vicinity. But the smoke of the ruins had scarcely subsided before the officers of this enterprising Company, which manufactures the best FAMILY SEWING MACHINE in the world, had commenced to repair the damage and to finish the interior of their store in a far more elegant and substantial style than formerly. The Company have lately moved into their rejuvenated edifice, and it is a pleasure to contemplate the elegance which reigns within. The New York House, of course, takes precedence of all others, and is the headquarters whence are sent out Sewing Machines to all parts of the land. But this Company have branch establishments not only in all the chief cities of the United States, but of the world, from which have been distributed to perhaps a hundred thousand households, the inestimable boon of the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine, which is better adapted, undoubtedly, to the various wants of the family than any other machine manufactured. Its simplicity, durability, variety of adaptations, and the facility with which it may be operated by inexperienced hands, are attested by multitudes who have been benefited by its use. A machine possessing so many excellences must have a great career of usefulness before it.—*N. Y. Working Farmer.*

Business.

[Under this head we publish, for a consideration, such matters as rightfully belong to this department. We disclaim responsibility for what may herein appear. Matter will be LEADED and charged according to the space occupied, at the rate of 50 cents a line.]

THE ADELPHI ACADEMY, Nos. 338 and 340 ADELPHI STREET, BROOKLYN, L. I.

GROWTH OF THE SCHOOL.

Number of pupils at the re-opening under the new regime (Sept., 1863),	11
Whole number of pupils for 1863-4,	28
Whole number of pupils for 1864-5,	61
Whole number of pupils for 1865-6,	156
Whole number of pupils for 1866-7,	309

This Institution (hitherto for boys alone) has made itself a name for the careful systems of instruction and training which it has employed. The system of physical training known as the *Calisthenic drill*, which has been introduced and carried to a high degree of excellence, is one of its most popular features.

Its success has been such as to warrant the belief that an effort to afford the same advantages to girls would be appreciated by the public. As a test of the adaptability of the drill to girls, a private class has been conducted during the past year in this institution with entire success. Accordingly the proprietors of the Adelphi Academy have concluded to re-organize the school, and admit at the re-opening (about the 10th of next September), boys and girls together, from five to twelve years of age, to the Preparatory Department, and the enjoyment of all its benefits, removing the Academic Department, which will continue, as at present, to be exclusively for boys, to a new building erected for the purpose.

Scores of letters from parents of pupils who have enjoyed the benefits of the drill during the last year bear unequivocal testimony to its value.

The intellectual training of the school is as carefully conducted as the physical. The school comprises eleven grades, under fifteen to twenty teachers in constant attendance.

Pupils from a distance are accommodated with board in teachers' families.

Pupils crossing Fulton Ferry, from New York, can ride within a square of the school by the Greene Avenue cars. Those crossing the South Ferry should take the Atlantic Avenue cars.

Send for Circular to 336 Adelphi Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Advertisements.

[Announcements for this or the preceding department must reach the publishers by the 1st of the month preceding the date in which they are intended to appear. Terms for advertising, 35 cents a line, or \$35 a column.]

NOW READY—JULY NUMBER—THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE, FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Contents:

- Frontispiece.** "Bobby Shaftoe's gone to Sea." By H. L. Stephens.
I. Samuel Adams: A Biography. (With an engraving on wood from Copley's painting of Sam. Adams, by W. L. Champney, and a View of Faneuil Hall as it was a hundred years ago, by A. R. Wand.)
II. Doings of the Bodley Family: Master High Flyer. By Horace E. Scudder.
III. Among the Trees. July. By Mary Lorimer. (With a drawing of the Pitcher-Plant.)
IV. Stories from Shakespeare. III. The Merchant of Venice; or, The Three Caskets.
V. A Little Bird, and What Became of It. (With two illustrations by L. G.)
VI. The Loss of the Havelock.
VII. Historic Recollections at Frederick. By Nellie Eyster. (With two illustrations by A. R. Wand.)
"Our Army and Navy." (A full-page illustration by H. W. Herrick.)
VIII. A Fourth of July in Smyrna. By S. G. W. Benjamin.
IX. Bunny from Panama. By Helen C. Weeks. (With an illustration by H. L. Stephens.)
X. Robbing for Eels. By C. C. Abbott.
XI. The Gig Cart and Kitten-House. By Jacob Abbott. (With an illustration by H. W. Herrick.)
XII. Terra Nova; or, Coast Life in Newfoundland. III. (With an illustration by G. G. White.)
XIII. Lazy Bunch. By M. H. (With four illustrations by H. L. Stephens.)
XIV. Books for Young People. VI.
XV. The Window-Sent. At the Hour of Bells and Crackers. By the Editor.
XVI. Last Number's Legacy.
XVII. The Glorious Fourth. A Serial Story in three Chapters. (By Courtland Hopkin. (All illustration.)

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HERALD OF HEALTH.—In order to let those who have never seen this valuable monthly judge of its merits, we will send it three months on TRIAL for 30 cents, \$2 a year, 20 cents a number.
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BURNHAM'S AMERICAN BUS-

INESS COLLEGE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—The Popular Trade University of New England, where the young and middle-aged of both sexes are properly educated for business. Recently removed to a MAGNIFICENT NEW COLLEGE BUILDING, erected at a cost of \$125,000. "Its great success is the legitimate result of thoroughness and intrinsic merit."—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

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THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

THE subject of our closing notice, whose recent death has stirred the depths of public sentiment, was a man whose active participation in the cause of Irish liberty, both in Ireland and America, had years ago rendered him conspicuous. He possessed, originally, a compact and vigorous organization, with a great amount of vital force. The brain was large and very symmetrically developed; the organs which impart sympathetic impressibility and social inclinations ranking among the most influential of his dispositional characteristics, and those which supply grace, fervor, and sprightliness to the intellect being among the more prominent faculties of the side and front head. His Language was large and his temperament ardent; hence his ability to sway others, whether from the platform of the audience chamber or in the amicable discussion of the street or the drawing-room. His spirit was earnest, ambitious, and adventurous, and the strong Inhabitiveness which was strikingly exhibited in early youth ministered to the patriotic endeavors which have made his name famous.

On the evening of the 1st of July, General Thomas Francis Meagher, Secretary and Acting Governor of Montana, well known by his Irish Revolutionary fame, and as a gallant leader in our late war, was drowned by falling from the deck of a steamer into the waters of the Upper Missouri River. His life has been full of stirring events, interwoven with the histories of Ireland, of Great Britain, and of the United States. He was born in the city of Waterford, Ireland, on the 3d day of August, 1823, his parents being wealthy and respectable persons. In the year 1834 he was sent to the Jesuit College of Clongowes Wood, where, by his assiduous attention to his studies, he won the esteem of his tutors, while his wild, frolicsome nature endeared him equally to the large number of pupils in the college.

In 1841, his six years' course in Clongowes having expired, young Meagher went to Stonyhurst College, Lancashire, England, where his career was a very distinguished one. He was a close and attentive student of the English classics, and in 1842 was awarded the silver medal for English composition, to the defeat of over fifty English competitors. In the year 1843 he left college with high honors, and after traveling on the Continent for a few months returned to his home in Ireland. His first idea was to accept a commission in the British army, and it is possible that he would have done so had not his Irish spirit revolted against the idea of serving in the army of his country's traditional enemy.

He abandoned the idea of military life, and in 1844 removed to Dublin, with the intention of studying law, but feeling a greater interest in the political questions of the day. The agitation in Ireland continued to increase, and the policy of O'Connell not satisfying a large number of his followers, a secession took place in



THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

1846, and the "Young Ireland" party was formed, with Meagher as one of the leaders. He greatly aided in organizing the "Irish Confederation," and so great were his oratorical powers, that he was soon regarded by his party as their principal leader and the only man who could free Ireland from her bondage. When the French Revolution broke out, and Louis Philippe was driven from his throne, Meagher, with others, was sent as a delegate to congratulate the French Republican leaders upon their success; upon his return to Ireland he was arrested on a charge of sedition, and held to bail, and afterward tried for high treason at Clonmel in the October following, and after a vigorous and able defense found guilty. In response to the usual inquiry why sentence of death should not be pronounced against him, he made a brief but eloquent and expressive speech, justifying his course, and declaring himself ready to die for his country. Subsequently the sentence of death was altered to banishment for life to Van Dieman's Land. Here he remained until 1852, when, an opportunity for escape offering, he embarked for New York, where he arrived during the month of May of the same year. Upon reaching this city he was the recipient of an enthusiastic reception from his countrymen and the citizens in general.

For two years after reaching this country General Meagher followed the profession of a lecturer, meeting with marked success. Returning to New York in 1855, he engaged in the study of the law, and was subsequently admitted to the bar. In 1856 he became the editor of the *Irish News*, and in 1857 visited the States of Central America, spending some time in Nicaragua and Costa Rica.

On the outbreak of the rebellion in 1861, Meagher organized a company of Zouaves for the Union army, and with them joined the Sixty-ninth New York Volunteers, under Colonel Corcoran, and served during the first campaign in Virginia. At the first battle of Bull Run, fought July 21, 1861, he was acting major of his regiment, and had his horse shot under him. Upon the expiration of his three months' term of service he returned to New York, and in the latter part of 1861 organized the celebrated "Irish Brigade," and was assigned to it as permanent commander, with the rank of brigadier-general, his commission

bearing date of the 3d of February, 1862. At the head of his men he participated in the seven days' battles around Richmond, winning general praise for the heroism and skill with which he led the brigade to action. At the second battle of Manassas the brigade, then attached to Pope's army, fought with great desperation, and at Antietam, September 17, 1862, won a great reputation, and was most flatteringly noticed in the official report of General McClellan. The disastrous battle of Fredericksburg, fought December 18, 1862, only added to the reputation of General Meagher and his men. Charge after charge was headed by him, up to the very crest of the enemy's breastworks, and the number of dead men with green colors in their hats told of the fearful slaughter of the brave Irishmen. In this engagement he received a bullet wound through the leg, which temporarily incapacitated him from active service. He had, however, sufficiently recovered in April to resume command, and at Chancellorsville, from May 2 to May 4, 1863, he led the remnant of the Irish Brigade into action for the last time. It was, indeed, the merest remnant of what had been the pride and flower of the army; and, finding that its numbers were reduced to considerably below the minimum strength of a regiment, on the 8th of May General Meagher tendered his resignation and temporarily retired from the service.

During the early part of 1864 he was re-commissioned brigadier-general of volunteers, and assigned to the command of the District of the Etowah, including portions of Tennessee and Georgia. His administration of the affairs of his district was signally successful, protecting as he did the lines of communication, while his command, the Provisional Division of the Army of the Tennessee, was completely isolated by the presence of Hood before Nashville. In January, 1865, he was relieved from duty in Tennessee, and ordered to report to General Sherman at Atlanta, but the close of the war prevented his performing any further important services to the Government.

In 1865 he was appointed Secretary of Montana Territory. In the month of September following, Governor Sidney Edgerton, being on the point of leaving the Territory for a few months, issued his proclamation appointing General Meagher Governor *pro tem*. The recent hostilities on the part of the Indians compelled him to take measures to protect the white settlers of Montana, and it was while engaged in this duty that he fell into the river (the Upper Missouri, it is supposed) from the deck of a steamboat, and was drowned.

Soon after his arrival in this country, the deceased married Miss Townshend, of New York. She is at present in Virginia City, Montana Territory, having joined her husband there about one year ago. Only one child blessed the married life of the General, and he, a boy of some twelve years old, is now in Ireland, under the care of his grandfather, who is still living in Waterford, the possessor of an ample fortune.

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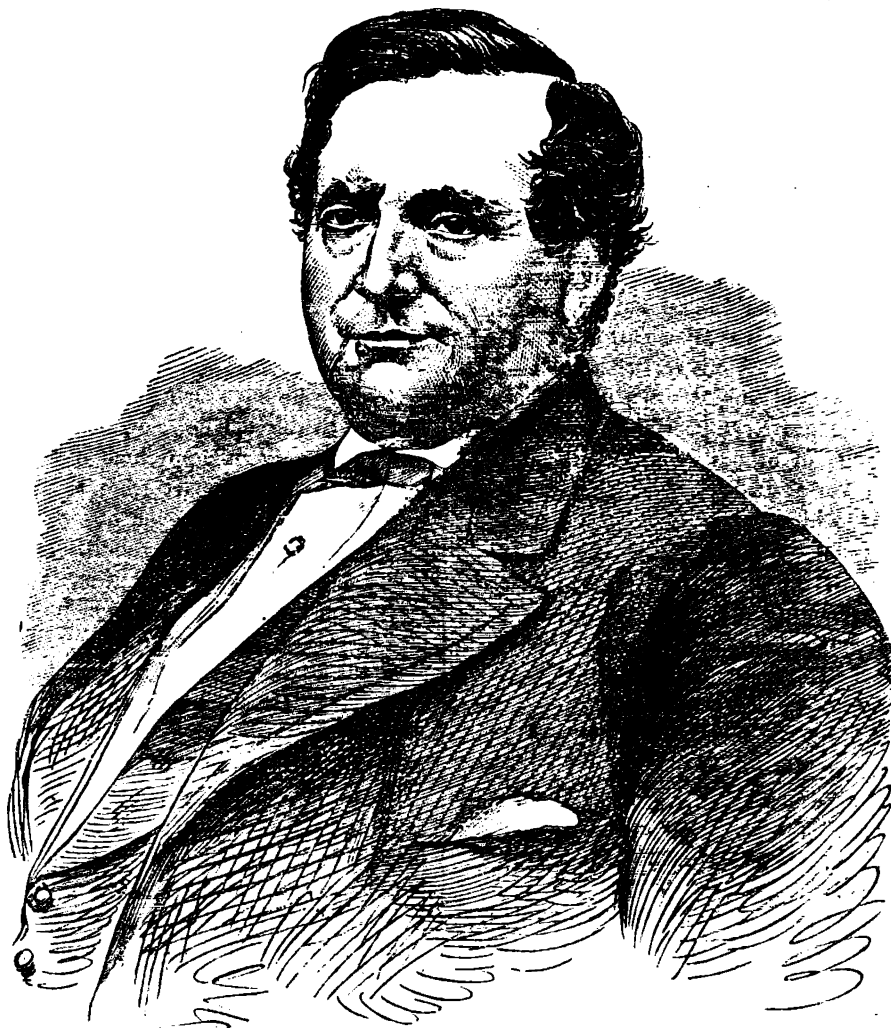
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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—Young.

R. B. CONNOLLY.

A CAPITAL specimen of the vital temperament. Observe how deep and full the chest is, and how large all the organs are which generate vitality! There is no indication of consumption here. The recuperative forces are immense. Neither condiments to tempt appetite, nor stimulants to aid digestion, are required in his case. He can eat his rations with a relish, and digest and assimilate what he eats. His stomach is capacious, and does its work to perfection. His heart is large, and the circulation throughout the system is equal and healthful. The lungs are large and the breathing perfect. In short, we do not know of a better vital temperament. Did he not love his physical ease too



PORTRAIT OF RICHARD B. CONNOLLY.

From an Imperial Photograph by Bogardus.

well, or if he were forced to more vigorous bodily exertion, so that his superabundant vitality could be slightly reduced, his

chances for long life would be increased and more secure. Why, reader, accidents excepted, such a temperament and bod-

ily make-up *ought* to live hard on to a hundred years. Should he come short of this, it will be his fault, and in consequence of living too high and taking too little bodily exercise. Apoplexy is the disease to which he is most liable. Let him be warned in time.

Phrenologically, he should be known for his powers of observation, quickness of perception, and comprehensiveness. To his analytical mind the slightest circumstance reveals much which to common minds would be hidden. He is clearly his mother's son, inheriting her devotional tendencies and prophetic forecast. Veneration, Spirituality, and Benevolence are very large, evidently inherited from a most devotedly religious mother.

He should be a good judge of character; by heeding his first impressions he will not go far wrong in judging a stranger, but he is inclined to throw the mantle of charity around the apparent shortcomings of others, and treat them more leniently than his first judgment would prompt.

He doubtless has had religious training of a rather liberal nature, including mankind in his sympathies, good wishes, and prayers. He is far from inclined to treat sacred subjects with indifference, and he has a respectful regard for the feelings of others on religious matters, however absurd their opinions may appear to him.

He should be known for much versatility of talent; though trained perhaps in a particular calling, he nevertheless knows something of almost everything. He is not disposed to dwell unnecessarily long upon any one subject. The moment a thing is finished he drops it and takes up something else. He would be quick and accurate as an accountant, if accustomed to figures, and make a good appraiser. He has large Order, and is methodical. When young he was diffident, averse to personal criticism and publicity, usually conducting himself so as to secure the approval of those whose opinions he valued, and knowingly did nothing which tended to depreciate him in the esteem of his friends. Experience and contact with the world have since given him assurance and independence. He is not wanting in decision, but rather inclined to hold steadily to his convictions. Were

he a civil magistrate he would not condemn and punish without mercy; indeed, mercy would be one of the first considerations, the culprit getting the benefit of any extenuating circumstance. He would punish if necessary, but not in malice or revenge. He would be humanitarian, sympathizing with those who need sympathy, and willing to aid good enterprises. He is frank and open, having comparatively few secrets and little of the fox in his composition. He is not inclined to engage in controversy; would fight, if he must, in the defense of a principle or for his rights, and not for fun or for pay. He would acquire property sufficient to supply his wants and be content with that; he is not a money-getter for the love of it. He would take no especial pride in being counted a millionaire, but more pleasure in distributing his means liberally.

He is not an imitator, but would block out an original course for himself and pursue it. He could, however, readily conform to circumstances and adapt himself to whatever condition he might be placed in; he may go abroad and mix with strangers and yet retain his own identity; he is not likely to be swallowed up by others.

Socially, he has much love for all that belongs to the social circle; he would be an exceedingly unhappy man if compelled to live alone, apart from the loved ones of home. However absorbed he may become in matters requiring intellect, courage, energy, ambition, it is in the social realm that he feels happiest and most contented.

His Conscientiousness renders him inclined to do justly and to expect fair dealing from others. When he has committed an impropriety, and is made aware of it, he is reasonably penitent, but not the one to "cry over spilled milk." He looks forward rather than backward, but is not disposed to magnify prospects or hold out false hopes to others. On the whole, he has realized more in life than he anticipated or his friends predicted.

He is mirthful and jovial; appreciates jokes; is pretty quick at repartee, and decidedly fond of fun. He has a very large brain, well supported by a stout, healthy, vigorous body, and altogether he would be counted a well-made man. But with his love of variety, his moder-

ate self-esteem, and perhaps lack of economy—in time especially—and moderate ambition, he has been less aspiring than many others; but he will be looked to for counsel, for advice, and for favors, rather than looked up to as a high dignitary or one especially proud of place. He is adapted, indeed, to a democratic rather than to an aristocratic community. He counts one man as good as another while he takes care to conduct himself as well, and he does not place himself above others. More dignity and self-appreciation would perhaps have begotten for him more honor and appreciation from others. He is polite and affable, and will maintain himself creditably in any position he may aspire to, or in which he may be placed. He is of the O'Connell type and temperament, and would almost inevitably become a leading man, even among leaders.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Hon. Richard B. Connolly, Comptroller of the city of New York, is a native of the county of Cork, Ireland, a portion of that beautiful but unfortunate country which has given birth to some of the brightest intellects of the age. The Emmetts, Curran, O'Connell, Shearnes, Barry, the first American Commodore, and other Irish patriots, who bravely fought in our war for independence, were born in the county of Cork. His whole career, from boyhood up, has been very successful. He landed in New York some forty years ago, with only his talents to aid him in the busy conflict with the world. His early education was limited, but by earnest study and fidelity he accomplished much. His mercantile education began in the auction-house of John Haggerty & Son, where he filled an important station for some years. From that he entered the auction-house of Simeon Draper, Esq., as recorder, where he established for himself a high reputation as a trustworthy and accomplished accountant.

In 1845 Mr. Connolly was appointed to a responsible position in the New York Custom House, where he was assigned the charge of the statistical bureau. This was a position of responsibility, his quarterly accounts amounting to the sum of nearly thirty millions of dollars, and during his six years' charge there, it is said that the examining bureau at Washington never had occasion to report a single error in his accounts. In 1846 he was designated by the Collector of the Port, Cornelius W. Lawrence, in connection with two other skillful gentlemen, to make up a schedule for the revision of the tariff of 1842, and was summoned to Washington for that service, in aid of the Hon. Robert J. Walker, then Secretary of the Treasury. From thence he passed into the employment of the Bank of North America, in the city of

New York, as discount clerk, where he remained until 1852. In that year he was elected County Clerk, and by a careful attention to the details of that office, by his genial demeanor in his intercourse with the public, and especially by his gentlemanly address, he made many warm and steadfast friends; indeed, so popular did he become, that he was re-elected to the same position in 1855.

In 1859 he was elected to the Legislature of New York by a large majority, and took his seat in that body January, 1860. In 1861 he was re-elected, and by his untiring energy and industry in the interests of his constituents gained himself a front rank in the Senate. His efforts in the cause of the Union, while in that body, commanded the admiration of even his political opponents. When the storm of secession and disunion suddenly swept over the country, he took high ground in support of the Government and in defense of the union of the States; and while addressing the Senate on the subject, uttered the following sentiments:

"An emergency so vast, a ruin so terrible as that now pending over the land of my adoption and most grateful love, demands at the hands of every patriotic man, whether Republican or Democrat, the sacrifice of his personal asperities, prejudices, or mere theoretical opinions of a partisan nature, in order to save, reconstruct, and perpetuate that Union to which we are all indebted for the unexampled prosperity of this country in all its material relations, and the public recognition of our glorious though infant flag among the proudest nationalities of the earth. * * * * Four times have I been honored by the Democracy of the city and county of New York by being elected to responsible and honorable positions, and therefore four times at least have I sworn to support the constitution of the United States and the old flag. Sir, I shall support it now, and by the blessings of God I hope that flag will yet wave, not only over the sixteen Northern States, but the Middle States and all the seceding States, and that all may receive from it equal protection. Why, sir, when we look back to the history of this country, in the early days of the republic, there was no party then. *Let there be no party now.*"

His speech and efforts in behalf of the repeal of the church property law of 1855, which denied to the Catholics the right to manage the property which belonged to them the same as other denominations, secured for him the thanks and congratulations of many of the most eminent dignitaries of that church, among them was the late Archbishop Hughes.

In 1866 Mr. Connolly was elected Comptroller of the city and county of New York, the most responsible position in the gift of the people of the Empire City, and entered upon the duties of his office January 7th, 1867, his term being for four years. In his official capacity Mr. Connolly has the direct control of many millions of dollars, which the law has committed to his care as the head of the Department of Finance. The responsibility of this office

is very great, but Mr. Connolly's administration, if judged by the past, promises to be one of success. Doubtless his clear head and sound judgment will materially conduce to this result.

In appearance, Mr. Connolly is of middle height, plump habit, well formed, and graceful. His head is large and well rounded; his eyes large and blue; his hair light, and worn short; and his face full and somewhat florid in complexion. His forehead is broad and high; his countenance marked by an abundant store of good-humor and friendliness, while his shoulders are broad and strong, indicative of unusual physical power. His voice is low and mellow, but sometimes ringing out in clearest laughter. In society, he is the prince of "jolly good fellows;" while in business he is earnest and thoughtful. He acts promptly and decisively, speaking little. For his success he trusts in Providence, but he backs up that trust by real work, for he is an earnest believer that God helps those only who help themselves. In seasons of political disaster he is the same as in success, and his confidence in the future inspires all the rest with hope, for to him every cloud has a silver lining. His charity is proverbial, for he never forgets the poor and needy. But in all the different stages of his intercourse with the people, it matters not whether in the auction-house, the counting-room, the bank, in the office of the County Clerk, or in the Senate chamber, voting supplies of men and money to defend the honor of his adopted flag and of an unbroken Union, or pleading in eloquent terms in behalf of justice to the faith of his forefathers, he is still the same unassuming gentleman and inflexible patriot.

PHRENOLOGICAL THEORY OF MAN'S ORGANIZATION.

[CONCLUDED.]

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS AND ITS FUNCTIONS.

WE have referred to the sufferings of the monomaniac through the delusive instructions handed from the temple of science, which caused them to be treated so inhumanly by both the professional and non-professional; but all the physical suffering of all the monomaniacs would weigh but light as a feather when compared with the moral evils resulting from the confused and erroneous instructions given in relation to the organization of man's moral nature. We have not time to trace out more fully those evils and their causes, as it would run this article out to an inexcusable length. Perhaps we may at some more suitable time dwell upon them. At present we shall only touch upon Conscientiousness, as from the vague instructions given, innumerable and terrible evils have resulted; almost every imagination of man's heart, however wicked, has been conscientiously performed.

At the very threshold of our subject we meet with ample evidence of the confusion of thought among metaphysical expositors. We have Conscientiousness called "the great judge and arbiter of our conduct"—"the inhabitant of the breast"—"the knowledge or faculty by

which we judge of the goodness or wickedness of ourselves"—"reason"—"principle"—"internal or self-knowledge, or judgment of right or wrong"—"the moral sense"—"the voice of God within the soul"—"the inward monitor"—"a creature of education," etc.

Thousands of pages have been written upon the subject of Conscientiousness, yet the Saviour condensed more information in two lines than can be found in them all: "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Phrenologically, Conscientiousness is in our moral nature what Alimentiveness is in our physical system—both are blind desires which impel to action. In the one case we are impelled to ask the question in reference to any given action, "Is it right?" but like the hungering and thirsting of the animal system, it is perfectly blind, and requires for its guidance the intellect. The spirit of man, and not a personified attribute of the spirit, must, through its intellectual faculties, decide from the data before it whether any given act is right or wrong. To illustrate, let us take the case of David: when he saw Bathsheba, his Amativeness called for gratification; that was its peculiar function, and so far as right or wrong was concerned, it had nothing to do whatever. His faculty of Conscientiousness prompted the question, Is it right or is it wrong? and there its functions terminated, and he had to settle that question by his intellectual faculties, which said to him, "The law is, thou shalt not commit adultery," and that question was then settled. Then the issue was made whether he should obey the law, or gratify himself regardless of the law, and his spirit, through its volitional attribute, having made the decision to gratify himself regardless of the law, he then set to work to accomplish his designs. Uriah was in the way; Destructiveness said "destroy," and by his intellectual faculties he planned to have Uriah slain in battle, to avoid the appearance of a more direct murder, and having accomplished his designs, the responsibility rested on him, and he stood a sinner before God.

Conscientiousness being guided by the intellect, the question next comes up, how is the intellect to be guided, without an infallible standard of right or wrong? The intellectual faculties would be liable to make erroneous conclusions. That infallible guide we can nowhere find, except in the infallible Word of God. That some standard of right is needed is virtually conceded by all expositors, for they endeavor to locate a standard somewhere, thus actually acknowledging that such a standard is needed. Some contend that we have an "inward monitor," which tells us with accuracy what is right or wrong; others, that "the greatest good to all" must be our standard; others, that the "nature and fitness of things" must be our guide; others, that the revealed will of God must be our infallible guide, etc., etc. Neither is the position occupied by some phrenologists correct. A distinguished writer maintains that if all the faculties are "equally developed and unperturbed, the individual will

take correct views of right and do accordingly;" but whether that individual has all his faculties "equally developed and unperturbed," and has arrived at a correct conclusion, can never be known with certainty. Let it be granted, for instance, that an individual has made a decision in regard to any given act, how are we to know with infallible certainty that all his faculties are "equally developed and unperturbed?" What proof can be given that his decision is infallible? Before we admit it, we must have proof on that point. What man has ever been found who could be said to have all his faculties equally developed and unperturbed, and could therefore say, "Ho, all men, listen to me, for my faculties are all equally developed and unperturbed, and my decisions therefore are infallible." The same writer maintains that right or wrong are constitutional, being based in the very nature and fitness of things, without reference to either command or prohibition of God, or the want of the one or the other. The nature and fitness of things being a remarkably uncertain guide, he endeavors to patch it up and make it straighter by affirming this proposition: "Why is right right? wherefore wrong wrong?" I answer, they are rendered so by their consequences, by their effects on the happiness and on the misery of ourselves and others. * * * Whatever is promotive of happiness is right, as well as that the opposite is true as to wrong. He says, further, "Benevolence was created both to pour the oil of consolation into the wounded heart, to avoid occasions of pain, and to beautify and bless mankind, and also to pour still greater blessings into the soul of the giver, for it is even more blessed to give than to receive." Old Cato found his friend Hortensius with a sadly wounded heart, that needed much the oil of consolation; he wanted Cato's wife, who was a remarkably fine-looking woman, and would make a first-rate cross to improve the Hortensian stock. Cato, with a large and magnanimous heart, brimful of benevolence, determined to gratify his own Adhesiveness and Benevolence by pouring the oil of consolation into the wounded heart of Hortensius, and made himself quite happy by loaning his wife to him for some years. Cato rendered himself happy by gratifying his friend by the loan of his wife, and Mrs. Cato rendered herself happy by being an obedient wife, and having received the necessary directions, packed up her trunks and handboxes and went home to live with Hortensius, and rendered him decidedly happy by living with him as his wife. So then all parties were made happy by this transfer; and as the promotion of happiness is the test of right or wrong, it certainly was a very worthy act in Cato to loan his wife, and the whole transaction, tested by "the nature and fitness of things," and that squared by the rule of "promoting happiness," was just exactly right, and before the transaction can be condemned, the standard "Thou shalt not commit adultery," must be applied. The standard above enunciated—"the nature and fitness of things"—and that improved by the

addition of the rule of promoting happiness, may be set down as a standard, but not an infallible standard. Again, it was in "the nature and fitness of things" exceedingly appropriate that when a man saw such a treasure of God likely to fall over, he should put forth his hand to save it, and yet for so doing Uzzah was struck dead by the Lord, for when he went by the standard, "the nature and fitness of things," he transgressed a positive law of God, which prohibited him from touching the ark. Furthermore, according to what we have already quoted, "the nature and fitness of things," improved by the rule of promoting happiness, it would be wrong for a Jew to kill an idolater. Saul was commanded by the Lord to smite the Amalekites, and to spare not one; but he spared Agag, and for thus sinning the kingdom was taken away from him, and Agag was finally hewed in pieces by Samuel. According to "the nature and fitness of things," it was improper for Samuel to hew Agag in pieces, yet no one who does not, like Theodore Parker, feel privileged to correct the mistakes of the Bible, would pretend to say that Samuel sinned in killing Agag, and that Saul did right to spare him.

It is evident, then, that this standard, "the nature and fitness of things," is anything but an infallible rule. It may do very well, and, in fact, is the only guide in the absence of Revelation, so that we are placed under the rule that should belong to the heathens. They can not have an infallible rule, for no man judging of "the nature and fitness of things" can give any proof that his faculties were all equally developed and unperturbed, and his decisions therefore infallible. Cicero decided that if a man with a vessel loaded with provisions, going into a port where famine prices prevailed, should pass a fleet with provisions and get into port one day in advance of the fleet, he should apprise the citizens that the fleet was coming, and that if they would only wait one day longer it would not be necessary to pay such enormous prices. But suppose that forty millions of his countrymen, whose Acquisitiveness was larger and Benevolence smaller, had claimed that they were under no obligation whatever to reveal the fact of the speedy arrival of the fleet, and could honestly take whatever price they could get, what proof could Cicero have given that his decision was any more correct than their own? When we apply the divine rule, that we should love our neighbors as ourselves, and do unto others as we would they should do unto us, we perceive at once that Cicero's decision was correct; but unless we have an infallible guide, such questions must remain in our own day as they were in days of old, uncertain, and open for discussion; the decision might be correct, or it might not.

That same Cicero who made such a righteous decision in regard to the conduct of the man going into port with provisions, also decided, from "the nature and fitness of things," that it was right to worship the gods, and if that is to be our only guide, Cicero's decision

was just as correct in the one case as in the other.

Furthermore, according to the writer above referred to, some infallible standard is needed, for he shows most clearly the working of the intellect in combination with other faculties, and according to that exposition we are so liable to have our intellectual faculties biased in their estimates of right or wrong by other faculties, that we should require the most indubitable proofs of infallibility before we submit implicitly to the decisions of any mortal. As his exposition will serve to explain most admirably many curious traits of character which are perfectly inexplicable by any of the metaphysical expositions, we shall copy a portion of it: "Men's opinions and practices as to right, duty, etc., will accord with their phrenological developments; that different phrenological developments cause men to think and feel differently on those subjects. To illustrate: Suppose Conscientiousness be alike in two persons, A. and B., and full in both, or five in a scale from one to seven. A. has large Benevolence and small Acquisitiveness and Veneration, while B. has small Benevolence and large Acquisitiveness and Veneration. As A. combines Conscientiousness with his large Benevolence, and makes him feel that he is in duty bound to do all the good he can, and that it is wrong to take a large price from a poor man because he can get it, while his small Acquisitiveness induces him to give more for an article than it is really worth, yet as his Veneration is small, his Conscientiousness does not require him to go to church. But the large Acquisitiveness and small Benevolence of B. warp his lesser organ of Conscientiousness, and allow him to extort from the poor man more money for a thing than it is really worth. His large Acquisitiveness throws dust in the eye of his smaller Conscientiousness, and hushes up its feeble remonstrances, while he grinds the face of the poor, takes advantage of their distress, and extorts money from them because they are in his power, though he is wringing out their very heart's blood. Still, this same Conscientiousness, though it allows Acquisitiveness to cheat and extort, also combines with Veneration and compels him to go to meeting next Sunday, to read his Bible, say his prayers, and go to the communion table; "to sand the sugar, water the gin, and then come in to prayers." The Conscientiousness of A. would torment him for extorting the money extorted by B., just as much as that of B. would torment him for not praying and going to church; while the Conscientiousness of B. would acquit him for extorting money from the poor man, or taking advantage of him in a bargain, as much as that of A. acquits him for not praying and attending church. The opinions of these two men as to what is right or wrong are directly opposite, each condemning what the other approves, and each approving what the other condemns, and both reading each other out of heaven—the one for the other's extortion, the other for the other's impiety. Now Phrenology condemns them both, and yet approves both. It saith

unto A., Thou art right in thy humanity (provided thou dost not injure thyself and those dependent on thee by giving too much), but wrong in thy impiety; give to the poor, but worship thy God. Phrenology then turns to B. and saith, Thy devotion is right, but thy extortion is wrong. Reduce thy Acquisitiveness, increase thy Benevolence, for it is wrong for thee thus to oppress and distress these poor sufferers. * * * A fashionable lady (and all fashionable women are ladies, of course, however ill-bred, for fashion hideth a multitude of sins), with more vanity than sense, but having large Veneration, full Conscientiousness, large Ideality, very large Approbativeness, a silly mother and a soft-soap preacher, feels it to be her imperious duty to go to church always, provided that she can go dressed in the very top of fashion, show a wasp-like waist, or a small bale of extra hair; but if she can not go thus fashionably, foolishly, and wickedly attired, she does not feel it her duty to go at all, because her dress is not decent; for it would be very wrong indeed for her to go to church without being decently (fashionably) dressed, lest her dress should attract attention; though if her extreme fashions should attract the gaze of all present, that would be all right (how very tender some people's consciences are, though, about certain matters!); but the Conscientiousness of another lady, who has large intellectual and moral organs, feels it to be her duty not to dress, and frowns upon our scrupulous fashionables."

Such traits of character have never been satisfactorily explained by any old metaphysician; the general supposition has been that B. was a most consummate hypocrite, and made religion a cloak to hide his deeds.

A vast number of curious cases, constantly occurring, are perfectly clear by the light of phrenological revelations; but just change the light, and metaphysicians say they are "anomalous," "freaks of nature," "perfectly inexplicable." Though the working of Conscientiousness with the various faculties is readily explainable by Phrenology, yet when we search for an infallible guide for Conscientiousness, Phrenology fails just as completely as old-school metaphysics in giving us such a guide. The "inward monitor" of the latter is not a worse guide than the estimate of "the nature and fitness of things," by the intellectual faculties of the former.

There is a vast advantage, however, in the phrenological system, absolutely immeasurable when the salvation of man is taken into consideration. Such a man as B., traveling by the light of metaphysical expositions, would never under any circumstances be able to see his way clearly, and would continue in his evil courses, while if traveling by the light of Phrenology, he would be apprised that his Acquisitiveness might really blind his estimate of right and wrong, and when trading would more closely scrutinize his own conduct, and probably become a very different sort of man. We have shown that neither metaphysics nor Phrenology can give us an infallible guide for Conscientiousness, and as we can find infallibility in the Word of God, we must necessarily rely upon that for infallibility. In the absence of Revelation, the rule—"the nature and fitness of things"—would serve to guide men, and would suit admirably for the heathen nations; but since we need a better rule than that for the heathens, we should turn to the infallible Word of God and go by the light of its revelations.

Why is it, then, if we have an infallible standard in Revelation, do we have such a great diversity of opinion as to what is right or wrong? Simply because under the rules laid down by the metaphysicians, so vague are they, that men go by their feelings, "inward monitor," "the moral sense," and all having "a sin that doth easily beset," their Conscientiousness is easily satisfied when some strong propensity puts in its plea for gratification, while they are making up their estimate of right, and that "inward monitor" and "inhabitant of the breast" thus hoodwinked, they obey even unto death. In the wide margin given, the "inward monitor" men readily, without any serious compunctions of Conscientiousness, receive, reject, twist, turn, change, and pervert that infallible standard in any manner to suit their wishes, and they will continue to do so as long as they have no better light than that given by the metaphysicians.

But when we view a man by the light of phrenological revelations, and learn how easy it is for Conscientiousness to be hoodwinked by the other faculties, and made to assent too readily to the estimates of right by the intellectual faculties, we have as a corollary from this, that we must be exceedingly careful in our study of the Divine Law, and in examining the propriety of our conduct by its precepts we must ever be on the alert lest we allow ourselves to be deceived by some other faculty putting in a plea that will satisfy us, and yet be far from meeting the requirements of the law.

As to undertaking to alter, amend, or reject any portion of that revelation which our Creator has so kindly bestowed on us, it would be inexcusable to harbor the thought for a moment. What would be the use of the Lord's giving us an infallible standard, if every man could reject, alter, amend, or pervert according to his own views of propriety? Whenever we reject or alter the exact declaration of Revelation, we in reality act as if we were superior in wisdom to the Creator, and for such presumptuous conduct there can be no excuse.

We should receive that guide which our kind heavenly Father has bestowed on us with all the ardent simplicity of a little child, "nothing doubting," and then in endeavoring to shape our course by it, we should remember when making our estimates of right and wrong, that our Conscientiousness is liable to be misled by many of our faculties, and we should ever be on the watch lest at any time we suffer our judgment to be improperly biased. And in coming to a decision on any given point, those who have the light of phrenological revelation

to guide them are infinitely more likely to be correct than those who estimate man's organization by "the lanterns dimly burning" of the metaphysicians; and in testing their conduct by the infallible standard the Creator has given us, each man can know exactly what faculties preponderate, and of course would know where he is most likely to err. For instance, A., knowing that his Acquisitiveness was too large, would guard with double care all his pecuniary transactions. B., knowing that the love of approbation was his weak point, would be exceedingly careful lest he should prefer the praises of men to the praises of God. C., knowing that his Combativeness was too large, would of course be able to guard himself with more care, and so on through the infinite combinations of faculties.

Hence, since the light of Phrenology will scatter the mystification now surrounding the subject of Conscientiousness, and also enable man to view himself as he is, to read God's Word with more pleasure and profit than he could through metaphysical fogs, and will remove many obstacles from his pathway to heaven, it well behooves all who love their souls to accept phrenological revelations, and to betake themselves to the study of the Word of God, with all the advantages which a more accurate knowledge of man's organization can give, and apply the rules laid down in that blessed book, without any alteration, rejection, or amendment whatever.

And now, friendly reader, if any of the mystification surrounding the subject of body, soul, and spirit has been removed, our object has been attained, and we conclude this department of our subject with the prayer of Paul flowing warm from our heart, "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

ACTIVITIES OF NATURE.—The human soul, like the material universe around us, is instinct with activities; and those activities are all obedient to an innate law impressed upon them by the Creator. Our own consciousness attests that in our own souls there is a spontaneity of action—action uncaused by any precedent volition of ours. There are laws necessitating and determining the association of ideas which we never formed and can never annul. There are out-darting impulses which aim and strike so quickly that we see them only by retrospection. There are rending and upheaving passions which ever and anon explode from some volcanic stratum in our own nature, deeper down than we had ever known before; and sometimes torrents of feeling and emotion as resistless and as fathomless as ocean tides. More or less, in all sane men, these activities are directly or indirectly under the control of the will; in the insane we see their centrifugal force and madness when they have revolted from the will and cast off its dominion.

HORACE MANN.

"Signs of Character."

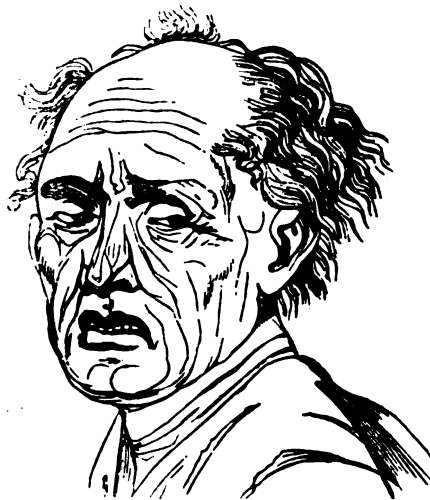
Of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.—*Spenser.*

STUDIES IN PHYSIOGNOMY—No. 2.

"The heart has no passion within it
That is not engraved on the head."—*Literary Gazette.*

ACKNOWLEDGE ONCE that an emotion gives variety and tone in a great or small degree to the expression of the face, and, reader, you assent to the fundamental principle of the science of Physiognomy. As in nature we find that the continued dropping of water wears the flinty rock, and as this is but one illustration of the law of Force "which rules the world," so those powerful emotions which with electric power and rapidity sway the mind, find expression in the sympathetic nervous structure of the face; and those which are oft repeated from an increasing habitude of the mind so impress their lineal characteristics in the plastic tissue of the countenance, that the man may be read by others. There are indications which show the man of laborious pursuits. The blacksmith's arm, and the sailor's hand, the seamstress' fingers indubitably denote their vocations. This topic, which we would at present merely allude to, is capable of elaboration to the extent of showing that the multitudinous employments and callings of mankind, from the clergyman down to the common laborer with the shovel and hod, have each special physiognomical peculiarities.

Among those people who infest society, and are especially grievous to the sensitive and "nervous," none are more conspicuous than the petulant murmurer and the impudent sauce-box. The former invents occasions, if he do not meet with them, for expressing discontent and bitter complaints. He takes keen delight in grumbling over good fortune as well as ill, depreciating the former and exaggerating the latter. If a friend sends him a present of fruit, he returns by the bearer the peevish answer, "Were you afraid your vines and trees would suffer did you send me an invitation to come and pick for myself?" He quarrels with heaven, not because it rains, but because the rain comes too early or too late. If he finds a purse on the road he exclaims, "Only coppers. Ah! it is not my luck to find greenbacks." When, on an emergency, his friends assist him, proffering ample means and endeavoring to encourage him with pleasant words, saying, "Cheer up! we'll see you safely through this difficulty," he will very likely reply, "How can I be cheerful, when all this money must be repaid; and that ever after I must owe you a debt of gratitude?" and as for uttering a word of thanks for their accommodation, he does not think of it. Such a man is an enigma in society. No one knows how to take him, and that uncertainty renders his room more desirable than his company. He can not be of service in any community; for he acts the drag on the wheels of all progress. Every innovation, how-



THE MURMURER.

ever profitable, meets with a sniveling repulse from him. "Can you not let well enough alone?" he will say when any measure of social improvement is proposed. Whereas but a few minutes before he had been inveighing against the badness of the times and complaining that no one besides himself was anxious for a reform. Persons of this character should be left to themselves and their own counsels. Forced solitude will prove their best tutor.

The saucy and impudent are altogether different in kind and quality. Society finds in such persons food for amusement as well for anger. Sauciness assumes a great variety of forms in different characters, but we have endeavored to illustrate it in such a manner that it may at once be recognized. The lines of the features in our example are more incidental to the class of face than generally expressive of the disposition. The following are among the usual accompaniments of this disposition: black or dark eyes which seem to sparkle with the sharpness of the owner; a nose inclined to turn up, or of the snub order, appearing as though it had taken the upward direction by choice and was indebted to this mental quality of sauciness for its expressive formation; all the features seem to be inclined to elevation; the lips curl upward, and the mouth opening wide makes a chattering exhibition of teeth. The verbal expression of the whole is—"Who cares for you?" A writer on Physiognomy says, "This complete and finished expression of an accomplished face and tongue which, from the reputation it has acquired for wit and smartness among a certain class, is re-

garded by them as an ornament of the mind, and may be resolved into nothing more or less than the natural aptness of a bad temper in its most aggressive form. When this quality is marked in the composition of a person, it not only qualifies the whole of it, but would seem to be the principal ingredient; it lies upon the surface of all that is superficial, is the very essence of all that is non-essential, and is the only article which flavors the natural insipidity; it is the counterfeit of wit, the substitute for sense; and, while it assumes these sterling qualities, it is only in possession of those brazen ones which pass for them all.

"We have too frequently to deplore the full-grown consequences of the early unchecked tendencies of those young shoots which have been allowed to take their natural course, and instead of being trained up like wild and disorderly plants, have, on the contrary, been nursed and nourished more and more in the direction of their tendencies and habits by those whose duty it was to watch over and weed them out. It must have been painfully observed that pert young children have even been commended for saying many a *smart* thing under the domestic roof that would have made them *smart* in other connections, but which has only enabled their fond parents to supply their friends with so many specimens of their eloquent fooleries; and that, too, in the hearing of these little ready-reckoners who are sure to commit them to memory, if not to paper, till they get such a collection of Rolands and Olivers, as to add to their natural stock of



THE SAUCEBOX.

impudence, and make them what is called 'a match for anybody.' * * * When such shall make their appearance in ordinary life, they appear with more than ordinary advan-

tages, are sent into the world with the finest recommendations; and with as many mistakes about their characters as were never made about those of a magpie or a monkey, they come boldly out in the hearing of such remarks as these, 'fine spirited youth, this!' 'fine sharp boy, that!' (language that might flatter a pickpocket), and are considered to be those intrinsic geniuses which parents expect to get off without premiums, and such as are specially fitted for offices of trust; in fact, they are what is called 'anybody's money,' and those who trust them will generally find them so; their employers are not long in discovering their real uses in collecting bad debts and delivering saucy messages, all which they perform with a fidelity that would do honor to the most righteous cause; while their activity in getting in and out of place makes them remarkable for seeing more of the world in one calendar month than the most steady and experienced would in the whole of their lives. Whenever servants are endowed with this *gift*, it elevates them above the state of life in which Providence or (as they would have it) *ignorance* has placed them, and enables them, even in the kitchen, to exercise an arbitrary power over the household. This disposition is to be met with in all the *perfection of imperfection* in stable-yards, at coach-stands, markets, and in stores where young lady clerks preside over the counters."

The following is an illustration which may be here aptly introduced. A gentleman while making some morning purchases stepped into one of our city markets. He stopped before a flower-stand, and pointing to a plant said to the buxom dame in attendance, "Ma'am, will you inform me what they call this pretty flower?" "Nothing that you want," said the woman, "or else you'd know the name of it." With no reply he proceeded farther, and stopping before another stand of a like character asked of the attendant, "Pray, is not this pretty flower a geranium?" "Why, yes; what did you take it for—an oak tree?" Verily, thought he, I am fallen into a nest of brambles; but going farther, he stopped before a third stall, the superintendent of which we may suppose to have been the pert subject of our illustration, who with jaunty cap and ribbons stood ready to dispose of her goods and smart speeches. He politely inquired the way out of the market, and was quickly answered, "Why, the same way you came into it, I guess." The gentleman turned on his heel, and as he walked away an approving chorus of laughter from the surrounding market people, who admired the girl's *esprit*, greeted his ears.

As trade in small wares is conducted, it would appear, from the number of audacious and saucy clerks, that a heavy premium was offered for a good stock of sauciness in a candidate for a clerkship.

This unpleasant dispositional effect is the product of a perverted rather than an unhappy organization. Those who exhibit it usually possess a fine cranial development, but were

spoiled in early youth by the indulgence and indiscreet training of their parents. Among the prominent organs which tend to excite sauciness are Approbativeness, Self-Esteem, Combativeness, and Mirthfulness. Vanity and self-sufficiency, stimulated by a bold effrontery and a malicious humor, are the essential elements of the characteristic."

When we meet with young children who are regarded as "cunning" and "smart," because urged on by the loud approvals of doting mammas, they pertly answer the civil questions of adults, and often unabashed impose themselves and their "little speeches" on the notice of their elders, we deprecate their probable future. Such, unless a new and wiser course of culture be adopted, become the impudent nuisances of society, the plagues of the quiet and unassuming.

VOICES—WHAT THEY INDICATE.—There are light, quick, surface voices that involuntarily seem to utter the slang, "I won't do to tie to." The man's words may assure you of his strength of purpose and reliability, yet his tone contradicts his speech.

Then there are low, deep, strong voices, where the words seem ground out, as if the man owed humanity a grudge, and meant to pay it some day. That man's opponents may well tremble, and his friends may trust his strength of purpose and ability to act.

There is the coarse, boisterous, dictatorial tone, invariably adopted by vulgar persons, who have not sufficient cultivation to understand their own insignificance.

There is the incredulous tone, that is full of a covert sneer or a secret "You-can't-dupe-me-sir" intonation.

Then there is the whining, beseeching voice that says "sycophant" as plainly as if it uttered the word. It cajoles and flatters you; its words say "I love you—I admire you; you are everything you should be."

Then there is the tender, musical, compassionate voice, that sometimes goes with sharp features (as they indicate merely intensity of feeling) and sometimes with blunt features, but always with genuine benevolence.

If you are full of affection and pretense, your voice proclaims it.

If you are full of honesty, strength, and purpose, your voice proclaims it.

If you are cold, and calm, and firm, and consistent, or fickle, and foolish, and deceptions, your voice will be equally truth-telling.—*Agnes Leonard.*

A TENNESSEE Dutchman having caught his son in wrong-doing, determined to administer a dose of hickory. So he trimmed a switch and went to look for the youngster, who incontinently took to his heels. After chasing the boy around for a while, the old man thought to persuade him to stop and take the licking. So he halted and hailed the wary fugitive: "Shon," said he, "Shon, stop! I'm not so mad as vat I vash!"

FAMOUS HISTORICAL PERSONAGES.

No. 1.—ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

BY E. W. TULLIDGE.

[CONCLUDED.]

OUR heroine remained at Whitehall three weeks, while the privy council was debating her fate. Charles V. of Spain hated her for her mother's sake, and the murderous policy of the brother of Catharine of Arragon was openly avowed; and Renaud, the Spanish ambassador, went so far as to intimate that Don Philip would not venture his person in England till Elizabeth and Courtenay were executed; but Mary would not shed her sister's blood, yet consented to send her to the Tower.

When they were about to remove her to the Tower, Elizabeth prayed so earnestly to see her sister, or to write to her, that the Earl of Sussex was touched with compassion, and undertook to deliver her letter to the queen. Elizabeth then wrote a powerful letter, pleading her own cause with pathos and the bold truthfulness of despair. She took good care not to bring her epistle to a conclusion until the tide had ebbed so far as to render it impossible to shoot the bridge with a barge that turn, so that she could not be removed that night. But the Tower was the place of doom; and Mary rated soundly the generous Sussex, and the rest of the council, for losing the tide.

Soon after nine o'clock next morning, Sussex and the Lord Treasurer came to inform Elizabeth that she must away with them to the Tower. She replied, "The Lord's will be done. I am content, seeing that it is the queen's pleasure." But as she was conducted through the garden to the barge, she turned her eyes toward every window in the lingering hope, it was thought, that some one would espouse her cause, and then she passionately exclaimed, "I marvel what the nobles mean, by suffering me, a princess, to be led into captivity; the Lord knoweth wherefor, for myself I do not."

On her way to the Tower, the barge was nearly wrecked; but none of the anxious spectators suspected the quality of the pale girl, whose escape from a watery grave they had just witnessed.

Elizabeth objected to being landed at the Traitor's Gate; "neither well could she, unless she should step into the water over her shoe," she said. But she was told that she must not choose, and as it was raining, a cloak was offered to her. "She dashed it from her with a good dash," and as she set foot on the stairs, exclaimed, "Here lands as true a subject, being prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs. Before thee, O God, I speak it, having no other friend but thee alone."

Instead of passing through the gates, she seated herself on a damp stone, reluctant to the last to enter a prison which had been so fatal to her race. The Lieutenant of the Tower said to her, "Madam, you had better come out of the rain; you sit unwholesomely." "Better sit here," she replied, "than in a worse place; for God knoweth, not I, whither you will

bring me." When the doors were fastened upon her in the Tower with locks and bolts, she was sorely dismayed; but called for her book, and gathered the sorrowful remnant of her servants around her, begging them to unite with her in prayer for Divine protection and succor.

Bishop Gardiner, the chancellor, and nine others of the privy council, soon after came and passed her through a rigorous examination. After submitting to it for a long time, she said, "You sift me narrowly, but you can do no more than God hath appointed, unto whom I pray to forgive you all." Whereupon the Earl of Arundel kneeling down declared, "Her Grace said truth, and that himself was sorry to see her troubled about such vain matters." This startled all present, for Arundel had been foremost in urging Mary to bring her to execution. His admiration at the noble conduct of Elizabeth wrought in him such a reaction, that, henceforth, he not only labored as hard to preserve her as before to destroy her, but offered his heir to her for husband, which being declined, he tendered her his own hand, and became one of the most persevering of her wooers.

The attachment which existed between the captive princess and her faithful adherents in the Tower would form a beautiful chapter of romance. Sir John Harrington, the younger, says, "that his parents had not any comfort to beguile their afflictions, but the sweet words and sweeter deeds of their mistress and fellow-prisoner, the Princess Elizabeth." Yet, though she could thus comfort those faithful ones in affliction with her, she told the French ambassador, in after years, that "having no hope of escaping, she desired to make her sister one request, which was, that she might have her head cut off with a sword as in France, and not with an axe, after the present fashion adopted in England, and therefore desired that an executioner might be sent for out of France, if it were so determined."

Elizabeth's comforters in the Tower were the little children of the officers and servants, of whom Agnes Strickland relates some pretty episodes. All through her life our heroine was very fond of children. In the Tower, one little boy, about four years old, was accustomed to bring her flowers, and in his pretty prattle she took great pleasure; Mary's ministers suspecting that this child passed communications from Courtenay and Elizabeth, examined him threateningly, but could get nothing from the child, and his parents were forbidden to let him have access to the captive princess. The next day the garden was locked against him, but he peeped through the keyhole, and called to her as she was walking in the garden, "Mistress, I can bring you no more flowers." Another time a little girl, finding some small keys, brought them to her, and innocently told her that "she had brought her the keys now; so she need not always stay there, but might unlock the gates and go abroad."

Her protectors were now Arundel, Pembroke, Sussex, her uncle Admiral Howard, Paget, and

Petre; thus Providence divided the Catholic council of her, sister to preserve Elizabeth, while Gardiner headed the party bent on her destruction. Midst these agitations, Mary was taken with a sudden illness, and Gardiner sent a privy council warrant to the Lieutenant of the Tower for the royal prisoner's immediate execution. He knew Elizabeth's temper, and feared her vengeance in case of the death of Mary. But the Lieutenant, observing that the signature of the queen was not affixed to the warrant, and being sorely grieved for the charge it contained, refused to execute it until he had direct communication from the queen herself. This preserved Elizabeth's life, and when Mary found out the plot, she sent Sir Henry Bedingfeld, with a hundred of her guard, to take command of the Tower, and soon decided to send her to Woodstock under the charge of Bedingfeld and Lord Williams of Tame, on whom she could rely.

When Elizabeth saw Sir Henry enter the inner court with his hundred men-at-arms, to remove her to Woodstock, supposing it to be the prelude of execution, she demanded, in terror, "if the Lady Jane's scaffold were removed." The Lieutenant tried to calm her, but she, not knowing what kind of man Bedingfeld was, asked "whether he were a person who made conscience of murder, if such an order were intrusted to him."

From the Tower she was conducted to the palace, where she had an interview with the queen, who offered her pardon and liberty if she would accept the hand of the Prince of Piedmont; but she firmly refused to contract marriage with any foreign prince, alleging her preference of a single life. This incensed the queen against her again, and that evening all her servants were removed from her. She requested the prayers of her departing servants with mournful earnestness, for added she to them, "This night I think I must die." Evidently she, in this night of despair, lost her wonted extraordinary trust in God, which she had a little while before so nobly maintained, even in the face of the all-powerful Bishop Gardiner and the rest of the nine commissioners, to the admiration of Arundel; but now she saw before her a similar fate to that of her grandmother's brothers, murdered by Tyrrel, at the order of Richard III.

Next morning, in crossing the river at Richmond toward Woodstock, she found her disbanded servants on the banks of the Thames, there to take a last look of her. "Go to them," said she, "and tell them from me, *Tanquam ovis*, like a sheep to the slaughter; for so am I led."

Her confinement at Woodstock was not less rigorous than at the Tower; but in this Sir Henry Bedingfeld designed, perhaps, to be her best friend, in preserving her from her unscrupulous enemies; for the strength of the guard around was her protection.

But the lofty spirit of Elizabeth was saddened, and she expressed a wish to change fortunes with the merry milkmaid in Woodstock Park. While in this frame of mind, she

composed the following pathetic lines, written on a shutter with a piece of charcoal:

"Oh, Fortune! how thy restless wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled heart,
Witness this present prison, whither fate
Could bear me, and the joys I quit.
Thou caus'dst the guilty to be loosed
From bands, wherein are innocents inclosed,
Causing the guiltless to be strait reserved,
And freeing those that death hath well deserved;
But by her envy can be nothing wrought,
So God send to my foes all they have brought.
Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner."

The imprisonment and anxieties of the princess brought her into a state of severe illness, and Mary sent her physicians to her, who reported favorably of the loyal feelings of the royal maiden, which had a favorable effect on Mary's mind. Elizabeth frequently confessed; and at the pressing instances of her kinsman, Cardinal Pole, who feared her death, she professed herself a Roman Catholic; but Mary, doubting her sincerity, caused her to be questioned touching her belief in transubstantiation. She replied in the following extempore lines:

"Christ was the word that spake it,
He took the bread and brake it;
And what his word did make it,
That I believe, and take it."

Neither Catholics nor Protestants could impugn the orthodoxy of Elizabeth's ingenious explanation of her belief.

Elizabeth was restored to royal favor; and at court she found, henceforth, a protector in Philip of Spain, who, it is said, even while his wife Mary lived, became too ardent a suitor to the princess; for the queen bore him no offspring, and the precarious state of her health rendered it very desirable, in Philip's eyes, to secure the princess as his future wife; and, hence, immediately after the death of Mary, he sought the hand of her sister.

But Elizabeth had several removals of residence in the interval of her restoration to royal favor and the death of the queen. And at one time, either disgusted with her visit to court, or again apprehensive, contemplated taking refuge in France, for Henry II. in his treacherous designs to destroy the presumptive heiress to the throne of England, to pave the way for his daughter-in-law, Mary Stuart, had never ceased to urge Elizabeth to take refuge in France; but, at this juncture, the unscrupulous Noailles had been superseded in office by his brother the Bishop of Acqs, who scrupled to become a party in the iniquitous scheme. When the Countess of Sussex came secretly to him in disguise, to ask his assistance in conveying the princess to France, he advised her better, and when the countess returned to him, he plainly told her "that if ever Elizabeth hoped to ascend the throne of England, she must never leave the realm." He afterward declared that Elizabeth was indebted to him for her crown. Her fate would have been that of Mary Stuart.

The princess was at her house at Hatfield, when the privy council of the late queen came to announce the death of her sister. She was proclaimed to the Parliament of England by Lord Chancellor Heath, Archbishop of York.

on the 17th day of November, 1558, and afterward at the palace by the Lords and Commons; and to the city by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England; and on the 19th the proclamation was made before the gates of Hatfield House; and then the mighty Elizabeth, for the first time, was addressed by the splendid title of queen, and heard proclaimed that Providence had given the scepter of England to her hands. Though well prepared for the event, she at first appeared amazed and overpowered at what she heard, and then, drawing a deep respiration, she sank upon her knees and exclaimed in Latin, "It is the Lord's doing, and marvelous in our eyes. I have chosen God for my helper." These sentences are the mottoes on her coin, as they were also on those of Mary. Though the application on this occasion has been considered as ready tact, they show reliance on God notwithstanding; nor should it be forgotten that in her direst need she always besought the Divine protection, and manifested a sublime trust in its shield. It was this quality in her that awed and frustrated Gardiner and the rest of the commissioners, and won not only the admiration, but the love of Arundel, the stout pillar of her Catholic sister's throne. The religious character and almost fanatic majesty of an Elizabeth, or a Cromwell, with his semi-prophetic war-cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," might not be so easily comprehended, but there is a grand consistency in them—a splendid harmony made not sweeter, but more sonorous by the very discords of their lives.

In the self-same day and hour that announced to her that she was queen of England, she entered upon that splendid management of the affairs of her realm, which she continued over her long reign of forty-five years, creating the great men of her day, molding Protestant empire in England, grappling with the complications in Europe, and giving a lasting balance to the world. She immediately held a privy council at Hatfield House, at which Sir Thomas Parry, Cave, Rogers, and Cecil were sworn in as members. Her address to Cecil on this occasion is noble:

"I give you this charge, that you shall be of my privy council, and content yourself to take pains for me and my realm. This judgment I have of you—that you will not be corrupted by any gift, and that you will be faithful to the state; and that without respect to my private will, you will give me counsel which you think best; and if you shall know anything necessary to be declared to me of secrecy, you shall show it to myself only, and assure yourself I will not fail to keep taciturnity therein: and, therefore, herewith I charge you."

She left no doubt on the minds of her ministers as to the one she had chosen to guide the helm of state; and on this very day Cecil was made her principal secretary. Thus commenced, between that great statesman and his greater queen, their long relation, only broken by the death of that famous minister.

Directly after this she left Hatfield House,

attended by her privy council, to take possession of the royal fortress of the Tower; and her entry into London was as a jubilee to the people. Robert Dudley, as her master of horse (afterward Earl of Leicester, her great favorite), rode by her side. On the road to Highgate a procession of bishops met her, and, kneeling to her, paid her homage. She allowed graciously each to take her hand and kiss it, till she came to the "bloody Bishop Bonner," who essayed to kiss her hand, but she withdrew it and turned from him with abhorrence.

Conducted by the great officers of state, and the Lord Mayor and city authorities, she proceeded to Charter House, where she remained five days, sitting every day in council, and then she took up her residence in the Tower, where she continued to hold councils daily.

On entering the Tower, where she had been a prisoner, she made the following striking address to those around her:

"I am raised from being a prisoner to be the princess of this realm. That dejection was a work of His good justice, but this advancement is a work of His great mercy. As they were to yield me patience for the one, so I must bear myself to God thankful, and for the other to all men merciful."

Ever mindful of her obligations to the Divine Protector, ever certain to make her manifesto thereof, she then went to her former prison cell; and, falling upon her knees, offered up aloud a powerful prayer, in which she compared herself to Daniel delivered by God from the lions' den.

Elizabeth proceeded very cautiously in her work, and in three months very gently brought forth the stupendous revolution of the times. She wisely sought to find who of the late Catholic queen's council would unite in carrying on her government with the Protestant remnants of her brother's administration, and further, in her great policy, strengthened her power in the House of Lords by creating new peers. And now was coming up her mighty struggle with Rome and the bishops of her realm.

She instructed the minister of her sister in Rome to assure Pope Paul of her protection alike of all the religious denominations in her realm. But this was too much the era of innovation and heresy for his Holiness, who replied, "that he was unable to comprehend the hereditary right of one not born in wedlock," and he gave her crown to Mary Stuart, the "legitimate descent of Henry VII." Is it wonderful that Mary Queen of Scots met her fate at last? for this is not one hundredth part of the deep goadings which Elizabeth received over her unfortunate cousin Mary. But Pope Paul was not strong enough to break down the mighty sovereign who had risen in England, and who was destined to destroy forever the dominance of Rome and Spain. She recalled her minister from Rome, and then grappled with the bishops of her realm. They refused to crown her, but in vain. They refused to ordain any bishops of the new faith to officiate at the coronation; but that would have amount-

ed to but little, for the royal Bess would have ordained bishops herself (or something very like it), to have given to her head its crown and its anointing, ere she would have lost the day. One of the prelates, at last, reluctantly consented to officiate at her coronation, namely, Dr. Oglethorpe, Bishop of Carlisle, and he died in a few months after of a broken heart for having crowned her. Probably he consented to preserve Elizabeth from doing what, in less than three months from Mary's death, she accomplished, namely: The creation of the Primate archbishop of Canterbury, which at once virtually overthrew the Catholic Church and established the Reformed Church in her kingdom. She caused the famous test oath of Henry VIII. (of the supremacy of England above that of Rome) to be put to all the members of her council and to the Parliament, and thirteen bishops were ejected from Parliament for not taking that oath, and their sees and miters were given to the most eminent Reformers. Dr. Parker, friend of Anna Boleyn, was created Archbishop of Canterbury.

But to return to the queen's coronation; and here comes a very curious historical fact. At Woodstock, Elizabeth, through her servants, the Parrys, had become acquainted with Dr. Dee, afterward famous throughout Europe as an alchemist and astrologer. Blanche Parry, her confidential maid, was the favorite pupil of this Dee, and herself an adept in astrology. This man all through her life had a wonderful influence over Elizabeth, for he had cast the nativity of her sister Mary, and predicted her early death; and he had also cast our heroine's nativity, and of course had predicted for her a glorious reign. She now sent her favorite (Dudley) to consult her astrologer as to the day most propitious for her coronation; and the astrologer, the Queen, and her privy council agreed that Sunday, the 15th of January, 1559, was the day of fate. Thus we find the curious fact, that an astrologer ruled Elizabeth and her privy council, and chose the day for the coronation of England's mightiest sovereign. This is but one of those striking instances that these children of missions and destinies are inspired with their splendid superstitions.

Agnes Strickland, noticing the fact that Leicester in the very first week after her ascension became master of horse and favorite, supposes that there was previous to this some hidden passages in their lives which do not appear on the surface of history; and suggests the probability of some love episode between them while they were both fellow-prisoners in the Tower, he being there as participator in the conspiracy of Northumberland, his father. But Agnes Strickland also informs us in her book, that Leicester was born on the very same day, in the very same hour, with Elizabeth, in the same circle, playmates in childhood and in their youth, and now he was the one whom she sent to consult the astrologer touching her coronation. Her figure of nativity was almost identically his own; and though astrology

might not be worth the weight of a feather, it is more than probable that Elizabeth, who was such a believer in it, in her superstition connected all these circumstances in her mind now that she had come to the throne, and hence drew Leicester, the handsomest man of the age, so near to herself. But this very superstition—the very influence of Dr. Dee, whose interest it was to predict for her a glorious reign, and the triumph over all her enemies, might doubtless have made her feel herself more invincible in measuring arms with the Pope—with all—even to the mighty Philip of Spain.

Her charge to her judges, soon after her ascension to the throne, is truly worthy of reproduction here.

"Have a care over my people. You have the care of my people: do you that which I ought to do. They are *my* people. Every one oppresseth and spoileth them without mercy. They can not revenge their quarrel, nor help themselves. See unto them! See unto them! for they are my charge. I charge you, even as God hath charged me. I care not for myself—my life is not dear unto me. My care is for my people. I pray God whoever succeedeth me be careful as I am."

Would that every sovereign thus did plead for the people. The royal *Bess* was terrible to the great, to her lords (even her favorites), to her parliament, to foreign princes, to her rivals, but woe be to those who touched her kingdom or her humble subjects. She was a lamb to children—a mother to her people—a heroine to her nation; hence she was so long, in spite of her faults, the idol of England.

At the very first sitting of her parliament, the Speaker of the House brought up a petition urging her marriage. She replied in a long oration, which she concluded by taking off her coronation ring and showing it to the Commons, telling them that—

"When she received that ring, she had solemnly bound herself in marriage to the realm; and that it would be quite sufficient for the memorial of her name and for her glory if, when she died, an inscription were engraved on a marble tomb, saying, 'Here lieth Elizabeth, which reigned a virgin, and died a virgin.'"

On the day of her grand "recognition, procession" through London, the whole city is described by eye-witnesses as resembling one vast stage of semi-dramatic performance, between this most popular queen and her loving subjects. The very-humblest played their spontaneous parts with her, and to these she was the most gracious and refulgent with smiles. To those who wished her well, she replied with such as, "God save you all!" and that "she thanked them with all her heart." Then, as all through her life, she was evidently prouder in being the *idol of the people* than the flattered mistress of the great. The crowning part of the pageantry of the day was the presentation to her by the city of a Bible, which was handed to her by a little girl representing Truth. She "received it in both hands, kissed

it, clasped it to her bosom, and thanked the city for this present esteemed above all others, and promised to read it diligently." As she passed through Temple Bar, she said as farewell to the populace, "Be ye assured I will stand your good queen;" whereupon the acclamations of the people in reply exceeded the thunder of the ordnance at that moment shot off from the Tower.

Upon her coming to the throne, Elizabeth was careful to redress all causes of dissatisfaction among the operative classes, whom she regarded as the bone and sinew of the realm, and punished severely any who oppressed her people.

In the year 1560, the Queen kept her "Maunday" after the old fashion, in her great hall in the court at Westminster, by washing the feet of twenty poor women, and then gave gowns to every woman, and one of them had the royal robe in which she officiated; and then she drank to every woman in a white new cup, and afterward gave her the cup. The same afternoon, in St. James' Park, she gave a public alms of small silver coins to upward of 2,000 poor men, women, and children. No wonder that down to our own times she was to the masses of England the "Good Queen Bess." It is only the unsparing critics of an age of book-making who have taken a delight in destroying this charm of national reverence by showing up most the errors in the long life of this great but imperfect woman; and Ristori has made her to the public as hideous as Charles Kean makes his Louis the Eleventh. Indeed, Paolo Giacometti, in his play of Elizabeth Queen of England, seems to have copied much from the conception of the character of Louis; and Ristori makes the part immense in that quality. But there is no comparison between the two characters. There is infinitely more likeness between Elizabeth and Cromwell; both of whom were grand fanatics over their missions. Here is the proper conception of Elizabeth of England—Elizabeth as the imperial soul of the grandest age the world has ever seen. Let her be a sun with an eclipse. Leave not out the marriages of her long life, which with the best is not without imperfections, and remember her beautiful heroism, patience, and religious trust in her girlhood, and forget not that in her grand assumption of a mission, of a semi-religious character, she overturned the hideous Past, created an era, left to the future a world fairly started in another of its grand revolutions of upheaving civilizations, nor forget how faithful for seventy years she lived to this end.

Sir Robert Nauton describes her thus: "She was of person tall, of hair and complexion fair, and therewithal well favored, but high of nose; of limb and feature neat," etc. But Ristori represented her with as vulgar a mop of red hair as any painter would desire to give to some "good-for-nothing Nan," with a vocation of the fish-basket. Now, upon the authority of physiology, it can be affirmed that Elizabeth, with her splendid physical and intellectual organization, with that "high nose" of majesty,

could not have possessed that vulgar blazing red mop. Doubtless the truth is, that she had fine tresses of deep golden hair; and seeing that in her youth, in all her pageantries, the populace was ever impressed with her Juno-like majesty, we might reasonably conclude that she was beautiful, even to her "fair hair." Mary Stuart was the Venus of the age, but no woman could have better sustained the character of Juno than Elizabeth.

There is one woman in America that could have played, if not a more terrible Elizabeth, yet a more legitimate Elizabeth, and that is Julia Dean Hayne, queen of the American stage. It is doubtful if a Catholic Ristori would or could play the great Protestant queen, and give her all the splendid inspiration of her mission, for she must love her to fully delineate her; for Elizabeth loved herself and her great part in the drama of her age, with a passion at once weak and grand.

Touching the blackest page of Elizabeth's reign, the execution of Mary Stuart, we must, without justifying her, consider her provocations, her fierce temptations, the plotting of her ministers to that end, and her long struggles to resist her worst promptings, and how against it all, for eighteen years, she really shielded her fair rival from the stroke of the ax, which at last she only allowed to fall at the repeated clamor of the Parliament of England.

We must remember, too, that Henry II. of France, even when she was yet princess, endeavored to trap her into France to destroy her, to pave the way for his daughter-in-law, Mary Stuart; that when she mounted the throne, Paul the Pope declared her illegitimate and gave her crown to Mary of Scots; that by the counsel of Henry II. of France, Mary of Scots and her husband assumed the arms and style of king and queen of England; that by testament when nigh unto death she transmitted not only the kingdom of Scotland, but her right to the English throne (in the case of her having no issue), to the heirs of France; that she supported the standing proclamation that Elizabeth was bastard; that the nobles of England and the people of the north raised civil war in the land to put her on Elizabeth's throne; that the great and only Duke in England, Norfolk, kinsman of Anna Boleyn, was seduced by his love for the beautiful Mary to relinquish his loyalty to his queen and country; that he and Mary invited the terrible Duke of Alba to aid them with foreign troops; and that at last, after all the years over which extend these events, covered with the machinations of Catholic Europe for her, and plots and rebellions in England, Mary was executed through her implication in the Babington conspiracy.

The mighty Elizabeth died at the age of seventy, having won all the issues of her times, with some dark blots; but she left the many glorious pages of her matchless reign for the scrutinizing eye of succeeding generations.

In our next we will introduce Mary Stuart, who is usually considered as complementary to Elizabeth, and we will attempt to explain her part in the problem of the age.



REV. NEWMAN HALL, LL.D.

REV. NEWMAN HALL, LL.D.**PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.**

THIS is the head of a racy, popular, and practical character. Observe the large perceptive faculties. Such an organization takes impressions on the wing. He would learn quite as much by seeing as by reading or by study. What descriptive powers! and how persevering! Observe also the dome to this edifice. See what a skylight he may have, and how natural and easy for him to open his mind to the reception of impressions from above! How easy to come under religious influences, and to live a godly life! There is little or nothing of the sensual in this face, a little more of the passional, very much of the mental and the spiritual. His temptations would be accordingly fewer than those of men more grossly organized. One with such a brain ought to be not only self-regulating, holding all the propensities in strict subjection to the moral sense, but should be an example for others less favorably constituted. This we believe to be the fact in regard to this gentleman. He is something like our American learned blacksmith, Elihu Burritt, and much given to books and to learning. It costs but little effort for one thus organized to acquire knowledge or to communicate it. He is adapted to authorship, to literature, and should excel as a descriptive writer. There is less love for the abstract or the strictly philosophical than for the practical, the scientific, and the definite. Following the bent of his own inclinations he would inevitably become what he is, a practical reformer and philanthropist.

BIOGRAPHY.

Rev. Newman Hall, a distinguished English clergyman and temperance reformer, was born in 1815, and educated at Totteridge, Hertfordshire, England. His father was the proprietor and publisher of the *Maidstone Journal*, and young Newman spent the greater part of his youth, to the age of sixteen, partly engaged in study and partly in assisting his father; becoming well versed in all the departments of a newspaper; from setting up type and correcting proofs to reporting speeches and writing leading articles. At the age of sixteen he became

the subject of deep religious impressions; and much of his time was then spent in teaching in Sunday-schools, in the distribution of tracts, in addressing hop-pickers in the field, and in other good work. In 1837 he became, by the advice of his friends, a student in Highbury College, and in 1841 he took his B.A. degree in the London University, preaching in various parts of the country in the interim. In May, 1842, he was invited to take charge of Albion Chapel, Hull. In 1854 he removed to London and became pastor of Surrey Chapel, Blackfriars Road—well-known in religious circles as being the place where Rowland Hill planted himself—where he drew together large and admiring congregations.

Mr. Hall is an earnest promoter of educational, philanthropic, and religious measures. In the winter of 1860 he instituted a series of weekly lectures to workmen in his chapel, which were attended with great success, being assisted by Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Layard, and other distinguished *litterateurs*. The general attendance at these lectures was over 2,000, of whom 1,000 were artisans; and many of these were prevailed upon to give up entirely their habit of spending evenings at public-houses; others were induced to go to church on Sundays; and the prejudice against "parsons" and churches was greatly broken down.

Mr. Hall has published "Scriptural Claims of Teetotalism;" "It is I;" "Divine Socialism;" "The Forum and the Vatican;" "Come to Jesus," and several other valuable works. He has not confined himself to his pastoral duties alone, however. He has worked ardently in many ways for the amelioration of humanity, and especially has been, and is, one of the most popular advocates of the temperance cause in England.

REV. THOMAS BINNEY.**PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.**

THIS is the portrait of an eminent character, as it must appear to the eye of every observer a very remarkable head and face. In size, the brain is considerably above the average, measuring nearly twenty-four inches in circumference, and long and high in proportion. Indeed, it is magnificent. Compare that countenance with the likeness of an ordinary person, and mark the difference. It speaks the power it is. With a body of the best material and proportion, with a brain so large, of good quality, and so active, and a mind so highly cultivated, what else could we expect than a character something above the average? There is a stateliness and a dignity which are impressive, and with integrity and decision, which hold steadfastly to the truth, with kindness as broad as humanity, he would be moved by the most philanthropic spirit. With so fine an intellect, with so much originality, he must necessarily step out of the old beaten path and strike out a new course. How could it be expected that such a man would run in a rut,



REV. THOMAS BINNEY.

or follow in the wake of lesser lights! There is a reach to this mind which comprehends the globe and what is on it. There is something akin to the original discoverer in this, as he must inevitably be much of a philosopher. This head was made to lead rather than to follow. What power of eloquence is indicated here! Imagine, for a moment, that countenance lighted up by the moral sentiments and emotions thoroughly awakened! How thrilling! how animating! how invigorating! how inspiring he would be! Some men can move a small audience; others can move a large audience; still others may move the people of a town, a county, or a city; while a few there are who can move a nation; and still fewer who can move the world. Put this gentleman in right relations with mankind, and he would be felt in its extremities. Mirth, hope, joyousness, anxiety, will, affection, and all the human qualities, are manifested in this face.

BIOGRAPHY.

Rev. Thomas Binney—one of the most distinguished preachers of the Independent denomination in England, and well known as the author of several religious works, one of which, entitled "How to Make the Best of Both Worlds," has become very popular—is a native of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and was born about the year 1798 or 1799. After receiving his education at what is now called New College, St. John's Wood, London, he settled at Newport, Isle of Wight, as minister of St. James' Church, where he officiated till 1839, when he accepted the pastorate of King's Weigh House Chapel, Little Eastcheap, London, which soon proved far too small for the congregation that he attracted. In 1834, a handsome and commodious New King's Weigh House Chapel was erected on Fish Street Hill, London, where he has ministered with great success for upward of thirty years.

In the address delivered by Mr. Binney at the inauguration of the new chapel in 1834, there appeared a single sentence, which, separated from its surrounding conditional statements, appeared as derogatory to the influence of the Established Church. This brought him into unenviable notoriety from the replies it called forth from newspapers, reviews, and the clergy, and even the Bishop

of London. The agitation continued for two years, when the tables were turned, somewhat to the discomfort of his assailants, by the appearance of an exposition of the execrated words, in a pamphlet by John Search, entitled "What, and Who Says It?" in which Mr. Binney's principles were clearly defined. But the malignant attacks he then received are generally understood to have injured his health, to recruit which he commenced to travel.

In 1845 he paid a short visit to America and the Canadas, where he achieved considerable popularity as a preacher. In 1857 he set out on a tour through Australia, where he preached and lectured to large audiences during two years, after which he returned to England and resumed his duties as pastor of the Weigh House Chapel. During his stay in Australia, Mr. Binney published a work on the "Bishop of Adelaide's Idea of the Church of the Future," which was afterward published in London, under the title of "Lights and Shadows of Church Life in Australia."

Mr. Binney has published several occasional pieces and sermons. In 1826 he published the "Life of Rev. Stephen Morrell." "What, and Who Says It?" was supposed to be from his pen. He is the author of "An Argument on the Levitical Law Touching the Marriage of a Deceased Wife's Sister."

Mr. Binney was the first to introduce chanting into the service of the Independent congregations, and published "The Service of Song in the House of the Lord." His most popular works are a volume of discourses on the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, entitled "The Practical Power of Faith," and "How to make the Best of Both Worlds!" of the latter of which 30,000 copies were sold in less than twelve months.

As a preacher, Mr. Binney holds a perfect command over his audience, their smiles and their tears; his teachings are eminently characterized by thought, tenderness, manliness, and frequently by humor; he has great descriptive power, which is always of a simple and natural character. He is of tall and commanding presence, and possesses a voice capable of a very deep and impressive tenderness. He has a manly heartiness and acuteness of thought and wit, which have led one critic to liken him to Latimer and South.

USE the best language in your common conversation at home, and you will soon acquire the habit of using it on all occasions.

It is only those who have done nothing who fancy that they can do everything.

THE Lord wills not only the salvation of His people, but also their present comfort.

AFFECTIONATE.—A Connecticut newspaper states that the third wife of a poor man living at Plainfield, in that State, has worked in a factory till she has saved \$129, which she expended in the erection of two neat headstones, in the cemetery, to the memory of his two dead wives.

Our Social Relations.

Oh, happy they—the happiest of their kind—
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.—*Thomson.*

MY BOYHOOD'S HOME.

BY SAMUEL CAMERON.

[Lines suggested on visiting, for the first time in fifteen years, scenes in my earlier life.]

"Oh! Memory, thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys, recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain."

HAIL! scenes of my boyhood, more dear to my heart

Than ever ye were in your beauty before,
To my bosom these moments new pulses impart,
And more than the bliss of that boyhood restore.

For then, as the sunbeams in purple and gold,
O'er the green leafy woodland went down in the west,
Young Fancy would oft her creations unfold,
And teach me that earth was the home of the blest.

And there, through the play of the shadowy leaves,
The light would those small, fairy avenues fill,
And mournfully sweet, through the calm summer eves,
Came the lone mellow voice of the sad whip-po-will.

'TWAS THE HOME OF MY FATHER—and there, in those hours.

His children would gambol, with hearts full of glee,
While our Mother, with smiles, like the sunlight on flowers,
Would gaze on our pastime, as happy as we.

But Father and Mother and Brothers are gone,
Yet their spirits, in holiness, linger there still;
The sunset still shines through the grove as it shone,

And wakes the same song of the sad whip-po-will.

The lattice where oft my dear Mother has stood,
I think even now I should see her there still,
To gaze on the sunlight that plays through the wood,

And hear the good-night of the sad whip-po-will.

But I wake from my dream, and the pleasures are o'er,

And silent the home of the wanderer's heart;
Who, who but the lonely can duly deplore
The fate that hath forced a fond household to part!

For never was home, in the dreamiest hours,
More blest with enjoyment of heavenly bliss,
Or gladdened with hearts more united than ours,

That 'mid scenes fair as light, made an Eden of this.

And whither, ye playmates, oh, whither have ye,
Like wind-stricken leaves of the forest, been cast?

Do ye rest in the home of the spirit made free,
Or bask in life's sunshine, or droop in the blast?

All gone, and forever! the waves which have rolled,
As bright as the hopes that in innocence burn,

Shall sparkle again in the summer's light gold,
But those joys of my boyhood will never return.

Farewell to the friends of my boyhood's gay pleasures,

When youth, like the lamp of Aladdin, was power;

The world hath no wealth to compare with your treasures,

Gone—gone and forever, as odor from flowers.

Through a world full of beauty the minstrel may roam,

Where nature and art their attractions combine,

But never again can he meet with that home,
As it then, with its love and enjoyment, was mine.

Oh! oft o'er the scenes of life's earlier day,
How fondly shall memory, lingering, dwell!
Bright visions of youth, ye have faded away;
Loved home of my boyhood, forever farewell!

FOR GENTLEMEN TO READ!

HOW THEY MIGHT IMPROVE.

BY MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLIS.

MY DEAR SIR—If you disapprove of plain opinions, plainly spoken out—yet no doubt you do—nobody is particularly partial to taking bitter medicine—you had better not read this article. Put it down—lay it away—ignore it utterly. Nine tenths of you, representatively speaking, go and smoke your inevitable cigar—the other tenth get on the back balcony with your heels several inches higher than your heads, and fondly imagine you are "resting." Nobody compels you to look into the mirror of your own faults and follies.

But if you *do* read it, remember that it is point-blank addressed to *you*—not to Mr. Jones, or Mr. Robinson, or any other Mr. It is a little cap exactly fitted to *your* pate, and there is no use handing it to your neighbor to try on.

Not that we would follow the example of the extremists and give in our ballot for abolishing mankind altogether! Dear me! what should we do without 'em when there is a heavy stove to be taken down, or a colossal bureau moved from one room to another, or a lot of baggage to be checked from Maine to California, with howling hackmen, over-eager travelers, and over-loaded express-wagons blocking up the way? What should we do for an arm to hold by in the crowd of opera-vestibule,

church, or concert hall, or a broad pair of shoulders to divide life's burden with us? What would become of us without somebody to scold at, and berate, and find fault with generally, and groan over, and—love? Why, we should have to take one another, and everybody knows how monotonous that would be! No, no—man is a patent article that can't very well be dispensed with; but it by no means follows that the patent can not be improved upon.

You see, sir, you are not the *only* person created. To be sure, we catch a glimpse of you in the Garden of Eden, a little in advance of anybody else, but the woman was not far behind. If she hadn't fortunately made her appearance, you might have been trotting about the Garden yet, forlornly eying the apple-trees, without a soul to sew buttons on your shirt, or put on the kettle for tea, and nobody to talk to but the serpent! The woman has equal rights with your serene highness, and if you don't respect them, then it is high time that you stopped short and asked yourself where this sort of thing is going to lead to.

What right have you to come home in the middle of the night, with your eyebrows in the middle of your forehead, and the corners of your mouth drawn down crosser than King Herod, and readier to "snap" than a bunch of powder-crackers just fired off? Yes, what right? "You are tired to death!" Well, are you the only person in the world that is "tired to death?" Has not your wife been working too, as long, and ten times as unremittingly, as you? What a nice little domestic duet there would be if your wife chanted the same song as yourself—wouldn't there?

For pity's sake, man, dismiss those ugly wrinkles—lay aside that half-alive expression. Come into the house like a sunbeam, not like a ghost from the church-yard vault. Brighten up! look on the sunny side of life. If the body is wearied, all the more reason that the mind should rise up buoyant and elastic! If it was only yourself concerned, there would be no objection to your creeping, Diogenes-like, into the shadow of your tub of trouble, and sitting there, groaning and moaning, until you were tired of it. But you have no right to drag down your wife's spirits and cast a cloud upon the life of your little ones.

"You never thought of that!" No, because you never stopped to "think" at all.

What right have you to walk the public thoroughfares, insolently puffing your tobacco vapors into the face of every woman that passes by? You would not dare to enter the parlors of any lady friend—save perhaps the one who is tied to you for life, and thereby can't remonstrate—with a cigar between your lips. What indemnity is furnished you by the free air and the blue dome of heaven overhead? Have you specially chartered the public promenade? Does stale tobacco smoke smell any sweeter when it creeps under a lady's veil or bonnet-ribbons than when it insinuates itself into the curtains and carpets of her boudoir?

What right have you to stand on hotel steps

and stare sweet innocent girls out of countenance?

What right have you to go to races, base-ball matches, conventions, and other wild beast shows, spending the money and time that belong to your family, and silencing your wife's timid questions with "It's no place for a woman?" Is it a place for a *man*? That's what we should like to know!

What right have you to conceal your business affairs from your wife, carefully keeping her in the dark as to the relative proportion of outgo and income, and, finally, when failure and ruin come, to blame her for not being more "economical?" The mariner never lived who could steer a ship at night with neither compass nor rudder. Your wife is in no way responsible for your commercial disasters.

What right have you, young man, to walk straight from gambling den and drinking saloon into the parlors of pure girls and lily-souled women, and expect a welcome there? Can you touch pitch and not be defiled? Have you no respect for the atmosphere of their noble womanhood?

What right have you to squander your money on champagne breakfasts, fast horses, yacht-racing, and billiards, and then declare, incidentally, "you are sorry little Mary interprets your attentions so seriously—it costs so much to live that you really can't afford to marry?"

What right have you to swear at the altar to "love and cherish" some helpless creature, and then leave her alone and solitary through long days and longer evenings, because "it is so stupid to be tied down at home the whole time?"

What right have you to frown down every possible innovation and improvement that can in any way elevate or better the down-trodden race of your domestic slave, woman?

What right have you to crowd her from store-counters and type-setting-machine tending, and the few other bread-winners open to her?

What right have you to pay her half wages and quarter salaries for work that she does well and promptly, merely because she is a woman?

What right have you to roll up your righteous eyes and mutter "a fast woman," when you see one of them going boldly ahead and conquering Fate instead of allowing Fate to conquer her?

And what right have you to say, "A poor shiftless creature, with no enterprise at all—nothing better could have been expected from her!" when another of them, too weak and spiritless to contend against the in-coming tide of calamity, folds her poor hands and succumbs resistlessly to her doom?

Don't tell us that these are "extrême cases." They are *not* extreme cases. They are cases that look you blankly in the face morning, noon, and night, whenever you open your eyes upon the workings of the great outside world. Ask yourself honestly and conscientiously to how many of these counts you can

plead "Not guilty." Ask yourself if there are no improvements to be made—no wiser methods of solving the old, troublesome riddles. You can be capable of great sacrifices, or history is very much at fault. Why don't you make life beautiful with small sacrifices?

Well, perhaps there is no use in wasting printer's ink and paper. If the daily, hourly contemplation of a woman's patience, and industry, and self-abnegation don't produce the wished-for effect, nothing ever will; and we suppose you, each and all of you, have some domestic appendage or other, wife, sister, mother, or daughter, who plays the part of admiring Queen of Sheba to your sublime Solomon! It is the "old, old story," gotten up in modern type and gilded bindings, only one can't help, once in a century or so, expressing one's plain, honest, and candid opinion.

TRUE, AND UNTRUE MARRIAGES; OR, NOTES BY THE WAY.

NOTE III. On this old familiar log by the wayside, and under this tree where I have often sat, and, undisturbed by the roar and rush of society, thought of human life—of its expectations and disappointments and gains and losses, I find myself again with my notebook and pencil in my pocket, and I take them out, to note down the fact that though the world is said to be growing wiser all the time, the men and women in it continue to marry and to be given in marriage without one sober thought of what they are doing, and with only a slight acquaintance with themselves and with each other.

A man, for instance, has an all-consuming fancy for a beautiful blonde who has crossed his path. He hears, from reliable sources, that "she is a petted, spoiled child;" that "she is very selfish;" that "she thinks of no one but herself;" but his *fancy* is unconquerable. He must have her, and he does have her, and lives to wish that the devil might have her. A man of another style has a *fancy* for a woman of another style, not a blonde, but a brunette. Her soft, rich, dark eyes (and she knows how to look at him) send the blood flying to his brain, and he is sure that if he has to spend his life without her it will be in a lunatic asylum. He marries her, and the first ten years he spends with her seem like eternity, they are so long. The *fancy* of a man has often wasted and desolated his life, for *fancy* is not *love*. It looks very much like it, but it is quite another thing, and what supports it is very different from that which supports love. Lily cheeks and blue eyes, rosy cheeks and black eyes are its support, and when they fade and grow dim, as they do full soon, *fancy* has nothing left to live upon. But love, that asks for good and wholesome fare, such as the mind and heart of a true man or true woman can give, finds an unfailing supply, and grows stronger every year.

Let every man and woman, desirous of a true marriage, look well to it that *fancy* is not the guide, but *love*.

Note IV. A week ago, I wrote the above. What a world of change, and what unexpected things do happen in it! My friend H. C., who, I supposed was doomed to celibacy, or rather, had chosen it as more desirable than a union for life with any one, is now on the verge of matrimony and about to launch away. I must not fail to make a full and faithful note of the fact that he can not really tell whether he is in the body or out of the body, so transported is he with delight in view of what is before him. Indeed, he seems as overjoyed as some are when a sick or aged relative goes up on high to receive his heavenly inheritance, leaving his earthly riches below, to be divided among them. He has offered himself to a fair daughter of Eve, by the name of Angelica, and has—*not* been refused, for Angelica is one of those sincere persons who never say no when they mean yes, and never put off saying yes when they can just as well as not say it on the spot. I know her well, and quite sure am I that my friend H. C., although he is "marrying in haste," will not have to "repent at leisure." She is a true woman, nobly planned. The world has not destroyed her freshness and simplicity, or in any way marred her character, and she will not only mend, most cheerfully, the holes in her husband's stockings, but the wounds in his heart, if any should ever be made by cruel hands. A woman so true, so loving, so unselfish in her *father's* house, can not be less so in her *husband's* house, and H. C. is a most fortunate man in drawing such a prize in the most dangerous of all lotteries.

What would Angelica say, if she could look over my shoulder and see what I have written in my note-book? She would, with her usual modesty and humility, say: "What a foolish man! Why, I am not an angel, if my name is Angelica." And then she would snatch the pencil from my hand and draw it several times over these lines, adding, as another precaution: "Be careful, sir, that you don't drop your note-book, for some people, you know, can read even what has been scratched out. I *only* live to make those under the same roof with me happy, and I'm sure that isn't much, so what's the use of such glowing passages about me!"

Angelica is quite unconscious of the fact that H. C. will find her far above all silver and gold, for all she thinks of doing it "*only*" to make him happy. She don't seem to understand that that alone is a blessed, divine work, and allies her to the angels.

Note V. Ten years ago, I opened my note-book to give H. C. and Angelica a place in it, and now I open it again to note down the fact that my most familiar friend L. M. has taken his sword out of its scabbard, and will not soon put it back again. And who is the foe? One of his best friends, and a very unselfish friend of all the race of man, Phrenology! L. M. has been reading two or three numbers of a phrenological journal, and has suddenly found out that Phrenology is the greatest of all disorganizers; that it strikes at the very foundations of society, even at marriage.

"How so?" I asked, as we sat together, talking of this great disorganizer.

"How so?" replied L. M. "Well, I will tell you. It makes trouble between those who are contemplating a union with each other. It tells a man that the shape of the head, the prominence or depression of certain organs, decide infallibly what the character is, and the anxious lover, not wishing to leap before he has looked, says to the phrenologist: 'There's a certain young lady coming into your office to-morrow, with a friend. She has no idea of having her head examined, but you can put your hand on her cranium, playfully, and then let me know just what she is.'"

"Go on with your case," I replied, unable to suppress a smile.

"Well, a few days later, said anxious lover meets the man who professes to be perfect master of the great humbug and mischief-maker, Phrenology, and asks—with some diffidence, of course—'Well, what about Miss A.'s head?'"

"Not wishing to encourage or discourage any prospective marriage, which he can not *know* will be for the best, the phrenologist answers very discreetly, giving a very exact account of the developments. Anxious lover goes away—ponders on what he has heard—says within himself: 'She'll never do—too much firmness—she'll never yield to me; too little hope—she'll always be discouraged, and I shall have to spend more time in encouraging and cheering her up than I can spare; too much caution—she'll be afraid to do anything, and I shall always have to be urging her forward. She's secretive, too—that's bad, very bad in a woman; I mustn't let my heart get engaged in that direction. Now, what do you think of all that?'"

"I must go a little farther back," I answered, "and tell you that your premises are wrong. Phrenology does not, as you suppose it does, *tell a man that the shape of the head, the prominence or depression of certain organs, decide infallibly what the character is.* It may be that the man whose head is so shaped that he might very easily become a scamp, is one of the noble ones of the world, who 'resist unto blood, striving against sin.' Phrenology recognizes soul-struggles, inward warfares with evil inclinations, heroic moral conquerors, victors over themselves, with badly-shaped heads."

"If your daughter were in love with a man who had a bad head, would you not wish to have her make her way out of love as fast as possible?" asked L. M. with a look of triumph, as if he had caught me in a net from which I could not easily make my escape.

"Yes," I replied; "if his life proved that his bad head ruled him; but if it proved that he was daily fighting a good fight, and bid fair to come off more than a conqueror, I should say that my daughter had better marry him and help him run the race set before him. One of the highest and best uses of marriage is that it helps men and women to grow better, and, if I mistake not, Phrenology, for this very reason, if for no other, sets a high value upon marriage, and encourages it.

"As to the *anxious lover* whom you instance, he is too easily frightened, and fails to understand the power of love. If the young lady whom he is afraid to marry has that love for him that many waters can not quench nor floods drown, her firmness will make her firm in her allegiance to him, and will save her from disagreeable obstinacy. If she has too little hope and too much caution, he will find noble work to do. As to her secretiveness, it will surely help her to keep what he confides to her, and he can, in time, make her as frank as is desirable, if he takes the right way to do it. The idea of mutual help is too much lost sight of in marriage. Men and women, too often led by fancy rather than by love, marry without any idea of the self-sacrifice that is involved in being a helper. And certain it is that Phrenology, if consulted, would let men and maidens, on the verge of matrimony, know that they will have something to do for each other, and also that the opportunities for mutual benefit and mutual improvement that marriage affords prove it to be of God.

"Differently shaped heads need not make trouble between man and wife, and will not, if love reigns."

Here L. M. seemed to waver a little, and I thought he was inclined to put his sword back into the scabbard.

Note VI. H. C. and Angelica have become one; the knot has been tied, and, as they think, never to be untied, either in this world or the other.

It would hardly be correct to call them *enthusiastic* lovers, for they are *earnest* lovers, *serious* lovers, *sensible* lovers, *unselfish* lovers, and a life full of joy and all good lies before them. They have married with the idea of giving as well as of receiving—they pour kindnesses upon each other. Angelica is nothing less than divine in her unselfishness, and father and mother and brothers and sisters say "*she was always so.*" She did not marry with the idea uppermost in her mind of *bettering her condition*—of being *waited on*, and *petted*, and having a *splendid time* generally. She married with the principle of love strong within her. There is nothing she is not willing to do, or dare, or suffer to make H. C. happy, and so she has within herself abiding joy. When young men and maidens cease to be triflers in marriage; when they treat the subject with all the seriousness it deserves, and no longer make child's play of it; when they get higher ideas of themselves and of life, and learn that the source of all happiness between the married, as well as the unmarried, is strong, holy, unselfish love, *true* marriages in the world will be greatly multiplied, and joy and happiness will rapidly increase.

PASSIONATE reproofs are like medicines given scalding hot; the patient can not take them. If we wish to do good to those we rebuke, we should labor for meekness of wisdom, and use soft words for hard arguments.—*Dodd.*

FASHIONABLE HATS.

WE present for the consideration of our readers some specimens of the most fashionable hats worn by ladies during this season. Of course it is not our purpose to recommend the adoption of any style, but simply to show them up, and leave the rest to the discretion of the reader. Simplicity and neatness in dress should be the aim of every member of society, whether she moves in select circles or is classed among "the lower twenty." Some study style merely, some contrast, but few, we are sorry to say, have a sufficient regard for propriety.

THE HENRIETTA.

This hat is made of white pamilla braid trimmed with flutings of blue velvet and an



FIG. 1.—THE HENRIETTA.

elegant marabout feather; this is the most elegant dress hat of the season for either ladies or misses.

THE SARATOGA.

This hat is made of pearl-colored braid trimmed with velvet of the same shade, with



FIG. 2.—THE SARATOGA.

streamers at the back fastened with a pearl ornament—a very elegant promenade hat for ladies.

THE IDAHO.

This hat is of a light pearl shade, with a metallic coating over the braid which renders



FIG. 3.—THE IDAHO.

it perfectly water-proof, and it will not fade by sun or air; it is trimmed with a fluting of brown velvet round the crown, with long streamers falling over the hair.

THE ELITE.

Hat of fine Dunstable braid, low crown, rolled brim, trimmed with velvet facing and a bow



FIG. 4.—THE ELITE.

at the side, fastened with a straw and crystal ornament—a very stylish hat for a small boy.

THE CINDERELLA.

This hat is made of fine tulip braid, with rolled brim and round crown; the brim is faced with velvet, and an eagle's feather with an ele-



FIG. 5.—THE CINDERELLA.

gant marabout pompon is set in one side—a very becoming hat for small girls or boys.

The above illustrations were furnished us by J. R. Terry, of 409 Broadway and 19 Union Square, who is one of the most enterprising hatters in our city.



A USEFUL FASHION—PAST AND PRESENT.

While looking over a dusty collection of old engravings, portraits, and other odds and ends, we happened on the print of which the accompanying engraving is a copy. Struck by the resemblance of the lady's toilet, in most respects, to the prevailing fashions of the present time, we determined to reproduce it. The volume from which the portrait had been formerly detached, on account of a marked phrenological feature, bears the date 1839, and the lady represented is spoken of as having died some years before—at least five—therefore the fashion of to-day is a revival of that of forty-five or fifty years ago. The elevated *chignon* with the back hair brushed tightly up, the front rolls or *frisures*, the pendulous ear-rings, and the low-necked dress are now conspicuous in the composition of a belle on the promenade or in the drawing-room. Moral considerations aside, let us give the brief history of this lady of the old *beau monde*, as we found it in the old book already alluded to.

Mlle. N., a young Parisienne, was so tenderly attached to a lady of her own age, that neither marriage nor the solicitations of her mother could induce her to leave her. Her friend died at a time when such an event was least expected, but Mlle. N. did not immediately exhibit any marked signs of grief, so that her friends deemed her resigned to the loss of her companion. A day or two elapsed after the burial when she was found in her chamber quite dead, having committed suicide. A letter, addressed to her parents, disclosed the state of her mind previous to the fatal act, the substance of which was that she could not survive the loss of her friend. In scanning the conformation of the back-head of Miss N., it must be at once seen how very large the region of the social sentiments appears. Mark the great distance from the ear backward. It is an extraordinary instance, and the above account furnishes the surprising fact in connection with so great a development.

Thus has a fashion of wearing the hair contributed indubitable evidence in support of a phrenological claim, the organ of Friendship being rendered as strikingly prominent in her portrait as that disposition was notorious in her life and death. "Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good." Verily a good end is subserved sometimes by an apparently foolish caprice.

[Hereafter, it is our intention to give occasional "cuts," illustrating the fashions as they are—if not always as they should be—for the benefit of our large circle of lady readers.—ED. A. P. J.]

TOGGERY.

WHAT is the use of togger? Why not dress with a view to comfort, convenience, and good taste? The savage of Africa and the savage of our own Western wilds seem to delight in togger. So do the Turks and Chinese. Indeed, it appears to be a common weakness of savage and civilized to love togger. Little girls rig out their dolls and themselves with useless togger. Great military generals and commodores pile on the togger; so the "brave redskins" decorate themselves with wampum, paint, and togger after a successful scalping excursion.

When the Englishman goes out for a summer holiday or to the "races," he loads and hampers himself with togger, not to mention baskets and boxes of provender, ale, porter, beer, champagne, or whisky, enough, one would think, to last during a voyage around the Kingdom. But we need not go abroad to look for travelers' togger. Go to our watering-places. Look at the ladies' trunks, big enough to hold "a heap" of dry goods—and at the ladies themselves! Look at their little heads, with those awful excrescences, loaded down with togger. What can they have within their little craniums when so much is piled on outside? If one gives her whole mind to externals, what becomes of the internal? But, enough. The foolishness—not to say vanity and wickedness—of these things must be apparent to all unperturbed minds. Good taste—even artistic excellence—requires no such nonsense; what is there in the way of dress more becoming a gentleman than a suit—coat, vest, and pantaloons—all off the same piece, be it blue, black, or gray? So, for a lady. We shall never forget the impression made on our admiring mind by a young lady dressed in this manner! The material was not expensive; frock, cape, and bonnet were made of the same material. She wore her hair short—à la Princess of Denmark—and had no extra ribbons, rings, or togger of any kind, and she was PRETTY. That realized to our mind the saying, "beauty unadorned is adorned the most."

Those horses, and that carriage, with just enough harness for use—and just enough material for strength and comfort, are far more tasteful than if covered with gold tassels, spangles, and other togger. Of all people in the world, we should ignore useless togger. Let savages, heathen, and foolish royalty shine in vain "pomp and ceremony" if they will; but let sensible Americans study simplicity, utility, comfort, and convenience.

SPEND your time in nothing which you know must be repented of. Spend it in nothing, be it work or recreation, in which you might not pray for the blessing of God. Spend it in nothing which you could not review with a quiet conscience on your dying bed. *Good advice.* [Should we not spend our money with the same care? Have we a moral right to use money in games of chance or in mere luxuries?]

On Psychology.

The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes infinite,
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless inner sight;
Lovely, but solemn it arose,
Unfolding what no more might close.—Mrs. Hemans.

BEAUTIFUL.

BY FRANCES L. KEELER.

A MAIDEN in the sweet spring time
Sat listening to an evening chime;
Her hair was like the rippling sea,
Her eyes were like the stars, and she
Was beautiful.

And when the summer's silver sheen
Clothed all the earth with loveliest green,
She wandered o'er the fragrant lea,
Exclaiming in her ecstasy—

How beautiful!

In autumn time, one golden day,
She gave her trusting heart away;
Then as she strolled beside a stream
With him who won, she dreamed a dream
Most beautiful.

When winter with its fleeting hours
Froze out the life of all the flowers,
The maiden found she loved in vain,
And dream of hers would ne'er again
Be beautiful.

Alas, when next the spring time came
And proved his false heart still the same,
Her snowy robes were laid aside,
For now she ne'er would be a bride
All beautiful.

And when again the summer breeze
Swept o'er the blue, mysterious seas,
Her waiting spirit heard a call
From realms of ceaseless rest, where all
Is beautiful.

Her waxen lips we left apart,
And sweetly o'er her broken heart
We clasped her hands, as if in prayer,
And twined pale blossoms in her hair
So beautiful.

A fading mound 'neath autumn's sun
Tells that her sad, brief race is run;
The daisies withering in the frost
Reproach the one for whom she lost
Earth's beautiful.

But from on high her starry eyes
Look downward through the dusky skies,
And unto God her pure lips pray—
Let him enjoy with me some day
Heaven's beautiful.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE ESTHETIC NATURE.

—:o:—

WE condense from an article by Prof. James Waters, in the *Pennsylvania School Journal*, the following:

A mind to be truly educated must be highly developed in all its intellectual, moral, and esthetic nature. A well-balanced mind is possessed of these powers in about equal proportions. A model mind is this well-balanced mind, stored with knowledge, trained to think, governed by principles, and skillful in recognizing the beauties of nature and art, and equally as skillful in detecting their deformities. While great attention is given to the cultivation of the intellectual and moral natures, but little regard is shown to the importance of developing the esthetic. If its maintenance and development depended entirely upon special training, it

might long since have been nearly obliterated. Like some flowers, which develop into fragrant beauty though left to care for themselves while we are busy training and nourishing our favorites, it springs up despite neglect, flourishing from the culture given to other qualities, and to our astonishment and delight blooms with beauty and fragrance. And in some instances, after lying dormant, or at least unobserved for many years, it crops out through and above the other faculties, healthy and beautiful, just as

"When Autumn comes forth on his mission of death,
To revel in Summer's bright realm,
To scatter the leaves with his pitiless breath,
And the pride of the forest o'erwhelm;
Then the mistletoe green in its beauty is seen
Clinging true to its desolate elm."

If there be a liberal natural endowment of this faculty, and the other faculties are cultivated to its neglect, it is not followed by disastrous results, as would be the case if the other faculties were neglected. Indeed, it sometimes appears to grow spontaneously if neglected. It is the first faculty discovered in the dawning intellect, as for instance, the infant recognition of beauty in the flame of a candle, and harmony in the soothing tones of the lullaby. When memory turns over her historic pages she revels among the beautiful pictures, the majestic scenery, and the sweet, unwritten songs of childhood. When imagination roams over her vast domains, she precedes, plucking the fairest fruits and sweetest flowers, and taking them into her chamber, "bodies forth the form of things unknown," and guides the poet's pen while he "gives to airy nothings a local habitation and a name." She summons all the organs of sense and all the sensations and emotions of the soul into her service. She delights in the shady woodlands, the towering precipice, the awful chasms, the mountain gorges, the expansive prairies, the winding rivers, the golden sunset, the darkening storm-cloud, the thundering cataract, the boundless ocean, the illimitable heavens. And not less does she enjoy the elegantly little. The tiniest machine, the delicate wing of the butterfly, the meshes of the spider's web, the coral rocks, the microscopic legions inhabiting a drop of water—upon whatever the eye turns she exercises her prerogative, and thereby may be developed.

Into her spiritual chamber flow musical harmonies inaudible to grosser ears. She hears sweet music in the sighing of a reed, in the gushing of a rill, a plaintive story in the passing breeze, a majestic strain in the roar of the ocean; and in earth's echoes she catches the diapason of the spheres. All the powers of the soul and body are laid under tribute to add to her treasures.

We may affirm that God takes care of the esthetic nature of children when the intellect and morals are properly developed. Wheresoever a thorough discipline of the reasoning powers is instituted; wheresoever memory is stored with information which can be called up at will; wheresoever the imagination has been trained to form delicate, complicated, or

grand conceptions; wheresoever abstraction has been led over the realms of nature, science, and art, and taught to classify, if the perceptive faculties are in a healthy state, there we need take no thought how to begin the development of the taste, for already it is largely developed. A few illustrations will suffice to show the truthfulness of this position. A savage, for instance, stands upon the brow of a precipice, from which he looks down into immeasurable depths, and commands a view of vast prairies, broad woodlands, winding rivers, and lofty mountains. He is conscious of no emotion of special pleasure, but moves with stupid insensibility amid the sublimest scenery. Now place the cultivated man on the same spot. Instantly he experiences indescribable pleasure. His soul swells with an ecstasy of motion which no language can express. The same contrast is observable in the same individual at different periods of life. Objects which childhood could not appreciate are sources of delight to manhood. The cultivation of the reasoning powers enables the mind to trace the noble significance of things. It is thus led through and beyond the material into the ideal world, through the finite into the infinite, "through nature up to nature's God," introduced into a new kingdom, in which old things become invested with new interest, and gross things become radiant with beauties invisible to the vulgar eye. To enjoy, we must understand. To understand, we must reason, think, study, exercise all the powers that can throw light upon or receive impressions from the subject. Nothing is more apparent than the difference between the cultivated and the uncultivated in regard to their appreciation of sublime actions, motives, characters, sentiments, especially if we embrace in the term cultivated only those whose morals and intellects are equally developed. However, the emotion of taste in the contemplation of a moral action or sentiment is wholly independent of the moral emotion, and is experienced as fully, to all appearances, in the mind of the atheist as in the heart of the most devout man of God. In reviewing the lives of eminent poets, how poignant the reflection that many of them have given us no assurance that they have followed as well as found the better way to that realm where exist beauty and sublimity which mortal eye hath not seen nor imagination pictured!

But while the cultivated atheist may enjoy as largely the emotions of beauty and sublimity as the Christian, there is one field of observation from which he excludes himself. The Christian's faith and hope open to the soul the sublimest field of view, the loftiest themes, and the most magnificent expressions of creative energy and infinite love. What can so elevate the whole man, and so refine his whole nature, as the honest, hearty reception of revealed truth—truth too grand for human conception, and attracting the admiration of angels?

Thus far we have considered taste in its development through the cultivation of the other faculties. We now pass to the consideration

of its development where it exists in a marked degree, by means of special training.

To this end, in the first place, should be studied models combining the beautiful with the sublime in the highest possible perfection. The appreciation of beauty is much more common than the appreciation of sublimity, because it does not require so much study. The common herd, in view of a magnificent painting, say, "Those are pretty men and handsome women," and pass on, while a better developed taste gazes for hours, studying its import, enlarging its own capacity, and drinking in its magnificence. It recognizes the grandeur and sublimity of those bright faces and pretty forms. The same is true in regard to sculpture, poetry, and natural scenery. They must be studied to be enjoyed. The esthetic nature must be disciplined to follow where genius cuts her way. Indeed, it requires a master mind to follow at once, with sure footing, where a great artist leads. Common minds must study hard, attentively, persistently, or the higher esthetics is a sealed book forever. Few men are able at once to recognize the delicate sentiment in Moore's oft-quoted lines:

"The heart, like a tendril accustomed to cling,
Let it grow where it will, can not flourish alone,
But will turn to the nearest, loveliest thing
It can twine itself round, and make closer its own."

Or the exquisite beauty of Goldsmith's comparison:

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

If in these sportive exercises the intentions of genius are slowly revealed, how much more difficult to discover the full import of her master-pieces, to keep pace with her when "in her lofty flights she leaps from mountain peak to mountain peak, flies on the lightning's wing, and bathes in the dazzling light of the spirit-world!"

Secondly. This faculty must be frequently exercised, not only upon the productions of others, but upon the productions of its possessors. He that would see clearly, must use his eyes daily. He that would think well, must think much. He that would strengthen his muscles, must exercise them regularly. So he that would improve his taste, must exercise it frequently. And upon no production can he exercise it so advantageously as his own, because his own he understands more thoroughly, and in it should, and generally does, take more interest. Good taste is an acquisition to be found only by the laborious student. "There is no excellence without labor." Cowper is said to have spent on an average half an hour to each line of poetry. All artists, in whatever department they labor, make repeated sallies, endure a thousand disappointments, and correct as many blunders, before they can claim the victory. Exercise then, hopefully, patiently, constantly exercise the power within you. Nature presents you her infinite variety of landscape; earth unlocks her hidden treasures; the forests resound with delightful strains; the heavens array themselves in the gorgeous rai-

ment of gold and purple garments, and at night her sable robes are flecked with ten thousand gems.

The world of letters is teeming with books, the world of art is rich with paintings, sculpture, architecture, music, and all are yours—yours to study—yours to enjoy—yours to perpetuate—yours to improve. Heed their summons, love the beautiful and sublime, follow where they lead, contemplate the great and the good, detest the evil, and a rich good taste will be the result.

MEMORY.

FAIR and gentle was Memory at the first. As a blissful dreamer, she wanders among the groves of Eden to cull from its garden treasures the earliest buddings of hope—the earliest flowers of experience. Oh, how rich and sweet were the garlands then twined by her angel-fingers! Not yet was the rose guarded by its thorny panoply, for, from the rude approach of contaminated fingers, it needed no protection. Well pleased was Memory then with her gentle duties. She viewed with delight the fresh green footstool of Omnipotence, and feeling that "it was good," she determined to gild the Past, as it rolled from the bosom of the Present, with the fadeless picturings of her own golden pencil. Delighted with the triumphs of her skill, she kissed Creation's last best gifts, as side by side they slept on an emerald bank, in the shade of the tree of knowledge; and after that, ever-present to their mental eyes, were the picturings of Memory, and even what oblivion had already commenced to gather to itself, seemed touched by the wand of the Undying.

Time fled. The odors of the garden lost their pristine sweetness, and the song-birds gave forth melancholy tones. All angels, save him with the flaming sword—the guardian of the tree of life—had forsaken humanity's first home; and they of the earth, earthy, who had slept on the emerald bank, were also gone.

Away, away, over hill and over dale, where the birds sang—where the serpents hissed—where the brambles grew—where the lions roared—where the earth gave forth its fruits—and where the ripples of the rivulet laughed in the bright sunbeam—away, away wandered the wanderers. They had plucked the fruit from the tree of knowledge, and good and evil, strangely mixed and mingled, ever after gave taste to the waters which they drank from the golden goblet of existence.

When the fair angel, Memory, saw this, she regretted what she had done. She had given to the wandering children of Humanity the fatal gift of retrospection; and now, when they looked back on the pictures of the Past, they would find them dotted with accusations and sources of regret. Behind them, the handwriting of condemnation might be discerned; and before, were the dark chill waters of the sea of death. And Memory sighed within herself, and if she could, she would have recalled the terrible gift which she had imparted with a kiss.

By-and-by Memory became more reconciled to the duty she had imposed on herself, and the gift she had bestowed; for she found more of delight in penciling the good which was done by the children of the earth, than of sorrow in giving record to the evil. Besides, she collected in her vast store-houses beautiful and innocent creations—gems of thought—to be arranged by the artists of Taste and Fancy in the museums of the soul. From these gems so much of delight was originated, that in their contemplation the dark dottings of error's record were often entirely overlooked. Seeing this, Memory was gladdened, and, till now, has continued the most faithful of the angels of the earth. By her agency the sphere of man's mental sojournings is extended throughout all Past time, instead of being limited to the fleeting and transitory Present. The dream which so much delighted the philosopher she recalls, and the more than dream which gave raptures to the lover. In tottering age she renews the innocence of childhood, till all the wrinkles on the brow of care are chased away, and the heaven of fancy glitters with the "golden fires" of the ideal.

To those who are covered with the leprosy of crime, the picturings of Memory are indeed terrible. They serve as mirrors, in which deformity is bodied forth in the full expression of mute though denunciatory compunction. Hideous is the aspect which they give to vice, while virtue they decorate with the garments of beauty.

Reader, be the duties which Memory performs for thee a well-spring of delight, as unending as the Eternal.—*New Orleans Delta.*

IMPRESSIONS.

In a work on "The Champagne Country," Mr. Robert Tomes, United States consular agent at Rheims, describes his impressions of what he saw, as follows:

"The great cathedral was proof against that severest test of sublimity—familiarity. For eighteen months I saw it almost every hour of the day, and hardly less often in the night. Waked at early dawn by the sonorous chimes of its bells, my eyes, as I lay abed, first opened upon the massive structure. Though dimly visible in the gray twilight, I was fully conscious of its majestic presence. It seemed to reveal itself to my consciousness by some spiritual force, while still dark and indistinct to my obscured vision. There was a feeling akin to that of which every one is conscious on the approach of a storm, when there is not only visible the thunder-cloud to herald its coming, but a vague influence which mysteriously indicates its nearness to all, even to the blind.

"Those who have studied architecture say that the cathedral at Rheims is remarkable above all other structures for its unity. They declare that it must have arisen out of the conception of some single mind of genius. One in his enthusiasm, calls it 'petrified music.' This harmony of parts and proportions in so large a structure is indeed marvelous, and is

undoubtedly one of the essential causes of its effect as a work of art. * * *

"It is a religious poem carved out by the sculptor," says Baron Taylor; 'it is an animated book which relates in action the legends of saints, episodes from the Old and New Testaments, and subjects taken from the history of Rheims.'

[We take it that Mr. Tomes has large Veneration, Spirituality, Sublimity, and Ideality. He would take off his hat when passing a church, while another, less developed in these organs, would regard such a structure with indifference, or as Christians regard the pyramids of Egypt. It was a sense of the sacred in the architect which awakened the same sense in Mr. Tomes.—Ed.]

On Physiologv.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—*Cutler.*

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—*James iv. 4.*

CAUSE OF ILL HEALTH.

It is quite certain that man is the most daring violator of natural law to be found in the animal kingdom. He is not only absolutely reckless, but persistent and obstinate in his course of transgressing; indeed, he is original and ingenious in his methods of attack upon himself. God has made man upright, but he has sought out many inventions to make himself crooked, so that an army of men find constant and lucrative employment in patching and mending the bodies of their fellow-creatures. Here is a regiment of men with forceps to pull out teeth that should last a lifetime—for they were not designed to ache, but were given to man to eat with. There a host of men are using pills, powders, plasters, and every variety of panacea to cure the ills of the unfortunate. Do we have any reason to believe that the brute creation, when allowed to control itself and follow instinct, suffers as we do? Do they bleat and bellow with the toothache? Do they suffer from colds? Are they afflicted with chronic diseases? Can powders and plasters be of service to them? Why do we yield so easily to fatigue, and fall a prey to disease so readily? Can it be true that weakness of body indicates strength of soul—that a narrow chest insures a broad heart—that a sickly constitution is favorable to a saintly life—that physical infirmity is a proof of spiritual power? It is ridiculous nonsense to suppose such things. We are to love God with all our heart, soul, and strength; and the more heart, soul, and strength we have, the more we can love God. The fact is, we have allowed the animal to get the better of the angel of our nature. We eat too much, and too fast. We drink too much of that which is not *aqua pura*. We chew, and smoke, and snuff tobacco. We go to bed late, and get up late. We do not get sufficient sleep, and we allow the anxieties of life to drive us to disease.

OVERTAXED BRAINS.

HUMAN life is in many respects worth more than it was a hundred years ago. An English journal says: We no longer, as a rule, eat and drink to excess, as our ancestors did; we do not invite apoplexy by covering our heads with a cap of dead hair [except the barristers and judges in the English courts]; and swathing our throats in folds of unnecessary linen; our sanitary arrangements are a hundred-fold better, and our town-dwellers see much more of the country, and taste much more of the country air. Yet it is certain that nervous disorders are greatly on the increase, and is to be feared that the excitement of modern life is introducing new maladies while removing old. A physician of the early or middle Georgian era said that a large proportion of the deaths of Englishmen was due to repletion. The proportion under that head is now very much less; but what we have gained in one direction we have lost in another. Among the intellectual and mercantile classes of the present day, the greatest danger to life is from nervous exhaustion. We make too serious and too incessant demands on the most delicate part of our structure, and the whole fabric gives way under paralysis, or heart complaint, or softening of the brain, or imbecility, or insanity. Disease of the heart is constantly sweeping off our men of intellect and the vast size of our modern lunatic asylums, together with the frequent necessity of adding to their number, is a melancholy proof of the overwrought state of a large part of the population.

The lamentable suicide of Admiral Fitzroy recently brings us face to face with the depressing fact that modern civilization is a brilliant, but a relentless despot, to whom, in some shape or other, our foremost men are called upon to render up their lives. The evidence given at the inquest brings out the pitiable story with only too great clearness. At sixty years of age, while still preserving the external appearance of a man ten years younger, he who had saved so many lives from the perils of the deep, was brought to that pass of profound mental wretchedness and depression that self-inflicted death seemed the only haven of relief from the sheer misery of being. It is, perhaps, not unworthy of note, that Admiral Fitzroy was a near relative of the famous Lord Castlereagh, who committed suicide in a very similar manner. It may be that there is a tendency to this form of insanity in the family, since it is well known that such a predisposition may lurk in the blood, and reveal itself from time to time in repeated acts of self-murder. But it is more probable that, in Admiral Fitzroy's case, the origin of the suicidal madness is to be traced to brain-disturbance resulting from overwork. The Prime Minister gave way under the toil and responsibility of guiding such a country as England through one of the most difficult crises of her history—a task rendered the more difficult by the unpopularity of his acts among the masses of the people. The scientific man has been worn-out

by the weight of continual cares resulting from his post as meteorological officer of the Board of Trade. Both succumbed to demands which they had probably not the physical strength to answer beyond a certain point. In the case of Admiral Fitzroy, we see laid out before us on the inquest all the steps by which the melancholy result was reached. He had been a handsome man, with a fine, vigorous presence, a genial manner, and an amiable disposition. With the accumulating pressure of his work—which, it should be recollected, involved calculations of the utmost nicety, whereon the safety of many lives depended—he became depressed in spirits, peculiar in manner, reduced in person. He acquired that terrible inability to sleep which is one of the most dreadful of those means by which nature avenges the abuse of the mental power; and he was forced to take opium at night—at one time to an extent which threatened serious consequences. [A very foolish resort. A Turkish bath, a low diet, and recreation would have done him good, whereas the opium only did harm, aggravating the difficulty.] The right side of the heart became weak in its action; the brain showed symptoms of paralysis; his medical attendant dreaded the advent of insanity, and warned him that he must refrain from mental work; his servants noticed that he gave strange and inappropriate answers to questions; his friends remarked that he could not make up his mind on any subject, which he admitted to be the case; he had noises in the ears, and twitchings of the hands. His intimate friend, Captain Maury, told him that he “wanted dynamic force,” meaning nervous power. In other words, the subtle organization of nerves and brain was worn out, or, perhaps we should rather say, plunged into a state of abnormal and terrible excitement, in which the perceptions became confused, and nothing remained clear but the pain and hopelessness of life. Then the desperate hand was raised against its own existence, and we read the termination of the story in the verdict of “Temporary Insanity.” And much the same story must, doubtless, be told of the other suicide of the week, Mr. Prescott, the banker.

That men of intellect are peculiarly liable to mental disease might be safely supposed, without any direct evidence, from the very nature of intellect and the work it has to perform. Genius, whether it exhibits itself in literature, art, or science, is the result of a peculiar fineness and sensitiveness of the nervous system, without which great men would be nothing more than ordinary men, and having which they are often martyrs as well as conquerors. The possession of this delicate and subtle framework enables them to perceive what others would pass over; but it also lays them open to shocks and jars of which the more robust would not be conscious. Too often in the end, if not in the beginning, genius, as a witty French author once said, “is a disease of the nerves.” The brain becomes unnaturally sharpened, and eats into itself. The whole

physique suffers from the undue strain on its most exquisite part. The ethereal spirit that sits within this mesh of nerves and arteries and fibers suffers with the suffering of that marvelous mechanism on which it is dependent for its earthly existence. The same week in which we hear of Admiral Fitzroy's suicide brings us news of General Kmety expiring, prematurely old, at fifty. Swift dying in moody mania—Sir Isaac Newton with intellect temporarily shattered, Johnson oppressed by thick-coming fancies; Cowper overcome by them; Sir Walter Scott, excited to such a pitch of mental activity that he “could not leave off thinking,” and moved about among familiar scenes with a sense of ghostly unreality; Southey struck down from his height of literary fame into mere imbecility; Buckland smitten in his strength; Lyman Blanchard, Haydon, and Hugh Miller perishing by their own hands, these are only a few instances of that fate which so often overtakes men of unusual powers. And to these must be added several cases occurring of late years, in which, without the mind being at all affected, our prominent statesmen, such as Lord Herbert and Sir George Cornwall Lewis, have died prematurely from exhaustion. The fact is that much is expected from those to whom much has been given. They become committed to work which can not be divided, and they fall as much in the service of their country as though they had perished on the field of battle or the sinking deck.

[In the foregoing article, nothing is said of the unphysiological habits of the madmen and the suicides. It is not even hinted that they totally ignored the laws of life and health, which every sensible man ought to observe. Nothing is said as to how much wine, beer, and other liquors they drank, nor how many other excesses they indulged in. But it is left to be inferred that the gentlemen died martyrs to “overtaxed brains.” Now we demur here. This is a one-sided way of stating the case, and we venture the assertion, that where one has died from over-brain work, ten died from overeating, overdrinking, and a want of attention to the bodily conditions. Vigorous out-of-door exercise; plain and simple food without stimulants; regular sleep; a daily wash or hand-bath, and attention to the moral and spiritual necessities by daily devotions, would have fortified and saved them.]

DIPHTHERIA.

BY DR. R. T. TRALL.

[At the suggestion of a valued friend, we republish the following, for the benefit of those who ought to read it.—ED. A. P. J.]

So far as Hygienic medication has been tried in this disease, its incomparable superiority over all the drug systems has been fully sustained. Of several cases subjected to the water-treatment, to the exclusion of all drugs, which have come under the cognizance of Hydro-

pathic physicians, all have recovered. This result seems to confirm the opinion I have often had occasion to express, viz., that there is scarcely any form of acute febrile or inflammatory disease known to physicians which is not curable, provided the efforts of nature are judiciously aided by water, air, temperature, and general regimen, and not interfered with by the administration of poisonous drugs.

Among the drug remedies which are most frequently prescribed by Allopathic physicians are calomel, chlorate of potash, chlorate of lime or soda, common salt, sesqui-chloride of iron, sulphate of zinc, antimony, caustic applications of nitrate of silver, with various tonics and stimulants, as quinine, wine, porter, beef-tea, etc.

The proper and the only rational plan of medication consists in local and general bathing, regulated precisely and at all times by the local distress and superficial temperature of the patient, and a due regard to pure air and proper ventilation. The patient is not inclined to take, and does not require food of any kind until the severity of the local inflammation and the violence of the fever has naturally abated. The practice of continually stuffing the patient on stimulating slop-food, or on food of any kind, because he is weak and prostrated, is a most pernicious one, and is enough of itself to cause a fatal termination in many cases. In these low diatheses and malignant forms of disease all the powers of the constitution are struggling with all their energies to throw out the morbid matter. If they succeed, the patient will recover; but if this effort is unsuccessful, the patient must die. He has no ability, until this struggle is decided, to digest food; and to cram his stomach with it, or to irritate the digestive organs with tonics and stimulants, is merely adding fuel to the fire; it is adding another to the great burden the vital powers are obliged to sustain, and thus lessening the chances for nature to effect a cure.

Cold wet cloths, well covered with dry ones, should be applied to the throat, as in cases of quinsy and croup; frequent sips of cool water may be taken, sufficiently to allay the painful sensations of thirst; the bowels should be freed by copious enemas of tepid water; the feet, if inclined to be cold, must be kept warm and comfortable by warm flannels or bottles of hot water; when the head is hot, painful, or the brain inclined to delirium, a cold cloth should be applied to the forehead and crown of the head, and the whole surface should be sponged with tepid or moderately cold water so often as the surface becomes very warm. When the whole surface is very dry and hot, the wet sheet pack is the most appropriate. In the latter stage of the disease, when the heat on the surface inclines to be irregular and the extremities to become cold, the warm bath, if practicable, is the best appliance. Under this management the patient will, in most cases, be fairly convalescent within one week from the attack. Occasionally, however, the disease will continue to nearly or quite the end of the second week.—*W. C. J., April, 1860.*

PAPA'S DARLING.

BY EBEN REXFORD.

White face in frame of yellow gold,
Blue eyes, divinely clear;
Mine own to love, and keep, and hold,
Through many a coming year.

Come nestle in these arms of mine,
Come kiss me on my cheek;
With arch lips, red as royal wine,
Your pure, child-language speak.

And this is mine, is all my own,
To guard from earthly sin,
This pure child-angel from the throne
Where life's best joys begin.

Oh! little mystery of mine,
I look into your eyes,
And see within their depths divine
The lights of Paradise.

I see, adown the coming years,
The path that you must tread,
Closed in by prayers and hopes and fears,
By God's good angels led.

God bless you, little child of mine,
And guide you, after life,
To where the lights of Heaven shine
Above the world's wild strife.

TWO OF OUR SANITARY HEROINES.
MRS. HOGE AND MRS. HUSBAND.

IF the teachings of the past afford any standard by which we can judge of the effects of the great war through which this country has recently passed, we may expect during this and the following decade the utmost vigor and activity of mind on the part of the American nation. And the topic upon which there will be the greatest amount of vigorous thinking, fine writing, and eloquent discourse will be the mutual relations of the different classes of society. The great battles were fought over this question. The grand issue which we may consider as settled by the war, and by the legislation which has followed it, is that *race* and *color* are no basis upon which to found legal distinctions between persons in this country. The question which is destined to agitate the American mind more than any other of a social and political character is this: whether, in the nature of things, any essential legal difference should exist between individuals on account of sex.

Probably no one circumstance has been more influential in raising this question to prominence than that wonderful display of patriotism, fortitude, self-sacrifice, Christian charity, and brilliant executive talents which was made by the women of the United States during our terrific civil conflict. Up to the year 1861 there had been a few shining instances, a few golden deeds which gleamed from the dark and stormy headlands of history like watch-fires o'er the deep. The Greek Antigone had braved the anger of a tyrant and a cruel death to secure for the body of her slaughtered brother a hallowed burial. Alcestis had furnished heathen philosophy with its finest instance of vicarious suffering by undergoing death in the stead of her husband. And later history has not been entirely wanting in



PORTRAIT OF MRS. HOGE.

cases where the severities of war have been mitigated by the gentleness, the love, and the sacrifice of the wife, the sister, the mother, or the daughter of a warrior.

The last war in which England engaged afforded the finest illustration that had occurred up to that time of the ability of woman to render organized, systematic, and most effective support to armies in the field. But the Crimean War with its Florence Nightingale is dwarfed into insignificance both by the magnitude of our armaments and the host of noble-hearted women who unostentatiously, and without expecting or desiring celebrity, walked in the footsteps of Florence Nightingale as far as she went, many of them surpassing her in the sacrifices they made and the good they accomplished.

We have selected the two characters at the head of this article, not from partiality, or because they are more deserving of general mention than a score of others, but because in their mental developments, their social characteristics, and the work they did for the soldier, each represents a large class, and female sanitary laborers are found to divide themselves naturally into one or the other of these classes. One may be called the woman of philanthropic impulse; the other, the woman of patriotic principle.

Mrs. Hoge is perhaps as widely known throughout the country, and particularly in the great Northwest, as any lady in the United States. Her home is Chicago, Ill. She went there twenty years ago, when that city had about one eighth the number of inhabitants it has now. The business of her husband and her own social connections and sympathies, which are naturally of the widest range, expanded with the marvelous growth of that city and the splendid region of which it is the commercial emporium. But her life was, for the most part, domestic and comparatively secluded until the breaking out of the war. Her first act was to give both her sons

promptly and freely to the service. For the year following, that is, during 1861 and a part of 1862, she remained at home knitting and sewing for the soldiers and pursuing the usual routine of her domestic life. It was not then apparent that extraordinary demands of a sanitary character would be made upon the mothers and daughters of those who had taken the field. But in the summer of 1862 the country, or at least all thinking and far-sighted patriots of both sexes, and it may be added in both sections of the country, were convinced that the nation had entered upon a long and determined struggle, a conflict in which the endurance of great armies would be tested by the most strenuous military exertions, resulting in an incalculable amount of suffering. To become alive to a fact like this was, with such a character as Mrs. Hoge, to feel herself summoned to a new and arduous field of labor.

She realized that the women of America could never discharge their duty in the trying hour if all remained quietly by their firesides. The hearts of her countrywomen, she knew, were sufficiently devoted, but there was needed organization and systematic labor conducted on one plan and acting upon one principle. And without hesitation, or pausing to inquire whether there might not be others better fitted than herself to engage in labors so arduous and services so beneficent, she entered straightway upon a line of activity in which she did not weary, from which she did not retire until in the summer of 1865 the echo of the last cannon boom died away over the weary land.

Her circumstances placed her above the necessity of strict economy. Both her sons were in the field; one at the head of a company, the other at the head of a brigade, and she knew no reason why the magnificent natural endowments that God had given her should not be as promptly and as thoroughly devoted to patriotic labor as the valor of the soldier, the talent of the general, or the wisdom of the statesman. Beginning in her own city, she moved in circles that grew constantly wider and wider, until the lines of her activity embraced all the loyal States, and she was constantly moving from metropolis to metropolis on her self-imposed and self-sustained mission. Devoid of any personal vanity, and without any desire to agitate the question of the relative power and value of the sexes, she addressed herself directly in the most sensible way, and by the most practical methods, to accomplish her objects. If a Soldier's Aid Society was in existence, she first called upon its officers and requested the organization to come together for the purpose of meeting her. If none had been formed, she called upon the more prominent and noble-hearted ladies of the town or city, and proposed to assist them in the work of starting one. Her fame generally preceded her; her elevated personal character and the consummate dignity of her

manner were such as to insure her a most favorable reception and large audiences of ladies. To these she frequently read a simple but elegantly written narrative of what she had herself seen in the army hospitals. These touching incidents of patriotism, courage, devotion, fidelity to the memory of the loved at home, and heroic patience under the hardships and agonies of soldier life, were admirably calculated to touch the sympathetic bosoms of her auditors. When their hearts had thus become enlisted in the work, it was easy to direct the enthusiasm which her words had kindled. She explained to them in an informal and business-like way the precise wants of the soldier in the field, what to make for him and what not to make for him, what to send and how to send it; and if any were inclined to offer their services as army nurses, she explained the requirements of the office they proposed to assume, and gave practical directions respecting the avenues by which they could in the best manner and under the most favorable auspices reach the soldier and labor for him. Tours of this kind were varied by visits to the armies in the field, where she labored with great earnestness and assiduity in whatsoever her hand found to do for the soldier, and after a few weeks of what would have been to most persons exhausting activity, she hurried back with a fresh store of touching narratives, and a heart more aflame with the glow of patriotic devotion, to make new appeals to the army of home laborers.

In the summer of 1863 she planned, organized, set on foot, and carried through the great Chicago Fair. Mrs. Livermore was her constant coadjutor, and she found able assistants among the gentlemen; but it is generally conceded in Chicago and throughout the country that the colossal magnitude of that fair, and its splendid results, reaching the net sum of eighty thousand dollars, were due to the strong brain, the large heart, and the splendid executive ability of Mrs. Hoge.

There is something as admirable and as impressive in this unexpected display of first-class ability on the part of a woman somewhat advanced in life as there is in the spectacle of a Cincinnati being called from the plow-handles to wield the sword of imperial authority, or the first of American soldiers who, in 1860, was a quiet leather dealer and tanner in a remote city of the country, and four years after stood before the world the greatest captain of the age. For a woman to start up thus from the parlor, the sitting-room, and the cradle of her children, where the principal part of her life had been spent, and properly spent, into such a career of beneficence, gives us the same surprise and delight as though some master performer should seat himself by a parlor organ which for years had aided a family in their daily devotions, bringing cheer to the weary, or gladdening the heart of childhood,



PORTRAIT OF MRS. HUSBAND.

and discovering stops that were unseen before, should draw from it a whole tide of choral symphonies in volume sufficient to fill the arches of St. Peter's.

Turn we now to the other face and the other character. We have called Mrs. Husband a woman of philanthropic impulse, not because she is at all lacking in patriotic sentiment or strong conviction, but because such a temperament and organization as this is a collection of fine impulses rather than a structure of admirable principles. The practical difference between the charities of these ladies is, that while one looks upon men in masses and operates on a fixed system, the other individualizes and regards humanity in the concrete. It is impossible to say which of these ladies did the most good; in this respect they may be called a noble pair of sisters. Each of them left homes of comfort and elegance and wide circles of friends, and Mrs. Husband, like Mrs. Hoge, put forward her sons first, and willingly saw them enter the service. Neither of them seemed to belong to their families or to their friends while the war lasted, but to be wholly given over, *devoted*, in the legitimate and emphatic sense of that word, to the welfare of the soldier. Only He who notes the falling of the sparrow, and has numbered the hairs of our head, who keeps a record of all the good Samaritans and all the Dorcas on earth, who notes the brightening of the weary eye at the approach of the Sisters of Charity, and sees the slow, dropping tear wiped from the cheek that begins to blanch with the oncoming frost of death, only He can tell the amount of good which these women, and the class they represent, accomplished. Mrs. Husband is a person of the strongest womanly sympathies. She is broader in her range of attractions than Mrs. Hoge. If in any of the great hospitals in which her life was passed while the war lasted she observed a patient unusually reticent, or some homesick boy who lay silently pining away for the yearning at his heart as he

thought of his far-off cottage home, she was certain to pay special attention to every such case. Her ministrations never had the cold formality and the rigid conformity-to system that was seen in the labors of others of less genial composition. The soldiers in the wards that she visited looked upon her with the same confidence and affection with which they were drawn toward a popular commander in the field. They were her personal friends, for the last one of them she had words of special sympathy and special kindness. The few moments, two or three times a day, during which she could stand beside the narrow cots or smooth the fever-tossed pillow, were looked forward to by thousands of sufferers as the one bright and mellow feature of their grim, hospital life. She took a genuine delight in distributing, article by article, the large amount of sanitary and hospital stores which the generosity of her home friends placed at her disposal. One glance at such a head and face as this is sufficient to show that she esteems the delight of doing good and of conferring happiness superior to all other human joys. A person in whom Benevolence, Human Nature, Suavity, and Mirthfulness are thus developed, takes a supreme satisfaction in soothing pain, supplying want, alleviating misery, cheering the down-hearted, bringing a merry smile upon lips that are wasted with suffering, and lighting up a gleam of hope and mirthfulness in "eyes that had forgotten to shine." For a person so richly endowed as she is with the gifts and graces of social existence, *to live is to give*. The exercise of charity in such a person is supreme joy. Probably no woman in the United States did more than she to sustain spirits that had been crushed under the iron wheel of war and to rescue those that were about to suffer injustice under the sentence of a drum-head court-martial. During the last year of the war her exertions to save life in this way were unremitting, and as successful as they were unwearied.

She did almost as much good in camp from the gift of mirthfulness, which she possesses in so large a degree, as by the exercise of more solid qualities; the war-worn and hospital-weary soldier is often more benefited by a good hearty laugh than by all the physic in the drug shops.

It is worth while to notice and to admire the splendid physical development in each of these women so remarkable for the good they accomplished. They have bodies with which to practically carry out the impulses of their souls. Philanthropy with them is not sentiment, but work—not a dream, but a mission. Mrs. Hoge has that admirable calmness and balance of faculties that enables her always to work at the best advantage and with the least fatigue and exhaustion. The nervous excitement that would well-nigh exhaust most ladies she hardly feels. There is no limit to the work such a woman can do, and yet keep well and cheerful.

The same is true of Mrs. Husband, to even a

greater degree. She is a blonde, with fair hair and sunny laughing blue eyes. The fund of vitality in her seems absolutely inexhaustible, and the flow of spirits perennial. Both can trace their lineage from men of noble blood and fame. The grandfather of Mrs. Husband was the great financier of the Revolutionary War, and the friend of Washington, Robert Morris. But neither of them attach the least importance to descent, except so far as it is sustained by noble acts on their part. And who does not feel that the war record they have made for themselves, the eyes they closed in death, the mangled frames they composed for the soldier's sleep, the hospitals they visited and cheered by their presence, the songs they sang, the prayers they breathed, and the words they uttered during those four years of a nation's agony, are proofs of truer nobility than all the stars and garters, quarterings and legends, upon which European families pride themselves?

Religious Department.

"The man is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his kind,
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distill;
For him the ax be bared;
For him the gibbet shall be built;
For him the stake prepared;
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim:
And malice, envy, spite, and lies
Shall deprecate his name.
But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

A BIRTH-DAY EVE'S MEDITATIONS.

BY JOHN PIERPONT, D.D.

[It will be remembered that the author of this poem died last year at an advanced age. He was manly, dignified, and full of joy and hope to the last. It was a real pleasure to be near one so noble, so healthy in mind, and so good. Read these beautiful verses, and *resolves* to profit by them.—ED. A. P. J.]

DAY, with its labors, has withdrawn,
The stars look down from heaven,
And whisper "Of thy life are gone
Full seventy years and seven!"

While those bright worlds, by angels trod,
Thus whispering round me roll,
Let me commune with thee, my God!
Commune with thee, my soul!

Yet, how can I behold thy face,
Or to thy mansion climb,
Whose presence doth fill up all space,
Whose life fill up all time!

So true is it, Almighty Love,
All-present and all-seeing,
That 'tis in Thee "we live and move,
In Thee we have our being."

Then, since thou canst not change thy place,
Nor change thy time to be,
What are the boundless fields of space,
Or what are years to Thee?

But unto me, revolving years
Bring change, bring feebler breath,
Bring age, and though they bring no fears,
Bring slower steps, pain,—death.

This "earthly house" thy wisdom planned,
And leased me for a term,
"The house I live in"—seems to stand
On its foundation firm.

I hardly see that it is old;
But younger eyes find proof
Of its long standing, who behold
The gray moss on its roof.

Through fiery trials hath the clay,
That built this mansion up,
Passed, and its tenant, in his day,
Drunk many a bitter cup.

Yet oftener hath the cup been filled
With water to the brim,
Water, that crystal ice hath chilled,
That hath been given to him.

Thy hand, my God, this mortal frame,
Hath reared from shapeless dust,
Thine arm upheld, and on the same
I lean in humble trust.

Spirit, thou know'st this house, ere long
To kindred dust must fall;
Hast thou, while in it, grown more strong,
More ready for the call

To meet thy Judge, amid "the cloud
Of witnesses," who've run
Their heavenward race, and joined the crowd,
Who wreaths and crowns have won?

Spirit, my spirit, hath each stage,
That brought thee up from youth,
To thy now venerable age,
Seen thee in search of Truth?

Hast thou, in search of Truth, been true?
True to thyself and her?
And been, with many or with few,
Her *honest* worshiper?

E'en truths, wherein the Past hath stood,
Would'st thou inherit blind?
They're good, but there's a better good—
The power more truths to find.

And hast thou "occupied" that power,
And made one talent five?
If so, then peaceful be this hour!
Thou'st saved thyself alive.

Hast thou borne patiently thy cross,
The frown, the lip's proud curl,
The hate of foes, of friends the loss,
While seeking for that pearl?

And when the jewel met thine eye,
Hast seized and held it fast,
At many an earthly sacrifice?
God knoweth that thou hast!

Hast thou e'er given the world a page,
A line that thou would'st blot,
As adverse to an upward age?
God knoweth thou hast not!

Blinded am I, O God, as now
In thought I backward look?
Open my eyes, and show me how
'Tis written in *Thy Book*.

When I have given my voice, my pen,
To unbolt the iron door,
That closed upon my fellow-men,
Who were in debt and poor;

Or striven to stem the tide of wrong,
To break the bondman's chain,
To uphold the weak against the strong,
Have I done this for gain?

Warning against the deadly draught,
The demonizing bowl,
Have I the same in secret quaffed,
Thus damning thee, my soul?

When, serving near the Master's cross,
My words with thought I've penned,
Has hope of gain, or fear of loss,
Made me my doctrine bend?

When, for my flock, "things old or new,"
I've laid before thy throne,
Have I not always taught, as true,
The truest I have known?

Giver of life and all my powers,
To thee my soul I lift,
And in these lone and thoughtful hours,
I thank thee for the gift.

That life,—hath it, those powers,—have they
To self alone been turned,
Or prodigally thrown away,
Or on foul altars burned?

Altars, to gods more base than brutes,
"Gods passionate, unjust,
Whose most exalted attributes
Were rage, revenge, and lust!"

I say not, mean not, that I've been
Kept free from many a stain
Of open and of secret sin,—
But *have I lived in vain?*

Day, with its toil and care withdrawn,
Night's shadows o'er me thrown,
Another of my years is gone,
And here I sit, alone.

No, not alone, for with me sit
My judges—God and I,
And the large record we have writ,
Is lying open by.

Ye spirits, who on earth have dwelt,
But now no longer dwell,
With whom, in earth's affairs, I've dealt,
Come ye, from heaven or hell!

And tell these judges, if ye dare,
Your wrongs;—come each, come all!
Tell us the what, the when, the where;
Here I await your call!

In greener fields I might have fed
The sheep that were my care,
By stiller waters might have led,
But *not in healthier air*.

On high and windy hills, I found
The pastures of my flock,
Springs of clear water gushing round,
Our shade the *Almighty Rock*.

From summer's heat, from winter's blasts,
There sought I our retreat;
Beneath the shadow that it casts,
Shall we hereafter meet.

And as I hope, ere long, to swell
The song of seraphim,
And as that song the truth will tell,
My judgment is with Him.

Spirit, thy race is nearly run;
Say, hast thou run it well?
Thy work on earth is almost done;
How done, no man can tell.

Spirit, toll on! thy house, that stands
Seventy years old and seven,
Will fall; but one, "not made with hands,"
Awaiteth thee in heaven.

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."—JOHN xi. 25.

"MARVELOUS disclosure! that this mortal frame, decomposed and resolved into its original dust, shall yet start from its ashes, remodeled and reconstructed—'a glorified body'! Not like 'the earthly tabernacle' (a mere shifting and movable tent, as the Word denotes), but incorruptible, immortal! The beauteous transformation of the insect from its chrysalis state—the buried seed springing up from its tiny grave to the full-eared corn or gorgeous flower—these are Nature's mute utterances as to the possibility of this great truth which required the unfoldings of 'a more sure word of

prophecy.' But the Gospel has fully revealed what reason in her loftiest imaginings could not have dreamt of. Jesus 'hath brought life and immortality to light.' He, the Bright and Morning Star, hath 'turned the shadow of death into the morning.' He gives in his own resurrection the earnest of that of his people; He is the first-fruits of the immortal harvest yet to be gathered into the garner of heaven. Precious truth! this word of Jesus spans like a celestial rainbow the entrance to the dark valley. Death is robbed of its sting. In the case of every child of God, the grave holds in custody precious, because redeemed, dust. Talk of it not as being committed to a dishonored tomb! it is locked up, rather, in the casket of God until the day 'when he maketh up his jewels,' when it will be fashioned in deathless beauty like unto the glorified body of the Redeemer. Angels meanwhile are commissioned to keep watch over it, till the trump of the archangel shall proclaim the great 'Easter' of creation: they are the reapers waiting for the world's great 'Harvest Home,' when Jesus Himself shall come again; not as he once did, humiliated and in sorrow, but rejoicing in the thought of bringing back all his sheaves with him."*

AN ECLIPSE OF FAITH.

[THE following pathetic, moving, and to those who struggle amid the depths of grief and misfortune, most encouraging sketch, we take from the columns of the *Examiner and Chronicle*. We notice in the same paper a copious extract from our own columns, with the usual acknowledgment.]

"It was a bitter cold night, in the middle of a winter, when pioneers peopled the now flourishing towns and cities of Illinois, and the snow and sleet swept in fearful blasts over a small log house, that stood by itself on the edge of a broad sweep of prairie. It was somewhat protected by the dark background of forest trees, that rendered its appearance yet more desolate and gloomy, and the howl of the prairie-wolf mingled with the shrill cries of the wind, that ran through the whole gamut of weird forest music, and ended in a diapason of solemn grandeur, chilling the ear of the lonely watcher in the log cabin like the knell of death.

"Such indeed it might be, for her lonely child lay before her raving in the delirium of fever, or dozing in that dull stupor which is so often the prelude to death. Mrs. Miner was a Christian, but she had never felt her faith so sorely tried as now; alone with her apparently dying child, without necessary medicine, and almost without food, the last tallow candle glimmering in its socket, it seemed to her that God must have forgotten her, or was making her punishment greater than she could bear. It had been hard enough, when less than a year before, her husband, young and strong, had been smitten with fever at one noon, and died at the next, leaving her alone and dependent; she had suf-

fered and endured everything for the sake of her child, but now he lay insensible to her cares, and the faith that had held her up so long gave way. She shut up the Bible she had only opened—not read—and walked up and down the small dim room, now listening to the wild roaring of the wind, now pausing to catch the incoherent prattle of her sick boy. She had never felt so utterly alone. She forgot there was room for her Saviour, even within those small limits. She forgot that angels tarried there, unseen and celestial, but ever-present company. The light went out suddenly, and left her in actual as well as spiritual darkness, and she drew near the bed, and clasped the hot hand of her child, and kissed his burning temples, and tried to feel indifferent—hardened to what might happen. O, Margaret Miner! how closely the tempter had you in his power, even while God was raising deliverance for you.

"Harry wanted a drink, and his mother, fearful of the gloom, found some dry pine knots laid up under the roof, and made a bright fire of them; they blazed up with a wonderful cheerful readiness, that streamed far out on the waste of snow and darkness, and scared the prowling wolves back to the forest.

"They did more; amid the cold and gloom and driving sleet of that night, a pale, delicate man was wearily struggling, his path lost, his limbs enfeebled with the cold, his heart discouraged with the hours of hardship he had endured. It was so hard to lie down and die almost within reach of human aid—to be covered up in snow wreaths, or devoured by wolves, and his friends at home never to know when, or how, he had perished! He thought of his cheerful, pleasant fireside, his good, gentle wife, and his two precious babes. Why, they would be praying for him just then. It was the hour of their evening devotions. And what then? Was not God a hearer and answerer of prayer? And at any rate was he not in God's hands?—his agent to do his work? He dismissed his fears, and struggled on with a prayer in his heart, and just then, as if for an answer, a broad red light flashed out far ahead of him, and illumined the darkness with its smile. The weary man renewed his almost exhausted energies, grasped the heavy satchel he carried with all his remaining strength, and in a short time stood before a log house, from whence the light issued. He cast one glance through the uncurtained window, and waiting not to knock ceremoniously, entered and closed the door behind him. Margaret Miner was not startled by his abrupt entrance; she was too glad of the presence of a human being in her loneliness; besides, she knew from his appearance he was an itinerant, and as such a welcome visitor. But when she scanned his face, she gave a great cry, and threw herself sobbing into his outstretched arms. 'O, Harry! brother Harry!' she cried, 'has God indeed been so good?—and I never expected to see you again!'

"Let us thank him," said her brother reverently, and his lips moved in silent prayer, and the widow's heart joined in the petition.

"You have a very sick child," her brother said, when he leaned over the boy and examined him; 'but fortunately I know something of the fever in this climate, and carry a stock of medicines with me. I see no fatal symptoms yet, and with God's help, Margaret, we will save him.'

"And they did; in less than two weeks Harry Miner was able to sit up and talk to his mother and uncle, and by the time the spring had come, and his aunt and cousins had joined them, he was well and hearty, and could play with the best of them. Margaret Miner never again lost faith in God, nor forgot that her necessity had been another's opportunity, and both had been blessed. Where that light shone on that stormy night, the itinerant brother built a church, and years after preached to a small, but earnest congregation, and his labors were blessed. He has gone to his reward, but to-day, on the same spot, stands a splendid modern edifice, and a goodly show of worshipers meet there on the Sabbath to hear their beloved pastor, who grew up among them, and is yet a young man. He is earnest, and unaffected, his whole soul is in the work he has to do; he spares no pet sin—defers not to fashion or wealth, bows only before the shrine of Deity, and lives as one should who feels the shortness of time and the solemn responsibility of life. He looks over his people with a fond appreciative affection, but there is a depth of tenderness in his reverent gaze for the loved, old-fashioned figure that sits at the head of the minister's pew. 'My mother!' he says reverently to himself, and he knows that she has had much to do in making him what he is. But never in his life has he stood in such dark places, or felt the eternal presence so entirely withdrawn, as she did on that night which dawned to such a perfect morn."

VISUAL SPEECH.—An English paper says: "A gentleman of Edinburgh, Melville Bell, after twenty years' study has prepared a means of writing *sounds* so as to be universally legible, i. e., of expressing sounds to the eye with the same precision as the mouth conveys them to the ear. This method has been tested by a professor of modern languages, in Paris, and of Persian in Edinburgh. The *British Standard* says the Paris professor tested the applicability of this system of phonetic symbols to represent the peculiar sounds of the French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese languages. The writing was deciphered with vernacular correctness by readers who were not present when the words were written. The Persian professor selected some of the most difficult words in Hindu, Urdu, and Persian—consisting of gutturals, dentals, and labials—words which require long practice by students of the Oriental languages, and by bearing them uttered by natives of the East. After Mr. Bell had symbolized these selected words on paper, he called in his two sons, who had been in a separate room, and asked them to read out the words. They were words, the Professor was sure, the youth could never have heard. But, to the astonishment of the Professor, the young men sounded them out most accurately, and just as one hears from natives of India.

* From the "Words of Jesus," by Rev. Dr. McDuff. Price, in neatly bound pocket form, 50 cents.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1867.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Foa*.

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OUR RELIGION.

ONE of Webster's definitions of the term "religion" is as follows: "Any system of faith and worship. In this sense, religion comprehends the belief and worship of pagans and Mohammedans as well as of Christians; any religion consisting in the belief of a superior power or powers governing the world, and in the worship of such power or powers. Thus we speak of the *religion* of the Turks, of the Hindoos, of the Indians, etc., as well as of the Christian *religion*. We speak of *false religion* as well as of *true religion*."

Phrenology recognizes certain organs or faculties which dispose man to be religious. They are these—Veneration or devotion, reverence, Hope, Spirituality or faith or belief, Benevolence or brotherly kindness, sympathy, charity; Conscientiousness or justice, truth, integrity. These are called the moral sentiments, as distinguished from the animal propensities and the intellectual faculties. We find persons with one or the other of these faculties or groups of faculties, large or small. One may possess a fair intellect, and be a moral or religious imbecile. One may be *just*, but unkind; or devotional, but dishonest; very doubting, wanting in faith, and yet most meek and humble. Again, we sometimes find all these faculties in happy concord—a full measure of justice, mercy, meekness, and trust, making up the complete trinity of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

Reader, what is *your* religion? Are you a Christian? Are you orthodox or are you heterodox? Are you a pagan, a Mohammedan, a Jew? or are you a deist, an atheist, or an infidel? If a professed Christian, of what sort are you? or to what order do you belong? Does your religion make you better? Does it buoy you up in times of trial and adversity? Can you sweetly and submissively resign yourself to the will of God, and say and feel, *Thy will be done*? Does it reconcile you to life with all its cares and troubles? and to death, with its endless future? Does it bring that "peace of mind which passeth all understanding?" If you can give an affirmative answer, your faith will abide, and you will grow in grace to the end.

Among mankind there are upward of a thousand different religions, or, we should say, modes of worship; and there are more than three hundred different creeds among those who call themselves Christians. We enumerate a few of them.

The Roman Catholics are by far the

most numerous single body. This order may be found in all lands, and its believers among all nations.

The Episcopalians are said to be the oldest, and claim to be in the direct succession from Christ and the Apostles. Then we have the Reformed—formerly the Dutch—Church; the Presbyterian—Old School and New School; the Congregationalists; Baptists—Free-will and Close Communion; the Methodist Episcopal Church—Protestant, Primitive, and Wesleyan; Unitarians; Universalists; Friends or Quakers—Orthodox and Hicksites; Disciples of Christ; Campbellites; Primitive Christians; United Brethren; Moravians; Sabbatarians; Perfectionists; Non-Resistants; Shakers; Latter-Day Saints or Mormons; Spiritualists, and so forth to the end of the chapter.

Whence this endless diversity? Is it because God so wills it? Does He interpose and rule that we should be thus divided in opinion and sentiment? or are our religious differences the result of education, place of birth, and surrounding influences? or has organization something to do with it? Is mercy—benevolence—a leading attribute in the God of the Universalists? and would He, therefore, without regard to state or condition, have *all* mankind saved? Are Marvelousness and love of mystery large in the Roman Catholic? and is the same organ small in the Jew, and other unbelievers in redemption? Is Conscientiousness and Destructiveness—justice and severity—large in the predestination Puritan? and does *his* God "delight to punish the wicked?" Are Swendenborgians more spiritually-minded than others? and do their organizations correspond with their characters? Is Shaker celibacy the result of sexual indifference, subordination, or incompetency? or is it purely spiritual? As to its being right or wrong, and as to its being in accordance with, or in violation of, the laws of nature, all sensible men and women will judge for themselves. If the celibacy of the Shakers be right, what of the polygamy of the ancients, and of the Latter-Day Saints who marry more wives than the law allows? In what does their saintship consist? Is it in polygamy? "in multiplying and replenishing the earth" at a more rapid rate than is otherways provided for? This is a part of *their* religion!

The religion of the heathen and of barbarous tribes is of a low, often cruel and disgusting, character. Human sacrifices, self-torture, and the worship of wooden images and the like, seem most profane and horrible to a Christian. Go to China, the "flowery kingdom" of the Celestials, or to Japan, or to Africa, and observe the sincere devotion of the people "who blindly bow down to wood and stone." Then go to Turkey, to Egypt, and Arabia, and see the Mohammedans devoutly practice the rites of their sensuous faith. Then go to the Fijean Islands, among the cannibals, and even there, the man-eaters are profoundly religious. But the Christian says, "What mockery! what wickedness!" Not so fast. These creatures are simple, unenlightened, and unregenerated human beings. They did not make themselves, nor their circumstances. Instead of condemning them, let us rather congratulate ourselves that *our* lot is cast in a Christian land, with Gospel light upon our path, and, having a better way, let us try to impart it to all the dark and benighted nations and races of man. Every Christian should be a missionary to the extent of his ability. All may not go abroad to teach and to preach, but all may contribute of their means for the enlightenment and Christianizing of the world.

Between Protestant and Catholic; High Church and Low Church; New School and Old School; and the hundred-and-one minor differences among Christians, we would interpose SCIENCE. Let a knowledge of PHRENOLOGY everywhere prevail, and sectarian animosity would at once subside. Why? Because when it is seen that you and I are what we are by virtue of education and temperament; that we differ in organization and in character; that in *you* the devotional principle predominates, and in me that of Hope or Faith; in *you* may be seen the most *rigid* integrity, and in another, unlimited kindness; and in all at least *some* of the virtues, while in none can they *all* be found. We repeat: mankind are organized to be religious. God created man so to be. But his religious beliefs and his modes of worship are clearly matters of education and personal choice. To one mind or pair of eyes, all things have a bright, hopeful aspect. To another, everything is tinged with "blue."

To still another, with very large Cautiousness and very small Hope, all things are dark and dismal. To one, God is all love, and the Saviour "altogether lovely." To another, He is a Being of revenge, awfully to be feared! To another, He is a Being of majesty and great power! What grander or more sublime conception was ever expressed than that embodied in these words: "IN THE BEGINNING GOD CREATED THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH!" Who can fully realize this? The God of the savage is a God of battle and of blood. He gives victory and revenge to the conqueror! All these, and a thousand other seeming mysteries, are revealed and explained by our science. Hence we claim that a knowledge of PHRENOLOGY would liberalize our theology and Christianize humanity.

"Growth in grace" is exactly what it purports to be. It is the privilege and the duty of all. We may place ourselves under religious influences which will lead to this, or we may remain without the pale, and reject the blessing. "A change of heart," or the new birth, is a change of purpose. "Praying without ceasing" is a constant desire that the will of God may be done on earth as it is in heaven, and that the happiness of man may thereby be secured.

The teachings of Christ are in all things in perfect accordance with man's nature and organization. There is no incompatibility between science and revelation when rightly interpreted. "Phrenology is the guide of philosophy and the handmaid of Christianity." We accept all His teachings to the fullest, and rely entirely on Him, and the reason he has given us, for guidance in this world, and for happiness and heaven in eternity.

GRADATION OF INTELLECT.

It would be positively absurd, in this age of phrenological science, to pretend that one brain is as susceptible of development as another. In plainer words, that any one man may be trained to equal another who is admitted to be a person of very superior mental capacity. Humanity is graduated in that respect, so that some are born with a capacity for attaining immense superiority over the masses of mankind in certain directions, as, for instance, in art, science, literature, mechanism, or the ability to acquire property.

Naturalists are familiar with the laws of animal organization, and descant both learnedly and confidently on the perplexing subject of

instinct. But no one has very satisfactorily explained to ordinary comprehension where instinct terminates and reason commences. That is precisely the ground requiring cultivation, and if any person skilled in cerebral investigations would clear up the mystery by demonstrating precisely what kind of a brain is necessary for either, by pointing out anatomically the difference in structure, great service would be rendered where it is really needed.

In outward form, the gorilla bears a strong resemblance to an inferior type-specimen of man. There are precisely the same number of bones in the skeleton, but a little differently arranged. For example, there are five vertebrae in the neck, but there are more in the dorsal column and less in the loins, yet the sum total is just twenty-four. A gorilla has thirteen ribs on each side; occasionally, men have that number. The arm bones are the same in form as in man, but longer, prodigiously large and strong; so of the foot; but the leg bones, however, are quite short. The great toe stands off almost at a right angle, and is used with almost as much facility as a thumb. Much as these monsters resemble man in their outward appearance, it is very certain they are really ferocious beasts. The brain is small, but in almost every other respect they look like ourselves. A traveler who has shot about twenty, according to his own representations, felt, on firing at the first one, as we imagine we should in firing at a powerful giant, who would kill us if we failed to kill him.

There is another curious distinction between gorillas and men, clearly showing that the one is not a degenerate relation of the other. Man is omnivorous beyond all question. If he were not, then a large portion of the globe now in the occupancy of human beings would never have borne his footsteps, because in it there is little or no vegetation suitable for sustaining life, and if there is a scanty supply, it is only to be had after long periods of cold, snow, and ice. Natives and explorers in arctic regions subsist exclusively on a flesh diet. There is nothing else to be had. But in consequence of an original endowment in his physical organization which enables him to live on a mixed diet, if necessity demands it, on animal or vegetable alternately, he is virtually the lord of the earth, roaming with impunity from the equator to the polar seas, and thus enabled through his organic structure to enlarge the domain of useful knowledge.

How strangely ridiculous, then, it is for dietetic reformers to attempt to revolutionize society, and arrest the progress of civilization, by turning us from beefsteaks and roast turkeys, to raw acorns, turnips, and fruits—which could not be had in the land of the Esquimaux, or in other sections of the globe which can only be visited while seals are caught, or white bears approach near enough to be brought down by a rifle ball.

On the other hand, gorillas are distinctly vegetarian. Their stomachs have been often examined with minute care, with a view to

determine the character of their food. Berries, plantains, bananas, pine-apples, and sugar-cane are almost exclusively their daily aliment. When these fail, no process avails in keeping them alive. They will not eat bread or cooked food of any kind, and they have in every instance died, while the attempt to feed them on something different from their accustomed food was going on. We are therefore in possession of a complete vegetarian, nearer man in outward resemblance and anatomical structure than any other being on the globe, and he is a brute; a creature without speech, judgment, reflection, or progress, acting, under all circumstances, from the impulses of instinct.

The foregoing propositions prepare the way for some prelections on a curious fact, that there is a deep and broad gulf between man and the four-handed animals—there is an osseous and muscular gradation, but no cerebral. The monkey can climb, run, chatter, crack nuts with a stone, and imitate all our motions; but the brain is defective, or rather inferior, because it can not be educated. So of the gorilla—it can not be taught. But without wasting words respecting their volitions, their appetites, propensities, or characteristic habits, it is certain they are restricted to certain localities where their appropriate food is to be had in quantities proportioned to the demand of the consumers. If they are removed by artifice or superior force, they invariably languish and die in a little time.

We arrive, finally, at the sensible conclusion, that we are something quite distinct and far above all other animal forms. Our power and superiority are exclusively in the brain, which immensely towers above the races that outwardly resemble us in form and mere muscular action. Where the one begins—which is susceptible of moral training, or the other leaves off—so that it can not receive an intellectual impulse, no anatomist has been able to discover nor physiologist to indicate. But there must be just such a point in both, and whoever first detects it and demonstrates the fact, will secure an illustrious niche in the temple of fame.

It is admitted there is an evident gradation of intellect among men. The law is so universal, that any attempt to controvert it would show that the bold individual who should endeavor to argue himself into a contrary belief, could have no correct views of mental science. It is not so with any of the animals, since there is no cerebral difference in any of their families or race; each individual in every age of their existence is endowed with just as much knowledge as another, and no more. No advance in them, based on experience, was ever exhibited, or ever will be.

Dogs, monkeys, birds, and even reptiles, by a long series of repetitions, perform certain acts under the eye of a master, from a sense of fear, as punishment follows a failure. Left to themselves, such doings as constitute a wonder when they are on public exhibition, are never repeated, even though conducting immeasurably to their comfort; and simply because their brains have not the parts or portions in

them which receive, retain, and reproduce new impressions.

Vocalization, which in itself is an amazing power, yet scarcely ever thought of because it is a universal attribute of man, whether savage, barbarian, or civilized, can not be acquired either by the chimpanzee or gorilla. By the minutest scrutiny, under the dissecting knife, no difference can be detected in the mechanism of the larynx or vocal box. Put that organ of the finest singer of the opera side by side with the larynx of a lady who could never sing a note of music, and no anatomist in Christendom can point out any difference. Now place them with the larynxes of the quadrupeds, and it might very much perplex a practiced dissector to distinguish those of the brute from those of the gifted cantatrice. So of the tongue. But it is easier to examine into the length, width, thickness, etc., of that organ, than to measure the muscular threads of the cartilages of the glottis, whence voice is produced, to be modulated into tone or articulate language. Hence it is obvious that the capacity for the production of language lies in the brain, and not in the air tube in which the vocal chords vibrate. Consequently, speech, which will be an expression of intelligence, never has and never can be acquired by any animal. They can not speak, because they have actually nothing to say. A parrot imitates the human voice, but it is simply imitation, without any kind of meaning or attribute of soul.

The great and marvelous difference between men and all animals which most nearly approach him in their exterior organization, lies in the absolute structure of the brain. An idiot's head contains a cerebral mass superior to the most sagacious animal's, because it possesses parts which may by careful cultivation be raised in the scale of intellect, and in harmony with the vocal apparatus will manifest development and progress, however feeble it may be, altogether superior to the brute creation under the most favorable system of instruction. The first has material elements essential for the manifestation of mind, while the latter is limited to a prescribed domain of instinct, beyond which it can never pass.

Recognizing these fundamental doctrines, the opponents of Phrenology simply show intellectual blindness in their hostility to a science which is abundantly demonstrated in every movement and phase of individuals, wherever found. To Phrenology is due the honor of having discovered that men are alike physically, but unmistakably different in brain-power and capacity.

By original and special endowment, there is a man for everything and for every age. Progress in art, science, and government is the proof of the truth of this declaration, and consequently the onward march of mind already takes hold of heaven.

Moral attainments are illimitable; intellectual development boundless. Beasts, birds, fish, reptiles, and insects, acting under limited impulses which insure their perpetuity as distinct races, can not pass the boundaries which

separate them from humanity. Mortality and immortality meet face to face. Having fulfilled the object of their creation, the first die, and their death, according to the opinions of theologians and the theories of mental philosophers, is, *de facto*, annihilation; but man lives for ever.

What destiny the soul! As everlasting
As God, who called the universe into being.
When all material things are lost in the wreck of worlds,
Man's immortality will neither be modified or changed.

ADOPTING CHILDREN.

No less than thirty promising boys, from five to ten years of age, are awaiting, in one Boston institution, the call of benevolent persons disposed to adopt them. Probably just as many are exercising the same laudable patience in the Home in this city. Here is a notable chance for people, to whom nature has been unkind in the matter of offspring, to supply themselves with little substitutes for natural heirs. There are thousands of people, with affectionate hearts and full purses, who are vainly yearning day after day and pining night after night for "some one to love"—for some one to absorb their tender solicitude, use their cash, and carry the family name down to posterity. Why do they hesitate to adopt a little stranger, bestow on him their care and caresses, and thus increase their own happiness? They are just as likely, in this lottery of love, to draw a prize as a blank; and even with a boy inheriting evil principles, Fowler & Wells will assure us that much can be done by proper mental culture. The poet says:

"The education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined,"

though the twig is occasionally bent with diurnal energy and regularity over some boys without inclining them to become obedient. They, however, are extreme cases—cases so rare, also, that they should not prejudice the judgment of those who, denied in marriage the boon of children, may profess to be pleased with their lot, but, in their heart of hearts, mourn unceasingly for the prattle of a little tongue that would call them "pa" and "ma" in its tenderness, and would bestow on them a world of sincere affection. We advise them to spite nature as she has spited them, by adopting a child that strikes them as calculated to win a place in their homes and bosoms. Here is an opportunity; let them avail themselves of it.—*New York Times and Messenger*.

[We may state, in this connection, that we have received many commissions to select children, not only for adoption by the childless but also for those desiring apprentices to learn particular trades, arts, or other callings, children supposed to be best suited to these pursuits. and, so far as we know, our selections in every instance have proved satisfactory. We quite agree with the *Times and Messenger*, that this is an excellent means by which to do good.]

Is it not better for elderly people whose own children are grown up, married, and removed, and for unmarried maiden ladies, to adopt one or two little ones, than to be left alone in old age, or to cultivate poodle-dogs? One way to lay up treasures in heaven is to do good in this world.]

ENGLAND'S PAUPERS; OR, BEAUTIES OF A MONARCHY.

We give, below, the number of absolute paupers, lunatics, and vagrants in England; also, the indoor and outdoor paupers in Ireland, which we copy from a leading English journal, the *London Globe*.

"The returns presented to Parliament, on the motion of Viscount Embury, M.P., disclose a lamentable increase this year in pauperism, as compared with 1866. On the last day of the first week in February last there were in England and Wales 998,494 paupers in receipt of relief, being an increase of 97,012 over the corresponding week of the preceding year, of whom 50,650 were in London in the second week of February. 982,273, or an increase of 80,117, of whom 41,364 were in London; third week, 971,425, or an increase of 68,031, 36,450 being in London; fourth week, 965,404, or an increase of 60,611, of whom 33,845 were in London. In the last week the number was composed of 818,919 outdoor and 146,485 indoor poor.

"The above figures are exclusive of criminals, lunatic paupers in asylums, and vagrants.

"There are, at present, 14,836 parishes, inclusive of the Scilly Islands, in England and Wales, maintaining their own poor; but the above returns refer only to 14,695 of that number; 191 parishes, incorporated under Gilbert's act, still under the provisions of the 43d Elizabeth, making no return of the number of paupers which they relieve.

"From the return called for by Sir H. Barron, it appears that the gross amount expended for the relief of the poor in Ireland, in the year ending 29th September, 1866, was £728,207 [or \$3,641,035], as compared with £611,891 [or \$3,059,455] in the preceding year. There were in receipt of relief on the last Saturday in January, 1867, 77,422 paupers; in 1866, 68,708; in 1865, 74,287. The 77,422 for this year includes 11,207 adult able-bodied paupers, and 903 widows in receipt of outdoor relief.

"In 1866 the amount of poor rate lodged was £749,757 [or \$3,748,785], all other receipts amounting to £8,007 [or \$40,035]."

But the most cheerless and almost hopeless view is the fact, that not one in a hundred of these paupers can ever rise above their present totally helpless condition. Human beings, with human hearts and human minds, they *must* go down to pauper graves, unwept, unmourned, and uncared for. Nor is this all. Their children, and children's children, will follow them. Why? Because a few monopolize the lands, the lakes, the rivers, and all the shores of the sea. The poor in the Old Country have a hard struggle for life, to say nothing of liberty, education, luxury, and the like, common to Americans.

MODEL SPEECHES.—We are glad to observe with what avidity the Temperance people are putting into circulation those admirable "ten minutes speeches" of the Congressional Temperance Society. It will not be long before each of these eloquent speeches will be repeated all over the land, and millions of hearts shall gladden with joyful hope of a "good time coming," when our nation shall be represented and our laws administered by temperate men. Then scatter the documents, convince the ignorant, persuade the halting, by ringing the truth constantly in their ears. And may God add his blessing.

A FIRST-CLASS TEACHER. WHAT HE IS WORTH.

[We copy a portion of an excellent address, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Jr., from the proceedings of a recent meeting in Brooklyn, in aid of the erection of a new building for the Adelphi Academy, now under the direction of Messrs. Lockwood & Ellingwood. Dr. Moore appreciates a good teacher, whom he thus describes:]

"Having spent some of the best years of my life as an instructor, I think I may without egotism claim some knowledge of what a first-class teacher is worth. I think I know something about the difficulties of a teacher's profession. I know something of the delicacy of the material on which he has to work, and of the wonderful results which he is expected to produce. A rare combination of qualities it requires to be a good teacher. I believe it requires a rarer combination of excellences for a first-class instructor than for any other profession on earth, the ministry of the Gospel not excepted. And when you find a man who has a genuine sympathy with children—especially with boys; who has the ability to enter into their feelings, into their hopes and fears and aspirations, into their boyish pride and boyish sensitiveness, and into all the elements that go to make up a boy's life; who has the power to arouse the dormant energies in boys and awaken their minds to healthful activity; who has the power rightly to direct these energies, when awakened; who has the ability to subject boys to a thorough intellectual discipline, while at the same time he is calling out all the finer qualities of the mind and heart, and cultivating their social affections, and inspiring them with noble aims and generous sentiments; who has the ability to lead out and symmetrically develop the powers of boys and make their student-life a delight, so that from day to day they shall go to their tasks with spring and alacrity and bounding joy as to the choicest recreation; when you find a man so endowed that he is able to so develop the minds of boys as to make them beautiful and gentlemanly in their deportment, the elements being so mixed that when they come to manhood all shall rise up and say they are *men*—when you find such a man, you will find one who is not only worth his weight in gold, but who is worth it ten times over—you will find a first-class teacher. And that community down in the midst of which is dropped such a teacher as that, in the providence of God, ought to get on their knees and thank the Great Giver for such a treasure. (Applause.) Such a teacher lays any community under everlasting obligation.

"I speak as a practical teacher. I repeat again, that I know the difficulties which environ a teacher's work; I know how difficult and delicate that work is; and when you know the worth of a finely developed boy—when you know how his development is going to tell upon the value and wealth and blessedness of his life on earth and perhaps in eternity, you can in some measure appreciate the worth of

such a teacher. Much as a community may appreciate, and well as they may pay him for his labor, they will forever remain his debtors.

"Now, my dear friends, such a teacher I believe we have in the Principal of the Adelphi Academy (applause); and, for aught I know, in the entire corps of teachers in that institution. I have never been in the school, I have never had the pleasure of taking Mr. Lockwood by the hand before to-night; but, applying that Scripture rule of judging the tree by its fruits, I have said what I have. A large number of my boys (I call them mine, and they are mine; for I own all that come to my church and Sunday-school) have been trained in this school for years; and, judging by the progress which they have made in their studies, judging by the thoroughness with which they understand what they are taught, judging by their beautiful deportment, by the honorable sentiments and lofty aims with which they are inspired, by the bounding delight with which they go to their daily tasks, and by the enthusiasm they possess in their school, I have no hesitation in making the statements which I have in regard to the excellence of the Adelphi Academy of Brooklyn."

[It only remains for us to add, that the gentlemen having this institution in charge are every way competent to do their work in the best possible manner. They thoroughly understand the nature of the being to be educated, and will see to it that the whole nature, body and mind, is thoroughly trained. One of the proprietors may be said to have graduated, years ago, from our own establishment, and will apply in this school the knowledge therein obtained. In conclusion, we may congratulate parents who may be so fortunate as to obtain for their children an entrance into the Adelphi Academy.]

On Ethnology.

True Christianity will gain by every step which is made in the knowledge of man.—Spurzheim.

THE RACES OF MAN.

ARE THEY OF ONE, OR OF SEVERAL ORIGINS?

A LONDON correspondent of the *New York Tribune* furnishes that paper with the following statement:

The great series of lectures of the year—the greatest perhaps ever delivered in London on that subject—have been those on ethnology, with which Prof. Huxley has just closed the season. They were twelve in number. So impressed were his hearers, among whom were several eminent men and ladies—Miss Cobbe and Lady Lyell being very regular listeners—with the immense number of novel facts adduced, that the Professor has been earnestly petitioned on the subject of their publication. It will, however, I have reason to fear, be five or six years before he will be able, amid his pressing duties at Jermyn Street Museum, the Royal College of Surgeons, and the Royal Institution (in all of which he is now a leading

Professor), to prepare them for publication. It is impossible for me, in the space of a letter, to furnish even an outline of the wonderful statements which were illustrated by ethnographic maps, skulls, and portraits of persons of all races, in both ancient and modern times. I must content myself with presenting a few of the principles which make his method of inquiry and the general results at which he arrived. In deciding upon relationship and affinities between races, Professor Huxley considers first, complexion; and he finds four great classes of complexions, which I must suggest here by the words white, yellow, red, and black, though neither of these colors is completely represented in any race or any man. He then relies upon the shape of the head, which he finds divisible more or less into long, short, round, and prominent or otherwise in the lower face. He then relies on texture of the hair. Next he considers the language as analyzed by comparative philology; then the similarity of customs, of beliefs, of habits, etc. Beginning with the Australians he finds but one tribe related to them, and that is a small tribe in the south of India. He finds that there existed in the neighborhood of the Caspian and Aral seas, in ancient times, the one at the north, the other at the south, a light and blue-eyed, and a dark and black-eyed people. The dark people are found adhering to the coast, and may be traced from Persia all around by Italy to their great western center, the Basque region of Spain; thence they skirt France, Wales, Ireland, and are the immediate ancestors of the swarthy Britons, Welsh, and "Milesians" of Ireland of this day. From the Aral Sea to Saint Malo in the west of France there is such a level country that one may drive a wagon all the way without upsetting it. That was the path by which the migration of the fair race took place, and when they arrived here they mixed with the Basques, and to that intermixture Prof. Huxley attributes the varieties of Europe. He strongly opposes the idea that differences of climate could ever have produced the modifications of races, and insists that the mixture of races accounts for all. He traces no resemblance between the Africans and any other race, and finds that there is a geographical reason for believing that the Northern or cis-Sahara part of Africa was a part of Europe, and ultra-Sahara Africa was an island. The Egyptians passed over from Italy and Spain, the physical connection between these and Africa being almost traceable now at low tide. From the Egyptians came the Syrians, Arabians, Armenians, etc. The Chinese, Tartars, etc., skirt northward into Scandinavia. But beyond them there are tribes that resemble the Indians of the extreme north of America. These are very different from the aborigines of South America. The Professor finds that each great kingdom or race had its several and original civilization. There was an Egyptian, a Chinese, a Greek, a Mexican, a Peruvian civilization, and neither of these can be regarded as having been produced by the other, though our later centers of civilization

may be traced to one or the other of these. The details he gave concerning these civilizations were extremely interesting. He quoted from very ancient Chinese writings (of date several thousand years before Christ) the golden rule, and found that with them originated the idea that government existed for the benefit of the people governed, instead of the governors. (Some one present observed after the lecture that he thought it would be advisable to get the Chinese to send missionaries to Europe.) When considering the ancient Egyptian civilization, the Professor read us an Egyptian novel, deciphered from monuments which existed long before the days of the Pentateuch, which was clearly the original of the story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, and has a good deal of the style of the Arabian Nights in it. With reference to the grand question of ethnology, whether all races migrated from a single center, or, as Agassiz thinks, were originally formed in the lands where they are found, Professor Huxley finds in the Darwinian theory a point where those who assert one and those who assert many centers for the human family may unite. He thinks that in entirely pre-historic times the geographical structure of the earth was very different from what it is now, and that there were links and paths between the islands and continents, which exist no longer. Over the whole earth was distributed some very low primitive stock of the human type, and in the progress of ages these were separated the one from the other by vast geologic and geographic changes. Then, by gradual selection, the weaker and uglier of this stock in each place passed away before the stronger, until they were improved, and gradually culminated in their various civilizations. Thus each, in its present form, was created in its own island or continent.

While Professor Huxley was in his closing lecture giving these views, I could not help being struck by the foresight of our own old Ben. Franklin, who, in a letter concerning the Indian relics of the Western States, suggested that once upon a time the world may have been wrecked like a vast ship, and that the islands, continents, etc., were the pieces of it to which people clung, being thus divided up into tribes and races, from which were developed the various peoples found scattered through the world. The letter to which I refer will be found in Duyckinck's *Cyclopedia of American Literature*, and as a quaint (and now, it seems, important) speculation will well repay perusal. I have no idea that Mr. Huxley ever heard that the idea had been suggested by Franklin, and indeed it was an inevitable deduction from his own facts. This makes it all the more striking that Franklin should have anticipated what must now be regarded as the deliberately adopted theory of the most accomplished ethnologist in Europe, and one who has gained the confidence of the scientific world everywhere by his faithful pursuit of truth, his profound humility in adhering to it when found, and his severe critical scholarship, which is able to separate from any and

every ore the grains of simple fact it may contain.

[Theologians and scientific men must settle the question of the origin of the race or races, age of the world, etc., as best they can. Nobody now living knows it all. We and our successors must "live and learn."]

NAMES OF DAYS—THEIR ORIGIN.

THE idols which our Saxon ancestors worshiped, and from which the days of the week derive their names, were various, and the principal object of their adoration.

The Idol of the Sun.—The idol which represented the glorious luminary of the day, was the chief object of their worship. It is described like the bust of a man, set upon a pillar, holding with outstretched arms a burning wheel before his breast. The first day of the week was especially dedicated to its adoration, which they termed the *Sun's Deag*; hence is derived the word Sunday.

The Idol of the Moon.—The next was the idol of the moon, which they worshiped on the second day of the week, called by them *Moon's Deag*—and since by us, Monday. The form of the idol is intended to represent a woman, habited in a short coat and hood, and two long ears.

The Idol of Tuisco.—Tuisco was at first deified as the father and ruler of the Teutonic race, but in the course of time he was worshiped as the son of earth. From this came the Saxon words *Tuisco Deag*, which we call Tuesday. He is represented standing on a pedestal, as an old venerable sage, clothed in the skin of an animal, and holding a scepter in the right hand.

The Idol of Woden, or Odin.—Woden, or Odin, was one of the supreme divinities of the Northern nations. This hero is supposed to have emigrated from the East, but from what country or at what time is not known. His exploits form the greater part of the mythological creed of the northern nations, and his achievements were magnificent beyond all credibility. The name of the fourth day in the week, called by the Saxons *Woden's Deag*, and by us Wednesday, is derived from this personage. Woden is represented in a bold and martial attitude, clad in armor, with a broadsword uplifted in his right hand.

The Idol Thor.—Thor was the eldest and bravest of the sons of Woden and Friga, and was, after his parents, considered the greatest god among the Saxons and Danes. To him the fifth day of the week, called by them *Thor's Deag*, and by us Thursday, was consecrated. Thor is represented as sitting on a throne, with a crown of gold on his head, adorned with a circle in front, wherein were twelve bright burnished gold stars, and with a regal scepter in his right hand.

The Idol of Friga, or Frega.—Friga, or Frega, was the wife of Woden, or Odin, and next to him, the most revered divinity among the heathen Saxons, Danes, and other northern nations. In the most ancient times Friga, or

Frega, was the same with the goddess Hortha, or Farth. To her the sixth day of the week was consecrated, which by the Saxons was written *Friag's Deag*, corresponding with our Friday. Friga is represented with a drawn sword in her right hand and a bow in her left.

The Idol Seater.—The idol Seater is represented on a pedestal, whereon is placed a perch, on the sharp, prickled back of which he stood. His head was uncovered, and his visage lean. In his left hand was a pail of water wherein were flowers and fruit; and his dress consisted of a long coat, girded with linen. The appellation given to the day of his celebration is still retained. The Saxons named it *Seater's Deag*, which we call Saturday. Thus the days of our week are derived from heathen ideas and heathen worship.

A NOVELIST'S BENEVOLENCE.—The following incident shows the difference between practical beneficence and maudlin sentimentalism.

Eugene Sue used to visit, almost daily, one of the most fashionable ladies of Paris, Madame de —, and hold forth in her richly-furnished boudoir on the condition of the poor.

"Do you ever relieve their distress?" asked Madame de —, at the close of one of these harangues.

"To a trifling extent," answered Sue; "but though my gifts are always small, they are always cheerfully bestowed. I give one fourth of my income in alms."

That afternoon, as he left the Cafe de Paris, where he had been eating a costly dinner, an apparently old woman, clad in rags, prayed for charity.

"Go away!" was the stern reply.

"But I am starving—give me a single copper to purchase bread with."

"I will give you in charge of a police officer, if you thus annoy me."

"You will?" said the beggar; "and yet, Monsieur Eugene Sue, you are the man who writes about the misery of the poor—you are the workingman's champion—you are—"

"Who are you?" exclaimed Sue.

"Madame de —," was the reply, and the disguised lady left the novelist to his reflections.

THE NEW KINGDOM, OR DOMINION, OVER THE BORDER.—Some of the Canadian journals are beginning to grumble at the costliness of the machinery of their new Dominion. The Confederation has thirteen new ministers to commence with, and two new and complete ministries must be formed for Upper and Lower Canada. Each of the ministers is to get \$8,000 a year. The *Montreal Herald* says: "That is pretty well to begin with, in the way of the blessings with which this new state of political existence is to overwhelm us."

Lord Monk gets \$50,000 a year—in gold—for governing the people of the new kingdom. We are to publish a portrait and description of this new lord in an early number of this JOURNAL. There are few Americans, comparatively speaking, who ever saw a "live English lord." Price only 30 cents.

CENTRAL PARK AND THE BOULEVARD ILLUSTRATED.

By permission, we take from *Demorest's Magazine* the following interesting description, with illustrations, of our great Central Park, and the prospectively beautiful Boulevard. All our American cities and villages are vying with each other to render them the most attractive, beautiful, and healthful. Let the good work go on.

THE CENTRAL PARK AND THE NEW BOULEVARD.

It is a most gratifying fact that New York city is growing in beauty, and in all those characteristics which mark the growth and refinement of the age, as rapidly as it is achieving the highest commercial importance.

The transformation which the Central Park has effected in the upper part of the island will be perfected by the completion of the new Boulevard, which is already commenced, and by the magnificent residences which will spring up as if by magic along the lines on both sides, exhibiting for the first time in the metropolis the wealth and taste of the community.

Heretofore the character of the architecture displayed in the finest houses has not done full credit to our genius or taste. The long, narrow streets have afforded no opportunity for anything beyond the uniform brown stone structures; and the wealth which should have made the exterior imposing, has been lavished on costly toys and perishable knickknackery for the inside.

With the splendid improvements projected in the new Boulevard and upon the upper part of the island, a new order of things will be created. Stately mansions and tasteful villas, with handsome grounds and terraced gardens, will make that once unsightly region bloom and blossom as the rose.

THE BOULEVARD AS IT IS.

At present there is hardly a desirable spot of ground for immediate building on the line of the Boulevard below One Hundredth Street. High rocks, ridges, and low miry ground, covered with shanties, and their attendant nuisances, occupy the space upon this line of the Grand Boulevard.

The new Boulevard, which gives so much additional importance to the Park, and to the upper part of the island, and which, when completed, will furnish one of the most magnificent drives in the world, is properly the continuation of Broadway. To perfect this grand thoroughfare, the street should be widened from Union Square, where it becomes narrow, to Fifty-ninth Street and Central Park, where the new Boulevard is to commence.

From this point—that is to say, from the corner of Fifty-ninth Street and Eighth Avenue—it is to be one hundred and fifty feet in width, running nearly parallel with the old Bloomingdale Road, and midway between the Park and the river, until it reaches Eleventh Avenue at the junction of One Hundred and Sixth Street, which, being originally one of the wide streets, and offering the readiest mode of access to the highest ground in the Park, will form a grand avenue from the Park to the Boulevard. It has, therefore, been determined to widen this street to the full one hundred and fifty feet, making it a part of the Grand Boulevard, and embellishing it by a handsome entrance into the Central Park. From One Hundred and Sixth Street the Boulevard continues on the line of the Eleventh Avenue up into Westchester County, forming a continuous drive of eighteen miles.

Another immense advantage to the upper part of the island is the elevated railroad, the charter for which has been obtained, and which is to traverse Broadway, and also through Greenwich Street and Ninth Avenue, to the Park, over the sidewalk, thence taking the road through Ninth Avenue to the upper part of the island, the design being to continue it all the way perhaps as far as Yonkers. This road must be completed, according to the terms of its charter, in five years, and can not charge more than ten cents to any part of New York Island.

As an illustration of the Boulevard as it is, we have

selected the highest ground and the most inviting and most unexceptionable spot on the island. A photograph of this ground, from which our picture was drawn, was taken from the highest point of observation on the Great Hill in the Central Park, looking west, on a line with One Hundred and Sixth Street, and forms a part of Summit Hill.

THE BOULEVARD AS IT WILL BE.

It is difficult to realize the future of the upper part of New York Island in view of what has been done, and what it may reasonably be expected will therefore be accomplished. Instead of narrow, narrow streets, rocky ridges, and crossways, occupied by wretched shanties, with here and there a house of respectable appearance, we shall have broad, magnificent avenues and shaded side streets leading from one point of attraction to another.

Taste will develop itself in the most beautiful forms of architecture, and in the decoration and embellishment of sites which already afford the finest advantages for the achievement of grand and picturesque effects.

The plan of the Boulevard which seems to find most favor, and which, in our opinion, is altogether best adapted to the amount of space and the end to be attained, is to divide it into two drives, one up and one down, of thirty feet in width each. Court-yards in front of residences, to be laid out in nearly uniform style, according to the plan of the Park Commissioners, will occupy fifteen feet on either side; that is to say, thirty feet of the whole space; sidewalks ten feet each. A wide road fifteen feet, and five feet for trees, takes in the whole width allowed, which is one hundred and fifty feet.

This plan would divide the Boulevard into distinct avenues, separated by four rows of trees, and afford space for lines of carriages going and returning, double in number those of a single continuous drive; besides producing, in their changing motions, highly picturesque effects.

The commencement of the Boulevard at Fifty-ninth Street forms a grand circular entrance, so to speak, as well as a semicircular outlet for the different lines of vehicles. The spacious avenue extending from this point to the upper part of the island, lined with costly dwellings, with the picturesque Mansard roofs, traversed by rows of stately trees, and adorned with the fountains and flowers of the court-yards in front of the private residences, will form the most charming and complete drive in the world.

The project of terracing the high ground lying between the Boulevard and the river above One Hundredth Street is a conception almost equal to that of the Central Park itself. It will obviate the necessity for streets, and transform that whole region into a fairyland.

A very important question is the selection of a suitable point of exit and entrance to the upper part of the Park, by a street which runs continuously through from the Park to the Boulevard. There is no desirable way of leaving the Park at its upper portion, and a cross-street, adapted to the purpose of a grand inlet and outlet, and forming a connection between the Park and the Boulevard, is therefore a necessity.

These conditions are met by One Hundred and Sixth Street, already one hundred feet wide, and which, situated upon very high ground, possesses a remarkably pleasant grade, rising gently to Summit Hill, midway between the Park and the Boulevard. It has therefore been determined to widen this street to the width of the Boulevard, and distinguish it also by one of the grand entrances to the Park, which, together with the *bi-jou* park formed at the other end by the junction of One Hundred and Sixth Street with an angle of the Boulevard, will constitute it a magnificent drive and outlet, and render it one of the most choice and desirable locations for elegant residences or fine public or private edifices; particularly as it is also to be ornamented uniformly with the Boulevard, as seen in the engraving.

What the Central Park has been to New York already can not be computed on any standard of money value; but what it is destined to be did not for a long time enter into the minds even of its projectors.

A very few years will see the surrounding neighborhoods, especially upon the west side, transferred into beautiful sites and dwelling-places for our wealthiest

citizens. The limited available property is now being bought by millionaires and gentlemen of means.

Business is rapidly driving all New York still farther and farther "up-town." Fourteenth Street and Union Square are already given over to trade, Fifth Avenue to hotels and club-houses; and we venture the prediction that in five years there will not be a building lot fronting the north or west side of the Park to be bought, except at a price which would now be considered fabulous.

This change will come as the growth of a single night, when once the public begin to realize the Boulevard, not as it is, but as it will be.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE PARK.

The Central Park has already accomplished an incalculable amount of good for New York city. It affords to the crowded population a charming place of resort for healthful summer and winter recreation. It educates the public taste by appealing to its higher faculties, its love of the beautiful in nature, in form, and color. Its wise restrictions inculcate order and control; its provisions for enjoyment supply to thousands the most pleasurable influences of their lives.

The admirable manner in which all the original plans have been and are being carried out by the Park Commissioners, has won the entire confidence and approval of the whole community. What has not been done, has only been reserved until plans were matured—not forgotten or neglected. The aim all the way through has been to provide the greatest amount of good for the largest number.

One of the important works now under consideration is the establishment of zoological gardens. The question of public convenience, of economy in their management, and perfection in the various details, renders the undertaking a very formidable one, and warrants the delay in attempting it.

Among the works in progress is a rustic structure, roofed in, smoothly floored, and divided up into compartments, provided with rustic benches, tables, and the like, where children or parties can retire out of the rain, form groups and play games, or amuse themselves as they choose, without interfering with each other. A dairy will be in the vicinity of this building, where milk, bread, crackers, and other light and simple refreshments can be obtained. The location is east of the playground and south of the Mall, and though somewhat isolated, so as not to interfere with the general design, is easily approached from the Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Avenue entrances at Fifty-ninth Street.

Along the walks, and at several points on the Bridge Road, rustic arbors of cedar have been erected, which will soon be covered with the foliage of climbing plants, and afford not only pleasant objects and incidents to the visitor, but places of rest and shelter.

One rustic bridge over the brook has also been completed, and many additional rustic seats in such sheltered and shady spots as are most likely to be attractive have been furnished during the past year; so that the accommodations almost keep pace with the increasing and ever-recurring beauty.

MUSIC.

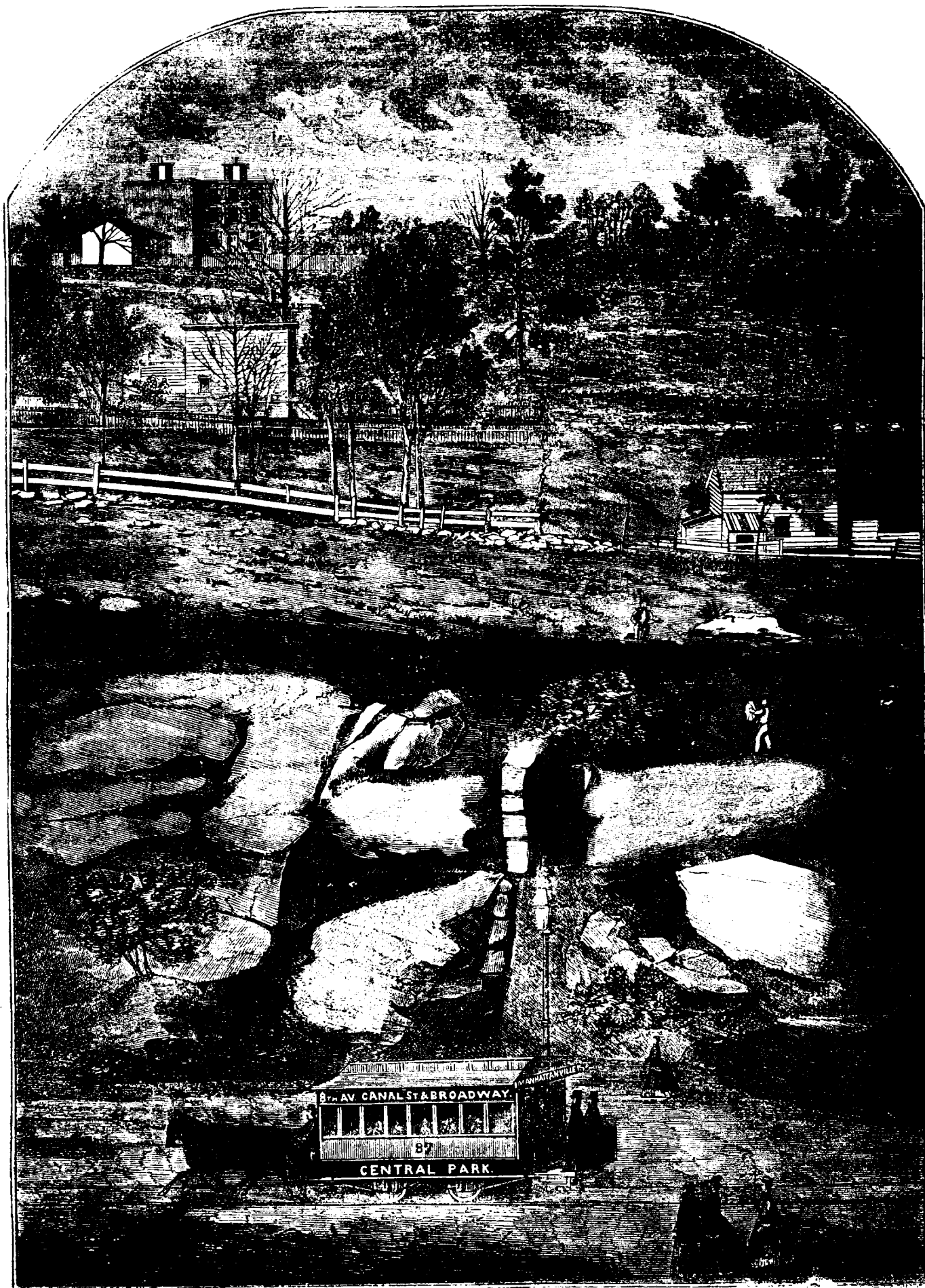
The music of the Park is a distinct feature, and, together with the freedom of the playground on that day to children, has made Saturday afternoon a holiday in the metropolis, enjoyed and anticipated by thousands. In addition to this, the music itself, which is of the highest order, refines and cultivates the taste, revives pleasant memories and associations, and provides without cost an entertainment superior to many of great pretension.

TREES.

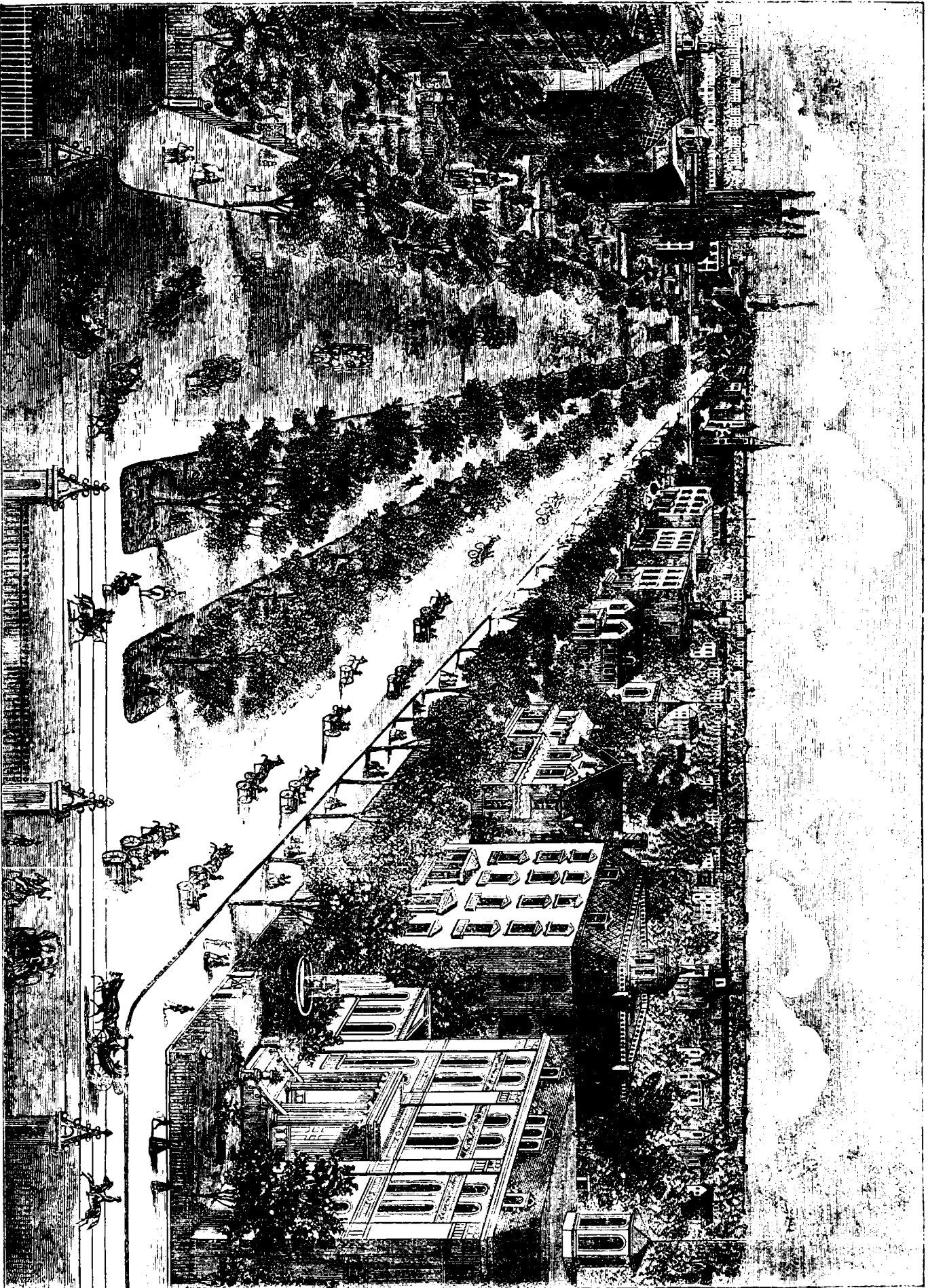
One of the greatest wants which has ever been felt in connection with the Park, almost the only one, indeed, was a lack of shade; but this is now being very rapidly obviated. In some parts of the Park already the trees are so thick and well-grown as to form shaded avenues and most beautiful groves, and the danger shortly seems to be that the foliage will become too dense rather than not thick enough.

BIRDS.

In some curious respects the Central Park has been a providence to the city, and one of these is in the domes-



THE BOULEVARD AS IT IS.



THE BOULEVARD AS IT WILL BE IN 1872.

Viewed from the highest ground in the Central Park, looking toward Summit Hill through One Hundred and Sixth Street.

tication of birds. Of course the barbarism of shooting or of destroying their eggs is not allowed there; and from the English sparrows and other birds which have been set free, whole colonies have been propagated, which not only make the air in the region of the Park vocal with melody, but have migrated to different parts of the metropolis, and delivered it from the disgusting annoyance of "measuring" worms, which formerly proved a fearful pest during two of the otherwise most delightful months in the year.

SKATING.

For skating also, and for an immense incentive to skill and invention in the design and manufacture of skates, we are indebted to the enthusiasm excited by the facilities and accommodations provided in the Park.

On "skating" days the number of visitors exceeds that of any other, unless it may be a musical Saturday. And this immense amount of patronage has certainly stimulated the inauguration of the numerous private enterprises which now make New York during the winter so rich in skating "rinks," "ponds," and the like.

The salutary effect of an institution like the Park upon the masses is seen in their behavior. According to the report of the commissioners, only one person out of every seventy-five thousand visitors has been subjected to discipline; and in most of these cases it was for fast driving. Such a state of things shows a general and hearty recognition of the uses of the Park, as well as of the wisdom which has dictated its regulations.

The amount of labor required to keep so vast an area in the splendid condition in which it is kept may be approximately estimated from the curious fact that the carriage-ways alone wear away an inch and a half of surface during the year. Yet, strange to say—and yet not strange, for development is the best economist—the whole cost of the Park is not more than one in ten times the accrued value of the adjoining land.

We learn that the Park Commissioners have other splendid improvements of the high bluffs and ridges on the west side of the island, already projected; but they are not sufficiently developed to justify our giving the details for the present.

NICKNAMES.—The difficulty of discovering a person in the colliery districts of England without being in possession of his nickname, is well shown in the following incident as related by a respectable English attorney: During his clerkship he was sent to serve some legal process on a man whose name and address were given to him with legal accuracy. He traversed the village to which he had been directed, from end to end, without success; and after spending many hours in the search, was about to abandon it in despair, when a young woman, who had witnessed his labors, kindly undertook to make inquiries for him, and began to hail her friends for that purpose. "Oi say, Bullyed, does thee know a man named Adam Green?" The bull-head was shaken in sign of ignorance. "Loy-a-bed, does thee?" Lie-a-bed's opportunities of making acquaintances had been rather limited, and she could not solve the difficulty. Stumpy (a man with a wooden leg), Cowskin, Spindlehanks, Cork-eye, and Pigtail were severally invoked, but in vain; and the querist fell into a *brown study*, in which she remained for some time. At length, however, her eyes suddenly brightened, and slapping one of her companions on the shoulder, she exclaimed triumphantly, "Dash my wig! whoy, he means my feyther!" and then, turning to the gentlemen, she added, "you should ha' ax'd for *Ould Blackbird!*"

Literary Notices.

[All works noticed in THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.]

BIBLE TEACHINGS IN NATURE. By the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, author of "First Forms of Vegetation." New York: D. Appleton & Co. Large 12mo, pp. xx., 344. Price, \$2.

The opening of the first chapter of this volume—which is devoted to a consideration of the lessons imparted by the starry hosts which people space—is in harmony with the grandeur of the subject. We extract a sentence or two: "It is impossible for those who have never visited the glowing East to form an adequate idea of the exceeding beauty of an Oriental night. The sky—which bends enamored over clusters of graceful palm-trees fringing some slow-moving stream, or groves of dark motionless cypresses rising up like Gothic spires from the midst of white flat-roofed villages—is of the deepest, darkest purple, unstained by the faintest film of vapor, undimmed by a single fleecy cloud. It is the very image of purity and peace, idealizing the dull earth with its beauty, elevating sense into the sphere of soul, and suggesting thoughts and yearnings too tender and ethereal to be invested with human language."

The writer exhibits throughout his book a purity of taste and sentiment which gratifies the elevated and refined reader. He draws striking lessons and Scripture truth from the common objects of earth; illustrating his pages with appropriate quotations from Holy Writ. Celestial phenomena and terrestrial objects—grass, trees, corn, leaves, fresh and faded—the sea, the round world—are pictured forth with special reference to the providence manifested through them. The book is worth reading carefully.

GUIDE TO THE ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER; a Complete Monitor for Royal Arch Masonry, with full instructions in the Degrees of Mark Master, Past Master, Most Excellent Master, and Royal Arch, according to the text of the Manual of the Chapter. By John Sheville, P. G. H. P. of New Jersey, and James L. Gould, G. H. P. of Connecticut. Together with an Historical Introduction, Explanatory Notes, and Critical Emendations, etc. New York: Masonic Publishing and Manufacturing Co. 12mo. Cloth, gilt. Price, \$1 50.

The publication of Masonic books has become so much a part of the book trade that we are not surprised by the large number of volumes which are annually issued in that interest. The volume before us is a very creditable specimen of book-making, and in its general composition appears to an unmasonic reader remarkably free from the tone of mysticism and grand antiquity which might be expected in a volume relating to the higher degrees of Masonry. Its directness of statement is its chief feature in our estimation. The ceremonies detailed are of an exceedingly impressive character, totally unlike the bald and ridiculous descriptions one reads in Richardson. The book will doubtless find ready sale among aspiring members of the ancient order, and

may be read with advantage by those who can not claim such connection.

ORVILLE COLLEGE. By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," "St. Martin's Eve," etc., etc. Printed from the author's MSS. and advanced Proof Sheets. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Paper. Price, 50 cents.

Mrs. Wood stands in a position, with reference to novel-writing, unsurpassed by any other English lady. This new work fully sustains the reputation gained for her by "East Lynne" and "The Channings." Always lively and disposed to multiply the characters which grace her works, she introduces so much variety into a plot that the interest of the reader is steadily sustained from beginning to end. Orville College is said to be one of her best books.

OUTLINES OF A NEW THEORY OF DISEASE, Applied to Hydropathy, showing that Water is the only true remedy. With observations on the Errors Committed in the Practice of Hydropathy; Notes on the Cure of Cholera by Cold Water, etc. By the late H. Francke, Director of the Hydropathic Institution at Alexanderstad, Bavaria. New York: John Wiley & Son. 12mo. Cloth. Price, \$2.

HYDROPATHY.—A Boston paper has the following: Although comparatively little is said now about the water-cure, it is fully recognized as a natural fact, and resorted to more than many are aware of. The régime maintained in a scientifically conducted hydropathic establishment is of itself curative; and it is singularly adapted to the temperament of our people and the circumstances of this country, where overwork and artificial excitement so wear upon and pervert the nervous system. The quiet, regular exercise, good air, simple diet, and judicious ablutions of a rightly-conducted water-cure renew, invigorate, calm, and purify brain, heart, blood, and nerves in a manner and to an extent undreamed of by the inexperienced. Bulwer in England, and Calvert in America, have eloquently explained the philosophy of the water-cure. Since the death of the German hydropathist of Brattleborough, Vt., we have greatly needed a thoroughly bred and scientifically experienced practitioner in this sphere. The want is likely to be supplied by an accomplished German physician, the son of an eminent officer in the Prussian service—Dr. R. Kuczkowski, who is now in New York, and about to open a water-cure on the European plan—at some eligible place in the vicinity. Meantime he has edited and republished, through John Wiley & Son, the able and interesting "Outlines of a New Theory of Disease, applied to Hydropathy," by the late celebrated Dr. Francke. This work points out the former errors of the system, explains its principles, and illustrates its basis in nature and its practical results. We commend it to all rational seekers after health, to medical inquirers of candor, and to the general reader, as a sensible, learned, and seasonable work.

It seems to us a little strange that this Boston man omits to name, among the chief disseminators of water-cure in America, Drs. Trall, Shew, Kitteridge, Bedortha, and others, whose names have been so intimately identified with this great interest. We welcome Dr. Kuczkowski, and trust he may find Americans ready to avail themselves of his services, whenever they have occasion for a physician who gives no medicines.

THE MODERN CARPENTER AND BUILDER. New and Original Methods for every Cut in Carpentry, Joinery, and Hand-Railing. By Robert Riddell. Just issued. Price, post-paid, \$5 75.

This is an admirable work for the young carpenter. It is instructive and suggestive.

A ROMANCE OF THE REPUBLIC. By L. Maria Child. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. Cloth. Price, \$2.

This talented author never wrote a book which was not readable. Under this new title she gives us a picture of Southern life as it was before the stirring notes of the bugle summoned to the war of principles the two great sections of our country. Though slavery no longer exists on American soil, and the traffic in human property has been done away, there is a grace and a charm in this volume which render it exceedingly acceptable to general readers. The subject of slavery is interwoven with much skill in the narrative, so that the whole has much the character of a romance, and the reader seems to be dwelling on the pages of a fascinating novel rather than considering verities of a period very recent. The descriptive ability of Mrs. Child is exhibited in her beautiful and inimitable portraiture of Southern scenery, and her delineations of domestic life.

DOMBEY AND SON. By Charles Dickens, with Original Illustrations, by S. Eytinge, Jr. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Diamond Edition. Price, \$1 50.

Dombey and Son—the enterprising, the worldly business firm, has become proverbial, and the Diamond Edition bids fair to become proverbial also, for neatness of binding, clearness of typography, and cheapness. The Diamond editions of the poets and novelists must be welcome to those whose bookcases are small. These little volumes pack closely, and illustrate well the *multum in parvo* of current literature.

LIBER LIBRORUM: Its Structure, Limitation, and Purpose. A Friendly Communication to a Reluctant Skeptic. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. Cloth.

This volume, as its title indicates, treats of the Bible. The position taken by the author is orthodox, or in accordance with the views entertained by the majority of the reformed Christian Church. In his preface he makes certain positive statements which leave no room for doubt as to his religious sentiments. He "firmly believes and earnestly defends the Historic Reality and the Supernatural Origin of the Mosaic and Christian systems. He also accepts the Incarnation, the Resurrection, and the Redemptive work of Christ, and the other important truths which these involve. * * He insists, also, upon the supreme authority of the Scriptures in respect to all questions of religious faith, and on their permanent and indispensable superiority above all other books, as composed by men divinely aided and inspired." The author thinks the time has arrived, and that rationalism and free thought have sufficiently extended their dominion over the civilized world to render it necessary to discuss the subject of the inspiration of the Bible, and maintain it by

all possible means; and while he enters upon the discussion with much spirit and earnestness, he is much actuated by a broad and liberal charity. The tone of the book and the method of treatment well adapt it to the consideration of those skeptically inclined. —

THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB. By Charles Dickens. With eight full-page illustrations. 12mo., pp. 497, cloth. Price \$1 50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This is the first of a new edition of the author's works, and the whole will be comprised in thirteen or fourteen volumes, published at the rate of one or more volumes monthly, until the set is completed. The size is handsome, compact, well-shaped, like Messrs. Ticknor & Fields' Household Edition of the Waverly Novels, and is to be known as the "CHARLES DICKENS" Edition.

The gentlemanly publishers, in their Diamond, Household, and other editions, are doing this author far too much honor. Mr. Dickens is simply a novelist—a story-teller; nothing more. Just as all the world run after Artemus Ward and Christy's Minstrels to be amused, so all the world must read the racy, comic stories of this most prolific babler. His personal capital or stock in trade consists of a very fertile imagination, immense perceptive faculties, and the most copious language. As a descriptive writer he has few equals. Socially, he is "free and easy," if not promiscuous. His appetite is perfectly national, if not perfectly natural—and he "goes in" for all the sensuous luxuries, including stimulants. In pecuniary matters he is sadly deficient, being foolishly prodigal, if not absolutely wasteful. He is weak in philosophy, poor in science, and in morals he is a miserable cripple. If his Conscientiousness be not small, it is dormant or perverted. So is the sense of devotion. It is not an exaggeration to class him with moral imbeciles. His sense of honor is obtuse, his memory for favors received is poor—and, altogether, it is one of the most warped characters one will meet in half a lifetime: the affections out of gear and run mad; the intellect given over to a "rampant" imagination, and the moral sense completely subordinated to appetite and sensuous gratification and indulgence. Instead of ripening into a beautiful old age, full of honor, affection, wisdom, devotion, and integrity, he is simply repeating his early productions and living over again the life he has led. We do not predict anything good of him in his old age. If he does not come to want, it will be because of the mistaken kindness of his foolish admirers. Such is the real character of one of the most popular authors of the nineteenth century.

THE REBEL CHIEF, a Tale of Guerrilla Life. By Gustave Aimard, Author of "The Prairie Flower," "The Trail Hunter," etc., etc. Complete. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 8vo. Paper. Price, 75 cents.

This is a stirring, nay, an exciting story. Border life is depicted with strong effect. The Spanish and Mexican features of the work render it very attractive to the lover of the weird and romantic.

THE PHYSIOLOGY AND PATHOLOGY OF THE MIND. By Henry Maudsley, M.D., London, Physician to the West London Hospital, Honorary Member of the Medico-Psychological Society of Paris, formerly Resident Physician of the Manchester Royal Lunatic Hospital. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 8vo. Cloth, pp. xiv., 442, Price, \$4 50.

The aim of the writer of the new edition to treatises on mental phenomena is to treat of the mind rather from a physiological than from a metaphysical point of view. His experience in the practical study of insanity had shown that the theoretical principles and prescriptions of metaphysical philosophy "had no bearing whatever on, no discoverable relation to, the facts that daily came under observation, and, on the other hand, that writers on mental diseases treated their subject as if it belonged to a science entirely distinct from that which was concerned with the sound mind." Such, we would here say, has ever been and ever will be the case, until the grand old phrenological principle, "*Sana mens in corpore sano*," is universally received and acted upon. The subject is treated in an able manner, and possesses, because of its physiological basis, a definiteness far exceeding that discerned in the ponderous volumes of metaphysicians who have not so positive a foundation to rest their elaborate theories upon.

Throughout the work, especially in those chapters treating of the brain and nervous system, we meet with statements so like those to be met with in the philosophical treatises and essays on Phrenology, that we can hardly think Dr. Maudsley to be unacquainted with the writings of Combe, Elliotson, Mackintosh, and others. He makes the following statements, which show him to be a semi-phrenologist. "It is extremely probable, again, that different convolutions of the brain do subserve different functions in our mental life; but the precise mapping out of the cerebral surface, and the classification of the mental faculties which the phrenologists have rashly made, will not bear scientific examination. That the broad and prominent forehead indicates great intellectual power was believed in Greece, and is commonly accepted as true now; the examination of the brains of animals and idiots, and the comparison of the brain of the lowest savage with the brain of the civilized European, certainly tend to strengthen the belief. Narrow and pointed hemispheres assuredly do mark an approach to the character of the monkey's brain. There is some reason to believe, also, that the upper part of the brain and the posterior lobes have more to do with feeling than with the understanding. Huschke has found these parts to be proportionately more developed in women than in men, etc." There seems to be something like indirect contradiction in these statements. After saying that the phrenologists have "rashly" mapped out the surface, he makes allusions to special parts of the brain as indicating certain mental characteristics, which parts of the brain correspond with the *rash* mapping out of the phrenologists. Dr. Gall was upward of twenty years in as-

certaining the function and location of the first organ he discovered, and the utmost care in examination, irrespective of the passage of time, was exercised in ascertaining the nature of other faculties by him and his disciples. If any doubt or uncertainty existed with reference to an organ or faculty, no steps were taken "rashly" to locate it until its nature had been completely determined. If Dr. Maudsley would carefully and deliberately investigate this subject, calling in the aid of phreno-magnetism, if need be, he will have abundant reason to award the verdict of *discretion* instead of *rashness* to the founders of Phrenology.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP; and Reprinted Pieces. By Charles Dickens. With Original Illustrations, by S. Eytinge, Jr. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Diamond Edition. \$1 50.

In none of Dickens' works do we find that author's wonderful versatility more elaborately evinced than in this production. Every chapter abounds in diversity. The characters themselves are gnarled and eccentric, yet marked and distinctly preserved. Little Nell has become notorious. The illustrations are grotesque enough to correspond with their word portraits. The collection of miscellaneous pieces bound with the book renders it doubly desirable.

LITTLE DORRITT. By Charles Dickens. With thirty-eight Original Illustrations, from designs by H. K. Browne. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Price, \$1 25 in Cloth; or, \$1 in green paper cover, sewed.

The above enterprising house have now published of this Green Cloth Edition six volumes, viz., *Little Dorritt*, *Bleak House*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Great Expectations*, *Our Mutual Friend*, and *David Copperfield*. All the other volumes of Charles Dickens' works will appear monthly, uniform with the above, until the whole series is complete. The admirers of Dickens have here an excellent opportunity of securing a copiously illustrated set of that author's novels.

A CHURCH DIRECTORY for New York City. Published by the New York City Mission, Bible House.

This is a convenient little volume, furnishing the general statistics of the many religious denominations in New York city, with the names of the different Church organizations and congregations, the minister in charge, location of edifices, addresses of clergymen. Price 50 cents.

NATHANIEL; OR, THE ISRAELITE INDEED. Devoted to the illustration and defense of the Hebrew Christianity, which is founded on Moses and the Prophets, and the Apostles, and to the true interests of the Jewish nation generally. Terms, \$1 a year, or 15 cents a number. Edited and published by G. R. Lederer, No. 12 St. George's Place, New York.

"Hebrew Christianity." The editor is an educated Jew, or Hebrew, converted to Christianity, and now seeks to win over others of his people to the views which he entertains. Read "Nathaniel," and judge ye.

TEETOTALISM AS A RULE OF DUTY UNKNOWN TO THE BIBLE, AND CONDEMNED BY CHRISTIAN ETHICS. By D. R. Thomason, with a Commendatory Letter by Howard Crosby, D.D. New York: Richardson & Co. 75 cts.

This little book has been evidently written with much care. The chief feature of it is the argument brought to bear against Ritchie's "Scripture Testimony Against Intoxicating Wine," which is neatly and charitably analyzed. The author does not wish to be understood as an advocate of wine-bibbing; on the contrary, he takes a firm stand in opposition to the use of ardent spirits. He claims to be an earnest advocate of truth, and would have the truth known wherever any mistakes or misinterpretations have eclipsed or modified it.

WOOL-GATHERING. By Gail Hamilton. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 335. Price, \$2. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A quaint title of a very racy book by this high-pressure female writer. Gail has been out West. She traveled precisely as other folks do, by railway, steamboat, and stage. She "saw sights;" women with crying babies, band-boxes, and bundles; selfish men and women who occupied more than one seat, etc. She pushed on West to Minnesota, and gives vivid pictures of real incidents, which make her book something of a traveler's guide. After going over ground quite familiar to all who have been to St. Paul and St. Anthony, she went down the Mississippi, and up into Tennessee, and across the country *via* Washington home to Boston, and *this* is what she calls "Wool-Gathering." Gail will pardon us for quoting the last three lines of her book. She says: "And yet, O reader, gentle but just, if you should whisper that there is great cry and little wool—alas! I can not gainsay you."

PARTS 120 and 121 of CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA, a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People, have been received from Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia. They are in keeping with preceding numbers, and even more elaborately illustrated. Several articles of great value to the *litterateur* appear in them. Such subjects as Vital Statistics, Warming and Ventilation, Waterloo, and Water-power are voluminously treated.

New Books.

[Among the late issues of the press not elsewhere noticed in these pages, we may mention the following, all of which may be ordered through us, as in various ways and degrees valuable and interesting:]

MODERN INQUIRIES: Classical, Professional, and Miscellaneous. By Jacob Bigelow, M.D. \$2 50.

MARRIAGE IN THE UNITED STATES. By A. Carlier. Translated from the French by B. J. Jeffries. Third Edition. \$1 50.

THE BASE BALL PLAYER'S BOOK OF REFERENCE. Containing Rules of the Game for 1867, etc. By Henry Chadwick. 30 cents.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY, AND HOW TO KEEP IT. By T. A. Davies. \$1 50.

SELF-EDUCATION; or, the Means and Art of Moral Progress, translated from the French of M. le Baron Degerando. By Elizabeth P. Peabody. Third Edition with additions. 8vo. Cloth. \$1 75.

GRAMMAR OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE. By M. Schele de Vere. 12mo. \$2 25.

THE ROMANCE OF THE AGE; or, the Discovery of Gold in California. By Edward E. Dunbar. \$1 40.

FASHION AND FOLLY. By Aunt Hattie. Illustrated. \$1 40.

LECTURE ON THE NATURE OF SPIRIT, and of Man as a Spiritual Being. By Chauncey Giles. 12mo. \$1 40.

OLD ENGLAND, its Scenery, Art, and People. By James M. Hoppin, Professor in Yale College. \$2 25.

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LLOYD'S BATTLE HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION; Complete from the Capture of Fort Sumter, April 14, 1861, to the Capture of Jefferson Davis, May 10, 1865; embracing General Howard's Tribute to the Volunteer, 268 Battle Descriptions, 39 Biographical Sketches, 49 Portraits of Generals, 17 Maps of Battle Fields, 13 Battle Pictures, and a General Review of the War for the Union. 8vo, bound, pp. 712. \$5 75.

THE MODERN CARPENTER AND BUILDER; New and Original Methods for every Cut in Carpentry, Joinery, and Hand-Railing. By Robert Riddell. Illustrated. 4to. \$5 75.

THE INVISIBLES: an Explanation of Phenomena, commonly called Spiritual. \$2.

SERPENTS IN THE DOVE'S NEST. By Rev. John Todd, D.D. I. Fashionable Murder. II. The Cloud with the Dark Lining. 25 cents.

AMERICAN POMOLOGY. Apples. By Dr. John A. Warder. With 200 Illustrations. \$3 25.

HOME OF WASHINGTON IN MOUNT VERNON, and its Associations. By J. A. Wineberger. Illustrated. 31 cents.

AMERICAN EQUAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION. Proceedings, First Anniversary, New York, May 9 and 10, 1867. Report by H. M. Parkhurst. 25 cents.

BEADLE'S DIME HANDBOOK OF RIDING AND DRIVING. Paper, 12 cents.

PASTOR'S REGISTER FOR PRIVATE USE. Arranged by Rev. W. T. Beatty. Second Edition. Cloth, \$3 75.

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA. Vol. 9. Imp. 8vo, pp. 827. Cloth, \$5.

NATURE AND LIFE: Sermons by Robert Collyer. Cloth, \$1 75.

A WOMAN'S SECRET. By Mrs. Caroline F. Corbin. Cloth, \$2.

RURAL STUDIES, with Hints for Country Places. By D. G. Mitchell. 12mo. Cloth. \$2.

To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will try to respond in the "next number." Your "Best Thoughts" solicited.

AN ORDER FOR BOOKS, JOURNALS, etc., must be written on a sheet by itself. Questions for this department—TO CORRESPONDENTS—and communications for the Editor, must be written on SEPARATE SLIPS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Owing to the crowded state of our columns generally, and the pressure upon this department in particular, we shall be compelled hereafter to decline all questions relating to subjects not properly coming within the scope of this JOURNAL. Queries relating to PHYSIOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY, PSYCHOLOGY, ETIOLOGY, and ANTHROPOLOGY, or the general SCIENCE OF MAN, will still be in order, provided they shall be deemed of GENERAL INTEREST. Write your question plainly on a SEPARATE SLIP OF PAPER, and send us only ONE at a time.

WILL IT DO ME ANY GOOD?

—A grandfather, with a bevy of grandchildren, writes to inquire at what age children should have their characters delineated, with a view to deciding on a calling in life; and asks if it will do him any good—now that he is seventy-six—to have his head examined?

Ans. The proper age for examining children is from two years upward, to ascertain—not while in infancy, what calling they may choose—but how to govern them wisely. It often happens that young parents are puzzled to know just how to manage the little folks. One is so belligerent, another is timid, one is reckless, another sensitive, one craves all he sees and is "so selfish," and so on; now, Phrenology would suggest the way each should be managed, and thus improve the child and lessen the care of mother and nurse. When lads have attained the age of twelve or fifteen, it can readily be foretold what they can do best—whether agricultural, mechanical, mercantile, professional, literary, or artistic work. The only object to be gained in writing out the character of an aged person is for the information of others interested in him or her. It would be exceedingly gratifying to each of us, no doubt, to know exactly what were the developments and characteristics of our ancestors, near and remote. We value even an indifferent likeness of them; but how much more should we value a mental photograph—a life-like description—as a careful analysis of their real characters! Elderly people may bequeath to their posterity such a bequest at a very small cost to themselves, and it would be carefully treasured by all who loved them.

CURIOSITY.—What faculty or combination of faculties produce inquisitive curiosity, so disagreeable in some people?

Ans. The fundamental organ of curiosity, or the desire to see and know things, is Individuality. This organ, associated with Eventuality, is especially active in young children, who often are very annoying on account of their numerous questions. In grown persons, who exhibit a disposition to pry into everything whether they are concerned or not, Individuality is very active and unrestrained by those faculties which impart reserve and gentility to the

character. A person with Individuality large, with Secretiveness, Agreeableness, and the reasoning organs relatively small, with large Combativeness, Language, and a quick excitable temperament, will be apt to annoy his friends and the society he moves in by his questions and prying remarks.

PROVIDENTIAL INTERPOSITION.—Does Providence interpose in human affairs to the suspension of nature's laws?

Ans. This question has been much discussed, *pro* and *con.*, by religious men; those affirming it, citing the case of Joshua's commanding the sun to stand still, and the various miracles recorded in the Bible; those denying it, venturing a theory of second causes, the operation of which is not understood by man. We are of opinion that mankind, like the great universe of matter, is governed by principles of law and order, specially adapted to his being and condition. Our experience leads us to such a conclusion. We never knew an instance of a man's infringing upon a law of his nature without experiencing a penalty. Science works wonderful things—things which sometimes puzzle if they do not set at fault entirely the organs of sense, yet science works in all its known processes in a certain, immutable manner. Occurrences which are denominated in a general way "accidents," because apparently out of the accustomed routine, when investigated, lose altogether a fortuitous character. So with those occurrences termed providential, we think that in most cases their causes can be determined.

FLATTERY.—What faculties render one liable to flattery?

Ans. Approbativeness gives the desire for appreciation and the good opinion of associates and the public. When Self-Esteem, Firmness, and the moral and intellectual organs are also large, the person will not be vain or easily flattered. It is when Approbativeness is active and the regulating organs not well developed that the person will yield unduly to flattery, and become vain. Children and youth are more easily deceived by flattery—which is nothing less than falsehood—than adults. But, unfortunately, there are many adults who are only children in mind. They are undeveloped, and may ever remain so.

WHO IS MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLIS? "A lass she was, but a lass she is no more!" She has been and gone and given her charming self away to a man! Yes, she is now a married woman! For years she was supposed, from her *non de plume*, to be a madam, when she was only a miss. She is now Mrs. COMFORTABLE—and lives in the country. We shall still claim her as one of our corps of co-workers, and shall retain the original familiar name, first used in our good old LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

DIET FOR THE BILIOUS.—To what diet should one of a bilious temperament confine himself?

Ans. Those having a predominance of what is called the bilious or motive temperament, are more liable to a torpid liver than those having the sanguine or vital temperament are. The former have a dark complexion and thick blood—the latter abound in warm thin blood, and have a florid complexion, light hair, sometimes red; blue eyes, a bounding pulse, and an ardent nature. There are certain kinds of food that especially tend to make persons of dark complexion bilious, and other kinds that relieve that tendency. A

person of bilious habit should avoid articles of an oily, greasy nature, and also any considerable amount of saccharine matter. How many persons do we see every spring, who have lived on fat pork, poultry, sausages, mince pies, and buckwheat cakes, their sponge-like substance saturated with butter and sirup, looking bilious, and feeling worse than they look! The white of their eyes being of a saffron color, and their skin being yellow or yellow brown, with a dirty, leathery look, their faces full of pimples, and their entire system dull, sluggish, tired, and miserable. They attribute their bad feelings to the opening spring, when they should charge them to the engorgement during the entire winter. It will be noticed that these bilious persons are almost crazy in the spring for greens, salads, pickles, etc., because they can eat vinegar with them, the vinegar having a tendency to rouse the liver and other organs to throw off the surplus bilious matter. The better way is, in the main, to avoid much fatty matter and sugar, and, instead, eat lean beef, mutton, etc., keeping clear of pastry and condiments, and eating tart fruits as a part of every breakfast and dinner. In this way the liver will be kept active and the bilious difficulties will disappear.

A COLLEGE COURSE.—Would you advise a young man of twenty-one years to enter upon a college course?

Ans. Yes, if circumstances favor, and he has the health, means, and natural ability to turn a liberal education to good account when acquired. A classical course is to be desired. The next best thing is to learn a trade, or to be fitted for business.

PROFESSIONAL CLASS.—At what age may persons become members of your professional class—and how long do the sessions continue?

Ans. The question of age has not before been broached in this connection. Any one is old enough who has the requisite intelligence and culture; and no one is too old who has not lost the power of thought and memory. We should not reject one who was fourteen years of age, provided the conditions above were met, nor reject one under eighty, whose qualifications had not been worn out by time. The term will not cover more than six weeks.

WILD CHILDREN.—Permit me to inquire of you concerning the "so-called" Australian Wild Children, now being exhibited in the West. These two children, a male and female, are said to be natives of Australia, and were caught by a party of English gold hunters. Nothing is known of them save the account given by those who exhibit them. They are said to have been examined by Mr. Fowler, and he said he knew nothing of their race—that the history of man did not favor him with any knowledge of them. I make this inquiry of you in order to ascertain the truth of this statement concerning the "so-called wonders." Their actions indicate a low degree of civilization and refinement. Their foreheads retreated very rapidly, and, consequently, were supposed by some to be idiotic.

Ans. We reply—for the third or fourth time in this JOURNAL—that these two "wonders" are simply idiotic Indians. The story of the showman who owns and exhibits them, deserves as much credit as his other statements. We think it a shame that these, and other similar specimens—the negro idiot called "What Is It?" for example—should be seen in public. The authorities ought to abate the nuisance and punish the vagabond exhibitors.

OUR RELIGIOUS VIEWS.—It strikes us that we have from time to time

published in plain terms our sentiments on the great subject of religion. In the recent installments of "The Phrenological Theory" will be found a comprehensive statement, specially designed, it is true, to demonstrate the harmony of Phrenology with Scripture, but which embodies substantially our religious views; and in this number we publish a leading article on the subject, which we think sufficiently explicit to satisfy any reader. "With malice toward none, with charity for all" denominations, we seek to pure a course of Christian conduct which shall secure to our spirits peace in this world and salvation in that to come.

GREAT HEADS.—I believe it is stated in one of your works "that all really great men have great heads." If this be true, upon what ground do you account for the great weight of Byron's brain, of whom, his biographer states that his head was so remarkably small that not one man in ten could wear his hat?

Ans. In the first place, Byron did not have a small brain. It was large at the base, and his perceptive organs, his Allmentiveness, Destructiveness, and Amativeness were very large. His keen perception, acute delineations, his dissipation, his fierce anger and inveterate hatred, and his social sensuality all combine to prove that the basilar organs of his head were predominant in activity and power. Of that portion of the head in which these organs were located, the hat gave no account.

The region of Cautiousness was not well developed, making the upper side head above the ears and a little backward of them narrow and wedge-shaped or pyramidal, and his Casualty was not prominent. By taking off the front corners and the back corners of the head, just where the hat covers, a comparatively small hat is required. That Cautiousness was small in Byron, his reckless life fully attests. If the brain of Byron was heavier than that of the average of men, it could not have been small as a whole, and if it was heavier in proportion to its size, it still does not war with the doctrines of Phrenology, since we recognize density, fineness of quality, as one of the cardinal conditions. Indeed, in marking charts, the first condition is "Quality"; second, the different temperaments; third, the peculiar balance of temperament; fourth, *Size*; fifth, the particular organs and their relative size; sixth, the combination of organs.

Byron's brain, we repeat, was not small. It was large at the base and tapered off like a sugar-loaf, but his brain was dense and vigorous. His passions were fierce, but his moral and religious developments were relatively defective. His head and his character corresponded.

LEARNING FRENCH.—B., you will find the following text-books of service to you in studying the French language: Ahn's French Method, \$1 10; Ollendorff's New Method of Learning French, \$2; DeFivas' Elementary French Reader, \$1 10; Chouquet's French Conversations and Dialogues, \$1 10; Surenne's French and English Pronouncing Dictionary, \$1 75. Surenne's French Manual and Travelers' Companion, \$1 40. Any of these will be sent by mail, postage prepaid by us, on receipt of price.

IN GERMAN.—The A. P. J. is not published in any other than our own language. LOOK OUT FOR SWINDLERS. Bad men sell bad books. "The Marriage Guides," "Hints to Husbands and Wives," and a Philadelphia concern advertise "A Great Book," with our names as agents. We know nothing of it. "Prof. Weeks," as he calls himself, is somewhere in New Jersey, "still at large." How he has managed so long to escape the Innatic asylum we do not know. Such a heterogeneous jumble as he publishes would be amusing if it were not ridiculous. CLEAR UN CUT POSTAGE STAMPS may be remitted in payment for books, journals, etc., in place of currency.

Publisher's Department.

HANDSOME PREMIUMS.—WHO WILL HAVE THEM?—"The laborer is worthy of his hire"—pay—and we are now enabled to offer something substantial and attractive. Ladies will "jump at the chance" of getting a husband; no, not a husband, but a splendid Steinway Rosewood Piano, a beautiful Parlor Organ, a charming Melodeon, or an excellent first-prize Wheeler & Wilson Family Sewing Machine. Our offer is this:

For 350 new subscribers, at \$3 each, we will give a Steinway Rosewood Piano, worth \$650.

For 100 subscribers, at \$3 each, we will give a Horace Waters 5 Octave Parlor Organ, worth \$170.

For 60 subscribers, at \$3 each, a Horace Waters 5 Octave Melodeon, worth \$100.

For 25 subscribers, at \$3 each, a Wheeler & Wilson's Family Sewing Machine, worth \$55.

Now, this strikes us as something well worth working for. Every family ought to have one or more of the above. Reader, do you know a poor widow with children, who is trying her best to earn an honest living, to clothe and educate her children? Think how much easier she could do it with one of these excellent machines! Then why not start a subscription paper and induce a few "well-to-do" neighbors to put down their names, each for the trifling sum of \$3, and thus get the JOURNAL a year, and in a few hours put the "Family Treasure" in the poor woman's house. What thankful hearts! what gratitude to God for the real help, and that, too, without inflicting on her the feeling of a beggar! Ladies, you can do this; what man could refuse an appeal for such an object? And here, *Let me head the list.* I hereby offer to give \$3 each toward making up any number of lists, for charity sewing machines, to be given to widows, or other poor women, according to the terms above specified, *i. e.*, I will be one of twenty-five to present sewing machines to one thousand women of the class named. Who will begin the work? The field is open to all charitably disposed men and women. Show your JOURNALS, get your subscriptions, and the machine shall be forthcoming by return express. Here is a chance to "do good and get paid for it." Address, S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

THE BELVIDERE SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES is situated in Belvidere, N. J. It is conducted by three sisters, the Misses Bush, with several assistants. Besides all the ordinary branches taught in similar institutions, much attention is given to physical education. They say, "It is earnestly hoped that parents and guardians will feel, as we do, the paramount importance of such physical culture, and will encourage their daughters or wards in taking a regular course in this department, as without it there is always less vigor of mind and less progress in study."

We notice with satisfaction that our "New Physionomy" is used in the Belvidere Seminary as one of the reading books, and is classed with the standard works for this purpose. Of course, we wish well to the Misses Bush and their institution.

For circulars, stating terms and other particulars, address the principals, at Belvidere, Warren County, N. J.

ONE of our assistants, Mr. John P. Jackson, having made an advantageous arrangement involving a year's residence in Germany, sailed on the 20th of July last for Europe. He took passage on one of the Anchor Line of steamers for Glasgow, the agents, Messrs. Francis McDonald & Co., furnishing him a first-class ticket at a greatly reduced price. We would say that the accommodations furnished to and the treatment of passengers by the officers in charge of this ocean line are unsurpassed.

HAIR BALLS IN THE STOMACH.

—We acknowledge the receipt of a hair ball, said to have come from the stomach of a buffalo. It was forwarded to us by our friend Mr. JOHN FATKIN, of Frostburg, Md. The ball is perfectly round, an inch and a half in diameter, and looks, for all the world, like an iron grapeshot. It is very light, and when we cut into the iron-like surface, we find it composed of hair closely compacted or felted together. Such balls are frequently taken from the stomach of the common ox. They are supposed to be formed by the hairs collecting together, which the animal swallows after licking himself. The peristaltic action of the stomach, which can not digest it, tends to felt or ball the hairs into a spherical mass.

THE THUNDERBOLT.—We continue to fill orders for this new and best of the breech-loading rifles. As a sporting gun, and as a means of defense on the borders and on the plains, it is believed to have no superior; while its moderate price—\$28—places it within the reach of all. We supply agents by the case at wholesale rates. Send stamp for circular. Address this office.

FOR ONE YEAR OR FOR FIVE!—We are now receiving single subscriptions for the A. P. JOURNAL, extending from one to five years from date. If a person wishes to avail himself of club rates, and is so situated that he can not join a club, he may do the next best thing, which is to remit \$12 for five years; or, \$24 for eleven years. We prefer P. O. orders, bank checks or drafts payable to our order. Single subscriptions for one year, \$3. Large accessions are constantly being made to our subscription books, and the prospects for another year were never brighter.

MR. J. W. STOKES, Washington, D. C., will please accept our thanks for valuable public documents relating to the U. S. Agricultural Department.

WE are indebted to the politeness of Mr. J. T. Hoover, of Washington, for a map, showing our new possessions in Russian America, issued from the office of the U. S. Coast Survey. We repeat our suggestion, to name the new territory FRANKLAND, in honor of one of America's greatest philosophers. Who says Frankland?

DESIRABLE CLUBS.—The *Galaxy* is a well-known monthly magazine, published in this city at \$3 00 a year. Its articles are of a first-class literary character. We will club our JOURNAL with the *Galaxy* for \$4 50 per year, thus affording an ample supply of excellent mental pabulum in the way of a year's supply of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL and a year's supply of the *Galaxy*, from date of subscription. Here is an opportunity not to be neglected.

OUR SCHOOL-DAY VISITOR—advertised on our first page—at \$1 25 a year, will be clubbed with the A. P. J., and sent a year, from July or January, for \$3 25. It is a capital monthly for young people.

General Items.

LADY PHYSICIANS, ATTENTION!—With a view to forwarding their interests, and that of the public, it is suggested that all regular female graduates in this country forward their names—with testimonials for registration—to the Secretary of the New York Medical College for Women. The ladies intend to show their strength. They already number several hundred, and have a practice ranging from \$2,000 to \$20,000 a year, each. This is better than teaching school.

GRAND AMERICAN EXHIBITION.—The thirty-seventh annual exhibition of the AMERICAN INSTITUTE, of the city of New York, is announced to be held from the 12th day of September to the 26th day of October, 1867, in the armory on Fourteenth Street, near the Sixth Avenue. The American Institute is said to be more widely known than any other permanent organization in the world, by its efforts to foster art and direct public attention to important material improvements, and opens its doors for the reception of the results of American genius, skill, and handicraft, with a double purpose of presenting the collection in an attractive form for public inspection, and of making a comparative estimate of the utility and merit of the articles composing it.

All inventors, artists, manufacturers, proprietors of labor-saving machinery, and those engaged in agricultural and horticultural pursuits, are cordially invited to send their best specimens of work and ingenuity to compete for the numerous prizes to be awarded.

Letters relating to the exhibition should be addressed to "Prof. S. D. Tillman, Corresponding Secretary, American Institute, New York," who will send blanks and give any desired information to parties intending to become exhibitors; he will also receive and file all applications for space.

"THE ADVANCE" is the name of a new national religious newspaper, edited by Rev. Wm. W. Patton, D.D., and published at \$2 50 a year, by THE ADVANCE COMPANY, at 28 Lombard Block, Chicago, Illinois.

Full particulars of this new and important enterprise are given in another column. Knowing something of the editor, and of the business men who launch and man this new ship of Zion, we predict for the craft the very best success.

THE NEW YORK MEDICAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN will begin their Fifth Annual Term, of twenty weeks, at the college in Twelfth Street, two doors east of Fourth Avenue, the first Monday in November. Address the Dean, Mrs. C. S. Lozier, M.D., 361 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York, or the Secretary, Mrs. C. F. Wells, care of Fowler and Wells, New York.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from OLIVER DITSON & Co., New York and Boston, the following pieces of music: "Launch the Life Boat," "Moss-Grown Well," "Kiss Me when I'm Weary, Love," "Mugby Junction Galop," "Amazonian March," "Let Me Fold Thee Close, Mavourneen." All of which must be good, coming from the press of these best of music publishers. 30 cents each.

[We are happy to learn that Messrs. Ditson have recently opened an office on Broadway, New York. This will give them a still larger field in which to plant their excellent music.]

INGHAM UNIVERSITY is located in the quiet and beautiful village of Leroy, N. Y. It was established by the Misses Ingham, two noble and self-denying women, and it has steadily grown from feebleness to strength—from a small boarding-school for young ladies to a University, having a charter from the Legislature of the State, large and commodious buildings, extensive grounds, a choice geological cabinet, library, apparatus, picture gallery, and all the appliances of a first-class college. Its course of study embraces the languages, ancient and modern, mathematics, music, painting, history, intellectual and moral science, and is quite as extensive and thorough as that pursued in any of the universities of our land. It was our privilege to attend the recent annual examination, and we have never known any that showed more thoroughness, or that reflected greater credit both upon instructors and pupils. The annual exercises of the literary societies were of peculiar interest, consisting of recitations, and a dramatic and beautiful scene—"the Court of Liberty"—in which were represented, in costume and by speech, the different nations of the earth, and to these the Goddess of Liberty, presiding, gave a characteristic and appropriate response. The claims of all were considered, but at length America received, amid a profusion of flowers and applause, the wreath and the scepter, as standing in the foreground in the cause of Liberty. The Baccalaureate, by the Chancellor, REV. DR. BURCHARD, of New York, on "Beauty," was delivered before a very large and highly appreciative audience. The Annual Address was by the REV. DR. BELL, of Lyons, and was well received. The commencement exercises proper drew an immense audience from all the surrounding country, and the ladies of Ingham never appeared to greater advantage, and their pieces, as read, exhibited high culture and scholarship. The gymnastic performance between the morning and afternoon exercises was a beautiful feature. The music was fine, the day delightful, and all were pleased. The usual degrees were conferred upon members of the graduating class. S. D. A.

FILLING UP.—Our Class, in PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY, for 1868, to commence in January, promises to be all we could hope for, in both numbers and intelligence. Circulars with full particulars will be sent on prepaid application. Address this office.

OBITUARY.—MRS. ELIZABETH RAYNES, wife of Capt. John Raynes, died on the 22d of last September, in San Francisco, Cal. Her age was fifty-three years. The *Pacific* said she was ill from 10 o'clock Friday evening till 3 o'clock Saturday morning, and her dying was so like a falling into sleep that those around her did not know it until some time after she had breathed her last; she died as "waves die along the shore." Capt. R. now resides in Portland, Oregon.

WE take the following from the Philadelphia *Ledger* of July 13th:

CAPEN.—Died, on the 12th inst., CARRIE A., wife of John L. Capen, and eldest daughter of Phineas Potter.

The relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her husband, 2,003 Poplar Street, on Monday, the 15th, at 10 o'clock.

[We condole with our friend on the loss of his most excellent Christian wife. She had long expected a release from a consumptive body, and was every way prepared for the change. Peace.]

Business.

[Under this head we publish, for a consideration, such matters as rightfully belong to this department. We disclaim responsibility for what may herein appear. Matter will be LEADED and charged according to the space occupied, at the rate of 50 cents a line.]

THE ADELPHI ACADEMY,
Nos. 336, 338, & 340 ADELPHI STREET,
BROOKLYN, L. I.

GROWTH OF THE SCHOOL.

Number of pupils at the re-opening under the new regime (Sept., 1863), 11
Whole number of pupils for 1863-4, 23
Whole number of pupils for 1864-5, 61
Whole number of pupils for 1865-6, 156
Whole number of pupils for 1866-7, 312

This institution (hitherto for boys alone) has made itself a name for the careful systems of instruction and training which it has employed. The system of physical training known as the *Calisthenic drill*, which it has introduced and carried to a high degree of excellence, is one of its most popular features.

The success of this feature has been such as to warrant the belief that an effort to afford the same advantages to girls would be appreciated. As a test of the adaptability of the drill to girls, a private class has been conducted during the past year in this institution with entire success. Accordingly the proprietors of the Adelphi Academy have concluded to re-organize the school, and admit at the re-opening (on the 9th of next September), boys and girls together, of about five to twelve years of age, to the Preparatory Department, and to the enjoyment of all its benefits, removing the Academic Department, which will continue, as at present, to be exclusively for boys, to a new building now erecting for the purpose on Lafayette Avenue, corner Hall Street.

Scores of letters from parents whose sons have enjoyed the benefits of the drill during the last year bear unequivocal testimony to its value.

The intellectual training of the school is as carefully conducted as the physical. There are twelve grades, under fifteen to twenty teachers in constant attendance.

Pupils from a distance are accommodated with board in teachers' families.

Pupils crossing Fulton Ferry, from New York, can ride within a few steps of the school by the Fulton or the Greene Avenue cars. Those crossing the South Ferry should take the Atlantic Avenue cars.

For Circulars apply to
LOCKWOOD & ELLINWOOD.

MUNN & Co., No. 37 Park Row, New York, Publishers of the *SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN*, Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents.

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A Handsome Bound Volume, Containing 150 Mechanical Engravings, and the U. S. Census by Counties, with Hints and Recipes for Mechanics, mailed on receipt of 25 cents.
July 31.

THE HYGIENIC HOME.—At this establishment all the Water-Cure appliances are given, with the Swedish Movements and Electricity. Send for our circular. Address A. SMITH, M.D., Wernersville, Berks County, Pa.

ALBANY LAW SCHOOL. The next Term of this School commences on the first Tuesday of September, 1867.

The Professors are HON. IRA HARRIS, LL.D., HON. AMASA J. PARKER, LL.D., AMOS DEAN, LL.D.

Circulars obtained by addressing

AMOS DEAN,
July 4t. Albany, N. Y.

THE MOVEMENT - CURE.—Chronic Invalids may learn the particulars of this mode of treatment by sending for Dr. Geo. H. Taylor's illustrated sketch of the Movement-Cure, 25 cents. Address 67 West 38th Street, N. Y. city. Aug., 1t.

MRS. E. DE LA VERGNE, M.D.,
335 ADELPHI STREET, BROOKLYN.

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2 "	Young Hyson	J. L. Downing..	1 25	2 50
2 "	Best Oolong	James Roan ...	1 00	2 00
4 "	Uncolored Japan	Jacob Beman..	1 25	5 00
3 "	Best Oolong	H. Tabbot	1 00	3 00
2 "	Best Mixed	A. Turner	1 00	2 00
2 "	Green	Geo. Watson ...	1 25	2 50
2 "	Best Oolong	G. B. Pratt	1 00	2 00
2 "	Green	Charles Grube ..	1 25	2 50
4 "	Green	A. W. Bingham.	1 25	5 00
1 "	Best Gunpowder	H. C. Parrott..	1 50	1 50
1 "	English Breakfast	H. C. Parrott..	1 20	1 20
1 "	Young Hyson	H. C. Parrott..	1 00	1 00

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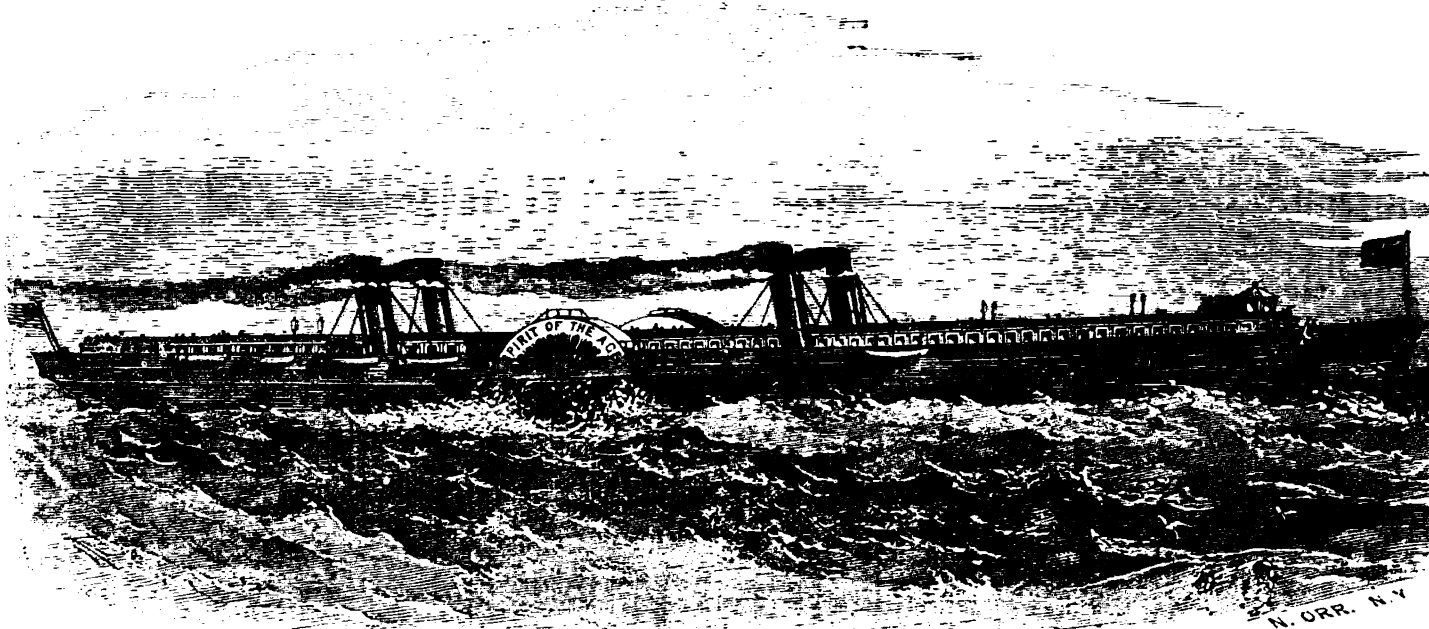
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June 6—14.

Post-Office Box, 5,642.



THE STEAMER SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

THE time for "slow coaches" and slow steam-boats has passed. We will not be punished by a long, tedious, sea-sick voyage of two or three weeks, and in a rolling, pitching, tumbling tub, from New York to Liverpool, when we can step on board an elegant, swift, and steady steamer like the above, and make the passage from shore to shore in a week! Our experience favors large side-wheelers rather than the smaller rolling propellers. By the politeness of the *American Artisan*, we are enabled to present our readers with the above view of the great last fast steamer, planned by Mr. THOMAS SILVER, of New York.

Mr. Silver proposes vessels, of which the above is a representation, of 590 feet in length, 75 feet wide, 30 feet perpendicular, and tonnage 7,168, gross custom-house measurement for passengers and freight between America and Europe. They will be strengthened, both longitudinally and transversely, by diagonal bracing. The propelling power will consist of two paddle-wheels of ordinary construction, driven by two engines, with a center shaft arranged for disconnection, in order to run them separately when required. There will also be two propellers, driven on the same principle as to convenience; this will enable the maneuvering of the vessel in a small compass, or, in case of failure of the rudder at sea, to effect the steering. Mr. Silver calculates that either of the engines will have power to drive the vessels six or eight miles an hour, while the whole power is calculated to make twenty miles, or a passage over the Atlantic in about seven days. The carrying capacity will be 3,000 tons cargo, besides fuel, and 2,500 passengers. [When our steamers use petroleum instead of coal, as they may soon, there will be an immense

saving of space and weight.] The magnitude of the vessels will afford many accommodations unknown to smaller ones; the price for passage and cabin will be very low, and the supply of food to order, or *à la carte*, at prices as moderate as at restaurants in London, Paris, or New York. By this arrangement, passengers who choose to economize, need not pay for the extravagance of others. It is calculated that five or six weeks' excursion may be made by one of these steamers to Paris, London, etc., for a sum not exceeding the cost of a passage each way in one of the present first-class ships to Liverpool or Brest and back; in fact, a transatlantic trip may substitute a watering-place resort for thousands, and the annual stale Continental trips of Englishmen will be reversed to New York, Niagara, the Rocky Mountains, and the many attractions of the New World.

It is for no want of confidence in such a system of transatlantic communication that the project is not carried out in this country. It has gained great favor in England, and it is probable that it will be consummated under the auspices of some of the great railway companies there, to run between New York and some southwestern terminus—say, on the river Severn, Plymouth, or Falmouth—and possibly extend to Brest. Our Government seems perfectly content to have England continue the mistress of the seas, though it could be averted by a simple act of Congress permitting for a term of, say, ten years—until domestic matters become better regulated—any ships owned, or chiefly so, by American citizens to register and run under the United States flag, without reference to where they were built, when said ships are employed in foreign commerce. This need in no way affect ship-building for coast-wise service, which is about the only employ-

ment enjoyed by American vessels at present. The citizens of most other nations can buy ships of whom they choose, and register them under their own flag; and although without protection or the native skill in the various steam-boat adaptations so prominent in the United States, the English-built ships monopolize the ocean. [Where is Captain Ward of the Great Lakes? Will not he, with others, help to set our shipping to rights?]

CARVING CHARACTER.—Did you ever watch a sculptor slowly fashioning a human countenance? It is not molded at once. It is painfully and laboriously wrought. A thousand blows rough cast it. Ten thousand chisel points put in the fine touches and bring out the features and expression. It is a work of time; but at last the full likeness stands fixed and unchanging in the solid marble. So does a man carve out his own moral likeness. Every day he adds something to the work. A thousand acts of thought and will shape the features and the expressions of the soul. Habits of love, piety, and truth—habits of falsehood or passion, silently mold and fashion it, till at length it wears the likeness of God or the image of a demon.

THE
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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—Young.

THOMAS NAST.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.

THIS well-known artist has a well-formed head and finely cut features, all of which are full of meaning. The brain is large, being nearly twenty-three inches in circumference, and, fortunately, is well sustained by an admirable physiology. Hence he is able to work out the designs that his brain engenders. His nature is full of feeling and emotion, great warmth and ardor of imagination. He possesses the peculiarities of temperament which belonged to his mother—her sympathy, her affection, and her prophetic forecast. His intuition, when he is in right relations with himself and the world—when in a proper state of mind and body—enables him to receive impressions from



PORTRAIT OF THOMAS NAST.

From an Imperial Photograph by Bogardus.

sources which his intellect can not comprehend, and his psychological forecast enables him to foresee what is about to transpire.

Intellectually, he is a good observer, and has a good memory of all objects that impress his sight. Faces and places he remembers well; names, dates, and pass-

ing events are not so easily retained. Comparatively speaking, the perceptive intellect predominates over the reflective. He is a good judge of character, perceiving at once the motives of strangers. Mirthfulness is well shown in his broad, high forehead, and allied as it is with Destructiveness, its action is manifested quite often in sarcasm. He can imitate, but he is much more inclined to originality of idea. His Constructiveness is well developed, and he can easily block out a course for himself. He is never wanting for resources. Ideality and Sublimity are developed in a high degree. He lives much in the region of the sublime, though his wanderings in the realm of fancy are by his practical faculties generally applied to the circumstances of the present. Form is large, hence his artistic abilities. Color is moderate, though this deficiency is not so well marked in the portrait. (In Doré's head, it will be remembered, Color is also deficient—more so than in Nast's.)

Benevolence is larger than Veneration, and his religion partakes largely of the former quality, being evinced in sympathy, kindness, generosity, and willingness to serve others. Devotion, meekness, humility, and submission are less influential traits. When younger, his Self-Esteem was small, and he probably suffered from sensitiveness, diffidence, and even bashfulness; but travel and contact with the world has served in great part to remove this difficulty. His love of liberty, his sense of independence, and desire to have his own way, have always inclined him to be his own man and master, to trust to his own inherent resources, and to strike out an untrodden path for himself. Continuity is not large; he is fond of variety, and does not dwell unnecessarily long upon one subject. There must be an object to actuate and stimulate his energy, to make him keep the mind constantly employed. Agreeableness is another prominent characteristic, which, combined with his intuition and readiness in reading character, enables him to get along pleasantly everywhere.

The head is broad, both forward and backward of the ears, indicating force, resolution, and courage. Cautiousness is not large. He would venture farther than most men; but from the influence of Conscientiousness he would be inclined

to take care that it was in the right direction. He is well adapted to some active, energetic calling, one that requires strong force of character and moral courage. His tastes, however, lie in the direction of Art; and in that sphere, sculpture would be named by us first. But he can do one thing almost as well as another, if he turned his attention to it. As an artist, he has already gained an honorable position among his fellows, and a world-wide reputation. His success has not been achieved by any gift of genius, but rather by a steady determination to persevere. Energy and the will-power, when put into right relations to the artistic world, as in everything else, overcome all the difficulties in the way, and fail not to hew out a path to fame. Our propositions can not be better substantiated than by a perusal of his career as evidenced in the following

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. NAST was born September 27, 1840, at Landau, Bavaria, a place possessed of considerable historical interest. It is situated in the beautiful district of the Gueich, a slip of territory now belonging to the German Confederation, fifteen miles wide, from the Vosges Mountains on the west to the Rhine on the east, and about the same distance from the northern boundary of French Alsace on the south, to the northern face of this little square, where the river Gueich rolls by on its course toward the Rhine. On this river stands the fortress of Landau, one of the most striking specimens of the purely fortified town, as distinguished from a fortress proper, to be found. Since the fifteenth century it has been the scene of important events during nearly every great war. In the Thirty Years' War it was taken eight times—by the Swedes, Spaniards, Imperialists, and French. It was fortified by the famous French military engineer Vauban, in 1684, for the protection of the slip of Rhine country acquired by his ambitious sovereign, who, on its completion, ordered his proud motto—*Nec pluribus impar*—to be inscribed upon the gates. A century later, the bastions that Napoleon created became the outposts of Germany against the ambition of his successors. At the treaty of 1815, after the downfall of Napoleon, it was restored to the German Confederation, and intrusted to the custody of Bavaria, on whose territory it stands. Now it forms, naturally enough, a military eyesore to France, as it stands as a check upon her advance to the Rhine.

In this ancient city, with its quaintly picturesque houses, its fortifications, and its towers, lived the parents of young Nast. His father was a musician in a detachment of the Bavarian army stationed there, and his son often accompanied him upon his musical ex-

cursions in the *commanderie*, and to the pleasure *gardens* of the city. With the garrison young Nast became a favorite, and the commander noticing his fondness for military display, predicted that he would make a good soldier—a prophecy which has been proved true in the abstract; for the foresight and courage required in a warrior will be found in one who fights against ignorance and perverted democracy. In his expeditions to the pleasure *gardens* he began to exhibit a decided predilection for the profession in which he has since become noted. The walls were generally hung around with pictures of an historical or military character, and one entitled "Who Goes There?"—the celebrated picture of Napoleon and his sentry—made a deep impression upon the young artist's mind, and the same night, when he arrived home, he made a rough and somewhat crude sketch of it. After that incident his pencil was continually employed; every available piece of paper, and even the margins of newspapers, were fully illustrated by the youthful enthusiast. Making small waxen images was another employment in which he found delight. These, together with the usual sports of childhood, which were generally of a semi-military character, constituted the life of young Nast in the *fuderland*.

A few years after the birth of young Nast, his father, with other musicians, started from Landau with the intention of making a musical tour through France. But the breaking out of the Revolution while they were in one of the seaports, induced them to engage themselves on a French war vessel, from which they deserted to the "Ohio," an American cruiser, which, after a three years' cruise, returned to America. The father had written to his family to meet him in New York, and they—young Nast, his mother and sister—sailed from Havre in June, 1846, in the steerage of an emigrant vessel, and arrived in New York nearly three years before the "Ohio."

Shortly after his arrival young Nast was sent to school, where he made good progress in learning the English language. His taste for art, however, had not abated; and though he did not find many facilities for its development in the schools he attended, still he always stood at the head of his class as a draughtsman. His parents were not so well pleased with his tendency artward. In it they could discern no bright prospects. The father's musical life had not been so smooth as he had fondly hoped in his youthful dreams, and so the art fancies of his son were not looked upon with favor. "Why could he not be a watchmaker?" they said. Then he would be sure of earning from \$15 to \$20 a week—a splendid sum! But dollars did not float between the eyes of the young artist and his canvas as he pursued his studies. He now went to Kaufmann's academy, where he studied all day, going regularly for some months. Bryant's Gallery, then situated at the corner of Broadway and Thirteenth Street, consisting of old paintings brought by the proprietor from Europe, found young Nast a constant visitor. He obtained

permission to copy some of the pictures in oil; and one day, while busily employed, he was asked if he would take charge of the gallery, as the door-keeper had left, and copy pictures in the mean time. This he gladly accepted. The pay, however, was not much. He was to have all the money received from visitors, not exceeding six dollars per week, but the visitors and the six dollars were few.

Nast was now fourteen, and inspired with that spirit of independence characteristic of the American youth, who early think it is time to be "up and doing" something for a living, he applied to the proprietor of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper* for employment as draughtsman. Several applications were unsuccessful, until one day he took a drawing with him as a specimen of his skill, and was immediately taken into employment at the rate of five dollars per week. After he had been there some time he was advanced to seven dollars and a half; but, unfortunately, the following week brought with it the panic, and a reduction of twenty-five per cent. from his salary. But he worked on, steadily as ever, for three years longer, improving with every day from the practice he obtained, studying in the antique and life-departments of the School of Design at night, and then spending hours in close study in his own room, leaving time only for a few hours of sleep. This constant drain upon his constitution, however, soon threatened to injure him, and he relaxed his studies a little.

Nast found that he could do better by working for other papers on his own account, and soon gained a good connection among the illustrated papers. The *New York Illustrated News* was then in its infancy, and Nast was one of its chief contributors. At the time of the Heenan and Sayers' fight in England, Nast, who had always a strong desire to visit Europe, proposed to the proprietors of that paper to go over there and furnish them with sketches of the proceedings, about which the greatest excitement then prevailed, and in return they were to pay for the sketches, and refund him all expenses incurred on their account. The trip was a fortunate one for Nast.

On arriving in London he soon became a general favorite with both parties, and obtained reliable information of all their movements, which other artists from New York, owing to a pompous style of address, failed to do. Nast made several sketches of the fight and of incidents connected with it, which caused a sensation at the time of their publication in New York. Among the fighting community Nast was known as the "Little Dragsman"—a name given to him as a mark of their esteem. After the fight he visited the Epsom and Derby races, and made acquaintances among the editors of the London illustrated press. Then the news arrived in London that Garibaldi had gone to Sicily to fight for the independence of Italy, and he made arrangements with Mr. William Thomas, the principal engraver of the *Illustrated London News*, to furnish sketches from the seat of the coming campaign. But a serious obstacle presented itself to the

young artist; for, on examining the contents of a never over-flowing purse, he found that he had but a few pounds left—not sufficient, even, to pay his expenses, while the money advanced by the *New York Illustrated News* was all spent. True, he had more to draw, but he would have a month to wait, while Garibaldi might by that time have finished his campaign. Nast made a virtue of necessity, and for the first time in his life determined to borrow. His admiring and well-to-do friends were visited, but the old Bible excuses were ever ready. The sum he wanted was £20 (\$100), and he had asked every one except Heenan, the fighter. At last he broached the subject to him. "Well, 'Little Dragsman,'" said he, "I have not got it now, but if you come to-night and meet me here, you shall have your twenty pounds." Night came; he was at the trysting-place in time; and Heenan, rough, good-natured, true to his promise and his principle and to his American spirit, advanced him the money, for which Nast gave him a note on his New York publishers, and a duplicate on his mother.

Nast started for Genoa May 27, 1860, where he expected to find Garibaldi's headquarters, passing through France, Switzerland, over Mount Cenis, and arrived at Genoa on the first day of June. There he found the greatest excitement. All day long troops of brave volunteers, upon whom bright glances shone from bright eyes, and for whom cries and cheers went up from the glad hearts of the populace, marched in. Colonel Peard, Garibaldi's Englishman, and De Rohan, an American officer in Garibaldi's army, were then in the city; and to these gentlemen, as well as to the Hon. Mr. Patterson, the United States consul, Nast was introduced. Three ships, under the American flag, and with assumed names—the "Washington," "Oregon," and "Franklin"—arrived in the harbor, and were filled with volunteers making the second expedition to southern Italy under General Medici. Col. Peard and Nast accompanied the expedition, which was under the command of De Rohan. When they had been out a few days, a vessel was discerned making for them, sailing under a tri-colored flag; and as at that time the Neapolitan and Sardinian flags were alike, considerable uneasiness was manifested as to its nationality. De Rohan ordered the Stars and Stripes to be hoisted, and not over-trustful of his own recruits, ordered the artist to hoist it and stand by it, adding the encouraging remark: "If you stir, I will knock your brains out." Fortunately it was a Sardinian vessel, sent out to escort the expedition to Castellamare, where the troops landed, and then marched, under the command of Col. Peard, to Palermo, arriving at that place the day after its bombardment and capture by Garibaldi. Nast was then formally introduced to the red-shirted hero of Italy, and accompanied him to Mallazzo. A part of Garibaldi's army was then advancing on Messina, and the General wished to send ammunition to the besiegers. Accordingly, he sent Col. Peard, his aid, and Nast, accompanied by ten riflemen,

with a boat-load of powder and ammunition to that point; and they arrived at their destination on the very morning of the evacuation. Had they been a few hours earlier they would inevitably have been taken prisoners. Then the army went over to Italy, and up through the whole of Calabria, Garibaldi, as usual, with them. Col. Peard, who greatly resembled his leader, was generally sent ahead of the main body of the army, as a sort of blind, and Nast accompanied him. The two were often taken for Garibaldi and his son, greatly to the disgust of the young artist, who was deluged with kisses by men and women alike.

Often they met with romantic adventures and singular escapes; at Salerno the National Guard turned out to do them honor. But to go through the details of that campaign would take too much of our space. Nast was at the sieges of Capua and Gaeta, and entered Naples with the Garibaldians, where the people yelled out for three days and nights a glorious reception. During this time he had executed sketches of the war for the *Illustrated London News*, the *New York Illustrated News*, and *Le Monde Illustré*, of Paris. When the campaign ended he turned his face toward Rome, traveling in the company of Lord Seymour, an English nobleman, through Italy, visiting the imperial city of Florence, through Switzerland, the greater portion of Germany, not forgetting his native Landau, where he found some of his relatives still living.

Nast then turned his steps homeward, and arrived in New York in February, 1861, with a lifetime of experience gained in one year of European travel. But his finances reduced to the small sum of one and a half dollars, and several debts, contracted by his mother on his behalf, unpaid, he went on the *Illustrated News* again, and then gradually worked himself into *Harper's*. Time after time his sketches were "not accepted;" but still he did not despair; he was not composed of material easily discouraged, and finally one picture was accepted. Others were sent in, until he became an almost weekly contributor. Some of his very best pictures, those which have called forth the warmest commendations from the press and the people, have been repeatedly declined by publishers. The "Emancipation Proclamation" was twice refused, and finally published only after the issue of Lincoln's Proclamation itself. This was one instance of the foresight of the artist.

On September 26, 1861, seven months after his return from Europe, Nast was married, and commenced the duties of life in earnest. His wedding tour left him with only five dollars; but with married life came prosperity smiling through the window. Then he commenced painting scenes in his Garibaldian campaigns.

But the opening of a far grander campaign engaged his attention; the breaking out of the Rebellion compelled him to abandon his reveries among Italian memories and to transfer his thoughts and energies to the events of our own struggle, and in the following year appeared the remarkable series of illustrations

which have gained their author his enviable reputation. The bloody scenes that were being enacted upon Southern battle-fields presented subjects enough for his pencil, and in the 1862 yearly volume of *Harper's Weekly* we find many of his illustrations of battle strife. The New Year's number of that paper for 1863 presented two elaborate cartoons of an entirely different stamp from any of his former productions: "Santa Claus in Camp," and "Christmas Eve, 1862," which became very popular, not only at the Northern firesides, but in the camps of the armies in the South. The latter presents two tableaux; in the one a soldier sits by his camp-fire, gazing fondly upon a cherished likeness of his wife and child; while in the other, apparently coincident, the wife at home kneels within her chamber, through the open window of which streams the beautiful moonlight, praying for the safety of her loved one. It is a beautiful picture, and full of deep feeling. January 24, 1863, appeared "The Emancipation of the Negroes, January, 1863—the Past and the Future," which gave him at once an extended reputation for allegorical representation.

This was followed by "Southern Chivalry—dedicated to Jeff. Davis;" "War Sketches;" "The Result of War;" "The Life of a Spy," in nine tableaux, which contains the story of the life of the spy better than volumes of description. First we have the likeness of the Spy—In the Enemy's Works—In Pursuit—Who Goes There?—Suspected—Sentenced to be Hung—Safe Return—Telling his Adventures, etc.; "Honor the Brave;" "Thanksgiving Day, November 26, 1863;" "The Prisons at Richmond;" "Christmas, 1863," interspersed with war sketches gleaned from rapid visits to the seats of war. In January, 1864, appeared "New Year's Day North and South," a beautiful yet startling contrast; "Central Park in Winter," in a series of nine tableaux, is well represented by—The Ball is Up—Getting Ready—Put your Skates on, Mister!—New York Skating Club—Warming up—Sleighting on the Mall—Refreshments—and Skating on the Lake are life-like—original in conception—especially the last, for the artist with a vein of humor has introduced many prominent men skating, among whom Bennett has just had the misfortune to be tripped up by Greeley; "First of April, 1864," is also another specimen of the artist's love of the humorous. "Our Heroines—Sanitary Commission—On the Battle Field—In the Hospital—At the Fair, and In the Parlor," present us with scenes of kindness and love from the part taken in the war by our devoted ladies of the North. "The Press in the Field" presents another of those scenes so familiar on the field of battle, and is represented in twelve tableaux—Our Artist—Taking Notes—Sketching—A Correspondent—Contraband News—In Action—Reliable Information—The Newspaper in Camp—After the Battle—Names of the Wounded—Newspaper at Home—The Sketch Book; "The Campaign in Virginia—On to Richmond!" and "Our Flag," repre-

sented in eleven tableaux, all striking scenes of war truthfully pictured. "Central Park in Summer," which appeared in August, 1864, presented in eleven views a busy scene on the Mall, and among the brilliant throng a number of distinguished personages are felicitously introduced. Among them are Bryant the poet and Raymond of the *Times* side by side; Edwin Booth the actor resting on the arm of Launt Thompson the sculptor; General McClellan seated on one of the benches, while a cluster of ragged urchins are gazing admiringly upon him; Lester Wallack, Forrest, and James Parton and his wife "Fanny Fern," and altogether the sketch is a most happy idea. This was followed by perhaps the most noted of the artist's productions, "Compromise with the South—dedicated to the Chicago Convention," which a short time before had been in session, and in a series of resolutions had virtually declared for peace at any price. All the papers in which the cartoon appeared were immediately bought up by the Unionists, and so effective was it that the Union National Committee purchased the plate and circulated them by the hundred thousand. The good it accomplished was incalculable. The country was then divided on the subject of "peace at any price," or "no compromise with the South," and Nast's sketch was one of those agencies which quickly brought a healthy reaction. Soldiers and citizens were equally enthusiastic on its reception.

The artist had shown in his "Compromise with the South" what the North had to expect from such an event; and again he puts his pencil on paper to inspire with fresh vigor the dispirited troops. This time it is "The Blessings of Victory," and like "Compromise with the South," it tells its own story—"Peace comes by victory, not by submission, nor by an immediate cessation of hostilities."

It represented the "triumph of the people over their enemies, and the dawn of universal peace; the prison doors are open and the captives made free; they close only upon traitors who have struck at the national heart, while the soldier and the sailor return home to the loved ones, who welcome them from the field of battle and honor, not of armistice and armed truce; the slave raises his head as a man; and wide waving plenty and ripening summer overspread the land."

In October, 1864, appeared "The Chicago Platform," another of those most overwhelming and convincing pictured speeches for the Union, representing as it did the exact meaning of the Chicago Resolutions, of which McClellan and Mr. Pendleton were the official representatives.

In April, 1865, "Sumter 1861 and 1865," representing "The Eve of War" and "The Dawn of Peace," which was then gradually approaching; but which was so suddenly dimmed by the death of the nation's honored President, "Lincoln." "The Mourners at the Coffin" is a simple yet expressive picture, and well suggests a nation's grief. "Praise God From Whom all Blessings Flow," in the tab-

leaux, represents two remarkable scenes in the world's history, which may seem a little irrelevant; one is "The Saviour's Entry into Jerusalem," and the other, "The Surrender of General Lee and his Army to Lieut.-General Grant."

In 1866 appeared his "President Lincoln entering Richmond," well known for its truthfulness. Then came the famous "Bal d'Opera," on the evening of April 5th, where Nast gained for himself the reputation as a caricaturist.

The pictures that he exhibited there proved to be the great attraction of the ball, and Nast became immensely popular. The affair had its origin in this way. Nast saw an advertisement of Max Maretzek's, the lessee of the New York Academy of Music, in which he stated he was going to give a masquerade ball. A brilliant thought entered the artist's head. He wrote to Max, telling him that he would like to draw caricatures of prominent persons for exhibition at the ball. Max liked the idea, and made an appointment to meet Nast. They met and compared notes. Max's idea was that Nast should make water-color sketches of prominent men, so that the costumer might go by the pattern; but finally he acquiesced in the artist's original idea. From that time Max did not interfere, but left all to Nast. Max asked what would be the price. This the artist said would be more than he could pay, nearly \$2,000; but he wished only to be reimbursed for his outlay in the cost of frames, colors, etc., the time to be given in. Nast went immediately to work on his task. The number to be painted was sixty, and the time fixed for their completion only thirty days. At the day appointed all were finished and ready for inspection. Some of the pictures measured three feet by four, others four by six; all painted in *tempera*. This gives but a faint idea of the magnitude of the task and the industry of the artist. Rehearsal was to take place in the Academy, the musicians took their positions, while the artist and Maretzek looked on in silence. The pictures were brought out. Exclamations from the orchestra, however, soon demoralized the rehearsal; cries of "Oh, there's Zucchi!" "Oh, isn't it good of Max!" "There's Mazzolini!" so filled the house, all was laughter and confusion; but it was the monitor of success. Max was delighted with the idea as he walked around the large hall, with his hands far down into his pockets, grinning. When the evening of their exhibition came round, the people gathered in convulsed crowds around the pictures, and they proved to be the great event of the season, and the name of Nast was on every tongue.

Maretzek presented the artist with a magnificent gold watch, valued at \$250. Shortly after, the caricatures were sold at auction, and this event created a sensation only second to their exhibition.

Among the other designs which Nast has given us, we mention "Treason Made Odious;" "Why He (Davis) can not Sleep;" "The Uprising of Italy"—a grand conception; "Catakill Mountains"—twenty-seven views; "Andrew

Johnson's Reconstruction, and How It Works;" "Which is the More Illegal—The Massacre, or the Convention at New Orleans?" "The Tearful Convention;" "Andy's Trip;" "King Andy—How He Would Look"—based on the words of Seward: "Will you have Andrew Johnson King or President?" "Santa Claus—His Works—Christmas, 1866;" "Prometheus Bound;" "Slavery is Dead;" "Ignus Fatuus;" "Southern Justice." These pictures are yet fresh in the public mind, and need no description of ours.

In color, though Mr. Nast has not gained that point of excellence to which he is entitled as a designer and caricaturist, some of his paintings, however, are considered excellent. These are: "The Domestic Blockade;" "Just Come from Drill;" "Picketed Zouaves;" "Attacking the Home Guard;" "Who Goes There?" "The Intelligent Contraband;" "The Reliable Gentleman;" "The Soldier's Halt;" "The Yankee Decoy;" "Faithful Unto Death;" "Neapolitan Scenes;" "Peace Again;" "General Sherman's March Through Georgia—His Advance Arriving at a Plantation"—which an English critic declared to be "one of the most remarkable historical paintings," etc., etc.

Critics have always given Mr. Nast's paintings a favorable reception. They have pronounced them to be the only *historical* pictures of the war yet issued. In Jarves' "Art Idea"—a work well known to artists and connoisseurs—we find the following opinion of the talents and capacity of Mr. Nast:

"The lofty character and vast issues of our civil war have thus far had but slight influences on our art. Rarely have our artists sought to give even the realistic scenes of strife. This may be in part owing to their inaptitude in treating the human figure, or the delineation of strong passions and heroic action.

"Judging from wood-cuts in *Harper's Weekly* of compositions relating to the various stages of the war, NAST is an artist of uncommon abilities. He has composed designs, or rather given hints of his ability to do so, of allegorical, symbolical, or illustrative character far more worthy to be transferred in paint to the wall spaces of our public buildings, than anything that has as yet been placed upon them. Although hastily got up for a temporary purpose, they evince originality of conception, freedom of manner, lofty appreciation of national ideas and action, and a large artistic instinct."

It is to be hoped that Mr. Nast will realize these anticipations. If he puts into his work the same energy and industry that he has shown in former study, he can not fail to become one of the best of our historical painters. This, we understand, is the desire of Mr. Nast. He has already shown his capability on the block—let him now transfer his thoughts to canvas.

He contributed several illustrations to "The Tribute Book—A Record of the Munificence, Self-Sacrifice, and Patriotism of the American People During the War." The short-lived Mrs. Grundy received her only ray of light from Nast. His title-page was declared to be one of the best things that appeared in it. He is a regular contributor to the *Phunny Phellow*, giving the cartoon and two full-page designs each month. Nast also illustrated Nasby's

book, "Swingin Round the Cerkle," by eight full designs.

Mr. Nast is a hard worker. His two-page "Harper" cartoons, while he is engaged upon them, absorbs his whole spirit and energy. Some of them have been furnished in the short space of twelve hours' time, while others have occupied three to four days. All are remarkable for their attention to detail and beautiful finish. There is nothing forced, hurried, or unnatural about them. "Leap Frog"—a droll idea of the origin of that game, which appeared in the *Riverside Magazine*, was by Nast; he also designs many title-pages, and illustrates numerous miscellaneous works.

Mr. Nast lives in Harlem, near the corner of 125th Street and Fifth Avenue; has an artistically furnished home, where he spends most of his time engaged in his studio. He has lately erected a new addition for that purpose, which is undoubtedly the best of its kind, in point of arrangement, on Manhattan Island. This he intends to fit up for the express purpose of painting his large panorama and oil paintings.

In appearance Mr. Nast is of medium height, well proportioned and symmetrically built. His eyes are dark and *bright*, indicative of quick mental perception; his head is well shaped; his face is *artistic* in expression, if we may use such a word, with black moustache and goatee; while his broad expansive forehead is overshadowed with a dark mass of straight black hair. Nor does his fine head and face belie his private character, for he is one of the most agreeable of men and companions. In conversation his remarks sparkle with wit and good-humor. Sometimes he appears to have a sleepy, dreamy expression; at others he is full of vivacity; and his face is, as a critic said of his picture, "fresh and graphic, warm, and glowing with life—that would light up an Esquimaux snow-hut with streaks of summery sunshine."

LINES TO A DISEMBOodied SPIRIT.

PRECIOUS soul, what is thy state?
Hast thou knocked at heaven's gate?
Did they sound thy name within
And tell thee thou wert freed from sin?
Or did they say, "He knows thee not,
His holiness thou'st never sought?"
Does remorse dwell in thy breast,
Or hast thou found a heavenly rest?

Does the Saviour love thee now,
And place a crown upon thy brow?
Or does He bid thee go away,
And from his face forever stay?
Dost thou walk the "streets of gold"
Where songs of praise shall ne'er grow old?
Or is thy portion endless night,
Bereft of God, heaven's lasting light?

When thou seest thy grave below,
Does pride e'er in thy bosom glow?
Do the laurel wreaths seem fair,
Placed on thy tomb by kindred care?
Wouldst thou thy position change,
Or dost thou now the "sweet fields" range?
If thou couldst thy life live o'er,
Oh! wouldst thou love the Saviour more?

E. L. KETCHUM.

THE AMERICAN PHYSIOGNOMY.

A RECENT traveler in this country—a Scotchman by birth and education—makes the following observations, in an English paper, on an interesting subject:

"Some say the Americans have no physiognomy—a great mistake, I think. To me their physiognomy seems most strangely marked, bearing deep impress of that intensity which is the essence of their being. The features even of the young are furrowed with lines of anxious thought and determined will. You read upon the nation's brow the extent of its enterprise and the intensity of its desires. Every American looks as if his eyes were glaring into the far West and the far future. Nay, his mental physiognomy is determined by the same earnestness of purpose. The American never plays, not even the American child. He cares nothing for those games and sports which are the delight of the Englishman. He is indifferent to the play of either mind or music. Labor is his element, and his only relaxation from hard work is fierce excitement. Neither does he laugh.

"The Americans, I imagine, are the most serious people in the world. There is no play even in their fancy. French wit is the sparkle of the diamond that dazzles a *salon*; the American imagination flashes its sheet-lightning over half a world. The same terrible earnestness is, I am persuaded, at the bottom of that ill-health which is so serious a curse to American life. No doubt other things contribute—climate, stimulants, sedentary occupations, etc.—but the deepest-rooted cause of American disease is the overworking of the brain and over-excitement of the nervous system, which are the necessary consequences of their intense activity. Hence nervous dyspepsia, with consumption, insanity, and all its brood of fell disorders in its train. In a word, the American works himself to death."

[It is true that the American visage is sharp—like his mind—but it is *not* true that he is without love for music, play, and sport. Hunting, fishing, yachting, etc., are pursued somewhat differently here. We do not mount forty red-coats on horses and, with a pack of twenty hounds, chase a poor tame fox through open fields, across plains and meadows—with no woods—till out of breath, and then get up a great powwow over the achievement of killing the poor scared thing. We hunt foxes in the forests, deep, dense, and extensive, on foot. Nor do we separate a tame buck or doe from a flock in a park, and then put on the dogs, while "gentlemen" hunters ride horses over farms, tramping down the corn and other crops. We hunt deer in a very different way; nor are we required to pay five dollars a day for the privilege of fishing in any of our great rivers or lakes, as we should be required to do in England. It is true that most Americans *work* for a living, instead of *living* it out of the poor. As to disease, we admit we are not exempt; nor are they of the Old Country. Nor have we more of the insane or idiotic than they. We do not show so much beer or beef in our faces as John Bull—but we can outlift him, outrun him, outreap him, outsail him, and, we "guess," outwit him. John is dull, Jonathan is sharp; John is slow, Jonathan is fast; John is adipose, Jonathan is muscle. In short, compare us as you may, with whom you please, and we gain more than we lose. We have told the truth about the races in our NEW PHYSIOGNOMY, where all, English, Scotch, Irish, and the rest, may see themselves as they are.]

On Psychology.

The soul, the mother of deep tears, of high hopes infinite,
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless fancy's sight;
Lovely, but seldom it awakes,
Unfolding what no more might close.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

ANTHROPOLOGY. MAN MENTAL—MAN PHYSICAL.

BY J. A. NASH.

If I were to ask a child, who has read the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL a year or two, what is Physiology? he would say, "It is the science of the human body, explaining its various parts, and teaching how to keep them all in health and in good running order."

If I should ask a reader, more advanced in years, and a riper student of man, what is Psychology? he *might* answer, and most certainly *would*, if a thorough scholar, "It is the science of the human soul—of the life-principle common to man and the lower animals, since brutes live as well as man—the principle of sensation, since brutes, like men, see, hear, taste, smell, and feel; and the principle in which reside the lower appetites and the passions, for the brutes not only live and possess the bodily senses, much as men do, but they have their appetites and passions, their likes and their dislikes, their loves and their hatreds toward each other, and often such strifes for the mastery as may be called brutal, whether perpetrated by brutes or men. Not that the body does these things; the body does nothing after the soul has left it; it is therefore the soul, whether of man or brute, that lives; that sees, hears, tastes, smells, and feels; that possesses appetites and passions."

If I ask a third person, still more advanced in the study of man, what is Pneumatology? he will tell me, "It is the science of spiritual natures, especially of man's spirit; that the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, everywhere makes a wide distinction between soul and spirit, ascribing the former equally to men and the lower animals, the latter to man only of all terrestrial beings; and that common sense and sound philosophy harmonize perfectly with the divine teachings so far as yet applied to the subject." And perhaps he will add, "that the non-application of common sense and rational investigation to the subject is the reason for theology having confounded two words so distinct, the one, soul, expressing qualities common to man and all lower orders of being; the other, spirit, implying qualities common to man and to all higher orders of being—to angels and archangels, and to Him that sitteth on the throne."

If I ask a fourth, and am successful in the selection of one whose investigations have been patient, deep, prying into our inner life and being, what is Anthropology? I think he will tell me, "It is Physiology, Psychology, and Pneumatology, all combined and applied to the study of man in all his parts, his whole nature, corporeal, psychical, and spiritual, involving the momentous questions, What is

man? What are his prospects for a future life? and How should those prospects react upon and influence his present life?"

What is man? Contrast him with the brute, and we see that there is a difference. We see and know that this is not a mere superficial difference. It is not that one is more finely organized physically than the other; not that one has a nervous system superior to the other; not that man has a larger cerebral development than the brute. The distinction is innate, radical, proceeding from the interior life and being. Man is different from the mere animal, not because he has a superior organization. It is directly the reverse. He has a superior organization because he has a superior nature.

We must learn to distinguish between man and man's body. The body is not the man. It is no essential part of the man. Its office is temporary. While in this material world it is suited to man's circumstances and wants, but it is no essential part of the man himself. He is one thing, his body is another; it is the house he lives in. You may say he lives in the house on the hill, built by his father or by himself, or purchased by one or the other. Very well; that house may be well fitted to his local wants, and specially well to his family requirements; it may be a delightful home for him and them. Yet no man wishes to be always at home, however lovely and happy his home may be. Business and pleasure sometimes call him away. But in this world of mixed good and evil, honest men and rogues, some, his personal friends and others his personal enemies, he does not wish to be seen and read of all he meets, when he goes from his home. Hence, he needs, while here in these earthly conditions, another house, unlike his stationary house on the hill, or in the valley, as the case may be; one that is locomotive, that will accompany him wherever he goes, stay where he stays, and return with him to his home, when he returns. In the body, man has such a house; it goes wherever he tells it to go; nay, it does not wait to be told; it moves at the *will* and pleasure of the master within. It conceals him; it protects him from any villainous scrutiny that might be attempted. He can look out of those two windows just under his brows and see other men's locomotive houses as they can see his, but he can not see the men themselves unless they choose that he should, nor can they see him unless he is willing they should see him.

Reader, did you ever consider how perfectly any one can be ensconced in "this earthly house of the tabernacle?" How he can be alone in the mart of men? as unseen in crowded streets as in the desert? It is even so. If I were to ask, Have you ever seen an angel? you would probably say No. Were I to ask, Have you ever seen a human being? perhaps you would say, Yes, thousands. It is a mistake; you never saw a human being. You look on the tabernacle in which one lives, and you form an estimate what sort of man or woman lives in it; the man or woman you do

not see, never have, and never will, so long as in earthly conditions. You see certain expressions on the front of the tabernacle, indicating at one time sorrow and at another joy; now hope and then despair; various emotions of the indweller you see shadowed forth, but the indweller's self you do not see, and never can till the "outward man" is thrown off and the inward man is revealed; nor even then, unless you yourself be first endowed with other eyes than those of the bodies we now inhabit.

If we would know ourselves; if we would comprehend those great truths which philosophy teaches obscurely, but which a divine revelation teaches far more reliably, concerning our own future; if we would absorb the rays of immortality which come to us from science, and drink in the beams of light which revelation unavails to us on this subject; in short, if we would cherish those influences from a future life which shine on our pathway in this life, and be molded by them to a stronger faith and a purer virtue, we must divest ourselves of the old error, that the body is the man, or any essential part of him.

We must learn to think of the body as the house we individually live in; movable at the will of the occupant, but not the occupant; necessary to our present state of being, but not necessary to all states of being that are possible; as something which, for aught we now know, may be as cheerfully put off, when we pass from this to another state, as the extra garments of winter are left behind when we feel the genial warmth of spring and quaff its sweet odors; something from which we may depart as joyously at death, as we would here leave an old and dilapidated hovel for a new and commodious dwelling.

We must learn to think of the soul—the life, the bodily senses, the lower appetites and the passions, common to men and brutes—as not in itself inherently immortal, but as made immortal by its intimate conjunction with the divine spirit breathed into man by the Creator. No sane philosophy ascribes this to the brute. Revelation nowhere ascribes it to the inferior races on our globe, but it everywhere ascribes it to man. It ascribes it to him, when it tells us that "God made man in his own image;" when it declares "there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding;" when it represents that "he who ruleth his own spirit"—in whom the spirit, that highest element in man's nature, dominates and controls all the lower elements—"is better than he that taketh a city;" and in a thousand other places, if earnestly studied and rightly understood, in their relation to this subject.

But man is not yet sufficiently studied by man. The *gnōthi seauton* (know thyself) is always ringing in our ears, but we do not heed it. Astronomers have soared higher in tracing the stars than man in tracing his upward destiny. Geologists have probed the earth more deeply, and with intenser earnestness, to discover its formations and transformations, than man has sounded the mysteries of his own nature to learn what he is and what he may become, by co-working with God in the way of humble faith and earnest seeking after self-knowledge for his own elevation.

Religious Department.

Know,
Without or star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worship God shall find him. Humble love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven;
Love finds admission where proud science fails.
—Young's Night Thoughts.

EXPRESSION.

* THE human soul is seeking ever for visible forms in which to place the invisible treasures of its inner sanctuary. A holy thought descends from the infinite mind of God into the mind of man, and brings with it a desire for expression.

Sacred and dear the thought may be, yet the soul that claims it is not satisfied until a body is found somewhat fitting its fair proportions in which it can be enshrined and sent forth a messenger to gain recognition from kindred souls. Varied are the forms with which these children of the mind and soul are robed.

The artist copies upon the canvas from the scroll within. High thought and heavenly beauty dwelling in the sculptor's soul, are carved in marble by his hand. The sweet emotions of the poet's heart he folds in words, and in their rhythmic glow he read something of the sorrow and the gladness of his life. With words the bold reformer's mighty thoughts are clothed, and bear with them a power to revolutionize the world. Historian, sage, and prophet tell in words to anxious waiting hearts the wonders of the past, the glories of the future.

Marvelous indeed is the power of words when in them lies the true expression of an earnest soul. But however perfect their arrangement, however musical their sound, unless in them vibrates and thrills this living soul, they are at most a beautiful body into which a spirit has never entered.

He who has little in his soul to express will readily furnish a way in which the world can read it all. Words are at his command and he uses them without stint, but they reach only the ear of him who listens, for they contain no power to bear them farther. Yet all he *felt* is in them, and he is satisfied.

It is he, within whose being there are depths of harmony and sympathy and love God's eye alone can fathom, thoughts and aspirations words can never measure, to whom it is most difficult to find avenues of expression, and who is most dissatisfied with all his attainments.

The real artist, perfect as his work may be, can paint upon the canvas only the shadow of his purest visions. The real sculptor is able to form the marble into only a skeleton of his highest conceptions. The real poet writes only the preface to the story of his inner life. But it is not the outward form of the artist's, the sculptor's, or the poet's thought that impresses the mind of him who beholds. It is the thought itself. The soul of the artist upon the canvas, the soul of the sculptor in the marble, the soul of the poet in his words—and

back of this, it is the soul unexpressed, that gives power to that expressed.

Who has not, in the hour of affliction, read more sympathy in the few broken words of one than in the smoothly flowing sentences of another? More love in silence, even, than in loud protestations.

All power is from within, and it sometimes happens that a great soul is enshrined in a small body, so, often, in feeble forms, are the mightiest thoughts expressed.

He who can use words most flippantly when addressing the Divine Being does not prove that he has most love and reverence for Him. For what soul, drawn by the chord of love near the great source of its being, filled and overflowing with gratitude, can easily find in weak human words the expression of its thankfulness, its yearnings, and its needs? The deepest, truest, holiest prayers are wordless ones, those prayers that, "unheard by the world, rise silent to God."

He who can talk most freely of his inner life has that life not very far from the surface. He who can give expression at all to his deepest, most sacred thought, who can say to any form, "Ye are the embodiment of my inmost soul," is certainly the possessor of a very small soul. "Thank God! bless God! all ye who suffer not more grief than ye can weep for! That is light grieving," said one, who "soared and sang as never woman soared and sang before;" and as her tears were but the expression of her lightest grief, so was her life's best song but the key-note to purer, holier harmonies within.

"A few can touch the magic string,
And noley fame is proud to win them;
Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them."

Blessed and fortunate are they who have the power to "touch the magic string" and pour forth the melody of their souls in strains for mortal ears; but God may count those not less fortunate who "can not put in words the grief they feel," nor mold in any form their souls' bright vision. Though they "never sing" in earthly strains, can they, dear poet, "die with *all* their music in them?" Is the spirit of the flower, its perfume, lost to him who gazes on the outward form? Can a sweet soul make music in itself, and be unheard? Does love need words to make itself felt? As God has a plainer way of speaking to the soul than through any outward form, so it may be that the pure thoughts and holy aspirations of one heart find readier access to other hearts when unfettered by any clinging robe. Sure it is that a loving soul will, in some way, make its love known; a beautiful soul, its beauty seen; a good soul, its goodness felt.

The sweetest song will ever be unsung, the holiest thought be ever unspoken; but He who fashions the human heart will never let a chord be touched in vain. HOPE ARLINGTON.

EVERY prayer put forth has its effects on the one who utters it, and so of every curse.

MAN'S SPIRITUAL NATURE.

BY ULYSSES HERTIG.

It is an indisputable fact that man, by the decree of his Creator, as manifested in his organization, is a spiritual and religious being. No question that engages our attention can be regarded as more definitely settled. Neither the rude ignorance and ungoverned passions of barbarity, nor the luxurious dissipation and mad perversions of a debauched civilization, have ever suppressed the manifestations of the religious elements of the human mind. Phrenologically speaking, the organs of his Spirituality, Veneration, and Hope grasp "the throne of the invisible" and drink the sweet music of the celestial spheres. As the social group of domestic propensities make man a social being, so does the spiritual group of sentiments make him a worshiping *intelligence*, a believer in "the divinity," an *heir of immortality*! An omnipotent, all-wise, and benevolent God has founded the laws of nature in harmony, and *has not* mocked humanity with inherent desires never to be gratified—aspirations never to be realized. The spiritual nature which lifts the willing soul above earthly things to commune with God and hope for an after-life of perennial joys, will surely waft that soul, in the hour of dissolution, to the full fruition of heaven.

It is therefore evidently a consideration of grave import, a question demanding earnest attention—what constitutes the legitimate exercise of the spiritual and religious nature. Certainly not a senseless idolatry; nor a revolting superstition of absurd ceremonies and bloody sacrifices; nor yet a persecuting intolerance of frightful inhumanity and unreasonable tenets!

All history, sacred and profane, bears witness to the gross perversions of the spiritual and religious elements of the human mind. What atrocities have not been perpetrated in the name, even, of Christianity, whose divine founder showed such forbearance, meekness, and humility! Reflect but for a moment on the suffering and bloodshed of those unhallowed crusades in which millions perished; on the horrible burnings at the stake which occurred, about three centuries ago, throughout Europe; on the demoniacal tortures of the Spanish Inquisition, which make the blood chill, despite the lapse of time! Aye, it is too true, that Spirituality may become as deeply perverted as Amativeness, Veneration as Combativeness, Hope as Acquisitiveness. Now faith, being the emanation of the spiritual nature, may be true or false, to the extent that this nature is legitimately or perversely exercised; and the folly of making faith *superior* to reason, or *independent* of reason, as a guide to the proper exercise of the spiritual nature, becomes apparent, since it is only by the use of the *intellect* that we discover the *vagaries of faith*. Besides, it is very doubtful whether, in *this era*, faith ever *assumes* to act independently of reason in a sane or concordant mind. I here use the word *faith* as the *formation* and embodiment of belief concerning God, His divine govern-

ment, "the after-life," and the duties growing out of this belief; and I mean, when speaking of the *independent action* of faith, its action through *inspiration* in furnishing the intellect with data, and forming belief independent of the data which intellect gathers from *other* sources. The Bible teaches us, if we accept its authenticity, that the prophets were inspired, and by this means foretold the future coming of Christ. Again, that the Apostles were inspired to record Christ's examples and teachings. The vast number of Christian churches, or branches of the Christian Church, rest on this basis. We have also Mohammedanism and Mormonism resting on the alleged inspiration of Mohammed and of Joseph Smith. Is God really contradicting himself or changing his purposes, as is true of earthly rulers? Amid the maze of the astounding number of faiths, it is certainly the province of *intellect* to discriminate truth from error. Faith *can not* reason; and when it acts upon a basis that is not furnished by enlightened reasoning, the most contradictory sects spring up as rapidly as Jonah's gourd.

Faith is *above* reason, as reason is *above* perception; but when the reasoning faculties are exercised independently of the percepts, how baseless and worthless is the imposing superstructure which they create! The animal kingdom is above the vegetable, but destroy the latter and what becomes of the former?

The spiritual nature of man instinctively seeks to worship God and grasp heavenly and immortal things; it says to intellect, You must not outrage my desires by atheistic speculations, but *reason to my wants*. Conscientiousness and Benevolence also say, We hold you to a course of investigation and reasoning that will not outrage justice and humanity; and under these restraints intellect *must* shape its judgments.

We have already stated that there are an astounding number of faiths, and we recur to the fact merely to glance at the earnestness of their respective devotees. Now it can not be doubted that there is great sincerity among Catholics, among Protestants, among Jews, among Swedenborgians, among Spiritualists, among Mormons, among Mohammedans, and the other hundreds of divisions and subdivisions of these. Many of these different creeds assert that God has approved, and does approve *their* religion. Nothing can be more fatal to human progress and human happiness than the prevailing tendency to decry intellectual research in religious matters, and bandy the epithets of unbelief and infidelity where there is an honest difference of opinion growing out of different intellectual views. "In the agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom." The blind bigotry which frowns upon any deviation from its own accepted dogmas must be fought and crushed, extirpated root and branch, by the continued study of nature and revelation—always, too, in that spirit which can truly say:

"If I am right, Thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find the better way."



PORTRAIT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

The Mohammedan bows to the shrine of Mecca, and the heaven he views is peopled with voluptuous houri, beckoning him to the bowers of pleasure and lustful embrace. To him the *Christian* is an infidel. Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, George R. Cannon, and the other Mormon leaders—men, too, of splendid intellectual and *spiritual* endowments—shout "gentile" to those who dispute their divine mission. Are our Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Lutheran, Campbellite, or Disciple, and other friends of Christian denominations, quite as charitable in passing judgment upon each other and the rest of mankind as they should be?

To those who profess *Christ*, the meekness, humility, and forbearance He uniformly displayed should eminently radiate their lives.

Friends of religion, truth, and progress, be *charitable*, and *encourage* intellectual inquiry. Rest assured God will protect the *right*.

FAMOUS HISTORICAL PERSONAGES.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

ELIZABETH TUDOR lived in the glory of her great acts, still lives in the mighty issues of a world, but the beautiful romance of her name, which surrounded her youth, is buried in the tragedy of Mary Stuart.

Mary the beautiful!—the lady that still steals away hearts from Elizabeth by her woman-witchery and the touching romance of her life—a popular heroine in the very Scotland that outcast her, a sainted martyr in the eyes of the England that condemned her and held its jubilee at the tragic death of the Catholic claimant to its throne!

Mary Stuart in her relation to the royal family of England was the great-granddaughter of Henry VII., granddaughter of the eldest

sister of Henry VIII., and daughter of James V. of Scotland. On her mother's side, and related to France, she was, by James V., daughter of Mary de Guise, dowager Duchess of Longueville. She had more of her French mother's race in her than the strong consistent character of the Scottish people. Her mother was the eldest daughter of Claude de Lorraine, first Duc de Guise, who married Antoinette de Bourbon, the grandmother of whom Mary makes often mention in her letters. Charles Cardinal de Lorraine was her uncle. He was very handsome, and was said to be the paramour of Catherine de Medici. The line of Guise was a younger branch of the house of Lorraine, whose princes considered themselves the true representatives of Charlemagne, and the Capetian kings of France as beneath their quality. "The family of Lorraine in all its branches were remarkable for beauty, lofty stature, impetuous valor, and that degree of brilliant genius which is seldom attended with great worldly prosperity, and induces withal

no little turbulence."—[Agnes Strickland.] We see at a glance that it is from the Lorraines that Mary Stuart received her type of character and person. Their beauty, gallantries, and chivalrous spirit, she and her offspring, especially Charles II., partook largely of; and both the Stuarts and the Guises were almost equally ill-fated. In the civil wars of France, the family of Guise headed the ultra-Catholic faction, and were as troublesome to their kings as were the leaders of the Huguenots. In this, also, she unfortunately resembled them; for, aside from the relative good of the Catholic or Protestant spirit, nothing could be more ill-fated than for Mary to be an ultra-Catholic Guise, yet queen of a nation of stern Presbyterian Knoxes, alike among its nobles, clergy, and people, besides being a rival in beauty and family claims to the Juno of Protestant England whom her claims made bastard.

Mary Stuart was born December 5, 1542, and she succeeded her father to the throne of Scotland when but eight days old. James Hamilton, Earl of Arran, the nearest heir to the queen, was declared regent, and in July of the following year he concluded a treaty with Henry VIII., by which Mary was to be sent to England, at the age of ten, to be married to Prince Edward. She was crowned on the 16th of September, 1543, and in December the Scotch Parliament, through the management of Mary de Guise, declared the last treaty null, whereupon Henry, the following May, sent troops into Scotland, under the command of the Earl of Hertford, and a war was waged for two years, peace being proclaimed June, 1546. Henry VIII. died in January of the next year, and in 1548 Hertford, now Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector of England, published an address (February, 1548) to the people of Scotland to prove the advantage of the proposed marriage between Edward VI. and Mary, at

the same time sending Lord Grey de Wilton with an army, which took Haddington and left an English garrison there. The Scotch lords immediately assembled at Stirling, and decided upon offering the infant Mary in marriage to the Dauphin of France, and proposed that she should be educated at the court of Henry II., upon which the French sent troops under d'Esse, who at once opened the siege of Haddington, aided by 8,000 Scotch. In July, M. Dessoles, ambassador from France, obtained the ratification of marriage between the Dauphin and Mary, and in August the French fleet received on board the infant Queen of Scots and her mother to bear them to France. In the successful management of Mary de Guise in forming a match for her daughter with France, educating her at its court, and making her both French and Catholic, she had worked out an evil fate for her daughter. Had the lords of Scotland stood by their first treaty with Henry VIII., and married Mary to Edward the Protestant, her fate most likely had been different.

August 13 she disembarked at Brest, and was directly conducted to St. Germain en Laye and affianced to the Dauphin. She was then not six years of age.

April 4, 1558, during a dangerous fit of sickness, Mary Stuart assigned, at Fontainebleau, the kingdom of Scotland and all her rights to the throne of England to the King of France and his successors. This was outraging both England and Scotland, and as we have seen in our Life of Elizabeth, Henry II. of France had treacherously plotted to betray Elizabeth into France, during that princess' distress, in her sister's reign, to give her the fate that afterward befell his daughter-in-law, Mary, whose path to the English throne he was clearing. Perhaps Elizabeth copied him in this, for she forgot not such nor forgave, and a quarter of a century afterward she still urged in the sum of her wrongs against Mary Queen of Scots, that she had given *her* throne to France. Nor was this cause of bitterness sweetened to Elizabeth, when two years afterward she came to the throne of England, for Mary and her husband, the Dauphin, by the advice of Henry II. assumed the arms (publicly on their carriages) and titles of King and Queen of England.

Mary Stuart was married to the Dauphin April 24, the same month of her sickness, and the Dauphin was immediately styled King of Scotland. Next year Henry II. died, and her husband succeeded under the name of Francis II., and her cousin Elizabeth mounted the throne of England in the autumn of the same year. Both of these rival queens are now fairly launched on their sea of fate. Which shall win? What *could* win against the lioness of England, if it contended with her? or called her *bastard*, or claimed her throne?

Soon after the ascension of Elizabeth, a treaty was signed (July 5, 1560) at Edinburgh, in which the ambassadors of Francis and Mary acknowledged that the crowns of England and Ireland belonged to Elizabeth, and that Francis and Mary ought no longer to assume the titles of sovereigns of those countries. On December 5 of the same year Francis II. died, and was

succeeded by his brother, Charles IX., aged ten years, and the government of France devolved on Catherine de Medicis, and thus Mary Stuart is left a widow on her very birthday, aged sixteen. She quitted the court of France early in 1561, to pass the winter with her uncle, Cardinal de Lorraine. While with him the Earl of Bedford, Mewtas, and Throgmorton, English envoys, solicited earnestly Mary Stuart to ratify the treaty of Edinburgh (on Jan. 5, February 19, April 13, and June 23), but she always answered that she could not do it without the consent of her council; yet that council had already done it. Thus she continued to claim Elizabeth's rights—still, in effect, called her illegitimate.

M. d'Oysel asked permission for Mary to pass through England on her way to Scotland, but Elizabeth angrily refused, as well she might. On the 15th of August, Mary set sail with three of her uncles, and some Scotch and French noblemen, and disembarked at Leith, August 19, having eluded the vessels of Elizabeth, which, nevertheless, took one of her galleys; thus the Queen of England treated her as a rival sovereign in open warfare, and Mary ought ever to have considered that this was Elizabeth's inevitable position until, at least, she resigned her title superior to the daughter of Anne Boleyn as Queen of England. Nor must it be forgotten that Pope Paul indorsed Mary's claims against Elizabeth, as the bastard of Henry VIII., in favor of his Catholic protégée.

Mary appointed James Murray (her natural brother) and Maitland her prime ministers. Soon after her arrival in Scotland, an epistolary correspondence was opened between her and Elizabeth. In October the ministers of England again insisted on the treaty of Edinburgh, and forbade her to bear the arms and titles of England, but January 5, 1562, she still refused to ratify the treaty, and declared that it would be a renunciation of her birthright. But this was subterfuge, for she would still have been the next in succession to her cousin Elizabeth. Its amount was that she still persisted in her claims on the English throne, to the exclusion of Harry VIIIth's daughter—still was she the standing proclamation of Elizabeth's illegitimacy. The protest of a nation, against her bearing the title of its queen, was as naught to the ill-advised woman who also, in spite of the loud stern voice of her own Scotland against it, sought to impose upon it the fiercely hated church of the past. This was consistent enough in a Catholic daughter of the proud house of Lorraine, who felt more their own princely egotism, and the "right divine" of sovereigns, than respect for the popular voice of a nation. But the unfortunate Mary fell on fiercely earnest times, and John Knox, the son of the people, was more of a monarch, with "right divine" at his back, than was Mary Stuart.

Mary was thrown upon almost a republican age, and not long after her day her grandson Charles I. shared the fate then in reserve for his grandmother, Mary, because both warred against the earnest progressive character of

the age and the people. Elizabeth on the other hand led the times, was the people's queen, even more than the queen of the nobles, and she lived to the glory of her kingdom. Hence even the Puritans (for the age ran too fast even for the mighty Elizabeth) idolized her, in spite of her severity to them for their semi-republicanism, for she had overturned the Catholic power in her realm, battled against it everywhere, and never monarch lived more to the greatness of England and the best interest of the people. Elizabeth and the age ran together, but poor Mary Stuart ran against it, and against Scotland and England.

Mary soon felt this lack of fitness and harmony between herself and her surroundings in her native Scotland, and the Scotch people were sternly conscious that she had brought France and the Guises to them, while Knox and his earnest disciples felt that she had brought Rome and the past to plant again in their land. Nor could Mary understand that it was she, and not the nation, who must bend or break by right, as well as might; for Scotland, and not Mary, was the right. But we must not hold our ill-fated heroine accountable for her non-fitness to the surroundings, in her sentiments and character, nor for the evil shapings of her life. She is more to be pitied than blamed, even in her very faults, while in the long dark days of her adversity we see much to love and admire of that which is good and beautiful in woman.

In the month of May, 1562, after Mary Stuart had refused to ratify the treaty of Edinburgh, a meeting between the two queens was proposed, to take place at the end of August, which Mary eagerly accepted; but six weeks before the time fixed, Elizabeth made numerous excuses for declining the meeting. In August, 1563, her uncle, Cardinal Lorraine, proposed the Archduke Charles of Austria for Mary in marriage; and Feb., in 1564, Randolph, Elizabeth's ambassador, urged, in his Queen's name, Mary Stuart to give her hand to Dudley, afterward the famous Earl of Leicester, but the Queen of Scots replied that it was beneath her dignity to marry a mere subject. By the advice of her council she also refused the Duke of Anjou and all her other foreign suitors—the Archduke Charles of Austria, the Prince Condé, and the Dukes of Ferrara, Orleans, and Nemours.

James Beaton was the last Catholic archbishop of Glasgow, who fled from Scotland when his religion fell; but Mary ever considered him in his old character, and he was one of her chief correspondents and advisers throughout her life. Her letters to him were written "To the Archbishop of Glasgow, my Ambassador in France." What could be politically more discordant than for a sovereign of Scotland to have an archbishop of Glasgow that the nation had rejected, an ambassador in France—who was the ambassador of the Queen, but not of Scotland? In her epistle to him, about the time of her rejecting the match with Dudley, she writes to the archbishop of the "return of Melvin, whom I sent to the

queen my sister, with an apology for some letters which I have written to her, and which she considered rather rude; but she took the interpretation which she put upon them in good part, and has since sent to me Randolph, who is here at present, and has brought some very kind and polite letters, written by her own hand, containing fair words and some complaints that the queen [Catherine de Medicis] and her ambassador had assured her that I had published, in mockery, proposals which she had made me to marry Lord Robert."

It is Robert Dudley, afterward the Earl of Leicester, that is here referred to, and it is evident that Elizabeth at this time was not pleased at Mary's rejecting him; and whether she did or not make mockery of the proposal, it is certain that Leicester never forgave her, but became in her captivity one of her greatest enemies. Her letters, which were considered by Elizabeth as rather rude, which Melvin was sent to soften down by apology, were prior to her sending Randolph, who made the proposal of marriage with Dudley, and perhaps had reference to her persistent claims upon the English throne, which Elizabeth always interpreted as tantamount to calling her bastard; if so, we might imagine how much in "good part she took the interpretation which she put upon them."

April 14, 1564, the Countess of Lennox, daughter of Margaret, eldest sister of Henry VIII., solicited the hand of the Queen of Scots for her son, Lord Henry Darnley, who, after Mary Stuart, was next in succession to the throne of England, and an Englishman by birth. He arrived at the court of Scotland February, 1565. Mary was much pleased with her cousin Henry, and, April 18, she decided on marrying him, and announced it to Elizabeth, but the Queen of England sent Sir Nicholas Throgmorton to change her resolution, at the same time arrested the Countess of Lennox, and summoned her husband and son to return to England, upon pain of confiscation. In the next month Murray and the Dukes of Châtelherault (the former regent, James Hamilton) and Argyle, assured of Elizabeth's protection, formed a plot to prevent the marriage (Darnley being a Catholic), and to put Murray at the head of the government. The conspirators made the attempt to seize her July 3, near the church of Beith, on the road between Perth and Callander; but being informed thereof, she passed much earlier than expected, and escaped.

Having received the approbation of the King and Queen of France, Mary married Darnley in the chapel of Holyrood, July 29, and ordered that he be addressed by the title of king during her life. Tamworth was thereupon sent by Elizabeth to remonstrate upon this subject, but he was seized and confined in the Castle of Dunbar. In October, Mary, who had much of the heroine in her, at the head of 18,000 men drove the conspirators from Dumfries, and Murray fled to England and was received at the court of Elizabeth.

Early in her marriage days came the notorious Rizzio episode in her life, and the stern

lords of Scotland, under Ruthven, seized her favorite (pretended paramour) in her presence, and dragging him into her chamber, murdered him, Douglas striking him the first blow with Darnley's dagger, which he took from him for that purpose. Mary two days afterward gained her ascendancy over Darnley, and took refuge with him in the Castle of Dunbar, where she assembled 8,000 men, and the executioners of Rizzio fled to Berwick.

June 19, 1566, she was delivered of James VI., and October she was at the point of death, but recovered and sent an epistle to the council of England touching her rights and those of her son to the English throne, there having been a debate in the English Parliament urging Elizabeth to name her successor, which put that queen into a furious passion, and Mary's reference to the matter did not allay it.

James was baptized December 16, and the Earl of Bedford attended the ceremony on the part of England, but Darnley absented himself from the ceremony, because Elizabeth had forbidden her ambassador to give him the title of king. Murray, Huntly, Argyle, and Bothwell, previous to this, had tried to prevail on Mary to divorce Darnley, from whom she had become estranged, but she would not consent; and then these nobles decided on the death of Darnley, and Balfour wrote an engagement to that effect which he signed, together with Bothwell, Argyle, and Huntly.

January 4, 1567, Darnley being taken ill of the small-pox at Glasgow, the queen joined him, and an apparent reconciliation took place, and she brought him back to Edinburgh and lodged him in a house outside the walls of the city, called Kirk-of-Field, and the conspirators filled the cellars of the house with gunpowder. February 9, Mary left Darnley at eleven o'clock at night, to attend a ball which she had given on the marriage of two of her favorite French servants, and retired a little after twelve o'clock to her chamber at Holyrood; at two in the morning the house of Kirk-of-Field was destroyed by gunpowder, and the body of Darnley was found in the garden with that of his favorite page. Mary, in a letter to her archbishop and ambassador in France, declared her belief that the same fate was designed for her, as she had been lodging with Darnley until that night, and piously expressed her opinion that her going out to the ball was something more than chance—a divine interposition of Providence to save her—and this she stood to in after-years. It is to be hoped that Mary was not so disingenuous as this would seem to make her, for it was Bothwell who was the chief in the murder of Darnley, and she herself was Bothwell's prize. At least afterward she knew all this, and that Murray her brother was also concerned in that tragedy. The circumstance of her leaving her sick husband that night, and retiring to her chamber at Holyrood, while the conspirators were executing their dark deed, is the chief presumptive evidence, taken with relative facts, that has been urged against Mary as touching her implication in her husband's murder; and to the day of his

death, Lennox (Darnley's father) sternly persisted in holding Mary in the account.

The Queen of Scots convoked a Parliament, to bring to trial the supposed murderers, and Lennox formally accused Bothwell, but intimidated by the strength of Bothwell's partisans, Lennox proposed an adjournment of the trial, and did not go to Edinburgh. The lords of Scotland in the murderer's interest heeded not Lennox's request, but in a court of justice, with the Duke of Argyle presiding, declared Bothwell innocent. Thereupon the Scotch nobles, April 19, signed a memorial in behalf of Bothwell, praying the queen to marry him. Two days later Mary went to Stirling to see her son, and on her way back, April 24, she was seized by Bothwell and carried to Dunbar Castle, of which place a short time before she had given him command. After being detained there ten days, Mary returned with Bothwell to Edinburgh, who early in May obtained a divorce from his wife, Jane Gordon, and on the 12th of May he accompanied Mary Stuart to Tollbooth where, in the presence of the lords of the sessions, she pardoned him for the violence which he had recently done her. The following is the

Promise of Marriage given by Mary to Bothwell.

We, Mary, by the grace of God, Queen of Scots, Dowager of France, etc., promise faithfully and sincerely, and without constraint James Hepbron, Earl Bodwill (Bothwell) never to have any other spouse and husband but him, and to take him for such whenever he shall require, in spite of the opposition of relation, friend, or any others; and as God has taken my late husband Henry Stewart, called Darnley, and in consequence I am free, not being under authority of either father or mother; I therefore protest that, he having the same liberty, I shall be ready to perform the ceremony requisite for marriage, which I promise him before God, whom I call to witness, and the subjoined signature by my hand written this * * * [no date.] MARY R.

—["Letters of Mary Stuart," edited by Agnes Strickland.]

On the 14th of May the queen ratified in writing the act of the Scotch nobles in favor of her marriage with Bothwell, and on the next day she was married to him at Holyrood House. Du Croc, the French ambassador, loudly protested against this infamous marriage, and in his dispatch told his sovereign that "if it had not been for the express commands your majesty laid on me, I had departed hence eight days before the marriage took place. If I have spoken in a very high tone, it is that all this realm must be aware, that I will neither mix myself up with these nuptials, nor will recognize him as the husband of the queen."

Over and above the infamy connected with this marriage to the man publicly branded as the murderer of her husband, where now is the strength of Mary's claims upon the throne of her cousin Elizabeth. Is the divorce of Bothwell and her marriage to the branded and actual murderer of her husband more God-

blessed and legal than the divorced Henry's marriage with the fair and virtuous Anne Boleyn, the mother of Elizabeth? Poor Mary Queen of Scots never was consistent except in her religion and in the unabated pretensions of her royal claims and prerogatives to the very last, which well became the proud daughter of the Guises.

The Lords of the Privy Council issued a proclamation against Bothwell, who met his adversaries, but being forsaken by his friends betook himself to flight. Mary also forsook him to his fate, and surrendered herself, whereupon she was led through the streets of Edinburgh, with the populace carrying banners before her, painted with the murder of her husband, Darnley. Bothwell escaped to the northern seas, became a pirate, was taken by two Danish cruisers, and held prisoner for life, while Mary was taken prisoner to the Castle of Lochleven, and forced to resign the throne in favor of her son. Here she was delivered of a daughter, who was carried to France, and afterward became a nun at Notre Dame de Soissons.

In March, George Douglas made an ineffectual attempt to deliver Mary from the Castle of Lochleven; but in the following May she succeeded, through the aid of young William Douglas, a youth of sixteen, in making her escape, and was conducted by Beaton and George Douglas, who had concealed themselves near the castle, to the residence of Lord Seaton. Thence to Hamilton Castle she directly proceeded, where she revoked her abdication, and the royalists flocked around her. May 12, she fought a fatal battle at Langside. On the 16th she crossed the Solway Firth in a fishing-boat, and landed at Workington, on the coast of Cumberland, and the next day she wrote to her cousin Elizabeth, asking protection and succor. On the 18th, Captain Lowther, lieutenant of the frontiers, conducted her, with all the honors due to her rank, to Carlisle. The Queen sent her trusty kinsman, Sir Francis Knollis, vice chamberlain, and Lord Scrope, commander of the frontiers, with letters of condolence, and Lady Scrope, sister of the Duke of Norfolk, was appointed to attend the royal fugitive. But the loving welcome which she received from the people of Carlisle and the chivalric aristocracy of the borders filled Elizabeth and her ministers with apprehension, and Mary was removed to Bolton Castle, the seat of Lord Scrope. In August she submitted to have her cause tried before the Commissioners appointed, who were, on the part of Elizabeth, the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Sussex, and Sir Ralph Sadler; on Mary's side, the Bishop of Ross, the Lords of Livingston, Boyd, and Kerries; and of the Confederate Lords of Scotland, Murray, Morton, Lindsay, Maitland, and the Bishop of Orkney. Norfolk was the president; but he fell deeply in love with Mary, and proposed to marry her. This only tended to complicate her cause, and ultimately brought her ill-fated lover to the block. The project was revealed to Elizabeth, who caused Mary to be immediately transferred

from the keeping of Lord Scrope, his wife being Norfolk's sister, to the fortress of Tutbury, under the jailership of the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury. On the return of Norfolk from the Scotch Conference, he received from his Queen a very ungracious reception, but the lover of the fascinating Mary Stuart by his answers lulled the suspicions of his cousin Elizabeth.

The Queen of England was on terms approaching open hostility with Spain. She had opened her arms as protectress of the fugitives of the Reformation whom the cruelties of the terrible Alva in the Low Countries had compelled to abandon their homes. It was a perilous year for Protestantism, and Elizabeth was in great fear of a Catholic coalition throughout Europe in behalf of Mary. Ireland was in revolt, the northern counties of England progressing to the same, and the Protestant cause had received great blows in the retreat of the Prince of Orange, and the victory of the Duke of Anjou at Jarnac. Thus all conspired to give the weight of a great religious issue pending on the fate of Mary Stuart. On the one side it was the Queen of Scots and Catholic Europe; on the other, Elizabeth and England, with Scotland and the Confederate Scotch Lords. Elizabeth was universally condemned for treating her kinswoman as prisoner, who had sought her realm for protection; but there is much that should be remembered therewith. She had come, without permission, suddenly to the England whose throne she persistently claimed, to the outrage of Elizabeth, her ministers, and the mass of the realm. She was an escaped prisoner of Scotland, and Scotland had made Elizabeth arbitrator of the cause of England and Scotland, and she had fallen on times when two nations weighed more in the balance than one sovereign. We can not, in a republican age, say that a nation has no right to bring its Charles or its Mary to an account; nor must it be forgotten that Knox and the Confederate Lords of Scotland were the stern prosecutors of Mary, and that with this consent of Scotland, the ministers of the realm, and Protestant England in general, deemed that the nation had a right to sit in judgment upon the ill-fated princess who laid such claims upon it as the rightful heiress of Henry VII. But after all that can be said on either side, it must resolve itself into a question of right—not right. It was now on the side of Protestantism, Scotland and England, and against a Catholic princess and the Popish Church. That is the simple form of the question as it stood in those days; and yet, as far as the unfortunate woman is concerned, all our sympathies run with Mary Stuart.

The most beautiful and perhaps the purest part of Mary's life as a woman is its romantic passage of love with Norfolk. Her love letters to him are very tender and genial, and the tragic end of their love is as romantic as it should be, for "true love never does run smooth." The correspondence between the lovers had been broken off by an interdict from

Elizabeth; and Norfolk records "that when the court was at Guildford, he came unawares into the Queen's privy chamber, and found her majesty sitting on the threshold of the door, listening with one ear to a little child, who was singing and playing on a lute, and with the other to Leicester, who was kneeling by her side." He drew back, but she bade him come in. In the course of his visit, he says, "she commanded me to sit down, most unworthy, at her highness' board, where at the end of dinner her majesty gave me a nip, saying that she would wish me to take good heed to my pillow," referring at once to his love match with Mary, and the block if he persisted.

About this time came Leicester's farce of sickness, when he sent for Elizabeth, and with sighs and tears confessed how deeply he had wronged her, in being privy of a design to marry her great foe, Mary of Scots, to Norfolk; and under pretense of easing his conscience, he put her into the possession of the whole circumstances of the plot, which was to restore Mary to her kingdom as the wife of Norfolk. Thus early was Elizabeth played upon systematically by her ministers, to the destruction of her cousin and the ruin of her own bright name. Elizabeth was much offended with Norfolk, but he was her cousin by her mother's side, of sacred blood to the daughter of Anne Boleyn, and she gave her cousin advice to renounce Mary, which he promised to do; but at this juncture Spain, through its ambassador, sought to effect the liberation of Mary, and "Bess" sharply replied "that she would advise the Queen of Scots to bear her condition with less impatience, or she might chance to find some of those on whom she relied shorter by the head!"

Norfolk was arrested, being involved with Mary of Scots, which precipitated the rising in the North, under the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, in which many of the most ancient noble families of England suffered by execution and banishment, besides those who perished in battle against the victorious Sussex, and of the rebels of the lower classes who were executed. Thus did the detention of Mary bring civil war into the land.

Norfolk was forgiven, but he in the sequel resumed his interdicted correspondence with Mary, and the luckless lovers became involved in the Ridolfi plot, to liberate Mary and restore her and marry her to Norfolk. They called to their aid the Duke of Alva, who promised to assist them with ten thousand men in the spring. This amounted to a war upon England at home and abroad, though the Duke protested against evil designs upon the person of his Queen. Norfolk was again arrested, and the letters of Mary to the Duke of Alva deciphered. In January, 1572, the first peer of England, and the only man in the realm at the time bearing rank of duke, was condemned, and executed on the 2d of June. Four times Elizabeth revoked the warrant against her cousin Norfolk; but now Elizabeth's own maternal blood had been shed in the cause of Mary Stuart. The same Parliament which

urged the execution of Norfolk, seeing the reluctance of the English Queen in consenting to the death of the Duke, passed a bill for inflicting the punishment of death on Mary for her share in the plot, and another bill making it a capital offense for any one to assert the right of Mary to the succession of the English throne; but Elizabeth refused her assent. We must now skip a period of fifteen or sixteen years, during which had come the long imprisonment of our heroine, with all its "hope deferred."

At this crisis, when the ascendancy of the house of Guise, in France, and the culminating hostility of Spain, made Mary more than ever an object of alarm to the ministers of England, came along the famous Babington conspiracy to assassinate Elizabeth and set Catholic Mary on her throne. The Queen of Scots renewed with Babington a correspondence which she had commenced at the recommendation of her friend, her Archbishop of Glasgow; and "it was proposed that there should be an invasion of England by Spanish troops, while a simultaneous insurrection of the Catholics was to open the gates of Mary's prison, and prepare the way to the throne to which she had so long aspired. To redeem her liberty, however, she suggested in reply that her rescue should be attempted, either by setting fire to the stables or surprising her when riding in the fields; to this was also added a passage, which she afterward disclaimed, promising ample recompense to the seven conspirators engaged in the assassination of Elizabeth." "At length a messenger, who was charged with the important news, arrived at Chartley, just as Mary was mounting her horse for exercise; and no sooner had she left the house than her secretaries were arrested, her cabinets broken open, and all her letters and papers conveyed to Elizabeth. On her return, perceiving that not only her papers but even her money had been removed, she exclaimed with indignation, 'They can not take from me my English blood nor my Catholic religion.'"—[Life of Mary, by Miss Benger.] This "English blood" of hers, united with her "Catholic religion," had been beheading her from the time she gave the kingdom of Scotland and England to the King of France and his successors, and especially from the time of Elizabeth's ascension, when she assumed the title of Queen of England.

The English ministers transmitted copies of her intercepted letters, accompanied by the depositions of the conspirators, to the court of France, where, though the misfortunes of Mary were commiserated, her imprudent connection with plots and fruitless conspiracies, since her arrival in England, and especially her implication in this Babington plot, were greatly censured by the enemies of the Guises and ridiculed by the queen-mother, Catharine de Medicis. In Scotland the news excited strong emotion, and the French minister at the Scotch court, alarmed for the fate of Mary, attempted to arouse James to take vigorous measures to save his mother. The young King of Scotland had just concluded a treaty

with Elizabeth, and he replied to the urgings of the French minister on behalf of Mary, "that as she had brewed she must drink," and he at once, with much warmth, dispatched a messenger to London to testify his abhorrence of the wicked conspiracy. He did not, however, think her life was in danger, and for anything else, he said, "he cared not how strictly she was kept a prisoner," adding that she had not only sought to dethrone him, but that she had also menaced him with disinheritance.

Elizabeth's commissioners, Lord Treasurer Burleigh, and forty peers and privy councillors, came to examine the Queen of Scots, who had been removed to Fotheringay, where, on the 12th of October, the commissioners presented to her the mandate for her trial. She protested against Elizabeth's prerogative to arraign, as a criminal, a princess who was, like herself, an absolute sovereign.

But the Queen of Scots was soon induced to accept her trial before the commissioners. To the letters which were produced, which she had written to the Spanish ambassador, Mendoza, respecting the invasion of England, she answered: "This is nothing to the matter, neither does it prove that I consented to hurt or kill the queen." Among other things, Burleigh charged, "that she had projected to send her son into Spain and to assign to the Spanish king the rights she claimed to the English succession." She answered "that she had no realm that she could give away, but yet it was lawful to give away her own things at pleasure." This to the last was Mary's fatal error. Because in her veins ran the blood of Henry VII.—no better in our sight than the blood of the honest gentleman—she possessed in herself the right to give away a kingdom to whom it pleased her.

On being shown the contents of her letter to Lord Paget and the Spanish ambassador, Mendoza, she said: "These things touch not the queen; and if strangers seek to deliver me, it is not to be imputed to me as crime."

On trial, next day, she still protested against the right of the commissioners to sit as a tribunal over her; and, says Udal, "with the usual tenacity of royalty, lamented that she should be so basely used as to have her honor called in question before pettifoggers and lawyers, who drew every circumstance into consequence by their quiddities and tricks, since anointed and consecrated princes were not subject to the same laws as private men." During her trial she "religiously affirmed that, though she wished well to the Catholic cause, she would not have it prosper by the blood of vengeance—that she would rather play the part of Esther than Judith." The Queen of Scots deserves our unreserved trust in this. She did wish well to the Catholic cause; she did desire the liberty which had been so treacherously taken from her; she was high-spirited enough, even when a captive, to battle with Elizabeth for her rights; but she was too much of a woman to desire the blood of vengeance, and infinitely more disposed, in her

heart and character, to play the part of Esther than Judith.

But the ministers of England, especially her great enemies, Burleigh, Leicester, and Walsingham, had at length entrapped our heroine into the meshes of their cruel state craft. For nineteen years they had plotted to bring about the tragic issue now before them. Elizabeth had alone preserved her cousin. Indeed, in her most wrathful moments, and in her answers to France, she laid great stress ever upon the fact that she had thus preserved her, and invariably charged her with ingratitude; and this was more the genuine view of the Queen of England than a wanton pretense. Sixteen years before, when it condemned Norfolk, Parliament had fain given his royal lady to the next stroke of the headsman's ax. But in spite of all her bitterness and stern treatment toward Mary, Elizabeth hesitated more to take the life of her rival than she would to have taken the heads of a host of popes or Philips of Spain could she have laid her hands upon them.

At the end of her trial, when pressed again with having instigated the design of an invasion of England, the Queen of Scots denied the fact, but added, with a menacing tone, "that since she was now convinced she had no hope from England, she was resolved not to reject foreign aid," and again demanded to be heard in a full Parliament or before the queen and council. "At length she arose, and withdrew with a cheerful countenance and a majesty that seemed to challenge respect." The court immediately adjourned to the Star Chamber and pronounced sentence against her, and an act of attainder followed, but it was declared that this should not be to the prejudice of her son, the King of Scotland.

Elizabeth delayed between three and four months after the trial before she signed the warrant for the execution, and Mary improved in health and her cheerfulness of spirits, relying perhaps still on her cousin's relenting heart and kindred blood to save her against the merciless policy of the ministers of the realm.

How much Elizabeth was tortured on one side by her own heart and conscience pleading for Mary, and played upon by her influential counselors on the other, who were ever biding their time to accomplish their end, can be seen in Leicester's letter to Walsingham, upon the receipt of Mary's last letter to her cousin: "There is a letter from the Scottish queen that hath wrought tears, but trust shall do no further harm herein; albeit the delay is too dangerous." Upon this Agnes Strickland observes:

"Who can read this remark without perceiving the fact that in this instance, as well as in the tragedy of her maternal kinsman the Duke of Norfolk, Elizabeth's relings were overruled, and her female heart steeled against the natural impulses of mercy, by the ruthless men who influenced her resolves."

On the 7th of February, 1586, in the afternoon, just as Mary had withdrawn to her inner apartment, she was informed that the Earls of

Kent and Shrewsbury were waiting to see her. At this she cast the regal mantle over her shoulders and hastened to receive them. On being informed that she was to die on the morrow, at ten in the morning, she replied, "The message is welcome; yet I did not think that the queen, my sister, would have consented to my death." Kent offered her the assistance of the Dean of Peterborough, but she declined his priestly services, whereupon the earl bluntly confessed, "Your life is the death of our religion, as your death shall be its life." Here is a volume in this, strongly illustrating that Mary was more a martyr in the cause of her religion, than a victim of any crime of hers. And whatever might have been the errors of her youth, her last hours brought her out in the beautiful character and spirit of a martyred saint. She undoubtedly felt very much the holy enthusiasm of dying in a religious cause. She spent a portion of her last night in devotions, after writing with her own hand her last testament and will. She then retired to rest, and after a sound sleep arose refreshed, and called for her attendants to attire her for the last dread ceremony of her unhappy life. To the lamenting Melvin, her steward, she said that he ought to rejoice, and not to mourn that her release was nigh. "Bear from me," she charged him, "this message to Scotland: that I die a true woman to my religion, and like a true woman of Scotland and France. But God forgive them that have thirsted for my blood as the hart doth for the water brooks. O God! thou art truth; thou knowest the inner chamber of my thoughts, and that I was ever willing that Scotland and England should be united together. Commend me to my son, and tell him I have done nothing prejudicial to the state or kingdom of Scotland."—[Udal.] She also charged Melvin to tell the King of Scotland "that she begged him to honor the Queen of England as his mother, and never to forfeit her friendship." This dying charge to her son is very much like a last testimonial of trust in Elizabeth, and coupled with her statement, "Yet I did not think that the queen, my sister, would have consented to my death," it would seem that Mary acquitted her cousin, and laid the cause of her death at the doors of her great enemies around the throne. Elizabeth ever protested, both before and after the execution, that she did not design her "sister's" death, and seeing that Mary herself to the last believed it, perhaps her protestation was genuine. Why did Leicester urge to Walsingham, Mary's relentless foe, that "delay is too dangerous?" Why was Leicester, because of his great influence with the queen, sent for while in Holland by his competers, to bring their plot of years to its tragic issue? It was because they too believed that, in and of herself, Elizabeth did not design the death of Mary; that it could only be wrought out by all their united influence, and by the subtlest management and the most unscrupulous means. They worked Elizabeth up at last to a perfect frenzy of fear of assassination; they caused rumors to be spread through-

out England that the Spanish fleet had already arrived at Milford Haven; that the Scots had broken into England; that the Duke of Guise was landed in Sussex with a strong army; that the northern parts were up in rebellion, and that a new conspiracy was on foot to kill her and set the city of London on fire. This was after Mary's trial, and while Elizabeth was hesitating to sign the warrant.

That Mary was executed without Elizabeth's knowledge is most certain. She had signed the warrant, but contrary to her commands her ministers undertook to deliver it, agreeing even, according to Davison's own testimony, to act upon their own responsibility, each bearing his own share. Davison was sent to the Tower and fined ten thousand pounds, a much larger sum than now, and even Burleigh dared not come into the presence of his queen. In a letter to the King of Scotland touching his mother's execution, in the second paragraph she wrote:

"I beseech you, that as God and many men know how innocent I am in this case, so you will believe me, that if I had bid aught I would have abided by it. I am not so base-minded that the fear of any living creature or prince should make me afraid to do that were just, or when done to deny the same. I am not of so base a lineage nor carry so vile a mind. I will never dissemble my actions, but cause them to show even as I meant them. Thus assuring yourself of me, that as I know this was deserved, yet if I had meant it, I would never lay it on other's shoulders; no more will I damnify myself that thought it not."

This letter has been considered deep dissimulation. But was Elizabeth afraid of "any living creature or prince?" Did she not stand against nations when they came in her way, provoke them to wrath, defy the Pope, overthrow the old church, as in a day, and did she not two years later, with her martial enthusiasm, at the head of her armies, illustrate the most glorious chapter of heroism in a nation's history. The maiden queen and the invincible arms of Spain about to meet in a very epic warfare to fight for the issue of a world! Her soul, breathed upon her army, made her heroes giants, and her men heroes! Did she not justify her letter, and show herself not afraid of any living creature. She boldly avowed to James that his mother's sentence was "deserved." It is the execution, which she never intended, that she lays upon the shoulders of her ministers, and when it is remembered that four times was the warrant of Norfolk revoked by her, it may be that we ought not to give more weight to the mere signing of it than she did herself. The French ambassador reported to his master her statement to France "that Davison had taken her by surprise, but that he was now where he would have to answer for it, * * * for the queen says that when she signed it she told him not to deliver it without first speaking to her." In justifying himself to his king concerning a charge made to the effect that he had been the soul of a conspiracy of Mary against

Elizabeth, he humbly beseeched his master to believe that it "is pure calumny, invented by those who have had the audacity to put the Queen of Scotland to death, without the consent of the queen their mistress, as time will show." This ambassador was a notorious friend of the Guises, Mary's family.

A weighty circumstance in favor of Elizabeth, and against her ministers, is the fact that when Henry Talbot arrived on the morning of the 9th of February, a day after the execution, not one of her council would venture to declare it to her, and it was actually concealed from her the whole of that day. The tidings were broken to her by the ringing of bells, and the jubilee of the city over the dark event. Camden tells us that when the matter was revealed to her "she heard it with indignation, her countenance altered, her speech faltered and failed her; and through excessive sorrow she stood in a manner that astonished, insomuch that she gave herself over to passionate grief, and putting herself into mourning habit and shedding abundance of tears. Her council she rebuked sharply, and commanded out of her sight."

All this might be hypocrisy, or suddenly awakened remorse when brought face to face with her deed. But the letters of lamentation of her ministers one to the other show that even they took the wrath of the lioness as no play. Might it not be that Elizabeth was as much betrayed—as much a victim as poor Mary Stuart? The great are more easily *managed* than lesser characters, and led into their fatal acts. They are stronger in their passions, stronger in their temptations, stronger in the warfare of the mighty elements of good and evil, twin-born in mighty souls.

Let us not forget Essex here—not now the captive princess whom she hated, but the young hero whom she loved! Nor is it too much to believe that these executions of Mary and Essex shortened her own life ten years. The truth is that Elizabeth was fearfully *managed* by her ministers, through her strong passions and character, and Norfolk, Mary Stuart, and Essex were the victims, but herself the greatest victim of them all.

THE DEW-DROP.

THERE lies a pearly drop of dew
Within a flower's tiny cup.
And glistening while it greets the view,
The sun comes down to drink it up.

From yonder cool and crystal spring,
That gleams so brightly from the rock
Which wooes the wild bird on the wing,
And proves the haunt of all the flock,

From thence it rose, perhaps in mist,
And slowly drifting to the skies,
The sad and somber clouds it kissed,
Then fell to earth, and here it lies.

The blue flower of the flax took up
The little drop, and now it shines,
Refreshed with this one little sup
Of nature's pure, renewing wines.

MARY S. L.

TO A SUNBEAM.

BY AURELIA.

[THE following is the first attempt of an estimable young lady, and is the *promise* of something which may place her name high among the famous. We make the prediction, and leave it to time to prove or disprove it.]

Sunbeam small,
On the wall,
May I catch you if you fall?
I will go
On tip-toe;
Do not fear me so.
Are you made of golden light?
Tell me where to find your sight.
Have you eyes
In the skies
Where you always rise?

See it glide,
Far and wide,
Darting now from side to side!
Here and there,
Everywhere,
Glancing through the air.
Now 'tis short, now 'tis long,
Like the meter of my song,
In and out,
Round about,
Without care or doubt.

Sunbeam gay,
Come this way;
Gently with you I will play.
When you dart,
I will start,
Now let us be smart.
Then the weary sunbeam said,
"I shall light upon your head,
In your hair,
Flaxen fair,
Will I rest me there."

Gentle sleep,
Calm and deep,
Holy vigils round it keep.
Let it rest,
Sweetly blest,
And may none molest.
Does the sunbeam ever dream
Of the bright and sparkling stream
Where it played,
As it strayed,
Kissing unafraid?

ALFRED L. SEWELL.

THIS gentleman possesses a marked predominance of the mental temperament. All there is of him is of good quality. He is in earnest; he is intense. Those organs which prompt a man to achievement, to the taking of responsibilities, and incline him to highly appreciate position, reputation, usefulness, and success, are largely developed. He has a clear, acute, and vigorous constructive intellect, complemented by superior ability to devise, plan, and project; he has that subtlety of mind which looks into subjects and penetrates to their origin. Vagueness and equivocation are far from likely to deceive or mislead him; his keen perception of incongruity and inconsistency, and his intuitive recognition



PORTRAIT OF ALFRED L. SEWELL.

of falsity, would render fruitless any attempt to seriously impose upon him. He has excellent business talent, shrewdness to avoid embarrassment, economy in expenditure, and decision in meeting obligations. The organs of the crown and top-head indicate a reformatory and progressive spirit—a desire to benefit others by philanthropic efforts.

He is strongly social; quick to form an acquaintance and slow to relinquish a friendship. He loves children, finds much enjoyment in their society, and is well calculated to interest and guide them as a parent or teacher. He would be earnest in the prosecution of any enterprise in which he became really interested. He is ambitious, considers prosperity and success the necessary resultants of energy and industry, and believes in "winning his way." With good educational advantages he would take a leading position in literary life, because his substantial common sense and clear intellect, combined with his spirit and warmth, would secure a hold upon the minds and hearts of others. His physical structure is hardly sufficient to sustain his active and versatile mind, and ere he has overstepped the limit of endurance, he should study the laws of life and health—the relations existing between body and mind—and seek to make himself robust in health, ample in vitality, and thus secure that soundness of physical organization which will be a hostage for long life and a guaranty of success in whatever he attempts.

BIOGRAPHY.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, editor of the *Little Corporal*, Chicago, is a native of Ohio. He was for twelve years actively engaged in business

pursuits in Chicago, being the managing partner of a large printing establishment in that city, to which he still devotes a portion of his time. Mr. Sewell's wide reputation, however, has not been gained by the mere fact of making dollars and cents; but it has been by a widespread benevolence, a determination to contribute *his* share toward the relief of the thousands of poor orphans and sick soldiers left in the trail of our late war upon the care of a grateful country. This he has done, indirectly, through "Old Abe," the veteran Eagle, by whose influence he gained around him quite an army of the children of the United States, called the "Children's Army of the American Eagle," who helped him in his good work. With such an army at his command, he accomplished an amount of good that seems incredible. He gained the affection of all his army. He could not bear the thought of parting with them when their work was ended, and so he started a monthly periodical entitled the *Little Corporal*, as a means of still working with the children whom he loved, for their moral benefit. Nothing can better illustrate our sketch of Mr. Sewell than the story of how the *Little Corporal* was begun, through the influence of this "Children's Army of the American Eagle."

In March, 1865, while the great Sanitary Fair, for the benefit of the sick soldiers' fund, was being held in Chicago, Mr. Sewell was asked to help—to find out his own way, and to work as he liked. "Old Abe," the veteran Eagle, whose likeness we presented to our readers in a recent number of the *PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL*, had just returned from the war, and was being "lionized" wherever he went. The thought struck Mr. Sewell that "Old Abe" might be of immense advantage to the Fair, in a pecuniary point of view, by the sale of his picture, together with his full history. The facts connected with his life were gathered and published by Mr. Sewell in June, 1865.

The inception of the idea was soon followed by the successful organization of the "Army of the American Eagle," and commissions in the "Army" were offered to all who should sell a quantity of album pictures of "Old Abe."

The child who sent one dollar received a commission as Corporal; two dollars, a commission as Sergeant; four dollars, as Second Lieutenant; six dollars, as First Lieutenant; ten dollars, as Captain; thirty dollars, as Major; fifty dollars, as Lieut.-Colonel; one hundred dollars, as Colonel; two hundred dollars, as Brig.-General; four hundred dollars, as Major-General. Medals were also given to the most successful workers.

With a little energetic advertising, Mr. Sewell's receipts from this source amounted to two hundred dollars a day. Finding the enterprise so successful, he applied to the executive committee of the Fair to give legal sanction to his labors, as up to this time he had been working on his own account, and had paid over the proceeds as he received them. Soon the receipts amounted to over five hundred dollars a day, and at the close of the Fair the net profits

which were all paid over to the treasurer of the Fair, were *sixteen thousand three hundred and eight dollars and ninety-three cents*; which was more than was paid by any other department, and was nearly one tenth of the entire profits of the Fair, all achieved through the boys and girls of America.

When the great Fair was closed, Mr. Sewell had an army numbering nearly fifteen thousand of boys and girls. To part with them for ever was far from his wish, and he thought that through the medium of the *Little Corporal* he might still correspond with his children. So the new paper was started, and at the end of the first year its subscription list was thirty-five thousand, and has now nearly doubled that amount; a success seldom won in so short a time—a success which has been won purely from an inherent love for children, and by a desire to improve their minds, and to minister to their pleasures and joys.

Our Social Relations.

Oh, happy they—the happiest of their kind—
When gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.—*Thomson.*

MARRIED, OR SINGLE?

BY CRAYON BLANC.

HONESTLY, girls, who among you has the moral courage to be an old maid?

There are different grades and degrees of valor in this world. Arria plunged a dagger in her heart, but then she was "Mrs. Pætus," as all the world knows. Joan of Arc was a brave girl, but she was years on this side of old-maidhood. If Helen Macgregor hadn't been married to Robt. Roy she never would have been a heroine; and where would Gertrude Von Der Wart have been if she hadn't been possessed of a husband, and that husband hadn't got into trouble with the police authorities of his native country?

In the first place, there is nobody magnanimous enough to believe an old maid ever had a chance to be anything else, and it is rather hard to be set apart from one's kind as a being destined never to love or be loved! There—we know perfectly well what you are going to say—you needn't take the trouble to put it into words. Of course your big brothers will "love you" at the rate of so many new shirts, and so much glove-mending per annum; and your married sisters will be devoted to you as long as you wash their babies' faces and darn their husband's socks, and get them new receipts for waffles and sponge-cake; but what does that sort of thing amount to? Would not it be cheaper to be the slave of one man than the humble dependent of a swarm of greedy relatives? At all events, a body can't help wanting to "see the folly of it."

Perhaps that is one way of accounting for the matrimonial mania that seems to have taken possession of the world in general—for the number of "round husbands" married to "square wives," and *vice versa*—and for the

fatally significant number of wedding rings that have lately been thrown into the market! *Perhaps*, we say, and perhaps there are other solutions of the enigma.

Suppose, now, some good fairy would be obliging enough to give us a real insight into the hearts and motives of our fellow-creatures, what would the result be? What would be the real reason that too many women marry?

Number One has married for a home. She got tired of working in a factory, or teaching school, or making dresses, and she thought married life was nothing on earth but moonlight walks, buggy-rides, new bonnets, and nothing to do! Well, she has got her home; whether or no she is tired of the accompanying incumbrances this deponent saith not, inasmuch as this deponent doth not positively know.

Number Two married because she had seven younger sisters, and a papa with a narrow income. She "consulted the interests of her family." Perhaps she would better have consulted her own interest by taking in light washing, or going out by the day to clean.

Number Three married because *Mrs.* sounded so much better than *Miss*. She was twenty-nine years and eleven months old, and another month would have transmuted her into a regular old maid. Think how awful that would have been!

Number Four married because she wanted somebody to pay her bills. Her husband married for precisely the same reason, so they are both of them repenting at leisure.

Number Five married because Fanny White had a nice new husband, and *she* wasn't going to be left behind! Pity if she couldn't get married as well as other folks!

Number Six married because she was poor, and wanted riches. Poor child! she never counted on all the other things that were inseparable from those coveted riches!

Number Seven married because she thought she should like to travel! But *Mr.* Number Seven changed his mind afterward, and all the traveling she has done has been between the well and the back-kitchen door!

Number Eight married out of spite, because her first love had taken unto himself a second love! This little piece of retaliation might have done her good at the time, but in the long run, Number Eight found it did not pay.

Number Nine married because she had read novels and "wanted sympathy." Sympathy is a fine thing, but it cools down at a rapid rate if the domestic kettle is not kept boiling, and the domestic turkey is underdone. Novels and housekeeping don't run well together in harness, to use a sporting phrase, and Number Nine's supply of sympathy didn't hold out very long!

Number Ten married because she loved her husband with all her heart and with all her soul! And she loves him still, and will probably always continue to love him, and is the happiest wife in the world—so she says!

One in ten! That is not a large proportion. One in ten married from the only right motive

—one only in ten, really, sincerely happy! Nine out of ten politely miserable—smilingly wretched! Blessed are the old maids who don't expect happiness and husbands, for they shall not be disappointed! And anything but blessed are the wives who have married to escape their fair share of life's hardship, or from baser motives still! Let them sit up late, waiting for husbands until the "wee sma' hours" chime—let them sew on buttons without stint, and strings without "thank-ye's." Let them be grumbled at perpetually, and let their weekly housekeeping money be but a niggardly dole! If any one says it does not serve them right, let his case be settled at once by a committee of old maids! Supposing him to be a single man, the committee will soon take him to church and correct that little mistake in his existence—and supposing him to be a married man, it is his wife's business to rescue him from the judging and avenging cabal!

But more than blessed are the wives who love and reverence their husbands, and the husbands who cherish their wives as God meant they should be cherished, truly, tenderly and unselfishly! There are some women whose sweet natures were never meant to waste away in single blessedness—women pure as pearls, sweet as roses. Young men, select such for your wives. And there are men made in the image of their Maker—noble loving, and good. Girls, if you can win such husbands, you will be the fortunate ones in the doubtful Tens! It is an uncertain business, but there is nothing like *trying*, young people!

HOW TO ENTERTAIN OUR FRIENDS.

AMONG the many conventionalisms that now-a-days clog the wheels of that ponderous vehicle, society, and cause them to go creaking over the hard thoroughfares of life like unoiled market carts, are the rules of etiquette regulating fashionable calling and visiting. Friends who really esteem each other, and would be only too happy to spend an evening together once a week, for mutual pleasure and social converse, are found marking time and remembering with care who made the last call, while they count the days till it shall be conventional to call again. Whose fault is this? Do you want your neighbor to wait till you have returned her last call ere she comes again? Do you care whether she comes in her every-day dress (all ladies should be neat, and trim at home as well as abroad), and brings her work, and sits with you sociably an hour or two? or do you exact that she shall come in her newest styles, with her best bonnet, parasol, fan, and gloves? If you do not exact this formality from her, why persist in imposing it on her? Why not live out practically what you profess to admire? Her heart is, perhaps, as true as yours. Do not go "dressed up" next time, to wait in a dim parlor, with closed blinds, while she goes through the same process of "dressing up" before she can venture into your presence.

She perhaps will be compelled to leave some occupation which she is hurried about, to undergo all this inconvenience because she desires to see you, and consequently will not ask you to excuse her.

How silly, how cumbersome are all these ceremonies! and yet, every day of my life, I hear of ladies who have been acquaintances for years going through with them all, when a little good sense and conscientious carrying out of the rule each professes to strive to follow, "doing unto others as they would have others do unto them," would dispose of the whole difficulty.

The caller would come in her daily attire, and her friend receive her in the same way, each continuing, as far as possible, the regular order of her work; or, if not busy, each accepting the other with the freedom of true friendship.

In cities and thickly populated neighborhoods this calling becomes a real oppression, and many people, unable to keep up with its requirements, are dropped out of society, and are scarcely known as living, breathing members of the great body. To those who can not relinquish the pleasure of the social circle, who find no friends whom they are willing to lose, and whose mode of life increases the number daily, it often becomes a very serious affair, and consumes so much time as to leave them little for anything else. "I have so much company!" is the exclamation of nearly every agreeable and well-to-do wife and housekeeper in the country.

"I was just ready to set about house-cleaning, or washing bed-clothes, or had everything prepared to can my fruit, when who should come but neighbor Smith and his wife and two girls. I was very glad to see them. Mrs. Smith is so agreeable, and Mr. Smith is a perfect encyclopedia. But then coming in at such a time spoiled the whole visit!"

Now, is there not some way to avoid all or a part of this annoyance? Suppose each lady agrees upon a reception-day once a week, or once in two weeks, as she can afford, and upon that day receives her friends, not to feast them with good dinners and exquisite teas, but to chat with them, to pour out upon them the thoughts she has been gathering up, as she walked with steady steps through the intervening days of duty in the housewife's department, and to receive from them their experiences during the same time.

Our social relations should be based on something less animal than eating and drinking. If women could be released from the labors of cooking, table-setting, dressing, and the irksomeness of waiting on a large company, many a social evening could be spent by congenial minds, with both pleasure and profit.

"But," you exclaim, "it is not always convenient to receive friends or to go abroad upon a particular day."

It is not always convenient to have Sunday come, yet who would live without it, even if there were no duty attached to it? It is the

central point of the week, the time for which most well-regulated families square up the household arrangements, put a new polish on the spoons, let in new light, clear out the cupboards, dispose of all mold, dust, and cobwebs. They wake up Sabbath morning with all the wheels well cleaned and oiled, so that they will run smoothly and quietly through the day, and the body, released from its toiling and moilings, gives strength to the upward-soaring pinions of the truly religious spirit of him who seeks God from the innermost of his being as the source of life and strength.

So would it be with these regular periods for social intercourse. They would originate hope and energy, induce order, and throw a kind of halo over the various arrangements of the week, make the heart beat lighter, call the mind away from the mere detail of business, and, more than all, compel us to arrange our thoughts for conversation, for the entertainment of those we expect to meet. The strife in a neighborhood would come to be, not who can get up the most luxurious and expensive suppers, but who can send his guests away feeling happiest and with the most new ideas to reflect upon. Dissimilar minds would be brought together, and, perhaps to the astonishment of all parties, they would find the gulf between them not so wide, and that idle gossip had given poor pictures of each to the other quite unjust to the originals.

In this social communion, by all means let young and old visit together. It is a fact past dispute, that young people do vitalize and keep warm and fresh the life-currents of the old, while the old harmonize and cool down the over-heated emotions and hasty impulses of the young. The manners of all would be improved; the jolly man brought in contact with the sober; the nervous and excitable with the phlegmatic; the man or woman who has the "blues," with their enthusiastic neighbors who see sunbeams and rainbows all the year round, and are quite sure that as the sun always shines, there is no need of being in a hurry to make hay.

But above all other advantages would we place that arising from the association of men and women in common conversation. Visiting and calling are done mainly by the ladies, and men, particularly business men, grow into a positive dislike to doing either. Calling comes at unseasonable hours, and visiting consists of a fashionable middle-of-the-night party, with a supper at eleven. No wonder men hate both when they see in the prospective turmoil at home oppressive bills to be met.

Set apart one day in the week or month—bend all things to it—just a little (for it will take but little bending), and men will come to love it as they do their clubs or lodges. Aye, more, for no men are to be found who do not like the companionship of ladies, particularly if they have wives at home who have maintained in them a true respect and love for the sex. Men would become more refined, gentle, and amiable for this constant communion; women more strong, noble, and earnest to act their

part well in these private theatricals of neighborhood life, and the family reception evening, or the "reunion," would soon become to them one of the brightest days in the calendar.

Don't be afraid your neighbors will call you "proud," because, like the President of the United States, or the school board, or the bank directors, you have your special days and hours for disposing of this one of the most important duties of life. Is not the whole detail of home duty as sacred to you and yours as the work of the President? Aye, it is more so—more full of deep and thrilling interest. In the proper consideration and fulfillment of every part is the all of life to you, and every interference is attended with loss.

Men never infringe upon each other's business hours, at least far more seldom than women do. Why should not women bring their duties and pleasures into the same orderly and harmonious arrangement? Who will try it?

F. D. G.

WHINING WOMEN.

If there be anything in the wide world that will wear on the patience of a man and render him indifferent to his domestic fireside and the society of the wife he has promised to cherish, it is a whining woman. To hear day after day—in the morning when he sits down at the breakfast-table, and in the evening when returned from his wearisome day's labor—piteous complaints like these uttered in dolorous accents: "Oh, I have such a headache!" or "my back aches so I can scarcely stand," would require a virtue superior to that found in any being "made a little lower than the angels" to withstand them without flinching from the course of strict rectitude.

The institution of marriage has in view the improvement of the earthly condition of those who respect it. No person, man or woman, ever contemplated marriage without expecting to better himself or herself. A man who in a freak of fancy for a pair of "melting" black eyes or a pretty face, hastily allies himself for life with a sickly wife, is certainly much to blame if he exhibit a coolness of manner toward her. He should have been more discreet in his choice. Rosy cheeks and dancing health are very attractive to the unmarried, and after marriage constitute one of the strongest links that bind a husband's love. When a year or two of that close intimacy only found in wedded life has dispelled all the romance that either party entertained on the threshold, and one realizes that the other is an invalid, how much of bitterness is added to his or her cup of married existence, be other things ever so abundant and luxurious in their palatial abode. It may be laid down as a maxim, that in no earthly condition is health so necessary as in the married relation. Young man, if you would be happy in your home; if you would avoid a companion with a disposition to "whine," and thus render you permanently uncomfortable, see to it that your wife is a healthy

buxom lassie to whom headaches and back-aches are marvels of other folks' pretensions.

Miss Muloch, in speaking of the influence of woman in society, uses the following language:

"Oh! if 'gloomy' women did but know what comfort there is in a cheerful spirit! How the heart leaps to meet a sunshiny face, a merry tongue, an even temper, and a heart which, either naturally, or, what is better, from conscientious principle, has learned to take all things on the bright side, believing that the Giver of life being all-perfect love, the best offering we can make to him is to enjoy to the full what he sends of good, and what he allows of evil—like a child who, when once it believes in its father, believes in all his doings with it, whether it understands them or not."

That husband who has a perpetual "sunshine" in his home in the shape of a cheerful wife should be one of the happiest of men, and if he is not, Providence has been too kind to him.

UXORIUS.

MRS. BLUE.

The *New Yorker* says: Mrs. Blue is an unhappy woman. Life to her is a barren desert, containing nothing but sands of unhappiness. Out of little troubles she forms mountains of evils; and every moment of happiness is considered a forerunner of some great calamity. I have seen her go into hysterics over a bleeding nose, and cry for hours over a cut finger or the sting of a wasp, fearing it would produce the lockjaw. Her friends have ceased to visit her, leaving her to brood over troubles alone and undisturbed. Poor Mrs. Blue! I pity her, but her husband more.

Now there are a great many Mrs. Blues in this land of ours, who go through life a dissatisfied, miserable, and despised crowd. And in their eager grasp after the thistles of life, they never observe or think of the beautiful flowers of happiness that grow beneath the thistles' shade. The sweet smile of innocent childhood and the approving words of old age are unknown to them. They "have set their lives upon a cast," and think they "must stand the hazard of the die." The cast is the suppression of all that is good and noble in their nature, and the die is a life of misery and un-mourned death.

[Large Cautiousness, small Hope, large Combativeness, small Self-Esteem, and large Approbativeness; with strong tea, coffee, or other stimulants, with pickles, little sleep, and with no faith, what else but "blue" can one expect?]

WHEN, from sedentary habits, the muscles become emaciated and the digestive system disordered, the best method for restoring the patient to health and full weight is for him to be charged with electricity, applied through the handle of a spade, a hoe, an ax, or some similar instrument. Apply it daily, and for some hours at a time. Try it.

DISCONTENT.

BY S. E. DONMALL.

[Here is a pretty thing for the encouragement of young folks who have so much to do, and who lack resolution, application, and courage to go through with all the little duties and difficulties incident to a life of usefulness and "self-help." Mothers should read it to their children.—Ed. A. P. J.]

"My back will break!" the table sighed,
"I'm growing weak and old;
And yet what loads of earthenware
I daily have to hold!"

"Just think of me!" cried table-cloth,
"So fine, so white, and fair;
Sure, everything is placed on me
I have the brunt to bear!"

"Oh! no you don't," cried dinner-plate;
"See how I'm loaded down!
I know I shall be cracked some day,
And thrown upon the town!"

"Your lot is not so hard as mine,"
Said meat-dish, with a groan;
"Whole turkeys are imposed on me,
While I can't eat a bone!"

"Look here, at us!" said knife and fork;
"We've reason to complain,
From day to day we're scoured and rubbed
For ev'ry trifling stain!"

"Ah! only think of us poor cups!
We're scalded every meal;
Though fed with milk and sugar sweet,
Think you we can not feel?"

"Come stand with me upon the range,"
The kettle then steamed out;
"See how you'd like the climate here!
Who wonders that I spout!"

"Ah me! I've only three legs left,"
The arm-chair trembling spake;
"What splendid wood for kindling fire!
The cook declares I'll make."

"And oh! it is a prospect dire
To look ahead, and know
That in a range with fiercest fire
Some day perchance I'll go!"

"Here comes Miss Jane; ah! would that we,
Like her, were free from care;
Or would that we were anything
But what we really are!"

"But, goodness me! what means the child?
She's crying, sure as fate!

'I wish I'd ne'er been born,' she says,
'Or been a dinner-plate!

"I have to read, and write, and sew,
And work the live-long day;
I never have a moment's time,
Like other girls, to play.

"And there's mamma, my dear mamma,
As sick as she can be;

Oh! dear, oh! dear, if she should die,
What would become of me?"

"'Tis half-past twelve!" the clock rings out;
"Take my advice, good friend—
Yea, one and all, your murmurs cease,
The thing you can not mend;

"Far more than half our troubles here
Are borrowed, that is plain;
In vain regrets waste not an hour—
Time lost ne'er comes again.

"Whate'er your lot, then, be resigned,
And bear it patiently;
Drive discontent from out your hearts,
If you would happy be."

THE PEOPLING OF OTHER WORLDS.

A LITTLE wriggling mite, looking off from the rim of a daisy upon a field dotted with millions of those meadow flowers, if it had a mind equal to its physical being, might say and believe that, of all these white-bellied globes, his own yellow orb alone was inhabited; that mites like itself could not live on these surrounding planets; that they were all empty houses, and its own little world was the only one of the myriads whitening the boundless space, which the Creator had selected and honored as the abode of intelligent beings. Thousands of good men, with minds of large grasp and reach, may look from off the earth into the world-studded expanse above; they may count the stars in the nearest heaven, and measure and weigh them with the reeds and scales of science, and yet say and believe, with the mite-minded animalcule peering over the daisy's rim, that all the millions of those constellated orbs are empty houses, built for no intelligent peopling—for no purpose except to besprinkle the tapestry of this small planet of ours with drops of light, to please our eyes for a few hours by night. So great are man's "here and now," so tall the stature of his being to himself; so wide a space he and his dwelling fill in creation, that as to the mite on the daisy, all outside is to him the mere garniture or setting of his abode. Thus, doubtless, ninety-nine out of a hundred of intelligent and Christian men do hold this one planet of our occupancy, not only as regards all the other members of our own sun's family circle of orbs, but all the myriads of worlds which revolve around the other suns that dot the common heavens of the material universe. But one in a hundred surely may believe, on the clearest analogies reason can construct or educe, that as nature abhors a vacuum, so Nature's God permits no waste in the realm of His creations; that the millions of lesser lights above are not the chips scattered about in building the earth for man, nor the scaffolding from which it was erected; that they are not empty houses, nor built for beasts and birds alone, nor for bodiless spirits, but for spirits wearing flesh and blood like ourselves, with a human nature as finely adapted to the faculties and sensibilities of the intellectual soul as Adam's physical being was to his mind in the holiest days of his innocence. To those thinking differently from this, one might fancy that it would be like inbreathing the death-damp of a universe of desolation to admit the thought that the Almighty Creator had no sentient worshipers in all the millions of these outlying worlds; that of them all, this one on which we dwell is the solitary island of human existence—of beings with a living, thinking mind; and that here alone are heard the voice of prayer and praise, and all the other voices of faith, hope, and love.

On Physiology.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—Orbanis.

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—Hosea iv. 6.

PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

THE following interesting facts we glean from the *Circular*. They are stated by G. E. C. with a pleasing conciseness.

Modern physiologists have determined the existence and locality of eight distinct nervous centers or ganglia in the brain. Beginning with the largest, they are, 1st, the *cerebrum*; 2d, *cerebellum*; 3d, *olfactory bulbs*; 4th, *corpora striata*; 5th, *optic thalami*; 6th, *corpora quadrigemina*; 7th, *ganglion of the tuber anulare*; 8th, *ganglion of the medulla oblongata*.

The usual mode of determining the functions of these several ganglia are, 1st, to observe the effect of disease or injury, and 2d, to remove the part on a living animal, and to notice the result. The last is the most satisfactory of the two methods, and is the one usually adopted by professors of physiology, in their lectures before the class.

During the course of lectures at Bellevue College last winter, on the nervous system, the lecturer performed numerous experiments upon live pigeons, for the purpose of showing the effects produced by the removal of portions of the brain. As the brain itself is entirely without sensation, the operation causes but little pain to the animal, and by closing up the wound immediately, the rapid coagulation of blood almost instantly checks the violent hemorrhage. He first removed the cerebrum or large brain. After closing the wound and sponging off the blood, the pigeon was placed upon its feet on the middle of the table. It immediately assumed the attitude and appearance of profound sleep, from which it could be aroused only by the most violent means. Its toes being pinched by forceps, it would simply try to pull the foot away, without making the slightest effort to escape by flying or even walking. A pistol was fired close to its ear; it gave a slight start, opened its eyes, and again relapsed into apparent unconsciousness. All power of connecting cause and effect seemed to be gone. The animal received impressions as well as ever, the spinal cord and other ganglia being intact. But the intelligence, the memory—the controlling power over all—is entirely gone. The animal undoubtedly suffers the pangs of hunger and thirst, but makes not the least effort to relieve them, and can only be kept alive by forcing the food down its throat. By this and other experiments, it is proved conclusively that the cerebrum is the seat of the intellect.

The next experiment is to remove the cerebellum or little brain. This is by far the more delicate of the two, as the bleeding is more profuse, and from its situation over the medulla oblongata, there is danger that the latter will be touched, causing instant death. By great

care, however, the greater part of the ganglion can be removed. The effect is immediate and somewhat startling, at least it must be to the pigeon. If it attempts to walk, a sprawling tumble is all that it can do. An effort at flying results in rolling from side to side, and finally in falling over backward to the floor. It is with the greatest difficulty that the bird can keep on its feet, the constant tendency being to fall backward. The pigeon is perfectly conscious of what is going on around it, and makes every effort to escape, but is as helpless as though deprived of both legs and wings. The animal is suffering from the loss of the power to co-ordinate its muscular movements. It receives impressions, and endeavors to respond to them, but has no control over the action of the muscles, and so tumbles about as if intoxicated. In fact, its movements are precisely like those made when under the influence of alcohol, as can be easily shown by feeding a pigeon on bread dipped in whisky.

The next function to be demonstrated is that presided over by the corpora quadrigemina, or optic lobes. They are situated near the center of the base of the brain, and are reached by an opening at the side of the head. The two lobes on the *right* side are first removed, the wound closed, and the pigeon is allowed to walk about on the table or floor, a string being attached to one leg to prevent his flying. We now try to find out what effect, if any, has been produced on the functions of sight. Carefully bringing the hand near its *right* eye, the bird instantly starts away and tries to escape. The right eye, then, or the one on the same side of the head we operated upon, is apparently as sound as ever. The hand is next brought round to the *left* eye and no notice is taken by the pigeon of its presence. This experiment is repeated in a way to clearly demonstrate the total loss of sight in the left eye.

In this experiment we prove two things. First, that the function of sight is presided over, or controlled, by the optic lobes; and second, that the nerve fibers from each lobe cross, or decussate, to the opposite side of the head in their distribution. This last fact is also demonstrated in other ways. A wound on one side of the head will produce paralysis on the opposite side of the body. Excitation of the nerves of motion on one side of the spinal cord will produce muscular movements on the other.

The ganglion of the tuber anulare is next selected for examination. This nervous center is placed deep in the medulla oblongata, and is reached from below. Its removal causes a total loss of voluntary motion or *will* power. Remove all the brain but the tuber anulare and medulla oblongata, and the animal still breathes and makes voluntary movements. But break up the tuber anulare and all voluntary motion instantly ceases.

Experiments on the olfactory bulbs have been made, but are not quite so conclusive as those already given, chiefly from the difficulty of determining loss of smell in lower animals.

Injury to the corpora striata has been found to produce paralysis of the external muscles of respiration.

The optic thalami are connected with and assist the optic lobes, or corpora quadrigemini.

The last ganglion is that of the medulla oblongata. In one sense, this may be said to be the most important nerve center in the brain. Everything else may be broken up, and the animal still breathes. But touch this small spot with your probe, and respiration instantly stops, causing death in a very few seconds, by apnea. By using artificial respiration, the action of the heart and blood-vessels can be prolonged. Still, the animal is considered dead to all intents and purposes, even though the functions of organic life continue active after respiration has ceased.

BOOTS AND BEAUTY.

HOW TO DRESS THE FEET.

WHETHER it be one of the fruits of a certain "fastness," quite observable in many other suggestions of feminine attire, or from the ripened judgment of a natural vanity, may not be pronounced upon, but the truth may be uttered boldly—that no lady can be beautiful with cold or too tightly dressed feet. Cold feet wither the roses of the cheeks, give a gaunt, hollow, spiritless expression to the eyes, and a pinched, leaden hue to the skin that will peer out plainly beneath the cosmetic mask. A woman must be comfortable to look happy, and she must look happy to merit indorsement as a beauty.

This granted, it behooves every "beauty" to consider her boots, whether or not they have heretofore been chosen as a reliable accessory to her prized assemblage of charms. First as to their fit; the shoe should be made for the foot, not the foot made to accommodate itself to the fixed proportions of a "store" shoes. Some few feet may be of the "ready-made" class; a far larger number possess an individuality of form that exacts its own peculiar last and measure. Be sure you have a reliable, honest knight of St. Crispin who takes a pride in the creation of his art and, it may be, exalts it in his own estimation beyond its apparent claims to respect. A shoemaker should take the same sort of personal interest in every pair of shoes that goes out from his shop, that an artist feels when the finished achievements of his brain and brush issue from the seclusion of his studio. In the shape of a boot lies the secret of success; a large shoe, if well shaped, offers a more alluring charm than an ill-proportioned one, even if it boasts Cinderella-like diminutiveness. Added to this, a shoe that fits—by which I mean, one modeled after the foot, not into which the foot may be stored—can be worn with comfort, even if meriting the epithet of "tight." It will be found that too loose a shoe, especially to a thin foot, is decidedly more replete with discomfort and even injury than one fitting snugly. It allows constant friction, and is prolific of bunions and hard corns, be-

sides soon becoming shabby and treading out of shape.

Having secured one self alike from slovenliness or compression in the fit, the material should be chosen for the season's need. A lasting gaiter is unfit for promenade wear, except perhaps in the languor of the dog-days, when one saunters rather than walks. Kid, even then, will be found lighter, cooler, and a better protection to the feet from the heat and roughness of the *trottoir*. For winter wear, the serviceable Balmoral stands the prime favorite. It may be made of patent leather, united to kid, or beaver cloth, of calfskin, of morocco, or dressed kid, or of a union of two kinds of materials. A pair lined with flannel, and well covering the ankles, should be held an indispensable item among a lady's shoe collection. They need not be clumsy, and if they should prove so, their comfort is a complete compensation. The Balmoral has but one drawback: the time taken in their lacing. This, to busy people, who like to take unpremeditated constitutional exercise, and not consume an hour in preparations for out-of-doors, is very formidable. The Congress boot has convenience to recommend it; but they are apt to bind the delicate instep, reminding one of the pedal tortures of our sisters of the Celestial Empire, and so hinder free circulation as sometimes to work lasting injury. Button boots are tasteful and easily secured to the feet by means of the "button-hook." A little practice will render one dexterous in what seems at first a difficult operation—that of using the hook.

All buckles, rosettes, or other decorations for street boots are so evidently out of place and vulgar, that a warning need hardly be given against them. Finally, glory in *thick* boots; let the soles be water-proof and substantial, the linings be warm, the materials of the best, and the workmanship that of the masters of their trade. Regard your boots as one of your best aids to beauty, and beauty's bosom friend, health. Remember that of all costly things a cheap boot costs dearest.—*Shoe & L. Reporter.*

QUACKS, THEIR ACCOMPLICES, AND THEIR VICTIMS.

[THE *Temperance Platform*, of Des Moines, Iowa, publishes the following statement, which ought to *shame* those religious newspapers into decency that advertise quack medicines:]

"During many years' experience in the newspaper business, we have tried to avoid any complicity in the crime of defrauding the sick and the poor by the sale of quack medicines. Dr. Roback once sent us a proposition to advertise his 'Scandinavian Remedies.' Having occasion, soon afterward, to pass through Cincinnati, we visited the 'Doctor's' headquarters, and soon became satisfied that *his* was a business unfit to be advertised in any respectable journal. The establishment was an extensive one, and its main business was the manufacture and sale of brandy, intoxicating 'stomach bitters,' and other kinds of strong drink. The

proprietor was a depraved-looking, wheezy, asthmatic, alcohol-pickled old Swede, who knew about as much of medical science as a mule knows of metaphysics. We have since learned something of his history. Fifteen years ago he came to Philadelphia, and set up as a fortune-teller, advertising himself as 'late astrologer to the King of Sweden.' He was such an impudent and notorious swindler that the city authorities broke up his establishment, and he fled to New York. In the latter city it is supposed that such rascalities may be practiced with impunity; but Roback was a rather strong dose even for the Gothamites. He surrounded himself with serpents, skulls, skeletons, mysterious charts, etc., and wore a scarlet robe, embroidered with signs of the zodiac, and a conical cap with the insignia of the Egyptian magi. The police drove him from the city, and he fled to Cincinnati. There he again set up as an astrologer, but in a very mild and quiet way, and soon gave up fortune-telling for the equally dishonest but more profitable business of making patent medicines. In this he branched out largely, doing business under several other names besides his own. Under his own name he sold his pills, stomach bitters, and brandy; and under assumed names he vended nostrums for 'private' diseases. He spent immense sums in advertising, and in a few years accumulated a fortune of three hundred thousand dollars. A short time ago he died; but his extensive business is carried on by other parties, and his humbugs live after him. The board fences, barn doors, and all other available places for sticking posters throughout the country, are covered over with the flaming bills of this besotted old quack; nearly all the drug stores advertise his nostrums and sell them extensively, and nearly all the newspapers are prostituted to the infamous work of puffing them editorially. The money made by druggists in the sale of these abominable medicines, and that made by publishers in advertising them, as well as the vast sum realized by the manufacturer, is filched from the pockets of the poor and the sick, who are too ignorant to detect the rascality thus practiced upon them.

"Now, we may be very obtuse, but for the life of us we can not see any difference morally between quacks and their accomplices. The man who knows the villainous character of patent-medicine-makers and their nostrums, and continues to aid in this nefarious business, is a partner in guilt with Roback and his tribe. Druggists and newspaper publishers are generally too intelligent to be deceived by the lies of medicine-manufacturers, and when they assist in circulating such lies, thus deceiving the unfortunate, and robbing them not only of money, but of health also, they should be held responsible for their complicity in the crime. For it should be regarded as a crime to sell to ignorant sick men and women a medicine that is not only worthless but positively injurious. If a decent regard for the health and life of their fellow-men will not deter druggists from so infamous a traffic, the power of law should

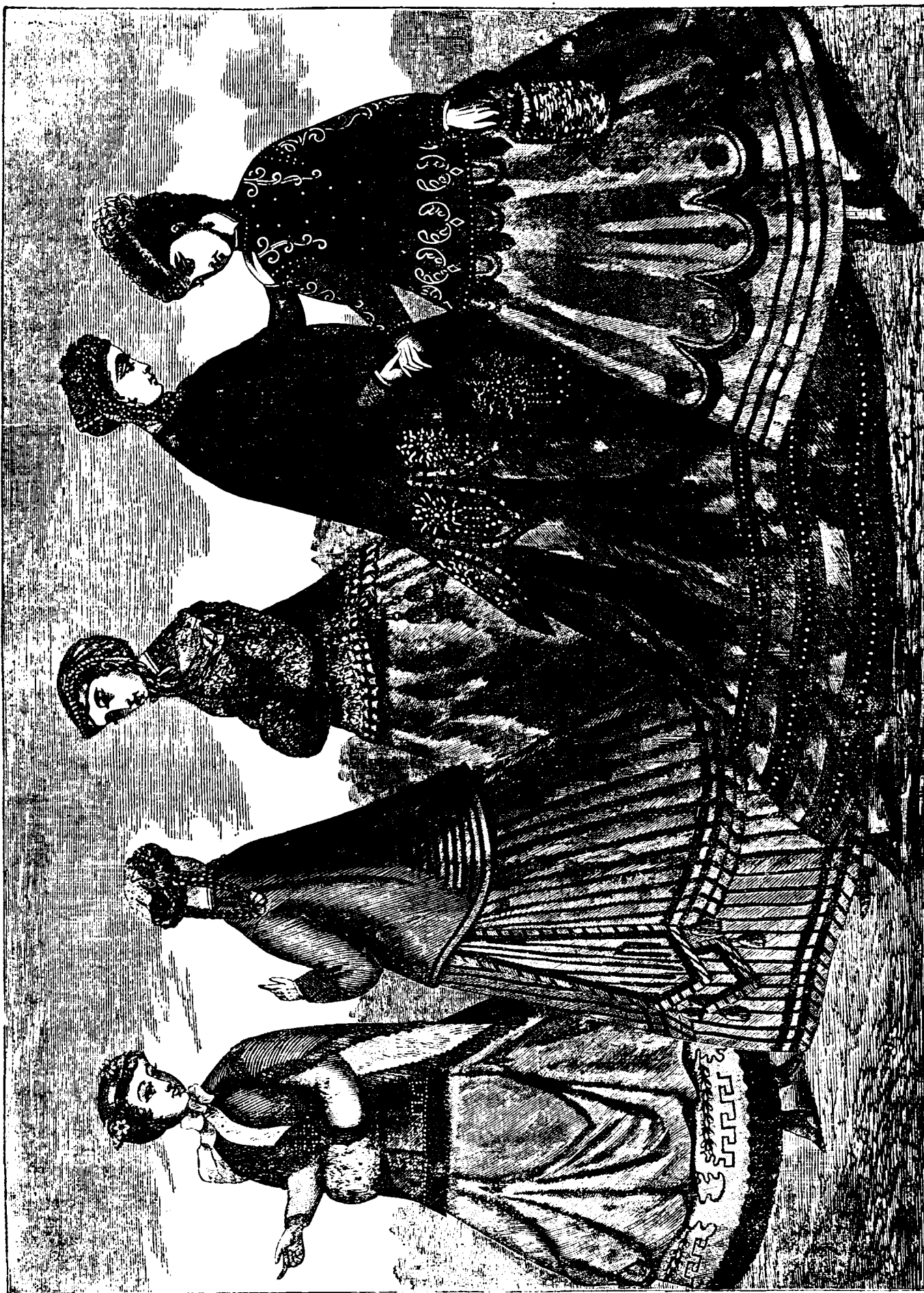
be brought to bear upon them. The patent medicine swindle has been carried about far enough; and we hereby proclaim every druggist who sells 'Roback's' and similar preparations, a contemptible swindler. Now and then one may be found who is ignorant of the true character of such nostrums, and has sold them without a suspicion of his complicity with swindling. Such an ignoramus has no business to dabble with any kind of medicines, and should get out of the business forthwith. If people *must* be murdered by medicines, let the work be done in the scientific modes of the regular medical profession."

[We have here, on Broadway, in New York, several patent or quack medicine palaces, costing hundreds of thousands, not to mention a score or more of the lesser cod liver oil and gin-schnapps fraternity. There is Moffatt's, Brandreth's, Helmbold's, and the establishments of many others, who roll in wealth filched from the sick and the poor.

The very worst enemy with which the temperance cause has to contend is this quack medicine business. All the elixirs, cordials, bitters, sarsaparillas, tonics, and so forth, are alcoholic compounds, and create an appetite for *stimulants*. Then follow ale, porter, beer, wine, cider, Bourbon, rum, gin, brandy, and the whole catalogue of slops, which poison and lead to death and hell. Now, we ask, to what extent are the *regular physicians* responsible for this state of things? Do not they prescribe more or less of these beverages? Do they, who *ought* to be the *guardians* of the public health, give any word of *warning* against the quacks? Or, do they assume a very dignified attitude, counting themselves only guests, instead of hosts; only visitors, instead of entertainers; mere camp followers, instead of true soldiers? Now, we call on these certified sheep-skin gentlemen to rally to the rescue. The nation is being poisoned in its every pore. They must not stand still, mere lookers-on, without lifting a hand to stay the plague. The clergy, too, should speak out. All good men, everywhere, should sound the alarm. Let the cry go forth, *Down with the quacks!*]

SICK HEADACHE—ITS CAUSE AND CURE.—Dr. John Burdell, a dentist of New York—not the Cunningham man—says: "Not a case of this disease (sick headache) has ever occurred within my knowledge, except with the drinkers of narcotic drinks (meaning tea and coffee), and not a case has failed of being cured on the entire renunciation of those drinks. In saying this, however, it is by no means claimed that there are no cases of sick headache to be found except those which owe their origin to tea and coffee. I only affirm that I have never known of any such cases. Whatever may be said of the violations of physical law in other respects, *tea and coffee may claim sick headache* as their highly favored representative."

[Tobacco produces similar effects—and its discontinuance brings relief. A cheap remedy for a most painful malady is to "abstain."]



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FALL COSTUMES FOR 1867.

LADIES' FALL COSTUMES.

THROUGH the kind accommodation of our neighbor Demorest, of *Demorest's Monthly Magazine*, we are enabled to furnish our readers an objective view of the fashions in ladies' walking and full dress costumes for early autumn. The following remarks are descriptive of the figures in the engraving:

FIG. 1. Suit of speckled poplin, black and white, the skirt plain, and looped with small jet Benoiton dress-loopers, over a gray Boulevard skirt, braided with black, and edged with a box-plaiting, bound with black. The sac paletot is cut perfectly straight, and the seams left open to the waist, and the center of the back is slashed to the waist. The effect is that of scarf ends in front, and a straight, plain back. It is embroidered with beads in a Greek pattern, and edged with a black cord fringe, to the ends of which a large jet bead is attached. Sleeves long and open, with dress coat sleeves beneath. Gray muff. Bonnet of gray velvet, trimmed with white velvet Marguerites and black velvet leaves. White moire strings.

FIG. 2. Short dress of striped mohair, green and black. Trimming of jet braid and a bias fold of the goods, simulating a double skirt, and side sashes, to the points of which black tassels are attached. Sac of heavy black armure silk, trimmed also with jet braid, in a narrower width. Green velvet bonnet, embroidered with jet, and ornamented with a Benoiton of velvet and crimson rose.

FIG. 3. Cloak and muff of violet plush, over a steel gray poplin dress. Bonnet of gray satin, edged with jet pendants, and trimmed with leaves of violet velvet.

FIG. 4. A visiting dress of very rich black silk, trimmed with triple folds of black satin, fastened down with jet nuii-heads through the center. Handsome black velvet Ristori cloak, which describes a mantilla front and circle back; it is richly embroidered with silk and jet. Black lace hat, with diadem of scarlet velvet, also embroidered with jet, and finished with jet ornaments.

FIG. 5. Misses' short dress of Eugenie blue Lyons poplin, bound round the scallops with black silk, and ornamented with black silk dahlias, over a gray Boulevard, trimmed with three rows of blue velvet. Black velvet sack, embroidered with jet gallons, and ornamented with jet buttons and pendants; fringe of broad passementerie and Benoiton chains. Ermine muff. Blue velvet hat, with white ostrich plume.

The general effect of each of these costumes is an improvement on the scantiness of the fashions of the seasons just past. The hats or bonnets are expanded and cover more of the head they are intended to adorn. The waterfall is disappearing, and will soon perish in fashionable oblivion, as it should. Braids, which are far more natural and comely, are resumed, and in various designs more or less tasteful, impart symmetry to head and neck. The cloaks and sacs are in accordance with physiology, so far as comfort in pattern and fit is concerned; while the walking dresses are cut short, giving freedom of movement and saving material in various ways, to say nothing of the elegance, neatness, and taste which can be exercised in trimming and wearing them without fear of soiling the graceful folds in the dust and mire of the streets, or having the gathers ruthlessly torn out by the feet of uncouth pedestrians.

THE FASHIONS.

WELL, what of them? This: whoever discovers a new and *better* mode of dress than those hitherto in use, is a public benefactor. In dress, five conditions are to be observed, viz.: health, comfort, convenience, taste, and economy. It is unfortunate that ignorant and light-headed creatures abroad should foist upon the public such ridiculous costumes as sometimes prevail. The hideous, barbarous bag of wadding, vulgarly called a waterfall, is one of the most absurd of the foolish modern inventions. The bustle, of a few years ago, was of the same class. The little chips and boxes worn in place of bonnets are not so bad. The hard, high, and tight stove-pipe hat—bell-crowned or sugar-loaf—worn by men at present, is one of the worst and most uncomfortable of contrivances. Much of the bald-headedness prevailing among men—almost never met with among women—may be attributed to this bad thing. Tight, ill-shaped, and high-heeled boots and shoes cause ever so many corns, bunions, aches, and pains. Compare the shape of a fashionable boot or shoe with the shape of a natural foot, and note the difference! When will shoemakers learn to fit the feet of the suffering? At one time we have broad and hideous square-toed shoes; then short, blunt, chopped-off toes; then sharp-pointed toes; then the more sensible round or duck-billed shape was put forward. But even this is imperfect.

Of tight-laced corsets, tilting crinoline, tight, spindle-legged pantaloons, and so forth, we shall have more to say at another time. It has been suggested that a prize be offered for patterns and plans for showing the best style of dresses for men and women. It is believed that inventive Americans may not only surpass the world in reapers, mowers, yachts, sewing, washing, and wringing machines, but that we may teach the world how to dress the most sensibly. Shall the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL offer the prize and publish the patterns? What say our lady readers?

GROWTH OF BRAIN.

A CORRESPONDENT propounds the following:

Is there anything made or lost in the whole brain? Or, can any organ or group of organs be increased by cultivation without a proportionate decrease in the opposite extreme? If the higher faculties, by culture, are increased, do not the lower or the selfish faculties decrease, and *vice versa*?

To which we make answer—Let us suppose a child ten years of age to have a brain developed in perfect harmony. If the culture of every faculty and propensity be equal, the brain, at full maturity, will possess an equal development, every part growing in just proportion. If, however, one set of faculties are exercised chiefly from ten years of age upward, the corresponding organs will become enlarged and strengthened—not necessarily at the ex-

pense of the others; but those which are exercised most will increase in size and activity much more rapidly than those which are exercised but little. It does not make the left arm smaller by using only the right arm, provided there is vitality enough to feed the left arm and maintain its health while the right arm is using ten times more of the qualities which give growth and strength. But if a person has a relatively weak, nutritive system, so that he can not sustain a specific growth of one part of the brain, and at the same time maintain intact the health and size of the other portions, it is easy to perceive that the unused parts would become smaller. If a man or beast in good flesh is deprived of a sufficient amount of food, he or it grows thin and becomes a mere skeleton; the flesh that had been accumulated before is absorbed to furnish fuel to keep up the flame of life. Steamboats sometimes get out of fuel, and their managers are obliged to burn cabin doors, furniture, and other wood-work; so the human system will burn itself up unless it have a supply of fuel in the shape of food.

The brain is not shut up in a tight box which can not be enlarged to make room for the growth of the brain. When one organ grows, it is not obliged to do so at the expense of the others. If one organ wants more room, or if the whole brain requires more room, the skull is absorbed on the inside and built up on the outside. It often happens that a single organ is more active than others by which it is surrounded, and the activity of the one organ causes the absorption of the skull directly over it to such an extent that the skull in that place becomes so thin that a slight pressure would break it or crush it in; and we have known cases where *post-mortem* examination showed the skull to be worn quite through over organs which for many years had been uncommonly active. Thus sometimes a man after twenty years of age will have such an increase of the size of the head that the whole skull changes place; if we may so speak, the skull at twenty would be swallowed by the skull at forty. It is sometimes a mystery to people how a hard, bony structure like the skull can give way and make room for a pulpy substance like the brain. The same reason might be applied to oysters and clams. They are soft and pulpy, and their shells are as hard and a trifle thicker than the human skull. But everybody knows that a clam or an oyster half grown will go, shell and all, into the empty shell of a clam or oyster a year or two older. The whole substance of the shell changes place; it is not enlarged merely, but completely dissolved and thoroughly reconstructed.

An hour passed in sincere and earnest prayer, or in conflict with, and the conquest over, a single passion or a subtle bosom sin, will teach us more of thought, will more effectually awaken the faculty and form the habit of reflection, than a year's study in the schools without them.

NEW YORK,

OCTOBER, 1867.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Pbe.*

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FORMING CHARACTER.

"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

It is a *fact* that human beings *GROW*. They grow straight or crooked, and are tall or short, stout or thin, strong or weak, light or dark, good or bad, according to the pattern—or, as we should say, the patterns—after which they are formed; and though we may most *resemble* one, we blend in ourselves the natures of our *two* parents. When this blending is perfect, when the natures of the two so assimilate as to be *one* in will and sentiment, the effect on offspring is most favorable. On the other hand, parents who are ill-mated or ill-formed are not only incompatible themselves in affection, sympathy, and spirit, but they fail to impart to their children those qualities which go to make up a genial nature, a harmonious, self-regulating body and brain. For the even formation of character it is all-important that the *parents* be entirely agreed. The two wills should be blended into one; they should act, think, and feel in *UNISON*. Then the best results may be hoped for. And he who is so fortunate as to descend from *such* a union is far more likely than others to be happily disposed and to make life a success.

QUARRELING PARENTS, QUARRELING CHILDREN. When parents are not adapted to each other, they will not agree, and *their* differences and lack of harmony will appear in their children. The painful spectacle of quarreling parents is too often *seen*; it is like a house divided, that can not stand. The spirit of discordant parents is both inherited by their children, and also taken on by example. Such must undergo a very great change—which is possible—to be ever at peace or in the way of domestic prosperity. But the child is here. He is only three

or four years old, and yet his young parents can not manage him. It is fearful to witness an exhibition of his temper; and then each parent declares that the child is unlike him or her. *Very* young or immature people are more likely than others to become the parents of fiery-tempered and ungovernable children, and the little "perpetual motion" thrashes and bangs about the house like one "possessed." Whipping fails to subdue the turbulent nature, and the young mother gives up in despair. The boy soon discovers that he is master of the house. The tender-hearted father dreads to cross his child and fears to deny his demands. The ignorant or indifferent nurse, regarding him "a spoiled child," teases and stirs him up just to see him rave. If he wants broken glass, a pocket-knife, scissors, and the like, he must have them. Of course more serious trouble is brewing, and very soon a catastrophe occurs; but if he escapes with his life, it's no matter. Is not that boy forming character? Notice how his head bulges out just at the root of the ears, at Destructiveness.* These organs are growing every day by what the mind feeds upon. He is now nine or ten years old. He is without a sense of obedience, and much less of integrity or devotion; "*must* have his own way," so say his over-indulgent parents, and money to spend. Instead of going to school, he plays truant, misleads or is misled by others; gets into bad company and worse habits, and is now, when fourteen, quite lawless. His parents would have him go to Sunday-school, but he will not; they would have him learn some useful calling, but he has nothing in view, and can not decide on anything. He is now eighteen; has tried half-a-dozen different trades, and dislikes them all. He became a clerk in a store, but, from inattention, carelessness, and doubtful honesty, was "not wanted." His parents are distressed, seeing the waywardness of their son, and no hope of his ever amounting to anything.

Neither cloves, cinnamon, spices, nor cologne can neutralize the smell of filthy tobacco with which his "bad breath" is now tainted. Where he spends his evenings till a very late hour, his parents

* See the Phrenological Bust for the location of the organs.

do not know. He is yet "forming character." But why follow this child of sin and sorrow further? The sequel may be inferred. Without a purpose, without occupation, without ambition to be useful or to do good, he sinks rapidly into a life of dissipation, from which the prayers of a heart-broken mother and the too late appeals of a well-meaning but mistakenly kind father can not avail. Look at that young man now. He is a low, coarse, gross, bleary-eyed, foul-mouthed, profane sensualist. His character is now formed and fixed! A few steps farther and he comes to the end of a miserable life. Bad tobacco, bad whiskey, and bad women finish him. He attends all the races, assists in drinking saloons, gambles, gets up swindling lotteries and other gift-swindling concerns—it may be in the name of charity—advertises to send fifty-dollar gold watches for \$5 40 or thereabouts, turns quack doctor and sells quack medicines, tries his hand at counterfeiting, or forging bank notes and checks, robbing stores, post-offices, and persons, and of course is hunted, detected, arrested, brought to justice, and imprisoned. He is now incarcerated for *one* of his many wicked crimes, all of which *may be seen in his face*. His real character, so long forming and partially concealed, now reveals itself. Though in prison, he is incorrigible. He is *punished* into submission, and works or drags out the term for which he was sentenced. He is again free. His reputation follows him. Who wants to employ him now? *He will not work*; but, as "birds of a feather flock together," he returns to his former haunts of vice and crime, commits arson or murder, and the executioner closes the scenes of a worse than worthless life.

This is the way in which *hundreds* of young men are forming their characters to-day! In many cases human agency, through temperance and religious influences, may avail much; in others, nothing but the grace of God can avert the downward course of the perverse and willful victim. How true it is that "the way of the transgressor is hard!"

But there is another way of forming character, of a far different stamp, in which the beautiful image may be made to reflect the high attributes of God who

made it—attributes which are high, holy, heavenly, such as may be seen only in those who know His will and do it. The first condition to be taught the child is obedience to rightfully constituted authority, then respect, then justice, kindness, faith, hope, meekness, industry, frugality, the regulation, restraint, and subordination of appetite, ambition, affection, love of money, of display, and to do all things in accordance with the will of God, as indicated in the Holy Scriptures. He whose character is formed after such a pattern will live a circum-spect life, and grow in grace to the end. How beautiful, how sublime is the life, and even the death, of a good man! In life he will be guarded against temptations, and guided in the paths of prosperity, happiness, and peace.

EAST AND WEST.

To keep a people UNITED, it is indispensable that the means for cheap and free intercourse among themselves be had. Isolation simply means separation. Every new avenue open for trade, commerce and travel is an additional link to unite and bind closer the people of different states and nations. Make it convenient for the people East and West, North and South, to visit, exchange products, and thus to become acquainted with and to help each other, and no standing army will be necessary to keep the peace.

Had it not been for the irrepressible conflict between freedom and slavery—an utter incompatibility between the democracy of one and the aristocracy of the other—there would have been no war between the States North and South. That great natural highway, the Mississippi River, and the main line railway, will serve to reunite North and South; while the great lakes in the North, and the Trunk Railway East and West, will tend to consolidate all our people and all our interests into one. Instead of one Atlantic and Pacific Railway, we shall, in twenty years, need half a dozen. The West is being rapidly peopled and developed. In the course of a few years the entire Rocky Mountain regions will be teeming with its millions of miners, and the great prairies and plains will be alive with farmers. The East—the best nursery ground in the world—will continue to grow men and women, and to educate them in the arts, sciences, and mechanics. She will also manufacture mowing-machines and mouse-traps, sewing-machines and school-books. The South will grow sugar and cotton, and the North will refine the one and work up the other. There will be an exchange of labor and of products, mutually advantageous to all concerned. There will be no selfish dog-in-the-manger policy—no isolation or exclusiveness; we will have a uniform cur-

rency, uniform laws, free education, and no special favors or privileges. Each may choose his calling and the section of country where he would settle.

Years ago the lakes and the old New York and Erie Canal served as the channel of intercourse between New England and the Mississippi. Then the New York Central Railroad divided the traffic with the Canal. Afterward, the New York and Erie Railroad was built, and came in for a share, and soon the Pa. Central, Baltimore and Ohio, Charleston and Memphis, and, over the borders, the Grand Trunk in Canada, were built and put in operation. At present these few lines are entirely inadequate to move the vast amount of freight and passengers passing to and fro, and every day increasing. For slow and heavy freight a ship canal around Niagara Falls, connecting the lakes, is necessary; another between Norfolk, Va., and the Ohio River, is also demanded; and in many sections, new Eastern and Western railways must soon be built. Just now a lake shore railway, from Oswego to Lewiston, is projected, and will be built. It will cross the Niagara River on a much lower grade than the present suspension Bridge Road, and will form a trunk line with Detroit, Chicago, Omaha, and San Francisco, in the West; and with the East, through a short cut, *via* the Hoosic Tunnel, to Boston and Portland. This new road will become a successful competitor of the Grand Trunk in Canada, and of that great monopoly the New York Central. It will have an easy grade on the south shore of Lake Ontario, near the line of the old ridgeway, and pass through a region of the most healthful and delightful country in America.

It will not be many years before our country will become the great highway of the world. We lie on a line between Europe, India, China, and Japan. All our Eastern and Western railways will participate in the through traffic. Portland in the East, and San Francisco in the West, will be great railway depots, while Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, Omaha, Salt Lake City, etc., will be way stations; and the Northern and Southern lines will all be feeders to those running East and West.

Who can conceive the magnitude of our future? This is a great country.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

OUR readers will find, in an elaborate biography of the late General Curtis, which we will present in our next number, an interesting sketch of some of the more prominent incidents connected with the military operations conducted in the West during our late war. It is purposed, also, among other good things, to give a rejoinder, by Mrs. George Washington Wyllys, to the article recently published in the *North American Review*, under the caption of "A Plea for Bachelors," and an article on "Our Social Relations," by John Neal, Esq.

FALL FAIRS AND CATTLE-SHOWS.—This is the favorite season of the year—the most beautiful month of the twelve—when our thrifty farmers and fruit-growers, our ingenious mechanics, and our enterprising manufacturers assemble in their county seats and State capitals to take account of the year's progress and products. They compare notes, and compete for prizes. Each brings his best pigs and potatoes, plows and pumpkins, apples, pears, and quinces. There are in the tents and stalls great mountains of breathing beef—good-natured bulls, gentle cows, with tired calves; short horns, long horns, and no horns—Durbams, Devons, Ayrshires, Alderneys, Herefords, Galloways, etc., each with excellent points. Horses of all sizes, colors, and qualities—Arabians, for speed; Normans, for artillery; Clevelands, for roadsters; Clydesdales, for the plow; Hunters, for the saddle; Blackhaws and Morgans, for families and physicians; Shetlanders, for boys and girls. What spirit! What speed! What power! What pride! [But we beg the managers *not* to turn these, their most useful annual exhibitions, into those low, miserable, and wicked horse races where gamblers, tipplers, and thieves do congregate, to the shame and disgust of all decent people.] Look at the innocent, timid, beseeching-faced sheep. They almost ask you to open the gate and release them from their prison-pens, that they may hie to their green pastures. Here are the long-wooled Leicestershires; there the fine-wooled Merinos; here the dark-faced and best of all mutton-sheep—the hardy, handsome Southdowns. Farther on are the lazy, lymphatic, adipose pigs—Suffolks, Berkshires, Essexes, Chesters, Chinese; you will see no "Land-Pikes" at these shows.

Now let us look at the poultry. What a chattering among the Chittagongs, Shanghaes, Dorkings, Black Spanish, Polanders, Seabrights, Bantams, Burmahs! See how those gobblers strut! wonder if they dream of Christmas, or of their certain fate?

What apples! What pears! And how fragrant the golden quinces! Won't they flavor the apple-sauce? Do look at the grapes! What beets, turnips, and squashes! "Oh, my! where did they come from?" Notice the sun-burnt men trying the new pumps, straw cutters, fanning mills, mowers, and reapers; while the good women are examining new ranges, stoves, churns, clothes washers, wringers, sewing machines, and other labor-saving implements. All are having a good time generally. Returning each to his home, reflecting on what he has seen, he determines to improve his stock, improve his seeds, roots, plants, fruits, machinery—and last, but not least, he resolves to improve his wife, his children, and HIMSELF. The next annual fair shall bring him a prize for something, if it be only for a potato. So the spirit of useful rivalry and competition is awakened, and great good to the nation and the world is the result.

P. S.—Keep away from the *side shows*—of two-headed calves, five-legged sheep, striped pigs, gambling tables, and drinking saloons. Buy a season ticket, and "look out for pick-pockets."

THE CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.

THEIR CAPACITY AS SERVANTS—RELIGIOUS BELIEF, ETC., ETC.

THE emigrants from the Celestial Empire who have taken up their residence in the Golden State still retain their national characteristics, and do not in the least conform to American habits and customs. Speaking just enough of our language in their broken manner to make themselves understood, is all they desire; and farther than this they seem either unwilling or unable to progress. During a two years' residence in California I had every opportunity for studying their peculiarities, there being many of them employed as servants in private families, and with few exceptions I found them, when well trained, extremely neat, obliging, and obedient. I saw none but male servants among them—the females being low, abandoned creatures, and unfit for any capacity in respectable families. The men did our washing, ironing, and cooking; and as it is a well-established fact that Californians are luxurious livers, they who minister to their palates and preside over the culinary department of their homes must be well skilled in the mysteries of cookery—and I think I can safely say that never have I partaken of a better or more palatable dinner than that prepared by the hands of a Chinaman!

As I before said, they are extremely particular, and I well remember when "Hop," our help, seemed rather inefficient for all the tasks which were devolving upon him, and a girl was engaged to share his labors. The time for her arrival came, and "Hop" was on the *qui vive* of expectation, and no doubt at the same time on the alert for any exhibition, on her part, of what, to him, seemed like inefficiency or negligence; for no sooner was the dinner over and the "dishes washed," than "Hop" removed the goblets, one by one from the closet, and carrying them to the window, then holding them up between his dusky face and the light, muttered in the greatest disgust, "No good, Mellican man! No good, Mellican man!" "No good American! No good American!" This event seemed to decide him as to his future course of action, for he was so quarrelsome with the new-comer that we were obliged to discharge her at once.

Nearly every mountain town, as well as each of the larger towns of California, has its portion which is designated as "China Town," and here such of them as have the means carry on their various kind of business and engage in their respective vocations. The merchant may be seen at his counter in the loose blouse and flowing pants which is the prevailing costume, dealing out Chinese sugar, rice, opium, and tobacco to his brother customers, and smoking his native *cigarette* just as contentedly as his luxurious neighbor a little farther "up town" does his "Spanish best."

Here, too, you will see advertised, in Chinese characters, "Chee-Mung & Choo-Chong, Laundrymen." They seem to be well patronized, not only by the miners, but also by many fam-



"A GENUINE CELESTIAL."

ilies, who find it convenient to send "out" their washing occasionally. The clothes undergo what would seem a very singular process. They are carried to a stream of clear, pure water, and being dipped into it they are then taken out and dashed forcibly against a large rock, and thus with alternate dipping and dashing they are made clean (with perhaps a slight rubbing of the hands, if necessary), after which they are "blued" and "starched" with a preparation of their own importation, and hung up or spread out to dry. When thoroughly dry, the irons are heated, and the sprinkling and ironing process goes on at one and the same time. Each garment is placed separately upon the ironing-cloth, and with a mouth full of water the dusky laundryman blows a fine mist, in a manner peculiar to himself, over the garment as it is being smoothed. Notwithstanding this may seem a very strange and unsatisfactory manner of proceeding, yet when complete the clothes very often present a fine appearance, which could not fail to please the most fastidious housewife, providing she had seen nothing of the singular process through which they had been carried.

The religious belief entertained by the Chinese, or at least that ignorant portion of them which we meet here, is very remarkable. The long, dark hair (the tail) which is worn in a solitary braid, extending below the knees, and sometimes to the feet, seems to be regarded by them with a feeling akin to veneration; and no sooner does poor "John" lose his chief ornament (which is not a rare circumstance, as the Americans punish petty crimes by depriving him of it), than the poor victim is regarded by his fellows as a lost *soul*, not only for time, but *eternity*, and his bones are not allowed to rest with those of his kindred upon their native soil. They bury their dead in a very uncere- monious manner, and it is not unusual after the heavy rains to see the rude coffin of poor John protruding from beneath the little mound of earth where they have laid him. They are not forgetful of their lost ones, however, but visit them occasionally in their silent homes, carrying with them their favorite drinks and edibles, seeming, as they do, to regard this as a peculiar expression of regret and mourning on their part, and one which is received with due

appreciation by their dead. After gratifying their own appetites, they leave a rare portion for the sleeping brother, who may partake at leisure. This custom seems to have become a portion of their religious ceremony, which is rigidly adhered to, until a suitable opportunity offers to remove the bones, when they are removed to China for future burial.—*Mrs. Wilkin- son's California Sketches.*

PAPAL ENTERPRISE IN LOUISIANA.

"THE Rev. Dr. Chaplin, of the Baptist Training-School for Colored Preachers, says in a late report: 'The Catholics have imported sixty priests into the State of Louisiana to educate the blacks. This looks like work. These sixty act in concert; move together like one man—one man trained and armed for service. The Council at Baltimore adopted the programme sent from Rome, and have already embodied their resolution in living men.'"

To this the *Christian Intelligencer*, Reformed Dutch, says: "All honor to the Romanists! Their zeal is most praiseworthy. While other bodies are thinking or discussing, Holy Mother acts. She has no scruple about black skins, or red, or white. In this matter she is truly catholic, ready to operate anywhere, among any class, and in any way, so as to gain her end. We do not think her proselytism will amount to much among the freedmen as a race, for they will prefer the freer and more demonstrative worship of Protestants; but the effort shows a degree of interest and activity worthy of Rome's palmiest days. And while she continues to have so much life and energy in her missions, she can afford to smile at the hopeful vaticinations of decay founded upon the loss of her temporal power. A Church which, whatever her corruptions, has enough truth and life to maintain numerous and costly mis- sions, can not die."

[In America there is a free and open sea in which all may fish for men. Our wish is that the best fishermen may be instrumental in saving the most souls. Let all religious denominations put away prejudice, and vie with each other in educating, elevating, and spiritualizing both black and white, and God will bless their efforts.]

THE NATIONAL DEBTS OF THE WORLD. The statistical tables, as just published by the British Government, give the subjoined list of the principal national debts, with the date to which each is made up. The calculations are made on a gold basis.

Date.	Nation.	Total Debt.	Per Head of Population.
1865	Great Britain	\$4,041,446,640	\$138
1865	United States	2,794,867,780	88
1864	France	2,685,444,925	72
1861	Russia	1,318,048,280	17½
1864	Austria	1,235,472,370	33
1864	Italy	881,195,195	51
1865	Spain	819,637,555	40
1864	Holland	423,012,115	115
1864	Turkey	247,500,000	7
1864	Prussia	208,258,535	10½
1864	Portugal	208,257,000	47½
1864	Belgium	126,780,080	96½
1861	Brazil	114,618,580	11½
1863	Denmark	53,550,795	20
1863	Greece	53,536,880	48½
1863	Peru	34,288,290	13½
1865	Chili	14,667,500	8½

IRA ALDRIDGE,

THE COLORED TRAGEDIAN,

WHOSE death in Poland has been recently announced, was born in New York city about the year 1820. His father was a colored preacher in Church Street, and intended Ira for the ministry. With that view he sent him at an early age to England to be educated. The youth, however, did not take kindly to the course marked out for him, but having very early imbibed a taste for theatricals, turned his attention to the stage. He took an active and prominent part in juvenile performances, and at length made his appearance on the public stage. His first performance before a popular audience was at the Royalty Theater, London, where he at once made a favorable impression. The subsequent career of the young African Roscius, as he was called in England and other portions of the United Kingdom, was attended with the most brilliant success. He became a recognized favorite, and was held to be one of the most faithful delineators of the immortal Shakspeare, always commanding crowded houses at the leading theaters of London. As he advanced in reputation he ventured to appear in various Continental cities, at first playing with an English company; but difficulties arising in various ways, he determined on trying the novel—but as the result proved successful—experiment of giving his own Shaksperian parts in English, while the native company used their own language. A complete master of his art, Ira Aldridge was enabled to accomplish in this way what was never attempted before. Throughout the chief capitals of Europe his ability was acknowledged by all; decorations having been conferred upon him by various sovereigns, as well as the more substantial testimonials of crowded audiences. He was remarkably popular in Russia, and very successful at Constantinople, where he performed with a French company. In the Ottoman capital theatrical celebrities but rarely appear. Ristori, who was there some time since, was considered to have made the greatest hit, but it fell very much short of Ira Aldridge's success, as was attested by the crowded houses that witnessed his performances up to the last. This was a striking appreciation of the force of his genius from a very mixed population, such in fact as is only to be met with in the city of the Sultan. In Germany, Aldridge was looked on as performing the Shaksperian characters with marked ability, but in England has not often appeared in any of Shakspeare's plays, except Othello and the Merchant of Venice. In Zanga, Orozembo, Zorambo, Rolla, Hugo (in the Padlock), and other characters, the physiognomy of which suits his color, he was thought to display rare excellence. He was also a good comedian. In his personations of character he appeared to realize with remarkable exactness and vigor the conception of the dramatist. His style at once seized on an audience and commanded their closest attention and admiration. Perhaps his best rôle was Othello, whom he is said by our consul at Odessa to resemble much in character and demeanor.



IRA ALDRIDGE.

Some years ago a law procedure, affecting his domestic relations, attracted much attention in London. His wife was a white woman. At the time of his death he was fulfilling an engagement in Poland. He was engaged to appear at the Academy of Music, in this city, during the month of September.

The head of this eminent colored man was very much larger than the average size for a white man, which, as is generally known, is above the negro type of head. According to the measurements sent us by the American consul at Odessa, it was about twenty-three and a half inches in circumference. Referring to our portrait we find the indications of an excellent combination of the organs, a fair balance of the intellectual faculties. The knowing organs were predominant, Individuality, Eventuality, Language, Form, Locality, and Time were large, and gave his mind the tendency to inquire, examine, observe, and hold in memory tenaciously whatever he deemed worthy of attention. The high forehead denoted a sympathetic nature and considerable ability to read character. Large Human Nature and very large Imitation qualified him to enter into the spirit of dramatic impersonation, and assume with unusual facility the various phases of human character as he understood them. He had also much force, resolution, and positiveness; much more fire and pluck than is a dispositional characteristic of his race. The width between the ears exhibits a large degree of Destructiveness, while the facial indications of Combative-ness show a good degree of it. His social nature was strong, evincing warmth of affection for friends, children, and home. His interest in woman was far from weak. In fact, we are led to believe that he excelled most in those plays which represent life as associated with the domestic circle, or wherein earnestness of affection and vigor of action should characterize the performance. He evidently possessed large Approbativeness; but his Se-

cretiveness and Caution being also strongly marked, rendered him prudent, careful, and shrewd in the prosecution of whatever ambitious designs he may have cherished. Commendation—the applause of the world—was acceptable to him, but he was not the one to manifest any special desire or appetite for it. He picked up information rapidly in his associations with the world, and had much facility in adapting what he learned to his needs and purposes. He did not go through the world blindfold, but kept his eyes and ears open, gathering much from experience that was profitable. The negro is physiognomically striking, and evidences the directness of his origin. His superior talents furnish a strong testimonial in favor of those who advocate negro equality; but unfortunately his, like that of Fred Douglass, is an isolated case, and proves only rare possibilities or outcroppings from the common stock. Morally considered, Mr. Aldridge possessed a very happy organization, such as is desirable in the case of any one, white or black.

ACQUISITIVENESS VS. BENEVOLENCE.—No. 1.

BENEVOLENCE may shake her pure hands and say: "Not a drop of the blood of Acquisitiveness runs in my veins! Acquisitiveness is of the earth, earthy! I am from heaven." And this she may say, not in the spirit of Pharisaism or pride, but in ignorance of the fact that Acquisitiveness has a strong arm on which she may lean, and coffer, full of silver and gold, into which she may put her hand and take out what she will; for Acquisitiveness—if well brought up and properly trained—is never stingy, and never locks up his coffers and puts the keys in his pocket for fear his sister Benevolence will help herself too freely, but puts the keys into the hands of Benevolence, and tells her to grow strong and flourish on his bounty.

The mutual relation of Acquisitiveness and Benevolence, and the value of each to the other, has not been sufficiently considered or frankly acknowledged, even by firm believers in Phrenology.

Benevolence is supposed to be—and is—one of those "bumps" that allies man to the skies; while Acquisitiveness is supposed to be—but is not—one of those "bumps" that binds a man fast to the earth, and that ought to be torn out of the brain, root and branch, and worked at with all the patience that is sometimes spent on Canada thistles, that it may be utterly exterminated.

"Look," says the man of large Benevolence, "look at that man, look at his palace, look at his carpets, look at his furniture, look at his paintings, look at his equipage, look at his selfishness, look at his Acquisitiveness! He does not give away half as much as a poor man. Missionary societies, benevolent societies, orphan asylums, homes for the aged, hospitals for disabled soldiers—all these have to live without him. The great founders of good institutions for the race never get a dollar out

of him. He spends all his money on himself. He keeps it all within the inclosure of himself, and the secret of it all is—his *organ of Acquisitiveness*. If there were no such organ in the brain, how much nobler men would be!" Stop, O man of Benevolence, for those who hear you talk, add, as a natural inference from what you say, that God is the author of evil. But he is not. He has never put into any man's brain an organ that has not a priceless value. Every organ has its uses, and its noble uses, too. And when you say that the secret of that man's selfishness is his organ of Acquisitiveness, you slander the works of the Creator.

You have a child—a pampered, spoiled child—you have made him so, and yet you look at him and say: "The Creator made a great mistake in creating children. There ought to have been no such period in the life of the race as childhood. There never ought to have been any children—there never ought to be any more, for children are a great curse to themselves and everybody else. Look at my child." Now your child fails entirely to show how divine a thing a child may be made, and that man's Acquisitiveness fails entirely to show how divine a thing Acquisitiveness may be made. Both have been wrongly, wretchedly trained, and yet both are needed in the world.

If children should cease to be, where would the race come from, in future?

If the organ of Acquisitiveness should be blotted out of the human brain, where would Benevolence get money to spend? Nowhere. Her income would stop—her resources would fail. She might continue to walk the earth with love in her eye, and pity in her face, and kindness in her touch, but what could she do? Could she provide for the necessities of the sick and the suffering? Could she say: "My Acquisitiveness—or the Acquisitiveness of others—has acquired a large property, that I, Benevolence, may do a large work in the world, and now I will satisfy your hunger and your thirst, and clothe you, that you may not shiver with the cold?"

Could she do all this? No. All she could do would be to reach forth her hands, and with pity in her eye, but no money in her purse, say: "Depart in peace—be ye warmed and filled."

Thus her work on earth would soon cease to be a great work or a useful work, for pitiful looks and pitiful words are often but airy nothings in the great sea of human suffering. Money, however much despised by some, is a great, substantial good, and blessings on the organ of Acquisitiveness that knows how to make it.

Go on, oh, most useful organ—expand, strengthen, and incite the man, in whose brain you live, to patient, persevering, money-making toil, that Benevolence may not work in vain, and spend her strength in useless efforts, or still more useless desires.

And Benevolence—may she understand how great would be her poverty, how mocking and tantalizing her warmest impulses, and how wearisome and unsuccessful all her undertakings, if she could not look, for help, to Acquisitiveness.

OLD CRELE.

THROUGH the kindness of our esteemed correspondent, Mrs. Helen J. Underwood, Portage City, Wisconsin, we are enabled to lay before our readers a short sketch of Joseph Crele, or "Old Crele" as he was called, who was the oldest man of his generation, being one hundred and forty-one years of age at the time of his death, which occurred last year at his home in Caledonia, near Portage City, Wisconsin.

"Old Crele" was of French origin, and was born in the year 1725. The place of his birth is somewhat obscure, one authority placing it in Montreal, and the other near the city of Detroit. How his youth and early manhood were spent is unknown, or unrecorded, if known. About the year 1755 he visited New Orleans, and while there he married his first wife, he being then thirty years old. He lived in that city for many years, and afterward removed, with his third wife, who was an Indian woman, to Wisconsin, where he lived more after the fashion of his Indian wife than of civilization.

A lady, a near neighbor of "Old Crele," thus describes his habits: "He lived only a short distance from our home. I never could talk to him much, as he spoke the French and Indian languages only; but often saw him chopping wood, carrying water, and working in his garden. This was but a few years ago. His daughter, Madame Po Guetta, was then seventy years old, and she, his youngest daughter by his Indian wife, said he was not married to his first wife until he was thirty years old. He could not, I am sorry to say, be cited as a living testimony of the life-preserving benefit of temperance, save, perhaps, his freedom from the Anglo-Saxon strife after wealth, and the mental exhaustion which shortens so many lives. He lived much as do the Indians of this section. He smoked almost incessantly, and in his later life, at least, was not strictly a temperate man as regards drink. But he seldom or never got drunk. He did not seem to die of 'old age,' even at his advanced period of life. He suffered intense pain, so much so, that he begged of his friends, to kill him, in order to be relieved from his great sufferings."

Up to within a period of ten years ago he appears to have preserved excellent health. The Mad son (Wisconsin) *Argus* thus speaks of him at that time:

"There is an older citizen than Peter Nassau, of Pomfret, Vt., in Wisconsin. He is called 'Old Crele,' and was born in the city of Montreal one hundred and thirty years ago. His memory is distinct for a period of one hundred and seventeen years. He was married at New Orleans a century ago, and now resides with one of his grandchildren, who is upward of sixty years old. He is still hale and hearty, and does not appear to be over seventy."

MANY are constantly deceiving themselves in the attempt to pursue a life of rigid probity, inasmuch as they mistake the love of virtue for the practice of it.

DEACON PILLSBURY'S ORCHARD. CONSCIENTIOUSNESS DIRECTED.

DEACON PILLSBURY was not only a deacon "in good and regular standing" in the Church, but a very good man. His seat in the sacred temple was rarely empty. He never stayed at home for *bad weather*, and whenever the bell rang of a week-day evening, to call the people to praise and prayer, the deacon was often heard to say to his sons: "Come, boys, we must hitch up and go to meeting. I'll never do to tell the good Lord, at the last day, that we lived a mile and a half from the church, and so couldn't go up to his courts, for he'd turn round and ask us how many shows and such like places we went to, and then we'd be pretty mum, I'm thinking."

One of the boys—either Matthew or Arthur—always started for the barn at once, convinced by the sound argument, although they did wish sometimes that "father wouldn't have quite so many crotchets in his head, or that he'd give up that one about going to meeting all the time."

Deacon Pillsbury's goodness did not, by any means, all lie in going to meeting. He always tried to do not only about right, but *quite* right. He never failed to pay his debts, to the last cent, and he gave all he could to charitable objects. More than this, he tried, as he said, "to set a good example before everybody, and not let his preaching be better than his practice." He succeeded pretty well, but, unfortunately, he not only "set a good example before everybody, but a very fine orchard, too, and while he prayed most earnestly, "Lead us not into temptation," and would not, for all the orchards in the world, have had anybody else led into temptation, there hung from rich green boughs in his slightly orchard, golden fruit, and boys, without the help of any serpent, plucked and ate. At first they were firm in their steadfastness, and only stood and looked over the wall, and wished they owned *such* an orchard, and had nothing to do but eat apples. This, however, did not last long, for *looking* is but a step from *yielding*, and over the wall and up the trees they went, and gladdened their eyes and satisfied their stomachs with what was not their own. This always stirred up the Deacon to discourse upon his favorite theme, *justice*, and to do all he could to execute justice upon the boys who carried off so many bushels of his apples. "The great trouble with the world is that there's too much *mercy* in it," he said, "and so everything is at loose ends." With this firm conviction, no boy once in his grasp was released until well shaken or well whipped; but still the apples went off as fast as ever. None of the boys on whom "*justice*" was executed were reclaimed.

Now it happened one day that Harry Drew, a boy of honest intentions, but with a sad weakness for apples, came along by the orchard. "Oh, those elegant, bright yellow apples!" he exclaimed. "Why, I never knew that Deacon Pillsbury had such apples! How I wish he'd give me some; but I never begged for apples,

or anything else in my life, and I won't turn beggar—I'll go without them first. "Conscience and pride triumphant for a moment. Harry Drew went on a few steps, but the sun suddenly struck the apples in such a way as to give them added glory, and the temptable boy turned back to give them another look. And then the poor young son of Adam, although too proud to "turn beggar, was not too honest to turn thief. "It's the first time, though," he said to himself, "the very first time I have ever stolen anything, and it seems to me I can't do it, and yet I must have some of those apples."

He delayed no longer, but jumped over the wall, and taking off his coat, prepared to climb one of the best trees. But the devil, although a good hand to get people into trouble, is very slow to help them out of it, and he didn't proffer his services to Harry Drew when he most needed them. No. After helping him over the wall, he left him to the "justice" of Deacon Pillsbury, who, just as the transgressor was about to ascend the tree, appeared in sight, and at once caught him.

"Now, you young thief!" exclaimed the Deacon, "you'll spend one night at least in my barn. I shall lock you in there, and keep you till to-morrow morning, and feed you on homelier fare than apples."

"Oh, don't shut me up—don't," begged the boy. "My father'll find out what I've done, and he'll whip me terribly."

"I can't help it, my boy. I must do you justice. There's no use of your begging so, for I can't let you off. You have reason to be very thankful, you young scapegrace, that I punish you so lightly."

"Oh, please let me go, sir. It's the first time I ever stole anything, and I'll never take a thing from you again, or from any one else, as long as I live."

In the midst of the scene Matthew Pillsbury suddenly appeared, and as soon as his father's eye lighted on him, he said: "Come, Matthew, help me take this boy down to the barn. He's to spend the night there. It's no more than common justice."

"Well, he's been in bad business," replied Matthew, "and I'll do as you tell me, father, if you insist upon it, but let me speak to you first. I don't believe that this boy has been in the habit of robbing orchards, and I've never seen him around among other bad boys, and there's one good thing I know about him—he's kind to his sick mother. Your name is Harry Drew, isn't it?" added Matthew.

"Yes, and it's the first time I ever stole anything."

"Well, father," continued Matthew, "justice is a good thing, I know, but mercy is good too; so, suppose we let Harry go for once, and not shut him up in the barn, or expose him to his father either. Let's try him."

Good Deacon Pillsbury could hardly reconcile it with justice, but Matthew's remark—"Justice is a good thing, I know, but mercy is good too"—had made him waver, and he concluded to let him go.

"Thank you, sir—thank you," said the boy,

as he wiped his eyes on his coat sleeve and hurried off.

"Now, father, I think we've done what's for the best—don't you?" remarked Matthew, while he stood and watched Harry Drew hurrying down the street. "You see he's a young offender, and so much disgrace might be very bad for him. Mercy sometimes does a boy a great deal of good. And there's another thing, father, that we ought to think of. Our orchard is *very tempting*, and a boy has to be pretty strong in his honesty not to jump over the wall and help himself. We've got a right to have an orchard, I know, but then we must remember that it's a great temptation to boys. I've been thinking of another thing, too, and if you won't be offended, father, I'll tell you what it is. I've been thinking that we have more than our share of those apples."

Deacon Pillsbury had begun to come under the influence of Matthew, but at this crisis he exclaimed: "More than our share of those apples! What do you mean, Matthew? I'd like to know if they're not all *ours*?"

"No, sir," replied Matthew, respectfully, "I can't think so. That word '*ours*' makes a great deal of stealing in the world, father, and if people would only be more generous, and make it a matter of duty to give away as many of their apples and as much of everything else as they could possibly spare, there would not only be better times among the poor, but more honesty too."

"Well," replied the Deacon, with a half-ashamed look, "we won't gather as many bushels of apples this year, and we'll have it understood that, if boys will come and ask for apples instead of stealing 'em, they shall go away with their pockets full, at least."

And the stern lover of justice added—but no one heard it, for he said it to himself: "Who'd have thought that so old a man as I would have to learn of such a stripling as Matthew what mercy is? The boy don't know how much he has taught his old father. Well, after this, I think I shall mingle a little more mercy with my justice, and I'll give away more, that I may tempt boys less."

HEREDITARY SIMILARITIES.—A subscriber, residing at Trenton, N. J., writes us the following:

"There is a lady living in this city with a family of grown-up children. On the 18th of last September, about 2.30 A.M., this lady was awakened by a loud knocking at the door. She was not expecting any one at the time, and was at a loss to know who it was. Before opening the door, however, she decided to ask who was there and what was wanted at such an unseasonable hour. On receiving an answer from the party outside, she remarked to her daughter that it was either her nephew or brother, because she knew his voice! It proved to be her nephew, a young man about twenty years of age, whom she had *never seen before*. She had not seen his father for twenty-five years."

THE CLASSICS VENTILATED;

A TALE OF INDECISION.

In tempus old a homo lived
Qui loved puellas deus;
He ne pouvait pas quite to say
Which he amabat mieux.

Dit-il lui-même un beau matin,
"Non possum *both* avoir;
Sed si malim Samantha Ann,
Then Kate and I have war!"

Samantha habet argent coin
Sed Kate has aureas curls,
Et both sunt very agathal
Et quite formosae girls."

Enfin the youthful anthropos
Philown the duo maids
Resolved proponere to Kate
Devant cet evening's shades.

Procedens then to Kate's domo,
Il trouve Samantha there
Kat quite forgets his late resolve—
Both are so goodly fair.

Sed kneeling on the new tapis
Between puellas twain
Coepit to tell his flame to Kate
Dans un poetique strain.

Mais glancing ever et anon
At fair Samantha's eyes
Illae non possunt dicere
Pro which he meant his sighs.

Each virgo heard the dernier vov
With cheeks as ronge as wine,
And, off'ring each a milk-white hand
Both whispered, "*Jch bin deit!*"

DON'T DO IT

THERE are some things that it is both unpleasant and unprofitable to do. In every community there are thriftless, shiftless people who are always "short," and always anxious to borrow. Some of these borrow money to pay borrowed money, and they are then, to use a street phrase, "all right" until they become sick, or their business fails, or they die; then somebody has to lose. I once asked a man of this stamp who wanted to borrow twenty-five dollars of me, "Why don't you live on mush and milk one month, and thereby get square with the world, and then live from week to week on your own money?" His reply was: "I expect when I die somebody will have to lose by me, and it might as well be you as anybody else." Pleased with his frankness I made the loan, and was seven years getting it back.

It may be accepted as a settled fact, that nine out of ten who are in the habit of asking for small loans are entirely unworthy of trust, and either do not intend to or do not expect to pay, or they are careless, shiftless, and unable to pay, and therefore make no effort. Trusting such persons is a premium on dishonesty and laziness, and should not be practiced. If the pockets of everybody could be closed against such unworthy borrowers, it would be to them a much needed stimulus to personal exertion, and none others would be half so much benefited thereby as the thriftless delinquents in question. Borrowing, moreover, is a mean

business, and he who practices it long comes to feel mean and unmanly. A man borrows a few dollars, and if he fails to pay at the time agreed he feels depressed and inclined to shun his creditor, or if confronted with him, he is tempted to frame some false excuse, and thus little by little every vestige of manliness and moral courage is frittered away. For two dollars I have known a borrower avoid his helper and friend, and for a year stay away from church even, lest he should meet him. If you want to make an enemy of a man, lend him money without security, especially one of those men who are unworthy of credit, and the thing will be done. There are some persons who will get up a plausible story about some prospective business matter by which they are to realize something handsome. This will be mentioned several times, and thereby a hopeful interest in the enterprise will be awakened. This being done with twenty or perhaps fifty persons, there is a large field ready for reaping. Some fine morning the person will come rushing in, saying the papers are just being drawn or the affair is now to be consummated, and it is found that just five dollars or ten dollars more than the person has are wanted to finish up the matter. Of course the money is loaned, but is to be returned in a couple of days. But days and weeks roll by, and months and years accumulate, and neither the money nor the face of the friendly deceiver is seen. It generally turns out that twenty or fifty persons have been thus swindled, and the perpetrator has gone to Mexico, or to parts unknown.

Another unprofitable thing to do is to volunteer counsel and assistance to others. As a general thing one gets not only no thanks, but censure and unpleasant responsibility, if not the enmity of his old friends. If you recommend to another a person to act as a clerk or workman, you are tacitly held responsible for a lifetime of the most faithful service. If you have a bootmaker that fits your feet and makes work that lasts and suits you, never officiously advise anybody else to go there. If your tailor gives you a good fit at reasonable figures, tell your friends who makes your clothes, if they ask you, but do not try to influence them to employ him. If you know a man who sells first-class coal and gives a full ton, be thankful, but say nothing in a direct way to induce others to buy at the same place; and last, but not least, when you find a person whom you think just the one for a life-companion, secure the prize if you can; but on no account, without a special request, undertake to make matches for others.

I have in nearly every way possible tried to aid my acquaintances, but I declare that I have lost more friendship than I have gained by it. Mankind do not like to be advised, but they do like to have some one to cast blame upon, in case of fault or deficiency. "The woman THOU GAVEST to be with me, *she* gave me, and I did eat," was a special plea, a mean and cowardly, as well as a thankless reply, but the



CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

same spirit exists in the sons of Adam to this day. Men are ungrateful, and generally do not thank others for advice or assistance.

Be just, and you will be respected. Help the needy, but do not expect thanks, or hope thereby to secure friends. PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

THE life of this remarkable authoress is one which, in the recital of its affecting details, enlists the deepest sympathies of the auditor. Her pathway lay, not through smiling meadows, beside tinkling streams, and over beds of roses, but it was thickly beset with the thorns of care and sorrow. From her childhood to within a year or two previous to her death she knew little repose of mind, little of body. She was born at Thornton, Yorkshire, England, in 1816. Her father, Patrick Brontë, was born in Ireland. Early in life he maintained himself independently of his father's assistance by teaching school, and succeeded in obtaining a thorough education by his own exertions. He entered the ministry, and settled in Thornton, near Bradford, as curate, where he became acquainted with a Miss Branwell, who soon afterward became his wife. Six children were the fruits of this marriage, of whom Charlotte was the third. They were all of very delicate physical constitution, and of unusual intellectual power. Soon after the birth of the sixth child, the only boy, Mrs. Brontë died, and not long afterward the two eldest children, Maria and Elizabeth, died. They had been sent to a seminary for the training of the daughters of clergymen, where the discipline proved too severe for their weak systems. Charlotte was only eight years of age then, but was deemed by her father sufficiently advanced to attend the same school. She remained there, however, but a year, the treatment of the institution

proving injurious to her health. A few years after this she and her next sister, Emily, went to a foreign school at Brussels, where they made rapid progress in their studies, and after a short stay there returned.

She then determined to open a school at Haworth, England, but after receiving only assurances of good wishes and no pupils, and despairing of success, the project was abandoned. Thenceforth she, together with her sisters Emily and Anne, remained at home, dividing her time between household cares and literary studies.

Thus were two years spent, at the end of which time the trio put forth a volume of poems, under the names of "Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell." The publication was at their own risk, but its sales were very limited. They did not despair, however, of success. Their next attempt was in prose, the three sisters each writing one tale, hoping that the three would be published together. The result was, "The Professor," by Charlotte; "Wuthering Heights," by Emily; and "Agnes Grey," by Anne; the names assumed in the volume of poems being still retained. But Charlotte could not obtain a publisher for hers, while the two latter were published shortly after they were offered. But this was far from discouraging the noble woman. She next wrote "Jane Eyre," which was published in 1847, and secured for her at once a high position in literature. This work was translated into most European languages, and was dramatized both in England and Germany. The incidents and characters of that remarkable novel are largely drawn from the recollections of the ill treatment she received in her youth at school, and from the effects of which her two sisters had died. The influence of this bitter experience lives more or less in all her writings, but especially in the somber fascinations which brood over the pages of "Jane Eyre."

The hard-won success achieved by the publication of "Jane Eyre" was followed by severe afflictions. Her sister Emily died December, 1848, and in less than six months Anne followed, viz., May 28, 1849.

In Oct., 1849, Miss Brontë published her second novel, "Shirley," which hardly made good the expectations raised by "Jane Eyre." In 1852 her "Villette" made its appearance, which met with almost unbounded approbation. Her last work was written in the intervals of a care-worn life and a failing health.

About this time Miss Brontë was surprised by a declaration of love from Rev. Mr. Nichols, her father's curate, who had known her for a long time. But her father objected to the match; she acquiesced in his judgment, and Mr. Nichols resigned his curacy. In the spring of 1854, however, Mr. Brontë took a more favorable view of the matter; Mr. Nichols was reinstated in the curacy, an engagement formed, and the marriage took place in June, 1854. The newly-married pair resided at the parsonage with her father. She was now happy; but the cup of joy was soon to be snatched away from her thirsty lips ere she had more than fairly tasted of its sweetness. She died March 31, 1855.

CHOICE NEW CROP TEAS.

THE SHIP "GOLDEN STATE" has arrived from Japan with 22,000 half chests of the finest Japan Teas to the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York.

These Teas by the ship "Golden State" were purchased direct from the Japanese factor, and in consequence of the magnitude of the transaction, were transferred at about half the usual commissions. This is the largest cargo ever imported from Japan by about seven thousand packages. By this operation the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY put these Teas into the hands of the consumers with but one very small profit—an achievement in commercial enterprise seldom if ever before attained. These Teas are acknowledged, both here and in Japan, as being the finest full cargo ever exported from that country.

Also the ship "George Shotton" has arrived from Foochow with 12,000 half chests of the finest Foochow Oolong Teas.

The cargo of the ship "George Shotton" is the second in size that has ever come to this port from Foochow (which is the finest Black Tea district in China). These are the *finest first-picking contract Teas*—rich, fresh, and full-flavored. This will enable us to supply our trade with uniform fine-flavored Teas for a long time to come. These Teas were contracted for before the picking. Contract Teas are always far superior to any others. A large proportion of contract Teas of first pickings go to the European markets. That is one of the principal reasons why the English people consume *three* pounds of Tea, on an average, to *one* in an equal number of population in the United States. Heretofore, the United States have been compelled, to a considerable extent, to put up with lower grades of Teas and later pickings. This unfortunate result for the consumers of this country has been brought about heretofore in consequence of the many and great profits of the "middlemen" in the Tea trade. But this has been in a great measure remedied by the establishment of the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, and their system of furnishing Teas to the consumer direct from the Chinese and Japanese factors, thus saving them many intermediate profits.

The receiving of these two large cargoes by the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY for their own trade is acknowledged by the mercantile community as the largest transactions ever made in this country. They were deemed of so much importance, that the fact was telegraphed to all the principal commercial papers in the country by their correspondents here, and thus appeared as an important news item throughout the United States at the same time.

The importance of these transactions in this market is thus noticed by the oldest and most respectable commercial paper in this city—the *New York Shipping and Commercial List*—which says: "The trade have again been startled by the arrival of two large cargoes of Teas to the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY; the ship 'Golden State,' from Japan, with 22,000 half chests; and the ship 'George Shotton,' from Foochow, with 12,000 packages." And in another place it says: "The recent large operations of the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY have taken the Trade by surprise, and are rather a novelty in this market. The taking up of two cargoes within a week, comprising 12,331 packages Black, and 23,849 packages Japan, for immediate consumption, at a cost of about a million and a half of dollars, indicates the extensive nature of the Company's business, and deserves a passing notice at our hands."

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivaled for fineness and delicacy of flavor.

This is the season of the year when we receive new Teas, and, consequently, our customers will not fail to notice a marked improvement in freshness from this time forward.

By our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small

additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

COUNTRY CLUBS, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send post-office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for clubs of less than \$30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the custom-house stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory, they can be returned at our expense within thirty days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the List of Prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (Black), 70 c., 80 c., 90 c., best \$1 per pound.
MIXED (Green and Black), 70 c., 80 c., 90 c., best \$1 per pound.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 80 c., 90 c., \$1, \$1 10, best \$1 20 per pound.

IMPERIAL (Green), 80 c., 90 c., \$1, \$1 10, best \$1 25 per pound.

YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80 c., 90 c., \$1, \$1 10, best \$1 25 per pound.

UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90 c., \$1, \$1 10, best \$1 25 per pound.

GUNPOWDER (Green), \$1 25, best \$1 50 per pound.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20 c., 25 c., 30 c., 35 c., best 40 c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30 c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50 c. to \$1 per pound by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street,

Post-Office Box, No. 5,643, New York City.

The GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY (established 1661) is recommended by the leading newspapers, religious and secular, in this and other cities, viz.:

American Agriculturist, New York City, Orange Judd, Editor.

Christian Advocate, New York City, Daniel Curry, D.D., Editor.

Christian Advocate, Cincinnati, Ohio, J. M. Reid, D.D., Editor.

Christian Advocate, Chicago, Ill., Thomas M. Eddy, D.D., Editor.

Evangelist, New York City, Dr. H. M. Field and J. G. Craighead, Editors.

Examiner and Chronicle, New York City, Edward Bright, Editor.

Christian Intelligencer, E. S. Porter, D.D., Editor.

Independent, New York City, William C. Bowen, Publisher.

The Methodist, Geo. R. Crooks, D.D., Editor.

Moore's Rural New Yorker, Rochester, N. Y., D. D. T. Moore, Editor and Proprietor.

Tribune, New York City, Horace Greeley, Editor.

We call attention to the above list as a positive guarantee of our manner of doing business; as well as the hundreds of thousands of persons in our published Club Lists.

CLUB ORDERS.

Edwards, St. Lawrence Co, N. Y.,
June 8, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York.

Dear Sirs: I herewith send you another order for Tea. The last was duly received, and gives general satisfaction. As long as you send us such good Tea, you may expect a continuation of our patronage. As a further evidence that the subscribers were satisfied, you will observe that I send you the names of all those that sent before who were nearly out of Tea, with a large addition of new subscribers. Accept my thanks for the complimentary package. Ship this as the other and oblige

Your obt. servant,

DAVID C. McKEE.

4 lb. Japan.....	J. Havens.....	at \$1 25.	\$5 00
5 ".....	".....	at 1 00.	5 00
1 Gunpowder.....	".....	at 1 50.	1 50
1 Japan.....	S. Curtis.....	at 1 25.	1 25
2 Young Hyson.....	".....	at 1 00.	2 00
1 Japan.....	N. Shaw.....	at 1 00.	1 00
1 Young Hyson.....	".....	at 1 00.	1 00
8 ".....	R. McCargen.....	at 1 25.	3 75
2 Green.....	".....	at 1 25.	2 50
4 ".....	Wm. Barraford.....	at 1 25.	5 00
1 Gunpowder.....	A. H. Perkins.....	at 1 50.	1 50
2 Japan.....	".....	at 1 25.	2 50
2 Coffee.....	".....	at 40.	80
5 Coffee.....	D. C. McKee.....	at 40.	2 00
3 Japan.....	M. Griffin.....	at 1 25.	3 75
2 Japan.....	".....	at 1 00.	2 00
3 Green.....	H. Wooliver.....	at 1 00.	3 00
2 Imperial.....	W. Cleland.....	at 1 25.	2 50
2 Japan.....	J. Cleland.....	at 1 25.	2 50
1 Imperial.....	".....	at 1 25.	1 25
1 Green.....	".....	at 1 25.	1 25

\$51 05

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name, either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

TAKE NOTICE.—Clubs and quantity buyers are only furnished from our Wholesale and Club Department.

Post-Office orders and drafts made payable to the order of the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY. Direct letters and orders to the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York.

June 6—14

Post-Office Box, 5,643.



THE KITTATINNY BLACKBERRY.

THE KITTATINNY BLACKBERRY.

HAVING always taken a deep interest in fruit culture for well-known physiological reasons, we esteem it a pleasure to bring to the notice of our readers any new and worthy developments in that department of gardening. In 1853 we were the first to announce, editorially, with engraved illustrations, the excellence of that now well-known variety of blackberries the Lawton, repre-

senting it in beautiful and life-like cluster on the JOURNAL page, which engraving was afterward transferred to nearly all of the agricultural journals in the United States. Even the wild blackberry, at the present day, needs no voice or pen to extol its merits. People universally esteem its peculiar flavor, and the market never suffers a glut, in its season, from a lack of appreciative purchasers of the sable fruit.

Coming in after the strawberry, to fill the interval between the raspberry and the grape, the blackberry

preserves unbroken the chain of small fruits which in the heat of summer and early autumn are a hygienic necessity. The New Rochelle or Lawton, Wilson's Early, and the Dorchester varieties have, until very recently, commanded the attention of cultivators of the blackberry. These varieties, and one or two others not generally known, are the few gratifying results of attempts made by many horticulturists to domesticate the wild plant. The Lawton has been pronounced the "king" of blackberries, and is the most extensively cultivated of the varieties already mentioned. Very recently a new species, called the "Kittatinnny," from its having been discovered growing wild near the Kittatinnny Mountains, in New Jersey, has been developed by careful culture to a degree of productiveness and quality that even the Lawton has been pronounced to be scarcely its equal. The Kittatinnny berry, when fully matured, attains a size equal to that of the Lawton, but exceeds it in sweetness and general flavor. The Lawton, in some soils and sections of country, is said to be a treacherous berry, occasionally offering a flavor absolutely delicious, and sometimes cheating an expectant palate by a peculiarly unpleasant sourness, while the berries present the same glossy jet. A Kittatinnny, on the contrary, is ripe when entirely black, and when ripe lusciously melts in the mouth. In appearance the bush resembles the Lawton, although the leaves are more coarsely serrated. Our illustration represents a cluster of Kittatinnny blackberries as taken from the bush. This fruit has some advantages which commend it at once to the gardener. One is, that it is catable before it is "dead" ripe, and therefore is especially desirable for market purposes. Another is, that the crop ripens gradually, so that the season of the fruit is agreeably prolonged. It also can be grown successfully in our most northern States.

A few words with respect to its culture, although that can not be said to differ materially from the production of blackberries in general. A rich sandy loam drained so as to prevent an excessive accumulation of water is probably the best soil. The plants may be set in rows from six to eight feet asunder, the plants themselves being six or eight feet apart. A small trellis of wood or wire should be erected for the vines to run on. As the cane which bears fruit one season dies before the next, it is well after fruiting to nip off the old canes so as to produce a more vigorous growth in the new sprouts for the following year.

In the fall the roots of the plants should be fertilized with compost, and in the spring mulching will be found serviceable both for producing an early growth and for keeping down weeds. It has been found to make but little difference with the health and yield of the plant whether it be planted in the autumn or in the spring, provided that care is taken in the process of planting, and the soil is sufficiently fertile.

It is thought by horticulturists that the Kittatinnny can be still more improved and brought to a degree of perfection which shall even rival the strawberry in delicacy, quality, and healthfulness. As with the Lawton, this new species thrives without especial regard being paid to its cultivation, and will grow luxuriantly wherever any of the common varieties of the blackberry can be produced. It is claimed that an acre of ground may be made to produce the worth of from \$1,000 to \$2,000 a year of the Kittatinnny berries. There can be no doubt of its excellence or of its profit under suitable management.

We are indebted to Mr. E. Williams, of Montclair, N. J., for the use of the engraving with which our article is illustrated. For the convenience of our distant readers who may wish to grow this new variety, we propose to furnish plants, by mail or express, at the rate of \$9 a dozen. Or we will send six copies of the JOURNAL a year to new subscribers at \$3 each, and give as premium a dozen Kittatinnny blackberry plants—i. e., two plants, which sell singly at \$1 each—to each subscriber. This would enable persons to start a nursery at small cost, and aid in the dissemination of a very useful and healthful fruit.

ABOUT SMOKING.—Napoleon never smoked; and Goethe says, that a man of true genius can not cultivate both science and his pipe together. There may be a few illustrious exceptions; but they only prove the correctness of the rule.

INTRODUCTION OF MIND INTO ANIMALS.

I BELIEVE there are but three imaginable processes for the introduction of incipient mind, or intelligence, into animal organization. The first is by direct creative implanting or bequeathment of mind into each individual at a certain stage of fetal growth, in which direct creative power and superintendence would have to be exercised for each individual introduction in man alone, about once in every minute—since the human births and deaths in this world average about one each per minute—and correspondingly the fetal embryo averages a particular stage of development about equally frequent. Thus, without counting the almost infinite host of lesser animals in the scale of organization, all possess some share of the sentient or intelligent principle, and constantly require creative superintendence for their share. All such routine of constant creative attention for this world only, would seem to limit creative modes for the introduction of minds to imperative and constant supervision, which renders such supposed processes as incompatible with infinite adaptability or choice of methods.

The second supposes that mind, or intelligence, pervades all space (which is scarcely plausible), and that brain organization, when it reaches a certain stage of development in all animals, as necessarily absorbs a proportionate amount of this universally pervading mind as the variously organized porous sponges absorb corresponding amounts of water when immersed in that fluid. This doctrine would leave no individuality to mind after separation from the body, all being again absorbed or returned to such all-pervading mind, which is scarcely admissible.

The third and last supposable method is by transmission or inheritance, as co-working in the designs and order of progression in creative laws. This does not define the mode of introduction of mind into the animal organization. Such transmission or inheritance of mind I consider to be definitely derivative, by the union in compound brains of all the incipient minds of animalcules, whose bodies are sacrificed in building up all compound animal organizations. Thus by this formulative process, minds may be indefinitely accumulated in compound animals in proportion to brain development, without further creative superintendence than such infinitesimal formulative process or the laws of development engender; and thus is simplified the otherwise direct and complicated method of constant creative superintendence, and it is brought in harmony with all the observed simple constructive processes of tangible nature.

In either case there is a positive affinity between mind and brain organization, which holds the two together, and thus as clearly proves the first to be material as we know the second is, or else there could be no harmonizing affinity and retained associate reciprocal action, as it is incompatible with matter to hold in abeyance that which is not matter also. Such evident affinity between mind and brain largely increases the probabilities of animalcule sentient incorporation into compound brain organization, as the animalcule bodies, entombed within us, I assume, are sacrificed in our animal construction.

If mind is spiritual, as some claim (a vague, indefinable idea—sometimes called immaterial substance—an evident contradiction), there could exist no connecting and retaining affinity with material brain organization; for existence must have a positive property, some share of cohesive materiality to be so associated or linked together; hence by spirit or spiritual part is probably meant essence or essential part, which is only a refined subtle materiality. So we return from the ambiguous, non-entity idea of spirit to its known defined characteristics, the essence or subtle part of a material.

CHAS. E. TOWNSEND.

TOBACCO.

TOBACCO is a filthy weed,
A poison full of evil;
And those who use it are indeed
Slaves to one common devil!

HOW THEY LIKE IT.

NEWSPAPER and magazine editors generally do us the credit to praise the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL and LIFE ILLUSTRATED when they mention it.

The New York *Atlas* says: "The JOURNAL deals in ideas rather than in words, and discussing questions of vital importance which are out of the ordinary way of journalism, every number contains something at least of lasting value."

"All its articles are distinguished by good sense, sound morality, and a love of truth for truth's sake. No one can read it without being made to think, if he is capable of that intellectual exertion."

The Cape Ann *Advertiser* says: "There is a vast amount of valuable and instructive matter, and the reader will obtain a fund of useful information by a perusal of its pages."

The *Tri-Weekly Publisher* says: "It is one of the best monthlies issued, and ought to be found in every intelligent family."

The *Randolph Co. Democrat* says: "The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL should be read by all."

The *West Virginia Times* says: "This work is of a progressive character, unrestricted by the prejudices of the past. It is devoted to the science of man, and is replete with interest to all who desire to be instructed in the greatest study of mankind."

The JOURNAL *vs.* THE CHURCH.—We have never proposed to make the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL a substitute for going to church, but here is what the *North Missouriian* says: "To the young men of our town who won't be persuaded to attend church on the Sabbath, the next best thing we think you can do, is to go to James Osborn's news depot and get the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. It is full of interesting and useful matter. If you read the JOURNAL, you will feel that you have been benefited." To all of which we say, AMEN.

The New York *Christian Intelligencer* says: "The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL and LIFE ILLUSTRATED is universally conceded to be the ablest exponent of Phrenology in the world. If that so-called science makes no progress and gains no new adherents, it will not be for want of an able advocate. The number just issued has, in addition to the matter pertaining to its specialty, a large and interesting variety of reading on subjects of a general character."

[After our thanks and best respects, we beg to state that the work progresses most satisfactorily. We now have a very large circulation among an intelligent class, and have every reason to feel most grateful, not only to the members of the press for their kind notices, but to our large, warm-hearted co-workers and voluntary agents everywhere, who lose no opportunity to speak a good word for the JOURNAL and the cause we advocate.]

The *Civilian and Telegraph*, of Cumberland, Md., says: "Of all the journals published in America, this has the most valuable information, and is best calculated to aid in the great work of progression and civilization." [The editor of that paper must have a good head.—ED. A. P. J.]

The *Mythic Star* (Masonic) says: "The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL comes to hand laden with its usually rich and practical instruction. We unreservedly commend this interesting monthly to our patrons."

The *Boston Courier* says: "Even those who do not believe in the doctrines of Phrenology will find in the JOURNAL a fund of instruction which no other periodical within our knowledge can supply."

The *Kenosha Telegraph* says: "It is one of the best educators in the United States, and should be extensively circulated among all classes that love good reading."

The *Springfield Union* says: "Aside from the particular theory this work advocates, as a literary and scientific journal it is taking a prominent position."

The *Fulton Republican* says: "There is no other secular journal published which we can so cheerfully recommend as this."

The *Alton Democrat* says: "It exhibits in unmistakable language the huge difference existing between man and animal, with the gradual rise in intelligence from the latter to the former."

The *Brockville Republican* says: "No one can read the logical and able articles contained in this JOURNAL without receiving great benefit and pleasure."

The New York *Tribune* says: "The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL commences a new volume with the July number, and offers generous promise of the same popular qualities which have given such a wide and increasing currency to its forty-five previous issues."

The *Anamosa Eureka* says: "This is the best periodical on the subject in the world. It should be extensively taken by and for young people who have the prospect of twenty to fifty or more years before them to aid them in shaping their courses of life and characters."

The *Owen Co. Journal* says: "One noticeable feature in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is its progressive nature. Each succeeding volume is an improvement on its predecessor. The July number begins a new volume, and in its long and successful career we have seen no one that equals it."

The *New Era* calls it "by far the best compendium of practical information we know of."

The *Evansville Daily Journal* says: "It is brimful of interesting and useful reading matter and attractive illustrations."

The *Harvard Independent* pays it the following high compliment: "It is one of the best educators in the United States, and should be extensively circulated among all classes that love good reading matter."

The *Clarendon (S. C.) Press* says: "The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, with its richly stored pages, comes to us greeting. It is not, as many would suppose, a publication simply to reiterate the claims of Phrenology, but it is a magazine of a very high order of literary merit, comprehending in its design scientific articles on a great variety of subjects, biographies and portraits of distinguished men and women, trenchant and judicious criticisms on works of a solid character, and other articles of a miscellaneous kind, forming one of the most attractive periodicals, for a thoughtful and cultivated mind, ever published in this country."

The *Marshall Co. Republican* pronounces it "one of the most interesting and useful magazines in the country."

The *Fulton Democrat* says: "It would be impossible to say too much, in a brief newspaper paragraph, in commendation of a periodical such as it is, which, since its establishment, a quarter of a century ago, has grown better and more useful each succeeding year. The number before us is worth really more than many a volume that costs more than a year's subscription to the JOURNAL."

The *Waukegan Gazette* says: "No more valuable compendium of general information can be found anywhere for the same money."

The *Lansing Mirror* says: "This is the most ably edited periodical of the kind in existence, and we are pleased to note the evidence of its prosperity. It has now reached the forty-sixth volume, and bids fair to double the number."

The *Tioga Co. Agitator* pronounces it "A capital magazine—an authority in Mental, Physiological, Physiognomical, and Social Sciences—one of the finest of illustrated magazines—not an idea publication, and is an invaluable family journal. It is the sturdy advocate of the betterment of mankind, a fine educator, and ought to be on every center-table."

The *Green River Democrat* says: "Publications like this, that tell you what you are, what you ought to do, and how to do it, are the ones that should be patronized. There is no higher attainment in knowledge than to 'know thyself.'"

The *Hollander*, among other remarks, says: "Het Julij nummer van het PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, zijnde no 1 van het 46 deel, is ter tafel. Een eene nie nigte andere stukken van onderscheiden aard en strekking. S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York. Prijs, \$3 per jaargang. Nieuwen jaargang. Juist den tijd voor in-teekening."

The *Natchitoches (Texas) Times*, emerging from the darkness of secession and seclusion, now sends for the A. P. J., and on receipt of the first number exclaims: "The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL realizes more than was anticipated; full of good notions, it can be read with advantage by the Lawyer, the Doctor, the Merchant, the Mechanic, and in fact all classes of society. It is the best compendium ever published at so small a price. We doubt very much if this rich publication will not be-

come the very *home paper* needed in every family circle." [You are right, *Mr. Times*, and the A. P. J. is finding its way into many family circles. It numbers among its readers many of the most intelligent ladies of the land, and this is the foundation of its highest hopes.]

The Henderson (Texas) *Times* copies the Natchitoches *Times'* notice, and says: "It is a deserved compliment. The JOURNAL ought to be more generally taken in this section of the country than it is. We know of no paper better worth the subscription price."

Literary Notices.

[All works noticed in THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.]

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA, a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. On the basis of the latest edition of the German Conversations Lexicon. Illustrated by Wood Engravings and Maps. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia; William and Robert Chambers, London and Edinburgh. 9 vols. issued. 8vo. Cloth, \$4 50; sheep, \$5 per vol.

This elaborate compilation is fast approaching completion. Already numbers 123 and 124 of Vol. X., the last of the series, have been issued by the enterprising American publishers. It is eminently fitted for the people, and when critically considered as a work of reference, it is in many important respects superior to any other publication of the kind now extant. Having for its chief promoters those widely-known *litterateurs* William and Robert Chambers, whose individual abilities and unsurpassed connections with writers of eminence admirably adapt them for the successful accomplishment of so extensive a work, and being based on the German Conversations Lexicon, which is universally valued for its accuracy and comprehensiveness and has already taken a foremost position in the solid literature of Europe, this new Encyclopedia is fully qualified to take the precedence, and when its merits become generally known will assuredly take such precedence.

There are many particulars which especially recommend it to the enlightened intellect. First, its comprehensiveness. All arts, all sciences, all literatures, all systems receive in alphabetical order due attention. Without straining at undue brevity, it is sufficiently elaborate for the general reader on any subject of which he may require definite information. It aims in each case to present the essential features of a subject, and so clearly that all of average mental culture shall understand it. The critical acumen of the compilers is strikingly evinced in the brief but pertinent analysis of intricate philosophical questions. Those who have striven vainly elsewhere to obtain a clear idea of the views entertained by speculative philosophers like Plato, Aristippus, Anaxagoras, Kant, or Comte, can find it in the comparatively few lines devoted to the consideration of the philosophical opinions respectively of such world-famous sages. The distinguished men of ancient and modern times, and celebrities still living, receive careful attention in the thousands of succinct biographical sketches which in many instances are enriched with engraved portraits. Through-

out the compilation thousands of finely executed illustrations and maps are inserted. Scientific terms and elucidations are especially honored with careful diagrams exhibiting the meaning of the text in the best manner. Geography and Natural History in this way are copiously illustrated. The utmost care has been evidently taken in furnishing correct data in every department, so that an author can confidently rely on the statistical information he may obtain therein for any purpose.

The man who possesses a complete edition of this Encyclopedia, besides his Bible, has an ample library, and if he diligently stocks his mind with its contents will become a well-informed person; he will have a supply of general knowledge which will adapt him to any society and to nearly all situations. For, having obtained an idea of the essential features of a subject from a careful reading of its treatment in the Encyclopedia, his mind is prepared to grasp the further elaboration of that subject when conversing with those who have given particular attention to it, or when he meets with a book specially treating of it. Appleton's New American Cyclopaedia possesses many marked excellences; its treatment of American history is very elaborate, but for general comprehensiveness and typographical correctness it does not equal the work under consideration. Opening one or two of the later parts of Chambers', we meet with articles involving considerable detail and scientific research, and interspersed with frequent engravings, under the headings of Vegetable Chemistry, Vegetable Physiology, Vital Statistics, of which we find no similar mention or treatment in Appleton's.

So rapid has been the advance of the present age in scientific acquirements, and so many and important the mutations in national affairs in Europe and America, that the old Cyclopedias do not possess the value which ten years ago was attached to them, and new books of reference in keeping with the times are necessary. In fact, since the commencement of the publication of Chambers', about eight years ago, there have been developments scientific, artistic, governmental and otherwise, which are deemed sufficient to require the preparation of an Appendix in order to bring the whole compilation down to the present date. And it is probable that in the future additional volumes of similar finish and beauty, and in keeping with the progress of events, will be published from time to time.

We predict for this Encyclopedia abundant success in American literature, and we congratulate the Philadelphia publishers for their sagacity and foresight in securing it for their press in its introduction to the American public.

BURIED ALIVE. By Alexander Dumas. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 8vo. Paper, 25 cts.

This is said by those conversant with the works of this author, to be one of his best. A mere glance through it has revealed several startling passages of arms and remarkable escapes.

THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF PSYCHOLOGICAL MEDICINE AND MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE, for July. Edited by William A. Hammond, M.D., Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, etc. New York: A. Simpson & Co., 60 Duane Street, Publishers.

It is evident that the science of Psychology is attracting the attention of the public as well as of scientific intellects more and more, since a special organ is now being devoted to its consideration; and this must be very gratifying to all who feel interested in the subject. The principal article in this first number is that "On Instinct: Its Nature and Seat," by Dr. Hammond. The subject is clearly set forth and the ideas well expressed, and though some of the statements are not in precise accordance with phrenological principles, the article on the whole is much superior to what has been written on the subject by the old-school metaphysicians, and worth perusing.

AN ARCTIC BOAT JOURNEY in the Autumn of 1854. By Isaac J. Hayes, M.D. New edition, enlarged and illustrated. One vol., 12mo., pp. 387. Price, \$2 50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Americans will never tire of reading about strange countries and strange people. Indeed, above all others, we have an almost morbid love for travel and adventure. Sir John Franklin, who was lost in the Arctic regions, awakened throughout the world an insatiable desire to know something more definitely about the North-land. Dr. Kane took hold where Franklin left off, and pushed his way beyond; and now we have the intelligent, ambitious Dr. Hayes, who tells us what *he* saw and what he did away up where we look for the aurora borealis. When noticing his first edition of the present work he wrote: "And right well did it serve his purpose; for the Expedition to the Arctic Seas, which was intended to be aided (and was aided) by it, sailed in accordance with the plan therein set forth, and the Expedition returned in some sense more, and in some sense less successful than was expected. If, however, owing to unusual obstacles, the enterprise did not result, as I had hoped it would, in the launching of my boat upon the Open Polar Sea, it was yet fortunate enough to penetrate to the shores of that mysterious water, where (carried thither over the ice by a dog sledge) I planted the American flag upon a land nearer to the north pole than had ever been reached by any previous explorer—thus giving to the Republic the extreme northeastern border of the American continent, while purchase has recently contributed the northwestern."

The author gives an account of the Open Polar Sea, which was discovered by Mr. Morton, of Dr. Kane's Expedition, in 1854, and was subsequently reached by Dr. Hayes, during his late voyage; in another and more northerly quarter; Grinnell Land, the most northern known land of the globe, projecting into the Open Polar Sea, and which was also discovered by Dr. Hayes in 1854, and was revisited in 1861, and traced to within four hundred and fifty miles of the north pole; the Great *Mer de*

Glacé of Northern Greenland, which he discovered, in company with Mr. Wilson, in 1853, and over which he performed a journey of exploration in 1860, the only journey of the kind ever made.

The book is beautifully illustrated, printed, and bound. We hope the author may continue his explorations in that interesting quarter of our globe, and tell us even more about it.

DOMBEY AND SON. By Charles Dickens. People's Edition. With illustrations by H. K. Browne. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. Cloth, \$1 50.

The binding of this edition of Dickens' works is excellent, making it a fit associate on the library shelf with other more costly books. Of course it can not be expected by those who know anything about the cost of paper, that they will find a very superior quality inside the covers; but the work is well printed, and, considering its bulk, is very low-priced. The number of illustrations is twelve, executed in clear and racy style, on tinted paper.

JACQUES BONNEVAL; or, the Days of the Dragonnades. By the author of "Mary Powell," "The Faïre Gospeller," etc., etc. New York: M. W. Dodd. Cloth, \$1 25.

This book is written in a style similar to that of the *Schonberg Cotta Family*, and recites, in connection with a deeply interesting tale, some of the leading incidents in the dark days when the Huguenots were so cruelly persecuted under the authority of Louis XIV.

A PRACTICAL HOMEOPATHIC TREATISE ON THE DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN. Intended for Intelligent Heads of Families and Students in Medicine. By Henry Minton, M.D. New York: Blelock & Company. 8vo. pp. xxvi., 461. Cloth, \$3; sheep, \$4.

This elaborate work is written in a clear and chaste style, so that no one would find in the course of its perusal any occasion to condemn it for a lack of delicacy and propriety. There is, as every intelligent physician must acknowledge, a want of proper medical books prepared for family use. While quackery has imposed on the public a thousand dangerous "Medical Guides" and treatises, a single work written in a popular style, free from the thousand-and-one technicalities of the profession, is scarcely to be found. In his "school," Dr. Minton enjoys an extensive reputation as a practitioner, and his book is highly recommended by publications in the homeopathic interest. He candidly states in his preface that he has seen "what every other practicing physician must have seen, the imperative necessity of a work upon this particular branch of medicine (domestic medicine). He has endeavored to supply the want to the best of his ability. * * The work must stand upon its own merits, or fall."

HANNEY'S GUIDE TO AUTHORSHIP.—An aid to those who desire to engage in literary pursuits for pleasure or benefit. 12mo., paper, pp. 110. Price 50 cents. New York: Hanney & Co.

Young aspirants for literary fame and fortune (?) will find many very useful hints in this little hand-book. It will also prove useful to all, old and young, who write for the press.

HAND-BOOK FOR HOME IMPROVEMENT: Comprising How to Write, How to Talk, How to Behave, and How to do Business. Four books in one. Published by S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, New York. Price, post-paid, \$2 25.

The *Highland Democrat* says, "This valuable compendium of information necessary to every man of any pretensions to respectability in life, deserves the attention of everybody. It tells how to write letters, how to write compositions upon any and every subject, how to prepare copy for the printer, and contains, besides, a multitude of suggestions from which many great men might derive wholesome instruction to their own benefit and others, especially the poor printer who has to revise and guess out their manuscript. The anecdotes in this book are exquisite specimens, some of which illustrate points of etiquette admirably, and in such a way that any one who reads 'How to Behave' can not fail to become 'a wiser and a better man.' Every boy, girl, young man, or young woman especially, should read this book, and it is so written that if they once read it, they will forever remember the valuable suggestions it contains.

THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE.—A Manual of Instruction for Catching all kinds of Fur-bearing Animals, and Curing their Skins; with Observations on the Fur Trade, Hints on Life in the Woods, and Narratives of Trapping and Hunting Excursions. By S. Newhouse, and other Trappers and Sportsmen. Second edition, with New Narratives and Illustrations. Edited by J. H. Noyes and T. L. Pitt. One vol., octavo, pp. 280. Thirty-two full-page illustrations. Price \$1 50.

Standard authority on Trapping, Hunting, and Fishing, and is the most complete work of the kind in America. It tells How to Trap all kinds of Fur-bearing Animals; How to Cure their Skins; How to Live in the Woods; How to Build Boats, and Catch Fish in Winter; How to Destroy the Pests of the Farm and Poultry-yard; How to Hunt Deer, Buffalo, and other Game. It gives Narratives of the Exploits and Experience of Trappers and Sportsmen, old and young. It is a book for lovers of Wood-craft, for Excursionists, and for Boys.

The first edition was only a pamphlet, with indifferent woodcuts—but this new edition is beautifully illustrated with lots of the finest engravings, handsomely printed on fine tinted paper, bound in fancy muslin; and is worthy of a place in every library. It may be obtained at this office.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THOMAS MORE. By the author of *Mary Powell*. New edition, with an appendix. 18mo., pp. 257. Price \$1 50. M. W. Dodd.

All who enjoy descriptions of domestic life, all who would look at the life of a religious martyr away back three hundred years ago, should read the story of Sir Thomas More, who was beheaded by Henry the Eighth. Sketches are also given of Erasmus, Luther, Cromwell, and others. The book is beautifully got up—clear type, tinted paper, and handsome binding.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. By Charles Dickens. With Eight Illustrations. 12mo., pp. 515. Price \$1 50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This is the handsome Charles Dickens' edition. It depicts with masterly power certain phases of English life, especially the abuses practiced in the common schools of England. The work will do—has done—good, both there and here. The illustrations are excellent.

THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL. Since "the surrender," and since communication with the South has been reopened, numerous inquiries come to us by letter for the *Water-Cure Journal*. Before the war that Journal enjoyed an immense circulation throughout that section—altogether 60,000 copies per month—and there were, in the whole country, nearly a hundred water-cure establishments in operation. The war made sad havoc with it and them. The name of the *W.-C. J.* was first changed to *The Hygienic Teacher*, which was sold to Dr. R. T. Trall in 1864, when its name was again changed, and it was then christened *The Herald of Health*. It was sold by Dr. Trall to Messrs. Miller and Browning, and is now published under the same title by Messrs. Miller, Wood & Co. It is quite a different thing from the original ultra-radical *Water-Cure Journal*. Instead of keeping within the exclusive limits of the former, it opens its pages to various writers, lay, clerical, literary, and medical. It is now a handsome octavo monthly magazine suited to the classes addressed. But it does not claim to be *Water-Cure* or *Hydropathic*, nor does it meet the views of *ultra* medical reformers. It favors female physicians, Turkish baths, gymnastics, the movement-cure, etc., and must continue to do a useful work, and be profitable to its owners. But why not resuscitate the old pioneer *Water-Cure Journal*? It was *that* which went home to the convictions of the advanced minds of a drugged, poisoned, and quacked people. Were our hands not already full, we would do it ourselves. It could not be regarded as a competitor of any other journal. *Hall's Journal of Health*, *The Herald of Health*, and dozens of homeopathic, eclectic, allopathic, Thompsonian, and other periodicals of a medical or quasi-medical character, have their fields. But there is not at present a water-cure journal in existence. Shall we not have one? Who will start it? Who will subscribe for it? We wait for an answer.

THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF LAND DRAINAGE. Embracing a Brief History of Underdraining; a Detailed Examination of its Operation and Advantages; a Description of Various Kinds of Drains, with Practical Directions for their Construction; the Manufacture of Drain-Tile. Illustrated with nearly 100 Engravings. By John H. Klippart, author of the "Wheat Plant," Corresponding Secretary of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture, etc. Second edition. One vol., 12mo. Price \$1 75. A capital work.

VINEYARD CULTURE Improved and Cheapened. By A. Du Breuil, Professor of Viticulture and Arboriculture in the Royal School of Arts and Trades, Paris. Translated by E. and C. Parker, of Longworth's Wine House. With Notes and Adaptations to American Culture, by John A. Warder, author of American Pomology. With 144 Illustrations. One vol., 12mo., neatly printed and bound. Price, cloth, \$2. Beveled cloth, gilt top, \$2 25. A new edition.

GOOD STORIES. Besides the *Atlantic Monthly*, \$4 a year; *Young Folks*, \$2 a year; *Every Saturday*, \$5 a year; and the *North American Review*, at \$6 a year, all of which have been pushed into an extensive circulation, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have just commenced a new serial, at fifty cents a part, entitled "Good Stories," to be made up out of the magazines, and furnished in very readable pamphlet form. The popular title will secure readers.

We have before us the **FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT** of the New York Society for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled, whose institution is located at No. 97 Second Avenue, New York city. Although it may not be generally known in this city that an institution of this character exists for the gratuitous relief of the suffering, yet the report presents a large exhibit of the good done during the year reported. Hundreds of ruptured adults and crippled children have been under treatment and afforded all the relief which the best surgical and medical talent could give. Since May, 1863, upward of 5,000 patients have experienced the beneficence of this Society. The work is ably administered by faithful and efficient officers, and in all respects merits the esteem and hearty support of the benevolent.

THE ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOLOGY FOR 1863—now in press—will probably be ready to issue with the next number of this JOURNAL. It will be larger than ever before—handsomely illustrated, and will be sold at 25 cents per copy. Agents, newsmen, and booksellers may send in their orders at once. A liberal discount will be made to the trade.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.—Generous-hearted persons who seek the happiness of others will soon be casting about seeking the most appropriate PRESENTS for boys and girls, and for men and women. Books have been, are now, and always will be among the most valued and most cherished of presents. With a good book, the giver imparts a wish that it may not only entertain but also instruct and improve the recipient. It is at once a good gift, and a perpetual blessing. The gift of a Bible or a Prayer Book has but one significance, namely, a care and a wish for one's moral, religious, and spiritual good. A book of etiquette implies the necessity of social culture. On science, philosophy, etc., a desire that the receiver shall become informed on the subjects treated.

It has given us the greatest satisfaction to observe how deeply interested the public is

becoming in the teachings of this JOURNAL. One who has imbibed the spirit can not rest till he has induced his best friend to share with him the same. And hundreds of copies of this JOURNAL are now subscribed for every year and sent to those who never before heard of it—by those unwilling to enjoy alone that which may be so easily and so cheaply shared with others. The following books are selected from our own list as the most appropriate for holiday gifts from one friend to another, from parents to their sons and daughters, and from one lover to another:

New Physiognomy; Emphatic Diaglott; Æsop's Fables; Pope's Essay on Man, illustrated; Hand-Books for Home Improvement; Weaver's Works; Hydropathic Encyclopedia; Education Complete; Phrenological Bust; Family Gymnasium, etc. For full titles with prices, see our New Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue, sent by return post on receipt of two red stamps.

New Books.

Notices under this head are of selections from the late issues of the press, and rank among the more valuable for literary merit and substantial information.

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL DIALOGUE BOOK. No. 1. Paper, 50 cents.

ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON, and Other Papers. By C. F. Browne. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1 75.

A ROMANCE OF THE REPUBLIC. By Lydia Maria Child. Cloth, \$2 25.

TEN MONTHS IN BRAZIL; with Incidents of Voyages and Travels, etc. By John Codman. Illustrated. Cloth, \$2.

THE SAYINGS OF DR. BUSHWHACKER AND OTHER LEARNED MEN. By F. S. Cozzens et al. Cloth, \$1 75.

EVERY LITTLE HELPS. By the Author of "Country Sights and Sounds," etc. Cloth, 35 cents.

BIBLE SKETCHES AND THEIR TEACHINGS, for Young People. By S. G. Greene. Second Series. From the Israelites' Entrance into Canaan to the Close of the Old Testament. Cloth, \$1 15.

THE CRITTENDEN COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC AND BUSINESS MANUAL. For Merchants, Business Men, Academies, and Commercial Colleges. By John Groesbeck. Abridged Edition. Cloth, \$1 40.

A STORY OF DOOM, and other Poems. By Jean Ingelow. Portrait. 16mo, pp. vi., 200. Cloth, \$2; Blue and Gold, \$1 75.

EUGENE ARAM. By Sir E. B. Lytton. Globe Edition. 2 vols. in 1. Cloth, \$1 75.

THE MULE. A Treatise on the Breeding, Training, and Uses to which he may be put. By Harvey Riley. Illustrated. \$1 75.

THE LORD'S SUPPER, a Manual; or, a Scriptural and Devotional Guide to the Table of the Lord. By Rev. D. Smith. 40 cents.

DRAINING FOR PROFIT, AND DRAINING FOR HEALTH. By George E. Waring, Jr. Illustrated. \$1 75.

THE RESOURCES OF MISSOURI. By Sylvester Waterhouse. Paper, 30 cents.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. By John W. Draper. In 3 vols. Vol. 1. 8vo, pp. 565. Cloth, \$3 75.

GEYELIN'S POULTRY BREEDING IN A COMMERCIAL POINT OF VIEW. Natural and Artificial Hatching, Rearing, and Fattening. With Plans, Elevations, Sections, and Details. With Preface by Charles L. Flint. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1 40.

HEART BREATHINGS; or, The Soul's Desire Expressed in Earnestness. A Series of Prayers, Meditations, and Selections. For the Home Circle. By S. P. Godwin. Cloth, 90 cents.

LINCOLN'S ANECDOTES: A Complete Collection of the Anecdotes, Stories, and Pithy Sayings of Abraham Lincoln. Paper, 20 cents.

CHRISTIANITY AND ITS CONFLICTS, Ancient and Modern. By E. E. Marcy. 12mo. Cloth, \$2 25.

TOURIST'S AND INVALID'S GUIDE TO THE NORTHWEST. Containing Information about Minnesota, Wisconsin, Dakota, and the Lake Superior Region. Compiled by C. H. Sweetser. Paper, 45 cents.

THE CULTURE DEMANDED BY MODERN LIFE. A Series of Addresses and Arguments on the Claims of Scientific Education. By Tyndall, Hensley, Huxley, etc. With Introduction by E. L. Youmans, M.D. Cloth, \$2 25.

BENCH AND BAR: A Complete Digest of the Wit, Humor, Asperities, and Amenities of the Law. By L. J. Bigelow. Illustrated. Cloth, \$2 75.

THE ANCIENT SCHOOLMASTER, and the Greatest School of Old Times. By Rev. Wm. M. Blackburn. Cloth, 65 cents.

"A. WARD IN LONDON; and Other Papers. By C. F. Browne. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1 75.

WALKING IN THE LIGHT. By Daniel D. Buck, D.D. Cloth, 70 cents.

THE ART OF SECURING ATTENTION IN A SUNDAY-SCHOOL. By Joshua G. Fitch. From the London Edition. Paper, 30 cents.

BIBLE SKETCHES AND THEIR TEACHINGS, for Young People. By S. G. Green. Second Series. Cloth, \$1 15.

PELHAM. By Sir E. B. Lytton. Globe Edition. Illustrated. 2 vols. in 1. 16mo, pp. 365, 368. Cloth, \$1 75.

LOUISA OF PRUSSIA AND HER TIMES. By Louisa Mulhbach. (Clara Mundt.) Translated from the German by F. Jordan. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 277. Paper, \$1 75.

COLLEGE LIFE: Its Theory and Practice. By Rev. Stephen Olin, D.D., LL.D. Cloth, \$1 75.

ONE HUNDRED CHOICE SELECTIONS IN POETRY AND PROSE, both New and Old. By N. K. Richardson. Paper, 35 cents.

To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will try to respond in the "next number." Your "BEST THOUGHTS" solicited.

AN ORDER FOR BOOKS, JOURNALS, etc., must be written on a sheet by itself. Questions for this department—TO CORRESPONDENTS—and communications for the Editor, must be written on SEPARATE slips.

OPTICS.—The reason we do not appreciate the reversion of objects on the retina is, that everything visible is so disposed thereon and the relative harmony of the sight preserved. If, in contemplating a landscape, some parts of it were upside down, the irregularity would at once be apparent, but as all parts of it preserve the same relative position through the operation of an immutable law of nature, the harmony of the whole is unbroken.

HEALTH OF A YOUNG MAN.—I am a young man who desires to improve his health, have left off the use of tobacco and alcoholic liquors, as I am aware that my health would be injured by their use. I have understood that certain kind of food are nearly or quite as injurious to health as tobacco and alcoholic liquors, and I would like to be informed through the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL what food is unhealthy.

Ans. Our unknown friend has struck the right string for himself, and we cordially congratulate him that he has thus early dropped two of the worst of habits. He is now prepared to make a thorough reform in all his habits. We can not undertake here to give the subject exhaustive treatment, but will simply say that most people eat too much, and especially too much oily matter, and too much sugar. Nearly all the articles used as condiments are a curse to the people and should be repudiated. Many a man eats, on his roast beef, enough of pepper and mustard to blister the back of his hand if it were applied there instead of being put in the stomach; and when that much abused organ breaks down and refuses to digest food sufficient to sustain the body, the victim wonders. He has lived temperately, *i. e.*, he has not been a slave to alcoholic liquors, nor kept dissolute company, and he can not imagine what is the cause of his trouble. Pies, cakes, candies, pickles, condiments, pork, superfine flour bread, strong tea and coffee, late suppers of whatever description, are among the things to be avoided; while lean beef and mutton, eggs, poultry, plain unbolted wheat bread, vegetables and fruit, constitute a diet fit for a rational Christian. Those who wish to become intelligent on the subject of food would do well to read "Food and Diet," containing an analysis of every kind of food and drink—price, by mail, \$1 75; "Physiology of Digestion" by Dr. Combe, 50 cents; "Tea and Coffee," 25 cents; "The Science of Human Life," \$3 50; "Combe's Physiology," \$1 75, and so forth.

ASTRONOMICAL.—Why does the sun shine on the north side of a house of a morning and evening, and not at noon?

Ans. In our May number we gave a lengthy elucidation of this phenomenon from the pen of our occasional contributor Mr. C. C. Townsend. We can not do better than refer our subscriber to that number of the JOURNAL.

PERSPIRATION.—Some thin men perspire more than many who are stout, just as some little lean men eat twice as much as some larger men. It is in their nature to do so, but it constitutes the exception. The rule is the other way.

RESEMBLANCE TO PARENTS.

—Suppose a woman resembles her father, and she marries a man who resembles his mother; in such a case how can you tell which parent their children most resemble?

Ans. It is not important that we should decide a question of this sort. We should simply say of a son of theirs, if he resembled his father, that he had more of the feminine than of the masculine in his mental and physical composition. We should say of their daughter, if it were true that she resembled the mother, that she had more of the masculine than of the feminine. There is, however, a constant tendency in the feminine nature, having inherited the masculine, to assert the feminine quality; hence a woman who resembles her father, may have a child closely like her, but that child would be more feminine, if a daughter, than the mother. A son resembling a father who resembles his mother is more masculine than the father—each sex tending to assert its own peculiarity.

PHONOGRAPHY.—We furnish all the phonographic instruction books which are most in use. It is hardly necessary for us to go into a lengthy description of this time-saving and labor-saving art. Its merits have been too well known to, and are too much appreciated by, the world to require a special plea now. The time taken in acquiring the skill of the reporter is dependent on the industry and aptness of the learner. Some have become good reporters in six months. Send stamp for a list of phonographic works, and it will be sent by return post.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.—If Delta Kappa Phi will send us his address, and vouch for the authorship of the very beautiful verses we have received from him, we may be induced to publish them.

NEW TESTAMENT.—Among the MSS. collections of the New Testament, the oldest of which we have any trace are dated no farther back than the fourth century after Christ. The Sinaitic MS. is believed to be the oldest extant, and to have been written in the early part of the fourth century. The whole of the New Testament was first printed in 1514.

JEALOUSY—MARRIAGE OF COUSINS.—H. H. C. You will find these subjects fully discussed in the new and enlarged illustrated ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY, for 1868, now in press. It will probably be ready in October. Price 25 cents.

SPITTING.—A healthy man—or woman—very seldom spits. Those who smoke and chew tobacco are in a diseased—or perverted—condition, and are never "PERFECTLY WELL." Nor are opium-eaters or arsenic-eaters well. One cause of the stunted growth of many men is traceable to the fact that they spit away their vitality. They can not see that chewing or smoking does them any harm. Indeed, many claim that it does them good, and attribute their bad memories, poor vision, hard hearing, and general dullness, inertness, and stupidity to other causes. If half-grown boys ever hope to become tall, strong men, they must stop spitting.

STUDYING FRENCH, GERMAN, etc.—Several correspondents have requested us to name those manuals of instruction which will enable them to acquire certain foreign languages with facility. In response we have been to some pains in preparing the following selection from the best text-books for learning French, German, Italian, Spanish:

FRENCH.

Ahn's French Method. Practical and easy, with pronunciation. 12mo. \$1 50. Ollendorff's French Grammar, by Jewett. Universally recommended. \$2.

Sue's French Method—complete—comprising a new and practical method, exercises on the French Syntax. The Vicar of Wakefield as a guide for the construction of French sentences. A Key. 4 vols. 12mo. \$4 50.

De Fivas' Elementary French Reader. \$1 15.

Surenne's French and English Dictionary. \$1 75.

Surenne's Manual and Traveler's Companion. \$1 40.

GERMAN.

Ahn's German Method. \$1 40.

Ollendorff's German Grammar. \$2.

Adler's German Reader. \$2.

Adler's German and English Pocket Dictionary. \$3 25.

Fulborn's German Instructor. \$1 15.

ITALIAN.

Greene's First Lessons in Italian. \$1 15.

Ollendorff's Italian Grammar. \$3 25.

Foresti's Italian Extracts. A reading book in Italian for beginners. \$2.

Meadow's Italian and English Dictionary. \$2 75.

SPANISH.

Ahn's Spanish Grammar. \$1 40.

Ollendorff's New Method. \$2 25.

Butler's Spanish Teacher and Colloquial Phrase-book. \$1 25.

Mandeville's Spanish Reader. \$1 15.

Secane and Neuman's Spanish Dictionary—abridged. \$3 25.

Roemer's Polyglot Readers; French, German, Italian, and Spanish, with English Translations. Each, \$2 25.

Any of the above supplied, postage prepaid, at prices annexed, from this office.

CAUTION.—Dr. Robinson desires us to caution the public against a company in Williamsburg, N. Y., who send out certificates, and say when said certificates are returned, with two dollars and forty, fifty, or sixty cents, to pay for packing, they will send what the certificate calls for—when in fact they send nothing but some bogus jewelry. For instance, they send a certificate which calls for a patent lever gold case timepiece, and if you send the certificate, with \$2 65, you get in return a small compass, with sundial combined, worth about twenty-five cents. So our readers now have the "caution," with thanks to Dr. Robinson, whom we suppose got caught in the trap. Experience is a good teacher.

CROOKED NOSES.—What causes the nose to grow crooked?

Ans. A straight nose is the exception, while more or less of divergence from a straight line is the rule. Some noses are straight, but set crooked on the face; others are crooked, but on a general line with the face; others, again, start straight with the face, and crook toward one side to such an extent as to amount to a deformity. It is interesting to look over the collection of casts of heads and faces in our cabinet, and to see how few can be

found with straight faces. The same may be observed in almost any album of pictures. One half the face is generally larger than the other, which causes the central line of the face to curve sometimes as much as an inch, caused by placing the young child habitually on one side to sleep; which becomes a habit, and makes us lopsided. This will account for many of what are called crooked noses. The loss of teeth on one side permits the muscles to contract, and these draw the nose around to one side and make it crooked. The partial paralysis of some of the facial nerves, occasioned by a fall or a blow upon the face, may produce crooked features.

DREAMS—WARNINGS—

DEATH.—I have a friend who is forewarned of the death of any of her relatives in this way: Several years ago, during a dream, one of her teeth came out, and in a few days she received a letter informing her of the death of a near relative. Some years after another tooth came out, during a dream [was it loose?], and in a few days later she heard of the death of another relative. Some months after that two more teeth came out [were they natural, or were they "store teeth?"] during a dream; the next post brought the sad news of the death of an uncle and a nephew. Can you give the "why and wherefore" of these strange warnings?

Ans. "No, not much." It is very natural for diseased teeth to get loose and come out, and for friends to die. But we can see no more relation of one to the other than we can between "crowing hens" and a death in the family. How the woman could manage to knock out a sound tooth, in her dreams, we can not see; the teeth must have been loosely set in, or she must have given them a hard knock. There is a touch of superstition in the above; we can not regard it as anything supernatural, nor even wonderful. We would advise light suppers in future, and no more dreams of this sort. Losing one's teeth can not benefit the departed, and it is a sad loss to the mouth of any lady. Go to a dentist at once, and have the mouth mended.

Publisher's Department.

In several thousand copies of our last number the portraits of Mrs. Hoge and Mrs. Husband, the latter especially, were horribly printed, owing to defects in the stereotyped plates, which defects were not discovered until nearly half an edition had been thrown off from the presses. It is our aim to present fair likenesses of all whom we deem worthy to grace our columns, but when a failure occurs of this nature, when worthy ladies, whose devoted and patriotic philanthropy have won the highest esteem of all, suffer in features from a surfeit of printers' ink, it is doubly mortifying.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Each day's mail brings us "original" MSS., in prose or poetry, accompanied by the modest request "that they be published in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, if deemed worthy." While we would encourage all aspirants for literary honors, we must have it understood that only those articles which are meritorious, and in keeping with the elevated character which we are striving to maintain for the JOURNAL, will be published; and we would repeat the notice given heretofore, that if contributors would have their articles returned to them in case of rejection by us, they must expressly request such return, and inclose sufficient stamps to pay postage.

NO TRAVELING AGENTS FOR THIS JOURNAL.—Instead of giving certificates of agency to strangers, who may or may not be responsible, we prefer to depend entirely on **VOLUNTARY CO-WORKERS**, who are known and trusted where they reside. In this way we escape the swindlers, and the JOURNAL is placed, by its friends, in the hands of those who can appreciate it. Every reader may thus become a volunteer, and form a club in his own circle, shop, or neighborhood. Generous promises are made for the new year. May we be "on time" as to date, quality, quantity, and all the excellences. Reader, do you not know of a neighbor—have you not an esteemed friend who would be benefited by taking the A. P. J.? A little effort on your part would make him ever your debtor.

REV. L. HOLMES, who goes to Little Falls, is a minister of the Missionary School. One of the most stirring speeches we ever heard any man make was an off-hand address that came from his lips in the Massachusetts Convention which met two years ago in Worcester. We never heard him preach, but if that is a specimen, there will be stirring times in Little Falls and vicinity ere long.—*Ambassador.*

TEN-MINUTE SPEECHES ON TEMPERANCE, by Messrs. Colfax, Yates, Wilson, Grinnell, Patterson, Dodge, Price, McKee, Woodbridge, senators and representatives in Congress, is having a great run. It is sent, postpaid, at 25 cents a copy, or five copies for \$1; and by express, carriage paid by receiver, at \$15 a hundred. It is one of the best temperance campaign documents now in print.

RELIGIOUS—NOT SECTARIAN—Books. We have been desired to name a few such works as are deemed best for family reading. We give a brief installment, with prices, in the present number. It would be well for the morals of the rising generation could these works be placed in every family. Much of the literature with which the country is flooded has a demoralizing tendency—perverting and corrupting old and young. Let it be displaced by something which will tend to save, rather than to destroy the bodies and souls of mankind.

General Items.

EMINENT METHODIST MINISTERS.—The Rev. Mr. C. C. Goss, of 200 Mulberry Street, New York, has brought into the compass of a handsome cabinet or library picture—the result of a year's labor—the likenesses of two hundred of the most eminent clergymen of the Methodist Church. The group, with JOHN WESLEY for its center, is handsomely photographed, and sells for \$5. It will be sold chiefly through agents, and every Methodist preacher is expected to act as such. Full particulars as to terms, etc., may be obtained by addressing Mrs. C. C. Goss, at 200 Mulberry Street, New York. We predict the best success for this splendid combination picture.

A STATESMAN OR A MILITARY MAN FOR PRESIDENT.—Which will serve the nation best? It is a good thing, a great thing, to "put the right man in the right place." Then why not nominate a statesman for President, and appoint a

military man to manage the army? The policy of America is peace, with no disturbing elements—slavery is dead. We can devote our undivided energies to the development of our immense resources; restock our docks, lakes, rivers, and seas with ships, work our mines, clear our forests, break our prairies, and "think of living." With a war President, a war cabinet, and all the offices filled with military men, we should fear strife instead of thrift, and war instead of peace. Let us put away party spirit, put down party demagogues, and put in office only good, religious, temperate men. Then all will go well.

THE GAMBLERS.—Denouncing gamblers in the newspapers will not stop them. Reports of suicides by young men fleeced, swindled, and robbed by the gamblers will not abate the nuisance. It would be as futile to attempt to write them down, talk them down, or put them down by moral suasion, as to keep a mouse away from cheese after tasting it. No; the only way to serve them is to legislate them down, by making such laws as will send them to States prison when convicted. Let each State do this, and the country would soon experience a most sensible relief from these human wolves.

There is a society in New York, whose office is at 24 Duane Street, for the suppression of gambling. Let the poor picked geese go there and enter complaint against the villains who plucked them, and they may get redress.

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THE GALAXY.—For club rates at which the GALAXY and PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL are furnished, see advertisement on fourth cover page. Previous announcements are withdrawn.

Business.

[Under this head we publish, for a consideration, such matters as rightfully belong to this department. We disclaim responsibility for what may herein appear. Matter will be LEADED and charged according to the space occupied, at the rate of 50 cents a line.]

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NEW NATIONAL RELIGIOUS

PAPER.—A national religious newspaper, to be called "THE ADVANCE," will be published weekly, from the first of September onward, in the city of Chicago. It will represent Congregational principles and polity, but will be conducted in a spirit of courtesy and fraternity toward all Christians. The form will be what is popularly termed a double sheet of eight pages, of the size and style of the New York *Evangelist*. The pecuniary basis is an ample capital furnished by leading business men and others, to be expended in the establishment and improvement of the paper, which is intended to be second to none in the country, in its literary and religious character. The purpose of its projectors is indicated in the name: their aim being to ADVANCE the cause of evangelical religion, in its relations not only to doctrine, worship, and ecclesiastical polity, but also to philosophy, science, literature, politics, business, amusements, art, morals, philanthropy, and whatever else conduces to the glory of God and the good of man by its bearing upon Christian civilization. No expense has been spared in providing for its editorial management in all departments, while arrangements are in progress to secure the ablest contributors and correspondents at home and abroad. The city of Chicago has been selected as the place of publication, because of its metropolitan position in the section of the country especially demanding such a paper, and the fact that it is nearly the center of national population, and in a very few years will be the ecclesiastical center of the Congregational Churches. Issued at the interior commercial metropolis, "THE ADVANCE" will contain the latest market reports, and able discussions of financial subjects, such as will make it a necessity to business men in all parts of the country. The editor-in-chief will be Rev. Wm. W. Patton, D.D., who resigns the pastorate of the leading church of the denomination at the West for this purpose, and who has had many years' experience in editorial labor. The subscription price will be \$2 50 in advance. Advertising rates made known on application. Address THE ADVANCE COMPANY, P. O. Drawer 6,374, Chicago, Ill. S. 61.

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Communications.

Under this head we publish such voluntary contributions as we deem sufficiently interesting or suggestive to merit a place here, but without indulging either the opinions or the alleged facts set forth.

"WORK IS THE SALT OF LIFE."

THIS text may be found—no matter where. Let it suffice to know that it is *not* contained in Psalm 107, 80th verse. A few moments of well-guided reflection will convince every thinking mind of the truth of the assertion. Work is the salt which seasons, improves, and preserves all our enjoyments, recreations, thoughts, pleasures—indeed, all our *living*. Without it, life is insipid, unenjoyable, and becomes finally *stale*, and the liver is appropriately called by the French term *blasé*.

Work imparts to life the pungent flavor and zest which salt gives to all the compounds of the *cuisine*. But how if one gets *too much* salt in his pudding? That which was agreeable as a flavor becomes hateful when it rises to take its rank among the ingredients. Then we make wry faces over what we think should have been entirely omitted. The only remedy seems to be to add more pudding. Parbleu! what becomes of those who have none to add, and no means of getting any? It seems to me, that even these are less to be pitied than those who see opportunities to change their diables altogether, and would gladly season their pudding for themselves, instead of allowing fate to salt it in such a remorseless way, but are prevented doing so by the caprices, obstinacy, and *whims* of others.

Many of the wry, crooked, soured, and twisted faces we meet are contorted by a continual tasting of the superabundance of the saline element in their life pudding—for each must eat his pudding if he live. If he lives *not*, what then? So, for dread of the great uncertain future, before which many and many a dark heavy curtain has been hung by man in addition to that supposed to have been placed there originally by the Supreme One, we grope along toward it strangling and choking with big, unmanageable lumps of salt in our throats, trying to cover with feigned smiles our grimaces at the horrid taste. And it would seem that fate is determined to serve all in opposition to their natural taste. Here is one who is quite discouraged at the sight of a *lump* of the obnoxious element, though he may unconsciously have been suffering from an entire lack of it for some time. He draws back, groans, laments, complains, tries to eat around it without touching it; but the dish is narrow, and he is at last compelled to yield to the necessity of eating it, or give up his pudding.

Another thinks it preferable to get rid of the superfluous saltiness all at once, and would willingly be almost choked by it for a little while, provided the remainder might be unsalted. But ten chances to one, this eater finds the salt thoroughly and evenly mixed with every mouthful. By no present penance can he improve the future, but must work continually and continuously.

How often might two persons be found willing to exchange lives even to the minutest detail! Happy is he who by strength of will, energy, and well-directed effort forces the salt of his life to take its proper place as an improving flavor, and eats his pudding with relish and enjoyment as well as with a quiet conscience. CAL CARL.

MIND AND MATTER.

WHEN we look around and see the variety of manifestations of mind, from the idiot up to the highest human intellect, we are naturally led to examine into the causes that produce these differences. Whether these differences arise from inherent qualities of mind or the texture and development of corporeal organization, is the question. Though our finite mind may never be able to fathom these causes, yet they ever have been, and ever will be, matters of speculation and inquiry.

All bodies are combinations of certain elements or original atoms. One combination forms a tree, another a horse, and another a man. The more nearly perfect is this combination in man, the more nearly perfect are the relations of his spiritual and material nature, and the more susceptible of improvement by impressions—having a perfect organ through which to observe and operate.

The mind and body stand in perfect relation only when the body is composed of such elements as are appropriate. There are elements that should not form a part of man's corporeal organization. To reject these, and select congenial properties out of our food, are the functions of the nutritive organs. But, by disregarding the laws of nature, this foreign matter is introduced into the system, and when introduced and forming part of the bodily organization, then that organization is changed from its original type and design, and the relation between mind and its corporeal organ will not be so intimate. This is proven by the ascending series of animals. The closer they approach to man in organization, the more intellect they evince.

Poisons, and some medicines constituted of materials foreign to the body, can be taken in such quantities as to impair reason, cloud the mind entirely, or part mind and matter in death. By thus obscuring the intellect, it is not to be taken that the identity of the mind or any of its functions are damaged or destroyed, because matter can not destroy spirit or mind, either partially or totally, but that the instrument is damaged or changed through which mind manifests itself. In this case we see where foreign elements are introduced into the organic body of man, that they retard the operation or action of the mind, and that according to the amount of dross in the system is the mind obscured. These false combinations are acquired by bad habits, and then transmitted from generation to generation, causing that perversion of human nature and the very different degrees of mental ability we observe every day of our lives.

We readily adduce from the above, that God gives through the agency of his laws to every human being the same germ or embryo of mind, with the same latent powers and functions. That man, by disobeying the laws that govern his body, has entailed upon himself the penalty of these laws, which are disease and derangement of bodily organs, and widened the breach between his mind and body—thus being disqualified to draw knowledge from the material world.

It is self-evident, that if all mankind had body and brain organizations alike, that the manifestations of mind would be the same through all. The power to act and the ability to perform would be the same. This proves that our corporeal organizations are deficient, and not the innate functions of the mind; and in a few generations man could be restored to his original perfection and prestige by a rigid observation of the laws that govern him; and it is our duty to our God and ourselves to endeavor to restore the equilibrium which has been lost by disobeying the laws of our being. B. F. H.

PHRENOLOGY IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

A WESTERN school-teacher writes us the following:

DEAR EDITOR: I am a constant reader of the JOURNAL, and desire, through its columns, to say a few words concerning it, and the science it so nobly advocates. About two years ago I purchased a copy at a news depot—this was not the first copy that I ever saw, but it was the first copy that I ever paid much attention to. I took it home and read it through attentively. Its pages were stored with useful information concerning subjects of which it behooves every man, woman, and child to become acquainted. It is true, some of the terms were new to me, and therefore I could not fully comprehend their meaning. I knew nothing about the names of the faculties and the location of their organs; but this difficulty was soon obviated by purchasing one of your Self-Instructors and large-size Phrenological Busto, which I placed in my study, and whenever I had any leisure time, I devoted it to the science of Phrenology; thus in less than three months I became familiar with the name and location of every organ. I continued to study it, and every day its truths became more and more impressed upon my mind. I have made many practical observations both on myself and fellow-men, and in a thousand cases have I seen the science of Phrenology verified. My occupation is school teaching, and never could I so fully understand the different dispositions and inclinations of children; never could I so easily and successfully govern a school, as when I obtained a knowledge of this important science. Every teacher in the land should make it a study, and all young men, and women too, who would have a safe star to guide them through the journey of life, who would aspire to health, wealth, and happiness, should acquire a knowledge of this important branch of education.

Respectfully yours,
EVANSVILLE, IND.

Such is the experience of all preceptors who have taken the time and pains to investigate and apply the principles of Phrenology.

CURE OF CANCER.

[We insert the following interesting case of cancer cured, not only because it seems important, but because we have been well acquainted with the patient and his family for more than twenty years, and have received this statement in writing, for publication.]

When about fifty years of age (A.D. 1836), there appeared near the outer corner of my left eye a small scab, which slowly enlarged and soon became painful, attended with a constant itching, or rather a twitching sensation. Feeling anxious about it, I applied to a physician in Hartford, Conn., who said it was a cancerous affection, but advised me to let it alone and give it no medical treatment. As the affected place continued to enlarge and the irritation increased, I applied to another physician, who attempted to cure it by applying caustic, which treatment proved an injury instead of a benefit. The sore increased in size, spreading over the temple, eating off both lids of the eye, discharging matter constantly, destroying the sight of the eye, and causing almost insufferable pain. Thus matters stood at the end of twenty years' affliction, and I had reached the age of seventy. I had up to that time consulted six physicians, from none of whom did I receive any relief. The cancer now assailed the substance of the eye-ball, eating it out entirely. The sore spread over the temple to the size of the palm of my hand, and below the eye about three quarters of an inch.

I then applied to an eminent physician in New York (Dr. Blake), and remained under his treatment one year without any benefit, but rather grew worse. I now gave up all hope of recovery, ceased taking medicines, and merely washed the affected part often in cold water. During the summer of 1865, it had become so painful that I slept but little, was very weak and nervous, was confined to my bed most of the time, and expected soon to die; my friends thinking I could not live till the following spring.

In the month of August, 1865, I heard of a remarkable cure of a cancer by the use of a tea made from common red field clover. Thinking it was at least harmless, I used it as a common beverage, making it very strong, and also washed the eye with the same. In less than two months, to my utter astonishment, the pain entirely ceased, and the sore began to heal at the inner corner of the eye. The healing process went on rapidly until the eye socket was healed over, forming a skin as smooth as that on my cheek, and the redness is now gone. The sore on the temple is also healed. There is not over my eye even the semblance of a scar, and but a few scars remain on the temple. My sleep is now sweet, my appetite good, am more fleshy than ever before, my general health was never better, and I think I have as few infirmities, and am as hale and hearty as any man of my age, which is now eighty years.

WEST HARTFORD, CONN.

TRUMAN WOODFORD.

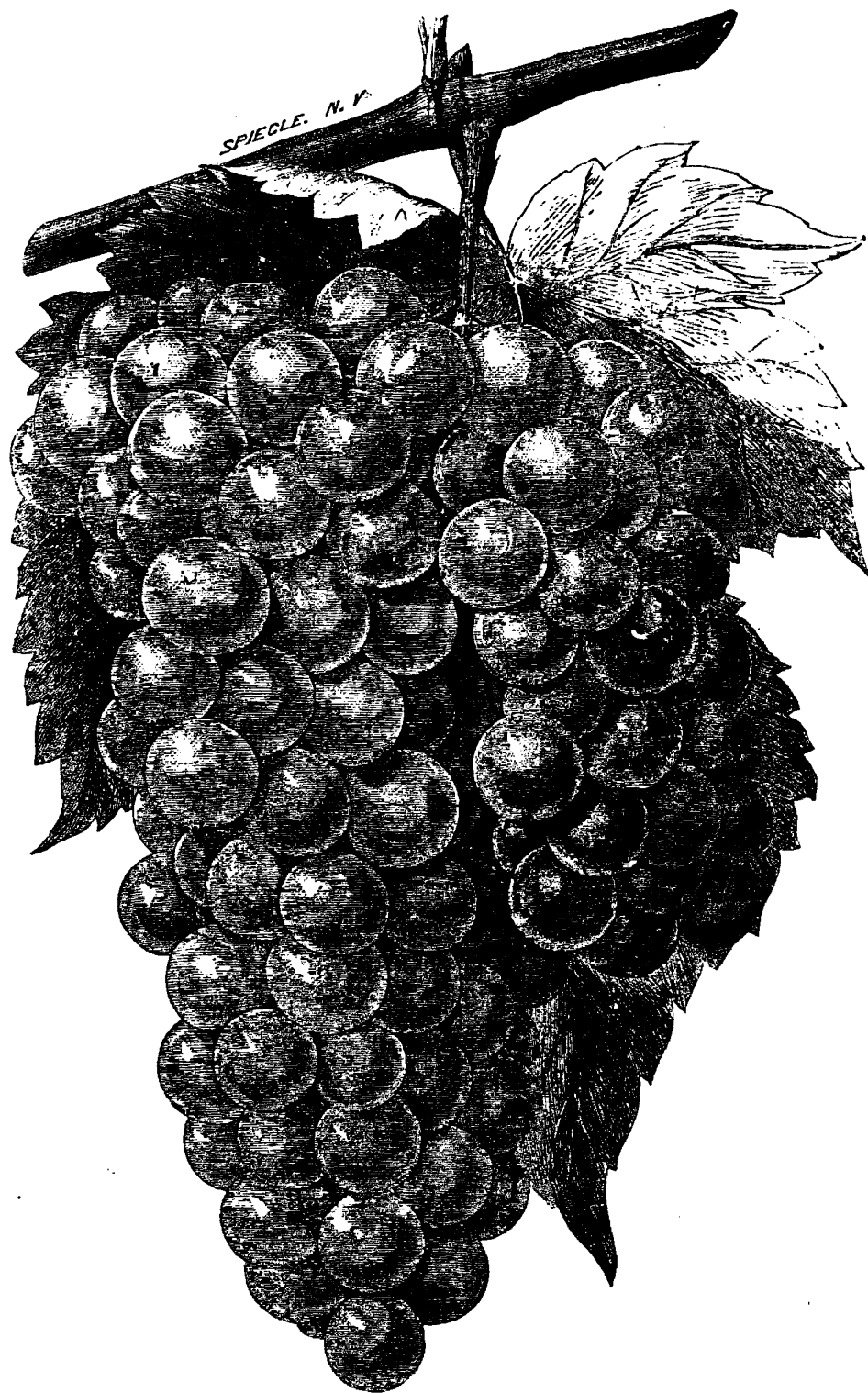
[Whether it was the clover tea and clover wash which put the patient in the way of recovery, or whether the disease had already exhausted itself, may never be known; such testimonials, however, will have their influence. Calomel and other drugs of a poisonous nature would only aggravate such a case and hasten the exit of the sufferer. Clover tea or pure soft water would at least not obstruct the processes of nature, and the work of repair could go on.]

I'LL NOT FORGET.

BY MRS. WILKINSON.

No! I'll not forget thee, darling,
Though thy bed be lowly made,
And the daisies on thy bosom
With the summer's bloom will fade.
Though our little one may never
Breathe again a father's name,
Yet I'll not forget thee, darling,
Yet I'll love thee all the same!

No! I'll not forget thee, darling,
Though the coffin claims thee now,
With the earth upon thy bosom,
And the dust upon thy brow.
Though the pallid lips may never
Ope again my heart to cheer,
Yet I'll ne'er forget to love thee,
Dearest, as I loved thee here!



THE WALTER GRAPE.

THE WALTER GRAPE.

We have received the following description of this new variety of grape from the producer.

It is a seedling of the Delaware crossed with Diana. It was originated by A. J. Caywood, of Modena, Ulster County, N. Y., and is now owned by Ferris & Caywood, of Poughkeepsie. It was moved to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in the spring of 1865, then being five years old, the main stem measuring one inch in diameter, and having fruited

three times. The soil in which it first grew was about seven inches deep, overlaid with an almost impermeable mixture of blue clay and gravel. It now stands in a dry situation, soil a slaty loam, and is bearing the sixth time. The Walter was the only one of twenty-seven vines raised from the crossed cluster that bore fruit, excepting one of the same lot standing near it, that four years ago bore two berries, but has never borne since. It much resembles the Delaware, as did all of them. The Walter is so perfect a mixture of the Delaware and Diana

that most of the leading horticulturists of the country have declared it difficult to decide which it most resembles. In growth the vine surpasses the Diana, the wood appearing in every particular like an overgrown Delaware. Persons unacquainted with its leaf could not distinguish it from the Delaware under a glass. Out of doors its leaves are more lobed than those of the Delaware, while they are as large as the largest Concord, and fleshy and leather-like, but a little darker green beneath and on the surface than its parent, the Delaware, and as free from down on the under side of the leaf as that variety. It has never yet shown mildew. In bunch and berry it is a medium between the Delaware and the Diana, some berries being as large as those of the latter. The cluster in shape differs from the Delaware very little, if any. The berries are globular, and not a particle of pungent acid can be found in it. It is highly charged with sugar throughout the flesh, and the seeds are small, and from one to two in number. When the sugary substance which adheres to the skin is drawn off with the tongue, it is left as thin as that of the Delaware, and this skin also can be generally eaten, as it is fully as rich as the skin of a raisin.

Grapes of this sort are converted into raisins readily, if placed in any dry situation indoors or out. We now have a few raisins two years old. The vine is a great bearer, and needs thinning. It ripens in this vicinity by the 30th of August, but ripe berries have been plucked as early as the 6th.

Mr. Caywood in a communication addressed to us says: "As you know, I have said many good things for this grape, and expect that I shall be arraigned before the horticultural world if my statements are not true, I will say, in view of my responsibility, what I may have said before, that it has but one fault, viz.: it is, like its parents, too compact in the cluster, notwithstanding the statement in the November number of the *Horticulturist* that it was too loose. I did not intend to publish a description of this grape so soon, but have felt compelled to it by the strictures of Penn Yan and others."

The Modena, the black grape that was exhibited with the Walter at Cleveland last fall, is an accidental seedling of the Concord, the same age of the Walter, originated at the same place, within a few rods of it, and passed through the same changes, and is now growing near it, but has never fully recovered. We have young vines of both it and the Walter from which we hope soon to see better clusters. The leaf is a little darker than the Concord, and considerably wrinkled in the center, which cures it slightly. The vine in every other particular so nearly resembles the Concord, that a further description is unnecessary. The cluster is not often shouldered, and is broad at the base and tapering. It is much sweeter than the Concord, has less of the American aroma and foxiness than its parent, and ripens with the Hartford Prolific.

WORKING CHEAP.—"What does Satan pay you for swearing?" asked one gentleman of another.

"He don't pay me anything," was the reply.

"Well, you work cheap; to lay aside the character of a gentleman; to inflict so much pain on your friends and civil people; to suffer; and lastly to risk losing your own precious soul—and all for nothing, you certainly do work cheap—very cheap indeed."

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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there;
To none man seems lovable, but to man.—Young.

GENERAL CURTIS.

BEHOLD a manly man! broad, high, liberal, grand! Most men develop particular qualities of mind or traits of character by which they become known. One is inventive, and his name goes down to posterity connected with a screw, a lever, a steam engine, or a sewing machine. Another is artistic, and with his chisel works rough stone into the exquisite statue that we see and admire; or with his pencil almost makes the canvas breathe with life. One has a gift or a genius for playing chess, and becomes known for this. Another for taming or subduing vicious horses. Another for walking on a rope. Another composes immortal music—and thus writes his name on the page of



PORTRAIT OF GENERAL SAMUEL RYAN CURTIS.

history. One composes a poem, which all the world repeats—and his name is connected with "sweet home." One discovers a continent—and the name of Columbus can never die. Coming down to lesser persons, we find men becoming famous as rogue catchers, play actors, clowns, showmen, balloonists, gymnasts, money-getters, misers, gamblers, thieves, lock-pickers, robbers, murderers, and assassins. Indeed, there are fellows who *pride* themselves on these things. It is a very low ambition—human nature not only unregenerated but awfully perverted—still, by perseverance, men sometimes become famous or notorious in

some one thing on a very small capital of brains.

Not so with the subject of our sketch. He was at once a philosopher, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Something like Washington in temperament and in patriotism, like Franklin in science and in philosophy, like Webster in argument, like Clay in eloquence, and like Jefferson and Jackson in comprehensiveness and in executiveness. He was, in short, one of the most marked men among us. But he was one of the most modest, mild, gentle, just, and steadfast of men. He was kindly, hopeful, humble, devotional, affectionate, and loving. Then why was

he not more famous, more widely known? Simply because he was too broad, liberal, generous, and NATIONAL to become a mere political partisan. He was not "available" for corrupt or party purposes. It was only the few who knew him best that could appreciate him most. Temperate, honest, intelligent, honorable, circumspect, he moved among common men like a grand chief or patriarch whose duty it was to correct, advise, instruct, and to direct.

But had he *no* faults? Fewer than most men, and only such as are common to the best. He was human, therefore fallible. But with such specimens of humanity among us, we may take courage, and feel assured of the possibilities to which the race may attain.

The following, though lengthy, will be read with interest, giving, as it does, a history of important events connected with the life of one so true, so noble, and so good.

BIOGRAPHY.

The late General Samuel Ryan Curtis was born near the village of Champlain, in north-eastern New York, February 8d, A.D. 1805. While yet an infant his family emigrated to Licking County, Ohio, settling at Newark. The correctness of the preceding statement is assured by a reference to the family Bible record of his father, and by the statements of all the elder members of his family.

The father and grandfather of Curtis were Revolutionary soldiers, the former having been a sergeant of dragoons during the later, and the latter a captain during the earlier period of the war. The General was the youngest of a large family of sons and daughters, nearly all of whom survive him. His two brothers became lawyers in Ohio, and much of the General's life was occupied in the practice of the law. He was educated at West Point, where he graduated July 1st, 1831. At the military academy his record was excellent, and he was made the commander of his class. After graduating he was appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Seventh Infantry, and served for a time in Arkansas, and at Fort Gibson in the Indian Territory, but resigned June 30th, 1832, and engaged in civil engineering in Ohio. In 1833 he resided at Mansfield, where he raised an infantry company, the "Mansfield Blues," distinguished for its perfection in tactics. For a time he was occupied as a civil engineer on the "national road," and from April, 1837, to May, 1839, he officiated as chief engineer of the "Muskingum River Improvement." By a system of locks and dams he rendered the river navigable from its mouth, at Marietta, to Zanesville, a distance of over one hundred miles, besides affording a vast amount of valuable water power at va-

rious points along the stream. In this office Curtis rendered himself very useful and extremely popular. Being a Whig in politics, he was removed by the opposition party to make room for a Democratic successor. A large number of young Democrats, who were employed under him, signed a testimonial of regret at his removal, but were notified that they must withdraw their names or lose their positions for this act of disrespect to the dominant party. But one obeyed the demand, and, accordingly, the others were removed on account of their professed friendship to their chief. In 1841 he was admitted to the bar, and engaged in legal practice at Wooster, where he resided until the beginning of the Mexican war.

On May 20th, 1846, he was appointed Adjutant-General of Ohio, specially to muster into service Ohio volunteers for the Mexican war. On the 25th of the next month, although a prominent Whig, and against a strong opposition, he was elected Colonel of the Third Regiment of Ohio Infantry, by the regimental officers, a large majority of whom were Democrats. He remained colonel until the regiment was mustered out of service in 1847. Much to their chagrin, he and his regiment arrived in Mexico too late to take part in any battles. Colonel Curtis, however, served honorably and capably as civil and military Governor of Matamoras, and subsequently of the cities of Camargo, Monterey, and Saltillo. When General Taylor was surrounded, and fought the battle of Buena Vista, Colonel Curtis organized and commanded a column of twelve hundred men, and went from Camargo in pursuit of General Urrea, driving him, with five or six thousand irregular Mexican troops, before him for several days, thereby opening a line of communication with General Taylor, whom he met at Remas, near Monterey. After his regiment was mustered out of service, the Colonel remained in Mexico by order of General Taylor, serving on the staff of General Wool until the close of the war, when he returned to Ohio and resumed his legal pursuits.

In 1847 he accepted the position of chief engineer of the "Des Moines River Improvement," in Iowa, and removed to Keokuk, always afterwards regarded by him as his home, and where he also engaged in legal practice. It was intended to render the Des Moines River navigable from its mouth, near Keokuk, to the city of Des Moines, the State capital. But after the accomplishment of much labor, the enterprise, owing to its great expense and the cheapness and growth of the railroad system, has been abandoned. From 1850 to 1853 Colonel Curtis served as engineer in charge of the harbor improvement and other public works at St. Louis, Missouri. The encroachments of the Mississippi on the Illinois shore had threatened to open a new channel through a series of lakes and ponds, which would have made St. Louis an inland city, several miles distant from the river. The plans of several engineers had seemed unavailing to prevent the impending calamity. Cur-

tis succeeded, with sand bags, in building a dike connecting Bloody Island with the Illinois shore, and thus permanently diverted the channel of the river to the Missouri side, securing to St. Louis a depth of water always navigable by the largest river boats.

From 1853 to 1855 he acted as chief engineer of several railroad lines leading through Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa, under the name of the "American Central Railroad;" and for these companies, in 1853, he indicated the probable central route of a Pacific railroad through the great Platte Valley in Nebraska, commencing at Council Bluffs, Iowa, substantially as the road has since been constructed. In 1855 he was elected Mayor of Keokuk, and devoted his energies to the local improvements of the city of his residence. For many years he strongly and constantly advocated the construction of a steamboat canal, twelve miles long, around the Des Moines Rapids, a complete impediment to navigation in the Mississippi, terminating at Keokuk. The Government has spent many hundreds of thousands of dollars in vain attempts to clear out the channel, on a plan originated by Robert E. Lee. At length this scheme has been abandoned, and the plan for a canal, as originated by Curtis, is recognized and adopted as the only means of overcoming the obstacle.

In 1856 Colonel Curtis took a prominent part in the organization of the Republican party, and was elected to represent the first of the two congressional districts of Iowa in the Thirty-fifth Congress, and was afterward re-elected to the Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Congress for the same district, which then comprised nearly the southern half of the State. In Congress he was a prominent member of the lower house, serving as one of the standing committee on military affairs, and as chairman of the committee on the Pacific Railroad. He introduced a bill for the construction of this road by the central or Platte Valley route, with branches at each end, entirely similar to the bill finally passed by Congress, which owed much of its success to the previously applied energies of Curtis.

During the recesses of Congress, it was his custom to visit the several portions of his district and address his constituents on the political issues of the day. While at Council Bluffs, in the summer of 1858, occurred the Indian war in Nebraska. Colonel Curtis, leaving his district, served as volunteer aid on the staff of General Thayer during the campaign.

At the beginning of the secession troubles in Congress, Curtis was a member of the Compromise Committee, of which Tom Corwin was chairman. He also represented Iowa in the celebrated "Peace Conference," of which John Tyler was president, and which failed to prevent civil war. In the House and in the conference he advocated honorable terms of adjustment; but foreseeing the certainty of civil war, he early and constantly urged the most extensive and efficient military preparations for the impending conflict.

When Sumter fell, Curtis, then at Keokuk,

started immediately for Washington. On arriving at Philadelphia, he heard of the troubles in Baltimore and the destruction of railroad bridges, cutting off communication with the national capital. The "New York Seventh Regiment" was about taking passage by sea for Washington; carpet sack in hand, he pressed through the crowd and reached the boat. The presence of a man in the costume of a civilian excited considerable suspicion, but satisfactory explanations were made, and Curtis was appointed a volunteer aid to Colonel Lefferts. During the voyage to Annapolis his advice was very useful; and on the advance to Washington he marched day and night on foot, and in the front, his counsel as an old soldier and an engineer being of great value, and materially contributing to the success of the expedition. For these services he was unanimously elected an honorary member of the New York Seventh Regiment, Colonel Lefferts affixing the badge of honor, with generous acknowledgments for the assistance he had rendered.

On arriving in Washington, Curtis called on General Scott and the Secretaries of War and of the Navy, informing them of the great excitement in the loyal States, and the troubles in Maryland, which had been detailed to him by Governor Hicks in Annapolis. He also visited the Quartermaster and Commissary-Generals, and advised them of the rush of troops toward Washington and the great preparations that would be needed for their comfort and sustenance. Receiving authority to assist in the organization of Iowa troops, he returned to Keokuk.

During his absence the First, Second, and Third Iowa regiments of infantry had been ordered to rendezvous, and had arrived at Keokuk, and the First (three months) Regiment had elected its officers. Curtis had also succeeded in obtaining arms for the first two regiments from Governor Yates, at Springfield, Ill.

On the 1st of June, 1861, the Second Regiment (the first regiment of three years' volunteers), by the unanimous vote of its officers and men, elected Curtis its colonel. He immediately commenced drilling and perfecting the organization of his regiment. To his energy and military knowledge was it indebted for the honor of having the first dress parade, and of being the first of all Iowa regiments to leave the State for the seat of war.

At midnight on June 13th a dispatch was received from General Lyon asking Colonel Curtis to move to Hannibal, and to seize and occupy the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad. Before daybreak his regiment was embarked and moving down the Mississippi; ammunition, cartridge-boxes, and other necessary accoutrements being given the men for the first time, on the boat. On arriving at Hannibal, the regiment, with part of the Sixteenth Illinois Infantry, was quickly distributed over the railroad as far west as Brookfield, and being rapidly followed by the First Iowa Infantry, was on the morning of the 14th pushed forward to St. Joseph, two hundred miles west of Hannibal,

and then occupied by a few companies of regulars. The important towns, bridges, and strategic points were soon occupied by detachments and guard parties, and national supremacy was at once firmly established throughout north Missouri, with the loss of but two rebel lives and with no Union loss. The movement had been executed just in time to prevent the burning of the railroad bridges by the orders of Sterling Price. Colonel Curtis assumed command of the whole line of road, and devoted his energies to breaking up rebel organizations and preserving order, and in two weeks' time had entirely subdued all open rebellion, the signs of which were everywhere conspicuous on his arrival. Having completely won the esteem of all in his regiment, on the 30th of June he left it forever as its colonel. He was still a member of the Thirty-seventh Congress, and hastened to Washington to attend the extra session of July 4th, 1861, where he desired to urge some important modifications of military law. He advocated the adoption of a plan for a volunteer army both in time of peace and war, securing harmony among our forces by a system that would exclude all distinctions and consequent jealousies between regulars and volunteers. His views were in part adopted by equalizing the term of service, pay, and emoluments in both classes of our army, and by extending the opportunities of regular officers to secure promotion in the volunteer service. While he was in Washington occurred the first terrible battle of Bull Run. Hearing of the disastrous retreat of the Union army, he went at once to the field and did all in his power to turn defeat into victory. At this session of Congress he was, on the recommendation of General Scott, appointed Brigadier General of Volunteers, his commission dating from May 17th, 1861. Resigning his seat in Congress, he was ordered to report for duty to General Fremont, then commanding the Western Department at St. Louis.

General Curtis arrived at St. Louis in August, 1861, and was ordered to organize a camp of instruction. The camp was first organized at Jefferson Barracks, but, for greater convenience and better accommodation, it was on September 12th removed to Benton Barracks, in the outskirts of St. Louis, where Curtis assumed command. Troops were at this time pouring into St. Louis. Public enthusiasm was at its height, and thousands were rushing to serve under Fremont. The work of organization, and of drilling and disciplining the raw mass of volunteers was a vast and arduous task which the General well and faithfully performed.

While he was still in command at Benton Barracks, Fremont left St. Louis for Jefferson City, and assumed command of the "Army of the West." During the absence of Fremont, Curtis was placed in command of St. Louis. At this time arose the cry which finally resulted in the removal of Fremont and the substitution first of Hunter and afterward of Halleck in command of the Western Department. The determination to change commanders imposed

upon Curtis some very delicate and intricate duties. He was consulted by Mr. Lincoln as to the state of affairs in Missouri and the policy of a change of commanders, and subsequently it devolved upon him to notify the several officers of the change, to preserve order, and to check all undue popular outbreaks.

When Halleck assumed command of his new "Department of the Missouri," Curtis was for a time retained in command of the "District of St. Louis." His command extended over the troops for fifty miles around St. Louis, except the troops at Benton Barracks, with headquarters at St. Louis. His knowledge of the topography, people, and condition of the Department was of great use to Halleck, and the regulation of the steamboat commerce on the Mississippi occupied considerable of his attention.

In the mean time Sterling Price was roving over southwestern Missouri with his rebel army of "Missouri State Guards," and it was determined by Halleck to drive him completely from the State.

General Curtis was sent to Rolla to assume command of the "southwestern district of Missouri," which included nearly all the southwestern country as far as it could be penetrated from St. Louis, and contained in all about 15,000 Union troops. On December 26, 1861, just five years preceding the day of his death, Curtis first assumed command of those troops whose brilliant actions first rendered his name distinguished in military history. He found everything in very poor order for taking the field. The army was encumbered with useless baggage, many changes were to be made, and new troops obtained to replace others withdrawn, while almost nothing was known of the real position or force of the enemy more than a hundred miles distant in the wilderness. An expedition of cavalry was at once sent reconnoitering toward Price, who was found to be in Springfield. In the mean time everything was rapidly being prepared for a long campaign.

About the 10th of February the army was ready to move. An advance was rapidly made through Marshfield to Pierson's Creek, eight miles from Springfield, where the first skirmish occurred with Price's army on the 13th. On the same night Price evacuated Springfield and retreated south. On the next day Curtis occupied Springfield, and at once stripping his army of everything that could possibly be spared, commenced a close pursuit of Price, through the woods and ravines of the Ozark Mountains, which lasted for more than one hundred miles, and was almost continuous for three days and nights. Several severe engagements occurred, the Arkansas line was passed by Union troops for the first time during the rebellion, and a battle was fought at Sugar Creek, Arkansas, on February 17th, in which the rebels, who had been reinforced by a part of Ben. McCulloch's command, were defeated and driven first to their stronghold of "Cross Hollows," and afterward south of the Boston

Mountains. Fayetteville and Bentonville in northwestern Arkansas were captured, and our army was allowed to rest after its long and wearisome march in midwinter of over two hundred miles, Sigel's two divisions being encamped near Bentonville, Carr's division at Cross Hollows, and Davis' division at Sugar Creek, three points from twelve to eighteen miles distance from each other. Sugar Creek, to the rear of Bentonville and Cross Hollows, had been selected by Curtis as the best of several points for a general engagement, which he now considered as impending.

Such was the situation when, on March 5th, Curtis, then at Cross Hollows, heard of the advance of the combined rebel armies of Price, McCulloch, Pike, and McIntosh, reinforced by large numbers of irregular troops, numbering about 40,000 men, all under the command of Earl Van Dorn. The whole Union army, numbering scarcely 10,000 men, was at once ordered to concentrate at Pea Ridge, on Sugar Creek, to resist the attack. On the 6th, Sigel, with a small detachment of about 600 men, was attacked and surrounded by the enemy near Bentonville, while in the rear of his division, which had marched to Pea Ridge. He made a gallant running fight for about seventeen miles, and cut his way through the rebel armies, arriving safely at Sugar Creek about nightfall. On the 7th and 8th the action became general, and was fought with terrible pertinacity and bloodshed on the part of both armies. The rebel leader was so confident of success that he had planted his whole army on the north of Curtis, thus endeavoring to cut off all retreat to Missouri. But the rebel Generals Ben McCulloch, McIntosh, and Slack were killed in action on the 7th, and the rebel armies, deprived of these leaders and suffering a tremendous loss, were completely defeated on the 8th by the superior generalship of Curtis. They fled in complete rout, leaving the Union army encamped on the battle-field. The Union loss was only about 1,500 in killed, wounded, and missing; but the broken fragments of the rebel armies suffered so terribly that they were no longer able to contend for the possession of Arkansas. The commands of Price and Van Dorn therefore sought shelter with the army of Beauregard, east of the Mississippi, at Corinth, leaving Curtis in undisputed possession of southwestern Missouri and northern Arkansas.

Many efforts were made to give the glory of the victory of Pea Ridge to Sigel, by rumors of his superior generalship, and statements that Curtis, in despair, had abandoned the command to Sigel. It is only necessary to read the official reports of Curtis and Sigel, as well as the division commanders, Osterhaus, Asboth, Carr, and Davis, to understand that the command of Sigel took comparatively a small share in the battle, the hardest fighting having been done by the 3d and 4th divisions, under Davis and Carr, and under the immediate supervision of Curtis. These divisions were first attacked by the enemy, and were long hard pressed before Sigel's command

could be brought to their assistance. General Sigel hearing these rumors, with the spirit of a true soldier addressed a letter to Curtis, which was afterward published, in which he entirely denied these charges, and nobly gave the chief credit of the hard-won victory to General Curtis. Almost immediately after the battle, Sigel, being in ill health, left the army of the Southwest. He never returned, being next ordered to Virginia. In the meanwhile Curtis encamped at Cross Timber Hollows, on the State line, to recruit his forces, take care of his wounded, and prepare for another long march of more than three hundred miles to the eastward, through Missouri and Arkansas, and southward along White River to Helena, on the Mississippi.

In March, 1862, Curtis was made major-general of volunteers, and while encamped at Cross Timber Hollows he learned of the sudden death of his daughter in St. Louis. The victorious General, but afflicted father, was unable to attend her death-bed or funeral. Duty demanded his presence in the field.

His army was now in the remote northwestern corner of Arkansas. To render it of further avail it must be brought nearer the enemy. About the 1st of April the march was resumed in an easterly direction to West Plains, Missouri, over the wild and difficult roads of the Ozark Mountains. At West Plains the army turned south and arrived at Batesville, Arkansas, about the 1st of May. It had been intended to assist in the capture of Memphis, or of Little Rock, but much rain, swollen streams, and bad roads prevented either of these movements. At Batesville, Curtis was suddenly called to reinforce Halleck at Corinth with most of his infantry. Two divisions, under Davis and Asboth, were accordingly sent to Halleck, and Curtis was reinforced by the arrival of a division under Steele from Pilot Knob. He now reorganized his army in three divisions, commanded by Steele, Carr, and Osterhaus. Memphis having been captured, several attempts were made to send supplies by steamboats up White River to the army of Curtis; but these expeditions were repulsed by the enemy or delayed by low water, until Curtis determined to move down White River to some point where they could reach him. About the last of June, therefore, he abandoned his communications overland with loyal territory and started on his hot and weary march through an enemy's country. Skirmishes and hostile meetings with the enemy were frequent, a large number of newly-arrived Texan Rangers constantly annoying the front. The roads were frequently barricaded by fallen timber, and everything possible was done by the enemy to cripple the movements of the army. After leaving Jacksonport it was hoped to meet gunboats at Augusta. The army moved down the east bank of White River to Augusta, where it arrived on July 4th, finding no gunboats. A detour eastward from White River now became necessary, to avoid cypress swamps near the mouth of Cache River. On July 8th oc-

curred the battle of "Bayou de Cache." The enemy, composed of Texan Rangers about two thousand strong, supported by a much larger force in the rear, were defeated by our advance, numbering about six hundred. Continuing the march, Curtis arrived at Clarendon, on White River, on the 9th, where he learned that gunboats escorting supply steamers had been but the day before, and being unable to hear from him had departed down the river. The army was now almost without supplies, hundreds of miles from its late base of operations, and in an enemy's country, where there was almost nothing upon which to subsist. The only possible course to insure safety was adopted. Curtis immediately marched his command, followed by hundreds of liberated contrabands, a distance of sixty miles, to Helena, on the Mississippi, where he arrived on the 14th of July, having completed a march of over five hundred miles from Rolla, Missouri. "Sherman's march to the sea," at a later period, affords the only parallel, during the rebellion, to this long and difficult march of the army of Curtis through an almost unsettled wilderness, and involving an abandonment of all communication with the loyal regions in the rear, and an entire change of base after moving hundreds of miles, completely surrounded by the enemy. By the time all the command had reached Helena, boats with supplies had been obtained from Memphis, one hundred miles above, and the army rested from its long march, garrisoning the important point of Helena, then the advance post on the line of federal occupation of the Mississippi.

The army was now increased by the addition of a division under Hovey. Curtis engaged in several expeditions down the Mississippi, and up the Yazoo and Arkansas rivers. The expeditions captured a large number of boats, arms, and rebels. A fort in the vicinity of Vicksburg was taken and its guns were spiked. The steamer *Fair Play*, with a cargo of improved English muskets, which had just run the blockade, was also captured while en route to the enemy.

Helena was an attractive point to cotton buyers, and consequently it soon swarmed with them. All manner of fraud and corruption began to prevail. To preserve order and prevent dealings with the enemy, Curtis was compelled to interfere with the speculators and break up most of their traffic. This excited the malice of some, who accused him of favoring his friends and improperly engaging in the business himself. This charge became widespread, and was finally investigated at the request of General Curtis. His enemies made many efforts to convict him of participating in the trade, but no evidence could be found to sustain their charges, and the papers in the case were finally placed before President Lincoln, who expressed himself satisfied of the entire innocence of General Curtis.

In the midst of his military career, General Curtis still retained his interest in the Pacific

Railroad, and having obtained a brief leave of absence in August, 1862, he acted as president of that Pacific Railroad Convention at Chicago which actually inaugurated the work now being so successfully extended toward completion.

He assumed command of the "Department of the Missouri" at St. Louis, September 24th, 1862. It embraced the States of Missouri, Kansas, and Arkansas, the Indian Territory, and the Territories of Nebraska and Colorado, together with the military prison at Alton. It included the armies of "The Frontier," "The Southwest," and of "Southeast Missouri," besides numerous other small posts. He probably for some time commanded over one hundred thousand soldiers scattered over his broad department, and contending with Indians, guerrillas, and rebel armies.

To effect organization and preserve local order, all resident Missourians were made "enrolled militia." Rebel sympathizers were excused from bearing arms against their friends, while loyal men were liable to be called into service to suppress guerrillas and local insurrection. The latter class was very large, and at times became of great service and vast importance. Governor Gamble, of Missouri, claimed entire control of this organization, while General Curtis, both as military commander of the Department, and as a General of the State Militia, sought to exercise the same command when the militia were in actual service, and it seemed of importance for him to have the entire regulation of military affairs. These conflicting claims produced dissension, which was increased by a division of the Union party into two elements, one of which was called Conservative and the other Radical, the former being headed by Governor Gamble, and General Curtis being, from the necessity of his position, to a considerable extent associated with the latter.

During the summer of 1862 the rebels had rallied in small parties throughout Missouri, while the southwestern, and at a later date the southeastern, portions of the State were repeatedly invaded by the enemy in force, under Marmaduke, Jeff. Thompson, and others from Arkansas. To repulse the enemy in the southwest, General Schofield had organized the "Army of the Frontier," which advanced beyond Springfield to the Arkansas River at Fort Smith, and under Schofield, Blunt, and Herron, with troops in the rear under Brown and others, again broke up the rebel armies, winning the victories of "Cane Hill," "Old Fort Wayne," "Prairie Grove," "Fort Smith," "Van Buren," "Springfield," and "Hartsville."

The "Army of Southeast Missouri," under Davidson and McNeil, was also contending with rebel armies in that quarter, fighting a severe battle at "Cape Girardeau," and driving the enemy as far as Pocahtontas, in Arkansas.

The "Army of the Southwest" at Helena, besides holding that post, was engaged in various raids into Arkansas and Mississippi. Two divisions were ordered in October from Helena to Pilot Knob, Missouri, to prevent a

rebel invasion, but were subsequently returned to Helena, and at a later date the State of Arkansas and the Indian Territory were for greater convenience taken from the command of Curtis and attached to the Department of the Tennessee.

Besides the regulation of these various armies, Curtis was continually occupied with guerrilla parties throughout Missouri. To effect their suppression, in 1863 he instituted a code of military law commonly known as "General Order, Thirty," which defined the nature of military offenses, classified offenders, and provided for their punishment. This code, with subsequent additions, continued in force in Missouri until the end of the war. It was adopted by other commanders, and was cited with earnest approval by the Judge-Advocate-General of the Army. The regulation of commerce in the Department and the prevention of illicit trade with the rebels also called for much attention. General Grant was engaged in conducting the long series of operations against Vicksburg, and General Curtis was continually called upon to furnish him with reinforcements. So many of his troops were sent to Grant, that his own feebly garrisoned department was very liable to rebel raids, and was still somewhat overrun by guerrillas.

The political elements in Missouri became continually more embroiled, and the General's relations with Governor Gamble became constantly more unpleasant. An accident revealed to Curtis that a member of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet from Missouri was opposed to his course in that State, and, together with other prominent conservative politicians, was exerting himself to effect a change of commanders. Curtis therefore requested Mr. Lincoln to relieve him of his command. The request was granted, and General Schofield assumed command of the Department May 24th, 1863, Curtis having been in command just eight months.

In making the change, Mr. Lincoln wrote a letter forwarded both to Curtis and Schofield, but addressed to the latter, which was one of the most remarkable acts of his public life. He alluded to the unfortunate division of the Union party in Missouri into two factions, and stated that he wished to harmonize the contending elements, which would then be vastly in the majority, and as he could not remove Governor Gamble he was compelled to remove General Curtis. In another letter to Curtis on the same subject he concluded in these words: "With me the presumption is still in your favor that you are honest, capable, faithful, and patriotic." Subsequent events, however, demonstrated that this course of the President was a mistake. The radical element continually gained strength in Missouri. Both parties sent full delegations to the national convention which renominated Lincoln. The opponents of Curtis were the avowed friends of the renomination of the President, but they were not received into the convention, and the "radicals" being preferred, expressed their displeasure with the administration of affairs in Missouri, by voting for Grant, thus casting the only votes

which prevented the renomination of Lincoln from being at once unanimous.

Curtis now retired to his home in Iowa, where he remained during the rest of the year 1863. In October he was called to mourn the death of his son, Major Henry Zarah Curtis, assistant-adjutant-general on the staff of General Blunt, who was killed in action at Baxter's Springs, in the Indian Territory, by a gang of guerrillas under Quantrell, Todd, and others, after he had been completely surrounded in an effort to rally his troops.

On New Year's day, 1864, the War Department assigned Curtis to the new "Department of Kansas." It included all of his old territorial command except Missouri and Arkansas, Rosecrans being about the same time assigned to the command of Missouri as successor to Schofield, who was sent into the field. On arriving at Fort Leavenworth, his new headquarters, Curtis found that in all his vast territorial command he did not have over four or five thousand troops. With these he must hold various important posts, contend with hostile Indians, and with guerrillas and rebels on the eastern and southern borders of Kansas.

In the fall of 1864 Sterling Price undertook to make good his oft-repeated promise of returning to Missouri and driving out the Union army. After the disastrous campaign of Banks on the Red River, in Louisiana, and the consequent failure of the plans of Steele at Little Rock, taking advantage of the prostrated condition of federal affairs in the Southwest, he rallied his army, crossed the Arkansas, and advanced into Missouri. He was followed by a Union force in the rear, and Rosecrans prepared to resist him in front. But his movements were too rapid to allow of their being checked suddenly. After a severe engagement he captured Pilot Knob, advanced to the vicinity of St. Louis, and turning west, vainly besieged Jefferson City, the capital of the State. In the mean time his army had increased until it numbered about 30,000. Not succeeding in his attempt on Jefferson City, and being hard pressed by Rosecrans and Pleasanton, he again looked westward and determined to capture Kansas City and Leavenworth, together with the post of Fort Leavenworth with its vast supply of arms, clothing, and provisions. To oppose him Curtis had not over 4,500 troops, and most of these were scattered over his department; some were inaccessible, and no reinforcements could be expected from other departments. But there was no time to lose, and Curtis called upon Governor Carney to order the militia of Kansas into service, which was promptly done. The militia comprised nearly every able-bodied man in the State, and most of them had seen more or less of warfare and were inured to hardship. Leaving their families to take care of themselves, the MEN of Kansas turned out *en masse*. Twenty-four regiments, numbering over 16,000 men, were placed at the service of Curtis, and in addition to these he collected about 3,000 volunteer troops and organized his forces in two divisions

as the "Army of the Border." The left wing, constituting the main portion of the militia, was under General Deitzler, of the militia, and the right wing, composed of volunteers and militia, was commanded by General Blunt. Much of the militia had, however, been left to protect various exposed points, considerably diminishing the strength of the army in the field.

The army of Curtis was now concentrated near Kansas City, and the division of Blunt, 2,000 strong, was marched to Lexington, Missouri, where the army of Price, 28,000 strong, was encountered on the 19th of October, moving westward closely pressed in the rear by General Pleasanton. A battle ensued, lasting twenty-four hours. Early on the morning of the 20th Blunt fell back to a favorable position on the line of a stream called "Little Blue," eight miles east of Independence, and was rapidly followed by the enemy. Here Curtis reinforced him, and another severe engagement occurred on the 21st, at the end of which the Army of the Border abandoned the field, falling back and fighting continually to the line of "Big Blue," a stream a few miles west of Independence and east of Westport. On the 22d was fought the battle of "Big Blue," lasting the entire day, at the end of which time the army of Curtis retired to Westport and Kansas City, and the same night the command of Pleasanton arrived in Independence. Curtis thus far had been fighting to gain time, and had held Price in check until the arrival of Pleasanton, who effected a junction during the battle of the ensuing day. On the 23d occurred the severe battle of "Westport," which checked the rebel movement westward and turned it south, saving Kansas City and Leavenworth. Pleasanton's command being now joined to the army of Curtis, and the danger to northern Kansas being past, the militia from that section of the State were allowed to return home, while the remainder of the army at once commenced the pursuit of Price, who had turned south and was in rapid flight along the State line of Kansas and Missouri.

At daybreak on the 24th began the pursuit of the enemy, which was continued with the greatest possible celerity. Price was fleeing in the utmost haste and confusion, and the road was strewn with the abandoned *debris* of the rebel army. The pursuit was continued for sixty-eight miles without rest on either side. At night the rebels encamped on the "Marais des Cygnes" River. Before daybreak on the 25th Curtis attacked them, and after a severe fight drove them again before him, inflicting severe loss and capturing Generals Marmaduke and Cabell. The flight and pursuit were continued as hotly as ever, and the battles of "Osage" and "Charlot" on the same day assisted the disintegration of the rebel army. Fears had been entertained for the important post of Fort Scott, near the State line, but it was now safe, the rebels having been too closely pressed to attempt its capture. Regarding the danger to Kansas as being past, Curtis now discharged the remainder of the militia. Here also Gen-

eral Pleasanton abandoned the pursuit, leaving the commands of Generals McNeil and Sanborn and Colonel Benteen to continue with Curtis.

On the 26th Curtis resumed the pursuit, and on the 28th overtook and defeated the enemy, after a severe engagement, at "Newtonia." General Rosecrans now ordered the troops of his department to return to their several stations. The effect was to deprive Curtis of the support of McNeil, Benteen, and Sanborn's brigades, leaving him only his own volunteers under Blunt. Twenty-four hours later, orders were received from Lieutenant-General Grant directing Curtis to take command of all available troops and pursue Price to the Arkansas River, or until he met the forces of Generals Reynolds or Steele. It was too late to recall Sanborn and McNeil, but Benteen succeeded in overtaking Curtis at the old battle-field of Pea Ridge on the 1st of November. The rebels were besieging Fayetteville, Arkansas, where a garrison of over one thousand men was commanded by Colonel Harrison. Curtis therefore pressed on with his small force, and on his appearance the enemy fled. The pursuit was then continued, and terminated November 8th on the banks of the Arkansas, between Forts Smith and Gibson, with a parting volley at the rebel rear on the south side of the stream.

Curtis now returned to Fort Leavenworth. In a campaign of twenty days he had driven Price's army from the Missouri River to the Arkansas, a distance of three hundred miles, fighting the battles already enumerated, and almost completely destroying the rebel army, with a Union loss not accurately known, but quite inconsiderable. The enemy admitted a loss of over ten thousand in killed, wounded, and missing after leaving Westport, at which point his force numbered nearly thirty thousand. Many may have deserted, but no guerrilla bands were on the Missouri border for a long time afterward. So thorough was the defeat of Price that, upon his return from his Missouri expedition, he was court-martialed for the miserable termination of his campaign.

Kansas was divided by innumerable political cliques, and the operations of Curtis had been seriously embarrassed by their maneuvers. He had been accused of calling the militia into service to promote the political interests of his friends and prevent the men from voting at the Presidential election, and it had been asserted that there was no danger whatever of a rebel invasion of Kansas. A few of the militia became mutinous in consequence of these reports, and abandoning the field returned to their homes, while others entirely refused to march across the State line into Missouri until the sound of the enemy's guns convinced them of the necessity of saving their homes and families from the havoc of war. But now Curtis was universally admitted to have saved Kansas from being converted into a desert, and its inhabitants from murder, rapine, and destruction in accordance with the vindictive and oft-repeated threats of the enemy. Since then the State has enjoyed continuous peace

for the first time in its history. The popularity of Curtis with all parties was unbounded, and the State legislature tendered him a formal vote of thanks for the manner in which he had saved the State from invasion.

During the remainder of his stay in Kansas, nothing of special interest occurred. On February 7th, 1865, he was relieved of his command, and on the 16th of the same month he assumed command of the "Department of the Northwest" at Milwaukee. This command included the troops thinly scattered over Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Dacotah, and Montana. The duties were principally of an administrative nature, and on the 26th of July his command became absorbed in other departments instituted at the end of the war. He was next sent during the fall of the year as one of the government commissioners, far up the Missouri River, to negotiate treaties with the Sioux and other Indians. This duty occupied several months, and upon his return he was mustered out of the military service. He was the first brigadier and major-general from Iowa, and when mustered out was one of the highest in rank on the list of volunteer generals. He was next appointed one of the government commissioners to inspect the various branches of the Pacific Railroad in Kansas and Nebraska. On the morning of December 26th, while in apparent perfect health, and accompanied by his fellow-commissioners, he was going to inspect a section of the Kansas branch of the road. They started on foot across the frozen surface of the Missouri River, and after a brisk walk in a keen wind got into their carriage on the Iowa side. Within half a mile of the river bank, General Curtis, not having manifested any symptom of pain or illness, suddenly grew very pale, rolled up his eyes, and without a word fell over insensible. His fellow-commissioner, Doctor White, finding no pulse or action of the heart, pronounced him dead. The party at once drove to the nearest house, the residence of his friend Colonel Nutt, in Council Bluffs, and the General was removed from the carriage and every effort made to restore life, but all in vain. The remains were placed in a metallic coffin and conveyed to his home in Keokuk, where amid the universal sorrow of the community they were committed to the earth on last day of the year 1866.

So terminated an almost continuous life of varied public usefulness and prominence. As a soldier, although others became more distinguished, few were more uniformly useful, and as a general he never lost a battle. Both as an engineer and a statesman he left many monuments of his ability, and his name must forever be associated with the construction of the Pacific Railroad. In every position his administrative abilities were great, and although much engaged in public strife and political contention, his personal dignity combined with his uniform courtesy and fairness with his opponents, gave him a popularity superior to party.

General Curtis was married in 1831 to Belinda Buckingham. Three sons and a daughter went

before him into the other world. His widow, a son, and a daughter are the surviving members of his family.

He was a sincere Christian both in belief and in life, while his good qualities as a husband, a father, and a friend made him the life of the home circle. He was singularly free from all vices both great and small, never using profane or improper language, and being exceedingly temperate both in his food and drink. Personally he was remarkable for his unusual modesty and diffidence, qualities which often kept him unduly in the background, and prevented him from doing himself justice in his official reports and upon various occasions. In person he was large, very erect, and rather stout, with a dignified and martial bearing.

SAINTS AND SINNERS.—No. 1. WHO ARE THEY?

THE two great classes of human beings who figure in the Bible are saints and sinners; and the same two great classes have figured in the world ever since the days of inspiration.

And Phrenology, though it has been thought a sham science, a science based on falsehood and built up with falsehood, and the most terrible of infidel makers, recognizes these two classes of men, saints and sinners, and thus far at least proves itself in harmony with the Bible.

No one, we think, can take up the Bible and study book after book without being convinced that saints and sinners are no myths, but actual existences; and whoever will study the science of Phrenology with equal fairness, will see saints and sinners again. Phrenology is not at war with the Bible, neither has it any pet notions of its own that are not found in the inspired book. Phrenologists do not claim to be inventors, but close students and discoverers of what really is, of a science—the science of man; and if Peter and Paul could sit down with any intelligent phrenologist and compare views, they would, doubtless, agree perfectly.

"Ah," says the cavalier, with some phrenological book or journal in his hand, "if you wish to see saints and sinners, you must look in the Bible, or go out into the world. You must not turn to Phrenology, for the sum and substance of Phrenology is, that man is a machine, propelled by his 'bumps,' and therefore he can act neither rightly nor wrongly, and can be neither a saint nor a sinner." Now, this is a black badge, fastened upon Phrenology, and one which it will not long wear; for if there be one science more in harmony with the Bible than another, it is Phrenology. Clear and broad is the distinction it makes between the good and the bad, but it tries to follow in the footsteps of the great Inspirer of the Bible and judge righteous judgment, giving every man the place he deserves, whether that of a saint or a sinner.

It is worthy of notice, and admiration also, that the phrenologist does not observe mankind *superficially*, or give the race *hasty* glances, and thus deal unjustly. On the contrary, he

makes every man who comes within the range of his eye, or the reach of his hand, a study. He studies his face and the shape of his head; if the result of his examination is such as to satisfy him that the man's propensities are strong, that his inclination to evil is great, but that he keeps up a life-long fight with himself, being determined to be a conqueror, and more than a conqueror, he calls him a Christian hero or saint. It is true that the man does many more wrong things than the man of weak propensities, but he is engaged in a noble and honorable warfare. He has enrolled his name among those who sincerely want to "lay aside every weight," in the race of life, and shine at last among those who have "overcome."

And here we ought to say that we do not mean by the term saints and sinners, men of perfect goodness, and men of entire badness. Such men we call myths. They have no existence in this world. For want of a better term we call those men saints who have the firm purpose to become saints, and who actually live in the daily resistance of the evil to which their propensities incline them. And yet we would not erase from the list of saints the names of those who have little to resist, and therefore no great warfare in which to engage. A man may be a soldier and not go out to battle, for the simple reason that there is no battle to be fought, or he may be called only into some inferior engagement, and have no opportunity of resisting unto blood.

As to sinners, there is a great and important sense in which all are sinners; but many who are branded as sinners above all others, are not so deeply dyed in guilt as we imagine. They have not only a sense of the beauty and desirableness of all virtue, but strive after it most earnestly, and put forth most noble efforts to subdue and control the propensities.

"What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

Neither do we know the grandeur and nobility of the resisting soul; but we shall know one day, when the books are opened, and all the hidden things of the earthly life are made manifest, and all that men tried to be and do is made known.

That grand revelation day is surely coming. Every added year brings it nearer, and all who on earth were called saints, and all who were called sinners, shall see it and stand in its light, and appear to be *exactly* what they are.

And then—let no reader call this irreverence—the truths of Phrenology will be fully believed as never before, and men will no longer laugh at "unfortunate physical organization," or "unfortunate mental constitution," or even at *hereditary sin*.

"*Hereditary sin*!" exclaims the doubting reader. "What! will a man talk about hereditary sin, and thus 'charge God foolishly'?" Is there no such thing, as human responsibility?" Yes, dear reader, there is. Human responsibility is an actual fact, and so is hereditary sin a fact, although the expression may startle you as something new.

Your child is a poor invalid. You say "he has a feeble constitution, that he *inherited* it from you." But do you, for this reason, sit down and do nothing for him? Do you not rather feel added responsibility in his case, and stir yourself the more for it, that he may receive in time what he did not receive at his birth—health?

Now, a feeble mental constitution, a diseased soul, can just as easily be transmitted from parent to child as a feeble, diseased body. Let no man start at this as if it were a reflection upon the Creator, for it is not. All are more or less diseased in soul by Adam, our first parent; for the good book tells us that "by one man sin entered into the world," that "by one man's disobedience many were made sinners." Now, if this be so, much more are we spiritually diseased by our nearest kin, whom we call father and mother. Men inherit the mental peculiarities of their parents. Let us suppose the case of a man whose father had strong propensities and weak moral sentiments. Will any one say that that man does not grow up and live under great disadvantages? that he does not have to bear a weight of hereditary sin? Ah, he does, and he must wade through seas of trouble, and go through fearful struggles before he will attain to a perfect manhood. But there is no such sublime sight on earth as that man, putting forth all the energies of his nature, through a lifetime perhaps, to throw off the load of hereditary sin that weighs him down. Such a man, seizing, as he does, all human and divine helps, that he may reach the full stature of a perfect man, is saintly, however many may be his missteps and his falls; but the superficial world looks only at these missteps and falls, and knowing nothing, or caring nothing about his sad inheritance and his mighty efforts to get rid of it, puts him at once on the list of sinners and says: "Stand by, for I am holier than thou."

If we would learn to distinguish between the good and the bad, between saints and sinners, it would be well to examine their heads, whenever we can get a chance.

To sneer at "bumpology" and at "bumps," is the veriest folly; for this "bumpology," as it is often called, is a light lighting us down into the depths of a man's soul, and enabling us to judge him correctly.

When a sincere, intelligent phrenologist is anxious to learn a bad man's true character, he does not simply look at the wrong acts he has committed. He examines his head, and, if possible, the heads of his parents. If he finds, as he will, that the son has inherited the mental constitution of one or both of his parents; if he learns, on inquiry, that all the circumstances and surroundings of the man's life have been such as to give the propensities new strength, and that, with all these things against him, he has struggled, and is still struggling, to make the propensities take and keep their place, he looks upon him with a kind of reverence as a hero of no common type, as one of God's

heroes, striving for the supremacy of the moral sentiments.

Such men have lived, such men live now. They are comparatively unknown, but the phrenologist points them out, and calls upon us to do them justice.

It has been truly said that "the good are never as good and the bad never as bad as they appear to be;" and this we should always consider, if we would give men their true place.

Many of those we call good have only what might be called borrowed goodness. Their fathers and grandfathers had strong constitutions, both physical and mental; and their sons and daughters received from them neither dyspepsia nor weak moral sentiments, but a strong stomach and a high-toned moral nature, and, in addition to these great advantages to start with, all the circumstances of their life have been favorable to goodness. They have never known anything of the struggles of those who are compelled to row against wind and tide, and they look with wondering eyes at those who were born and have lived under great disadvantages. They exclaim, with a mixture of ignorance and pride, "How can men be so bad!" and thus they reveal how little they know of themselves and of others.

It is no small task to learn men as they really are—to learn what was their inheritance of good or of evil, and what the circumstances of their birth and their life. And until we learn this, it becomes us to approach all with charitable, unprejudiced minds, and be as slow to call men sinners as we often are to call them saints.

"Know thyself!" has for ages been sounded in the ears of the human race; but *know all men!* is as solemn a charge, and every man should heed it, that he may know the good from the bad, saints from sinners.

"THE TENANTS OF THE HEART HAVE MOVED AWAY."

Moved away? Oh, no! they've only
Cast aside the clothes they wore,
And in purer robes, and saintlier,
They are with us as before,

Only that our spirit's vision,
Dimmed by scenes of earth so long,
Can not grasp at once the glory
That enfolds the heavenly throng.

But by holy, sweet emotions,
That our heart-strings wildly thrill,
Know we that our soul's dear kindred
Are not lost—but near us still—

Near, to whisper hope in sorrow;
Near, to comfort in despair;
Near, to strengthen in temptation;
Near, our sweetest joys to share.

Oh! the heaven we fondly cherish
Can not be so far above
That no spirit-message ever
Comes to us from those we love.

Not in words of human weakness,
Not in sounds for human ears,
But in strains the spirit singeth,
And the spirit, only, hears.

HOPE ARLINGTON.



PORTRAIT OF OTILIE WILDERMUTH.

TWO GERMAN AUTHORESSSES.

OTILIE WILDERMUTH AND ELISE POLKO.

OUR portraits of Miss Muhlbach and Madame Pfeiffer have proved so acceptable to our German readers, and indeed to all our friends, that we have caused to be engraved two other authoresses of the Fatherland, who, though perhaps not so well known by reputation, will be considered worthy of occupying a place in the JOURNAL.

Otilie Wildermuth is by birth a Swabian, at present a resident of Tübingen. Her books have won to her the hearts of all Germany—in the north and in the south, in city and hamlet. Her "Swabian Parsonages," her "Pictures and Stories of Swabia," her "Life Riddles," etc., are among the favorite books of German women. They are paintings full of the purest sunshine of poetry, faith, and tranquillity. They have brought comfort into thousands of huts and palaces where sorrow had found a home for many years. Not less has Otilie Wildermuth written for the happy. She prompts to modesty, to humility, to the imperishable virtues which forestall envy while they check pride. She says a moderate measure of earthly happiness, enough to live cheerfully, is appointed for *all*, and her golden doctrine is—CONTENTMENT!

Otilie Wildermuth's head and face indicate solid character. She is a fine specimen of the Teutonic stock. See how broad and full the head is at Conscientiousness! How high at Benevolence, Veneration, and Spirituality! and how beautifully developed the whole moral region! Approbativeness and Cautiousness are also large, while the social affections are evidently strong, and even ardent. (Note the chin and the lips.) Her whole nature is overflowing with kindness, humility, justice, sense of propriety, obedience, and love. The intellect

is ample, but Ideality, Sublimity, Mechanism, etc., are but moderately indicated. There is no mere love for show or display. The first consideration with her would be, "Is it right? Is it proper? Is it generous?" and she would fully realize the saying that it is "more blessed to give than to receive." Her throne would be in the social circle. It is in the domestic relations and in the religious and spiritual that her nature would culminate. Whoever is blessed with such a character for a mother will miss her when she is called hence. Though strong-minded, she would be modest, retiring, and entirely feminine. Observe the features. That is an amiable mouth. Those are intelligent and trusting eyes, and the whole expression is confiding.

Turning from the motherly, goodly face of Otilie Wildermuth, we see in the face of Elise Polko indications of vivacity, imagination, love of art, of poetry—a crisp, racy, vigorous mind. She is the opposite of "slow and steady." She is more like the French and Italian than like the Teuton. She has the inherited face of an artist. She discovers all the hues, tints, and shades of character. She can also describe them. She enters into all the details, and she can fill up a picture by the aid of a vivid imagination. Her whole nature is filled with poetic imagery. She is musical, too, and such a spirit would go into ecstasies when listening to the harmony of grand and beautiful sounds.

There is no lack of affection in her nature; but she loves elsewhere than in restricted social life. Her mind is on the wing, and is abroad in the world. She would not be content tied down to the kitchen, the nursery, or the drawing-room. She would seek the companionship of kindred spirits, to be found in the galleries of art, on the mountain, the plain, or the sea. She is a natural teacher; takes impressions clearly and quickly, and imparts them readily.

Miss Polko has a beautiful head, as well as an attractive and handsome face. The head is broad and high in the moral sentiments, in the crown, and at Ideality and Sublimity. To know such a nature would be to love and respect. Such a nature would not give up in despair if reverses came; and though tried by the severest afflictions, she would cheerfully accept what she could not avoid, and be thankful that it was no worse. The mouth inclines up at the outer corners instead of drawing down, indicating a spirit of gladness, acquiescence, meekness, and goodness. How closely the following description, from the German, of Miss Polko coincides with her organization:

Elise Polko may truly exclaim, in the words of Michel Masson: "I am not the historian, who judges; not the moralist, who teaches; I am a narrator—I narrate." And more agreeable narratives than Elise Polko has strewn like flowers in numerous tales and pictures, in sketches and fancies, it is long since the world has received; there is so much mind, so much music of sentiment, so much droll humor in them. Her talent is like an Æolian harp; under the roses, upon the fragments of fallen

temples, in the summer night, murmured through by the whispering breath of the wind, it oft resounds in a wonderful lovely manner. May we venture to criticise these melodies of the wind and the night? They are irregular sometimes—but even that is their charm! They are transitory—but that is even their nature! Let her dream, let her talk, let her narrate; many a time you will give her, as Goethe says, but “half attention,” but you will hear her; and her “Musical Pictures,” her “Beautiful Women,” “Old Gentlemen,” “Beggar Opera,” “Woman’s Life,” “Little Sketches for the Nursery,” “A Maiden’s Toy,” “Sabbath,” and “Poetical Greetings,” will always be pleasant and fantastical company.

Ottillie Wildermuth is, as Rudolf Gottschalk so charmingly expresses it, the “sleek high priestess of domestic bliss—”

While Miss Polko, if not as domestic in her tastes, would be a most delightful companion for a refined, cultivated, high-toned person.

Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue. In thine arms
We smile, appearing as to truth we lie,
Heav’n-born, and destined to the skies again.—Cooper.

MATRIMONY AMONG AUTHORS.

BY MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLIS.

HAVE any of our readers seen an article recently published in the *North American Review*, entitled “A PLEA FOR BACHELORS?”

We presume they have; any article of that peculiar tendency is generally read, re-read, copied and circulated with astonishing promptitude. A sermon, an essay, a reasonable argument, stands no chance whatever by the side of its meretricious sparkle, its shallow foam of sophistry.

We have no patience with such opinions so expressed. There is something morbid and misanthropic about them which will scarcely bear the full daylight of public opinion. We do not see why an author, wielding an able and trenchant pen, should descend into the highways and byways of life only to search out all the unhappy marriages, the notorious *mésalliances*, the ill-assorted unions from which author-life is no more exempt than other life, holding them up to public view with a strange species of bitter exultation! To be sure, he reluctantly admits, toward the conclusion, that “there are two sides to this question!” But he only gives us one. He keeps resolutely in the shade. He groans over the infatuation of literary Benedicts, and regards matrimony as only one degree preferable to suicide!

What manner of man is this? What does he mean by his half-uttered innuendoes and sneering influence? Does he expect to overturn the entire foundations of society by his goodly goose-quill? Why don’t he come out at once and assert that, after all, it is no very venial sin to steal, and that drunkenness is



PORTRAIT OF GEORGE WYLLIS.

rather laudable than otherwise, and that the holy Sabbath-day is nothing but a habit people have gotten into! After reading his “Plea,” we are prepared for almost anything.

Of all the glaringly *ex-parte* evidence—of all cold-blooded selfishness—of all unblushing audacity—of all deliberate fallacy, this Plea for Bachelors constitutes the height and quintessence!

Addison’s unfortunate marriage forms one of the leading arguments. “He married a countess, ‘who was no better,’ says Thackeray, ‘than a shrew and a vixen.’” The Countess of Warwick died and made no sign. We never shall know what pangs of disappointed affection, what repulsed tenderness turned her whole nature into gall. Perhaps she thought a man who could frame the musical sentences that flowed from the Great Essayist’s pen was perfection; perhaps he found but a mere mortal after all. One would almost as soon think of marrying an iceberg, as this calm, cold monarch of the intellect. Were there not faults on both sides?

Heine, the great German poet, the representative man of the century, is instanced as one who never married. Not so fast. Heine *was* married—and his wife, sharing his intellectual joys as well as his physical sorrows, watched over his slow death-bed for years with all a woman’s devotion.

“Irving never married.” And why? Was not his whole life sanctified by the mere memory of the same holy, undying affection which is, in itself, the spirit and essence of marriage?

“Sterne complains that the presence of his wife stops the flow of his ideas, and finds inspiration in the presence of another man’s wife!” What driveling sentimentality—what weak nonsense—what unsound morality! We can easily believe almost anything of Sterne, whose life was one great epitome of selfish-

ness, and whose domestic tyranny has been a watchword, always!

“As marriage among the Greeks,” says our author, “was simply a house-keeping convenience, the husband spending his day and evening abroad, while the wife sewed, cooked, and paid the bills, all the Athenian poets and philosophers should be accounted bachelors!”

Are we to understand that *this* is the basis of old bachelorhood? Then, indeed, we are living in a nation of bachelors, married and otherwise; the cry will soon be, and not without reason, “Have we a husband among us?”

Coming down, rather abruptly, from poetry to prose, we are told that “no ingenuity can prove the superiority, in an economical point of view, of a family caldron over the bachelor’s stew-pan.” Let those believe in this that never saw bachelors rushing to expensive restaurants because they have no home-prepared “mess of pottage;” that never beheld theaters crowded with homeless *scélérates* “who must spend the evening somewhere;” that never saw shirts and stockings consigned to oblivion ere half their race was run, because there were no skillful fingers to mend and darn and rejuvenate! Let such believe in it, we say. *We* know better!

“Domestic cares, like rainy weather, damp a gentleman’s wings.” All this would be very plausible if any man or woman of us all could, without the grossest selfishness, ignore the cares and trials of the world. When we were bidden to “rejoice with those that do rejoice,” it was not forgotten that we were also to “weep with them that weep.” No man can, or ought to entirely isolate himself, unless, indeed, he be a dweller on a desert island, like Robinson Crusoe. We have not the shadow of respect for “a gentleman” who deliberately proposes to shirk whatever may have the tendency to “damp his wings.”

“Everybody knows some one who, finding the domestic burden which he had rashly assumed, too heavy for comfort, has dropped it, as Coleridge did his Sara, and gone on unencumbered toward the temple of Fame!” *His* Sara!—the Sara whom he promised at the altar to love, honor, and cherish, and then—dropped! Of all the dark blots that obscure the memories of the grand old opium-eating Sybarite, this is the darkest and saddest! He went on “unencumbered,” but the shadow followed him, and follows him still. We think our Reviewer made a signal mistake when he instanced this case in point.

Charles Lamb, another example of a life of celibacy, was himself one of the greatest match-makers in his time. To be convinced of this, one has only to read his charming “Letters.”

Many unmarried authoresses are instances, but not more, we imagine, than might be found in any other profession or trade. “Others, like Miss Brontë, found that matrimony put a needle between their fingers instead of the pen!” Are the two implements incompatible? we should like to know. Because a woman has the grand gift of expressing beautiful thoughts in graceful words, is she

supposed to have no other tastes, preferences, and accomplishments? This smacks a little too much of the intolerance of the dark ages to pass current in the year 1867!

The Bible—an old-fashioned authority, indeed, but one which, after all, is the safest and most reliable, tells us that “it is not good for man to be alone;” but the man who writes for the *North American Review* knows better. He “ventures to ask” (we are quoting his own words now), “whether it be indispensable for a man of literary faculty to be a husband, in order to attain his highest development, or to achieve the most for the world?” He might, with equal point and justice, ask if it were indispensable for him to be vaccinated, or to believe in a vegetarian diet! If he seriously intends to reconstruct the world, he is beginning at the wrong end!

There are enough would-be geniuses who think that if they follow Byron's example in wearing pointed shirt-collars and imbibing gin-and-water, they will become Byrons. If these go a step farther and remain single that “they may attain their highest development,” we can only say, as we do of the measles, “let the disease run its course!” There will be very little harm done.

But we hardly think that the author-world in general will thank this special pleader for bachelors. He has bad logic, bad morality, and a very bad principle to support. Possibly he is, speaking from experience; in this case we are heartily sorry for him, but we object none the less to his poisoning the public mind with theories as false as they are baleful.

It is a part of our creed that no man, under ordinary circumstances, leads the full and perfect existence for which his Creator designed him, unless he is happily married. A bachelor, whether he is a quill-driving bachelor or a dirt-digging bachelor, is but half a man. Do you not agree with us, Authors?

BAD SERVANTS MADE GOOD.

“Good-evening, Mrs. Strongthot. I thought I would run in to see you a moment, in our old informal way. Never mind! Go on with your darning. You know I like to see people doing something useful, if it is homely. Why, how cosy you all seem to be! Now, Eddie, don't let me interrupt your reading, or break up the family circle. You were reading something pleasant, I know, from the expression of all your faces. Dear me! you always seem so peaceful. Nothing troubles you, I believe, Mrs. Strongthot. Your servants always seem so happy, good-natured, neat, industrious, and respectful, while mine are so discontented, slovenly and saucy—that is, when I can manage to keep them. I can't see how it is. There is your Betty, now, who has lived with you nearly a dozen years, and others you have fairly driven away. Dear me! now, when did your Eddie steal away so slyly? I meant he should go on reading. But I'm always so full of troubles, especially just now. Will you be-

lieve it, that Bridget, that thankless creature, has left me to-day? Now, isn't it too much, when I have taken her saucy impudence and flings for a week past? submitting to it like the lamb, which you know that I am, because I expect my sister every day, with her six children. And now there is the washing and ironing not done, and baby so cross that she will not stay with Lelia while I go in search of some one. Husband hates girl-hunting. Says I am everlastingly sending him after help. He is sick of it. Thinks it strange I can not keep a domestic as long as my neighbors do. Advised me to come in and get your recipe or secret, if you have one. Now do, Mrs. Strongthot, reveal to me your enchantments, for I am nearly crazy at the glance ahead.”

Now, Mrs. Strongthot was not fully acquainted with Mrs. Clarke's disposition. In fact, Mrs. Clarke had but recently moved into the neighborhood. But Mrs. Strongthot possessed large intuitions, and was somewhat of a phrenologist withal. She glanced at Mrs. Clarke's shrewish face and guessed the riddle quickly and rightly.

She said, “Mrs. Clarke, my recipe or enchantment is adaptiveness and adherence to the spirit of the golden rule. The first ingredient of the recipe I obtained by the study of Phrenology. By the aid of that science I can readily conclude whether an applicant will suit me or not, and reject or accept accordingly. Suppose, now, my help or domestic should show great Approbativeness—”

“Oh, Mrs. Strongthot, I know nothing of Approbativeness or any other science. Mr. Clarke hates *blues*. Besides, I have very little time to read, and when I do read I am glad to divert my mind from care by perusing sprightly novels. They are all the amusement I have.”

“That is not the best amusement for you, Mrs. Clarke. I devote a few minutes every day to solid reading and study. The education of your children demands this.”

“Well, what were you going to say of Approbativeness, Mrs. Strongthot, when I interrupted you?”

“I was trying to say, or rather convey the idea, that it was best to praise somewhat the person in your service, provided such person possessed large Approbativeness. In fact, such persons will be fretted and disgusted, very possibly become discouraged, if they are frequently blamed and never commended. But a little praise now and then, judiciously administered, will work wonders. For instance, there is my little girl-nurse. Do you know, Mrs. Clarke, that every one who spoke of her to me advised me not to take her. The lady who was about to discharge her pronounced her one of the most mulish, irritable, spiteful little mortals alive, and predicted that I would find my patience with her exhausted in about two weeks. But as soon as I saw the child, by the aid of Phrenology I fathomed her disposition in a short time. I saw that she possessed very large Approbativeness, Conscientiousness, and Firmness. My first glance at her unhappy,

downcast, and prematurely old countenance showed me that the child had been misunderstood and misgoverned. Two very unfortunate *misses*, you will allow, Mrs. C. ‘Would you like to go live with me?’ I asked her, and I was pleased to see the expression of mistrust and doubt, which had so long rested there, vanish from her face, as she answered very politely, ‘Yes, ma'am.’ She very soon learned that I understood and appreciated her. It may seem incredible to you, Mrs. Clarke, when I inform you that I never have had occasion to speak crossly to that child. I govern her through her naturally ardent affections, Conscientiousness, and Approbativeness. Sometimes she is disposed to go beyond her strength in serving me, such is her love.”

“Well, Mrs. Strongthot, I must say such ascendancy does astonish me.”

“You are not the only surprised one, Mrs. Clarke, for her former mistress asks me, every time we meet, how I do manage that lump of obstinacy so admirably.”

“Well, Mrs. Strongthot, I begin to think there is something in Phrenology after all. I mean to study it.”

“Do, Mrs. Clarke, and you will not regret the outlay of time. Put your golden rule and Phrenology together, and you will have the ingredients of my recipe for making and keeping a good servant. When you have accomplished this desirable feat, perhaps your husband will think more kindly of the *blues*.”

As a commentary on the foregoing conversation, it happened that the following spring Mrs. Strongthot was obliged to hire an extra domestic during house-cleaning. It chanced that the new auxiliary was the Bridget who had been in the service of Mrs. Clarke.

During her stay Bridget was asked “why she left her pleasant neighbor Clarke.” “Is it pleasant now did yees say?” answered Bridget, with a merry ringing laugh, as though she had suddenly discovered an immense joke. “Indeed, then, mum, she was awful pleasant whin she was saying nothing. And sure, mum, I did my best to plaze her, but 'twas onpossible. Whin she wasn't rading the novels, she was raging about like a hoongry tiger all over the house. And if you sat down one blissid minute to rest your weary bones, she was sure to drive you at somethin' again, even if she had to make you do the same over again. Sure, mum, there was no pace only whin she was rading. And, mum, your woruk was niver done in that house.”

Mrs. Strongthot asked no more questions, fearing to encourage servants' gossip, but she thought she had a little inkling of the why Mr. Clarke disliked “*blues*.”

THE FAMILY.

O HAPPY home! O bright and cheerful hearth!
Look round with me, my lover, friend, and wife,
On these fair faces we have lit with life,
And in the perfect blessing of their birth,
Help me to live our thanks for so much heaven and earth.

EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF
AURORA (ILL.) SEMINARY, JUNE, 1867.

BY HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX.

In all the realm of animated Nature there is nothing so absolutely helpless as a child when it first opens its eyes upon the world. And yet there is nothing of vaster importance. The greatest works of Art will perish. The cataract of Niagara will cease to flow. The proudest Nation, whose conquering eagles have defied a Continent, will pass away. But the sleeping infant, in its mother's arms, enshrines a soul that shall live, in joy or misery, throughout the countless ages of Eternity; and may even, in its brief span of earthly years, like Moses, David, or Paul; or Homer, Plato, or Demosthenes; or Cæsar, Washington, or Lincoln; or Zenobia, Joan of Arc, or Florence Nightingale, *live* that History shall never tire of the record of its deeds while time doth last or this earth of ours endure.

We come, too, into this breathing world with Good and Evil mysteriously combined within us. Our souls are immortal, and we are created in the image of God. But a little time, comparatively, passes by before the child develops temper, self-will, defiance, anger, revenge, in a greater or milder degree, and compels that parental restraint so valuable and necessary in every household. And thus the Spirit of Good and the Spirit of Evil struggle for the mastery in every heart. With every good impulse drawing us toward the Right, and every wicked temptation and unrestrained passion drawing us toward the Wrong, we commence the earnest, ceaseless Battle of Life.

"Our birth is but a starting-place,
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal."

Properly trained, conscientiously directed, the child grows up into the affectionate, enlightened, energetic, self-denying man or woman, an honor and a blessing to the community, loved while living, and when life's fitful fever is over, remembered by many hearts long after the funeral flowers of the cemetery have blossomed on their grave. But how different the life and character of him who, unblessed by healthful and virtuous surroundings, or madly defying them all, cultivates only the evil side of his nature! Like the rank weed of your garden, it soon extirpates all that is good and valuable; and you see before you a life, of which you can not truthfully say that it is worthless, because it is far worse.

All around us we see this contest. And the responsibilities for its results lie at our very door. Whether those who are to come after us shall have every advantage to arm and strengthen themselves against the influence of Evil depends in a large degree on the conduct of the generation which precedes them in the family circle, or the wider sphere of the community wherein they dwell.

It is *men* that make the State. An island full of savages can be nothing but a savage State. Where the people worship idols of wood and stone, mankind call it a heathen State. A country of impure men must be an impure State. But where Morality and Intelligence prevail, and Right bears sway, and Conscience is respected and obeyed, the onlooking world recognizes that *there* is a country worthy to be embraced in the circle of Christendom, and to rank high among the civilized States of the earth.

The hope of any country must therefore always be with its young. With them we see the candle of life, not like us of middle age, half consumed, but just lit; and so to be trimmed that it shall burn brighter and brighter till it expires in the socket. And this fact has been recognized in every age of the world. Heraclitus, who twenty-five hundred years ago was called the crying philosopher, refused to accept the chief magistracy of his nation, preferring to spend his time in educating children than even to govern the corrupt Ephesians. Catiline, when he sought two thousand years ago to overthrow the liberties of his country, and—as traitors in our own era have done—to act the parricide toward the land which had given him birth, and honors, and power, attempted first to corrupt the younger Romans, and thus to win them to his nefarious endeavors.

If you concede, then—as you must, for History is full of its proofs—that the hope of a country is with its young, how priceless are the hundreds of institutions like this, and the tens of thousands of schools of other grades in which our land rejoices to-day! How truly did Cicero declare: "Study cherishes youth, delights age, adorns prosperity, furnishes support in adversity, tarries with us by night and by day, and attends us in all our journeyings and wanderings!" And again, when on another occasion that eloquent orator enlorged Wisdom: "For what is there," said he, "more desirable than Wisdom? What more excellent and lovely in itself? What more useful and becoming for a man? Or what more worthy of his reasonable nature?" And in the inspired record Solomon, in even a loftier strain than the master of Roman eloquence, exclaims, "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her, and happy is every one that retaineth her. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee. She shall bring to thy head an ornament of grace. A crown of glory shall she deliver to thee."

Recognizing, as I trust all of you do, without further argument or illustration, that the mind, like the earth, yields the richest fruit only when cultivated, I wish to improve this opportunity accidentally opened to me by a few remarks, first to the teachers, and lastly to the taught.

Of all the earthly professions I know of none more honorable, more useful, wider-reaching in its influence than the profession of the teacher. If faithful in this vocation, they have a right to claim, as John Howard did, that their monument should be a sun-dial, not ceasing to be useful even after death. They are to so fill the fountains of the minds committed to their charge that from thence shall ever flow streams fertilizing and beneficent; and they are to be the exemplars for the young before them in healthful moral influence, which is the foundation of character.

As no one is fit to be an officer in war who has not heroic blood in his veins, or to be an artist who has no esthetic taste, or to be a poet who does not understand the power of rhythm or meter, or to be a historian or a statesman without a broad and comprehensive mind, so no one should be a teacher who has not a heart full of love for the profession, and an energy and enthusiasm willing joyously to confront all its responsibilities. It requires great patience, untiring industry, abounding kindness, pure unselfishness, and fidelity to Duty and Principle. And when happily combined, Success is absolutely assured.

And first let me say, as children resemble their parents in feature, so will they resemble in character the teacher who trains their youthful years. If that teacher has an excess of the gall of bitterness instead of the milk of human kindness, its daily exhibition will assist in the development of the evil side of all who witness it. But if, on the contrary, he or she brings sunshine into the room when they enter—diffuses happiness, by genial conduct, on all around them—plays on the heart-strings of their pupils by the mystic power of Love—the very atmosphere they thus create will be warm with affection and trusting confidence; and that better nature which is ever struggling within us for the mastery over evil, will be strengthened and developed into an activity which will give it healthful power for all after-life.

It is for this reason the teacher should ever be just what he would have his pupils become, that they may learn by the precept of *example* as well as by the precept of *instruction*. He should find the way to the heart of every one within his circle, and lead him thereby into the walks of knowledge and virtue, not *driving* by will but *attracting* by love. And if he searches faithfully he will find the heart of even the most wayward. It may be overlaid with temper, selfishness, even with wickedness; but it can be, nay, it *must* be, reached and touched.

The teacher, too, should be an exemplar in punctuality, order, and discipline, for in all these his pupils will copy him. He can only *obtain* obedience by himself obeying the laws he is to enforce. A minister who does not practice what he preaches will find that his most earnest exhortations fall heedless on leaden ears; and children of both a smaller and a larger growth quickly detect similar inconsistencies. Whoever would rightly guide youthful footsteps must lead correctly himself; and one of our humorous writers has compressed a whole volume into

a sentence when he says, "to train up a child in the way he should go, *walk in it yourself*."

Finally, let the teacher, recognizing the true nobility and the far-reaching influence of his profession, stretching beyond mature years, or middle age, or even the last of earth, and beyond the stars to a deathless eternity, pursue his daily duties with ardor, with earnestness of purpose, with tireless energy. And let him feel that as a State is honored by its worthiest sons—as Kentucky enshrines the name of her Clay, and Tennessee her Jackson, and Massachusetts her Adams, Webster, and Everett, and Rhode Island her Roger Williams, and Pennsylvania her Franklin, and Illinois her Lincoln, and New York and Virginia their scores of illustrious sons—so will his pupils rise up to honor him if he so trains them as to be worthy of their honor. Success *will* be his if he but deserves it. Gov. Boutwell, who added to his fame as chief magistrate of Massachusetts by gracing for years the superintendency of her unrivaled educational system, said truly and tersely, "Those who succeed are the men who believe they can succeed; and those who fail are those to whom success would have been a surprise."

I pass from this rapid review of the duties of a teacher to a few thoughts addressed more especially to students. Let me leave the beaten road of educational addresses, and saying nothing of history, geography, grammar, astronomy, mathematics, the languages, and other special accomplishments, ask your attention to *characteristics* that it seems to me should be cultivated and developed. Not that I would not inculcate, primarily, every possible acquisition of knowledge. Learn all we can in a lifetime, and we shall feel at last like that eminent and self-taught Grecian philosopher, Socrates, who said that all he professed to know was that he knew nothing; or as Isaac Newton more strikingly expressed the same idea in his oft-quoted simile, that he felt like a child on the shore of time, picking up a few pebbles, while the great ocean lay unexplored before him. But I would improve these passing moments by some suggestions as to those elements of character and thought that seem essential to a well-rounded life. And in using the masculine in referring to students as well as teachers, I do it for brevity only, intending of course to include both sexes. For neither sex is inferior or superior as such. Man is fitted by nature for rough contract with the world. Woman for the more graceful duties of the domestic circle. Man for the hard, stern, laborious labor of life. Woman to really rule the world, by being the mothers of those who are to govern it.

Conspicuous among these characteristics is the duty of Self-control, and its natural offspring, Self-reliance. The great maxim of Socrates was "Know thyself"—the famous inscription on the Delphic temple, which the ancients claimed came down from the skies. I can not, in a brief address, even allude to all which is embraced in these two comprehensive words—Self-control. The inspired record declares in language which combines counsel with prophecy, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." You *must* master yourself. You *must* rule your passions and your temper, or they will rule you. It is strength to have moral principle. It is strength to stand up against shocks of adversity. It is strength to be calm and self-contained, even when the arrows of malice pierce you most cruelly. It is strength to perform your whole duty to man without hope of reward. The man of unbending moral principle is a real hero. The man who stands erect, with his heel on the demon of Temptation, hydra-headed as it is, is nobler and stronger than the most gifted statesman or the conquering chief. The taint of sin gives all of us passions, temper, and evil, and opens a hundred avenues to the tempter. To close them all, and to live true to yourself and the right is to bless your own heart while you bless mankind. Your character is to be built up like a dam in a river. While being compacted and solidified, the restrained waters, like evil passions and wicked impulses, seek to break through; a single breach, and it widens; and at last the torrent destroys. But guard against the smallest fracture, and it is safe, and strengthens year by year, until at last, firm as the anchored rock, it breasts the mightiest floods and freshets unharmed. Without this enlightened, unyielding Self-control, our life is like a ship, without compass or rudder, blown about by every wind, and at last wrecked upon the beach. But with it, it is like the same ship with a safe, strong arm at the helm that holds her to her course when the storm-cloud lowers or the angry gale seeks to drive her to-

ward the breakers; that avoids the shoals and hidden rocks, and brings her safely into port.

In this endeavor fail not to war against Vice in all its myriad forms. Evil is often robed in splendid attire; but however gorgeous the monumental shaft, yet within is always corruption and decay. The apple may appear tempting and beautiful to the eye, but if the canker-worm is at the core, it is destined to a rottenness no earthly power can avert. It is the *first* approach, too, which should be the most sternly repulsed. Each temptation, from without or from within, which moral rectitude enables us to resist, leaves us that much stronger for the next encounter. But woe to her or him who yields. At each successive attack the moral stamina becomes weaker and weaker, as the walls of even a Sebastopol lose their protective value whenever a single breach in them is made. How truthfully has a gifted poet declared,

"We are not worst at once. The course of evil
Begins so slowly, and from such slight source,
An infant's hand could stem its breach with clay.
But let the stream grow deeper, and Philosophy,
Aye, and Religion, too, shall strive in vain
To stem the headlong torrent."

All writers on Education agree that the chief means of intellectual improvement are five: Observation, Conversation, Reading, Memory, and Reflection. But I have sometimes thought that educators did not bring out the two last into the commanding and paramount importance they deserve, sacrificing them to a wider range of reading and of studies. Knowledge is not what we learn, but what we *retain*. It is not what people eat, but what they *digest*, that makes them strong. It is not the amount of money they handle, but what they *save*, that makes them rich. It is not what they read or study, but what they *remember*, that makes them learned. And Memory, too, is one of those wondrous gifts of God to man that should be assiduously cultivated. Much of your mental acquisitions will form a secret fund, locked up even from your own eyes till you need to bring it into use; a mystery that no philosopher has yet been, or ever will be, able to explain. There it lies hidden, weeks, months, years, and scores of years, till mayhap a half century afterward it bursts when needed, at Memory's command, upon the mind like a hidden spring bubbling up at the very hour of need in the pathway of the thirsty traveler.

While I have counseled Self-reliance, and would go further and urge you to labor to deserve the good opinion of your fellow-men, I do not counsel that longing for fame which is so much more largely developed under our free republic than in any other realm upon the globe. Lord Mansfield once uttered as advice, what history teaches us he should have declared as an axiom, that that popularity is alone valuable and enduring which follows you, not that which you run after. It was Sumner Lincoln Fairfield who wrote:

"Fame! 'tis the madness of contending thought,
Toiling in tears, aspiring in despair;
Which steals like Love's delirium o'er the brain,
And, while it buries childhood's purest joys,
Wakes manhood's dreary agonies into life."

Far be it from me to counsel longings for such a fame as this. "Toiling in tears, aspiring in despair" is but a poor preparation for the enjoyment of popular honors or the performance of public trusts. And there is an exceedingly better way. It is to climb, young men, with buoyant heart, the Hill of Knowledge. It is to boldly scale the Alps and Appenines which ever rear themselves in your pathway. It is to feel your sinews strengthen, as they will, with every obstacle you surmount. It is to *build yourself*, developing mental strength, untiring energy, and sleepless zeal, fervent patriotism, and earnest principle, until the public shall feel that you are the man they need, and that they must command you into the public service. And if perchance that call should not happen to come, and you should be forced to remain an American sovereign instead of becoming a public servant, you shall have your reward in the rich stores of knowledge you have thus collected, and which shall ever be at your command. More valuable than earthly treasure—while fleets may sink, and storehouses consume, and banks may totter, and riches flee—the intellectual investments you have thus made will be permanent and enduring, unfailing as the constant flow of Niagara or Amazon; a bank whose dividends are perpetual, whose wealth is undiminished however frequent the drafts upon it, which, though moth may impair, yet which thieves can not break

through nor steal. Nor will you be able to fill these storehouses to their full. Pour into a glass a stream of water, and at last it fills to the brim and will not hold another drop. But you may pour into your mind, through a whole lifetime, streams of knowledge from every conceivable quarter, and not only shall it never be full, but it will constantly thirst for more, and welcome each fresh supply with a greater joy. Nay, more. To all around you may impart of these gladdening streams which have so fertilized your own mind; and yet, like the candle from which a thousand other candles may be lit without diminishing its flame, your own supply shall not be impaired. On the contrary, your knowledge, as you add to it, will itself attract still more as it widens your realm of thought; and thus will you realize in your own life the parable of the Ten Talents, for "to him that hath shall be given."

I can not pass by in silence another characteristic so necessary for a worthy, useful, honored life. It is that moral courage which sustains those who stand frankly, fearlessly, inflexibly for what their conscience tells them is the right. *Vox populi* has not always been *Vox Dei*, and when it requires of you what duty to yourself or your country forbids you to perform, it is *Vox Diaboli*. From the graves of the fathers of our land come the words both of instruction and example; teaching us rather to imitate, as they did, the fearlessness of Paul when he stood, proudly and alone, before Felix, than the craven cowardice of Pilate when he shrunk from what he confessed to be his duty before a blinded and infuriated populace. Truth may have, as in the olden time, but a single worshiper, while Baal has his thousands of priests. And the man who stands fearlessly for the right amid the devotees of wrong; who wars, single-handed if need be, against tyranny or treason where Evil and Injustice have their legions of minions; who loves the good and follows in its ways because it is the right, and eschews error and wickedness however easy or profitable may be its service; who calmly and confidently looks to the future for his vindication; and who, like Christian in that sacred Iliad, the "Pilgrim's Progress," presses forward in the journey of life with steady and fearless step, regardless of Apollyon, of Vanity Fair, or even the giant Despair—that man, whether in palace or cottage, under a republican or despotic flag, the most learned or the most illiterate of his land, is the true moral victor on the battle-field of Life. He shall have his reward; for in that land where the streets are gold, and the gates are pearl, and the walls are jasper and sapphire, his star of victory shall shine brighter and brighter; while the laurels of scepter and of crown, of office and of fame, shall wither into the dust and ashes out of which they were formed.

How forcibly were all these duties imprinted on my mind while listening, some years since, to a lecture for young men from that twice-repeated proverb of Solomon, "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of Death!" And as these ways were pointed out, I was reminded of one of the precepts of that eminent philosopher, Pythagoras, who, though born in Samos nearly six hundred years before the Christian era, converted by his teachings a wicked and corrupt nation to sobriety, virtue, and frugality, and whose quaint simile seemed to be based upon that very inculcation of the Old Testament. It was, "Remember that the paths of virtue and of vice resemble the letter Y." Starting at the same point, the roads soon diverge to the right and to the left. It was Persius, I think, who, hundreds of years afterward, wrote of this precept:

"There did the Samian Y instruction make,
Pointed the road thy doubtful foot should take;
There warned thy faltering and unpracticed youth
To tread the rising right-hand path of Truth."

Thus shall you win the noble attribute of virtuous Self-reliance—not the arrogance of egotism and the vanity of self-esteem—but the manly independence of a manly mind—the fidelity to your own conscience and to principle—the assurance that if you have placed yourself on the rock of truth, if you have armed yourself with the panoply of justice, if you have guarded yourself with the shield of right, "even the gates of hell shall not prevail against you."

Nor can I leave this boundless theme, which wide before me as I progress, without alluding to that duty which towers above all others, both in the magnitude of its sphere and the commanding authority of Him who proclaimed it. Up through the long procession of centuries our minds travel back to that sacred mount where the assembled mul-

titudes from Galilee, and Decapolis, and Jerusalem, and Judea, and from beyond Jordan, listened reverently to Him who spake as never man had spoken before. And after that striking exordium of blessings, and the subsequent inculcations of love, of charity, of concord, of forbearance, of humility, and of prayer, he opened the peroration of that extraordinary discourse which stands without a rival in the realm of sacred or human eloquence, with that which he announced as the embodiment and concentration of all:

"THEREFORE all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them; for *this* is the law and the prophets."

Some there are who regard this comprehensive rule of action and of life as paraphrased from that eminent and learned Chinese philosopher, Confucius, who, five hundred years before, had laid down as a maxim, that none should do unto their fellows what they would not have done to themselves. But apart from the broad distinction between the affirmative command of the one and the bare negation of the other, the rule itself, thus laid down on the Mount, is but a repetition and condensation of what the Creator had declared to Moses, in the tabernacle of the Congregation, a thousand years before Confucius lived and died. "Thou shalt not defraud thy neighbor, neither rob him." "Thou shalt not avenge nor bear any grudge against the children of the people." And then, rising from the language of prohibition to that of command, here, in the same spirit as on the Mount, fifteen centuries after, the conclusion of the whole matter is, "But thou *shalt* love thy neighbor as thyself."

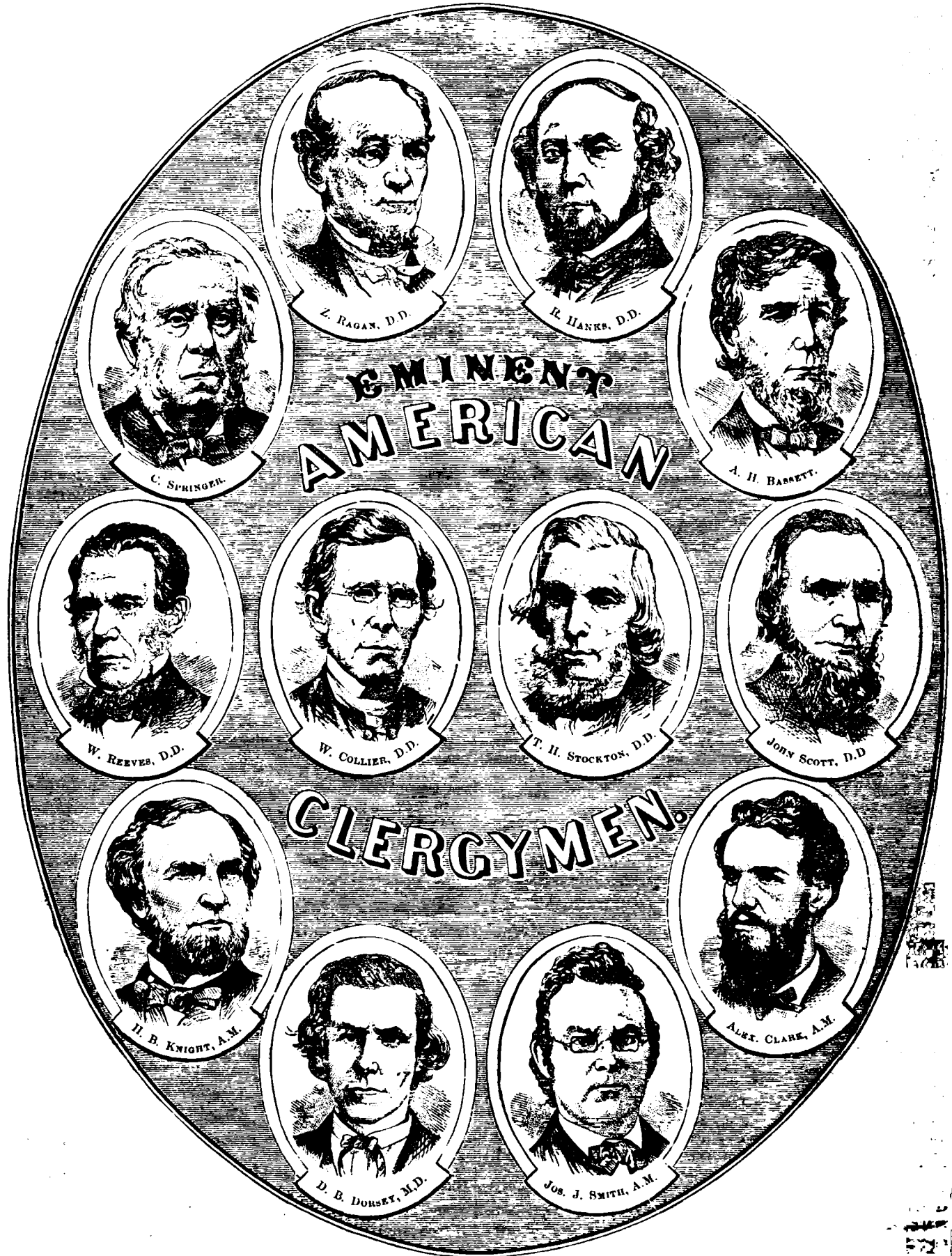
Such is the rule of all rules—the duty of all duties—the law of all laws—for human conduct in this wide world of ours. How it sparkles in its brilliancy in contrast with the iron rule of tyranny, which teaches that "might makes right!" How it glows in the firmament when compared with what has been called the silver rule of the earth, which bids you to mete out to others as they have measured to you! Rightly has the whole civilized world recognized the inspired command as indeed the golden rule. And if lived up to by all on earth, what a paradise would it make of this globe. May it ever go before you as the pillar of fire of old, guiding your footsteps and governing your lives.

I can not close this address, which you have already found has treated of the education of the heart more than of the mind—the moral nature more than the intellectual—without insisting that all of you have it in your power to make this world happier and better by your presence in it, and that you have no right to hide this power in a napkin. Look around you on every side as you go out from these walls into the busy world. You will find some selfish, cold, austere, repulsive, forbidding. No noble charity affects their souls. No unselfish duty warms their natures. No generous act unlocks their hearts. No blessings are invoked upon their heads. Living for self alone, they carry with them to their graves hearts of steel and faces of iron. But there are others active in every good word and work. Is there a cry of distress? They do not lecture the unfortunate, but promptly proffer the helping hand. Is there misery to be assuaged? Is there a wounded heart that needs the oil of consolation? Do the rough winds of adversity smite their neighbor?—and all mankind is your neighbor. How cheerfully they speed on their errand of humanity! How joyously they go forth on their labor of love! My young friends, the true felicity of this world is in making others happy. It is this which fills your own soul with joy. It is this which causes a constant influx of gladness into your own heart. For in blessing others you bless yourself. To me the most beautiful couplet in the English language is,

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done."

None of us can live up to this noble lesson of life fully; but in *striving* toward this ideal, you shall diffuse a genial sunshine around you, which will make you, in many hearts, beloved while living and mourned when dead. Lord Bacon said most beautifully that "man's heart was not an island cut off from all other lands, but a continent which joins them." And if you will thus, while educating the intellect, and enlarging the mind, and filling yourselves with the priceless knowledge you acquire here, and which is to fit you for useful members of society hereafter, also educate the heart, widening the sphere of your affections and the scope of your duty to the less fortunate who are ever near to your very doors, you shall all

"Earn names that win
Happy remembrance from the great and good.
Names that shall sink not in oblivion's flood,
But with clear music, like a church-bell's chime,
Sound through the river's sweep of onward rushing time."



EMINENT AMERICAN CLERGYMEN. BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, WITH PORTRAITS.

THE undertaking which we inaugurated many months ago, of publishing portraits and biographical sketches of the representative clergymen of the various denominations in the United States, has proved one of no little labor. The large number included in a single group involved many difficulties, which only the biographical historian can fully realize. In some cases we owe the successful presentation of a religious body to the generous activity and co-operation of friends prominently connected with that body. In the present case we must acknowledge the valuable aid afforded us in the preparation of the sketches by a literary friend of another denomination. The Methodist Church, though not numerically great, has begun to take a position, especially in the Western States, which is influential. Its ministers are energetic, progressive men, and command general respect by their abilities as orators or authors. Many of the names and faces in the group will not be altogether new to our readers.

GEORGE BROWN, D.D., one of the original founders of the Methodist Protestant Church, was born in Washington County, Pa., Jan. 29, 1792, in a fort where his parents were temporarily sojourning, on account of the Indian hostilities. From 1797 until 1800 he attended such schools as were in the vicinity, crude enough to be sure, but sufficient to plant the seeds of knowledge. When a lad he ran barefoot all over the fields and woods where now stands the city of Steubenville, Ohio; and one of the earliest records on the public documents, which may be seen to this day in the Treasurer's Office, is that of prize-money paid by John Ward, County Treasurer, to young Brown, for six wolf-scalps, procured at great hazard in a den among the hills of Jefferson County.

He attended a private school at Holliday's Cove, Va., for some time. In 1811 he became a teacher, and continued in that profession until he enlisted in the war. He was sent with his soldier-comrades—all hardy boys—to the Northwest, under command of General Harrison, and served out faithfully the term of his enlistment.

Returning from the army, he went east to Baltimore, and at a camp-meeting in that vicinity he became a disciple of Christ. He was influenced to become religious by the preaching of such men as Snethen, Shinn, Ryland, and McCain, all of whom were powerful preachers in that day. After his conversion he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. He studied church history and theology as he found opportunity, while working in a tan-yard, improving every leisure moment, until 1815, when, January 1st, he preached his first sermon to a country congregation. He was appointed to Anne Arundel Circuit, Md., the first year of his itinerancy, and for several years traveled in the vicinity of Baltimore, Md., and Carlisle, Pa., until, in 1819, he was appointed to Washington, Pa. He was subsequently appointed to Steubenville, Ohio, and in 1823 was made Presiding Elder of the Monongahela District. While occupying this official position he was led to investigate the principles and powers of episcopacy, and soon determined to stand out an advocate for mutual rights of preachers and people. This brought him into contact with ecclesiastical authority, and after long and unavailing controversy he became one of the founders of a church economy which he considered compatible with the republican institutions of the country.

In 1829 Mr. Brown organized what is now the First Methodist Church of Pittsburg, and became its first pastor. Dr. Brown has been Conference President, College President, Editor, and is now an author, having just published "Recollections of Itinerant Life," a large volume of very great interest and ability. As a preacher, he was in his prime the peer of Bascom, Shinn, and Snethen; unlike either of them in style, but strong, profound, convincing. His sermons abound in argument, illustration, and genuine pathos.

In person Dr. Brown is hale and hearty, a little inclined to corpulency, but straight and active, as twenty years ago. He has an inexhaustible fund of anecdote—is always happy, and will be missed as much, if not more

than any man in this denomination, when he departs hence to his reward.

Rev. Dr. Brown is staunch and earnest in the prosecution of his plans and purposes. His physiognomy is marked by a strong will, and reflects emphasis. He is practical, individual, and positive, yet sympathetic, tender, and somewhat imaginative. He has strong perception and lively intuition, and is well calculated to engineer an undertaking or control men successfully.

THOMAS HEWLINGS STOCKTON, D.D., widely known as an able divine, a charming poet, an elegant religious *literateur*, and one of the most fascinating pulpit orators of the age, was born at Mount Holly, N. J., June 4, 1808. He received a plain education, and at the age of sixteen began authorship by publishing a brief poem in a Philadelphia newspaper. Thenceforth he made frequent contributions to various periodicals, furnishing essays, tales, poems, criticisms, and a variety of productions.

At the age of eighteen he lost his admirable mother, and about the same time he formally united with the M. E. Church. The following year he became a student of medicine, attending lectures in Jefferson College, Philadelphia. In March, 1828, before he had completed his twentieth year, he was married to Anna Roe McCurdy; and soon after her father removed to the "forks of the



PORTRAIT OF GEORGE BROWN, D.D.

Yough," between the Youghiogheny and Monongahela rivers, in the western part of Pennsylvania.

In 1829, the year after his marriage, he became a preacher. He had previously made various efforts in other directions—medicine, from the practice of which he shrank; type-setting, newspaper-writing, and editing. At last, upon the suggestion of Dr. Dunn, a minister of the Associate Methodists (afterward Methodist Protestants), he commenced preaching. He preached his first sermon at an unoccupied country-seat near Philadelphia, May 31, 1829. He afterward traveled several large circuits on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. In 1830 he was in Baltimore; but in the following year, on account of ill health, he was missionary at large, traveling North and West.

In 1832 he returned to Maryland, and was nominated for the chaplaincy of the U. S. Senate. Next year he was stationed at Georgetown, D. C., and was elected Chaplain of the House of Representatives. Not being re-elected in 1835, he engaged in writing a poem, "Faith and Sight." In the winter he was re-elected to the chaplaincy. In 1836 he had charge of St. John's Church, Baltimore. In 1837, he finished compiling the Church hymn-book; for which service, by the way, the Church afterward displayed marked ingratitude.

He was still in Baltimore in 1838, when he wrote the poem on the Duel of Graves and Cilley; but he soon

afterward removed to Philadelphia, where he continued for the next nine years, engaged with successful zeal in religious labors of various kinds. From 1847 to 1850 he resided in Cincinnati, in charge of the Sixth Street M. P. Church. While there he declined the presidency of Miami University, to which he had been unanimously elected. From 1850 to 1856 he was again in Baltimore, chiefly at St. John's. In 1856 he returned to Philadelphia, where he preached regularly for the Church of the New Testament, except when absent at Washington, serving as Chaplain of the House of Representatives.

All of these labors, incessant as they have been, he has prosecuted under the depressing circumstances of ill health, for he has been a consumptive from his youth. Yet his industry has never failed and his courage has never seemed to waver.

His writings are many, and his pulpit labors have been great and extended. There are very few persons in America who have not either heard his eloquence or of his power as an orator. His volume of "Sermons for the People" has passed through several editions and has been widely circulated.

Dr. Stockton possesses an exceedingly fine-grained organization, with a temperament elastic, active, and vivacious. He has a strong appreciation of the true, the beautiful, and the regular. Much as he owes to nature for the gifts bestowed on him, a great part of his present acknowledged ability and mental power is due to careful culture. We may confidently say, too, that the science we advocate has contributed in no little degree to Dr. Stockton's mental development and present prominence, as he for many years took a warm interest in phrenological principles, both theoretically and practically.

WILLIAM COLLIER, D.D., was born in Hagerstown, Md., in May, 1803. His childhood was spent in that place, under the care and tuition of religious parents and in the midst of the best society. His education was such as the best schools afforded, and his natural inclinations for learning enabled him readily to acquire information from books and the times. He was an early and apt observer of human nature. This has always been a leading characteristic of Dr. Collier. He intuitively comprehends the condition of things in a social company or in a public congregation, and his language takes key from the tone of surrounding circumstances.

In 1829 William Collier entered the ministry in the Maryland Annual Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, and he at once attracted public attention by his pulpit efforts and pastoral attentions. He filled the most important stations in the Conference until 1851, occupying the position of president of that distinguished body. In 1851 he removed to Pittsburg, where he has since been a leader of this denomination. In 1861 he received the honorary title of Doctor of Divinity from the Wayneburg College.

As a preacher, Dr. Collier is always in earnest. His manner is vigorous and emphatic, yet tender, affectionate, and winning. His sermons are systematic, original in plan, expository, plain, full of force, argument, zeal, and often eloquent in a high degree. On the subject of missions and missionary efforts, Dr. Collier is generally selected by the Annual Conference to speak, and he always responds by a happy, enthusiastic, appropriate, and telling address.

General F. H. Collier, one of the first attorneys of Pittsburg, who distinguished himself as a brave soldier and efficient commander in the army during the war, is a son of Dr. Collier.

This organization is one of marked intensity; the whole expression denotes earnestness and emphasis. Dr. Collier, in this portrait, appears to us to be incapable of entire repose—of "taking things easy." Whatever he becomes interested actively in, he promotes with great zeal and diligence. He scarcely allows himself sufficient rest. Having much wiry endurance, he is inclined to strain it to extremes. He is a worker in every sense of the term.

REUEL HANKS, D.D., was born in New England in the year 1823. He was sent to school early, and almost constantly until he was twenty-one years of age, acquiring a thorough education in institutions of learning of the first order. He finished his classical and scientific course at Poughkeepsie, Vermont, and Oberlin,

Ohio. In his twenty-second year he commenced reading law, and in three years was admitted to the bar.

He was converted at the age of fourteen, and was an active Christian from that time forth, making his studies, his social relations, and his business avocations conform to the teachings of the Gospel. He received Christianity as a spirit suited to every legitimate life-thought and life-work, and hence from early manhood has been a cheerful and devoted disciple of Christ.

In his twenty-fourth year Mr. Hanks was brought to the grave's verge by disease, and then a previous and persistent impression of his call to the Gospel ministry became so intense that he could no longer refuse obedience to its demand. In the crisis of his illness he promised the Lord that should his health be recovered, he would give himself to the work of the ministry. Accordingly, when he became able to leave home, he turned his whole attention to a preparation for his new life-work, and in his twenty-fifth year united with the Methodist Protestant Church, and in a short time preached his first sermon. After preaching two years with great success, he was appointed to the principalship of an institution of learning, in which capacity he served for several years, preaching almost every Sabbath as opportunity presented. In 1853 he was appointed pastor of the Attorney Street Methodist Protestant Church, New York, where he labored with great acceptance until he was elected President of the New York Conference, which eminent position he held for three years.

In 1858 he was elected delegate to the General Conference which met in Lynchburg, Virginia, and distinguished himself as a friend of freedom in the face of frowning and "peculiar institutions." Mr. Hanks was also a delegate to the Non-Episcopal Union Convention which met at Union Chapel, Cincinnati, in May, 1866; and again to the General Conference which assembled in Allegheny City late in the autumn of the same year.

For the last fourteen years he has filled some of the best stations, and been charged with some of the most responsible offices in his denomination. In 1866 he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from Adrian College, Michigan.

Dr. Hanks is an impressive and eloquent preacher. His personal appearance is dignified, his face round and radiant, his voice rich and mellow, his gesticulations graceful and unstudied, and his language chaste, clear, and forceful.

Dr. Hanks has resided for some time on the banks of the Hudson, near Tarrytown. With a good degree of vitality, a large brain, and a vivacious nature, Dr. Hanks should be responsive to all that is emotional and forceful in his professional life. He is evidently a clear, direct, and practical man, while a strong sense of the tasteful and beautiful must so infuse and lubricate his excellent capacity for expression as to round off and render attractive his natural individualism.

ZACHARIAH RAGAN, D.D., is well known as a prominent and able minister in lay-representative Methodism. From 1834 to 1854 he served in all the General Conferences of the Methodist Protestant Church. He has also filled some of the most important appointments in Pennsylvania and Ohio, and has frequently been President of the Annual Conference.

Dr. Ragan is a native of Pennsylvania. He was born in Westmoreland County, February 22, 1804. His education was such as the best schools of his youth afforded, supplemented by unceasing study through subsequent life—for he is still a student.

He was licensed to preach by Rev. Charles Elliott, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, February 22, 1825—the day he was twenty-one years of age, and was at once employed on the Grand River Circuit, in the northeastern part of Ohio. In 1827 he was ordained by Bishop George.

When the reform movement began in the Methodist Episcopal Church, he at once identified himself with it, and in September, 1829, he started to Cincinnati to unite with the "Associated Methodist Churches"—the precursor of the Methodist Protestant Church—at their first Conference in Ohio; but being detained at Marietta for several days, by low water, he reached Cincinnati the day after the Conference adjourned. He was, however, employed to serve the church on Sixth Street, to relieve Rev. Asa Shinn, who had been elected President of the

Conference, and who was expected to travel the District. After Mr. Shinn's return, Mr. Ragan labored effectively in the neighborhood of Louisville, Ky., organizing the Louisville Circuit. He subsequently served four or five terms as President, first of the Pittsburg, and afterward of the Muskingum Conference, to which he still belongs.

In 1850 he retired from the active itinerant work, and soon afterward began the publication of a secular paper in Steubenville, Ohio, entitled *The True American*, which continued up to the beginning of the rebellion, in 1861, when he entered the army as Chaplain of the Twenty-fifth Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry. After serving for a year and a half in this capacity, he was appointed a Chaplain in the regular army. His appointment was confirmed by the Senate, and he was stationed at Memphis, Tennessee, where he remained until January 4, 1866. He received the honorary degree of D.D. from Adrian College, Michigan, in 1866.

In person Dr. Ragan is large, without corpulence, muscular, erect in form, manly in bearing, and of commanding presence. His whole physiognomy is indicative of great mental power, of strong will, and of unflinching self-reliance. As a preacher he has more than ordinary power. His thoughts are always dignified, his language well chosen and copious, and his manner earnest and impressive. His cast of mind is peculiarly philosophical. He deals with principles mainly, and these he develops with much ability, and with such reference to their practical application that he may be properly considered a practical rather than a theoretical preacher.

REV. ANCEL H. BASSETT was born at Sandwich, Mass., July 1, 1809. His parents emigrated to the then village of Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1810. From infancy, therefore, he was reared in the West. In 1821, at twelve years of age, he embraced the Christian religion, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. From his youth he was conversant with the controversy on church government, which resulted in the formation of the Methodist Protestant Church. He was identified with the reform party which seceded from the Methodist Episcopal Church in that city in 1828. His age at that time was nineteen. August 30, 1830, he received license to preach. Three days after, viz., September 2, the Second Annual Conference of the new denomination convened in Cincinnati, and he was by that body received into the traveling connection and appointed to a circuit.

In the outset of the new connection, such was the demand for laborers, that young men were "thrust out," who would gladly have taken more time to seek proper qualifications. For his first year in the itinerancy Mr. Bassett was appointed assistant colleague to the Rev. Dr. Reeves, now of the Pittsburg Conference. For his second year he served in the same relation to Rev. Dr. Z. Ragan, in each instance upon a large circuit. The work was then new, and embraced large tracts of territory. Indeed, for four or five years the Ohio Conference included the entire West; but not less than twenty conferences have been set off and have gone into effective operation within the same scope since the subject of this sketch entered the Conference. Subsequently, for many years, he was placed in charge of various circuits and stations, and he was one year a College Agent. When quite a young man, he was chosen to serve as Secretary of his Annual Conference, and he so served for seven successive years. He was called from this position to the Presidency of the Conference. This was at a period when the office involved arduous duties, with extensive traveling through a large district. He was again elected to serve in this relation for four years, and retired from it in 1845, to take charge of the religious paper of the denomination, then called the *Western Recorder*, and which had been commenced several years before by Rev. C. Springer, at Zanesville, Ohio. For ten years Mr. Bassett conducted this journal as an individual enterprise, under the sanction and patronage of his Conference, and, it may be said, of nearly all the Free State Conferences. In 1855 the publication was transferred to the Church, and became its religious organ for the entire North and West. A. H. Bassett was now, by a General Convention, unanimously elected to serve as Editor and Book Agent under the new arrangement. He was re-elected in 1858 to the same service; but in 1860, the duties in both relations having become too oppressive

to be united in one person, he was, by a General Convention, elected Publisher and Book Agent, while Rev. Dr. G. Brown was chosen Editor. In 1863 Mr. Bassett was re-elected by General Convention, and served until near the end of 1864, when, in poor health, he resigned his position, and retired for the remaining portion of the term. The General Conference, however, of November, 1866, at Allegheny, Pa., and again at Cleveland, Ohio, in May, 1867, chose him to serve as First Publishing Agent. Mr. Bassett was elected from time to time a representative to all the General Conferences of his denomination, for nearly thirty years past, and also a delegate to all the General Conventions (seven in number) delegated and held by the Free State or Anti-Slavery Conferences. It was his lot to conduct the press through several periods of critical agitation in the Church. He was one of the founders of the Book Concern, located at Springfield, Ohio, and delivered the Address at the laying of its corner-stone in 1860. He is now devoted to the care of this establishment.

As a preacher, Mr. Bassett is plain and practical. He is more eloquent in his consistent private life than in his public ministrations in the pulpit; yet his sermons are always full of sound thought, suggestive sentiment, and are spoken with a frankness and freedom that win their way to the hearts of the audience. Mr. Bassett is a chaste writer and an instructive preacher.

CORNELIUS SPRINGER was born of Swedish parentage, near Wilmington, Del., December 29, 1790. He is the fourth descendant from Charles Christopher Springer, so favorably referred to in Clay's "Swedish Annals" and Ferrie's "Original Settlers on the Delaware."

His parents removed to Western Virginia in 1798, and settled in the forests below Wheeling. In 1806 they removed to Ohio and again settled in the forests, near Zanesville. He had, therefore, but little opportunity for education; but by intelligent and industrious use of the meager advantages he had, he acquired a good knowledge of English literature. At the age of twenty-one he engaged in school-teaching, as affording the best available opportunity for coming in contact with books.

In 1808 he was converted under the ministry of Rev. Robert Manly, and joined the M. E. Church.

Mr. S. served as lieutenant of a company in the "war of 1812," and acquitted himself with distinction.

In 1816 he quitted a position in the Academy at Putnam, opposite Zanesville, to enter the itinerant ministry of that denomination, in which he continued about thirteen years. He was one of the first men in the West to advocate reform in the government of the Church. As early as 1822-23, he wrote a series of articles on the subject, which were published in the *Wesleyan Repository*. But although he desired a modification of the government, he never would have left the denomination upon that account. When, however, his associates in the controversy and his friends holding common sentiments were expelled on account of their opinions, he felt himself bound in honor and by Christian morality to go with them into their new isolation; and he was, therefore, one of the founders of the M. P. Church, and of course one of its leading men.

His first year in the new organization was spent in forming churches in Western Virginia, in the Monongahela Valley. After filling several other appointments, he was appointed by Conference as editor of the *Methodist Correspondent*, a semi-monthly paper devoted to the interests of the Church. This he published four years.

In July, 1839, he commenced, on his farm near Zanesville, the publication of the *Western Recorder*, a weekly paper authorized by the Pittsburg Conference as its official organ.

In the midst of the anti-slavery agitation he conducted the paper with such prudence and discretion as to insure the success of the *Recorder*, and contribute largely to the welfare of the denomination.

After publishing the *Recorder* for six years, Mr. Springer found that his eyesight was being damaged by his literary labors, and that he must, therefore, withdraw from them. The paper went into other hands, and Mr. S. retired to private life.

Since retiring from regular itinerant labors, he has been engaged chiefly in the management of his beautiful estate, "Meadow Farm," one of the finest in his county.

JOHN SCOTT, D.D., editor of the *Methodist Recorder*, and one of the leading ministers in the Pittsburgh Conference of the Methodist Church, was born in Washington Co., Pa., October 27, 1830. His early educational advantages were limited, but he improved them as well as his circumstances would allow.

In September, 1832, he united with the Methodist Protestant Church. In February, 1842, he was licensed to preach, and in September of the same year was received in the Pittsburg Conference and assigned a field of labor. Since that time, he has regularly performed ministerial duty in his Conference until November, 1864, when he was appointed to his present position, to which he was re-elected by the General Conference of 1866. He was a member of the Non-Episcopal Convention of 1866, and of the last two General Conferences of his Church.

In the ministerial work, he served four years on circuits, sixteen years in stations (chiefly in and about Pittsburg), one year as Corresponding Secretary of the Mission Board, and one year as President of the Conference. Disliking office, he declined candidacy for the latter position a second year. Besides the usual ministerial work, however, he served several years, without general travel, as Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Missions, and during three years of the time edited and published the *Missionary and Sabbath School Journal*.

He received the title of D.D. from Washington College, Pa., an institution under Presbyterian patronage.

Both as a writer and a preacher, Dr. Scott develops the peculiarities which constantly evince themselves in his social intercourse—cool prudence, steady judgment, rather an excess of caution, yet an earnestness unmistakably constant, and an honesty and candor which inevitably command respect and confidence. In social life, he mingles with personal dignity an affability and kindly playfulness which make his society a constant pleasure to his intimate friends. Besides his frankness, his moral probity, his cordial geniality and his steady constancy attract the friendship of the sensible and pious, and settle it as a perpetuity.

This is a marked character. The mental forces predominate much over the physical. He is an earnest and deep thinker, a warm advocate, and a candid doer and speaker. He has a very powerful sense of duty, in fact, self-sacrifice in its discharge should characterize him as a minister and friend. His vital forces appear to be decidedly in the descendant, and we would caution him against excessive mental effort if he would prolong his days and his labors of love.

WILLIAM REEVES, D.D., was born in the village of Staplehurst, Kent, England, December 5, 1802. Owing to his parents' circumstances, his education was confined to the facilities which a small town afforded.

He was the subject of religious impressions from childhood; but owing to want of vitality in the State Church, in which he was reared, and other unfavorable influences, he did not enter upon a spiritual life until the year 1825. Immediately upon doing so, however, he felt the fire of religious philanthropy, and began to call sinners to repentance. He was soon recommended by his pastor (then a Dissenting minister) to apply to the Missionary College, with a view of preparing for a foreign field. But, unfortunately as it then appeared, through pecuniary embarrassment, the number of students in the institution could not be increased for awhile. So, bearing of the revivals of religion in the United States, he emigrated in 1829 to this country; and being an ardent advocate for both civil and ecclesiastical liberty, he cast his lot with the infant Methodist Protestant Church, at the city of Cincinnati, and received an appointment from their first annual conference, namely, to travel Zanesville Circuit. He has since served in many circuits and stations, usually with marked success, and always with credit to himself and the Church. He has repeatedly been a member of the General Conference, and was one of the very few Northern men who attended the one held in Lynchburg, Va., immediately after the Northern Conference had suspended official relations with the Southern wing on account of slavery. He has been President of Pittsburg Conference six years, two full constitutional terms; which, as the office is annually elective, is an un-

usual honor. At the last General Conference he was elected Fraternal Messenger to the Conference of the Primitive Methodist Church in England.

Dr. Reeves is a man of medium height, of very erect figure, and has black hair, dark-brown eyes, dark complexion, a large mouth, with full protuberant lips, and wears a certain air of sobriety which makes his presence commanding and impressive. He is apparently about fifty-two or fifty-three years of age.

Ready, facile, prompt, he can never be called on amiss, either for a sermon or a speech. He seems to be alike at home in argument, in philosophical discussion, in exegesis, and in fervent appeal. He may, with peculiar emphasis, be called a *good preacher* and an *able theologian*.

Here is a very striking face—an impressive *personality* in every respect. His character is a strong one, and most likely to be strongly manifested. He has a keen perception, strong sympathies, much self-reliance, and but little vanity. He is evidently enduring, tough, and wiry in physique. He is one to be trusted, and trusted implicitly.

ALEXANDER CLARK, A.M., pastor of the First Methodist Church at Pittsburg, and editor of the "School-day Visitor," was born in Jefferson Co., Ohio, March 10, 1834. His father is of Scotch-Irish descent; his mother was born in the Highlands of Scotland.

He received an ordinary English education in the common schools of his native State, engaging during the intervals of school in manual labor. But the routine of school studies did not satisfy him, and hence from an early age he had a thirst for general literature and science, which he exerted himself in every honorable way to gratify. As his father's means were limited, he used when a boy to make simple articles of domestic ware, and peddle them through the neighboring villages, to obtain money for the purchase of such books as he wanted. At the age of seventeen he began to teach school, and continued teaching for several years, all the while, however, himself delving for knowledge and cultivating his tastes.

After he had taught for some six years, he conceived the idea of starting a school-day paper. To think was to execute, and the publication was soon announced. Without capital, influence, or experience—with the greater part of his subscribers in his own village school—the success of the enterprise, which was then a novelty, was more than doubtful. But he had counted the cost. As the subscriptions were too meager to pay the printers, he bought printing material, instructed himself in its use, did his own work, and thus was independent. As soon as it became evident that "The Visitor" would live, it increased rapidly in circulation, and became profitable. It is still published under his editorship in the city of Philadelphia, and is second in interest and popularity to no educational journal in the land.

In 1861 Mr. Clark was ordained as a minister in the Methodist Protestant Church. In September, 1862, he was appointed pastor of a congregation at New Brighton, Pa., one of the charges belonging to the Pittsburg Conference. In 1863 he became associated with the celebrated Dr. T. H. Stockton in the joint pastorate of the Church of the New Testament, Philadelphia, where he remained until he was called to the charge of a large and popular Independent Methodist Church at Cincinnati, known as "Union Chapel." He remained there two years, when he resigned the position to resume regular work in his own Conference. He now occupies its principal pulpit, where he has just had a year of great prosperity in his charge. He received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Mt. Union College in 1864, and also from Otterbein University in 1865. He was a member of the Non-Episcopal Convention in May, 1866, and of the General Conference of 1867.

Mr. Clark's prominent characteristics as a writer and speaker are exquisite taste united with sturdy strength; the elegance and polish of the poet and scholar, joined to the earnestness, directness, and vigor of the intrepid advocate of right, and the bold, unflinching denouncer of wrong. His style is ornate without frippery, and elegant without affectation. He is one of those few public men who utter great truths and discuss important principles in the glowing language of genuine poetry. As a speaker to children he has had great experience and success.

He is a hard worker day and night, in-doors among books or out-doors among men, and overtaxes his physical strength to fill the measure of his ambition. The only books he has yet published are a story of school life entitled "The Old Log School House," and a compilation of school dialogues. These, with many fugitive poems, sketches, sermons, etc., have given him an enviable reputation in the literary world.

HORACE BARTON KNIGHT, A.M., was born in Rutland, Vermont, about the beginning of the year 1818. At the early age of nine he became an orphan by the decease of his father. His educational advantages were limited to the common schools of the day, save one quarter's tuition at a select school.

At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to the printing business, in the *Herald* office, in his native village. At this he continued to work until he was nearly twenty-two years of age. He then united, as an under-graduate and probationer, with the Troy Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and pursued the ministry in connection therewith for seven years, graduating to the offices of Deacon and Elder.

When what was called the "Wesleyan movement" was inaugurated by Rev. Orange Scott and his associates, Mr. Knight sympathized with it, and in 1847 withdrew from the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in 1848 united with the New York Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Connection, and for three or more years was connected with the "Wesleyan Book Concern," then located in the city of New York. Subsequently, viz., in 1856, he was elected the Book Agent and Publisher of the denominational organ, *The Wesleyan*, located at Syracuse, N. Y. This position he resigned in 1858, leaving the Concern in a much more prosperous state, financially, than when he took hold of it. Since then he has been devoted to the regular work of the ministry at Seneca Falls, Albany, N. Y., and more recently at Cleveland, Ohio. In 1843 Middlebury College, Vermont, conferred upon him the honorary title of A.M., at the instance of the late Senator Foote and others, members of that corporation.

In person he is of rather slender build, hair brown, and complexion light. He is about five feet ten inches in height. As a preacher, Mr. Knight is clear in thought and eloquent in language, sometimes rather systematic and precise, but he is never without earnestness and fervor. His sermons are always reformatory and appropriate to the times, and evince a thorough knowledge of human nature. In social life he is courteous and genial, with an inclination to pleasantry. The leading traits of his mental and moral character and habits are frankness, courage, common sense, observant sagacity, sterling integrity, and firmness.

This gentleman should be distinguished for his enterprise and industry; for his practical judgment, taste, and order, and for his analytical ability, appreciation of utility, and good-nature. He is not a proud man in the true sense of the term, but is ambitious, fond of distinction, and careful to avoid criticism or reproach. He is well organized temperamentally, and should be quick of perception and sprightly in action.

JOSEPH J. SMITH, A.M., President of the New York Conference of the Methodist Church, was born in New Jersey, February 3, 1817. At the age of fifteen he united with the M. P. Church. In 1836, at the age of eighteen, he was licensed to exhort, and a few months afterward he was licensed to preach. Having by this time fully made up his mind to devote himself to the ministry, he induced his father to release him from the labors of the farm and place him under the care of Rev. A. Lane, to study theology and such other subjects as would tend to qualify him for his chosen work.

The following year he entered the itinerant ministry. Finding there the inconvenience of his lack of education, he resolved to apply himself to study, which he accordingly did with success. So large was his desire for culture, that he included Latin and afterward Greek among his studies, and pursued them with the same resoluteness that he did the rest.

Besides occupying many important positions in his own Conference, Mr. Smith has frequently served with distinction in the general bodies of the Church. In 1850 he was a member of the General Conference which met

at Baltimore; in 1854 he was a member of the General Conference at Steubenville, O.; in 1855 he belonged to the Convention which met at Springfield, O., where the Conferences North and West separated from those South. He was also a member of the Pittsburg Convention of 1860, and the Cincinnati Convention of 1862; and he represented his Conference in the Union Convention of May, 1866, which met at the Union Chapel, Cincinnati.

He is now serving for the fourth year as President of his own Conference, and his third as pastor of the Grand Street Methodist Church, Brooklyn.

In person, Mr. S. is of medium height, compactly built, and wears a general air of physical and mental robustness. And, indeed, this is the leading characteristic of his mind—robustness. He is a man of strong common sense, without affectation, without circumlocution, almost without any of the aids of art. He says his way with directness and strength, and is usually satisfied with that. He is esteemed a cool and wise counselor, a sensible preacher, and a thorough and efficient executive officer.

DENNIS B. DORSEY, M.D., was born in Baltimore, Md., August 24, 1830. His parents removed, in 1831, to Wheeling, Va. (now West Va.), and in 1840 to Steubenville, Ohio. He was educated principally in the free schools of that State. As his parents were poor, young Dorsey had to leave school while yet a boy and look to his own exertions for support. He obtained employment in a printing-office, but he did not lose sight of the object of his hopes—becoming a physician. In order to secure time for study, he began to teach school before the age of eighteen. In 1849 an opportunity for learning practical pharmacy and also for practicing medicine at Bellefonte, Pa., was offered by a relative, Dr. J. P. Gray, now Superintendent of the State Insane Asylum at Utica, N. Y., and this opportunity was embraced.

Meantime, the solemn problems of moral relations and obligations were occupying his mind, the result of which was a determination to consecrate his life to the service of God. In 1850, therefore, he returned to Steubenville, and in that year or the next received license to preach, from the M. P. Church at that place. He served several charges in Ohio up to 1855 (and while in Cincinnati attended medical lectures), then went to Western Virginia. His health having declined, he practiced medicine for two years near Wheeling, but also, part of that time, had charge of a small circuit. He was a member and one of the secretaries of the General Conference of 1858. In 1859 and 1860 he served as President of Western Virginia Conference. In 1861 he was sent from Monongalia County to the Wheeling Conventions, but before the close of the second Convention received a commission as Surgeon of the Third Regiment (West) Virginia Infantry, and in that regiment passed through the severe campaigns of Rosecrans, Milroy, Fremont, and Pope, in W. Virginia and Virginia, receiving in 1862 promotion to the position of Medical Purveyor of General Sigel's corps. These campaigns broke down his health, and the position was resigned. Soon after leaving the army he was elected editor of the *Western Methodist Protestant*, and served as such. He is now pastor of Fairmont Station, West Virginia.

Dr. Dorsey has written several works, chiefly literary, some of which have appeared anonymously. An elaborate "History of the Methodist Protestant Church" and a work entitled "The Methodist Itinerant's Manual" are unpublished. He is now engaged in writing a metaphysical work, "The Rationale of Religion, or Experimental Piety Considered in Relation to the Laws of Mind."

Dr. Dorsey is a thorough metaphysician. His sermons are metaphysical, and yet so ingenious withal as to be popular and impressive with the masses. He preaches the "new" things more than the "old," and has a way of getting the attention with the very first sentence of a discourse and holding it till he has finished. His preaching is conversational, which is the highest type of oratory, yet he makes no pretensions in this direction.

He has not yet fully identified himself with the newly organized Methodist Church, but owing to peculiar ecclesiastical affairs in West Virginia, remains a Methodist Protestant for the time being. He is non-episcopal as ever, reformatory as ever, and will doubtless in his

own time and way fall in rank with the hosts of his coadjutors in the cause of lay representation. His position ecclesiastically is in keeping with his intense individuality, and if not universally appreciated at present, will eventually take its recognized place in the page of his history in harmony with all the events of his life, which he claims as his own more than any form of fashion or attempt of human arranging.

A sedate, settled, and somewhat intense cast of countenance is presented in this portrait of Mr. Dorsey. His strong Firmness and Human Nature coupled with more than average philosophical insight, tend to render him somewhat opinionated, if not dogmatic. He has a good deal of imagination, and yet a pointedness and directness of expression which would in the opinion of most people ally him with the practical.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The Methodist Church, or, as it was lately styled, the Methodist Protestant Church, is, as has been already indicated in many of the preceding biographical sketches of its prominent ministers, a religious body formed by the separation of a considerable number of the clergy and laity from the Methodist Episcopal Church. This separation took place in 1830, and was primarily occasioned by the dissatisfaction felt, by those who withdrew, with the episcopate and the organization of the conferences, as recognized in the parent church.

Previous to 1828 strenuous efforts were made by those who seceded to secure a more general representation of the clergy and laity in the conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church; but the "reformers," being in the minority, failed, and many of them were expelled from the conferences. In November, 1830, those who were interested in the new movement met in convention in Baltimore, and organized a new religious society under the name of "Methodist Protestant Church."

The doctrinal views of this society are the same as those held by the parent body, while the chief features in which it differs from the latter in ecclesiastical government are, its non-recognition of the episcopate, and lay representation. The General Conference meets once in four years, and is composed of an equal number of ministers and laymen, viz., one delegate of each order from every thousand communicants. The Annual Conference is composed of all the regularly constituted itinerant ministers of a district, and has the control, with a few limitations, of that district. There is also the Quarterly Conference, which is composed of the trustees, ministers, preachers, etc., in the station, mission, or circuit of which it is the immediate official meeting.

The itinerancy of this Church is so modified that preachers and people may remain together for an indefinite period, if mutually satisfied.

The Methodist Church now includes the Wesleyan connection, another branch from the Methodist Episcopal stem, which was organized in 1843. The latter, however, can not be regarded as homogeneous with the Methodist Protestant, although it is in harmonious co-operation with that body. A partial union of the two societies was effected at a convention held in Cleveland, Ohio, in May of the present year. The returns for 1865, as published in Goss' "Statistical History," represent the number of those connected with the Methodist Protestant Church to be 105,120, of which number there are about 60,000 communicants, while the Wesleyan connection claims upward of 25,000 members. These figures probably include the Southern portion of the M. P. Church, which does not properly belong to the new organization. In the interest of this religious body there are four weekly periodicals, seven colleges, and three or four other educational institutions.

EVENING MEDITATION.

When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight,
Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door—
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

PURITANISM.

THE name Puritan, now three hundred years old, was first applied to those conscientious persons who desired a more marked separation from the Roman Catholic Church than the services of the English Church seemed to afford, and they claimed that the sacred Scriptures were the only authoritative rule of faith and practice. Hence they regarded traditions and human authorities and restrictions in matters of religion as not binding on the conscience. Subsequently, however, the irreligious and openly vicious came to call all persons Puritans who were strict and serious in pursuing a holy life, even though they did conform to the Established Church. Before the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign a portion of the non-conformists began to question the prevailing opinions concerning doctrinal points, including predestination and free-will; and under the arbitrary reigns of James I. and Charles I. all persons who opposed their theory of government were regarded as Puritans. Hume applied the name to three classes, viz.: the political Puritans, who maintained the highest principles of civil liberty; the Puritans in discipline, who were averse to the ceremonies and government of the Established Church; and the doctrinal Puritans, who rigidly defended the religious system of doctrines of the first reformers.

The Puritans overthrew English royalty and established the commonwealth. On the restoration of the Stuarts, of course the name Puritan became one of reproach, as implying an unreasonable degree of austerity in both temporal and spiritual matters, and this is the leading idea in regard to them at the present day by those who are not of their way of thinking. Persons representing the three classes above referred to formed the bulk of the original settlers of New England.

In regard to the Puritans who emigrated to North America, and whose influence has been so strongly manifested in the civilization of the continent, Bancroft, the historian, says: "They were formal and precise in their manners, singular in the forms of their legislation, rigid in the observance of their principles. . . . But these were only the outward forms which gave to the new sect its marked exterior. If from the outside peculiarities which so easily excite the sneer of the superficial observer we look to the genius of the sect itself, Puritanism was religion struggling for the people."

If asked for a concise definition of Puritanism, this, we think, would answer: *Religion in earnest, universal education, and uncompromising CIVIL LIBERTY.*

SECTARIAN SETTLEMENTS IN AMERICA.

In the settlement of America there were five or six prominent points made by people from different countries and creeds, and their style of civilization and secular progress were accordingly modified. The Puritans settled New England in four colonies or focal centers, to wit: the Plymouth Colony (by the passengers of the Mayflower), the Massachusetts Bay Com-

pany, the Connecticut settlement at Hartford and Windsor, and the New Haven Company at and near New Haven, Ct. The Hollanders settled at New York and up the Hudson River, and their religion was according to the Reformed Dutch Church, which was in doctrine and discipline similar to the Presbyterian.

WM. PENN brought English civilization and the Quaker religion to Pennsylvania, and to this day the doctrine: he taught and the gentle manners he introduced mark the character and habits of the people at and near the place where he planted his colony.

Lord Baltimore, one of the chief colonists of Maryland, brought the Roman Catholic religion to these Western shores; and in that State—Maryland—there are numerous seats of learning under the care of that Church, and a much larger proportionate number of native adherents to that faith than in any other State of the Union.

In Virginia, at Jamestown, the Episcopalians of England landed and established a colony, and their faith and form of worship for many years took the lead in the number, wealth, and influence of its membership. The Methodist Episcopal Church having the same articles of faith and a form of church government somewhat similar, has since made great headway in that State.

In the Carolinas the French Huguenots founded a settlement. Having suffered persecution in the old country, they were great sticklers for individual liberty and self-government. This sentiment marked their career so late as the formation of this government, and they were the last to waive State sovereignty and come into the Union of the States. This spirit, by a secular perversion supported by Calhoun, became the ultra doctrine of State rights which culminated, under a warped construction, in secession and rebellion. Now, it is to be hoped—by the aid of telegraphs, railroads, steamships, and UNIVERSAL COMMON SCHOOL EDUCATION—that religious sectarianism, State pride, and exclusiveness will be modified if not overcome, and that the American people will be more homogeneous, at least in spirit, and that religion and liberty, hand in hand, may lead the people of this great country to prosperity and happiness.

HAVE YOUR LIKENESS TAKEN.—Not long since a lady entered a photographic gallery, dressed in the habiliments of mourning. By her side was a sweet child, toward whom her eyes ever wandered, her tender watchguard plainly bespeaking the love of a mother. Her errand was told—to obtain a likeness of her boy. Upon its delivery to her, a tear trickled in her eye as she looked upon it, and as only a bereaved one could say it, she feelingly expressed her deep regret that she was without a good portrait of the child's father, now passed from earth. Upon being asked whether she had any sort of a picture from her husband, she replied, "Only a poor faded one, made years ago." She was asked to bring it in, and

with what directions she could give. The artist had no doubt of his ability to furnish her with a correct likeness of the loved but lost one.

The old picture was furnished, all the suggestions she could make were heard, and the matter left with the artist. Time passed on, and the widowed mother called to learn the result. It was shown her. Again she wept; but this time they were tears of joy. "It's he! it's he!" said she, "and it looks as though it could almost speak." Her little faded keepsake had been copied, enlarged to almost life-size, and now appeared as in health and beauty, the partner of her young choice. She pressed it lovingly to her lips, and not the least of the artist's reward was her touchingly eloquent thanks for his well-directed and successful efforts.

We shall all "be changed," and it may be a satisfaction to our surviving friends to look on that which will represent the original. Every son and every daughter would like to possess a good likeness of father and mother, and every parent, friend, lover, husband, and wife would like to possess even the image of the loved one. Then why not?

LIMBLESS, YET TRIUMPHANT.

BY ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

A YOUNG mother lies "faint with pain-bought happiness," stretching out expectant arms to clasp, for the first time, her babe. Why is the imploring action so strangely unheeded? What means the look of dismay on the face of nurse and physician? the irrepressible exclamation of horror which bursts from the lips of the newly-made father? Why do the supplications, the terrified inquiries of the agonized mother call forth no response? She knows that her child lives—she can hear his low wailing. Bring him to her—she will take no denial! Silently and sorrowfully the babe is laid on her breast. Then, indeed, her anguish breaks into loud lamentations, into rebellious cries against the decrees of Heaven. Lovely, in her eyes, is the baby face upon which she looks down; but she holds in her arms the trunk of a male infant curtailed of arms and legs!

The voice of superstition mutters that the father is accursed. He belongs to the proud Mac Murrrough Kavanagh clan, rigid Roman Catholics; he wooed a daughter of the Ormonde family, Irish Protestants, and in order to wed her renounced his faith and espoused her. By this act, men said, he had drawn down a curse, which fell upon his son and heir. Little they dreamed how triumphantly that child's life would disprove their complacent interpretation of God's supposed chastisement. Arthur Mac Murrrough Kavanagh, whose existence commenced forty years ago, in the midst of such piteous lamentations and hopeless agony, was destined to afford one of the grandest illustrations of the conquering power of mind over matter, of the potency of will to mold and rule untoward circumstances. His wonderful intellectual activity, his indomitable perseve-

rance and moral courage have surmounted nearly all his corporeal imperfections.

Last November he was elected as parliamentary representative of Wexford County, Ireland. It may well be imagined that his first entrance into the House of Commons, and his "swearing in," presented a singularly interesting scene. He approached the table, where he was to take the oath, in a handsome cane arm-chair, with a mechanism let into the arms and communicating with wheels below. His appearance reminded one of a bust or medallion. He has fine, well-cut features, and eyes that beam with intelligence. His bust is of handsome mold. The stumps of his arms are dwarfed to five inches; he has but six inches of muscular thigh stumps—their terminations give not the faintest indication of hands or feet. He took the Testament reverently between his two diminutive arms, listened to the oath, kissed the book, received between his stumps a pen from the clerk of the House, placed it in his mouth to steady and square it with the parchment on which he had to write, then taking the pen again in his arms signed without the slightest awkwardness, writing exceedingly well, and evincing perfect coolness and self-possession. Having signed, he wheeled himself toward the Speaker, to whom he bowed—the usual ceremony of shaking hands being necessarily omitted.

When he voted, the Speaker made an exception in his favor, and allowed him to record his vote without passing with the other members through the lobbies.

He is often carried out of the House by his servant, upon whose back he springs with great agility. He takes the deepest interest in the debates, and his countenance usually wears the most enjoying expression. Much is expected of him, and, doubtless, he will not belie the present promise.

Mr. Kavanagh has large estates in Wexford, Kilkenny, and Carlow, Ireland. He is greatly beloved by his numerous and prosperous tenantry. He has a wife remarkable for her beauty and the loveliness of her character, and is blessed with a large family of exceedingly handsome children. His accomplishments are many and varied, and of the precise character which his physical imperfections would seem to render impossible. He is an excellent calligraphist and an artistic draughtsman. He wrote "The Cruise of the Eva," a lively, entertaining book, and made the sketches himself during the cruise. He is the most expert of yachters, an accomplished sportsman too, an unerring shot. Still more remarkable, he is a dashing huntsman. When hunting, he sits in a sort of saddle basket, and his reins are managed with marvelous expertness; and still more astonishing, he is noted for the manner in which he drives a "four-in-hand."

He is not only a man of literary tastes, but an able orator, while he brings to the consideration of every public question the resources of a highly cultivated mind. And this is the man whose birth was pronounced a curse upon his parents, whose life seemed as though it must inevitably be an existence of hopeless misery and endless deprivation! but who has given the astonished world a brilliant example of intelligence, courage, hope, perseverance, fertility of resources, invention, triumphant success.

LONDON.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1867.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearlessly, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Puc.*

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TIMELY TOPICS.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—The holidays of the year are to human life what hotels on the wayside are to the traveler, or as bright particular stars are to the night. As we look back over the years that are past, however obscured the common days of the year may have been, the cherished holidays bring to us a light as warm as summer, and voices as sweet as bird-songs in the garden.

Human souls seem to require set times in which to be happy in concert; joy is thus enhanced and sanctified. If one must be sad and sorrowful, there is a plaintive joy in having that sorrow a common one, hence set times of fasting, humiliation, and prayer find in the human soul an answering emotion.

THANKSGIVING DAY was born of human necessity; it was destined by its New England founders to take the place of other holidays regarded by them as superstitious; but a strange mutation has time made in respect to the sentiment which designated this day, for while the day itself is kept by the children of its originators with a joy not surpassed by that of its founders, other holidays have been incorporated into the popular calendar which were repudiated by the early Puritans.

Thanksgiving Day is the great social and religious festival of New England, and is a legacy of the Puritans. They regarded Christmas as a relic of Catholicism or Prelacy, and since they had been persecuted and driven into a foreign wilderness, they held all holidays of the Established Church as symbols of oppression, and accordingly passed laws to punish the observance of Christmas; and for many years in New England Christmas was not observed at all, and its original significance was not therefore

appreciated by the descendants of the Puritans. As, however, the Roman Catholics and Episcopalians gradually came in and formed a part of the body politic, Christmas was revived, and now, although Thanksgiving crowns the religious days as Independence Day crowns all secular days, still Christmas is cherished by the children of the Puritans with a joy and entered upon with an alacrity not surpassed by the strictest Roman Catholic or the most sincere Episcopalian. It is a pleasant fact to record, that throughout the United States Thanksgiving day has become a word not only meaning joy to the people, but it is now regularly appointed by proclamations of State Governors, and generally by the President of the United States.

Thanksgiving Day is celebrated on Thursday, and by most of the States the same day in the month of November is chosen. The Governor's proclamation making the appointment is read in all the churches, and there are appropriate sermons and religious exercises. Widely scattered friends meet at the bountiful Thanksgiving dinners, and the roast turkey, the plum puddings, the mince and pumpkin pie are supposed to be a part of the institution. Weddings, in New England especially, are celebrated on the evening of that auspicious day, when all hearts are thankful and hopeful.

The prime object of the appointment of this day was one of solemn prayer and thanksgiving for the blessings of the year, and especially for the bounties of the harvest.

In addition to these ideas, it is common for ministers to give expression to opinions relative to great national affairs, and some of the ablest discourses throughout the chief towns of the United States are published in the newspapers, and disseminated throughout the entire country.

We say, All hail to Thanksgiving, to Christmas, to New Year's, and to every other day when heart beating in unison with heart can forget the dull monotony of real life and rise in sentiment and aspiration, and meditate thankfully on the beneficence of the Giver of all good, and look forward hopefully to a future which a true faith joyfully depicts.

SELF-HELP.—There are some young men and young women who are *willing* and *anxious* to do something. Others shrink from task or toil, and from choice eat the bread of idleness all their days. The first may be without means, education, or apparent opportunity, and yet they "make their way" against opposition and adversity, acquiring knowledge, accumulating property, commanding success. Instead of passively waiting on circumstances, they *force* circumstances to wait on or yield to them. Many a poor boy, at the age of fifteen, without a dollar in his pocket, his entire wardrobe tied up in a cotton pocket-handkerchief, has started out in the great wide world among total strangers, to better his condition, to seek his fortune, and, being fortified by good habits and correct moral principles—thanks to a temperate father and a praying mother—he pursues his course steadily, and always "onward and upward." He commences at the bottom of the ladder—before the mast—an errand boy, a porter, clerk, apprentice,—and works up. If thrown out of employment by fire or flood, he readily betakes himself to whatever offers, and is soon in a better situation than before.

Mind you, reader, this courageous, self-helpful young man is not only sober—he is honest, industrious, frugal, watchful, care-taking, reliable. If a lady, she fits herself to teach, and becomes efficient; she writes for the newspapers and magazines, becomes an author, and shines in "literature." Or she may study a profession—medicine—and this field is now open to her; she takes a place at once in general practice, or is chosen to have the care of an asylum or a hospital. If she chooses Art, she draws, paints, models, composes, or teaches the same. If she learns a trade, and has ability, she will soon turn her skill to good and profitable account, and be independent of father, uncle, or brother. Can she teach? It is one of the highest callings on earth. It is the best personal discipline one can have. It is useful every way, and the young lady who has had two, three, or five years' experience in teaching school, will make all the better wife, mother, and helpmeet. "Where there is a will, there is a way."

Newsboys and book agents become editors, authors, publishers, and book-

sellers; mechanics become manufacturers, architects, builders; students become teachers, preachers, and professors; clerks become merchants, bankers, brokers, business men, etc. Then we have, rising from the common walks, our farmers, navigators, soldiers, statesmen, and the rest. It is the *self-helpful* who rise to stations of usefulness, honor, and trust. Young man! whither are you drifting?

WINTER READING.—Now that the harvest is over, and the summer is past—the barns, granaries, and cellars filled with bountiful nature's rich products, the wherewithal to supply the inner man—thoughtful persons will cast about in search of the most nutritious "food for the mind." One class will select for its mental pabulum educational, scientific, and religious books, magazines, and newspapers, having *personal improvement* in view. Another class will select the light story papers, cheap novels, and the comic journals. They want, and will get, mere amusement, excitement, and mental dissipation. Feeding the mind on husks, they will soon have intellects and memories like a sieve or a funnel, blank. Others, still lower, will seek the literature of the street, the race-course, the ring, the play-house, the cockpit, and the drinking saloons; accounts of prize-fights, robberies, murders, and rapes delight them; they will be filled with what they feed upon, and *become* what these influences are—low, bad, base, brutal. The jail, the prison, or the gallows awaits them!

Hack political blowers fill their sheets with slang and bluster, echoing the noisy demagogues who imbibe whisky and chew or smoke tobacco, and make for themselves a little local fame by defaming their betters. These blatant sheets are numerous, noisy, and filthy. We are now entering upon trying times, and we call on all good men of every sort and sect to stand by and defend the right, and to direct the turbulent passions they can not *restrain*. Mere party newspapers will become simply public nuisances which decent men and women will not use—except to kindle fires. Time—once lost can never be regained—is too precious to be spent in reading or in listening to the low vulgar trash of foul-mouthed babblers. Turn your backs

upon them if you would escape contamination.

Public and private libraries will be stocked with all the choice new books of the season, and our winter evenings may be made most pleasant and profitable by each member of the family.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY.—The question, "How can I save money?" is often asked, especially by worldly young men—"good fellows," generous, honorable fellows, who would not be "outdone" in hospitality even by a prince. We have given attention to the subject—looked at it from a phrenological point of view—and have come to the following conclusion:

The office of Acquisitiveness is to get, and of Secretiveness to keep. These two organs have to do with the acquisition of supplies for our bodies—food, clothing, comforts, luxuries—and with the means for our improvement. It is the *perversion* of these faculties—and the dormancy or absence of the moral—that leads to theft, robbery, and deceit, or makes one mean, stingy, penurious, sordid, miserly. The strictest economy is not incompatible with the largest generosity. One should *save*, that he may have the more to *give*. Waste nothing; carefully utilize all things—time, labor, money. It is the prodigal, the spendthrift, the glutton, the intemperate, who waste all these. Vain and silly persons empty their purses to pay for foolish finery for the envious to look at, thus robbing their minds to ornament their backs. A sensible person looks first to utility, propriety, and comfort rather than to show, and will seek to improve the mind rather than to decorate the body.

But this is moralizing. The reader desires to be told *how* he may save money. Well, here is the recipe: *Cut off at once all superfluous wants*. Do you smoke, chew, or snuff tobacco? Quit it, and see what a large leak you will stop. Do you drink ale, porter, beer, wine, whisky, etc.? Stop these, and another stream is dammed. Do you run after negro minstrels, circus clowns, play-actors? Or do you buy lottery tickets? Put in a peg here, and say, "No more of *that*." Do you buy flash jewelry—flash litera-

ture—or flash clothing? Do you bet on fast horses—fast oarsmen—fast walkers, or other "fast" objects? If so, you will *inevitably* lose. It will, in the long run, make you *poor*, if nothing worse.

The right way to save money is, first, to *EARN* it; secondly, to use it religiously, *i. e.*, in accordance with your highest *moral* sense. You are to regard your money or other property as so much substance placed in your hands for temporary use, for which you are to give account, and with the Saviour for your counselor and guide, you will not "fool away your money." Every dollar should be used with His sanction, His approval. Religious men are, the world over, far more saving, and at the same time far more philanthropic than the irreligious. Who support our foreign and domestic missions? Who provide asylums for the insane, infirm, and imbecile? Who build and sustain our churches, our colleges, and our schools? Take away the *religious* portion of a community, and what would there be left? We grant there are generous skeptics, infidels, atheists, and even liberal gamblers; but all these could be spared, without disturbing the foundations of good society. These worldly ones—or the great majority of them—*live for themselves*, and live in vain. They frequently become poor, dependent paupers, and fill our almshouses. They never learn the art of saving—or, rather, of spending money *wisely*. "Giving, while living," to good objects, according to our means, never impoverishes. No man feels poorer for performing consistently a generous act.

To save money, one must be industrious and live temperately. He will thus preserve his health, save time, and escape doctors' bills. He must exercise his ingenuity, and make his *mind* save his hands. He should, as far as possible, avail himself of improvements which conduce to the welfare of society. He should duly appreciate light, air, water, wind, tides, steam, electricity—all the agencies of art and nature, and use *skilled* labor. He should also come under religious influences, fortify himself against the temptations of pride, vanity, inordinate affection, and love of money. He must subordinate the lower to the higher nature; should, when circumstances permit, take a wife, settle down, and occupy

a respectable position in society, and he will *then* be in the true way of **SAVING MONEY**, not for its own sake, but for the good he may do with it.

NEW PHRENOLOGISTS.

EVERY year ripens the public mind in respect to the truth of Phrenology and its utility as an aid in choosing pursuits and rearing children rightly. The mother and the teacher, and here and there the preacher, are beginning to learn that Phrenology is a friend and benefactor. Young men just emerging from home protection to an independent life of their own, instinctively ask, "What can I do best? who will guide me in the right way? for what has God ordained me?" He would not waste five years in an experimental apprenticeship to some business or profession to which he is not adapted. Who can point out to him the right path? These questions arise in the minds of young men in every town and hamlet in the land. They come to us in letters by post; inquirers come from a distance to consult us in person, and we feel the need of being in a hundred distant places at once to answer these requests. Men write us, "Is there a good phrenologist in or near Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Charleston, Savannah, Memphis, Mobile, Nashville, Pittsburg, Richmond, New Orleans, Toronto, Montreal, Quebec? (not to mention nearly all the towns and cities of the old world.) I would consult a person who is versed in phrenological and physiological science. I would know what I am best calculated for, what I ought to do or study. Should I build ships or navigate them? should I till the soil or wield the implements of some art or trade?"

With respect to most of these letters we are obliged to say, there is no settled phrenologist in any of the places mentioned.

We can not be everywhere. Much of this great work must be done by others. We have instructed a few pupils who are doing good work for the cause, and achieving for themselves reputation, standing, and remuneration; but as yet these are too few to reap the broad field of America, which is already ripe for the harvest. Since we commenced the practice of Phrenology, a whole generation has passed away, and another now occupies its place. Those friends who hailed our first appearance are mostly sleeping in the tomb. A new generation has come, and as we advance in years the thought occurs, who shall carry on the work when our voices are hushed and our hands are still? The public to-day, in the United States alone, would support a thousand or more good phrenologists—men devoted to their work, imbued with its spirit and qualified for their duties. Three or four populous counties is a sufficient field to give full employment to a phrenologist, if he will bring his knowledge and his talents to bear *practically* upon the wants of the people, and those who understand the science can thus serve their fellow-men

and secure an adequate support. Many launch forth into Phrenology expecting to run a brilliant career, acquire a fortune in two or three years, and retire. In no other pursuit—except it be of the rashly speculative kind—do men attempt this. They study law, expecting to follow it for life, and to grow up into their profession as they grow in knowledge, manliness, and honor. Men study the healing art and the sacred profession; they become teachers, editors, shipmasters, or farmers, not expecting to reap a golden harvest and retire before their beard is grown. Men endowed with an earnest spirit and an honest desire to serve the world while they acquire an honest support, may enter PHRENOLOGY confident of success, assured of respect and sympathy—with here and there a touch of opposition—and as good a compensation for talent, honesty, and industry as in any other pursuit.

Our class for the instruction of students will be opened on the 6th of January next. Those who wish to avail themselves of the opportunity which it affords, may address us, asking for a circular entitled, "Instruction in Practical Phrenology," which will set forth the topics embodied in our course of instruction, together with the works most essential for students.

WHO SHALL RULE OVER US?

In republican America, where every citizen has the right of private judgment—the right of choice as to who shall make and administer the laws—the right, in short, to be his own man and master—he comes short of his duty if he fails or refuses to qualify himself to take part in the management of public affairs. One and all are interested in the right administration of a good government. It will not answer, it is not right for any man who enjoys the advantages of a free government to claim exemption, or to excuse himself from taking part in the election of officers, the payment of taxes, or other duties devolving on the citizen. Shakers, Quakers, Non-resistants, religious men, business men, and the rest, who ignore politics, leave it for the rabble, the riff-raff, the ignorant mob, to have it all their own way in the elections, just because these and other pharisees decline "mixing up with the vulgar herd." If we would provide education for the young, good government, security, prosperity, and peace for ourselves and our posterity, we should see to it that, in all cases, we select and elect "the right man for the right place." Have our religious teachers, religious journals, and religious men and women nothing to say or do in this matter? Why not take a part? why not speak out? Is sectarianism so much more holy than good government that our preachers fear contamination by speaking words of caution and instruction, and by voting? We would have godly men take part in all secular matters having for their object the education, government, and elevation of the nation and the race. And why not elect to civil offices educated clergymen? As a rule, they are far better qualified to legislate than one in ten now

elected. Besides, they are, as a class, temperance men—ordinary politicians are not. They are also self-regulating, and do not resort to pistols nor bowie-knives, which *some* politicians do. They are honorable and honest, which many politicians are not. Let us suppose that it were left for the clergymen throughout the United States to choose who should be our representatives, legislators, judges, justices, treasurers, jailers, sheriffs, and so forth—would there not be a far better class of officers than at present? We think there would. We know there are bad men in the pulpit—indeed, they may be found in all callings, even among phrenologists; still there are *fewer* bad men among the clergy than in any other equally large class, and we wish to see them take an *active* part in secular as well as in religious affairs. If our religious newspapers will but take the lead—and they are at the head of the press—they can have it as it *ought* to be. If they remain silent, the vagabonds will, as formerly, elect low, bad, perverted, whisky-drinking, boxers, showmen, gamblers, and demagogues, in place of statesmen. Americans! whom will you have to rule over you?

ANNOUNCEMENTS.—Owing to the length of our first biographical article, and the amount of other good matter already in type, we have been obliged to defer the article on "Social Relations" until our next number. We shall also serve up for the intellectual consideration of our friends, articles on "Cromwell," "Turkey and the Sultan," "A Glimpse of the Paris Exposition," and a second installment of that readable commentary, "Saints and Sinners," besides our usual, or rather unusual, variety of other things improvable and enjoyable.

DRUNKARDS IN ENGLAND.—The London *Cosmopolitan* says: Two thirds of the crimes and more than half of the follies of the world are committed under the influence of intoxication. And yet men will continue to "put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains!" Among the lower classes in London there is more out-door drunkenness than we have ever seen in any other city. Nothing is more disgusting to the eye, to the nose, or to the moral sense than one of these driveling, staggering, stinking street drunkards. "If a man will play the fool, let him do it in his own house," says Shakspeare; and, to repeat the advice, we say, if men will get drunk, let them shut themselves up for it. Here is a stanza we learnt in childhood; let all who find dram-drinking their easily-besetting sin engrave it as an amulet on their hearts:

Oh, whisky, thou'rt the greatest curse
To soul, to body, and to purse;
Pandora's box held nothing worse
Than whisky.

[There are in England to-day 600,000 drunkards! Every year, for more than twenty years past, more than 60,000 drunkards die in England. Who can estimate the crime, poverty, ignorance, and misery following in this train of this tide of drunkenness!]

On Physiologg.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—*Cæcilia*.

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—*Hosea iv. 6*.

CONCERNING MAN.

THE N. Y. *Christian Intelligencer* publishes the following interesting and instructive digest of the human organization:

Wonders at home by familiarity cease to excite astonishment; but thence it happens that many know but little about the "house we live in"—the human body. We look upon a man as we look upon a house from the outside, just as a whole or unit, never thinking of the many rooms, the curious passages, and the ingenious internal arrangements of the house, or of the wonderful structure of the man; the harmony and adaptation of all his parts.

In the human skeleton about the time of maturity are 185 bones.

The muscles are about 500 in number.

The length of the alimentary canal is about 82 feet.

The amount of blood in an adult is near 30 pounds, or full one fifth of the entire weight.

The heart is six inches in length and four inches in diameter, and beats 70 times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 times per day, 38,772,000 times per year, 2,565,440,000 in three-score and ten, and at each beat two and a half ounces of blood are thrown out of it, one hundred and seventy-five ounces per minute, six hundred and fifty-six pounds per hour, seven and three fourths tons per day. All the blood in the body passes through the heart every three minutes. This little organ by its ceaseless industry,

In the allotted span,
The Psalmist gave to man,

lifts the enormous weight of 300,700,200 tons.

The lungs will contain about one gallon of air at their usual degree of inflation. We breathe on an average 1,200 times per hour, inhale 600 gallons of air, or 14,400 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air-cells of the lungs exceeds 20,000 square inches, an area very nearly equal to the floor of a room twelve feet square.

The average weight of the brain of the adult male is three pounds and eight ounces; of a female, two pounds and four ounces. The nerves are all connected with it, directly or through the spinal marrow. These nerves, together with their branches and minute ramifications, probably exceed 10,000,000 in number, forming a "body-guard" outnumbering by far the mightiest army ever marshaled!

The skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one fourth to one eighth of an inch in thickness. Its average area in an adult is estimated to be 2,000 square inches. The atmospheric pressure being about 14 pounds to the square inch, a person of medium size is subjected to a pressure of 40,000 pounds! Pretty tight hug.

Each square inch of skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain-tile one fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length over the entire surface of the body of 201,166 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost forty miles long.

Man is made marvelously. Who is eager to investigate the curious, to witness the wonderful works of Omnipotent Wisdom, let him not wander the wide world round to seek them, but examine himself. "The proper study of mankind is man."

WHAT CAN IT BE?

DEAR MR. EDITOR: In a late number of your valuable JOURNAL I noticed an article headed "Twelve Ways of Committing Suicide." I send you the thirteenth—which you have inadvertently omitted—in the form of a riddle, for publication, if you see fit. M. A. WOOD.

What harmless-looking thing is this?
Surely it never did amiss!
A thing so simple and so plain,
Could never much have given pain.

Hold, sir, you do not know me well—
Have patience and I'll briefly tell;
As harmless as I seem to be,
I'm of a murderous pedigree.

Pride is my father's hated name,
And Cruelty my angry dame;
I'm courted by my lady fair,
Who prizes me with tender care.

I visit in her dressing-room,
And sleep amid her nice perfumes;
I often on her toilet lay,
And doze the lonesome night away.

Nay, more—in her caresses chaste
She always binds me round her waist;
At home, abroad, afar, or near,
I'm her companion everywhere.

And though I am a wicked elf,
Delighting to amuse myself,
Sometimes, to give my mistress pain,
I almost squeeze her waist in twain.

Yet, strange to tell, the more she's squeez'd,
The more she seemeth to be pleas'd.
That I'm an ingrate is most clear,
By such return for all this care.

I pluck away the lily fair,
And spread a livid paleness there;
I snatch with glee the rosy glow,
And let the sickly saffron grow.

I blight the luster of her eyes,
And stain her orb with languid dyes;
That rosy archer called a smile,
I strangle ere it breathes awhile,
And plant disease's pungent smart,
And like a vulture gnaw her heart;
My name, upon your mind indorse it;
My gentle mistress calls me—*Consort!*

INSANITY.

INSANITY is declared by medical writers to be a disease of high civilization. Nations who are most civilized and enlightened are more apt to be afflicted with it than those who make little or no mental exertion. It is very rare among the Africans or Indians, because they do not exert the mind to any marked degree. Dr. Livingstone states that he only found one or two instances of it among the tribes that he

visited; but one of the Bakwains whom he wished to take to Europe with him became insane from the throng of new ideas which oppressed him, and committed suicide before the voyage was over. [More likely from being forcibly separated from home and kindred than from any "throng of new ideas."—*Ed.*]

Insanity until recently was almost unknown in China, owing to the strict despotism under which mental activity was restrained. Lately, however, the increase of the use of opium has enlarged the number of lunatics. India is comparatively free from it. It is less frequent in those parts of Europe where political freedom is restrained than in countries which have constitutional governments. In France, the proportion of the insane is about one to one thousand inhabitants; in England, one to seven hundred and eighty-three; in Scotland, one to five hundred and sixty-three; and in the United States, one to seven hundred and fifty.

Of the poor, warped, excitable eccentrics who do not figure in the reports, there are, alas! a great many. The excessive use of stimulants, alcoholic liquors, tobacco, etc., are among the causes. Inordinate affection is another; and this leads to unseen evils, which undermine the bodies and minds of thousands. More Christianity is necessary to save the world from insanity and the weak ones from suicide. A healthy body, with a well-balanced mind and with Christian principles, never became insane, and never committed suicide.

HEALTH—LONG LIFE.

It was the celebrated Dr. Abernethy, I believe, who left at his death a sealed envelope said to contain the secret of his success as a physician, and upon being opened was found to contain simply the following prescription: "To insure continued health and a ripe old age, keep the head cool, the system open, and the feet warm." The important part of the above directions is to "keep the system open," for if this is done the head will be very apt to be cool and the feet warm. There are many ways of keeping the system open, but the best way to do this is by proper diet, by eating something at each meal that has a tendency this way. Graham bread, apples, peaches, strawberries, dewberries, blackberries, whortleberries, and "last but not least," tomatoes, are all good for this purpose. The last article named, I believe, is the best, and it is a very easy matter to keep a supply of tomatoes for a large part of the year by planting some early and some late. A vigorous and popular writer says that "perpetual youth was the fountain for which the chivalrous Spaniards sought with the enthusiasm inspired by sincere faith in its existence. That there is far more youth for the human race than is enjoyed, there is no doubt. The average life of man has been, and ever will be, affected in its length and pleasures by his habits. It is, we believe, no fable, the tale of men living centuries in the earlier ages of the world, when the habits and pursuits of men were purer and simpler than they since

have been and now are. The American people, could they have their tastes and feelings so changed that honest, peaceful agriculture would be the goal of their physico-industrial ambition, and the whole nation be transformed into simple-lived and happy peasantry, with plenty to eat, drink, and wear, and no inordinate craving for more, three generations would not pass without lengthening their average life at least one fourth. They now hurry themselves out of the world by exciting and straining the delicate net-work in which soul and body are compounded. And this goes to prove that life, peace, and pleasure are granted to man just in proportion to the truthfulness of his thoughts, habits, and pursuits."

To insure health, the best plan is to study the subject by taking such works as *THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL* (which has been battling manfully in this field for many long years) and other publications, and every reader ought to try and do some good by extending their circulation, for in regard to health matters it is indeed true that "the harvest is ripe, but the laborers are few." Let us all stop spending money for pills, powders, and slops, and save it, so that when diseased we can avail ourselves of rest, simple food, pure air, and good water, and let the doctors "throw their physic to the dogs." ALEXANDER KING.

JEREMIAH DAY, D.D., LL.D.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.

THIS portrait of the venerable ex-President of Yale College, taken, we suppose, when he was about ninety years of age—it being the last one for which he sat—evinces some interesting points, not to say peculiarities. His head was large, not from side to side, but from the ears upward and forward. The reader will notice great length from the opening of the ear to the root of the nose, and in another line from the same point reaching to the top of the forehead. The front or intellectual lobes of the brain were very large. He had immense perceptive, indicating a practical and scientific cast of mind, the desire for knowledge, the ability to acquire it, and the power to teach it to others.

He was capable of sharp and exhaustive analysis, and had the power to express in clear and strong terms the knowledge he possessed. He had a most excellent memory, as evinced by the great fullness across the center of the forehead, and from the root of the nose upward. Behold how prominent and expanded the forehead where the hair joins it! indicating very large Comparison, or the power of analytical thinking.



JEREMIAH DAY, D.D., LL.D.

He had also a profound capacity for the investigation of subjects of a deep and philosophical character, and his judgment was not warped by passion or prejudice.

The top of the front part of the head was very high, showing Benevolence in a large measure—and that benignant expression of countenance is in perfect harmony with universal good-will, the desire to be a benefit and a blessing to all. His Veneration was large, hence his mind reached upward toward God, and things holy and devout, with a steady strength, capable of leading others toward things sacred.

If there are heads to be found in harmony with the highest order of religious and philanthropical feeling, that of the late President Day is a conspicuous example.

His Conscientiousness was amply developed, and his life was a pattern of equity. He was cautious, sensitive with respect to reputation, and he prized the good opinion of his friends. He had a serene but not an austere dignity, and that dignity was mingled with such depths of kindness as to give him a fatherly interest in everybody whom he might guide and benefit.

The sense of property, the faculty which gives policy, and the appetite, appear not to have been strong. Temperance came natural to him; avarice, and artifice, and double-dealing were no part of his nature. Frank, persistent, prudent, sensitive, sympathetic, devotional, thoughtful, and practical, he was eminently fit to be a leader and educator

of young men, and to stand at the head of one of the leading institutions of learning in America.

His feeble constitution was, doubtless, owing to the want of digestive power—it exhibited itself in that hollowing or narrowness of the cheeks; but that large chin, and that full cheek-bone, with the well-set features, indicate a good deal of constitutional vigor and endurance. The large chin indicates a favorable circulation; and with his temperate mode of living, and his peaceful spirit, his life was greatly prolonged.

BIOGRAPHY.

On Thursday evening, August 22d, Jeremiah Day, D.D., LL.D., died at his residence on Crown Street, New Haven. He was ninety-four years of age on the third of the month. His feebleness had confined him to the house since last winter. His death was not unexpected; yet the reception of the news will sadden the hearts of thousands who, as students during his presidency, learned to esteem and venerate him above every other man. Till the last commencement he has been present at every Alumni meeting.

Ex-President Day was born in New Preston, Ct., August 8d, 1778. His father was a Congregational clergyman. A student pursuing a course of theology with him acted as private tutor for the family. Under his instruction he fitted for college. He entered Yale College in 1789. Feebleness of health compelled him to relinquish his studies for two years. He graduated in 1795. He acted as tutor in Williams College from 1796 to 1798. In 1798 he received the Master's degree at both Yale and Williams College. In 1798 he became tutor at Yale College, which position he filled till 1801. In 1803 he was elected Professor of Mathematics, Natural Philosophy and Astronomy, which position he held till 1817. This year Middlebury College conferred on him the degree of LL.D., and he was also elected to the presidency of Yale College on the death of Dr. Dwight, which office he filled till 1846. The degree of D.D. was conferred on him by Concord College in 1818, and Harvard College in 1831.

The year of his graduating, Rev. Dr. Dwight assumed the presidency. He came from Greenfield, Mass., where he had been conducting a school. No better indication of the repute in which the then young Mr. Day was held could be asked, than his being chosen to succeed President Dwight in the school at Greenfield. He continued teaching here till he accepted the tutorship in Williams College. While a tutor at Yale College he pursued a course of theological study. Though elected to the professorship in 1801, he did not enter upon his duties till 1803. Through the feeble state of his health at this time, his friends expected but a brief life was in waiting for him. It was at this time that he commenced a thorough system of physical training and a careful diet.

With a feeble constitution, impaired by ill-health, an early death was predicted by his friends; yet he lived to the remarkable age of ninety-four. Up to the time of his confinement he walked daily to the post-office, and generally walked to church at the college chapel every Sabbath. Under his presidency of nearly thirty years the College was greatly prospered. His mode of discipline was kind yet rigid. A word of disapproval was never forgotten. He commanded the respect of every student. Whatever measures were taken by the faculty that were distasteful to the students, he was never blamed. It never seemed possible to them that he could do anything that was wrong in the least.

He was the author of a series of mathematical works which have passed through many editions, and been used in many of the colleges of the country. "Day's Mathematics" are familiar to every graduate of the last thirty years. Many a student poring over them has uttered many a hard word about them, but never one about their author. He wrote also two treatises on the Will, and several miscellaneous articles for reviews and monthlies. He was never considered as a man of brilliancy in one field, but rather as a man of solid attainments, perfectly and symmetrically developed. He was a correct thinker and a clear reasoner. He very seldom gave a wrong judgment on any subject. His opinions on religious subjects were of great weight. He was accustomed once a week to have a meeting at his house of several ministers, to talk over and discuss theological questions. These meetings were continued till about a week before his death. President Day spent the latter part of his life in the family of his son-in-law, Prof. Thacher. Here everything was done to make his last days peaceful and happy.

His funeral was attended from the Center Church, on Monday afternoon, the 26th of August. Though it was vacation, and most of the graduates had but recently been at Yale College, yet a large number were present. The discourse was preached by President Woolsey. His text was: "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

A BANKRUPT merchant, returning home one night, said to his noble wife: "My dear, I am ruined; everything we have is in the hands of the sheriff." After a few moments of silence, the wife looked calmly into his face and said: "Will the sheriff sell you?" "Oh, no!" "Will the sheriff sell me?" "Oh, no!" "Will the sheriff sell the children?" "Oh, no!" "Then do not say we have lost everything. All that is most valuable remains to us—manhood, womanhood, childhood. We have lost but the results of our skill and industry. We can make another fortune, if our hearts and hands are left us."

Can we wonder that, encouraged by such a noble wife, he is now on the road to fortune again?

THE DRUNKARD'S SONG.

BY JOHN COLLINS.

WITH eyelids tearful and red,
In rags scarcely hiding his shame, [wretch
On the cold pavement stone sat a driveling
Resting his tottering frame.



Want and sorrow and crime
His bosom with anguish had wrung, [clear,
And in trembling tones that once had been
The "Song of the Drunkard" he sung.

"Drink! drink! drink!
In poverty, thirst, and in pain!
It may drive me to madness and woe,
But yet I will seek it again.
Brandy and gin and rum,
Rum and brandy and gin,
The fiery cup, I must drink it up
To feed the fire within!

"Drink! drink! drink!
To drown the thought of the past;
My brain is scorched with the liquid fire,
And my life is ebbing fast.



Drink! drink! drink!
'Tis the only solace I crave,
For my friends are gone, and my loved ones all
Forget their woes in the grave

"But in the silence of midnight gloom
A mild blue eye I see,
And she whom I loved long, long ago,
Breathes softly a prayer for me.
And close at her side, my darling child
Smiles fondly on me then,
While I half decide, between shame and pride,
To shun the tempter's den.

"Drink! drink! drink!
Alas! for the rum-bound slave;
In vain may he seek his chain to break,
Or call on a brother to save.
Oh, men! if such ye be,
Oh, men! with mothers and wives,
It is not liquor ye traffic in,
But human creatures' lives.

"Rum and brandy and gin,
Brandy and gin and rum,
With glittering baits ye spread the snare,
And call your victims to come.
Music and dance and the joyous laugh
Ring loud in the dazzling room;
But little they think that every drink
Hurries them on to the tomb.

"Oh, but for one short hour!
To stand as a man among men,
And the welcome smile of each friendly face
To greet with a welcome again.
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel;
To know the joys of my own fireside,
And the well-earned evening meal.

"But why for the early dead
Do I heave the drunkard's sigh?
'Twere better far than a life with me
In the peaceful grave to lie.
In poverty, sorrow, and pain
My little ones languished for bread,
And the wife of my youth, the gentle and good,
Pined away in a comfortless shed.

"Drink! drink! drink!
In the early morning light,
And drink! drink! drink!
When the stars are shining bright,
Till the brain begins to swim,
Till the fount of tears is dry,
And the fire of the cup that I press to my lips
Glazes out from my spectral eye.

"Gin and brandy and rum!
Rum and brandy and gin!
I can not stop, though every drop
Be changed to flame within.
But deeper woe is theirs who for gain
Fill up the poisoned bowl, [stained
Whose hearts are seared, and whose hands are
With the blood of a human soul!"

With eyelids heavy and red,
In rags hardly hiding his shame, [wretch
On the cold pavement stone sat a driveling
Resting his tottering frame.
Want and sorrow and crime
Had palsied his trembling tongue,
But still, in a voice that once had been clear,
(O that its tones could reach every ear!)
This "Song of the Drunkard" he sung.

THE QUESTION.

A soft little hand crept into my own,
And great wondering eyes questioned mine,
On the uplifted face the spirit light shone
With a radiance truly divine.

"Who from my coffin will take me, mamma,
When I am laid under the ground?
Will you take me up? or will dear papa?
You know that I sleep very sound!"

"The angels will come and take you, my child,
Away to their beautiful home;"
"Oh!" then she exclaimed, as sweetly she smiled,
"I'll play with them there till you come!"

SARAH E. DONMALL.

UNDER THE PINES.

[Our friend and former assistant, Mr. Jacques, now pleasantly situated on a farm among the Pine Hills of Georgia, diligently cultivating various fruits, sends us the following description of Georgia scenery, and of the freedmen as they appear in their new relations. The foot-notes are ours.—ED. A. P. J.]

THE hot sun of a Southern summer rides high in the heavens, but I feel not its ardent glances beneath this friendly shade; and the breeze which sweeps through the pine-tops with such a grand swell of harmony is not only bland and balmy, but refreshingly cool. It has but lately kissed the shining waves of Charleston Bay or of Port Royal.

It is good for body and soul to recline here under the pines, on the hill-side, drinking in the sights and sounds of this half-wild but beautifully picturesque country, and breathing an atmosphere untainted by city stenches or by the malarial of the death-haunted lagoons which intersect the great swamp-forests of the level low-country of the South. Here the air which inflates your lungs is loaded only with the odor of the pines, and it is not hard to believe it possessed of medicinal virtues. At any rate there is here a positive enjoyment in the mere sense of animal existence—a pleasure in simply being alive—in the involuntary activity of the bodily organs—the movements of the heart, the tide-like ebb and flow of the blood, the rhythmic beat of the pulse, the rise and fall of the chest, the measured inspiration and expiration of the breath.

Under the Pines! Our pines have never had justice done them as living trees. They have been appreciated only as *lumber*! We have treated them as we treat our greatest and best men—have abused them while living and praised them when dead. Our pines are of the species called by the botanists *Pinus palustris*, and popularly known as the long-leaved pine—a magnificent tree—the monarch of the Southern forest. They grow from eighty to a hundred and twenty feet in height; are often very straight, and sometimes with trunks free from limbs to within twenty feet of the top. The branches are crooked, often drooping, and terminated by bunches of long straw-like leaves (called here *pine-straw*) grouped in threes in long sheaths. When young, these trees have a palm-like appearance which reminds one of the Orient. The cones are very large, nearly cylindrical, and from six to eight

inches long. The seeds are large and very nutritious, and are the delight of squirrels, wild birds, and poultry, which grow fat on them in their season.

Well, these pines overshadow and surround me, but they stand far apart just here, and I look through between these columnar boles to where, at the foot of the hill, a fringe of bright and glossy green-leaved myrtles and hollies borders the low grounds which skirt the creek. Beyond, in the distance, immense forests of pines bound the horizon.

The rhyming sneer bestowed on some portion of the Southern country as a land

Where to the north pine trees in prospect rise;
Where to the east pine trees assail the skies;
Where to the west pine trees obstruct the view;
Where to the south pine trees forever grew,

may seem not inaptly applied here; but a true poet might find in these omnipresent trees a fit subject for one of the grandest poems ever written. The organ-like music of the wind sweeping through their branches has never been adequately described in prose or verse. It reminds one strongly of the ocean heard in the distance, or of a waterfall; but has a compass and a sweetness (as well as a grandeur) not possessed by either.

Dr. Francis Pyre Porcher, in his "Resources of the Southern Fields and Forests," says of the long-leaved pine:

"The terebinthinate odor of the tree, some electrical influence of its long, spear-like leaves, a certain modification of *ozone* (an allotropic condition of oxygen), are severally believed to modify the atmosphere and diminish the effects of malaria; to which they also present a mechanical barrier."

He might have added that they serve a very useful purpose as lightning conductors; for, being so much higher than anything else in the regions in which they grow, they convey to the earth the electrical fluid, and thus save lower objects from being struck; and, like some other benefactors, they often perish in their self-devotion.

But grand and beautiful as the living pine-tree is, the "deadened" pines, which lift their naked trunks and spread their skeleton branches abroad in our newly-cleared fields, are most unsightly objects. My freedman, Tom, is now chopping one of them down in the field yonder, where our peach orchard is to be. It takes many a heavy blow to fell the maimed giant, but Tom works with a will, and the tree must soon come thundering down.

"And how about the Freedman?" I think the reader, who may not care much about my pines, is ready to ask. Well, I will tell you something about them, as they come and go around me here in the "piney woods" of Georgia.

The Freedman is a negro still. Emancipation has not suddenly changed the shape of his skull, the lines of his features, or the color of his skin. He is the same slow, indolent, sensuous, passionate, affectionate, docile, imitative, devotional, superstitious, excitable, careless, vain, ignorant, blundering, awkward, improvi-

dent, polite, obsequious, cunning, politic, and unprincipled being I knew so well years ago as a bondman. If, as the negro has it, "white man berry unsartin," the black man is just a little more so. If you can make it for his interest to serve you faithfully, he may do it; but his notions of the binding nature of a contract are by no means clear, and he tells the truth only when it seems to him best calculated to promote the end he may have in view. Awaken his sympathy, excite his large benevolence, flatter his vanity, or appeal to his affections, and you may win him at once; but if you rely upon his sense of right and wrong, you will find your trust, in nine cases out of ten, sadly misplaced. Phrenologically speaking, Conscientiousness does not "stick out" on the African head. That is no wonder, however. His training in slavery was not calculated to develop it.*

As a negro—as a *freed* negro—he is doing as well, yes, *far better*, than could reasonably have been expected. Where judiciously managed, he is working as industriously and as efficiently as his natural indolence and lack of intelligent skill will permit, and is, as a general rule, docile, quiet, and respectful. I have had little trouble with my "hands." One of them, getting rather unreasonably lazy, was recently discharged, and the aforementioned "Tom" sometimes tries my patience sadly by his stupid awkwardness and careless blundering; but on the whole he is doing well, earning his wages and "rations," and having an eye to my interests, except in cases where they seem to conflict with his own.

From the well-known thieving propensities of the blacks I have suffered but little. Even my melon patch was left undisturbed; but I have reason to believe that the fact—well known in the neighborhood—that I keep one of Howard's breech-loading rifles always at hand, has something to do with our immunity from depredation. I hear many complaints of the unsafe condition of all kinds of movable property, and the Freedmen generally get the credit for all the stealing done in the country; but there are "mean whites" about here who are quite as likely as the "colored brethren" to help themselves to what they need but are too lazy to earn.

* In Mrs. E. L. Sherwood's "My Experience with the Freedwomen," in the Sept. number of the *Ladies' Repository*, occurs this passage: "And yet we must be patient with them. They have been taught to shirk, to be immoral, to be everything but what I fancied I could make them by a judicious application of New England 'ideas.' The poor things must be educated. The wonder is that they are no worse. In spite of all my friends' caution, I persist in keeping my pantry unlocked all day long; give them free access to its contents, and have found them invariably honest and trustworthy—a reputation by no means common among them, for they themselves tell of stealing from each other. My losses can all be summed up in one can of peaches, and I believe that I can see that they do take pride in being trusted. So that, after all, I can see one encouraging spot in my checkered experience among the Freedwomen, and some time I may yet meet with lasting gratitude, and be relieved from the fear that my cook may take 'French leave' at any moment. With this bit of sunshine in my prospect I am comforted."

Almost all the Freedmen and Freedwomen are making more or less earnest attempts to learn to read, and primers are as common in their cabins as corn-bread and bacon. A few of them will persevere till they become tolerable readers, but with the majority of the elder ones the effort is a spasmodic one and ends with the acquisition of the alphabet, or at most with the first easy lessons in spelling. The children learn rapidly, and, where any one will take the pains to teach them, soon master the rudiments of an education. They possess the imitative faculty in large measure, and through that much of their knowledge is acquired. Some of them are quite a match for white children up to a certain low point, but when they have reached that, they fall behind at once, and, in most cases, soon come to a stand-still, further progress involving ideas too complex for their comprehension.*

In this neighborhood educational facilities do not abound for either whites or blacks. The latter have a Sunday-school, however, taught by a colored man, and some of them succeed in getting a little instruction from some member of their employer's family.

I have spoken of the Freedmen as polite and respectful. I am sorry to be obliged to modify this statement, so far as it may be applied to the younger members of the colored community. As slaves, the negroes were taught to be polite (if not naturally so), and compelled to be respectful to white people. With the elder ones the habits thus formed are too strong to be broken, but the boys and girls [like the whites?], with their new ideas of freedom and equality, are, in many cases, fast losing their good manners as well as their habits of obedience.

"Dese young ones dunno dare place, no how, nowadays," said an old negro to me the other day. "Freedom 'pears to spile some folks," he added; and he was right. It is hard to find any good reason in the fact of Sambo's freedom and equality before the law, for his speaking of a neighboring planter as "old man Brown,"* or of another as simply "Smith," instead of respectfully giving them the title of *Mr.*, a title, by the way, which they are very fond of having applied to them as it now is among themselves.

Formerly all white men, or at least all who rose above the ranks of the "poor white trash"—most aptly thus designated—were spoken of by the negroes as "*gentlemen*," while a black man was a "*man*" simply. It is not so now, and here the Freedman is not far in the wrong, for unfortunately all white men are not gentlemen.

* A superintendent of a colored school in New York tells me that her experience has proved that colored children learn faster than white children.

We had in our collection the skull of a negro that showed Causality very large, but on sawing it apart, it developed a thickening of the skull upon the inner table, showing how nature is true to herself in filling with skull the vacuum created by an untuse of brain, and, per consequence, its decrease.

* As white boys call their fathers sometimes.



PORTRAIT OF JAMES P. BECKWOURTH.

All our new-made voters are registered, and are waiting impatiently for the time to come when they can vote, though about what it all means they are most profoundly and amusingly in the dark.

I asked my man Tom the other day if he intended to vote for a convention. He "reckoned" he should, and added—

"I've seed many a barbecue, but I never yet seed a convention, and I dunno what it is, but I'd like mightily to see one."

So we shall, no doubt, have a "Convention," and all who can will go to see the show.

I hear the tin horn sound the dinner hour on a neighboring plantation, and the Freedmen all throw down their implements and leave the field. I can not do better, I think, than to follow their example, hoping, however, to meet the reader again UNDER THE PINES.

DOWN IN GEORGIA.

JAMES P. BECKWOURTH.

THE following brief note explains itself:

OFFICE OF "ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS,"
DENVER, COLORADO.

MESSRS. EDITORS PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL—
Gentlemen: Thinking it might interest you, I send you a good photograph of the late James P. Beckwourth, one of the most remarkable mountaineers that ever lived. Yours truly,
WILLIAM N. BYERS.

We thank Mr. Byers, who is one of the proprietors of the *Rocky Mountain News*, for the photograph from which we have engraved this portrait, and for the biographical data on which our sketch is founded.

Our portrait, representing our subject when in the prime of life, almost speaks for itself. One versed in character-reading on phrenological and physiognomical principles, would readily infer the leading characteristics of a face so marked. Suffice it for us to say, our subject was a mulatto, half Celt and half African—a combination of the active and the comparatively passive. His Irish blood gave restlessness, impatience, intensity. His African

blood tended to give tenacity and power of endurance, while this combination resulted in giving impatience of restraint, a love of liberty and adventure. There was a large, bony framework as a foundation; a large chest, with ample lungs and heart, giving great breathing power and good circulation, while the stomach was ample to perform its functions.

The brain was evidently large, especially at the base, and rather long and high. Firmness and Self-Esteem were influential. Observe the length of the upper lip. His perceptive faculties were also very large, and he would be not only quick to perceive, but also clear and comprehensive. He would remember every object observed; see how broad between the eyes! and he would read men, civilized or savage, intuitively. The idea of holding such a spirit as this in slavery would be preposterous. He would break the chains, or break his neck in the attempt.

Cautiousness was not large, and he would venture where most others would not; would try experiments absolutely dangerous on themselves. The wonder is that he lived so long. But what he lacked in caution he made up, in a measure, by an acute practical intellect, coupled with strong intuitions. Thus he was guarded and guided; for he was evidently without a sense of fear, knowing nothing of danger, save from absolute experience.

His Language was large; he would easily communicate his desires and purposes, if not in one dialect, in another, so that he would be clearly understood. With a liberal education, one with such an organization could not fail to take a leading place in some sphere; and without education, one having such natural talents, strong, practical common-sense, quickness and clearness of perception, would become a foremost man among his chosen associates.

We see no evidence of compunction here, and doubt if he suffered from the feeling of remorse, though he would feel a disappointment. Benevolence was not wanting, while Veneration was full, but Conscientiousness was moderate. When not especially tempted, he would exhibit generosity, liberality, candor and frankness; but when pushed by necessity, he would stop at nothing. As a friend, his kindness could be counted on; as a foe, distance would be one's only security.

We see nothing of art, refinement, or delicacy of taste in this countenance, but rather a love for the rugged, the rough and the massive. His cathedral would be in the mountain's top, his art-gallery in the glens and the water-falls, and his study the native denizens of the forest and the plain.

There is no malice in this mouth, and not much mirth in this head; nor do we see very marked indications of affection. His social ties would be weak, and easily loosened; for he would be disinclined to pitch his tent, as was the custom of the patriarchs of old, among the people; but, on the contrary, he would most likely be a wanderer and, if perverted, a vagabond on the face of the earth. But we

have said enough. Let the following biographical sketch tell the story.

BIOGRAPHY.

This venerable and celebrated mountaineer, who was as famous in the peculiar life he had chosen as any man who ever lived, is no more. He has gone to the happy hunting-grounds of the savage race whose customs of life he had to such a great degree adopted. Of the exact time, place, or manner of his death we have yet no particulars; but it is reported as having occurred in the North Platte country, where he has been trapping and trading during the greater portion of the last two years. It is probable that his death was occasioned by old age and the gradual wearing out of his once remarkable constitution and powerful physical frame. His age was probably about seventy years, though, we believe, he claimed to be ten or twelve years older.

According to his own account, Captain Beckwourth was born in Virginia, near Alexandria. His mother was a slave, and his father an Irish overseer on her master's plantation. Not relishing a life of servitude, he migrated, of his own accord, at an early age, and took up his residence north of Mason & Dixon's line. Soon afterward he drifted out toward the wild and distant West, and learned his first lessons in backwoods life in the wilderness of Missouri, when that was the hunting-ground of Boone and the old generation of Kentucky hunters, who had been crowded beyond the great river. Westport was the frontier post, and the point from which daring adventurers took their departure for the mythical solitudes of the great plains and greater mountains beyond. At that time, and for many years after, this South Platte country had never been trodden by the foot of white men. The most daring adventurers had ventured only in the direction of New Mexico, for a limited distance up the main Platte, and along the valley of the Missouri.

We think it was in 1817 that young Beckwourth found himself at Westport, and attached to one of the caravans of traders and hunters which annually made its way out upon the "Great American Desert." Since that time his life has been a constant round of adventure. Its scenes spread out over the vast region bordered east by the Mississippi, west by the Pacific, north by British America, and south by Old Mexico. For half a century he was a prominent actor in the real life drama of the border and the wilderness. He was one of old Louis Vasquez's party, when he discovered and explored this magnificent valley of the South Platte, and was a pioneer in many other similar explorations. Subsequently he became an Indian by adoption, or naturalization according to their customs, and won renown as a warrior and leader. For many years he was principal war chief of the Crows, and by his skill and tact established for that nation a prestige in the art of savage warfare which it still retains.

In later years, when Government began exploring this Western country, Beckwourth cut

loose from his Indian friends and became a guide, interpreter, and hunter for various expeditions. In this capacity he served almost every one of the early explorers of any celebrity. At length, California was discovered, or rather its wealth became known. Beckwourth took up his home there in a valley deeply hidden in the Sierra Nevadas, which took his name. He remained there for several years—the first settled home he seems ever to have had. At length he fell under the ban of the Regulators of that country, who charged that he was implicated with a band of horse thieves. Whether justly or unjustly we know not. At any rate, he was permitted to leave the country of his own accord, and at his own time. From California he traveled eastward, stopped awhile about the New Mexico and Texas border, and in 1858 again found himself at his old starting-point—Westport, Mo.

In 1859 he came to Denver, and for some time kept a store on Ferry Street. Old Louis Vasquez, and "Pike" Vasquez, a nephew of the former, were partners in this enterprise. Subsequently, the Captain married, and engaged for two or three years in farming, about three miles up the Platte from this city. Frequently, during that time, he was, for limited periods, in the employ of the Government, as guide, interpreter, or scout. His marriage venture proving unfortunate, he abandoned his farm and gradually relapsed into his old mode of life. Far away from settlements and every trace of civilization, its last two years were mainly spent, and amid such wild scenes his days drew to a close, and were finally numbered. What a history there was in that life! Almost from the Declaration of Independence, by the thirteen feeble colonies, down to the present day.

In wild Western life and adventure he was the compeer of the Chateaus, the Bents, the Sarpy's, the Vasquez, the Meeks, Bridger, Jack Hays, Kit Carson, Bill Williams, and a host of others who have become famous in their way, and among whom none excelled him in wild and daring adventure or peculiar characteristic in mode of life. We know that many looked upon him as a bad man. Men in circumstances such as his were exposed to calumny and detraction. Their rough life has many anomalous phases. We have heard since his death such words as these: "No loss to the country," "It was time," and other similar remarks. He doubtless had his faults, and who has not? Certainly he was not worse than any of us would likely have been with such a beginning, and such surroundings through a long and eventful life. If any one can point to a felony of his, we have yet to know it. At any rate, now that he is dead, let us spread the mantle of charity over his faults, and remember him only as one who marched in the van-guard of the great army which moves ever toward the setting sun; one of that heroic and devoted band of pioneers who blazed the pathway to the giant West, whose exhaustless wealth and unexampled prosperity we now enjoy.

JULIA DEAN.

In our well-known volume, "New Physiognomy," in the group illustrating the greatest of the histrionic types, we selected Sarah Siddons, Charlotte Cushman, Julia Dean, and Mrs. Mowatt Ritchie as the most famous representatives of the English and American stage. Mrs. Lander had not yet made her imposing mark, as she has done within the last few months, whereas Julia Dean, like Charlotte Cushman, was a national name. Notwithstanding that Mrs. Lander is now filling the public mind, through the imperial potency of Queen Elizabeth, Julia Dean, in London, will, ere long, assert her rank with all her might as "Queen of the American Stage," in her own play, "Elizabeth of England." It was written expressly for her, designed for London, and several of its acts were in this lady's hands long before Ristori came to this continent. The writer is Edward W. Tullidge, author of "Famous Historical Personages" and "Characters of Shakespeare," published in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

In speaking of the Italian play, "Queen Elizabeth," and of the relative quality of the Italian and English *artistes*, a New York critic says:

"Undoubtedly it possesses some of the features belonging to the good Queen Bess of English history. Indeed, it may be said to be as near in approximation to the English Queen as Shakespeare's Richard the Third is to that malignant monarch. * * * He [the writer of the Italian play, Giacometti] has doubled her vanity, her coquettishness, and her tyranny, while he has by no means risen to the range of her talent, nor hinted at her occasionally splendid liberality. Such as his Elizabeth is, however, it afforded Madame Ristori the grandest field for the display of her histrionic power, while it has given Mrs. Lander an equally admirable occasion for evidencing her capacity, possibly to even more than rival the great Italian *artiste*. * * * Each have positive excellences, but undoubtedly Mrs. Lander's Elizabeth is nearer the 'good Queen Bess' of English history than that of Madame Ristori, if it is possible for a character so maltreated by the Italian writer to be rendered with any positive degree of approximation to its original."

Mrs. Lander has, therefore, in the judgment of her critics, surpassed Ristori, simply because she made Elizabeth more like herself in rendering the translation. "She seized it by its humanity," says her critic, "and has done all she could to make it more human."

The less we have of her great work, wrought in the body of her times,—the less of Elizabeth moving in her grand imperial methods, winning the issues for a world, the less we shall have of "Good Queen Bess," the idol and heroine of England for three hundred years. If she must slap Essex's face, let her do it; and if the death-warrant of Mary Queen of Scots has to be signed, still let us have historic veracity, and the interpretation and motive—

workings. True, Shakspeare created a Richard the Third from his own conceptive mind, and not from history; but Giacometti is not Shakspeare. The immortal Saxon dramatist, with Bacon and a host of royal names of their quality, are suggesting, "You dare not maltreat Elizabeth and our age. We have left a literature to live forever,—a history that can not be blotted out, and we are as proud of our 'Good Queen Bess,' and her great reign, as when in life we wrote of her."

And this brings us pertinently to consider Julia Dean.

It is said that there is no woman upon the stage, either in England or America, so like Elizabeth in person and the essential elements of her nature and character as Julia Dean; and in this natural fitness she has the advantage both of Ristori and Mrs. Lander. She is imperial in her person, exceedingly fair, and at twenty she was beautiful beyond most women. Elizabeth in her youth played her beauty off to win the hearts of her people, and Julia Dean has done the same. Her splendor consists not in her largeness, though she is very queenly, reaching Elizabeth's stature. Her entire person shows nature's poetic chiseling. There is delicacy and exquisite workmanship in all her form; her features are strongly marked, yet feminine. There is evidently a Sir Francis Drake in her; but the old lion has come through her mother, who was one of the most beautiful women of her times, and, therefore, though strength constitutes her type, it is exquisitely feminine.

Our likeness is of Julia Dean at the age of eighteen. We must add seventeen years of development of character, and the intensities of life, to the luscious beauty of this picture, and then we shall have the imperial-looking woman of to-day. The head is prominent and powerful; but it has not the massive, reflective brain of the masculine type, as seen in Charlotte Cushman. There is abundant force, intensity, and weight in that organization, but all is of the woman quality of feeling—sentiment, passion, instinct. All this she can interpret rarely, and to the last degree of power. The face shows a brain of exquisite mold and delicacy, an eye intense with feeling, a nose and chin of character, a mouth the type of Art. There is in the head a high development of ideality and sublimity. She has the poet's soul, and she esteems her profession a poetic art. This quality of mind alone would prompt her to redeem the stage, if she was omnipotent, and allow nothing but the chaste and classic to be brought before the public; for it is in everything that is exquisite in conception and elaborate in execution that she excels, and not in things bald and showy. Nature has wrought her finely throughout the entire organization. She writes poems on the stage, and the critic and the poet delight in tracing the detail. Her "Julia," in which she first made her appearance, is a work of art. She is unrivaled in this character, in which, in her early days, she won her great celebrity. But she is deemed equal to an Elizabeth, a play of which seems



PORTRAIT OF JULIA DEAN.

to have become one of the great ideas of the age. She should never fear to attempt nor to reach high, for she dare not fail or be second. She is conscious of this every moment. In her person she towers a head above nearly all other women on the stage. Let her make that her type for London, and she will not fail.

Julia Dean is the granddaughter of Samuel Drake, a lineal descendant of Sir Francis Drake. She is the daughter of Edwin Dean and Julia Drake, an actress of great merit and a celebrated beauty. Her grandfather Drake, an Englishman, was the pioneer manager of the drama in the West; her father is also a manager. She made her *débüt* as a star at the Bowery Theater, New York, at the age of fifteen, as Julia, in the Hunchback. Vessels have been named for her, both ships and steamers. She has played nothing but the legitimate drama, and she created a very great sensation from her first appearance to her departure for California in 1856.

She has been very careful, it is said, in sustaining a religious character; in New Orleans and California she persistently refused engagements rather than play on Sunday evenings. She started for the Eastern States in 1865; but on her way she was induced to take an engagement at the Salt Lake Theater. The novelty of playing in the "City of the Saints," before Brigham and his people, was the first attraction; but she found herself playing in the theater so highly extolled in Hepworth Dixon's "New America," whose green-room, he told London, rivals the green-rooms of Italy. She prolonged her stay, for her receipts were large and her houses crowded. She reigned a beautiful Gentile priestess in an Israelitish temple of Art. The daughters of Brigham played with her, and the Mormon king took delight in honoring her.

THEY who tread life's pathway, ever bearing on their faces an expression of cheerfulness, are radiant ministers of good to mankind. They scatter sunshine on all they meet; depression and gloom fade away in their presence.

CONDITION OF THE EARTH INTERNALLY.

MUCH has been said about the interior structure of our earth. In the world of science the stronger party seem to hold that the center of our globe is made up of a molten mass of matter. The reasons given for this theory are: that as we dig down into the earth we are sensible of an increase of heat, and volcanoes throw forth a mass of molten matter. Another party would have us believe, that the nearer we approach the center of the earth, the more *dense* is matter—on the principle that a quantity of matter weighs heavier at a low level than at a high. Again, another party strongly advocate the doctrine that the earth is *cored out*, as though there was a great hole through the earth at its axis.

With neither of these can I agree, because they all would make the earth too heavy. The first theory has the most to commend it, but is objectionable, against reason, because such a mass of molten matter—some seven thousand or more miles in diameter—would weigh enough to throw the earth out of its position. According to the second theory, that space would contain matter heavier by thousands of times. If the first would throw the earth out of its position, this would sink it down to perdition. The third theory would make the earth no lighter than the first, because that hollow would cool off the interior of the earth, which would make it heavy; and again, that open space would be like a large hole in a balloon, which would let the gas escape and make it impossible for it to act as an agent in raising the balloon.

My theory is this: that this three hundred thousand or more cubic miles contain gases, which make our earth a light, buoyant thing, self-sustaining in space by its buoyancy. These gases are being constantly supplied by the various means which the chemist will readily understand; by the action of various substances on each other—substances which percolate through the earth, supplying materials. As after evaporation the waters go to the mountains, and return again to the ocean, there is a like constant change of these materials which form gases, keeping the supply ever abundant and sufficient. The few volcanoes act as safety-valves. These gases confined cause great heat, which keeps the interior of the earth's crust in a molten condition. The volcanoes are just as essential as the safety-valve of a boiler; but for them our earth long since would have been blown into more pieces than a mortar-shell on its explosion.

Now, is not this more reasonable to believe than these other theories? Is it not well to believe that God made our earth light and buoyant, like a thing of life, rather than a heavy, dead mass? Is it not reasonable that all the heavenly bodies are like birds rather than like stones?

Thus it appears to me that I am living on a light, buoyant globe, self-sustaining principally, if not wholly, by its buoyancy. J. P. NOYES.



THE SENECA BLACK CAP RASPBERRY.

THE SENECA BLACK CAP RASPBERRY.

THE Raspberry, claiming, as it does, a place among the indigenous berry growths of this country, has not been neglected by fruit-growers. Though as a wild fruit it is far from unpleasant to the palate of the epicure, in a cultivated state it possesses qualities which render it a very desirable adjunct of the table. Within the past few years several prominent horticulturists have bestowed considerable attention to the Raspberry. The results of their efforts have been two or three varieties of that fruit which, for quality and productiveness, have commanded public appreciation. Of these varieties, the Doolittle Black Cap has been the most extensively cultivated. It has been thought desirable by those interested in growing this fruit, to produce a raspberry which would ripen later than the varieties already known, and thus, as it were, link the strawberry with the blackberry. This object has been lately attained by Mr. H. H. Doolittle, and the Seneca Black Cap, of which we give a full-

sized representation, is such late-ripening raspberry. It was propagated from the Doolittle Black Cap, and possesses the same characteristics of hardness, fruitfulness, firmness, and flavor. It is grown in the same manner as ordinary garden raspberries; but the feature which commends it to general attention is the fact of its ripening a week or more later than other raspberries. For preserving, canning, etc., the Seneca is admirably adapted. We are informed that Mr. Doolittle has in course of publication a work on the subject of raspberry culture, entitled "Twelve Years Among the Doolittles," the price of which is twenty cents, and can be obtained by addressing the author at Oaks Corners, N. Y., or the firm of Doolittle & Wight, Waterloo, N. Y.

The eagerness with which the costliest varieties of fruit are bought up by New York people evidences a growing appreciation of the healthy properties of fruit, and encourages more extended efforts on the part of horticulturists. Were the quantity of fruit sent to this city each season doubled, the supply would not exceed the demand. The producers know this, and strive to obtain the largest results that can be afforded by their land.

Communications.

Under this head we publish such voluntary contributions as we deem sufficiently interesting or suggestive to merit a place here, but without indulging either the opinions or the alleged facts set forth.

EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

It is not generally known that by far the most beautiful entrance from the sea into Great Britain is on the route from New York to Glasgow, along the northern coast of Ireland, and through the romantic islands that, on the map, appear to bar the mouth of the beautiful river Clyde. Americans have generally availed themselves of the somewhat quicker route to Liverpool, but in doing so they have missed an experience in coast scenery seldom gained on sea voyages. For two days before the arrival of the Scotch steamers in Glasgow, each successive stroke of the screw reveals new beauties, which do not pall upon the sight until nightfall closes the view. About the first point reached is the northern coast of Ireland, which, for a hundred miles, presents one of the most wild and picturesque sights that can be imagined. Black, stern, rugged rocks rise perpendicularly out of the sea, and present an impassable barrier to the sea southward. Among these the wild sea-gull finds a home high up beyond the reach of the gun of the hunter. These precipices are broken here and there, showing delightful bits of rustic scenery and Irish agriculture. Small patches of potatoes, interspersed with patches of grain, give the ground the appearance of an immense checker-board, while on the hills beyond large heaps of turf are seen drying in the hazy sun. Smoke curls from nearly every house and headland, and the whole district seems wrapped up in peaceful content. Groups of men may be seen on the coast; but it is not until Londonderry is reached, that the countenances of the natives may be studied. Then the fishermen flock around the ship—all shouting at once—all wanting to sell their fish. They have squeaking voices, and do not show a great amount of intelligence. These rude *habitués* of the sea islands are not like those engaged in agriculture, however, who present a comfortable and well-to-do appearance. After Londonderry comes Portrush and the Giant's Causeway, the latter of which may be said to be one of the greatest of Irish curiosities. Many people do not know that this can be seen distinctly from the ship, yet such is the case, even without the aid of a glass. The Giant, the presiding genius of the place, as well as his cave, is also shown. Rathlin Island, the Mull of Cantire, Sanda Island, the Isle of Arran, most of which are places of historic interest, are passed within hail. The blue peak of the far-famed Ben Lomond is seen at the distance of about twenty miles, behind which is the Loch. Then comes Ailsa Craig, rising like a sugar-loaf a thousand feet above the sea, called by the sailors Paddy's Milestone, from the supposition that it lies half-way between the shores of Ireland and Scotland, there only twelve miles distant. This rock is uninhabited, save by millions of sea-fowl, which here deposit their eggs far up above the clouds. These are collected by an enterprising man and sold in Glasgow for many hundred dollars a year. Then passing the Caves of Bute, the beautiful river Clyde is entered and Glasgow reached. This river is interesting, as on its banks were built the fast steamers that became so notorious in the war. Too much space would be occupied in adequately describing the many other places of interest to be seen on this route, but a voyage is well repaid, not only in its beautiful scenery, but for the kindness shown by the officers of these Scotch boats. The Scotch character is genuine, honest, and obliging, and full of that home spirit which makes every one feel comfortable. This is shown in the willingness of the ship's officers, when off duty, to show and describe every feature of interest on the route, and to weave in with its mention the legends of a place. Another thing which is commendable, as remarked by a recent passenger on board the *Hibernia*, one of the Anchor Line of ships, that "from New York to Glasgow the passengers had not heard a single oath uttered by one of the crew in their presence."

The pleasant experience of a sea trip is worth remembering, and the conduct of the captain and his officers

on board conduce materially to that end. The following is a copy of resolutions adopted at a meeting of passengers held on board the steamer *Hibernia*, August 2d, 1867, while steaming up the Clyde:

"Resolved, That we, the undersigned passengers per steamer *Hibernia*, hereby express our gratitude to Captain Munro, his officers and assistants, for their unfailing courtesy to us as passengers during our voyage from America, just closed.

"Resolved, That we also hereby express our admiration of the beautiful scenery through which we have so unexpectedly passed, including the bold and picturesque Irish Highlands, the Mull of Cantire, the Ailsa Craig, the Giant's Causeway, Dumbarton Castle, and the banks of the Clyde, expressing the opinion that passengers coming to Europe by this route are more favored in respect to near views of splendid scenery than those taking any other European route."

Southward through the north of England the country presents a garden-like appearance. Ivy-covered farm-houses, thriving villages and towns, ruined castles, and palatial mansions make up a pleasant picture in a journey from New York to Paris via Glasgow. J. P. J.

ORGANIC LIFE.

WHAT constitutes life? not, certainly, mere organism, for that exists immediately after death, intact. Animal organism, however constructed, contains an individual vitality, a sentient, an intelligent principle, connected with, pervading, and more or less controlling the whole organization of the individual. Here then resides a central life, which makes a unit of individual organic existence, and should, scientifically, place it distinctively highest in the scale of creation, and thus receive the united title of *vital organism*, in contradistinction to the vegetable, which should remain as simply *organism*. Vegetable organism, though probably constructed, like the animal frame, by animalcule, is not endowed with an individual vitality beyond that of the myriad individual constructors within its frame, and therefore is entitled to the distinctive name of simply *organic* (the constructed), which intimates the direct handiwork of intelligence which such animalcule display in their various constructions.

All inorganic matter is simply the result of chemical affinity, including electric action of one atom upon another, or mere accidental superposition to form a mass, having no possible relation to intelligent construction, and, therefore, no contained warmth beyond surrounding matter, which *vital* and simply *organic* nature has.

The so-called two organic kingdoms of nature seem to require the distinctive relative appellations—*organic* for the vegetable, and *vital organic* for the animal, as the proper comprehension of their comparative characteristics.

CHAS. E. TOWNSEND.

VEGETARIANISM.

MR. EDITOR: In the September number of the A. P. JOURNAL, in an article under the heading of "Gradation of Intellect," some positions are taken to which I think reasonable exception may be made.

The tendency of the age is toward a higher standard of moral and intellectual excellence, and whatever means conduce to this end we should use.

In the article referred to, it is asserted that man is naturally omnivorous, and that a person could not live without meat in the Arctic regions, or in the words of the article, "Natives and explorers in Arctic regions subsist exclusively on a flesh diet."

Now, Sir John Richardson, an eminent Arctic explorer who went out in search of Sir John Franklin, says that bread made from corn furnishes more heat and strength than meat in those regions.

And I think the sooner we obey the Bible injunction, "Be not among the riotous eaters of flesh," cease to inflame our passions, increase our destructiveness by our eating animal food, the sooner we will come to that state of perfection for which we are commanded to strive.

I quote again, "How strangely ridiculous, then, it is for dietetic reformers to attempt to revolutionize society and arrest the progress of civilization by turning us from beefsteaks and roast turkeys to raw acorns, turnips, and fruits which could not be had in the land of Esquimaux!"

So you present the case impartially. Vegetarians do not recommend raw acorns for an article of diet, nor is there the necessity. We have the endless variety of

vegetables, all the grains, and many things besides "turnips and fruits."

Will you inform your readers how such an effect as the arresting of civilization could be produced by a change to a vegetable diet by all men.

I see nothing in it to produce such a dreadful event, and the cultivation of fruits is certainly productive of good in improving our finer faculties and moral sentiments.

With a high appreciation of the importance of the subject, I close with the hope that the JOURNAL may ever prosper in its good work, and in striving for the right.

Yours, very respectfully, J. A. REINHART.

[We cheerfully give this writer a hearing, and submit his criticism to the judgment of our readers. We are advocates of an improved diet; we believe in fruits as aids to digestion and purifiers of the blood. This our JOURNAL proves, and loses no opportunity to urge their culture upon all. But the question of diet is open, and we hope it will be thoroughly discussed in the proper quarter.]

THERE REMAINETH A REST.

BY FRANCES L. KEELER.

LET us never be weary in doing the right—

If we faint not we soon shall be blest;
To the children of God, when their spirits take flight,
There remaineth a rest.

For the frail hands that toil, for the feet that are torn
By the thorns in the path they have pressed,
For the lips that unceasingly quiver and mourn,
There remaineth a rest.

For the heart that is crushed with its burden of woe,
To the cold, careless world unconfessed,
For the heaven-born soul that is fettered below,
There remaineth a rest.

For the spirit that rings an ineffable chime
Through the aisles of the echoless breast,
For the life that is lost by the tempests of Time,
There remaineth a rest.

Far away where the realms inconceivably fair
Lie just through the gates of the west,
To all who are weary of sorrow and care,
There remaineth a rest.

CAN IT BE TRUE?

[THE following account of affairs at the South was recently received from an old subscriber. The picture he draws of Southern social life is a sad one, and we trust somewhat exaggerated. Men in deplorable circumstances are inclined to represent themselves as more miserable than they are. Howbeit, our terribly whipped fellow-countrymen should be sympathized with and encouraged to look up again. No rancorous feelings now should breathe fire upon their bleeding wounds, but a fellow-feeling for our common country should actuate us to aid them in reanimating and reorganizing their desolated and distracted land.]

MOUNT PLEASANT, TEXAS.

EDITOR OF THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL: You occupy locally, I know, the great pulsating center of the North; but what ground you occupy in the national ferment, I have no means of knowing, having not seen one of your JOURNALS in over six years. The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL was to me a welcome monthly visitor for about twenty years previous to that time. I used to always regret exceedingly to miss even a single number. How much more so, then, the great cut-off of six years! and that, too, at the very time above all others I wished to peruse its pages.

As I said, I have read the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for twenty years or more; I have attended some lectures of the same nature; have read everything I could procure upon the subject, from Gall to recent writers; have studied hard all that time, and thought I was pretty well versed in human nature; but, sir, nothing has, to my mind, so completely laid bare the human heart as this late civil war. Men in ordinary times are not what they seem to be. It takes something of this kind to develop human nature in all its hideous forms. It has been the probe to the very heart, the dissecting-knife to the understrait of undiscovered human nature. We of the

South are a ruined people—at least until the end of the present generation. Not only did we "stake all, and lose all," but confidence is lost; not only with you at the North, but with one another. "Friendship is but a name," and is remembered only as a thing of the past. The social circle of friends, neighbors, and communities, as they used formerly to come together, are all completely broken up. We have all been tried in this terrible fire, and are yet being tried. Neighbor stands aloof from neighbor—is shy and mistrusting. Human nature has been too much developed. It is a pity we have discovered each other's weaknesses; for men are naturally social beings, and can not live contented and happy without society. Some of the best of men have been so suddenly dug up, and, under existing circumstances, have appeared in so glaring and aggravating a light, that we, in our present state of mind, can not make due and proper allowance for their failings. I, who was so patient, that, before the war, thought I could make allowances for almost any failure in a friend, have so changed that it seems to me I don't know what the word friendship means, or whether it has any meaning at all.

As to my own part, I seem to stand alone. Not a friend but has, or is liable to turn against me at any time, except my bosom friend, and a trio of little children about my knees. These, it shall be my future care to try and bring up as a little community of friends around me.

J. HALL, K.

DOING GOOD.

'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.

—TALFOURD.

Literary Notices.

[All works noticed in THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.]

NEW WORKS IN PRESS.—We are now printing the following, to be ready next month:

PREVENTION AND CURE OF CONSUMPTION by the Swedish Movement-Cure, with Directions for its Home Application. By David Wark, M.D.

LIFE IN THE WEST; OR, STORIES OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY. By N. C. Meeker.

ORATORY; OR, HOW TO SPEAK EXTEMPORÉ. By Rev. William Pittenger.

LITTLE DORRIT; Diamond Edition. By Charles Dickens. With Original Illustrations, by S. Eytinge, Jr. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Spirited illustrations, rich toned paper, and the best of small type are used in this edition. It may be good for very young eyes, but elderly people will need their spectacles to read the Diamond Edition.

BLEAK HOUSE. By Charles Dickens. With Original Illustrations, by S. Eytinge, Jr. One volume. 18mo, pp. 498. Price, \$1 50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The Diamond Edition of Bleak House is no less perfect than previous volumes of the set. If not so good for old eyes as larger letter, it is certainly more portable, and will be preferred by many. Give us long primer, instead of pearl or diamond type!

THE TREE OF LIFE; or, Human Degeneracy. Its Nature and Remedy, as based on the Elevating Principle of Orthopathy. By Isaac Jennings, M.D. One volume. 18mo, pp. 279. Price, \$1 50. New York: Miller, Wood & Co.

A kindly admonition from an experienced Christian physician eighty years of age! The author has given us other works. One, "The Philosophy of Human Life," which gave great satisfaction to those who dislike drugs. Many years ago, when in full medical practice, Dr. Jennings, distrusting the efficacy of poisons when administered as remedies, conceived the idea of giving bread pills to his patients, instead of the usual prescrip-

tions. Imagine his surprise when, during some years of this new mode of treatment, his success was greater than ever before. Testimonials from leading clergymen, judges, lawyers, and others came in unsolicited, certifying to the wonderful cures wrought by the remarkable medicines—simple bran-bread pills, and nothing else. A few years later the worthy Doctor published a complete confession, detailing the whole story of his ten years' practice, and the cures performed. Of course such an exposure created much excitement in the entire circuit of his ride. But the moral and religious character of the author was above and beyond reproach, and his testimony stands confirmed.

The new book gives the views and experiences of this veteran physician, whose teachings tend rather to *prevent* than to *cure* diseases. We commend the work to those who would obtain the greatest amount of physiological knowledge in the smallest space, and at the smallest cost. The book may be ordered from this office.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. One volume, 18mo, pp. 410. Price, \$1 50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A household treasure. This beautiful Diamond Edition of these exquisite poems must become very popular. Mr. Whittier's radical songs once shut him out of the States South; but his prayers and prophecies have now been answered and proved. He will now be welcomed everywhere.

THE BIBLE TRIUMPHANT. By Mrs. H. V. Reed. Price, 50 cents.

This is a work of 144 pages, and is designed as a reply to a work entitled: "144 Self-Contradictions of the Bible." These asserted self-contradictions are introduced and explained. The skeptic has gone through the Old and New Testaments, determined to find all that seemed to be inconsistent or contradictory, and has arrayed them with care, showing an ingenuity and a persistency in a negative spirit seldom equaled. Our author places all of these passages before the reader, and gives, so far as we have been able to discover, a candid and reasonable consideration. We think her work will do good, especially to the skeptical. Many persons who have stumbled upon passages which are not easily explained, and have all their lives been wandering in the darkness and doubt of innocent skepticism, by reading this little work will have their faith enlightened. We think the skeptic did a useful work in bringing out his 144 seeming contradictions, because he thereby induced an examination of them, greatly, we doubt not, to the comfort of those who revere the Bible and try to follow its precepts, and greatly to the profit of those who are inclined to infidelity, and who seek every occasion to excuse a wrong course of life, by attempting to show that the Bible is not an immaculate guide.

TEMPERANCE IN THE AMERICAN CONGRESS: Addresses by Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Henry Wilson, Richard Yates, William E. Dodge, Hiram Price, Samuel McKee, F. E. Woodbridge, J. B. Grinnell, and J. W. Patterson; delivered on the occasion of the First Meeting of the Congressional Temperance Society, Washington, D. C.; with a List of Pledged Members. Reported by James L. Andem, phonographer. Price, 25 cents. New York: S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway.

A *verbatim* report of one of the most remarkable gatherings ever known in Washington, and one which might be repeated frequently, with the best effects during the next session of Congress. So mote it be.—*Chicago Evening Journal*.

[We are happy to state that this good example of our American Congress is being followed by other nations. Already, our neighbors of the New Dominion, over in Canada, are organizing a Parliamentary Temperance Society, and we are told that steps are being taken in England to effect the same thing in the British Parliament—where it is very much needed. This will be followed in France, Prussia, Austria, Russia, and throughout the world. Thus America leads the world in temperance, and our little book is the pioneer!

COLTON'S JOURNAL OF GEOGRAPHY AND COLLATERAL SCIENCES. A Record of Discovery, Exploration, and Survey. Quarterly. \$1 a year.

In their prospectus the publishers say: Our object is, by presenting in a condensed and attractive form mat-

ters of interest connected with the Globe we live on, to supply a demand that already exists, and to waken a more general attention on the part of the public to the study of geographical science. To subscribers for the first year we shall present a copy of a new map of Alaska. This map, 26 by 19 inches in size, will alone be worth the price of subscription. Address, Messrs. Colton & Co., 173 William Street, New York.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY—devoted to Literature and Religion; edited by the Rev. I. W. Wiley, D.D., and published monthly, at \$3 50 a year, by Messrs. Pol & Hitchcock, Cincinnati, Ohio—is one of the best of our American magazines. It has none of the light, trashy stuff in it that fills too many journals published for ladies. This is at once instructive, entertaining, and elevating. It is healthy, and we commend its every feature, save only one—we do not like to see its fair cover patched with patent medicines. Surely this high-toned, prosperous, and profitable magazine can afford to exclude all such offensive quackery. Its advertising pages can be readily filled with the titles of good books or other useful matter. But we repeat, the magazine stands at the head of its class, and is worthy a place in every family.

THE HORTICULTURIST, AND JOURNAL OF RURAL ART AND RURAL TASTE, edited and published by the Messrs. Woodward, New York, at \$2 50 a year, is an elegantly illustrated and beautifully printed monthly magazine. It is richly worth many times its cost, and can not fail to exert the best influence on the general taste of our people who read, whether agriculturists or not. Its object is to improve and to elevate. Send 25 cents for a sample number and try it.

THE METHODIST, one of our best religious weeklies, announces rare attractions for its subscribers. We give the names of some of its writers—Rev. George R. Crooks, D.D., editor, assisted by Rev. Abel Stevens, LL.D., Rev. John McClintock, D.D., LL.D., Rev. B. H. Nadal, D.D., Rev. H. B. Ridgeway, and Prof. A. J. Schem; with sermons by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, eminent Methodist orators, and bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Besides all this, the publishers propose to send the paper *gratis*, two months, to those who subscribe for a year.

We find the *METHODIST* broad, liberal, patriotic, up to the time in all religious, educational, and reformatory measures, and yet planted steadfastly in the highest Christian principles. It is orthodox without bigotry; eminently religious without idolatry or superstition. In short, it is a racy, live family journal. Send for a sample copy and judge its merits for yourselves.

THE INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE JOURNAL is a handsome weekly devoted to the best interests of property-owners and others in New York; published at \$3 a year by Messrs. T. and J. Slaton, corner of Fulton and Nassau streets. Complete reports of real estate sales; prices obtained; progress of city improvements, etc., are conscientiously given. It is commended to all that large class who would be thoroughly posted in regard to the material prosperity of the Empire City.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—Among all literary magazines, for the past twenty years, none have proved more safe or satisfactory than this choice weekly—the best of all the eclectics. And why not? Is it not made up from the best of all the European serials? It is never wild or frothy, never dull or heavy. If a really good thing be printed in a foreign magazine, it is sure to promptly appear in the "Living Age." A wise discrimination is exercised by the judicious and experienced editor, so that nothing offensive, nothing false or sensational, nothing improper for each and every member of the family to read shall appear in its pages. As the literature of the world improves, so the "Living Age" improves. The objects of this favorite and well-established journal are set forth at length in an advertisement. Terms \$3 a year. It will be clubbed with the *PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL*, and both will be sent to one address from date of subscription, for \$3 a year.

THE BON TON—a Monthly Record of the Fashions—is an elegantly illustrated publication. We have received the numbers for September and October, both of which abound in large and clear engravings, representing the later improvements or modifications in ladies' and gentlemen's costumes, and furnish distinctly marked patterns for basques, bodices, waists, under-garments, etc. Subscription, \$7 per year, 75 cents a number. S. T. Taylor, publisher, 349 Canal Street, New York.

LE PETIT MESSENGER—by the same publisher—is also a Fashion Monthly, containing graceful and clearly-printed illustrations of the costumes of the month, and two paper patterns. Price per number, 50 cents. \$5 a year.

DIE MODENWALT—also published by Mr. Taylor—contains monthly two illustrated papers, and an elaborate pattern sheet. Price, 30 cts. a number. \$3 a year.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY. A Magazine of Original and Select Literature. Published at \$1 a year—in gold—by John Dougall & Son, 136 Great St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

This is the best thing of its size and price we have seen. It does real credit to the enterprising, progressive, and reformatory publishers, who also publish the *Montreal Witness*, daily, semi-weekly, and weekly.

ELSIE'S MARRIED LIFE; by Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel, author of "My Sister Minnie;" "My Poor Cousin," etc., etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Paper. 75 cents.

A lively, versatile tale—one of the best produced by this fertile writer. The domestic portraiture, exhibiting both felicities and infelicities in close proximity, are very natural.

NEW MUSIC.—THE NEWSBOY'S SONG. Annie Arden; Girls, Wait for a Temperance Man. 30 cents each. Published by C. M. Tremaine, 481 Broadway, New York.

New Books.

Notices under this head are of selections from the late issues of the press, and rank among the more valuable for literary merit and substantial information.

THE AGENT'S MANUAL OF LIFE ASSURANCE. By the Author of the "American Manual of Life Assurance," etc. Sq. 16mo. Paper. \$1 40.

PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION AND VOCAL CULTURE. With Exercises and Selections. By Rev. B. W. Atwell. Cloth. 80 cents.

FRESH LAURELS FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL.—A New and Extensive Collection of Music and Hymns for Sabbath Schools, etc. By W. B. Bradbury. Paper. 35 cts.

ECCLESIASTIC; or Parish Astronomy. In 81 Lectures. By a Connecticut Pastor. Cloth. \$1 45.

MANUAL OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. By Timothy Farrar. 8vo, pp. xii, 532. Cloth. \$4 00.

THE EARLY YEARS OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE CONSORT. Compiled under Direction of Her Majesty the Queen; by Lieutenant-General the Hon. C. Grey. Portrait. Cloth. \$3 25.

HANLY'S GUIDE TO AUTHORSHIP; a Practical Aid to all who desire to engage in Literary Pursuits. With Chapters on Editing, Proof-Reading, etc. Paper. 60 cents.

HOME LIFE; a Journal. By Elizabeth M. Sewell. 12mo. pp. 405. Cloth. \$3 25.

IS IT I? A Book for Every Man. A Companion to "Why Not?" By Prof. H. R. Storer, M.D. Paper. 60 c.

ANGELIC PHILOSOPHY OF THE DIVINE LOVE AND WISDOM. By Emanuel Swedenborg. Translated by R. N. Foster. Cloth. \$3 25.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS. By Rev. John Todd, D.D. Cloth. 20 cents.

POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN G. WHITTIER. Diamond Edition. Cloth. \$1 50.

To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will try to respond in the "next number." Your "BEST THOUGHTS" solicited.

AN ORDER FOR BOOKS, JOURNALS, etc., must be written on a sheet by itself. Questions for this department—TO CORRESPONDENTS—and communications for the Editor, must be written on SEPARATE SLIPS.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Owing to the crowded state of our columns generally, and the pressure upon this department in particular, we shall be compelled hereafter to decline all questions relating to subjects not properly coming within the scope of this JOURNAL. Queries relating to PHYSIOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY, PSYCHOLOGY, ETHNOLOGY, and ANTHROPOLOGY, or the general SCIENCE OF MAN, will still be in order, provided they shall be deemed of GENERAL INTEREST. Write your question plainly on a SEPARATE SLIP OF PAPER, and send us only ONE at a time.

SHORTHAND.—Yes, we employ from three to five shorthand writers constantly, and give courses of written instruction by mail to those who wish it. Vacancies frequently occur, and the services of competent reporters are always in demand.

IF J. W. O., of Seaforth, Canada, will give his full address, he will enable us to answer his questions by post.

PHRENO-MAGNETISM.—What is phreno-magnetism?

Ans. You ask collateral questions enough to require for answer ten pages of the JOURNAL. In 1842-3 the columns of the JOURNAL were full of the subject, in its length and breadth. Phreno-magnetism is, in brief, simply exciting the various phrenological organs during the magnetic sleep, thus inducing the subject to talk and act out the nature of the faculty whose organ is touched, and all unconsciously to himself. See "Library of Mesmerism and Psychology."

TEN-PENNY NAIL.—What is the meaning of this term?

Ans. Most people know that a ten-penny nail is about two and a half inches long, and is a very common one for use in building houses, etc. There are also double tons, forties, as well as eight-penny, six-penny, and four-penny nails. We have looked for an explanation of the term "penny" as applied to the size of nails, and find no solution. Some years ago the Farmers' Club of New York had the subject up, and many and queer were the solutions. We presume when nails were made on the anvil by hand, that the term "penny" had reference to the price for making, or the value of the goods, or else it had to do with the size. Who can give the solution?

BASE BALL.—To play base ball well, one wants a predominance of the Motive and Vital Temperaments, large Firmness, full Combativeness, Hope, and Approbativeness, also large Size, Weight, Form, Order, Calculation, and Constructiveness, and enough but not too much Cautionness.

MANUAL LABOR SCHOOLS.—

Excuse me for troubling you, but not knowing who else to write to, I take the liberty of asking, for information, if you know of any manual labor, agricultural, or other school, where a young man, by work, can earn an education? If you can give me any information in relation to any such school, you will oblige one who has not the pecuniary ability to obtain a college education. [We submit this question to our readers and ask for information. Good schools, such as are here suggested, in which one may "earn his way," would be most useful, and to the nation most profitable.—Ed. A. P. J.]

BRAIN—THOUGHT.—Does the brain itself produce thought? If so, how?

Ans. The brain is an instrument of something within. The dog sees, but he does not understand how or why this or that is done. The horse knows the milk route, and stops at each door, but does not comprehend the object of the visit. There must be soul, mind, and a brain through which intelligence can act. The eye is not vision, nor the ear hearing. The brain is an instrument behind the eye and behind the ear, and the man himself is, as it were, behind the brain, using it as an instrument. The soul uses the whole nervous system, by means of which thought is brought to act on matter, through the eye, the ear, the taste, the hand, and the brain is the center through which the inner man acts on the outer world.

THE NOSE.—Will you please inform me if, by cultivating any particular faculty, I can improve the shape of my nose? The bone at the middle rises very prominently, forming a hump, and declines again toward the end and upper part of the nose. Please tell me what organ it is which is situated at the upper part of the nose? A LADY READER OF THE A. P. J.

Ans. Cultivate Benevolence, and this will counteract or modify Combativeness. Cultivate an even temper, with faith, hope, trust, cheerfulness, affection, and not only your nose but your whole countenance will acquire a comely shape, corresponding with a graceful spirit. Our New PHYSIOGNOMY gives all the "signs," names of features, and how to read them.

ASTROLOGY.—I notice you advertise a book entitled "The Mysteries of Astrology and the Wonders of Magic." Price, \$5. This is to ask if you approve the work?

Ans. No. On the contrary, we regard it as quite worthless, save as containing the groundless claims of that old, worn-out superstition. But as the beautiful and useful science of Chemistry grew out of Alchemy, so Astronomy may be said to have grown out of Astrology. Many are curious to trace the truths of modern science to their sources, and to look at the old ladder on which they have climbed into the temple of knowledge. Modern "character-reading" is based on Anatomy, Physiognomy, Phrenology, Physiochemistry, and Temperament, for which see the work NEW PHYSIOGNOMY.

NERVOUSNESS—STAMMERING.—Rectify your mode of living, and your nervousness will be diminished; practice speaking, and you will improve; read an article on "Stammering" in our PHRENOLOGICAL ANNUAL for 1866, and you will learn all we can say on the subject.

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.—Can you inform me what will remove pimples from the face? Sometimes my face is completely covered with them, so much so

that I am ashamed to see any one; they are often very painful, too. I have tried a number of remedies, but without success. My brother is also afflicted with similar pimples. A remedy through the columns of the A. P. J. would be thankfully received.

Ans. Impurities in the blood are worked out of the system through the skin. Hence the eruptions may be regarded as remedial, rather than otherwise. It is better that they be out than in. The blood can be purified in no other way than by right living. Proper food, drink, air, etc., make pure blood, while all the decoctions of apothecary and the distiller only aggravate the evil. Tell us what you eat and drink, or how you live, and you will therein state the cause of the pimples. One of the best external renovators of the skin is the wet sheet pack; another is the Turkish bath. But we must have full particulars before giving a prescription.

"VANITY OF VANITIES."—How do you interpret this passage of Scripture?

Ans. All pleasures of the passions, such as the appetite, love of money, of the opposite sex, etc., are liable to perversion; and the abnormal action of these results in "vanity." But growth in grace is not vanity. It is not "vanity" to live a godly life. And it is clear to us that "the Preacher" had reference to worldly, and not to spiritual things, when he declared, "All is vanity and vexation."

WHO IS DR. WILLIAM FREEMAN, of N. Y.? If the questioner refers to the one who advertises secret remedies for indiscreet young men, we reply: He is not only a quack and an impostor, but something worse than this, as those who have been duped and swindled can testify.

MENTAL PORTRAIT FROM THE LIKENESS.—Those who live at a distance from our office, and can not visit us in person, can have a correct description of character made from the portrait. For full information on the subject—what likenesses are wanted, measurements, etc., required, with terms, send a postage stamp and ask for "The Mirror of the Mind."

SOUNDS.—All sounds are the results of atmospheric vibrations produced by the sound wave. These vibrations are rendered appreciable when a pistol is fired between two tall buildings which are about fifty feet apart. The echoes of the discharge will be heard in a series of rapidly succeeding "shakes," as they would be termed in music.

BEST WORKS ON PHYSIOLOGY.—W. F. B. asks us to recommend a work on Physiology, and to state something about a certain doctor whom he names. We reply. The most elaborate professional work now in use, is "Carpenter's Principles of Human Physiology, with their chief applications to Psychology, Pathology, Therapeutics, Hygiene, and Forensic Medicine." With nearly 300 illustrations. Price, \$6. The best popular works are the following: "Physiology, applied to the Improvement of Mental and Physical Education." By Andrew Combe, M.D. Muslin, \$1 75. "Physiology of Digestion. The Principles of Dietetics." Dyspeptics should read this work. By Dr. Combe. Paper, 50 cents.

The doctor named by you is an egotistical quack who seeks practice. Trust him not.

Publisher's Department.

HANDSOME PREMIUMS.—WHO WILL HAVE THEM?

We offer the following to the appreciative:

For 350 new subscribers, at \$3 each, we will give a Steinway Rosewood Piano, worth \$650.

For 100 subscribers, at \$3 each, we will give a Horace Waters 5 Octave Parlor Organ, worth \$170.

For 60 subscribers, at \$3 each, a Horace Waters 5 Octave Melodeon, worth \$100.

For 30 subscribers, at \$3 each, a Weed Sewing Machine, new style, worth \$60.

For 25 subscribers, at \$3 each, a Wheeler & Wilson's Family Sewing Machine, worth \$55.

Now, this strikes us as something well worth working for. Every family ought to have one or more of the above. Reader, do you know a poor widow with children, who is trying her best to earn an honest living, to clothe and educate her children? Think how much easier she could do it with one of these excellent machines! Then why not start a subscription paper and induce a few "well-to-do" neighbors to put down their names, each for the trifling sum of \$3, and thus get the JOURNAL a year, and in a few hours put the "Family Treasure" in the poor woman's house. What thankful hearts! what gratitude to God for the real help, and that, too, without inflicting on her the feeling of a beggar! Ladies, you can do this; what man could refuse an appeal for such an object? And here, *Let me head the list.* I hereby offer to give \$3 each toward making up any number of lists, for charity sewing machines, to be given to widows, or other poor women, according to the terms above specified, *i. e.*, I will be one of twenty-five to present sewing machines to one thousand women of the class named. Who will begin the work? The field is open to all charitably disposed men and women. Show your JOURNALS, get your subscriptions, and the machine shall be forthcoming by return express. Here is a chance to "do good and get paid for it." Address, S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

ONE MORE NUMBER CLOSES

THE VOLUME for 1867. See new prospectus for 1868. We are to begin the New Year right early. If all our plans can be carried out, we shall treat our readers to the best yearly volume of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL ever yet produced. We may not hit the moon, but we shall "aim high," and "do our best." "May all work together for good."

THE Tribune intimates that our criticism on Mr. Charles Dickens must have been dictated by private spleen. We beg to state that no such feeling animated us. We saw the country being flooded with the rily waters of that author, and, as a sentinel on the public walls, felt bound in duty to warn the unwary. Read Dickens, hear Dickens, run after Dickens, if you will, but do not worship him, nor permit his novels to monopolize your minds. There are other authors far more worthy to be read, seen, and heard. The only motive in publishers that we can discover for multiplying the editions of Mr. Dickens' works, is in the money they hope to make by it. Novel reading does not improve the memory, but tends directly to

weaken it. As to morals, each may judge for himself. Mental dissipation is one thing, intellectual and moral improvement is quite another.

LIGHT OR MUSICAL GYMNASICS.—Dr. D. U. MARTIN, formerly from Boston, now of New York, has issued his circular, announcing the fall and winter campaign. In his statement of principles he says:

We are all imperfect in some degree, physically and mentally. These imperfections come to us through disobedience to the laws of nature. To "cease to do evil and learn to do well" is important in physiology as well as in religion.

Muscular tissue constituting the greater portion of the body, and its contractility being concerned in almost every function performed, its culture becomes a matter of vital import. And as this is the only means of growth, we can, by proper exercises, assist nature in the development of the weaker parts of the system.

The more perfect the organization of an animal, the more perfect the food it should select. Man, being the highest, needs the fruits, grains, etc., especially students and thinkers. Animals choose by instinct; man should choose by intellect.

Dark rooms are unfit to live in! Where an excess of carbonic acid exists in a room, ship's hold, or mine, the rays of the sun, if merely reflected by mirrors, will correct the evil. Infants would grow to shapeless idiots without light. Sun-baths are valuable in phthisis, scrofula, and other diseases. Water, air, and correct habits of breathing are invaluable.

To all this we say, Amen. Classes of both sexes will be taught in the Harvard Rooms, corner of Sixth Avenue and Forty-second Street. Dr. Martin refers to some of the best names in the city.

WOMEN PHYSICIANS FOR INSANE WOMEN.—There is not one in existence, but there ought to be. It is now acknowledged by all physicians of eminence and broad culture that it is impossible for man fully to understand woman so as to sympathize with her completely, therefore that it is far better to have physicians of her own sex; but far more important is it that women suffering from that direst of all maladies—insanity—should have one of her own sex to minister to and prescribe for her.

The law has done all it can in providing a matron, but she has her duties, which are outside and separate from what should be those of a woman physician. There are many wants which are never supplied (and the consequences are serious when not attended to), because a woman can not speak so freely to one of the opposite sex as she can to her own; besides, he could not understand if she did; added to that, there are many scenes in the department of insane asylums devoted to women that no man ever ought to see, but which from necessity he must now see. Here is a great want and a great opportunity.—[BY A LADY SUBSCRIBER.]

MRS. G. W. WYLLYS is after the Bachelor Man of the *North American Review*. Read "Matrimony Among Authors," and say if she does not put the timid fellow, who is evidently afraid of woman, in the wrong. A good husband can make a good wife of almost any woman, while a bad husband will inevitably lower the condition if he does not drag down even an angel of a woman.

A LIBERAL PREMIUM.—We have made an arrangement with manufacturers, by which we are enabled to offer a first-class Paris *premium* SEWING MACHINE for TWENTY-FIVE new subscribers to the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, at \$3 each. We should like to see one of these domestic blessings in every family through-

out the country, and we are ready to supply all applicants under the above conditions. Only think of it, \$75 will secure twenty-five copies of the JOURNAL for a year, and a new and serviceable sewing machine.

"NEW PHYSIOGNOMY" IN FRENCH. We have received an application from a French gentleman, of Havre, for permission to translate and publish "New Physiognomy" in the French language.

TEMPERANCE IN CONGRESS.—"Ten-Minute Speeches," by distinguished Senators and Representatives; price, 25 cents. New York: S. R. WELLS, Publisher.

The newspapers speak well of these model orations.

The New York *Atlas* says: It is much superior to the average of temperance literature.

The *Wisconsin Farmer* says: These brief speeches are very pithy and effective, and no man can read them without getting the impression that we have some noble men in Congress who are not afraid to cast their influence in favor of total abstinence. May their numbers be greatly multiplied.

The *Georgia Citizen* says: These addresses are good, and we hail with pleasure any effort to stay the progress of intemperance in the capital of the country.

LETTERS "PERSONAL."—When matters of a *private* nature, intended for the editor only, are addressed to this office, the word "*personal*" should be placed across the end—left hand—of the envelope, when it will be sure to fall into no other hands.

SHERBURNE'S PATENT SAFETY FASTENING for Boomer, Scarf, Shawl, and other pine, is a new device, of which we have received a specimen from Messrs. Cobb & Manson, the manufacturers. It is very simple in construction, and well adapted to prevent the loss of a valuable ornament which is secured to one's clothing by a pin. This new fastening can be readily applied to any such ornament at a cost of from \$1 to \$2, according to its quality. Address Cobb & Manson, 22 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

General Items.

We intended to state at this time the present whereabouts of the several phrenological lecturers, so that, by correspondence, their services could be engaged where most wanted. But we are unable to do so. The demand for competent lecturers is increasing, and calls come to us from all over the land. Young men, prepare! The harvest is ripe; the field is large; the laborers are few.

MARRIAGE—TEMPERAMENT.—See "New Physiognomy" for a full statement of this question, as to what colored hair, eyes, etc., blend best in a matrimonial alliance. As a rule, "like likes like," but where there is excess it should be corrected, rather than augmented, by proper selection.

A NEW BOOK-HOLDER AND WRITING-DESK.—Mr. John Connacher, 308 Broadway, N. Y., has invented a very useful contrivance, which may be used for various purposes, as set forth in his advertisement. The thing seems to work well. Send to him for a circular with particulars.

SOUTHERN GENERALS.—Our artist friend, Mr. A. C. PARTRIDGE, of Wheeling, West Virginia, presents us with capital photographs of the following men, for which he has our warmest thanks: Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, Gen. Beauregard, Gen. Bradley T. Johnston, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, Gen. E. Kirby Smith, Admiral Buchanan, C. S. N., Major Chapman, and Col. Mosby; also Gen. Foster, U. S. A., and Maximilian and Carlotta. We may engrave, analyze, and publish some of these subjects in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL ere long. It is from a feeling of delicacy that we defer a description of Mr. Jefferson Davis while yet an untried prisoner—released on bail. After the trial, whatever may be the verdict, we shall be ready to comply with the wishes of "many readers." Let the trial proceed, or the bail bonds be canceled.

EDUCATION OF THE HEART. By HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX.—Our readers will thank us for the rich intellectual treat we give them, in the excellent address by this distinguished scholar and statesman. It breathes the spirit of encouragement, hopefulness, and cheer. Read it, take courage, and secure the blessing.

SKULLS FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—Mr. JOHN BUTLER, formerly from Albany, N. Y., just returned from a twelve years' residence among the Sandwich Islanders, brings us two fine specimens obtained near the sea-beach at Kahaloa, island of Mowhee. They are evidently male and female, and now ornament the shelves of our phrenological cabinet. Thanks, thanks, to Mr. John Butler.

MR. W. T. STONE, phrenologist, formerly of Terre Haute, Ind., is now located in Saint Joseph, Missouri. We hope his professional services will be in constant demand.

YALE COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS.—WHO WILL HAVE THEM?—There are still over forty-five scholarships in the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale College open, through the avails of the United States donation, for the education of farmers or mechanics, and any young man in the State, who has a reputable knowledge of the elementary English studies, is entitled to apply for the privileges of these scholarships.

ANDOVER SHORTER COURSE.—Miss Sophia Smith, of Hatfield, niece and heiress of Oliver Smith, Esq., the founder of the Smith Charities, has given to Andover Theological Seminary thirty thousand dollars to found a professorship of theology, homiletics, etc., in an abridged course. The donation becomes available on the 1st of August, and the professor is expected to be chosen so as to enter upon his duties with the opening of this autumn term.

A WATERLOO VETERAN.—A man named Stokey is now living at Milborne Port, near Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, England, who fought at the battle of Waterloo. He is seventy-seven years of age, and has had three wives, and ten children by each. All the children are alive. Stokey's birthday is the 18th of June, Waterloo day.

A CATALOGUE of the Pennington Seminary and Female Collegiate Institute of the New Jersey Annual Conference for the year 1867, of which Rev. THOMAS HANLON is principal, has been received. We note a healthy condition of

things in this well-conducted institution. All the modern appliances are used, including

"A large, airy, and well-furnished gymnasium, which has been erected expressly for the benefit of the students. Such an institution, for the promotion of health and physical development, has long been a want of the Seminary, and it is with great satisfaction we announce so valuable an acquisition. Any student may have the advantage of the gymnasium for the small charge of fifty cents per term." [Instead of "may have," we should say *shall* have, and that, too, *FREE* gratis, without the fifty cents.]

Although this is called a Female Institute, the circular says "The buildings are commodious, airy, and well arranged for the comfort of the students, and for all the purposes of a first-class Male and Female Seminary."

Our views of educating the sexes together are met by the following:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—No one acquainted with the habits and manners of schools of one sex exclusively, can fail to notice the marked advantages of *well-regulated* union schools. The following advantages are suggested by long observation: neatness, quietness, absence of rudeness, strengthened sense of honor and manliness, self-command and scholarship in the young men, and self-reliance, scholarship, wider views of life, and a more just view of woman's sphere in young ladies."

Parties interested may get full particulars by addressing the principal, at Pennington, New Jersey.

IMPOSTORS.—The "no cure no pay," self-styled doctors. Nine in ten are wicked swindlers. Many so-called doctors are simply "quacks," their diplomas, if they have any, having been "bought" or obtained by fraud. We can count a number now sailing under the title of M.D., or Dr., who have no right to either title, while there are any number of *Professors* in the same category. If we were made "police," we would hunt down, arrest and punish the rascals. Jugglery, fortune-telling, astrology, gambling, prize-fighting are flourishing among the unregenerated sons of Adam. If our authorities were not themselves wicked and corrupt, we might hope to put down and keep down the satanic spirit now rampant all over the world. Look out for impostors!

HELPING THE SOUTH BY GAMBLING SCHEMES.—When will respectable men and women cease to lend their names to the gamblers, who use them to filch money from honest men's pockets to stuff their own? Gift enterprises, etc., with tickets offering diamonds, watches, houses, farms, etc., are "as thick as toads after a shower," and not one in fifty is conducted by honest men. You who have *anything to give*, see that it goes where it may do good. Your clergyman will direct you. Keep out of all lottery schemes, all gift concerts, musical entertainments, opera house tricks, and the like. Give your cash where it will do good, rather than to feather the nests of swindlers.

MR. WELLS, of PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL fame, is said to have increased the circulation of that journal thirty thousand copies by judicious advertising.—*New York Evening Gazette*.

After our thanks for the compliment, we may inquire whether the aforesaid increase was not due rather to the enlargement and improvement of the JOURNAL than to the "judicious advertising?" or was it from both these influences combined?

We are disposed to give due credit to the influences of advertising; but the matter advertised must possess real merit to "make it pay."

CHURCH UNION.—We have been informed that the Rev. A. Clark, pastor of the Fifth Street Methodist Church, Pittsburg, while visiting Mount Vernon, Ohio, received and accepted an invitation to preach in St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church of that city. Such incidents evince the spirit of Christian recognition and union. The rector of St. Paul's is the Rev. Mr. Peate, formerly of East Liberty. In this connection we may add that Mr. Clark is a lecturer in no little favor with popular audiences. He has a new lecture which library associations, committees, etc., throughout the country would find it to their interest to engage him to deliver.

LIFE INSURANCE.—We advertise *The American Popular Life Insurance Company*. As to its merits, here is what the *Herald of Health* says of it:

If you have a good constitution which you have never injured by dissipation; if you are at present strong and healthy; have good habits and follow a healthful occupation; if you are descended from a healthy, long-lived ancestry, then this company is by all means the best and cheapest one to insure in. If you have made an apothecary shop or a beer barrel of your stomach, and a tobacco box of your mouth; if you have bad habits, an unhealthy occupation, or a sickly, short-lived ancestry, then this is not the company for you, for to such persons it is the dearest one there is. My confidence in its reliability is evinced by the fact that I have insured my own life in it.

There are very few who come up to these requirements, but these few are expected to live—accidents excepted—into a ripe old age. We know several of the managers of the company—Quakers—who are honorable, intelligent, and sagacious men.

THE LIVE GORILLA at Barnum's Museum is simply a baboon, nothing more. We are surprised that so respectable a paper as the *New York Evening Post* should lend its columns to so palpable an imposture, as to publish what it did about the arrival of a live gorilla, when it is nothing more nor less than a common baboon. Was there ever exhibited a more utter want of truth? Ought such things to pass without rebuke or punishment? Is it not a downright swindle? What is the motive, except to get money? and getting it dishonestly? Our duty clearly is to expose such imposture.

Every Month is a small quarto journal, published by S. T. Taylor, 849 Canal Street, New York, at thirty cents a year. It is printed in the interest of the Church of the Strangers, Rev. Charles F. Deems, of North Carolina, pastor, whose sermons, or portions of them, will appear in *Every Month*. The congregation occupy the chapel of the New York University, formerly occupied by the late Dr. Hawks. The Church of the Strangers cordially invite those of all denominations to join them in their worship, Sunday-school, and missionary work. We wish *Every Month* and the New Church the best success.

Will you please change the address of my JOURNAL? Certainly, if you inform us where from and where to. Always name post-office, county, and State.

JOHN BRIGHT.—What Howard was to prison reform, and what Luther was to religious reform, John Bright is to political reform to-day. Our countrymen ought to know more of this English statesman. We have already given his portrait, with a biographical sketch, in this JOURNAL. Those who would know more, should

hear the lecture of Mr. Moses C. Tyler, now of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who spent some time in England, teaching and learning. Mr. Tyler proposes to visit the chief towns of the States the coming winter, and will tell the people who hear him all about the English Quaker statesman and reformer.

IMPOSTORS.—There is a vagabond in Troy, N. Y., who has "done" country editors out of a nice lot of advertising. Dr. Andrews, of the *Weekly Citizen*, Americus, Ga., shows up the swindler in lively style. The fellow advertises "Madame Perigo's Astrology, Madame Thornton's 'Knowledge of thy Destiny,' 'Crisper Coma,' 'Circassian Balm,' Prof. Debenx's Friser le Cheveux, Dr. Sevegne's Restaurateur, Chastellar's Hair Exterminator, or Liquid Enamel, Dr. Joinville's Elixir," etc.

Dr. Andrews says: "We went to Troy on purpose to make the acquaintance of this individual, and to collect our quarter's toll for advertising, and there, after some strategy, we had an interview with him—but not a red cent could we collect. He acknowledged the justness of our bill—but would not pay, or give an acceptance at thirty, sixty, or ninety days—but coolly told us, in his own office, that he preferred to let the thing stand just as it was! He would do nothing with it."

"Some fifty creditors per day were 'rapping' at his door—but few finding him—only a note on his door, stating that he would be in in an hour, but he took good care to be absent nearly all the time. Buffalo, Syracuse, Hudson, Troy, and other places were named as the post-offices where orders were to be sent, but all came into the hands of this consummate rascal. [This is the way he gets names and addresses, which he sells to lottery vendors and gift watch concerns, who send out their circulars.] A more wholesale system of swindling can scarcely be conceived, while the advertising agent is not known at all to the people who are duped. He is behind the curtain, and is only known to the press by his sham certificates of being an honest advertising agent! A greater rascal is not living, we verily believe."

Dr. Andrews pronounces the fellow *Imman*, of the Bible House, *Hayward & Co.*, and *Hickling*, arrant impostors. He might have extended the list to dozens of others in New York. He says: "It is a wonder to us that they have not long since fallen into the hands of the police and made to serve their country in the State prison. Shutte, the advertising agent, is a young man, fashionably dressed, and plausible as Satan. He is destined to a great elevation, at the end of a rope, one of these days, and may we be there to see his exit, while dancing in mid air!"

Editors generally are not sufficiently careful or discriminating in their advertisements, and through them the public are often swindled out of their money.

IT SHALL NOT "RUN OUT."

—We are already receiving renewals from present subscribers, who are taking time by the forelock, and sending in their names more than a month in advance of date when their subscriptions expire. They intend to keep up the connection, nor allow a break in the chain of monthly numbers. This is "all right," and enables us to judge how many to print for the New Year. Of course some will fall off. Our teachings are too far in advance of the mass of mankind to be regarded with favor. Some, who enjoy such luxuries as we disapprove—whisky and tobacco—don't like to pay for a whip for their own backs. Then there are rogues, who don't believe in having their crafts exposed. They will not renew. But we have the assurance of not a few that they will get up clubs of a dozen or more where but one is now taken; so that while we shall lose now and then one, we shall gain many

more. The good work will go steadily on, and a rich blessing shall repay every good effort in behalf of God and humanity.

CHARACTER BY LIKENESSES.

—It may not be known to all our readers that we make written descriptions of character from likenesses of persons who reside too far from us to permit them to visit our office. There are also many instances in which we are consulted by persons who send us the likenesses of their friends unknown to them. Sometimes another sends the likeness of her daughter's lover, and asks some very plain questions—sometimes parents send the likenesses of their sons, asking which will succeed to educational and professional life, or for what trade or business they are best fitted; sometimes an orphan boy or girl, with none to counsel or guide him or her, asks, "What can I do best?" to prepare for my real wants, to do good to others, and "rise in the world?" Many hundreds consult us in this manner every year. As an evidence that we can serve our patrons and give satisfaction, we produce, from among the many recently received of a like character, the following letters:

IOWA, May 27th, 1867.

MESSES. EDITORS: I have received your description of my character. It gives entire satisfaction. On first reading it I was inclined to think you had made several errors; but after some reflection and self-examination I became conscious of the entire correctness of your description. My friends all say every word is true. One of my cousins, older than myself, who has known me from a child, and for the last few years has lived under the same roof, and who, by the way, is an excellent judge of character, after reading the description, remarked that he knew me as he did, could not have described me as truly and thoroughly as you have done.

Yours truly, L. G.

NEW JERSEY, Sept. 11, 1866.

MESSES. EDITORS: Your exposition of my character is received, and it is but simple justice, due to merit, that I should acknowledge the truth and entire correctness of your description of my traits of character. You have astonished my unbelief—not that I had no faith in the science—but to describe the character without a direct personal approach, or without even seeing the original, was more than I could believe was in the power of man, uninspired, to accomplish. Accept the thanks and best wishes of yours truly,

A. N. B.

Those who desire to learn in what manner likenesses should be taken for this purpose, and what measurements of head, etc., we require, in order to do justice to themselves and to the science, may send us a prepaid envelope, properly addressed to themselves, asking for the "MIRROR OF THE MIND," and through this they will learn the particulars. Address this office.

THE HYGEIAN HOME, in the Pennsylvania Highlands, has recently been considerably enlarged and the grounds improved, attesting the prosperity of the institution. The proprietor, Dr. SMITH, is planting trees, shrubs, and vines with a view to health, beauty, and use. When the improvements begun shall be finished; when the roads, out-houses, etc., shall all be put in proper order, there will be nothing wanting to render the Hygeian Home one of the most delightful resorts for health and recreation. Even now the air is always salubrious, the water surpassingly soft and cold, while the mountain views and splendid scenery are nearly equal to those of the Catskill Mountains. One feels himself almost in the thermal world when away up in the Berks County mountains of Pennsylvania.

Business.

[Under this head we publish, for a consideration, such matters as rightfully belong to this department. We disclaim responsibility for what may herein appear. Matter will be LEADED and charged according to the space occupied, at the rate of 50 cents a line.]

THE HYGEIAN HOME.—At this establishment all the Water-Cure appliances are given, with the Swedish Movements and Electricity. Send for our circular. Address A. SMITH, M.D., Wernersville, Berks County, Pa.

THE MOVEMENT-CURE.—Chronic Invalids may learn the particulars of this mode of treatment by sending for Dr. Geo. H. Taylor's illustrated sketch of the Movement-Cure, 25 cents. Address 67 West 38th Street, N. Y. city. Aug., 67.

MRS. E. DE LA VERGNE, M.D., 325 ADELPHI STREET, BROOKLYN.

HYGIENIC CURE, BUFFALO, N. Y.—Compressed Air Baths, Turkish Baths, Electric Baths, and all the appliances of a first-class Cure. Please send for a Circular. Address H. P. BURDICK, M.D., or Mrs. BRYANT BURDICK, M.D., Burdick House, Buffalo, N. Y.

NEW NATIONAL RELIGIOUS PAPER.—A national religious newspaper, to be called "THE ADVANCE," will be published weekly, from the first of September onward, in the city of Chicago. It will represent Congregational principles and polity, but will be conducted in a spirit of courtesy and fraternity toward all Christians. The form will be what is popularly termed a double sheet of eight pages, of the size and style of the *New York Evangelist*. The pecuniary basis is an ample capital furnished by leading business men and others, to be expended in the establishment and improvement of the paper, which is intended to be second to none in the country, in its literary and religious character. The purpose of its projectors is indicated in the name; their aim being to ADVANCE the cause of evangelical religion, in its relations not only to doctrine, worship, and ecclesiastical polity, but also to philosophy, science, literature, politics, business, amusements, art, morals, philanthropy, and whatever else conduces to the glory of God and the good of man by its bearing upon Christian civilization. No expense has been spared in providing for its editorial management in all departments, while arrangements are in progress to secure the ablest contributors and correspondents at home and abroad. The city of Chicago has been selected as the place of publication, because of its metropolitan position in the section of the country especially demanding such a paper, and the fact that it is nearly the center of national population, and in a very few years will be the ecclesiastical center of the Congregational Churches. Issued at the interior commercial metropolis, "THE ADVANCE" will contain the latest market reports, and able discussions of financial subjects, such as will make it a necessity to business men in all parts of the country. The editor-in-chief will be Rev. Wm. W. Patton, D.D., who resigns the pastorate of the leading church of the denomination at the West for this purpose, and who has had many years' experience in editorial labor. The subscription price will be \$2 50 in advance. Advertising rates made known on application. Address THE ADVANCE COMPANY, P. O. Drawer 6,374, Chicago, Ill.

TWO MONTHS FOR NOTHING.

THE METHODIST,

A First-Class Religious Newspaper. IXth Volume Commences January 1st, 1868.

Now is the time to subscribe, as by doing so you will get the paper for the remainder of this year for nothing.

THE METHODIST is an eight-page Weekly Newspaper, now in its eighth year of highly successful publication. It is Religious and Literary: Independent, Fraternal, Loyal, and Progressive.

As a Family Paper it is unsurpassed. It commands some of the best Literary ability of the METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, and of other Christian Denominations, and is largely patronized by all classes of Christians as a Family paper.

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CHOICE NEW CROP TEAS.

THE SHIP "GOLDEN STATE" has arrived from Japan with 22,000 half chests of the finest Japan Teas to the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York.

These Teas by the ship "Golden State" were purchased direct from the Japanese factor, and in consequence of the magnitude of the transaction, were transferred at about half the usual commissions. This is the largest cargo ever imported from Japan by about seven thousand packages. By this operation the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY put these Teas into the hands of the consumers with but one very small profit—an achievement in commercial enterprise seldom if ever before attained. These Teas are acknowledged, both here and in Japan, as being the finest full cargo ever exported from that country.

Also the ship "George Shotton" has arrived from Foochow with 12,000 half chests of the finest Foochow Oolong Teas.

The cargo of the ship "George Shotton" is the second in size that has ever come to this port from Foochow (which is the finest Black Tea district in China). These are the *finest first-picking contract Teas*—rich, fresh, and full-flavored. This will enable us to supply our trade with uniform fine-flavored Teas for a long time to come. These Teas were contracted for before the picking. Contract Teas are always far superior to any others. A large proportion of contract Teas of first pickings go to the European markets. That is one of the principal reasons why the English people consume three pounds of Tea, on an average, to one in an equal number of population in the United States. Heretofore, the United States have been compelled, to a considerable extent, to put up with lower grades of Teas and later pickings. This unfortunate result for the consumers of this country has been brought about heretofore in consequence of the many and great profits of the "middlemen" in the Tea trade. But this has been in a great measure remedied by the establishment of the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, and their system of furnishing Teas to the consumer direct from the Chinese and Japanese factors, thus saving them many intermediate profits.

The receiving of these two large cargoes by the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY for their own trade is acknowledged by the mercantile community as the largest transactions ever made in this country. They were deemed of so much importance, that the fact was telegraphed to all the principal commercial papers in the country by their correspondents here, and thus appeared as an important news item throughout the United States at the same time.

The importance of these transactions in this market is thus noticed by the oldest and most respectable commercial paper in this city—the *New York Shipping and Commercial List*—which says: "The trade have again been startled by the arrival of two large cargoes of Teas to the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY; the ship 'Golden State,' from Japan, with 22,000 half chests; and the ship 'George Shotton,' from Foochow, with 12,000 packages." And in another place it says: "The recent large operations of the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY have taken the Trade by surprise, and are rather a novelty in this market. The taking up of two cargoes within a week, comprising 12,331 packages Black, and 23,849 packages Japan, for immediate consumption, at a cost of about a million and a half of dollars, indicates the extensive nature of the Company's business, and deserves a passing notice at our hands."

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivaled for fineness and delicacy of flavor.

This is the season of the year when we receive new Teas, and, consequently, our customers will not fail to notice a marked improvement in freshness from this time forward.

By our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small

additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

COUNTRY CLUBS, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send post-office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for clubs of less than \$30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the custom-house stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory, they can be returned at our expense within thirty days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the List of Prices will show.

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 YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80 c., 90 c., \$1, \$1 10, best \$1 25 per pound.
 UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90 c., \$1, \$1 10, best \$1 25 per pound.
 GUNPOWDER (Green), \$1 25, best \$1 50 per pound.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20 c., 25 c., 30 c., 35 c., best 40 c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30 c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

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Christian Advocate, Cincinnati, Ohio, J. M. Reid, D.D., Editor.

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Evangelist, New York City, Dr. H. M. Field and J. G. Craighead, Editors.

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Tribune, New York City, Horace Greeley, Editor.

We call attention to the above list as a positive guarantee of our manner of doing business; as well as the hundreds of thousands of persons in our published Club Lists.

CLUB ORDERS.

Edwarda, St. Lawrence Co, N. Y.,
 June 2, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York.

Dear Sirs: I herewith send you another order for Tea. The last was duly received, and gives general satisfaction. As long as you send us such good Tea, you may expect a continuation of our patronage. As a further evidence that the subscribers were satisfied, you will observe that I send you the names of all those that sent before who were nearly out of Tea, with a large addition of new subscribers. Accept my thanks for the complimentary package. Ship this at the other and oblige

Your obt' servant,

DAVID C. McKEE.

4 lb. Japan.....	J. Havens.....	at \$1 25..	\$5 00
5 ".....	".....	at 1 00..	5 00
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2 Young Hyson.....	".....	at 1 00..	2 00
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1 Young Hyson.....	".....	at 1 00..	1 00
3 ".....	R. McCargen.....	at 1 25..	3 75
2 Green.....	".....	at 1 25..	2 50
4 ".....	Wm. Barraford.....	at 1 25..	5 00
1 Gunpowder.....	A. H. Perkins.....	at 1 50..	1 50
2 Japan.....	".....	at 1 25..	2 50
2 Coffee.....	".....	at 40..	80
5 Coffee.....	D. C. McKee.....	at 40..	2 00
3 Japan.....	M. Griffin.....	at 1 25..	3 75
2 Japan.....	".....	at 1 00..	2 00
3 Green.....	H. Wooliver.....	at 1 00..	3 00
2 Imperial.....	W. Cleland.....	at 1 25..	2 50
2 Japan.....	J. Cleland.....	at 1 25..	2 50
1 Imperial.....	".....	at 1 25..	1 25
1 Green.....	".....	at 1 25..	1 25

\$51 05

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name, either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

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GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York.

June 6—1t.

Post-Office Box, 5,643.



THE SOLDIER AND THE TIGER.

ACTION, THE SOURCE OF POWER.

In the degree that we employ ourselves we acquire Power. As nature, ever shifting and transforming, is most beautiful and delicious when it is not strictly either spring or summer or autumn, morning, noon, evening or night; so all the potency we ever possess is referable to our moments of action, or when we are experiencing or effecting Changes; the period of transition is that in which power is developed; to acquire and to wield it we must be forever seeking to quit the state we are in and to rise into a higher one. Power, accordingly, which is only life under another name, is resolvable, essentially, into constant progression! It never consists in the having been, but always in the becoming; we flourish in proportion to our desire to emerge out of To-day. It is often asked concerning a stranger, Where does he come from? The better question would be, Where is he going to? Never mind the antecedents, if he be now in some shining pathway. Other people are continually heard wishing to be "settled." It may be useful to be settled as to our physical resources; but to be settled in any other way is the heaviest misfortune that can befall a man, for when settled he ceases to improve, and is like a ship stranded high upon the

sand. Who is the man from whose society and conversation we derive soundest pleasure and instruction? Not he who, as it is facetiously said, "has completed his education," but he who, like a bee, is daily wandering over the fields of thought. The privilege of living and associating with a person who knows how to think, and is not afraid to think, is inestimable; and nowhere is it felt more profoundly than in the intimate companionship of wedded life.

To exchange those thoughts and sympathies which make the life of one the property and inspiration of the other, and to be so vitally united as to render marriage the natural expression of a common nature and destiny, is surely a great and divine end, worthy the ambition of God's most perfect men and women.

A CASUS ANATOMIUS.

A WEALTHY merchant died; his body was dissected:

No symptom of disease was anywhere detected,

Until they reached the heart—which to find they were unable,

But in the place they found—a compound interest table.

THE SOLDIER AND THE TIGER.

OUR engraving is in illustration of a story told of an English soldier belonging to a regiment doing duty in the interior of India. He was one day sitting in a grove not far from the military post, when suddenly a large tiger appeared before him. Of course the soldier was greatly surprised if not terrified by this unlooked-for and very undesirable visitor. He remained as quiet as he could for a short time, during which the ferocious beast seemed deliberating whether it were worth while to make a dinner of him or not. But soon the tiger crouched as if to spring upon him, when the man took off his tall and furry grenadier's hat, and putting it before his face roared in it as loudly as he could. Then the tiger was surprised, and no doubt thinking he had encountered an antagonist of no mean prowess, concluded to defer active hostilities until another occasion, and so turning about he left the grove with hasty leaps. The soldier by his thoughtful experiment saved his life.

TAKE CARE!—How many of us, in our mad pursuit of wealth, or fame, or pleasure, are willing to give a passing glance at the laws upon which our very existence depends? The subject that should first interest mortal man is man himself. He should look into the organization of his body, and study the laws by which that organization is governed. Yet, in this nineteenth century—this age of science—how few there are who have been educated or have educated themselves for the important work of taking care of their bodies! And in consequence of this neglect, how many there are who, day after day, throughout a lifetime, continue to violate the plainest and most imperative laws of nature—till, finally, they bring disease and premature death upon themselves, a penalty for violated law.—*Chippewa Union.*

[If all men and women would learn the laws of health, and obey them, physicians would have very little to do, and the quack would find other modes of swindling the public. It is in *ignorance* that much sin is committed, laws violated, and constitutions ruined. When will parents qualify themselves to teach their children how to regulate, restrain, and direct their appetites, propensities, passions, and whole natures? Oh, the blighting curse of ignorance and violated law!]

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GEORGE PEABODY.



THEODORE D. WOOLSEY, D.D., LL.D.

The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—Young.

GEORGE PEABODY AND THEODORE D. WOOLSEY; OR, THE AFFLUENT BANKER AND THE ACCOMPLISHED SCHOLAR.

Most of the active-minded young men of our country are looking to one of two paths, both of which lead to distinction. At the end of one of these avenues lies material success—at the other intellectual eminence. If they require models in either of these lines, they can not find any more admirable or more worthy of imitation than is afforded them in the character and career of the two men whose widely contrasting faces look upon us at the head of this article.

Let us study them for a little while in the light of phrenological science. The heads are very much in contrast. The

brow of the great banker is broad rather than high; the side head is large and well developed, giving full Acquisitiveness and all the balancing or regulating faculties in large measure. The look of the head is as though the whole brain moved together, and his mental activity was principally expended in giving sound, important judgments on practical affairs. The knowledge of such a man is very little superior to the knowledge of most other business men; and the reason why his judgment on questions of finance is sound, is not so much because of an enlarged experience, as because of the admirable equipoise of all his faculties. The motive power is sufficient to make him active and enterprising, yet not such as to drive him into rash and ill-advised ventures. The leading characteristic of such a man as George Peabody is strong, unerring common sense. He does nothing

wild, extravagant, or erratic, nothing that is calculated to dazzle or astonish. His mind moves in the same lines that most business men advance upon. The difference between him and Wall-Street men on an average is not in kind but in degree. It is men with his class or balance of faculties that make Wall Street what it is—the financial heart of the Republic; but one would look in vain behind the counters of Wall Street for a brain so broad, harmonious, uniform in its action, and reliable in its conclusions as this. He has no theories to ventilate, no pet ideas to carry out, no castles in the air to build, no chateau in Spain.

He takes the world as he finds it, is not chagrined, mortified, or disgusted with the race because he discovers one man to be a knave or another an enthusiast. The judgment or decision to be made on Monday noon he makes on

Monday noon; and if the market is entirely changed on Tuesday, he acts according to the facts as they can be known on Tuesday.

Such a brain acting on questions of finance for a series of years, would be likely to give a greater number of sound judgments than most other business heads; and other things being equal or nearly so, the best and most successful financier is he who gives the greatest number of sound judgments on the business questions arising in his office. He must know not only what to do, but *what not to do*—when to sell as well as when to buy—when to invest in American securities, and when to decline. As the fortune of such a man accumulates, there is greater and greater need of caution, for, if he does not lose, the funds will increase in his hands. Hence there is an expression on Mr. Peabody's face that would repel and discourage any rash or hasty operator, every dealer in wild-cat stocks. He would be slow to examine the claims of the most hopeful silver mine in the Rocky Mountains, for, in the nature of such things, there can be no sure and positive basis on which to found an opinion.

Mr. Peabody is an excellent judge of men. He does not speculate on human nature, but he makes up his mind at once, and with great precision, whether or not a man will answer for the position for which he designs him. Next to his sagacity and caution, the most prominent organs of his head are Human Nature and Benevolence. Phrenology, as well as his noble acts known and read of all men, credit him with a noble organ of Benevolence.

You have to look at the part of his head where this organ is situated in order to see how a man could be so cautious, acquisitive, and secretive for sixty years, and then part with more than half the winnings of a lifetime in a few years of regal benevolence. And looking at his Benevolence, one wonders how he kept himself from being a Howard or a Wilberforce. The same sagacity, caution, and good sense which make his financial judgment so valuable, render him equally wise and sensible in the distribution of his largesses.

He has always dealt in great staples and great figures. Hence in his donations his aim is to reduce the general sum-total of want, ig-

norance, and discouragement; to give young men of this day better opportunities than the youth of his day enjoyed; to supply books, lectures, buildings, and apparatus to the devotees of science; to give the poor English laborer a home where he can be sure of pure water and good air; to give the "poor white trash" of an unhappy and misguided South a primer, a grammar, and an arithmetic.

One secret of Mr. Peabody's great success in life has been the few demands his body has ever made upon him.

He inherits from poor, industrious parents a constitution singularly normal and sound. For the greater part of the time his body and its wants do not occur to him at all, but leaves him wholly free and unembarrassed to give the whole vigor of his mind to the matter in hand. Another secret is the happy blending or mutual action of the three largest organs on his head, Acquisitiveness, Human Nature, and Benevolence. *He is master of the art of winning the friendship of the men with whom he deals.*

There is only a few years' difference between the ages of Mr. Peabody and President Woolsey, and the career of the one in scholarship has been as brilliant and successful as that of the other in financial life. The head of the great scholar is high and narrow as compared with that of the banker. The intellectual faculties proper, those which are principally active in the acquisition of knowledge, are in beautiful development. What ivory whiteness and polish of brow! How active and how vigorous is the look of the front brain! How admirably balanced are the perceptive and reflective faculties! Such a man is not a mere bibliophile; he explores the annals of the past and unrolls the histories of dead republics, not to gratify an idle curiosity, but to arrive at great and perpetual social and political laws.

Though President Woolsey reads six or seven languages, and can repeat nearly all the New Testament in the original tongue, he makes no vain show of his learning. It is simply the means to an end; and that end is the knowledge of what the wisest men in all ages and countries have said on the great social and civil questions that are as important now as they were in the day of Socrates, and about as well understood then as now.

A prominent trait of President Woolsey is his modesty and the abhorrence he shows for all display, vanity, or adulation. His great acquisitions were made, not for fame, not for glory, not even in the hope of the mention of his fellow-men, but simply out of the inherent activity of the knowing faculties. It is as natural and as easy for him to acquire knowledge as for George Peabody to acquire property.

Each in his way is a millionaire. One has hardly ever touched an enterprise that did not yield him large pecuniary returns. The other takes up a book in Greek, in Latin, in German, or even in Hebrew, Arabic, or Sanscrit, and if it has wisdom, intelligence, sagacity, or worth of any sort, he will be sure to glean it out, no matter how much chaff may surround the

grains of wheat, and the fact, the principle, or the aphorism will be stored away in the crowded cells of a memory which is never at fault.

Few Americans of this generation have led a life so earnest, strenuous, and self-sacrificing as that of President Woolsey.

Horace Mann was not more truly in earnest. The hereditary fortune of Mr. Woolsey was such as to place him above the necessity of labor. Yet he has been as constantly active and laborious as though his bread and the shelter of his family depended on his unremitting toil. How fine the pattern he thus gives for our young men of fortune! Born in the class whose talk is mostly of horses, guns, dogs, yachts, watering-places, and theaters, his whole life, boyhood, manhood, and riper years, have been given to nothing but truth, wisdom, humanity, and religion. A natural patrician by hereditary wealth, and a grandson of President Dwight, the deepest theologian and the most brilliant man except Alexander Hamilton that lived in the Revolutionary times, he has not given himself a day of indulgence on these accounts, but devoted himself wholly to the deepest studies and one of the noblest lines of activity. In this way he has won for himself a position among that small number, the inevitable leaders of the race, the finest thinkers and the ripest scholars of his time. When elected President of Yale College in 1847, he refused to draw a salary for his services, simply remarking that his estate was such that he did not require an income from that source. Thus for twenty years he has given his time, his erudition, and his character to the cause of sound learning and liberal culture; seeking no human rewards, nor any praise but the approbation of Him who said to the servant to whom He had given five talents: "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The lives of these men have been in wide contrast. One has lived among ledgers, invoices, and reports of the exchange market; the other has been an earnest, sad-faced scholar, living in the past, a companion of the laureled dead, only too happy if he might behold "the bright face of Truth beaming upon him from the sacred air of still studies."

How different are the gifts which they bring to lay upon the altar of humanity! One contributes massy bags of gold, the fruits of well-earned financial success; the other gives the ripe conclusions of a lifetime devoted to the search for Truth. One erects the building,

* GEORGE PEABODY, whose name has become so well known in America and England through his extended munificence, was born at Danvers, Mass., February 18, 1795. His parents were poor, and his only education was obtained at the district school of his native place. At the age of eleven he was placed at work with a grocer of Danvers; at fifteen he became clerk in the dry goods store of his brother in Newburyport, and two years afterward had the entire management of the business of his uncle in the same place.

In 1817 he became a partner with Mr. Elisha Riggs, of Baltimore, engaged in the dry goods trade, visiting England several times with important commissions. In 1827 he removed to London, and seven years afterward became a banker there, where he accumulated his immense fortune. His extended charities, which have since rendered him so popular, amount to many millions of dollars. His fortune is estimated at \$30,000,000; he is one of the richest private individuals—save Baron Rothschild—known to us.—*Our Annual of Phrenology and Physiognomy for 1863.*

* THEODORE DWIGHT WOOLSEY, D.D., LL.D., was born in New York, October 31, 1801. He graduated from Yale College in 1820, studied theology at Princeton, and subsequently from 1823 to 1825 was a tutor in Yale College. In 1825 he was licensed to preach. In 1831 he was appointed professor of Greek in his alma mater, and in 1846 he was chosen president of that institution, succeeding Dr. Day, who then retired. He has prepared several text-books for instruction in Greek, and also has printed various occasional sermons and addresses, besides frequently contributing to the quarterly periodicals, especially the "New Englander."

purchases the books, and prepares the apparatus of a great school; the other becomes the informing spirit, the presiding intelligence of that school. One generously parts with a large share of his princely fortune; the other gives to education *himself* as a whole burnt-offering—himself with all his abilities and attainments—all the wealth of his love and the weight of his character.

It is not for us, nor any human critic, to arbitrate between two such splendid characters. Each in his way is most noble. And the essence of the abounding worth and dignity in each of these men is not in the fact that each is in his line a millionaire, but in the fact that both alike are insensible to pleasure, indifferent to all merely physical enjoyments, emancipated from the thralldom of earthly tastes and passions, and devote themselves wholly to the public weal. L.

WASTE.

BY E. OLDCHILD.

SCIENCE has searched out the economies of nature, and affirms that nothing is lost. She finds no wasted energies, but a conservation of power; and looking toward ultimate results, it may appear that by a correlation of unseen forces, all well-meant human endeavor, all holy aspiration, shall, finally, in some far-off and unknown future, avail something for good. But if we estimate life according to its immediate and visible uses, much seems wasted in misapplied activity, and the souls that have inherited richly, often squander most.

If some optimist should say that failures are not so many efforts thrown away but are needed warnings, it may be answered, that it is easy to get entangled in paradoxes. We all must deal in partial truths, and therefore be subject to self-contradiction. Although observation testifies that examples, unless accompanied by outward pain or punishment, are more often followed than used as warnings, yet it can not be denied that the failures of which we are *conscious*, since they involve suffering of some sort, might serve to warn others if we lived more open lives, allowing our fellows to read that which might add to their wisdom as well as to their knowledge.

As things are, it seems plain that our failures are, in most cases, a waste. They retard the slow advance of humanity, and cause suffering to the individual, and therefore deserve the gentle condemnation of help; but if we have thought it in the main an easy matter to give this help; if we have believed it always sufficient to love largely, independently of return, and thus loving, to go forth seeking to bring out the hidden good in others, we have soon grown sadder and wiser. If we have sometimes drawn sweet sounds from chords that were silent before, we have as often awakened discords. Doubtless we have found the law of help an inexorable law of conditions and limitations. Of that outward help which consists in almsgiving

and the like, I do not speak here; too many are restricted to other modes.

As our finer perceptions develop, and we search the possibilities of life, we shall find nowhere such capability of mutual help as in companionship of soul, in that spiritual relation which rises above outward circumstance, and occasionally even dares to include some "not in our set." But they who enter here must leave behind the grosser needs, therefore you will pass on, vain world. You will peer curiously at the communings of the blest, but you will go on with your eating and drinking and your money-making. You will send base thoughts to hover like harpies over the "feast of souls," but where "immortal hungers are stilled," you will not sit down; to you it is a feast of Barmecide.

Our inconsistencies of living and teaching fill the way with stumbling-blocks. Principles should be vitally illustrated; yet we who profess to believe in Christ, fail to work out the logical results of that belief. We who are commanded to be like Him, are as full of conventionalities and artificialities as if we had somewhere read that He observed the polite proprieties. Was there any saving clause in that new and best commandment, or is it only our modern paraphrase which reads, "Love one another, provided it be convenient and politic, and seemeth good to Mrs. Grundy?"

"Oh, Consistency! thou art a jewel;" and we set thee in rare logic and goodly paradoxes, but wear thee on unfaithful hands, till, like the fabled stone of olden story, thy waning luster reveals our treachery to the very truth we feign to worship most.

Love, companionship; we gather up the words, but too often waste their sacred meanings on mere outward association. We may pity others, may devote our lives to them, but neither in friendship nor in marriage can we truly and happily love those who do not represent our favorite virtues, who do not largely realize our ideals; and our ideals are projections of ourselves, or of what we might be under more favorable circumstances, for we can not conceive of what we do not know either experimentally or intuitively.

Companionship affords the most abundant help where there is both likeness and difference—difference in strength or power, and in the degree of development to which the faculties have attained, and likeness in primal conditions, in organic quality, which involves likeness in general tendencies, in all essentials, and usually includes a capacity of being so modified, each by the other, as to bring about a still further resemblance, and that oneness of spirit from which proceeds a power to bless the world.

There is much glib talk of the oneness of humanity by some who do not take these things enough to heart, and we are grown so familiar with the idea of the "colossal man" whose shadow fell across English orthodoxy, that we should hardly be surprised to meet him in tangible embodiment at the next street corner; but humanity is the product of individual

souls, and in so far as these factors are wrongly combined, the working out of the problem is delayed.

Passing influences may leave their fleeting impression; but help, whether conveyed by words and other symbols, or by a silent effluence of soul, is genuine and saving, according to the possibility of mutual sympathy, and neither pity nor compassion nor the utmost good-will can supply this lack.

"Lead us not into temptation," is the best of all prayers; but they who choose friend or consort at the bidding of gold or social position, are tampering with powers of evil from which it may be in vain to ask deliverance. Alas! we are slow to see who come nearest to our souls, or having seen, are smitten with a sudden blindness of worldly wisdom, and grope on alone, and wearily. It is fitting that fineness should ally itself to fineness, and coarseness to coarseness—*similia similibus curantur*. However great the wish to give, or the need to receive love, any intimate association of coarse and fine natures is likely to result in mutual misapprehension and injury. In the vital interchange of thought and converse, the flash of soul is more or less destructive to the finer being, and seldom, if ever, of benefit to the coarser. Unfortunately, there is often between such the attraction of strength and weakness, but for proof of the disastrous results, we have only to note how

"Quick friendships have a sudden end,"

and how young hearts crumble slowly into ruins.

The essential equality is that of fineness, the harmonious difference; the natural attraction is that of strength and weakness, of positive and negative, the *modes of manifestation* being determined by the *dominant faculties*. It has been hastily said that the strong are coarse and the fine are weak; but Nature, in her generous moods, does now and then give to this poor world one who is strong, fine, pure; and if such a one should take unto himself, for life-companionship, another, less in power and will, but equally fine and pure, could any words reveal the blessedness? It happens mostly otherwise; but the union that is not based on likeness in organic quality, and difference in power, is not fully sanctioned by God or Nature.

If we would search out, and obey in all simplicity, the laws of our being, we should carry with us the powers of Nature; but, alas! we waste life in ignorance and resistance.

HUMAN DEVELOPMENT.—To how great a perfection the intellectual and moral nature of man is capable of being raised by cultivation it is difficult to conceive; the effects of early, continued, and systematic education of those children who are trained, for the sake of *gain*, to feats of strength and agility, justify, perhaps, the most sanguine views which it is possible for a philosopher, a parent, or a guardian to form with respect to the improvement of the species.—*Stewart's Elements*.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION FROM A PHRENOLOGICAL POINT OF VIEW.

BY JAMES BURNS.

No matter where I came from, here I am, in the midst of the excitement and bustle of the world's great show of 1867 aggregated in Paris. I am aware that many of the readers of the JOURNAL have found their way to this great fashionable center of attraction; but for the benefit of those who may not have had the opportunity, I shall submit a few remarks upon the subject which may be thought worthy of interest to those who make the mental constitution of mankind their special study. But in view of such a large subject, and the thousands of specimens that present themselves to the beholder, one is at a loss where to begin and where to end. Every country is so fruitful in those varied manifestations of the "mind immortal," that it might be an interesting theme to commence and discourse on the peculiarities of race and nationality from the first point of view that presents itself. This is, however, a matter which might be accomplished in New York itself, as individuals of all nationalities may be every day seen traversing your streets and mingling their peculiar dress and physiognomy with the more familiar visages and costumes of the natives. Of phrenological practitioners, Paris and the "*Exposition Universelle*" are singularly void and barren. I have hunted for days endeavoring to discover a French phrenologist, but hitherto entirely without success. French Phrenology seems to be entombed in the scarce and untrimmed volumes of Gall, Vimont, Broussais, and other celebrities of the last generation. A recent volume, by Dr. Castle (said to be an Englishman), entitled "*Phrenologie Spiritualiste*," is the latest work I have met on the subject. I have had the pleasure of coming in contact with several practitioners of the science from England.

ELECTRICITY—GYMNASTICS.

It would be rather beside our purpose if I furnished you with an account either of Paris or the Exhibition. The works of numerous travelers inform us on everything we want to know respecting the civilization of this age, and the newspapers have certainly been fruitful in their reports of the world's fair of 1867. After diligent scrutiny in those departments where I expected to meet with objects of special interest to phrenologists, I have not been successful in discovering anything that is particularly worthy of record. Collateral objects of interest will be found in the class devoted to medical and surgical apparatus. In this department of artistic manufacture France stands unrivaled, Paris taking the lead in the manufacture. The instruments for the application of electricity are not, perhaps, superior to those so extensively used with you in America, of which, I am sorry to say, I notice none on exhibition. The gymnastic apparatus is, however, very extensive and well assorted. I have visited several gymnasiums in Paris; they are

large, well ventilated, clean establishments, fitted up with the usual appliances of ladders, horizontal bars, vaulting horses, rope and horizontal ladders, immensely heavy clubs, iron dumb-bells, scepters, and a combined gymnastic machine, of French invention, by the aid of which a weight may be pulled up by a series of ropes so as to exercise the muscles in a great number of ways. We saw no indications of Dr. Lewis' musical gymnastics being in use in the establishments, and the proprietors of such institutions had never heard of them when I mentioned the matter.

MODES OF BATHING.

In Paris, gymnasiums have baths in connection, which are mostly in the form of a douche, shower, ascending douche, and spray bath; sometimes a steam-engine is used to pump the water so as to cause it to strike the bather with great force. This causes a genial glow in the skin. I had one the other morning; and though the water was as cold as water well can be during the hot summer weather, yet the drops came in contact with my body so minutely subdivided and with such force that the friction put me in a positive glow. Don't laugh, facetious reader, and by stretching the matter suppose that the continuation of this cold shower bath would have brought me into a state of perspiration so as to require a cold plunge to cool me down. Yet I have to attest that this means of applying water is a sovereign remedy for that tendency to congestion which follows cold bathing in many cases. The bather has a gutta percha cap put on his head. He is then subjected to a forcible shower bath where there is not a great volume of water, but it is projected against the surface of the body with great force. While this shower is acting upon the shoulders and back, the attendant with a flexible tube projects a forcible stream against the lower limbs. The next item of treatment is the ascending douche, then a shower bath from perforated pipes which go round in circles, extending from the bather's ankles up to his neck, and in the center of which he stands while the water rushes on him from all sides. This last is the most powerful and chilling of the series, and those who have light muscles and poor circulation had better dispense with it. The bather is then covered with a clean sheet, the outside of which is vigorously rubbed by an attendant. The effect of the whole process is of the most exhilarating and invigorating nature, enabling the bather to stand one of these broiling hot days with ease and convenience. In the exhibition is shown a variety of these hydropathic bathing apparatus, which indicate the great popularity which hydro-therapy has assumed in Paris and other French cities. In fact, Paris abounds with baths. They are in almost every street in some parts of the city; and sometimes there are several in one street. On the Seine there are quite a number of bathing establishments, affording swimming baths for men and for women, connected with which are schools of natation. They are built on the river, so that the bathers literally bathe in the river, but are pro-

tected by the bath, which allows the water ingress and egress, but prevents the natator from being carried away by the tide. One object connected with bathing is worthy of special notice. A series of bath belts for invalids and children enable the sick to receive the benefits of a bath by being supported in a recumbent position by these belts. An apparatus is also adapted for children in the form of a chair, by which they may be suspended in the bath and amuse themselves with little buckets which hang from a pulley above them.

MANIKINS—DISSECTIONS.

In the American department, hospital apparatus for the army is exhibited. Near by is Dr. Auzoux's collection of anatomical models, exciting great interest. A demonstrator is in attendance, who, with his assistants, dissects the figures and lectures upon them to the spectators. His highest-priced figure of the human body costs 8,000 francs. By it the human organism may be most minutely dissected. He has also an elaborate preparation exhibiting the structure and physiology of the brain. The sensory track is seen to pass through the medulla oblongata and spread itself throughout the surface of the brain, from which emerges the motor fibers conveying the behests of the mind to the various parts of the nervous system. When the model is complete, it exhibits the appearance of the brain and its appendages in their normal condition on a large scale. The dissection, as it goes on, exhibits the appearance of the brain in a great variety of aspects. By taking off one piece, a particular section may be observed, as if a slice were taken off at random, in the manner pursued by the old anatomists, before Gall and Spurzheim pointed out the true mode of dissecting the brain. Other portions may be removed so as to give the observer a general section of the interior—showing the position and relations of the corpus callosum, commissures, ventricles, shalami, quadrigeminal bodies and other parts, that can only be indefinitely represented in an engraving or diagram. It is very remarkable to observe with what delicacy and perfection the bundles of nerve fibers can be stimulated, and what a vivid idea is impressed upon the mind of the natural appearance and functions of those most recondite portions of the human anatomy! This collection contains a great variety of models of men, eggs, eyes, ears, the gorilla, the horse, botanical specimens, and, in fact, all branches of natural history. We notice some finely prepared skulls; but nothing particularly illustrative of phrenological science with the exception of this dissecting model of the brain, which is, certainly, a most interesting object. Prince Oscar, of Sweden, exhibits gymnastic apparatus on Ling's system. Spain produces electro-therapeutic apparatus, artificial limbs, gymnastic apparatus, and a curious lay figure, life size, with all the articulations and capable of all attitudes and movements which the living subject is endowed with. It is one of the greatest curiosities of the exhibition. In a continental department a great

curiosity is presented by specimens of embalmed bodies, and parts of bodies, in a glass case. The trunk of a female is shown, the tone of the skin being nearly as natural in appearance as in life. There are also dissections of the fossæ of the face, with parts of the brain and nerves issuing therefrom. There are, also, preparations of the stomach, duodenum, intestines, and various other portions of the viscera; they present the natural outlines as in life; but the color is changed by the process of preservation.

ETHNOLOGY—THE RACES.

In an adjoining department are a series of heads representing ethnological divisions of the human race. One side of the model is scalped, showing the thickness of the integuments, while the other side of the head is in its natural shape. The models are well executed, and strikingly illustrate the peculiarities of the groups of the human family which they are intended to portray. The Ethnographical Society of France occupies a small cottage in the gardens, almost entirely with ethnographical collections of types of the various tribes of humanity. This is supplemented by other collections, and by sculpturing and modelings, so as to make it a very interesting, instructive, and complete exhibition. Such illustrations, being photographed from nature, are, of course, remarkably authentic; and it would be a boon to all students of anthropology to have such a series of photographs engraved and published with descriptive letter press. I may add that such a work is, at present, in course of issue, in monthly parts, by the eminent publishing house of Routledge & Co., of London and New York, entitled the *Natural History of Man*; the first five numbers are issued, and devoted almost exclusively to the description of the native tribes of South Africa. It is profusely illustrated. The plates do not only figure the individual appearance of the natives, but illustrative engravings are given to exhibit their agricultural, manufacturing, social, and national characteristics.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

One feature of great interest which the exhibition presents to the phrenological student is the picture galleries, which are replete with the best productions of all countries where art has been cultivated in any high degree. France supplies an immense extent of painted canvas. Britain has also contributed her share. America is in an adjoining department, and the works on exhibition, though not numerous, are exceedingly choice—both as regards the high class tone of the subjects and manner of execution. Many of the old-world people are astonished to think that such a young country as America should figure so highly in art alongside of old nationalities who have had schools of painting in existence during the last three or four centuries. It is quite curious to remark the moral tone of the paintings furnished by the above countries. England presents in her art, as they are exhibited, a preponderance of specimens illustrative of moral and domestic scenes—having a quiet,

homelike, subduing influence upon the mind. Scotch artists appear more advantageous in bold specimens of natural scenery, broad humor and studies illustrative of historical scenes, all mingled with illustrations of the sentiment which we have noticed as being characteristic of the English artists. The American section contains some grand pieces of natural scenery; for where is to be found more gigantic specimens of nature's wonderful productions than in the great continent of the West? There is also a high idealistic tone noticeable in many of the American works which it is difficult to describe—an approach to spiritual symbolism, which seems to carry the mind of the spectator away from the scenes around up into a sphere of consciousness far in advance of every-day experience. Other nations follow their peculiar circumstances. Italy is rich in religious and Scriptural scenes; Austria in battle and historical subjects, some of them of immense size and wonderful execution—dark shades of color being most prominent. Prussia and Russia speak the language of their geographical situation and moral and literary characteristics. They are particularly rich in portraits and scenes descriptive of great historical incidents. Here we witness the struggles and triumph of the Reformation depicted on immense tableaux that speak the language of the times in words of immortal merit.

Passing on to France, the lighter colors are more in use. Nude figures and beautiful outlines of the human form are here introduced. The esthetic part of human nature is liberally portrayed; while glory and national achievements, both military and diplomatic, are largely represented. Spain is not behind-hand in this group, and is particularly characteristic. Belgium and the Low Countries bring forward their peculiar style of art, often illustrative of deep meaning and power of conception. In fact, a few pictures in this department convey to the mind an immense area of European history. But as art is the reflex of nature, we find glorious glimpses of the human peeping out most refreshingly in every section of this elaborate collection. All forms and combinations of the primitive powers of the mind—all temperaments and natural dispositions—all educational biases, national, individual, or circumstantial, are limned with a piquancy that is highly gratifying and never to be forgotten. How faithfully are the great artists of mankind led to a correct appreciation of the great truths of phrenological and collateral sciences in depicting the passions, predilections, and other phenomena of human existence! How carefully they describe the contour of the skull, the form of the face, the expression of the countenance, the quality, color, and deposition of the hair, the perfection and details of the limbs, the proportions of temperaments, all in harmony with the natural attitude and habit, including dress and ornaments. Truly art is in harmony with science, or she belies her sacred mission. All efforts of the human mind seem to point in one determi-

nate direction, and by harmonizing these sectional forms of mental action, known by the names of science or morals, etc., we arrive at a glorious unity worthy of the Almighty Mind who willed it into existence. But we must not forget the portraits which this unrivaled display of paintings contains.

PORTRAITS—CHARACTERS.

The student of history, who, by the aid of Phrenology, more correctly understands what he reads, has a glorious banquet presented to him in the number of portraits of historical personages of all countries that are here gathered together. How interesting it is, for example, to behold under a variety of aspects the portrait of that martyr of freedom and duty, Abraham Lincoln! a little crowd is constantly in contemplation of these specimens of art which represent his person. And so of the famed of all countries, whether their renown has originated in worthy or unworthy acts. The sculpture is also worthy of notice; many specimens of humanity are here faithfully rendered by the hand of the sculptor. Writers, patriots, warriors, despots, etc., mingle their various forms together, in which their characters and habits of thought and action are unmistakably outlined. Compare Frederick Bremer with Auguste Comte, and the contrast in organization is as great as the contrast between their mental productions. Again, compare the organization of Garibaldi with some other modern warriors who shed the blood of thousands for material aggrandizement and the absorption of nationalities. The ideal subjects also exhibit the same class of truths. The gladiator, the shepherd, the musician, the dancing boy, the sage, the prophet, the warrior, all have chiseled in their forms the organic peculiarities required by the characters they are made to assume. I have taken notes of the developments of several busts of noted personages which I have met with, and at some future time, if your space will permit, I shall be glad to furnish you with the details of them. There are six busts of Napoleon the First, extending over the greater part of his life. Near these are several correct busts of Napoleon the Third.

It is an interesting study to notice the peculiar progress which thought and action make in transforming the material organism in the course of a series of years, and these are strikingly evidenced in the busts of the first Napoleon. The difference between him and that of his imperial nephew is curiously suggestive of the widely different policy which the two emperors have assumed.

CONCLUSION.

This subject is a large one, and adapted to a separate communication. Having had such a lengthy gossip, your readers will perhaps excuse me if I take a walk around the outer circle and notice the peculiarities of national organization and costume, as observed in the waiters who dispense the various kinds of comestibles supplied at the cafes and restaurants belonging to the different countries represented at the exhibition. During this hot weather one may almost be excused if they stop at the American soda water fountain and regale themselves by sucking a glass of iced lemonade through two straws which the negro boy, who serves it, assures us are not used a second time. This peculiar mode of imbibition is a subject of much amusement to our British cousins, who, in swallowing fluids, usually apply the glass direct to the labial fissure.

Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue. In thine arms
She smiles, appealing as in truth she is,
Heav'n-born, and destined to the skies again.—*Cooper.*

UNMARRIED WOMEN. THEIR PLACE IN SOCIETY.

BY MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLIS.

THERE are too many old maids by half in the world!

Not, perhaps, for the comfort of those individuals (and their name is legion) who like some meek and ever-ready pair of shoulders upon which to lay the burden of "do this" and "do that" and "don't forget the other thing." Makewrights and scape-goats have their uses. Society composed merely of men and their wives without these "ancients" would be not unlike an ill-packed trunk; there would be rattling and shaking and breakages innumerable. Old maids are needed to "pack in;" to fill up the interstices, and steady the uncertain, and support the weak! But there is no kind of danger of the race of old maids becoming extinct, as long as the world wags on in its usual style, and the sun rises and sets after its accustomed routine!

How is it with the old bachelors? Well, they are somehow regarded with gloomy respect, outre and semi-barbarous though they may have become. *They* are not the victims of neglect! *They* might have been married had they chosen to say the word to some expectant young lady! But an old maid—that's quite another matter. She can't help herself—she is the victim of untoward circumstances. People look at her as they might regard a piece of unsalable calico left over the season on the merchant's back shelves, or a picture that hangs unsolicited on the artist's hands. It is the general impression that she is very much to be pitied—that she has tried her best, angling in the brook of life for the shy fish called "husband," but without success.

Now, what is she to do? Womanly delicacy forbids her to snap her finger in the face of this obtrusively pitying world and silence its whispers by the bold assertion: "It's no such thing. I have had opportunities to be married, and I am an old maid by my own choice and election!" And if she did face up the world in this sort of manner, the world wouldn't believe her.

It is very hard to be misjudged, and the old maid has more generally to drink this bitter cup to the dregs!

"It is such a pity Mary Such-a-one has never married—she would have made such a nice wife!" How often we hear that expression, and how it must aggravate the single sisterhood! "Such a nice wife for somebody—such a useful household machine; such a willing drudge!" And what does the old maid herself think about it? Does she regret that she hasn't been led, an orange-blossom decked lamb, to the sacrificial altar of matrimony?

Or does she fall back contentedly upon her *corps de reserve* of green tea, worsted work, and mint drops, thanking her benign stars that she has never been inveigled into that bondage wherefrom there is no escape save by death or divorce?

After all, there is a good deal to be said in favor of the life of an old maid.

She is independent, firstly, to begin with. No number of Fourths of July could convey the full adequate idea of her entire liberty of speech, motion, and thought. If she wants to go anywhere, to the North Pole for instance, or Van Diemen's Land, she has nothing to do but to pack up and go. Nobody's permission is to be meekly asked, nobody's countenance to be furtively studied. If she likes her breakfast at four o'clock in the afternoon, she orders it at four o'clock in the afternoon, and eats it like one of the Signers of the Declaration! If by any chance she gets out of temper, there are no sharp angles of any one else's temper to strike wordy fire! She is self-reliant, self-sufficient, self-contained.

She is held responsible for nobody else's backslidings. If some poor, over-burdened wretch blows out his brains, or still worse, runs off to Australia with his debts unpaid, and his character riddled through and through like a sieve, there is nobody to roll their eyes at her and murmur reproachfully, "Ah, if his wife had been a different woman, that never would have happened!" If Jones fails, she is not Mrs. Jones to be overwhelmed with the torrent of blame that should rightfully be adjudged to Jones' unlucky fondness for faro and champagne!

She may be like a solitary oyster in its shell; but has not the life of an oyster some advantages? Oysters are placid, calm, unruffled by the high and low tides of life! Who would not rather be an oyster than a sensitive plant?

But we are speaking now of the old maid who is an old maid simply through her own choice and preference—the comfortable, cosy old maid with money enough to live on, common sense enough to enjoy her freedom, and ingenuity enough to amuse herself without the aid of masculine society! How is it about other old maids?

"There never yet was a woman so ugly or unattractive but that some time in the course of her life she received at least *one* offer."

This is a statement frequently and confidently made, but nevertheless quite untrue. There are women in the world who pass through existence unsought and unwooed. There are women, and more than a few, too, who are made to feel most bitterly and uncompromisingly that they are superfluities in the world!

They are educated "to be mammas;" they dress, dance, and attend fancy fairs "to be married;" they smile and play croquet, and sit up late at nights "to be married;" and, finally, the autumnal shadows of the "thirties" steal athwart their lives, and they are *not* married after all. Nobody denies that they are "nice girls;" they are neither humpbacked, pock-marked, nor outwardly deformed, and yet somehow the commodity does not seem to be marketable. They cling to the outskirts of that debatable land which is neither girlhood

nor ancientry, as long as possible; they treasure the fading trophies of their youth, and finally, when the line is irrevocably drawn, and the little girls of their day, succeeding to the throne of bellehood, look at them askance, and speak of them in audible whispers as "old maids," they still hope and trust on, believing in the truth of Milton's line—

"They also serve, who only stand and wait!"

Would it were so for the sake of the old maids.

And then, what a second-rate place they are compelled to occupy in existence. For most of them—say seven eighths on an average—having no settled homes nor incomes of their own, are obliged, perforce, to become the tolerated appendages of other families. Alas! how much less are the legitimate and authorized paupers of a charitable institution to be pitied than these pallid, delicately nurtured paupers of polite society, who eat the bitter bread of dependence, and try to persuade themselves that it is cake!

How is it done? Perhaps a married brother offers them a home in a grudging sort of way, as if he were throwing a bone to a dog; perhaps a sister, who finds the cares of her family too burdensome for her unassisted shoulders, takes her in lieu of upper nurse or superior servant, "to make herself generally useful!"

If we wanted to enter an insane asylum within the year, we should take a situation somewhere "to make ourselves generally useful." Wash, scrub, go out to house-cleaning by the day, white-wash, do anything in the world rather than try to "make yourself generally useful." The sphere is altogether too general. Never, until you have been hunted into your grave, will people be satisfied that you have made yourself "useful" enough.

And so ends all spice and sparkle of individuality in life, as far as the old maid is concerned. Thenceforward she is only a convenience to others—a faint reflection of stronger, happier presences. She sews on buttons; she mends zig-zag rents; she sits up with sick children; she scolds servants, per special instruction; she checks off washing bills; she runs after people, picking up things, shutting doors, dusting tables, and setting cushions straight; she is here, there, and everywhere in one and the same moment.

And when, at night, stealing away from the social circle in which she feels too acutely that her presence is scarcely missed, she creeps, tired and heartsick, to her rest, she has the satisfaction of knowing that everybody thinks "she might have done a little more!"

Is this what the heavenly Arbitrator intended a woman's life should be, when he filled her nature with loving instincts and aspirations, which a solitary life can never fulfill?

When a bone gets out of place, there are surgeons to set it, and cunningly devised instruments to coax it back where it should be; but when human creatures get so woefully and piteously out of place, where is the surgeon that can contrive to re-set them? Even the Good Physician who watches over us all, extends no perceptibly aiding hand in this extremity. It is his will that we should all work out our own salvation, and even so must it be.

But we come back to the original text of our brief discourse. Why do we have old maids at all? That is the question. Not all the leap years in the nineteenth century—no, nor the ninety-ninth either—will do the matter any good, while deep on the very substratum lie social misapprehensions and mistakes that must be uprooted and reformed.

Queen Elizabeth was an old maid; but why, nobody on earth knows. What an interesting book somebody might make about the Old Maid's history, if he could only tell us circumstantially and accurately "how it all happened."

SOCIAL RELATIONS.

BY JOHN NEAL.

ARE not most of us greatly mistaking our way through this world, whether preparing for the next, or not? We are adventurous, it may be; hopeful, industrious, ambitious, and oftentimes self-denying and self-sacrificing, to such a degree as to astonish our neighbors. And so are they. If we look about, we find the great majority of mankind busy with a like purpose, though in a different way, while here and there one may be met with who looks upon life with other eyes, and instead of "presuming to be ambitious," to govern others, or to be talked about in the newspapers, or to be known for great wealth, or astonishing enterprise, or extravagant living, holds on his way with a calm, hopeful, trusting, untroubled spirit; satisfied that he will be taken care of, if he will only try to take care of himself, and provide for those who are dependent upon him, in a reasonable way.

How many there are about us who are interested only in what concerns themselves—in their own business—their own families—their own health—and their own purposes! And how many who boast of this! claiming to be neither busy-bodies, nor eavesdroppers, nor intermeddlers, and minding their own business so effectually, that war, pestilence, and famine, earthquake and revolution, are all unheeded, with every form of trial or calamity, so long as they and theirs are comfortable.

Can this be what we were made for? Are we not, by the very constitution of our nature, by the very laws of our being, forbidden to segregate ourselves from our fellow-men? Are we not intended to share in the sorrows and joys of others; and of others, too, beyond the walls of our own habitation, or neighborhood, or country? In other words, instead of minding our own business altogether, are we not impelled, nay, commanded, to intermeddle with the business of others, if thereby we can promote their welfare?—to "look upon the things of others," as well as upon our own things? Else, why are we endowed with so many and such ever-active social faculties? Why, with such unappeasable desires toward companionship? and why, when our sympathies begin to cool off, and the frost of age to gather along the avenues of sensation, and we go less and less into the world, and cast off, or neglect, or forget one after another of the companions and associates of our earlier time, why do we withdraw from the sunshine and bustle of life into the loneliness and shadow of old age with such unwillingness? why are we so often troubled with misgiving and self-reproach?

The fact is, that although we are endowed—all of us—with a certain number of capabilities and faculties, *all of which are essentially social*, making us mutually dependent, while no one of the whole is of itself *unsocial* or *unsympathetic*, though it may be selfish—we are ignorant of their functions, and unless we take

up Phrenology as a new manifestation of the religious element, and try not only to understand, but to obey, the laws of our heavenly Father, as they are there revealed to us, we shall die in our ignorance; nay, more—we shall die in our sins; being unacquainted with ourselves, and liable to go astray continually in the pursuit of happiness, both here and hereafter.

The moment a man is ready to acknowledge, even to himself, that he takes no interest in others, he may be sure that he is going to his own funeral, whatever may be his age. He can not hope to live out half his remaining days; for sympathy is the wine of life—nay, life itself; and he who wearies of companionship, and withdraws into himself, and refuses to go into company, or to visit his neighbors in a sociable way, and sees the shadow of an old friend vanish from his path forever, without any dampening of the lashes or a word of prayer, is already dying by inches. The blue mold is gathering on his heart, though he may be sitting in the high places of power; and the world may be busy with his name, as a philanthropist, or statesman, or soldier, as a millionaire, an orator, a man of science, a poet or an author.

What shall such a man do, being unacquainted with Phrenology? Let him bestir himself—let him begin to busy himself with other men's affairs. Let him not only "visit the fatherless and the widow," and "keep himself unspotted from the world," but let him try to get acquainted with himself and with his next-door neighbors, to become interested in whatever concerns them and theirs, to watch children at play, and the sunshine itself, when it shimmers along the turbid waters of life.

What! shall a man be satisfied with making money in this world—or even reputation—and neglect the sensibilities, the godlike sensibilities and capabilities of his nature, and hope to be forgiven? Shall he grow old in his darkened office, like an overgrown bloated spider in the midst of a web that overspreads the whole community, and hope to persuade himself, when he comes to die, that he has lived to any good purpose? How can he? What has he been doing for others?—nay, for himself, while burying most of his talents in a napkin, and employing only the few? How shall he answer for the abuse of so high a trust when called to his reckoning?

Hath God given him a heart—a conscience—understanding, and the gift of speech, only to be employed upon himself? All the social propensities are strengthening and cheerful in their operation. They who are pleasantly employed outlast their companions, who are always at work in a dreary way, or always idle. Just like all the painters and poets who, in laboring for others, as well as for themselves, have buried whole generations of pretenders. Titian and Dante are but archetypes of what devoted men should be, in their self-seeking.

There are those who think it undignified to trifle in this world, as if we should be capable of trifling, were not trifling sometimes to be

encouraged. No greater mistake, so far as our social relations are concerned—and they make up, after all, the substance of life—can there be than that of supposing it unworthy of a great mind, or of a serious mind, to make itself agreeable, even by trifling or pleasantry. Sour-tempered men feed on themselves; and they who can not laugh, and laugh heartily, too, at downright nonsense on a proper occasion, have no business here.

When the great Sully came upon his royal master by surprise, and found him down on all-fours, galloping round the chamber with the little Dauphin on his back, and was told to wait until he was himself a father, before he made up his mind upon that subject, while his Majesty gave the boy another turn round the room, he was learning a lesson for life, worth more to him perhaps, and to others also, than many a negotiation which had set all Europe in a blaze.

The French understand these things better than we do. They are not afraid to be happy. The profoundest mathematicians—the great surgeons, chemists, naturalists, anatomists, and draughtsmen—and they are among the greatest the world has ever produced—are never out of place in fashionable society, and Cuvier and Laplace and Legendre, and other Academicians, the leading minds of their day and authorities with all the world from their day to ours, were never ashamed to appear in purps and tights, with a *chapeau bras* under the arm, in the crowded assemblies of highest fashion; sharing in the prattle, and as ready with their agreeable nonsense, or *persiflage*, there, as with their demonstrations in the lecture-room or the Academy, or the Forum. And this it is to live. These men understood what their faculties were given to them for; and each was constantly encouraged to seek its appropriate nutriment. Hence were these men not only philosophers, but men of the world—welcome everywhere, and everywhere at home. Yet the French are frivolous, we are told—given to gossip and tittle-tattle. *Frisolous!*—men of the largest erudition—of the most astonishing patience—and among the most laborious inquirers after truth, and at the very head of the profoundest thinkers—*frivolous*, forsooth, because they enjoy a little nonsense now and then, or a whirl in the dance, after their heads have whitened. No! not frivolous are such men—but philosophers and sages, who know how to enjoy life—in other words, who understand what is meant by social relationship.

Such things never happen with us, nor with our breed. We are too dignified by half. The only man I ever knew, in England, who was at the same time a man of science, and a man of the world, was Sir Humphrey Davy, and he passed for a coxcomb in the drawing-room, because, being altogether alone, and with nobody to keep him in countenance, when he felt inclined to play the fine gentleman, and sink the shop, but Sir Thomas Lawrence, he never seemed to be altogether at ease. And we Americans are constantly transgressing in the same way.

That we are by nature social beings, may be seen by the habits of children. A healthy child can not bear to be left alone; and the voices of other children outside, or the glimmering phantasmagoria of the street reflected on the wall, or in a mirror, will drive him half crazy. And why? Because the social instincts are beginning to flower. And even the most selfish child becomes unselfish, in his anxiety for a companion. How few among men are capable of going apart from their fellows to gloat over a picture, or to enjoy a glass of wine, or a canvas-back, by themselves! They need companionship, and it requires the hardships of a long service to the world—of a long disheartening apprenticeship, indeed, to overcome the instincts of youth, and make us uncompanionable, and selfish and short-sighted.

We encourage self-respect. We discourage self-esteem. And why? Because we do not understand, I will not say Phrenology—but because we do not understand ourselves. And so with most of the social affections—the sweeteners of life, our comforters and our hope under all the trials and sorrows of life—what know we of them as a people? as a money-making, thrifty, ambitious people, who go through life, determined to be talked about, and remembered after death for something, it matters little what—fast horses or a full treasury—for having made a noise in the newspapers, or on 'change, or for "cutting up fat."

Why do we not ask ourselves what these many faculties are given us for, if they are never to be exercised, cultivated, and strengthened? Are they not always, if rightly employed, avenues of pleasure, as much as our bodily senses? and are we not abusing a high and holy trust, if we fail to exercise them? But even with our bodily senses, it is pretty much the same.

We have eyes, but we see not. God's wonders are all about us, but we neither look up to the great and glorious heavens, and watch the changes there, nor heed the silent and awful presence of great mountains, nor look abroad over the sea, unless we have something at stake. We have ears, but we hear not. The harmonies of the universe are within us and about us forever, but we hear only the dinner-bell, or the chink of gold, or the rustling of 7.30's. "The heart is like the sky," says Byron.

"The heart is like the sky—a part of Heaven!
And changes night and day too, like the sky.
Now o'er it clouds and thunder *must be driven*,
And darkness and destruction, as on high."

And he found it so, poor fellow! But Byron was but one of millions who have gone through the world, and out of the world, without knowing what the heart was made for—as a home for the social affections, for household joys, and everlasting companionship. Rightly understood, the changes he would complain of are but the signs of vitality; and the very "clouds and thunder" but purifiers of the upper atmosphere, and the "darkness and destruction," just what we must go through with, before we understand ourselves.

Here is a young man at my elbow full of en-

thusiasm and vague hope, who affects to despise public opinion—to have no need of sympathy—to take no interest in the welfare of others out of his own family, and to be what he calls thoroughly independent, and above desiring the help of others. The simpleton!—if he knew how dependent we all are upon others, even the strongest upon the feeblest, and the wisest upon the simple, he would soon feel the necessity of making friends, instead of enemies, at every step in life, and before long set a just value upon the opinion of others. But just now, having a large share of self-esteem, with little caution, and just enough love of approbation to make him feel uneasy when he is overlooked or misunderstood, though he will do nothing to conciliate or soothe, and if appearances are against him, will not condescend to explain himself to his best friend, upon the ground that friends would not require explanation, for what are friends good for if they must be satisfied, as others are, upon every questionable point that arises?—he will probably go on belying himself and his own nature, and passing for a self-sufficient, heartless coxcomb, when, if the truth were known, and he would but cultivate the social relations, and learn to care for others without neglecting himself, he would be one of the most popular, and in time one of the most prosperous young men I know of. But will he? God only knows. There are so many about us, who go on through life with their senses sealed, having their eyes fastened upon one object only, and their ears open to but one song—that of the siren they are following headlong into the deep sea, that I am almost frightened when I think of what may happen even to him, with his fine talents, and generous temper, and large heartedness, if he do not wake up and bestir himself, before it is forever too late.

And there—just over the way—is another sad example of what may follow a long neglect of our social duties, growing out of our social relations—a man who has not yet passed the meridian of a well-appointed active life, and who might be comparatively a young man, if he would but keep his heart young—for it is our own fault if we grow old without sickness—begins to feel no interest in anything here but money, whist, and the chances, however remote or contingent, of his occupying a post he is never likely to reach. He has long eschewed most of the duties and all the forms of social relationship, and is therefore—it can not be otherwise, though he may not be willing to acknowledge it even to himself—a most unhappy man. Linked to others by the delicate bonds of human sympathy—sorrowing unaffectedly with others, and the more the better, as others have sorrowed with him in his trials and afflictions—he might be at this hour one of the happiest men living, a comfort and a blessing to thousands, exceedingly popular, with a reasonable prospect of a long life before him, and a life, too, of great usefulness. But no; feeling so little interest in others, whom he has known all his life, and to whom he is largely indebted for the encouragement and help which

have made him what he is, that if he were questioned to-day, he could hardly tell you whether they were alive or dead, he will go down to the grave with the reputation of having no more heart than a grindstone.

And why? Because the man has always been sufficient for himself. Not having understood the sanctities of our social relations, he has gone along, with his whist-playing, and political manœuvres, till his heart is ossified, and the currents of natural affection for man in the aggregate have been turned back and chilled at the source.

Now, he can not afford this; nor can any other man, or woman, that lives. We are put here, not only to be happy ourselves, but to make others happy. To this end we are made, not independent, but inter-dependent, and are endowed with appetites and inclinations to bring us together, and to keep us together, and God has provided the proper aliment and the proper stimulus for such appetites and inclinations; and we might as well stop our ears and employ only our eyes—or shut our eyes and trust only to the sense of touch—and seal up our other senses, under pretense of pursuing the single object of our life with more steadfastness, as to grow old in our offices, or laboratories, or counting-rooms, without ever looking up at the blue sky, or stopping in our hurry to hear the twittering of birds.

And the birds and blue skies, what are they, after all, but the types and shadows of other attractions about us, which we fail to profit by, or even to recognize, while we are tolling for the bread that perishes, and laying up riches for them who are already beginning to wonder why we, with our feeble step and trembling hands and pale dim eyes, are not weary enough of the world to leave it? They see us sitting apart from our own families, perhaps, not joining in the conversation of our children and grandchildren, however sprightly and agreeable, tired to death of newspapers and gossip, unable to read, and yet more unwilling to be read to; and they take it for granted that such must be the natural condition of old age.

Preposterous! If the social affections were cultivated as business relations are; if the interest we once felt in the affairs of others, of comparative strangers, perhaps, had not been: nothered or paralyzed, men would never grow old, nor women neither. They would die, of course—might die of age, so called, but it would be of the old age that endears and attracts—not that which repels; and we should part with them, as with old friends going home to meet their families, full of cheerfulness and hope, though full of years.

Let our young men watch themselves narrowly, and when they find springing up in their hearts a desire to withdraw from social enjoyments, and to be by themselves—to give up their acquaintances, and to have done with nonsense and trifling—let them wake up and bestir themselves and walk out into the open air, and take to sea-bathing, and rare beef, or they will find, after a time, that these morbid

symptoms have determined their fate for life, if not forever; so that if they escape being men of business, and nothing more—money-getters and politicians, or something worse—with no interest in mankind, no concern for the great human family outside of their counting-rooms and offices—they will find their better instincts deadened, their social inclinations utterly paralyzed or smothered, and all that makes life worth having, a disappointment and a weariness.

To escape this dread issue, what shall be done? First satisfy yourself as to the causes. If you know anything of Phrenology, or can obtain a chart of your head from a truly scientific man, these questions will be answered at once, and conclusively. But if you are ignorant of that beautiful science, try to ascertain whether your unsocial habits are growing upon you, and whether they proceed from your dislike of others, or from your over-estimate of yourself; from your indifference to the opinion of others, or from shyness or bashfulness. And then, after having satisfied yourself upon these points, go to work. Employ all your faculties—all—giving the preference to those for

which you are mainly distinguished, and by which you are to get your bread, but neglecting none—not even the smallest; for even the smallest are needed, or they would not be there. Make friends of all you meet, so far as you may without a sacrifice of manhood or principle; be "all things to all men," as St. Paul was—and in the same sense—not by pretending or counterfeiting or concealing—but by manliness and truthfulness, and you will most assuredly have your reward, and establish the best of *social relations* for life.

And now, let me ask you, young man, if this be not worth striving for? Would you like to grow old, like that good-for-nothing old man you have so often met with, who began by withdrawing from the world, then from the neighborhood, then perhaps from his own household—first hugging his money-bags, and then, after awhile, himself, and then his old shriveled hands, and weak, trembling knees, as if he were caressing the babies he once loved, till they had outgrown themselves, and he had gone off to a dark, dusty corner of his old warehouse or family mansion, there to gloat over the record of his possessions, and forget even the wife of his youth, and the burial-place of her children? If not, be up and doing! You have no time to lose. Up! I say; and



PORTRAIT OF ELIAS HOWE, JR.

God helping you, you will be ashamed of yourself before the sun goes down, and to-morrow be ready to throw yourself upon your face in thanksgiving for the escape you have had, and for the comforts assured you by a right understanding of your social duties.

ELIAS HOWE, JR.

THE head of an active, restless, persevering, inventive, ambitious man! The brain was large—somewhat above the average size—but not disproportioned to the body. Originally the vital temperament was ample, but the mental and motive predominated. The health quality of the whole was good; if not exquisitely fine, he was neither coarse nor gross.

His perceptive faculties were large, constituting him an observer. The reflective powers were sufficient to enable him to understand principles and to ap-

ply them, while Imitation and Constructiveness were large; not more so, however, than may be found in the ordinary New England head, of which he may be said to have been a fair type.

His Love of Approval was large, as exhibited in the mode of his dress and the style of wearing his hair. This may be considered a sort of vanity which often exhibits itself in persons not highly cultivated. That he had large Firmness, there can be no doubt; this may be seen in that long, full upper lip. He also had Hope and Combativeness large, and the social affections were not wanting.

His sympathy, kindness, and generosity are well indicated; but he was that kind of man that requires occasions for liberal action to be offered, rather than that kind which makes them for one's self. There is nothing of the

prodigal revealed in this organization. The feeling of "mine" would be strong at all times; and he would also be unyielding in his sense of right, holding all men to a rigid accountability.

There was a good degree of refinement and love for Art as well as for mechanism. Aside from his vanity and love for ostentatious display, he would be accounted an industrious, persevering, self-relying, and self-helpful citizen.

The following is a brief history of the man and of his works.

This gentleman, whose name is illustrious in connection with sewing-machines, died on the 3d of October last. Although comparatively a young man, he had achieved a reputation for inventive talent and benevolent zeal scarcely surpassed by any in these days of American liberality. His achievements with the sewing-machine not only conferred a last-

ing boon on mankind in the way of simplifying and rendering easy a severe employment, but affords a striking example of success attained under painful trials and disappointments.

The history of the sewing-machine is too well known in this country to need a specific reviewal at our hands. The picture of Mr. Howe persistently working upon the model of a little instrument, in a lonely garret, pinched by hunger, destitute, suffering, is vividly reproduced on the mention of his name. He was born in 1819, at Spencer, Mass. His father was both a farmer and a miller, and young Elias assisted in this double capacity. Having acquired some knowledge of mechanism, he subsequently became engaged in a machine-shop in Boston. There the idea of inventing a sewing-machine was suggested to him.

In 1845 he succeeded in producing a machine which would sew, but its cost was too great to render its manufacture in large numbers practicable. However, the result was attained, and subsequent improvements simplified the mechanism and reduced the cost of manufacture. Much opposition was offered to the introduction of the machine into general use by manufacturers who imagined that it would injure their interests; and several persons competed with him for the patent rights, so that it was not until 1854 before his claims were acknowledged. After that time, the revenue derived from his patents began to increase, and made him in a few years very wealthy.

During the war he made good use of his means, contributing largely toward enlisting volunteers in the service of the Government. At a public meeting in Bridgeport, Conn., early in the war, he enlisted as a common soldier in the 17th Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, and went to the field. He afterward established a depot in New York city as a stopping place for disabled and returning New England soldiers, where thousands were nursed and cared for until able to continue on their journey homeward.

An internal disease affecting the kidneys, from which he had suffered for some years, terminated his life while he was stopping at the residence of his son-in-law in Brooklyn.

We are indebted to the editors of the *Scientific American* for the excellent portrait of Mr. Howe.

LITTLE THINGS AND LITTLE PEOPLE.—Little things and little people have often brought great things to pass. The large world in which we exist is made up of little particles as small as the sands on the sea-shore. The vast sea is composed of small drops of water. The little busy bees, how much honey they gather! Do not be discouraged because you are little. A little star shines brightly in the sky on a dark night, and may be the means of saving many a poor sailor from shipwreck; and a little Christian may do a great deal of good if he or she will try. There is nothing like trying.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

SUNSHINE OF THE HEART.

[THE following lines are sweet, breathing a true poetic spirit. They are from a youthful writer quite unknown to print.]

The glorious sun tolled up the sky, and gently sank to rest,
And tinged with its soft mellow light the shadows of the west;
Its dying rays reflected bright, o'er hill and dale and stream,
Shed forth a radiance beautiful e'en in their last faint gleam.

The gathering twilight softly fell, and kissed with breath of dew
The tender shrubs and sleeping flowers, of many a changing hue;
And lovingly its mantle flung o'er earth so bright and fair,
Protecting 'neath its sheltering folds the "habitants of air."

More heavily the shadows drooped, more dense the darkness fell,
Till roving fancy stayed its flight, bound by the dreary spell.
With eager eyes I tried to trace some bright spot viewed before,
But only darkness met my sight, the sweet light fell no more.

How bright would be this world of ours, if we could always trace

The sunshine of a loving heart reflected in each face!
If darkness never came to cast its gloomy shades around,
Or cause sharp pangs of grief to mar the happiness profound!

Oh, let us prize each sunny spot whereon our footsteps roam,
And let its cheerful radiance cast a halo round our home;
And bind with ties that never can be rudely rent in twain,
The hearts of loved and cherished ones, till no dark clouds remain.

Bright angels with their loving eyes shall watch time move away,
And guard from every coming cloud the sunlight of to-day;
Trusting the future in His hands, who doeth all things well,
Let us walk forward in the way of happiness to dwell.

VICTORINE A. COLWELL.

SAINTS AND SINNERS.

WHERE ARE THEY?—No. II.

WE stated in No. 1 that we did not use the terms saints and sinners merely or principally to distinguish the *perfectly* good from the *perfectly* bad, for we believe that no man on earth is *perfectly* good or *perfectly* bad. Saints and sinners is an expression we use for convenience, to mark the good, however great their faults and sins may be, from the bad, or rather, to express the real and great difference between people.

We think we have shown most clearly that Phrenology shines with a full and bright light upon men and women, revealing their character *just as it is*, and not as it *appears* to a superficial observer to be. We have spoken boldly of inherited sin—in other words, of inheritance of diseased bodies and diseased minds—of the great disadvantages of bad parentage and bad ancestors, and shown that the men and women who struggle bravely with all these disadvant-

ages, and fight a *good* fight, are good and much more worthy to be called saints than many others who pass for such.

And now another question seems to arise, which we will try to answer before we leave the subject of saints and sinners, and that is, *where* are they?

In the first place, we might say that neither saints nor sinners "travel in battalions." Perhaps no fact with regard to the race of man needs more notice than this. The good and the bad do not exist in separate distinct bodies. Good organizations are not composed entirely of good men, and bad organizations of bad men. Bad men are not confined to the lower strata of society, and good men to the higher. There is no organization so good that bad men can not be found in it; no pinnacle so high that bad men can not be found on it. Neither are there any organizations so bad, nor any places on earth so low, that good men can not be found there.

We are not among those who chastise that great organization, the church, with scorpions. We believe that the world is much better with it than it would be without it. He must be a superficial man indeed who affirms that the church does more harm than good, and that there is much more evil than good in it. And yet it can not be denied that hundreds and thousands of bad men are hidden and sheltered in it—men whose intellects and moral sentiments are ruled by their propensities—men who fold the drapery of the church around them, and are glad that it becomes them so well, and that their outward appearance is so fair.

Then there are others in the church who are doubtless, in a measure at least, ignorant of themselves. They have been long, perhaps, under restraining, pleasant influences. They have, perchance, had place, or power, or prominence in the church. They have been admired and praised for well-doing, and their Love of Approbation and their Self-Esteem—two prominent organs of the brain—have received great gratification, and thus well-doing has become a great delight to them. They do not do good for the love of doing what is good and right, but that they "may have praise of men." Their motives of action are no higher, no better than the motives of those whom they style bad men, and who commit evil deeds. And their pride in all that they think themselves to be, and in all that they do, is monstrous. They daily "thank God that they are not as other men are."

There is still another class in the church who think themselves much better than those in the world who bear the stamp of bad men. They practice many virtues because they were trained from their earliest childhood to practice them. Thoughtful, watchful parents kept them out of the way of harm, out of the way of sin. A good physical and mental training, as well as a desirable inheritance from their parents, made it easy to avoid the wrong and choose the right, and they early learned to look, with

a kind of horror, upon those who are called bad men, and without the least appreciation of their struggles.

We have no thought of beginning a tirade against the Church. It is a sacred, blessed inclosure, but within it are men as bad as many who are regarded unfit society for the good. We ask again the question—where are the good and the bad? Where are saints and sinners? And we answer, *everywhere*. No large body of men was ever so pure that sinners did not exist there; and no stratum of society so high that only the saints of the earth formed it. Everywhere, too, are men who, made in God's image, are struggling to have that image, long lost though it be, restored in themselves. The places where these men abide may be low places indeed, and the atmosphere they breathe may be most foul and oppressive. Phrenologists have found good heads in bad places. They have seen pure tears start from the eyes of those who were called bad men, and by using their philanthropy as well as their phrenology, and inquiring into the daily lives of these men, they have learned that they were, with almost everything against them, struggling to resist all evil, and come off conquerors.

Oh, men and women in high places, who close your eyes and turn away your heads, and draw back your garments when men in low places pass by, be careful how you call them low, for many of them will come up at last, in the resurrection morning, with robes made white in the blood of the Lamb. And it shall appear that many of them had bad physical and mental constitutions, and yet laid hold on the Infinite One and worked with him in the restoration of their physical and mental health.

One of the hardest tasks in life, because men bring unwilling minds to it, is to find out the truly good. It is admitted that men of a certain stamp or character are good, but they are too often looked for in certain organizations, or certain high places of the earth, and not everywhere. We call too many "common and unclean" because they abide in "common and unclean places."

It would be well if every philanthropist were a phrenologist, for then it would be discovered that many among the so-called "lost and wretched" need only a few favoring circumstances to make them better than the men and women who labor for their good.

We may reasonably suppose that there will be a great sifting time at last, and that we shall look on, with astonished eyes, when those whom we once thought great sinners shall "shine forth" as saints.

Let us learn then now that saints, as well as sinners, are everywhere, in high places of power and temptation and corruption, and also in low places, where, it is supposed, none but evil men live and work. Let us learn, too, that Phrenology, however much derided by the ignorant, does true and noble service for the race by dealing fairly with all men, taking off the masks from those who wear them, undeceiving the deceived, and aiming and trying

to make them better, taking the defamed and those of no reputation by the hand and showing the world their true character and worth; and also offering help and healing to men with bad heads and bad lives, and discouragement to none.

Phrenology has never yet taught any man that he is such a sinner he can never become a saint; that he is so bad he can never become good; but it helps all men upward and onward, and longs to bring the day when saints shall be found everywhere and sinners nowhere.

A THOUGHT.

BY FRANCES L. KESLER.

In a thousand tender actions,
When we let the truth decide,
There's a holy, soothing power,
Free from passion's fiery tide.

In the haunts of sin and sorrow,
All along Time's wreck-strewn strand,
Should we let our fellows perish,
With no kindly-offered hand?

With no eye all moist with pity,
With no sweet and gentle word
Whispered to the doubting spirit,
By all other ears unheard?

Must a kiss on cheek or forehead
Of a brother in distress,
Have a tendency to baseness,
Rather than to cheer and bless?

Ye that say so from conviction,
Yours the hearts that hold the sin,
And at last your lips must answer
For the guiltiness within.

OVERCOMING.

THE human soul grows toward perfection in no other way than by rising above, or overcoming, all obstacles that lie in the path between it and its ideal. This is the exercise that God requires of it. And as a proper exercise of the body gives to it greater strength and symmetry, so greater strength and symmetry of soul is the result of its proper exercise.

The little child that walks across the floor for the first time, to take from its mother's hands a glittering toy, gains something more than this, for it learns to walk. The heads and hands that toil for daily bread, earn with it a mental and physical development, as well as a satisfaction and an independence of soul, worth far more than the bread, and which that alone without the toil could never give.

The student who, after long searching, discovers some hidden truth, receives with it a keener mental sight to detect a more darkly hidden one. So, every evil temptation resisted; every burden borne with Christian fortitude, will bring to the soul strength to resist a greater temptation, or bear a heavier burden.

As, by use, the physical eye learns to see new wonders in the material world, and the mental eye at every trial explores farther in the realms of science, so the spiritual eye, by every exercise, reads some new revelation of God.

The soul that drifts through its existence

here in a kind of passive state, being acted upon, instead of acting, is of as little use in the moral world as a paralyzed body is in the physical. The great problems of life that set so many souls quivering and throbbing in the struggle for solution, are as nothing to such a one. It wonders why people are so disturbed. All talk about right and duty is as unintelligible to it as Greek is to a child. It has become paralyzed through lack of exercise.

The soul that stands highest in the scale of virtue is the one whose life has been the greatest struggle, the one in whose experience inclination and duty have been oftenest at variance, the one to whom every question involving a principle has come directly, allowing no evasion, but demanding an immediate choice between the right and the wrong. It is the one that, obeying the voice of God within it, "has done the right, as though it walked the earth alone, and all the gods were dead," expecting no praise and seeking no reward. Right-doing for the sake of right is the only true exercise of the soul, and every inclination to allow any other motive to control one's actions is a temptation to do wrong.

In the desire or inclination to do that which conflicts with one's highest convictions of right lies temptation. The desire for an object makes that object a temptation. The degree of the desire makes the degree of the temptation. The strength of *will* one possesses, will measure the ease or difficulty with which the desire may be controlled, and the temptation thus resisted.

As each person is differently constituted from every other person, that which is a strong temptation to one may be none at all to another. The man who does not drink whisky, simply because he has no taste for it, must not think himself better than he, who, yielding to a powerful appetite, is intoxicated every day; nor must he think himself equally strong with him, who, crushing a craving desire, walks the earth a conqueror.

He who does not lie or steal or get drunk, because he is not tempted to do these things, must not fancy that it is because he is strong. Temptation is the only test of strength. There is no virtue without it. From the Gethsemane of a vanquished temptation the soul comes strengthened and glorified. And the darker and more fearful the struggle, the more divine will be the victory. HOPE ARLINGTON.

A LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.—"Papa," said the son of Bishop Berkely, "what is the meaning of the words *cherubim* and *seraphim*, which we meet in the Holy Scriptures?" "Cherubim," replied his father, "is a Hebrew word, signifying knowledge; *seraphim* is another word of the same language, and signifies flame. Whence it is supposed that the cherubim are angels who excel in knowledge, and that the *seraphim* are angels likewise, who excel in loving God." "I hope, then," said the little boy, "when I die I shall be a *seraph*; for I would rather love God than know all things."



EMINENT AMERICAN CLERGYMEN. BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, WITH PORTRAITS.

THE Church of Swedenborg is of comparatively recent growth, but bids fair to become a strong society in this country. The spiritual element is very conspicuous in its religious doctrines, and the organ in the human brain which subserves spiritual susceptibilities is generally large in the heads of its prominent advocates. In their interpretation of Scripture, the followers of the Swedish seer claim to discern the spiritual essence of its declarations in a deeper and more satisfactory sense than other religious investigators, and have thus come to be regarded by many as given to vague and mystical utterances of faith. An examination of their doctrines and practices shows them to be liberal and tolerant—in fact, promoters of the utmost religious liberty, under a Christian polity. Following the sketches of biography and character the reader will find a concise view of the principles and practices of the Church of the New Jerusalem.

THOMAS WORCESTER, D.D.—Dr. Thomas Worcester was born in Thornton, N. H., April 15, 1795. He entered Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass., in 1814. During his collegiate course he read with much interest the works of Swedenborg, which he found in the College library. In 1818, he began to lead in public worship in Boston, and was licensed to preach in 1819. He was ordained, and introduced into the office of an ordaining minister at the same time, by the Rev. John Hargrove, of Baltimore—the first American New Church minister—August 17, 1823. He has been elected President of the General Convention of the New Jerusalem in the United States of America at every annual session of that body since 1838. He has also been President of the Massachusetts Association of the New Church almost from its commencement, in 1833. Ever since his ordination, Dr. Worcester has been the pastor of the Boston Society of the New Church. He was for many years an editor of the *New Jerusalem Magazine*, and has contributed largely to the standard literature of the Church. He is an earnest, thorough-going, and highly esteemed leader in the denomination.

Here we have a strong yet fine face; every feature is well set and finely chiseled. His head appears to be rather large, at least it is well proportioned to the body, and there is every indication of a sound mind in a sound body. The temperament is at once fine and strong, elastic and enduring. Such an organization feels quickly, and all the functions respond promptly. There are no signs of excess, of overdoing, of losing balance and being swept away from proper moorings by impulse, passion, or prejudice. His is a judicial intellect; he would have made an excellent magistrate, to investigate the higher class of causes in civil and criminal jurisprudence; is endowed with practical talent sufficient to gather knowledge, and the organs of memory to hold it, with a talent for classification and synthesis, as well as analysis, that makes him a clear, sharp, and consecutive thinker. He reads human character like a printed book; men standing before him for the first time are revealed to him with a clearness which, to his judgment, amounts to certainty. His benevolence and veneration are the pre-eminent elements of his religious life. He has faith and spirituality, but he accepts very little without a show of reason, without facts or analogies to sustain them. The doctrine of correspondences would be to him an open book, while to many it is a sealed one. He should be known for integrity, dignity, perseverance; for great sincerity; for plainness of speech, and dignity of manner.

Rev. CHAUNCEY GILES. Chauncey Giles, well known in New York religious circles as a bold and spirited advocate of the New Church tenets, was born at Conway, Mass. While a young man, being possessed of a good education, he went to Ohio, and there took charge of a school. It was not until nearly middle life that he entered upon the preparatory course which made him a religious teacher. In May, 1863, he was ordained a minister of the Church of the New Jerusalem, and in June, 1863, he was consecrated to the grade of an ordinary minister. He has been for some years

the pastor of the Society in New York city, and is the President of the New York Association of the New Church.

The well-known Swedenborgian preacher of New York has a strongly practical brain. There is no imitation, no tendency to follow, here. He is staunch, methodical, energetic, and progressive. He differs widely in mental organization from most ministers of his sect in possessing so much practicality and so little dependence on the intangible evidences of emotion or feeling. He should be keen-sighted, quick in drawing conclusions, and active in the prosecution of his chosen calling. Benevolence, Veneration, and Firmness are large, and constitute the principal ingredients of his religious life. In fact, the chief stimulus of his moral life is benevolence, and this gives tone and direction to his practical intellect.

Rev. ABIEL SILVER was born in Hopkinton, N. H., April 8d, 1797. His early educational training was limited to the common school and academy. Soon after he was twenty-one he became seriously religious, and joined the Episcopal Church.

In 1818 he engaged in teaching school, of which he was fond. In 1820 he left New Hampshire to seek better opportunities in the State of New York, taking a letter of introduction from John Harris, Judge of the Court, to Nathaniel H. Carter, of Albany, then editor of the *Statesman*, who became his friend, and opened the way for a favorable acquaintance with men of influence. From this time Mr. Silver soon opened a prosperous school in Ogdensburg, N. Y., and pursued teaching and his studies regularly from 1820 to 1825, with a view of entering the Episcopal ministry. But he finally felt compelled to give it up, because he could not altogether understand the doctrines of the Church, though he still continued an active member.

This changed his plans of life, and he went into business as a country merchant in Waddington, N. Y. In 1830 he took goods into Michigan, where he dealt also in lands. There he found it was necessary, in order to be successful in business, that he should understand law; and he read law for that purpose. He was then appointed one of the Associate Judges of the Circuit Court; and, still later, Commissioner of the State Land Office; always holding some responsible office of trust until 1849. Then he gave up all other business for that of the ministry, and was ordained a minister of the New Jerusalem Church. In 1855 he was consecrated an ordaining minister.

Mr. Silver was led to the writings of Swedenborg in 1838 through the loss of an arm; the sensations of the hand which remained, convincing him that he had an organized spiritual body within the natural body; and being advised to read Swedenborg for explanation. And here, to his great joy, he says, he found what his soul so much wanted—a rational understanding of the doctrines of the Holy Word.

Thus, when he was ordained, in 1849, he had been reading the philosophical and theological works of Swedenborg with intense interest for eleven years. He was ordained as a missionary at large, and has declined being settled over any Society as a permanent pastor, choosing rather to labor where it might seem to him he could be most useful. He has preached four years in Michigan, four in New Hampshire, four in Wilmington, Del., four in the city of New York, and one in Salem, Mass. In the mean time he has made missionary visits to many places, and preached in most of the cities and populous towns north of Virginia and east of Galena.

Besides various sermons and articles for the papers, Mr. Silver has published two books, entitled "Lectures on the Symbolic Character of the Sacred Scriptures," and "The Holy Word in its Own Defense."

Mr. Silver has an organization which, at this advanced period of his life, indicates a well-sustained tone of quality and vigor. His intellect is of that finely poised character which adapts a man to the successful prosecution of scholastic employments. As a teacher, as a writer, or as a lecturer, he would meet with success. He is eminently a thinker; inclined to investigate theories, to lay plans, and originate measures. Those subjects which do not present a clear and coherent outline, which may not be scrutinized beneath the surface, do not receive much favor from him. He would know for him-

self and not depend on others for the bases of his beliefs. Yet he is kind, forbearing, and tender, not inclined to treat harshly or contemptuously that which his judgment rejects. He has much social affection, a strong sympathy for his fellows, and marked earnestness of purpose in the calling to which his spiritual longings are so well adapted.

Rev. J. R. HIBBARD. John Randolph Hibbard is the pastor of the Chicago Society of the New Jerusalem, and Superintendent of the Illinois Association of the New Church. He is the most prominent and efficient Swedenborgian minister in the West. Born and educated in the Presbyterian Church, while yet a minor he became a minister of the United Brethren Church. In 1839, at the age of twenty-four years, he became a member of the New Church, and was ordained a minister therein the same year. After preaching some time in Ohio he removed to Illinois in 1844, where he has been employed ever since. In 1847 he was consecrated, at New York, to the grade of an ordaining minister. He has black hair and eyes, is of medium size, and of active mental habits. He enters with all his heart into the performance of his duties, is faithful and painstaking as a pastor, and as a missionary he seems to continually bear the command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel."

Here we have the indications of strength, resolution, positiveness, self-reliance, willingness to meet opposition, and a conscious power to grapple with difficulty and to overcome it. He has many of the elements which indicate sternness and hardihood, the power to bear burdens and suffer privations. He is more like the oak than like the willow. He strives with the storm more like the oak than bends to it like the willow. He is much more like a steamer than like a sailing vessel; he does not consult the winds nor the tides as to his course; he never consulted ease and convenience in respect to his duty. For his steadfastness and self-reliance he resembles John Knox. He has not so much combativeness and destructiveness as belonged to Martin Luther, hence he is not inclined to wield carnal weapons; he aims more to persuade and convince than to vanquish a foe. He is frank almost to a fault. There is a lack of acrimony in his reproof, in his blunt, argumentative efforts, which make acceptable from him that which with most men would seem dogmatical and overbearing.

His perceptive intellect is amply developed, indicating the power to understand the signs of the times, the ways of men, of business, and to meet the exigencies of life in the proper spirit.

He has a retentive memory, great analytical power, excellent reasoning ability, a full share of mirthfulness, a relish for the beautiful, and comparatively little regard for property; he would be willing that Agar's prayers would be answered in respect to him—"Give me neither poverty nor riches."

He has an extraordinary development of Benevolence, rendering his mind expansive and liberal in sympathies, and deep as to the needs of man. It is seldom we find so much gentleness and pathos combined with so much stateliness of thought and such direct earnestness of will and purpose as in this organization.

Rev. JAMES P. STUART. James Park Stuart, Missionary Bishop in the New Church, was born near Ripley, Ohio, January 29, 1810. His parents were Scotch, and were of the Presbyterian Church. In this church he received his early education, and was admitted to its communion in the eighteenth year of his age. The same year he commenced his preparation for college. In 1836 he graduated at Illinois College; and the same year commenced his theological studies preparatory to entering the ministry. In furtherance of these studies he became a resident graduate in Yale College in 1837-8, where he attended the Theological Lectures of Dr. Taylor, Dr. Fitch, and others of the Divinity School, as well as the Scientific Lectures of Prof. Silliman, Prof. Olmstead, and others.

Returning to the West, Mr. Stuart was introduced in the Presbyterian ministry in 1839, and commenced his labors in this profession in Rock Island, Ill. But in the pursuit of his theological studies, he began soon seriously to doubt the truthfulness of the Presbyterian doctrines; and at the close of the second year of his ministry he re-

signed his charge at Rock Island and returned to Ohio, his native place, for the purpose of making a full examination of the doctrines to which he had committed himself as a public teacher. This investigation was continued through a period of about three years, and led him finally to the full rejection of the whole system of Calvinism, new and old school, and at the same time the correlated system of Arminianism, as well also as the systems of Arius and Pelagius.

While thus in the general disbelief of the prevailing dogmas of the old church, Mr. Stuart was led to examine the works of Swedenborg and the doctrines of the New Church, and the examination resulted in his full and hearty acceptance of the New Doctrines.

After a preliminary study of more than a year, Mr. Stuart entered the ministry of the New Church, into which he was ordained in 1847. He at once entered the missionary field in Ohio, in which work he continued until 1850, when he was called to the pastorate of the church in Cincinnati. After three years he resigned this charge, and again entered the field as a missionary, and as a laborer with others in the work of establishing a school of the Church in Urbana, Ohio. For a time Mr. Stuart was general agent of this young University, and then for several years held the chair of Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy. But funds not being available for the endowment of the institution, Mr. S. resigned his chair, and returned more directly into the work of the ministry.

About this time a parish of the New Church was formed at Glendale, Ohio, and Mr. Stuart took the pastoral charge of it. During his pastorate, a very handsome Temple was built by the parish, and dedicated—one that is regarded a model in the perfection of its form and structure.

In 1861 Mr. Stuart was called to New York to take charge of the Book Concern of the New Church and to edit the *New Jerusalem Messenger*. This office he continued to discharge until 1865, when he resigned it to enter once more upon his favorite work of propagandism by popular lectures and sermons.

In the organization of Mr. Stuart we perceive fineness of quality and an elevated and refined nature. It will be observed that the head increases in magnitude as it rises from the eyes and ears upward; across the brow there is not a great development. He gathers knowledge more through meditation than through observation and experience. He has a theoretical intellect, and is obliged to devote himself to the subject-matter in hand in such a way that he can reason it all out.

He has large Causality, which demands and gives a reason. He has the higher order of Constructiveness, which harmonizes with imagination rather than with perceptive and tangible things, hence his inventions will be in the direction of ideas more than in the direction of things. He is endowed with a sense of the ludicrous, and whenever he can prove a thing absurd, he feels satisfied that he has overthrown it. His sense of the perfect and beautiful, his appreciation of the grand and sublime, appear to be strong.

He is a man of caution, and he seldom adopts a new course or a new class of thought without careful investigation and prolonged meditation.

He is a man of integrity; he loves truth for its own sake, and inclined to stand upon it with a strength and firmness which is not easily set aside.

He has Hope, Veneration, and Spirituality large enough to make him a leader of other people's feelings and thoughts. He sympathizes with the realm of the social, but is not an ardent, impassioned man; he prizes a well-tried friend; but does not quickly warm up to strangers, however attractive.

He is not a man of severe feelings, but has considerable combativeness; is rather inclined to assail that which he regards as faulty, and aims to argue down opposition and argue up his views. He has rather a polemical spirit, and in his line will be likely to become a leader in thought, a man to be quoted for the soundness of his views, and the clearness and strength of his positions.

Rev. J. C. AGER. John Curtis Ager was born in Warner, N. H., March 22d, 1835. At the age of thirteen he left home and found employment in Fisherville, N. H., in a cotton mill. From this time, depend-

ing solely upon his own resources, he managed, by hard work and close economy, to secure about eleven weeks' schooling each year. His chief employments, until he reached the age of twenty-one, were working in cotton mills, shoemaking, and farming, and, during the latter part of the time, teaching country schools.

From his early childhood Mr. Ager had felt a strong desire to become a minister. In the spring of 1855 a course of lectures on the doctrines of the New Church was delivered in Warner, by the Rev. Abiel Silver, which resolved him at once to devote himself to the New Church ministry. In the spring of 1856, after six months' preparation in the New London (N. H.) Academy, he entered an advanced class in the New Church College at Urbana, Ohio. During the year, as his means were limited, he was permitted to undertake the studies of two classes. This proved too much for his health, and he was obliged to leave Urbana in the spring of 1857, after a college residence of little more than a year. Recruiting his health during the summer, he took charge, in the autumn, of the New Church Academy at Contoocook, N. H., which he taught for nine months—carrying on at the same time his college studies, so that he was enabled to graduate with his class in June, 1858.

After holding a position of tutor in his alma mater for two years, he was appointed Professor of Philosophy and English Literature. In 1861, on account of the war and the consequent financial prostration, the College was compelled to suspend its sessions, and Mr. Ager, receiving an invitation from the New Church Society in Brookline, Mass., to become its pastor, accepted it.

In January, 1865, he removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., and took charge of the New Church Society in that city—a position which he still holds.

In person Mr. Ager is rather above the medium height, but carries his head a little forward, and his shoulders slightly bent. His face is strikingly handsome, lit up by large, dark eyes of singular depth and sweetness of expression. His head is compact, well formed, and of medium size; he has a clear olive complexion; hair dark brown, almost black. In manner, he is quiet, gentle, self-contained, and reassuring to the diffident and awkward. He satisfies with a sympathy rather implied than expressed, and is quite reticent with regard to himself and his opinions.

Mr. Ager combines rare tact with talent; can make the most of the resources at his command; would be likely to avoid all needless combat and friction, and would not thrust himself against sharp corners for the sake of winning a cheap martyrdom, of no practical account when won; in short, a well-balanced mind, enlarged and disciplined by culture; thorough good temper improved by religious training, and a ready tact that avoids all unnecessary antagonisms, combined with an attractive person and courteous manners, insures Mr. Ager a hearty recognition in the circles of the intelligent and refined in every religious denomination.

As a reformer, he would follow rather than lead; would give no hasty indorsement of novel opinions, nor rashly commit himself to any untried plan of world betterment however plausible it might seem. In other words, he is, in the structure of his mind, naturally cautious and conservative.

WILLIAM B. HAYDEN. William B. Hayden was born at Schodock, N. Y., Christmas day, 1816. An early ancestor on his father's side came over in one of the ships of the Massachusetts Bay Company, in 1633, and the family for seven or eight generations, or nearly 300 years, remained in Braintree and Quincy, Mass. The subject of this notice studied at the academy in Albany, and at about the age of seventeen went to Boston, where he remained a few years in the bookselling business. Afterward, for nearly twelve years, he was engaged in the same business in New York. About the year 1846, through his friend, the late Prof. George Bush, he had his attention called to the doctrines of the New Jerusalem Church, of which he became a professed receiver. In 1848 he published a small work "On the Character and Work of Christ," being a review and examination of Rev. Dr. Bushnell's "God in Christ," which had just then appeared. In 1849 he commenced lecturing on the doctrines of the New Church in the city of New York, and soon afterward in Portland, Me., and Providence, R. I. In 1850 he was licensed to preach by the

Maine Association of the New Church, and was called to fill the pulpit of the New Jerusalem Society in Portland the same year. The following year he was ordained, and became the pastor of the Portland Society, where he is still located. He is the author of the following works: a treatise on Genesis and Geology, entitled "Science and Revelation;" "On the Phenomena of Spiritualism;" "Ten Chapters on Marriage," and "Ten Lectures on the Book of Revelation."

This face and head indicate health, constitutional vigor and soundness, and the conditions of long life. We judge that he resembles his mother from just below the eyes upward. His forehead indicates a quick, sharp, practical judgment, and the ability to gather from all quarters all the facts, practical and historical, that belong to a subject. He has a historical mind, and lets no fact of importance escape his attention or be left out of his argument. He would make a very fine teacher; he is adapted to communicate that which he knows to others, and he can do it in a style that seems at once graceful and simple.

He has great directness of intellect, and his language is sufficient to give voice to his thoughts. He would excel as an extemporaneous speaker, for he coins his subject in his head, not necessarily in his manuscript. His knowledge becomes a part of himself. Some men have power without the edge; he is known for a keen edge; is sharply discriminative; has the power to concentrate all he knows upon a subject to a single point, and to bring strength to bear in a given place.

He has a great deal of system. Method characterizes all his performances. He is no imitator; he copies others but little, either in manner or style of thought. Truthfulness seems impressed upon his whole nature, and he has enough of energy to make himself felt; he drives all that he attempts.

He is a very social man, warm in his affections; the little ones love him, women confide in him, and men respect him.

Rev. T. B. HAYWARD. Tilly Brown Hayward was born April 2, 1797, in Plainfield, Mass. In 1816 he entered Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass. At the end of his first collegiate year, the doctrines of the New Church were introduced to his notice by Rev. Thomas Worcester. He examined them, and cordially embraced them. In August, 1818, he with twelve others united in being instituted as the Boston Society of the New Jerusalem Church. Mr. Hayward graduated in 1820, and shortly afterward commenced teaching school, which he continued for twenty-six years, when he was licensed to preach the doctrines of the New Church, and in 1850 was ordained. He is now the minister of the Bridgewater Society, in Massachusetts. Mr. Hayward has been the Secretary of the "General Convention of the New Jerusalem in the United States of America" from 1826 to the present time. He has also been the Secretary of the Massachusetts Association of the New Church ever since its commencement in 1835. He has devoted much time and labor to the study of the doctrines of the New Church in Swedenborg's original Latin, and has written out manuscript translations of several volumes.

In this organization we have apparently excellent health, and a calm, sedate, well-poised nature. In disposition, he is gentle and affectionate; in intellect, scholarly and practical rather than logical or original; he acquires knowledge easily, and teaches it with clearness and plainness, if not with force. Men feel that he is their brother rather than their master, for he has a quiet dignity of his own. He assumes but little; aims to persuade rather than to command; to lead, rather than to coerce; to enlighten, not to dogmatize. He is hopeful; his spirituality gives him a love of feeling and sentiment that enables him to anticipate, in some sense, the life to come. He feels that there is something in the universe that is real besides oak and iron, besides matter and earth.

His benevolence renders him sympathetic and generous, and tends to give a kindness and urbanity to his manners which render them particularly acceptable to persons of gentle, confiding, yet diffident, natures.

His affections are strong, but they are generally exercised through the medium of spirituality and benevo-

lence. He inclines to look upon men in the light of that which they are to be, not merely as they are; he pities their ignorance, is sorry for their misfortunes, and prays for their redemption and glorification.

Rev. T. O. PAINE. Timothy Otis Paine, pastor of the East Bridgewater Society, Mass., was born at Winslow, Maine, October 13th, 1824. His education was thorough, graduating from Colby College, Waterville, Me., in 1847. From that date until 1853 he was employed in artistic pursuits, such as drawing, crayon portraiture, sculpture, and practicing on the restoration of lost forms from descriptions and explorations. During this time, however, his attention was drawn seriously to the consideration of religious subjects. In 1853 he began his work, well known in the New Jerusalem Church, "Of Restoring the Tabernacle, Temple, House of the King, Oblation of the Holy Portion, etc.," a second edition of which is now in course of preparation. In 1856 he was called to minister in the pulpit of the East Bridgewater Society, and became its pastor August 14th, 1864.

This gentleman evidently possesses much refinement and intensity. The brain is long and high; from the ear forward there is great length, indicating not only breadth of thought, but practical talent and intensity. His Comparison is immensely developed, showing great discrimination and power of illustration. He has a quick and clear appreciation of the character of other people, and a natural tact of comprehending strangers, and approaching them in such a manner as to gain a favorable influence over them.

His language is peculiar; it is not copious, but it is exact and searching; it touches the point, it convinces the understanding, it impresses deeply the hearer. He has a temperament and an organization favorable to esthetic taste; he has also a natural talent for mechanism and art. If he had devoted himself to poetry and polite literature he would have made his mark. His natural friendship qualifies him to be a good friend, a loving father, and an affectionate husband. If he does not work too hard and prematurely break himself down, we predict that the world will hear much more from him than he has yet said or done.

Rev. WILLARD G. DAY. Willard Gibson Day was born at Circleville, Ohio, January 25th, 1834. From the age of thirteen to that of eighteen he was employed in a printing-office at Chillicothe, where he doubtless made good use of opportunities for mental improvement. Leaving the *case* in 1852, he commenced a course of study in Urbana University, on the completion of which he was appointed a tutor. In 1856 he was licensed to preach at Urbana, and in the subsequent year he was regularly ordained a minister of the New Jerusalem Church. He became pastor of the Church in Northern Ohio, and he remained several years at East Rockport, near Cleveland. Mr. Day has been for two years past President of the Ohio Association of the New Church.

A large brain and an active temperament are prominent characteristics in this organization. Thoughtful yet scrutinizing, clear and solid as a reasoner, and compact as a speaker, Mr. Day appears to possess most of the elements of intellectual success. He has a strong sense of the spiritual—is able to look away from the merely material into the unseen and find a sufficient rest for the mind, a firm basis for his inner thoughts. He has much ability as a critical theorist, but is not over-confident in his personal capacity. He would be well considered by others, yet carefully avoids ostentation, and, as far as possible, anything that would render him especially conspicuous.

Rev. JOHN GODDARD. John Goddard was born in North Bridgewater, Mass., October 9th, 1830. He received as good an education as the common schools and academy of his native town afforded. When he was about fifteen years old, becoming tired of school, he entered a printing-office in his native place. One day, while engaged in "rolling" at a hand-press, the pressman, himself a New Churchman, happened to state to him the substance of the doctrine of the New Church respecting the Lord. Although he had attended church all his life, and had had the advantage of his father's teachings, this doctrine, only till then realized,

seemed to change the current of his thoughts and feelings, and from that moment he determined to enter the ministry.

He entered Amherst College in the autumn of 1858, but was soon obliged to leave on account of his health giving way. He at once commenced fitting for the ministry with his father, devoting himself principally to the study of the theological works of Swedenborg. After four years devoted to teaching and studying, he was licensed to preach in July, 1862. After officiating a few months in the towns of Yarmouth and Bridgewater, Mass., his health again gave way, and he felt that it would be useful to spend a year in the equable climate of Minnesota. Having through this means partially recovered his health, he resolved to abandon the clerical profession and learn some secular business. Accordingly, he entered the counting-room of Messrs. Wm. Carter & Brother, in Boston; but after remaining with them about a year, he was applied to by the Cincinnati Society of the New Jerusalem to fill their pulpit for a month. The call was accepted, with the expectation of leaving at the end of that time; but he was induced to remain a few months longer, when he was chosen pastor, in May, 1866.

This gentleman is active, sprightly, and energetic. Sensitive and susceptible, everything of an inciting nature, especially if it be allied to his profession, serves to keep him in motion, if not on the strain. He needs composure—rest, and must live less nervously than he is inclined to if he would improve in health, and so render himself better able to discharge the duties of his pastorate.

He has a keen sense of the mirthful, and a sharply observant intellect. As a speaker he should be clear and direct, yet sprightly and somewhat ornamental.

Rev. JABEZ FOX. Jabez Fox, pastor of the Washington Society of the N. J. Church, and Presiding Minister of the Maryland Association, was born October 7, 1817, at Berkeley, Mass. He is a descendant in the sixth generation from that Jabez Fox who was settled in Woburn, Mass., in 1679; and the ninth generation from John Fox, author of the Book of Martyrs. His parents designed him for the ministry of the Congregational Orthodox Church from his birth, and his early education had reference to this purpose. But he early began to entertain doubts in regard to the doctrines of that church, which gradually grew into entire disbelief of the whole system. He was but seven years old when an effort of his father to explain what was meant in the Westminster Catechism by "hell," led him to think his father knew very little of what followed death, and was the first step toward unbelief. At eleven years of age he went to his father with a picture drawn by Dr. Watts of the Second Person in the Divine Trinity "sprinkling the Father's flowing throne with his redeeming blood," asking how the two persons could be so dissimilar and yet be one Being. All efforts at explanation but increased the difficulty; and the growing skepticism of the boy defeated the intention of the father to educate him for the ministry. He learned the printer's trade, and at twenty-one went to the city of Washington to find employment. He soon became foreman of the compositors in the *Democratic Review* office. But he had resolved on getting more schooling, and the following spring he went to Whitesboro', N. Y., and entered as a sophomore in the Oneida Institute. It was from some lectures of that robust and manly Christian scholar, President Beriah Green, on the character of St. Paul, at the close of which the immeasurable superiority of Jesus to Paul or any other mere man, was very successfully presented, that a resolution was formed in the young man to re-examine the grounds of his religious belief, or disbelief; for at this time he was not a believer in a revealed religion, and yet he was in the habit morning and evening of offering up prayer to the unknown and unrevealed Creator. Circumstances, and not any purpose of his own, carried him soon after this to Detroit, where the doctrines of the New Jerusalem were brought to his notice, and a copy of the "Four Leading Doctrines" was placed in his hands. He read with eagerness, and his skepticism at once gave way to earnest belief. He took an active part in the formation of a New Church Association, of which he became an influential member and officer, and so continued while he remained in Michigan. The urgent request of personal friends led him (in company with Hon. A. Silver,

then Commissioner of Michigan State Land Office, and Mr. Henry Weller) to enter upon a course of Sunday Lectures on the Doctrines of the New Church, at public halls and in school-houses, at and in the vicinity of Marshall, Mich. A Society grew up at Marshall and another at Edwardsburg (the residence of Mr. Silver), and in June, 1849, in Philadelphia, Mr. Silver and Mr. Fox were ordained, and Mr. Fox became the minister of the Marshall Society soon afterward. In January, 1850, he accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the New Church Society at Detroit; and laid aside altogether his secular calling to devote himself to the ministry. In 1857 he became the pastor of the Washington Society of the New Jerusalem; but in July, 1859 (the Society finding itself unable to support him), he returned to Michigan, and became the chaplain of the State Prison, preaching in the city of Jackson to a New Church congregation. In 1861 he accepted a call from the Society at Peoria, Ill.; but in 1863, the Society at Washington, D. C., insisted on his return; and he complied.

This gentleman possesses the equanimity and directness of character which the contour and general expression of the face so strikingly indicate. He is a direct and positive man; yet forbearing and sympathetic. There is a softness about the features which evinces delicacy of feeling and sympathy, while the massive character of the head laterally, shows force and vigor. He is a keen-eyed observer, and draws his notions and theories mainly from external life. Hence he is practical and matter-of-fact. He is firm, yet cautious in taking a definite position. He does not assert that which he has not fully determined, but when satisfied with the truth or falsity of a subject, he is spirited and inflexible in the maintenance of his opinion. His first impressions are influential in forming his judgment, and his manner is frank and candid, in fact, attractive and encouraging.

THE NEW JERUSALEM CHURCH.

I. ORIGIN OF THE NEW CHURCH.

THE Sacred Scriptures announce the second coming of the Lord, to execute the Last Judgment, and to institute a New Church, signified by the New Jerusalem in the Apocalypse. The Lord himself predicted, when he was in the world, that the Christian Church would come to its end, through evils of life and errors of doctrine. This prediction is particularly set forth in the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew, in these words: "And as he sat upon the Mount of Olives, the disciples came unto him privately, saying, Tell us, when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the age?" And Jesus answered and said unto them, Take heed that ye be not troubled; for all these things must come to pass; but the end is not yet. For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes in divers places. All these are the beginning of sorrows. Then shall they deliver you up to be afflicted, and shall kill you; and ye shall be hated of all nations for my name's sake. And then shall many be offended, and shall betray one another, and shall hate one another. And many false prophets shall rise, and shall deceive many. And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall grow cold. But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved. And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a testimony unto all nations; and then shall the end come. . . . For then shall be great tribulation, such as was not from the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be. . . . Immediately after the tribulation of those days, shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken. And then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven: and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn; and they

* In the Greek this expression is *Τῆς συντελείας τοῦ αἰῶνος*. In the Latin New Testaments it is *Consummationis seculi*. It properly means the consummation or winding up of the age or dispensation.

shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, with great power and glory."

The New Church doctrine teaches that this prophecy refers to states through which the Church was to pass: thus, to various conflicts between good and evil principles. By the sun being darkened is represented the absence of the Lord's love and charity. The moon signifies faith; and faith is said to give no light when the Church is overrun with evils and errors. The stars denote knowledges and truths concerning the Lord and the Church; and these are said to fall from heaven, or from the interior of the mind, when the Church comes to its end. The end of the age, or, as it is commonly rendered, the end of the world, signifies the last time of the Church; when all good has been perverted and turned into evil, and all truth falsified, and made of none effect by the traditions of men.* The coming of the Lord in the clouds of heaven, represents his second coming, to execute the Last Judgment and to establish the New Church. This New Church is described by the New Jerusalem and its magnificent things. "When the New Jerusalem was seen to descend out of heaven, it is said, 'Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and he will be with them, their God: and the nations that are saved shall walk in the light of it; and night shall not be there. I, Jesus, have sent my angel to testify to you these things in the churches. I am the root and offspring of David, the bright and morning star. And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that thirsteth come; and he that will, let him take of the water of life freely. Yea, come, Lord Jesus: Amen.'—(Rev. xxi. 3, 24, 25; xxii. 16, 17, 20.)"†

In the theological writings of Emanuel Swedenborg it is taught that the Last Judgment took place in the spiritual world in the year 1757, and that the Lord sent his twelve disciples, who had followed Him in the world, out into the whole spiritual world to preach the gospel anew in the year 1770.‡

II. THE FAITH OF THE NEW CHURCH.

The Faith of the New Church in the universal form is this: That the Lord from eternity, who is Jehovah, came into the world, that he might subjugate the hells, and glorify his Humanity; and without this no mortal could be saved; and they are saved who believe in him.

The particulars of faith on man's part are, 1. That God is one, in whom is a Divine Trinity; and that he is the Lord God the Saviour Jesus Christ: 2. Saving faith is to believe in him: 3. Evils are not to be done, because they are of the devil and from the devil: 4. Good things are to be done, because they are of God and from God: 5. And these are to be done by man as of himself; but it is to be believed that they are with him and through him from the Lord.

III. THE DOCTRINES OF THE NEW CHURCH.

1. The Doctrines of the New Church are new. They are not simply a combination of truths collected from the religious systems of the past. While they are in harmony with all the truths of science, philosophy, and religion that have hitherto been known, they also claim to embrace fuller and more enlarged views concerning those subjects that most concern our eternal welfare.

2. The New Church teaches that there is but one God in essence and in person, and that he is the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who is Jehovah in human form. In him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. The relation between the Father and the Son is like that existing between a man's soul and his body; but with this difference, that the Lord glorified and made divine the humanity he assumed from Mary, while a man, on his departure from this world, leaves behind him his natural body. The human nature which the Lord assumed when in the world partook of the weakness and frailty of men, and had like tendencies to evil, yet without sin. During the whole period of his abode in the world, the humanity of the Lord was being glorified, or made one with the Father or indwelling divinity. In order to accomplish this, all the evil tendencies and infirmities derived from Mary had to be put away; and in

proportion as this was done, the divinity from the Father flowed down and supplied their place. This work of resisting temptation and putting off human frailties caused the indescribable sufferings which the Lord underwent. But it was only the human nature of the Lord that suffered, and not his divine nature. The passion on the cross was the last temptation the Lord experienced; and when he rose again, he ascended into the spiritual world, and became invisible in this world. After his resurrection he manifested himself to the spiritual sight of his disciples; and then ascended up through the heavens into the Divine—to that glory which he had with the Father before the world was. Thus, when the New Churchman speaks of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, he means the Essential Divinity, the Divine Humanity, and the Proceeding Influence of the Lord; consequently, not three persons are understood, but three essential principles, constituting together the one person of the Lord Jesus Christ.

3. The New Church teaches that the Sacred Scriptures are the Word of God, or the Divine Truth itself, which is the source of wisdom to angels and to men. The books of the Bible which constitute the Word of God have an internal or spiritual sense, distinct from the literal sense, as the soul is distinct from the body; that is, the internal sense of the Word is the soul of the literal sense. It was this internal sense the Lord had reference to when he said, *The words that I speak unto you are spirit and are life*—John vi. 63. The arcana of wisdom contained in the Word are seen, in the light of true doctrine, to be more and more wonderful as they become unfolded and are understood. The angels understand the Word in its spiritual sense; and inasmuch as it contains truths continuous from the Lord, in its inmost sense, it is inexpressibly divine and holy. The nature of the internal sense, and the correspondence of the literal sense with it, are fully unfolded in the theological writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, who declares that the spiritual sense of the Sacred Scriptures was revealed to him while he read the Word. The theological writings of Swedenborg, although claiming to be a revelation from the Lord, do not, like the Old and New Testaments, contain an internal sense. And while they add nothing to the Word of God, they explain it in a most wonderful way, and in a manner entirely new and startling.

4. Swedenborg taught that *all religion has relation to life, and that the life of religion is to do good*. According to his view, merely going to church on Sundays and attending prayer meetings and other religious gatherings, do not, of themselves, make a person religious. They are the external signs of religion. Nor does faith, alone, save. A belief in some particular creed or system of doctrines, without a life according to them, is of no more avail to save than it would be to expect a house to come into existence simply by the architect's drawing a plan of it. Two things are necessary in order to live a Christian life. One is to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as the only God of heaven and earth; the other is to obey the Ten Commandments. We must have faith, which shows us our duty, and we must have charity, which consists in faithfully performing the duties of our employment. Simply giving to the poor, endowing hospitals, and performing other similar acts called charitable, are of less importance than doing well our every-day work, and fulfilling justly all our relations in life; for the former kind of charity can only be exercised by a few, while the latter is within the reach of all. He is most charitable who performs the greatest use in his particular calling.

5. In order to clearly understand the difference between the teachings of the New Church and the Old, we must base our comparisons, not only on the creeds and doctrines that now prevail, but we must also consider the doctrines that were generally taught as orthodox a century ago; for while the New Church doctrine remains the same now that it was then, the doctrines and teachings of the Christian Church have been much modified and improved. Thus, when Swedenborg announced that man was in freedom in spiritual, as well as in natural, things, his teaching was universally regarded as heretical, and was rejected accordingly. But men now see that they are free to live good lives, if they will. They now know that it is possible to obey the Commandments, and that their destiny is not a pre-ordained

thing, but depends upon how they use the freedom and rationality God gives them. Every one is accountable for his conduct in the circumstances in which he is placed. There are always two courses open to us, so long as we are in this world—the good and the evil.

6. Death and the Resurrection, in the light of the New Church, are regarded as one event: death is the natural side, of which resurrection is the spiritual side. Death is an orderly step in life. We begin existence on earth. At death we rise into the spiritual world, where we are to live eternally—in heaven if we are good; in hell if we are evil. The nature of the change called death may be compared to the transformation of the worm into the butterfly. It is the transfer of the scene of our life from the earth to the spiritual world—from time to eternity. And when the dark river of death has been crossed, we bid farewell to earth for ever; for as the butterfly *does not* resume the low forms of its former existence, and the bird *does not* return to inhabit the shell from which it was hatched, so man *can not* come back to this world after he has been raised up into the spiritual world.

7. The Spiritual World, into which man comes after death, is not any place in space. It is not here or there; but it is a world within the material universe; not within as to space, but within as to state, as the soul is within the body. It is everywhere contiguous to the natural world, but is not continued into it. This relation may be illustrated in a slight degree by water in a sponge. The water is in every part, yet is separate from it. It is also like the relation between the soul and the body; for as the soul acts upon and pervades every part of the body, so the spiritual world acts upon and pervades every atom of the material universe. Spirit is to matter what the cause is to its effect. The spiritual world consists of heaven and hell, and the intermediate state called the world of spirits. Every one, immediately after death, first comes into the world of spirits. While there, he undergoes the judgment, which, with the good, consists in the separation of his evil qualities from him, and their rejection to hell; and in proportion as this is done, he is led by the Lord toward heaven, and becomes associated with some society in heaven which is in a similar state of good with himself. There he continues to live to eternity, in a state of constantly increasing blessedness. The judgment which the evil man undergoes consists in the separation from him of his good qualities, as the Scripture says, *From him that hath not, shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have*—Luke viii. 18. When this process of separating the good from the evil is fully accomplished, the wicked man chooses to go to hell.

8. By the Church, in its widest sense, Swedenborgians mean all who acknowledge and worship a supreme Being, and who live as good a life as they know how. In a less general sense they understand the Church to include all who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as the only God, and live a life according to the Ten Commandments, and who acknowledge the Sacred Scriptures to be the Word of God, or the Divine Truth itself.

9. In regard to Baptism and the Holy Supper, it is believed that they were instituted by the Lord in lieu of the various ceremonial rites of the Israelitish dispensation, and that they are significative of spiritual and divine things, by which man has conjunction with the Lord and with heaven. Baptism is a sign, which is perceived in heaven, that the person baptized belongs to the Lord's Church, and it is a memorial that he is to be regenerated. By the water used in baptism is signified truth; by its application is meant the purifying influence of truth. This ordinance was instituted in place of circumcision and the various washings and purifying processes of the Jews. Hence it signifies the cleansing of the soul from evil, and at the same time introduction into the Church. The Holy Supper was instituted in place of the burnt offerings and sacrifices of the Jewish Church; and it represents the appropriation of good and truth from the Lord. By the Lord's flesh and the bread are signified the divine good; by the blood and the wine are signified the divine truth; and by eating the bread and drinking the wine are meant their appropriation.

10. It is according to divine order that there should be both civil and ecclesiastical governments. And these are related to each other as the internal and the external, or as the soul and the body. These two kinds of government must act in harmony; if otherwise, strife and dis-

* Matthew xv. 6; Mark vii. 13.

† Principles of the New Church, pp. 38, 39.

‡ Last Judgment, number 45; True Christian Religion, n. 791.

cord are engendered. The Church can not exist where civil government is not respected, nor can any civil government prosper unless there be also ecclesiastical government.

IV. HISTORY OF THE NEW CHURCH.

Swedenborg had not been dead many years before his writings began to be read by a few Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, and Scandinavians, who were sufficiently learned to read Latin, in which language the writings of the New Church were left by their author. In the year 1788, Robert Hindmarsh, the first New Church minister, was ordained. And in 1789 the first session of the General Conference of the New Church in Great Britain was held in London. The organization of the Church in America began later—the first American minister having been ordained in 1798, and the first session of the General Convention of the New Jerusalem was held at Philadelphia in 1817. The growth of the New Church in Great Britain has been small as regards numbers, there being less than a hundred churches in that kingdom; but though its growth has been slow, it is increasing in strength and influence. The General Convention of the New Jerusalem in the United States has grown more rapidly. Its organization is very complete, extending to every State of the Union. It is made up of four classes of members, namely, individuals, societies, associations, and ministers. The principal associations are those of Massachusetts, Ohio, and New York. The largest societies are those of Boston, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. The organization of the General Convention is so comprehensive that all New Churchmen residing within its limits may be represented in it. There is an orderly progression from the individual member up to the general church. The membership of the New Church in the United States has increased tenfold since the first General Convention was held half a century ago.

On Physiology.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—*Cassini*.

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—*Shem iv. 6.*

THE STUDY OF PHYSIOLOGY.

BY JOHN STUART MILL.

THE importance of understanding the true conditions of health and disease, of knowing how to acquire and preserve that healthy habit of body which the most tedious and costly medical treatment so often fails to restore when once lost, should secure a place in general education for the principal maxims of hygiene, and some of those even of practical medicine. For those who aim at high intellectual cultivation, the study of physiology has still greater recommendations, and is, in the present state of advancement of the higher studies, a real necessity. The practice which it gives in the study of nature is such as no other physical science affords in the same kind, and is the best introduction to the difficult questions of politics and social life. Scientific education, apart from professional object, is but a preparation for judging rightly of man, and of his requirements and interests. But to this final pursuit, which has been called, *par excellence*, the proper study of mankind, physiology is the most serviceable of the sciences, because it is the nearest. Its subject is already Man; the same complex and manifold being whose properties are not independent of circumstance and immovable from

age to age, like those of the ellipse and hyperbola, or of sulphur and phosphorus; but are infinitely various, indefinitely modifiable by art or accident, graduating by the nicest shades into one another, and reacting upon one another in a thousand ways, so that they are seldom capable of being isolated and observed separately. With the difficulties of the study of a being so constituted, the physiologist, and he alone among scientific inquirers, is already familiar. Take what view we will of man as a spiritual being, one part of his nature is far more like another than either of them is like anything else. In the organic world we study nature under disadvantages very similar to those which affect the study of moral and political phenomena. Our means of making experiments are almost as limited, while the extreme complexity of the facts makes the conclusions of general reasoning unusually precarious, on account of the vast number of circumstances that conspire to determine every result. Yet, in spite of these obstacles, it is found possible in physiology to arrive at a considerable number of well-ascertained and important truths. This, therefore, is an excellent school in which to study the means of overcoming similar difficulties elsewhere. It is in physiology, too, that we are first introduced to some of the conceptions which play the greatest part in the moral and social science, but which do not occur at all in those of inorganic nature. As, for instance, the idea of predisposition and of predisposing causes, as distinguished from exciting causes. The operation of all moral forces is immensely influenced by predisposition. Without that element, it is impossible to explain the commonest facts of history and social life. Physiology is, also, the first science in which we recognize the influence of habit; the tendency of something to happen again merely because it has happened before. From physiology, too, we get our clearest notion of what is meant by development or evolution. The growth of a plant, or animal, from the first germ, is the typical specimen of a phenomenon which rules through the whole course of man and society; increase of function, through expansion and differentiation of structure by internal forces. I can not enter into the subject at greater length; it is enough if I throw out hints which may be germs of further thought in yourselves. Those who aim at high intellectual achievements may be assured that no part of their time will be less wasted than that which they employ in becoming familiar with the methods and with the main conceptions of the science of organization and life.

[Mr. Mill uses the term Physiology synonymously with, or instead of, Phrenology. When read with this fact in view, the general statement is correct. One familiar with the whole subject might infer that the British statesman had studiously avoided the term Phrenology, which evidently would have been more appropriate. We should, however, remember that

Mr. Mill's positive philosophy inclines him to consider mental phenomena more from the side of Physiology than from the less material side of Phrenology or Psychology.]

PARASITES.—It is said that all living things have their parasites—man, animals, birds, and plants are afflicted. But here is something about *oyster eating extraordinary* in British waters. One dreadful gourmand has been specially stigmatized. The cruel dog-whelk, or "piercer," is branded as the greatest destroyer of myriads. He ought to be good eating himself, he is so tasty in his own food. The piercers swarm up like locusts in the spring, and are wondrously prolific. They are regularly hatched from nests; each nest contains about 800 eggs, and every egg has forty infant demons softly nestled in tiny cysts. These spring quickly to maturity, and set to work at boring. With an organ wonderfully adapted for the purpose, they drill a hole in the shell of the young oysters and suck out their luscious lives. A legion of crabs follows in the wake of the whelk, and these prick out and clear away the remnants of the murdered bivalves. At Lohillon, near the Ile des Oiseaux, there are four men who live in a boat which floats over the famous breeding beds below. The duty of these four men is to watch the line of march taken by the army of piercers. As the boat sleeps in its own shadow on the unruffled surface, they see the young spat floating above the sea-weed like white spangles, and then descending to its resting-place. Next, a thin white line of whelks advances, and the young oyster is slain. They gather these whelks at low tides, and M. Coste, chief of the ostreacultural department, records that one man has been known to gather fourteen thousand whelks in two hours.

The curculio stings and spoils our plums. The worm spoils our apples; the flies spoil our cheese; and, we suppose, these spoilers are all spoiled in their turns.

PALSY CURED.—Mr. Jefferson Jackson, about fifty years of age, now living near Ashland, Tenn., was badly afflicted with palsy from his youth up, shaking and trembling constantly. He entered the Southern army, and was in the battle of Fort Donelson, and for some time exposed to a heavy fire from the Federal artillery. From that time he has been clear of palsy. Question—What cured him?

Response. This is surely a singular and interesting case. Such exposures quite frequently make sound men shake, and it is wonderful that a life-long palsy should be cured by such necessarily great nervous excitement. A fright cures hiccoughs, and fear or anger often suspends pain; and here is a case of chronic palsy cured by acute nervous excitement under conditions which often paralyze the vigor of the nervous forces. A satisfactory and scientific solution to this strange phenomenon is needed. Who can give it?

NEW YORK,

DECEMBER, 1867.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous premises of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Puc.*

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED is published monthly at \$3 a year in advance; single numbers, 30 cents. Please address, SAMUEL R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

VALEDICTORY.

TO-DAY the Forty-sixth Volume of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED is completed. During the year we have given the reader between two and three hundred engraved portraits and other illustrations and sketches of prominent characters, with interesting biographies. We have given the whole of Pope's inimitable "Essay on Man," with original illustrations; Rev. Dr. Osgood's discourse on the "The Gospel among Animals;" Hon. Schuyler Colfax's "Education of the Heart;" a capital treatise on "The Phrenological Theory of Man's Organization;" with orations, sermons, and addresses on various topics, including a full measure of matter in all the departments of Ethnology, Phrenology, Physiology, Physiognomy, Psychology, and something of Natural History.

In the always racy department of "Our Social Relations" much interest has been manifested, and we trust some solid instruction has been given. The Religious and Psychological portions, we are assured, are read with avidity and gratitude.

The poets have enlivened our pages with the most beautiful versified sentiments. A full account of our Army and Navy has been given, and our new Territory described; New Books noticed or reviewed, and all subjects coming within the range of our observation and studies have received attention.

Instead of thirty-six pages each month—which were promised—we have given since last June FORTY PAGES in every number. This is at the rate of 960 octavo pages a year. Has the reader had his money's worth? Is he the better for having read the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL?

Has it awakened or renewed in him the spirit of enterprise or a desire for personal and public improvement? Have its teachings been in accordance with his highest good? Is he more tolerant, more liberal, more generous, and at the same time more just, more merciful, more devotional, more trusting, and more hopeful? Has he found words of cheer and encouragement in these pages? Has he been warned against the formation of bad habits, and against the schemes of wicked men? In short, has he received an equivalent for the time and money thus expended? If yes, then our promise and our contract are fulfilled, and we are even. So ends our engagement, and the subscription-books for 1867 are forever closed.

Must we now part to meet no more? Are our mutual friendships to be severed? Can we be of no further use or interest to each other? Must we give the parting hand to those whose familiar names have cheered and strengthened us? Spare, O spare us this pain from which our heart recoils; we would live always in the esteem and affections of our friends. Nor are we selfish in this. If we ask attention to our science, or a hearing, it is with the hope of doing good. We would cry out from the house-tops, and warn the unwary against the dangers that beset them. We would instruct the young and uninformed on important subjects not generally taught by others. We would encourage self-denial, personal discipline, and the subordination of the propensities to the intellect and moral sentiments. We would point out the way in which each should go—the paths of temperance, industry, enterprise, education, religion; paths of prosperity, peace, and happiness. We feel that our life's work is but just begun; and if health and strength be spared us, we promise, by the Divine assistance, to re-consecrate our entire services to God and humanity.

In conclusion: To those who elect to part company with us here, we bid them a heartfelt good-bye. We pray that our past intercourse may be blessed to our mutual good.

But you, dear reader, are to go on with us, are you not? All right. We enter your name in our new book for 1868, and doubt not we shall have a "good

time" on our next year's voyage. Judging by the present prompt renewals, we shall have as large and as happy a company as ever before. "The more the merrier." Bring on your friends!

CHRISTMAS—ITS HISTORY.

CHRISTMAS DAY is regarded throughout the Christian world as the important day of the year, and whether the birth of Christ occurred on the twenty-fifth day of December, or a few days earlier or later, is a matter of no great moment. The significance of setting apart a day consists in the fact that all Christians, by general consent, accept a specified time for the celebration of this event.

In pagan Rome there was a yearly celebration called the Saturnalia, or Festival of Saturn, which was marked by the prevalence of a universal license and merry-making. The slaves were then permitted to enjoy a period of freedom in speech and behavior; every one feasted and rejoiced; work and business were entirely suspended; houses were decorated with laurels and evergreens; presents were made by parents and friends, and all sorts of games and amusements were indulged in by the citizens. In the early ages of Christianity, its ministers frequently experienced difficulty in inducing the converts to refrain from indulging in the popular amusements which were so largely participated in by their pagan neighbors. At last convinced, partly by the inefficacy of denunciations, and partly influenced by the idea that the spirit of Christianity might thereby be advanced, the Church endeavored to amalgamate, as it were, the old and new religions, and sought, by transferring the heathen ceremonies to the solemnities of the Christian festivals, to make them subservient to the cause of religious piety. Engrafted thus on the Roman Saturnalia, Christmas festivities received in England further changes and modifications by having superadded to them, first, the Druidical rites and superstitions, and then, after the arrival of the Saxons, the various ceremonies practiced by the ancient Germans. The result has been the strange medley of Christian and pagan rites which contribute to make up the festivities of the modern Christmas. Thus ceremonies, rites, and symbols, once full of meaning to pagans, have been transferred without their meaning to Christians, and have come to have an entirely new and different signification. This, at least, is true: they have come to mean joy at the birth of the Saviour, joy in view of his love for mankind, joy in burying animosities and reviving friendship among men, and last, but not least, in opening peculiar joy to millions of little folks who are not old enough to understand the mysteries of mythology or the intricacies of theology.

On the evening of the twenty-fourth of December, or Christmas Eve, the Christmas holiday may be said to commence. Sir Walter

Scott gives a picture of Christmas Eve in the olden time in verse, as follows:

On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung;
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose.
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of 'post and pair.'
All balled, with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down."

The Christmas tree is supposed to have originated in Germany, but it is incorporated with the celebration of Christmas in England and the United States. In England, it naturally comes from German stock, for its princes are imported—why not some of their customs? In America, especially in New York and Pennsylvania, the Germans have dotted the land with their happy homes, and have brought their Santa Claus, their *Krischinkle*—a corruption of *Christ kindlein*, or the Infant Christ—their Christmas-tree; and with the German and English and the Roman ceremonies, customs, and ideas, the result is a day of days with a central idea, but with many converging associations widespread, rendering the day rich in composite symbols centralized upon the one great thought, Messiah—God with us!

Hanging up the stocking, for Santa Claus to fill with good things for the good, and rods for the bad, is of German origin; and when the doors of the parlor are opened, and the bright eyes and palpitating hearts of the little ones come in to see what the Christmas-tree bears for them, who can estimate the joy that belts the Christian world on this great anniversary of the year?

Many of the grotesque ceremonies of ancient time have been laid aside, but all that was sweet and rich has been cherished and ripened, bringing light to the dark corners of the world, and awaking joy in thousands of hearts whose sorrows had else made them feel estranged from men and forgotten of God. As in old pagan times, when Christianity was in its infancy, Christmas had its abuses, so at present it is, with many, the occasion of dissipation and evil. We have sometimes been amazed that men who are celebrating Christmas with such hilarity and zeal, should so far forget the commands of the Saviour whose birth they celebrate, as to violate all the precepts of the religion he came to establish, by drunkenness, wrangling, and other excesses. Let us hope that all our readers will remember that Christmas means forgiveness of enemies; the lifting up and encouragement of those who are bowed down; the ministrations of mercy to those who are in need; the deepening and re-establishment of friendships and affections, and the

remembrance that He whose birth is celebrated requires pureness of life and correctness of conduct, as well as faith in his mission, and an adherence to religious services. Let this be a day when bad habits shall be abandoned, and good habits entered upon, that the Christ may be to us salvation indeed, as well as in name. Let each of us contribute, by word and by deed, *something*, be it little or much, toward bettering the condition of those around and among us; and it will be to all, what we wish it may be, dear reader, to *you* and *yours*, A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

SEPARATING FAMILIES.

We are not, dear reader, about to discuss this painful subject from a European point of view, though hundreds of families in the old country are daily separated—of course, with them, it is voluntary—from loving friends and dear old homes; nor are we to argue the question from a Southern point of view, in which masters and servants, husbands and wives, parents and children, were sometimes forcibly separated; we purpose a few remarks on the desirableness, nay, the *necessity*, of separating families here in the United States of America.

We often hear it said by affectionate mothers, that they would work until their fingers bled, their bodies were unclothed, and their stomachs empty, before they would be separated from their children; as though it were a blessing to the little ones to be kept in such poverty rather than to be placed in some charitable institution, or in a childless family, where they would be well fed, clothed, and educated. And with all deference to this natural instinct on the part of the mother for the personal protection and care of her child, and not only conceding, but claiming this to be the duty of every one whose circumstances will permit it, we must frankly state that, in *many cases*, the condition of the child would be vastly improved by being taken away from its parents and placed in other hands.

For example: here is a dissipated, poverty-stricken father, who not only makes no provision for his family, but leaves the care of several children to his wife, whose hard earnings, perhaps, are scarcely sufficient to keep body and soul together. In such a case, the children should be taken away and placed in a better home. It is for the interest of a community to see that all its members are put in the way of improvement and beneficial development, that each be fed, clothed, educated, and cared for; and there are hundreds, nay, thousands of cases, where this will not be done if left with these almost, if not quite, pauper parents. If kept together in such families, the children grow up dirty, ignorant, little savages, without intellectual, moral, and social culture, and they become thieves, libertines, prostitutes, or something worse; whereas if they had been placed under proper influences, they would have become useful members of society.

In this view of the case, we are convinced that every good citizen should have a voice in this matter; and that while we should consider the feelings of the parents, we should also consider the interests of the children; and when they can not be properly provided for at home, it is clearly the duty of society to put them in the way of being properly cared for. There are to-day large numbers in our country, who occupy leading positions in society, who were forcibly separated from their parents in early youth and placed in the kind keeping of guardians; or who were apprenticed to thrifty farmers, mechanics, manufacturers, and merchants. Nor are there few who played the Ben Franklin act, and left home in boyhood without the consent of parents, and, escaping dissipation and the other vicious temptations of life, and having correct habits, right motives, and perseverance, came up and made themselves men of mark.

It is the affections which often blind the eyes of parents to the best interests of their children; but we would not do aught to produce alienation, or unsettle the minds of youth when they are in the way of improvement at home. We believe in every mother's nursing and caring for her child, and in every father's putting his son in the way of the best development of body and mind. This is simply his duty. But where the conditions are such that this can not be done at home, then we propose separation and adoption.

Reader, are you a middle-aged man, or are you advanced into ripe old age? look back to your youth, even to your childhood, and consider whether it would not have been better for you had you been transplanted from your half-starved home to a more thrifty family, whether it would not have been better for you, and whether you would not have made life a still greater success by having had a better start? and you, who were nursed in the lap of luxury, cradled on a bed of roses, petted, pampered, and indulged, whether, even in this case, you would not have become more of a man had you, early in life, been thrown on your own resources?

There are extremes both ways, and it is the happy medium that should be sought by one and all. Let not your affections stand in the way of the interests of your children; remember that your own poor home—calling it sweet don't make it so—may in reality be only a barren pasture, in which yourself can not obtain the means wherewith to grow into the full stature of a man. Be not afraid of transplanting into broader fields and deeper soil, where, taking root, instead of becoming a shrunken shrub, you may become a magnificent human tree, whose branches shall spread in all directions, and whose spirit—the better part—shall always incline "onward and upward." Then, in realizing your own limited sphere—your own lost opportunity of the past—set aside all selfish considerations, and let your first duty be, to provide *good and comfortable homes for your children*.

READING FOR YOUTH.

In a government like ours, where its stability and prosperity depend upon the intelligence of the citizens, it is important in the highest degree that the youth of both sexes receive that course of education and training that will best fit them for the discharge of their duties, both as citizens and as Christians. While free schools are scattered all over the northern section of our country, dispensing their blessings to all classes in such a manner as no other country in the world is blessed, we can not ignore the fact, that the parental and social training of our youth, according to our advantages and opportunities, is neglected perhaps to a greater extent than any other Christian nation in the world.

The Icelanders are socially and parentally better trained than any people we know of in history, and the results are apparent in their intercourse and dealing with one another socially, religiously, and politically.

To select a proper course of reading for youth after they are able to comprehend written language sufficiently, is an important but often a sadly neglected duty. The cheapness and abundance of *literature* at the present day has placed within the reach of youth an amount of literature the adaptation of which to their needs is very questionable. The taste for works of fiction, for *trash* and light reading, amounts almost to a mania among us. Our boys and girls seize upon and devour with avidity most of the light reading they get into their hands, to their permanent injury.

Many religious parents wisely forbid the reading of one kind; but often, unwittingly, allow it to run to an extreme in another. The great majority of the books in our Sunday-school libraries are light fiction; and their excessive reading, like the other class, is positively injurious.

We know boys and girls—more of the latter than of the former, however—who devour all such books that come in their way. Such reading acts upon the mind as stimulants do upon the body; they excite the mind to an improper and undue activity, fill it with pictures and phantasies, not of the real, but wholly of the ideal and the untrue; they keep it stretched to its utmost tension in an improper direction, till it is worn and sinks as if from a slow poison. We have seen it manifest itself in the eye, and in the features, and in the actions of the body, until the whole physical being was in perfect sympathy with the mental system.

We do not decry or oppose works of fiction, but they should be left to a mature age, and then be judiciously selected.

Perhaps the best course of reading, in conjunction with the Bible and religious instructions, from the ages of twelve and fourteen, are standard historical writings of our own and of other countries—Parley's, Irving's, Bancroft's, Prescott's, and others of the same kind. The popular writings of Irving, Ma-

caulay, etc., can properly be left to a maturer age. The papers and news of the day should not be neglected. The best thoughts of our popular writers are given to the public in our magazines, and should not be overlooked. One of the best magazines of the day is the *AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL*, and should be found on the table of every family in the land. We know of no journal, in all our acquaintance with literature, that we can more safely commend. We know of none where will be found a happier and better combination of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good. Rich in thought and replete with instruction, it elevates and ennobles, and leaves all who seek improvement better and happier for its monthly visits.—*Greenock (Pa.) Pilot*.

[We are certainly very much obliged for this high compliment, as well as for the very excellent advice, so concisely given, in the article quoted, and which we thought well worthy re-publication. For the *AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL* we can only claim an honest *endeavor* to make its pages *useful* to its readers. We regard our premises correctly based on the constitution of man, and we reason and teach from this basis. Our views, so far as we can learn, are in accordance with science and revelation. We *think* them right.]

A LASTING PRESENT.

DURING the holidays—Christmas and New Year's—good, generous-hearted people will puzzle their minds over the thousands of objects offered as presents, seeking the most suitable, each for his or her lover, friend, or companion. One will exhibit his taste by sending something good to eat—it may be a chicken, a turkey, a pig, or a box or basket of fruit. Another will send his friend wine, another cigars, according to the supposed preference of the recipient. But these are not "lasting presents." One will buy jewelry or fancy clothing; another a writing-desk, with pens, ink, paper, wax, mucilage, etc. These things are useful, and tend to call out the faculties of the one who uses them. Another will select a choice book, or a library, in which all the family may participate, not only now, but for years and years to come. *This* is what may be called a *lasting present*. Another very appropriate and welcome present is a useful magazine. Having perused a useful journal for a time, one comes to wish all his friends to have the benefit of its teachings, and accordingly forms a club on his own account, and orders copies for the year to five, ten, or more, including himself, at wholesale rates. The recipient on receiving a receipt for a year's subscription from the publisher often wonders who ordered it sent, his or her heart throbbing with gratitude to the unknown giver. Last year we had many such orders for the *PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL*, and we now look for their renewal. The charitably disposed may do good service by placing a copy in the reading-room of every Young Men's Christian Association, and medical, mercantile, hospital, and other public libraries.

Reader, if you have not yet bestowed all your New Year's charities; if you think well of it, suppose you head a list, and either pass it around for signers, or hand it to an energetic, enterprising person who will order ten or twenty copies sent to so many worthy persons who can not *afford* to subscribe on their own account! This would be a service of love and usefulness, which in its effects on the readers would be *LASTING*. Try it.

THE TO-BE PRESIDENT.

THE political quack doctors all over the land are busy feeling the public pulse, trying to determine whom the people will or will not have to serve or rule them. One party names McClellan and Lee as likely to unite the politically disaffected sections. Grant and Lee are also spoken of. So are Johnson and Fessenden; while a comic counselor names Greeley and Davis as combining all the elements of radicalism and conservatism, including every complexion, white, black, yellow, and red. Another names Mr. Bennett, Sr., of the *N. Y. Herald*, from Aberdeen, and Mr. Douglass, orator, from Rochester. It is stated that Mr. Douglass declines. Seriously, why not have a regard for the dignity of the nation, and place in the Presidential chair a man of education and character? We want a *STATESMAN*—not a tailor or a tinker. We are not political partisans. Voters are now *AMERICANS*. With such well-trying men as Messrs. Chase, Stanton, Colfax, Wilson, Harland, and the like, we shall not put up with those of less culture ability, dignity, and power. Let the tobacco-smokers, whisky-drinkers, the boxers and the gamblers, have places adapted to their qualifications. When we can, let us have the "RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE."

A WICKED JOKE.—An Alliance correspondent of the Canton (O.) *Repository* relates the following: Some weeks ago there was a dancing party given for the benefit of the Fenians, on the outskirts of the town, and several of the ladies had little babies, whose noisy perversity required too much attention to allow their mas to enjoy the "hop." A number of gallant young men volunteered to guard the infantry while the ladies engaged in the "break-down." No sooner had the mothers left their cherubs in the hands of the mischievous wretches, than they stripped the darlings and changed their clothes, giving the apparel of one to another. The dance over, the mothers each took, as they thought, her own baby, and hurriedly left the scene of gayeties, and started to their homes, several miles apart, being far on the way before the "peep-o'-day." On the following day there was a tremendous row in the settlement. Mothers discovered that a single night had changed the sex of their babies, and then commenced some of the tallest female pedestrianism. Living miles apart, it required two days to unmix the little cherubs, and required as many weeks to restore the mothers to their naturally sweet dispositions.

A CHAPTER OF CRIME.

BRIDGET DURGAN.

The following phrenological statement is from a description of this unfortunate woman, which was furnished us by Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, a lady well known for her interest in Phrenology and reformatory measures generally.

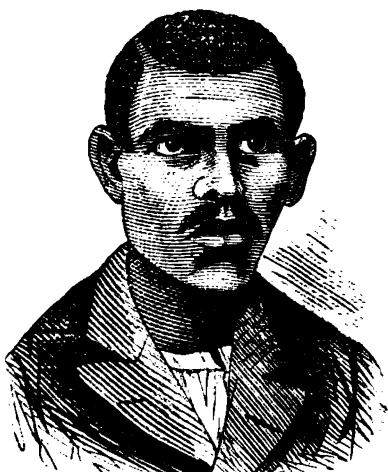
"A visit to New Brunswick, N. J., afforded me an opportunity to see Bridget Durgan, the murderess of Mrs. Correll, whose case has



BRIDGET DURGAN.

excited a great deal of interest, and even malevolence, in the public mind. A brief account of the miserable girl may not be without interest to your readers.

It has been my practice for many years to visit the prisons in various parts of the country, not from a morbid and idle curiosity, but that I may the better understand my own sex in every aspect in which they may be placed. Those who form their opinion of women from



CRIPINO CADENZA.

what they may see of them in the domestic or social relation, or in fashionable life, base their judgment of them upon very meager and inadequate grounds. I have sometimes discerned a true, noble womanhood amid poverty, misery, and even in prison cells.

In the scale of human intelligence Bridget Durgan was on the very lowest level. She had cunning and ability to conceal her real actions; and so have the fox, the panther, and many inferior animals, whose instincts are not more

clearly defined than were those of Bridget Durgan.

I found the girl seated close to the door of her cell, where I am told she invariably sat; and by her manner and looks I think she did this from a secret, indefinable dread—it may be of herself. She was neat in person, her hair combed close to her head, which gave the observer an opportunity to notice her strong animal organization. She was large in the base of the brain, where Destructiveness and Secretiveness are located by phrenologists, while the whole region of intellect, ideality, and moral sentiment was small. Her texture, temperament, all were coarse; hair coarse and scanty, forehead naturally corrugated and low, nose concave and square at the nostrils, leaving a very long upper lip.

The jaws were large and heavy, but the mouth small. I think another such a mouth would not be found in ten thousand—narrow gums, cat-like in shape, with pointed teeth. The whole person was heavy, inclined to fullness, and the hands large, coarse, and somehow had a dangerous look, for hands, as well as faces, have expression.

I looked upon Bridget Durgan without prejudice, and I describe her without exaggeration. She was born without moral responsibility, just as much as the tiger or the wolf is so born; and the question naturally arises, what was the duty of a wise, humane, and just legislator in her case? That she was dangerous to a community might have been easily seen before she steeped her hands in blood. That she ought never to be permitted to prey upon it again is no less evident. But whether it were right to take such an irresponsible, morally idiotic creature, and she a woman, whose sex had no voice in making the laws under which she suffered, and hang her by the neck, is a question for our advanced civilization to consider.

It is most probable that when Bridget and her accomplice first made their attempt at the house of Dr. Correll, their object was to rob; but, having been detected, and perhaps resisted, by the unfortunate deceased, Bridget's ferocious instincts at once took fire, and she then had no more power to resist them than a tiger rolling itself in the blood of its prey.

I consider her case one of deep and painful interest, and hope that one so well defined may lead the public mind to a consideration of the question of capital punishment. To me it is a cruel relic of a barbarism which ought to be expunged from our legal code; but there are many points besides this upon which our people need great and thorough investigation."

Bridget was born in Sligo Co., Ireland, and ran away from her parents after stealing money to pay her passage to America. In this country she was employed as a domestic in several families successively until her engagement by Dr. Correll, the fiendish murder of whose wife brought her so quickly, while but a young woman, to the gallows.

Mary Gilroy, whose portrait we present with

Durgan's, is the servant who was arrested at the instance of Bridget Durgan as being in her confidence with reference to the murder of Mrs. Correll. Her organization is evidently a coarse and deficient one, but it was not shown on the trial that she was actually cognizant of Durgan's intentions.



MARY GILROY.

THE CADENZA TRAGEDY.

It is no willing task on our part to record deeds of atrocious criminality. In fact, we avoid them; but of late so many murders have clustered together, and cast their fell shadow on the soil of so many different States, that we feel constrained to notice them.

In connection with Durgan we print the portraits of Cripino and Matilda Cadenza, negroes, the former of whom, while in a fit of jealous rage, murdered the latter, his wife.



MATILDA CADENZA.

Cripino is but nineteen years of age, and has the reputation of being an excitable and passionate person. His portrait is not attractive, but his low-toned morality is due to lack of proper culture and guidance, rather than to special organic irregularity. The woman has a rather pleasant expression and a better head. She is said to have been of quiet habits, peaceful and industrious; and contributed chiefly to the support of the household by "taking in washing" for gentlemen and families. For the portraits we are indebted to the courtesy of the proprietors of the New York *Dispatch*.



PORTRAIT OF ABDUL AZIZ KHAN, SULTAN OF TURKEY.

TURKEY AND ITS SULTAN.

OF all the royal personages who honored the Paris Exposition with their presence, none commanded more attention than the Sultan of Turkey. Napoleon and his wife Eugenie strove to do him special honor; and if the accounts given by journalists of the incidents which occurred during the Oriental visit in Paris be worthy of credit, Abdul Aziz Khan, Commander of the Faithful and Chief of all the Mohammedans, was fêted, caressed, and lionized in a style well calculated to impress his Grand Seigniorship with the notion that he was the most important character of the age. Whether the wily Emperor of the French had in view some grand political or diplomatic scheme, or whether the Eastern question assumed colossal proportions with the advent of the Turk, we are not sufficiently skilled in the under currents of European diplomacy to say. At any rate the Sultan's visit to Paris and Lon-

don brought so prominently before the public the subject of Turkey and its relations, that we have been induced to give a little space in our JOURNAL to their consideration. The visit of the sovereign of Turkey is remarkable for having no historical precedent. It is the first time that the supreme head of the followers of Mohammed left his seat of government for a friendly visit to his Christian neighbors. As it is not many years since the Sultan was admitted into the brotherhood of European monarchs, and his cis-Hellespontine subjects into the comity of European nations, this visit may be regarded as an act in confirmation of his cordial appreciation of the dignity allotted to him. His religious belief offered barriers and restrictions which had to be broken through or removed before the brother of Mohammed could practically entertain the design of treading on Christian soil. It is said that before he could set out on his journey, he was obliged to obtain a special dispensation from the chief

Mohammedan authorities, which would render his undertaking legitimate according to the precepts of the Koran. A brief glance at the history of the Sultan of Turkey will be interesting.

Abdul Aziz Khan, styled in the language of the Orient, Commander of the Faithful and Sultan of the Ottoman Turks, is the thirty-second sovereign of the line of Othman, Chief of the Oguzian Tartars and founder of the Turkish Empire, and he is the twenty-sixth since Mohammed II. took Constantinople and made it his capital. He is the second son of Sultan Mahmoud, historically famous for exterminating the Janizaries, and brother of the last Sultan, Abdul Medjid, whom he succeeded in June, 1861, pursuant to a Turkish law which provides that a brother of a Sultan shall succeed him in the occupancy of the throne before his own children.

Abdul Aziz was born in February, 1830, the 1245th year of the Hegira, or Mohammed's flight from Mecca. Previous to his assumption of the dignity of royalty he was but little known, having been obliged to live in retirement. He was then occupied in agricultural pursuits, directing the details of a farm on the banks of the Bosphorus. His reign thus far has been characterized by measures tending to improve vastly the financial condition of his empire and the social relations of his subjects. Among these measures stand prominently the introduction of a metallic currency, the breaking up of the seraglio, the promotion of equality among all his subjects, whether Musulmen or not, and permitting foreigners to acquire land and hold it in his dominions. The policy exhibited by the present Sultan toward Christians is very liberal when compared with the harsh treatment they have generally received from his predecessors. In character, Abdul Aziz is said to be mild and courteous. He is of medium stature, but stout and heavily built. From the features we gather the impression that for energy and activity he is not remarkable. The perceptive about the median line are well developed, and the eyes indicate a fullness of the organ of Language; but there is a heaviness, a lack of nervous vigor in the face, the result, perhaps, of the life of indolent ease so long associated with Oriental rule and despotic privilege. He doubtless loves his ease and good cheer, but possesses sufficient benevolence and reason to appreciate the good results of an act of clemency and liberality. The fez cap covers so effectually the major portion of the head, that we are unable to predicate aught of his moral, religious, and semi-intellectual faculties. We must leave it to be inferred from his administration of the government of what nature and development they are.

The Ottoman Empire, called by the Turks Osmanli Vilayeti, includes large portions of the continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa. Turkey Proper is partly in Europe and partly in Asia, and is under the direct rule of the Sultan, while there are numerous dependent and

tributary states, governed either by their own princes or by appointees of the Sultan. The most important of these dependencies is Egypt, the viceroy of which, Ismail Pacha, who has become distinguished for the facilities afforded in promoting commercial relations in and through his territory. That portion of Turkey Proper with which the civilized world is most familiar, is situated on the continent of Europe, and comprises an area of 203,484 square miles, and is the smaller of the two sections. Its principal city, and, indeed, the principal city of the Turkish Empire, is Constantinople, which is celebrated for its commerce and mixed population. It is the center of trade between the Orient and Europe, and there can be seen in strange association the yellow Chinaman, the swarthy Arab, the tall Armenian, the cunning Hindoo, the majestic Greek, the keen-eyed Jew, the

martial Albanian, the dusky Congo, and, in fine, a sprinkling of nearly every nation on the earth's surface, with all their variety of costume and peculiarity. The grand feature of interest to the stranger in Constantinople is the bazaars, a city of covered shops; street after street continuing to open before him, where the richest fabrics of the world are exposed for sale, each species in its own bazaar—Kashmir shawls and Chinese and India silks, brilliant jewelry, glittering arms, embroidered robes, slippers, fezes, etc.

The commerce of Turkey is extensive, and under the influence of judicial regulations, introduced in great part by the present sovereign, is rapidly increasing. The exports and imports collectively during the past year exceed \$600,000,000. Among the most prominent of the productions, manufactured and otherwise, of the country are wax, figs, olive oil, morocco, carpets, dyes, wool, meerschaum clay, tobacco, sponges, glass, cutlery, and gums.

The trading interests of Turkey are much retarded for the want of facilities of internal transportation. The Government, recognizing this lack, is pushing forward the formation of new roads and the laying down of railways.

The population of European Turkey is estimated at about 16,000,000, while the entire population of the Ottoman Empire is nearly 40,000,000. It would be difficult to conceive a more mixed and heterogeneous aggregation of races than that comprised under the rule of the Sultan. There are the Osmanlis, the ruling race, the Turkomans, the Greeks, the Armenians, the various Slavic races, the Wallachs, the Albanians, the Arabs, the Jews, the Franks, the Koords, the Gipsies, besides Tartars, Circassians, Copts, Nubians, Berbers, etc. The



STREET SCENE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

Osmanlis are generally well formed, robust, and intelligent. They are courteous and generous in disposition, but inclined to indolence and luxury. In the prosecution of business enterprises they are surpassed by the Armenians, Greeks, and Jews.

The soil of Turkey in Europe is for the most part exceedingly rich and prolific, but agriculture is in a depressed state, owing to the little attention, comparatively, which it commands from the people. The implements of husbandry now in use are primitive and rude, very little improvement having been made in their manufacture during the past 3,000 years. Notwithstanding the imperfect cultivation, the crops of grain, cotton, and tobacco are large, such is the fertility of the soil.

The nature of the government is a pure despotism; the Sultan, though possessing nominally absolute power, is really less the ruler than the Sheikh-ul-Islam, the Chief of the Ulemas, who is at the head of the judicial and religious systems of the country, and has the right to object to any of the Sultan's decrees. The established religion is Mohammedanism, but all sects are now tolerated. Besides, a Mussulman can now change his religion, whereas before 1856 such change was made a capital offense, and followed by a summary death.

No special measures were taken for the intellectual improvement of the nation until 1847, when a definite system of education was inaugurated. There are now schools and colleges adapted for the different departments of scholastic training, and all are established on a free basis. Parents are required to send their children to school on attaining the age of six years.

The Turkish, or properly the Osmanli, litera-

ture is so composite, or rather Persian, in its nature, like the language, that it can not be said to possess a distinctive character; yet it is rich in history, poetry, and medieval philosophy. Its golden age was that period which comprised the reigns of Solyman the Magnificent and his son Selim. Then the most distinguished of Turkish historians and poets flourished, and their peculiarities of composition and style are considered models of excellence by the Turkish literati of the present day. The Turks have striven, as it were, to render their language an echo of the Persian in its different literary aspects. They have done little toward the grammatical construction and systematic arrangement of the Osmanli tongue proper, but have accomplished much in these respects for the Arabic and Persian. The printing press was introduced early in the 18th century, and since that time the work of publishing foreign and native books has been actively carried on.

The recent history of the Ottoman Empire has been much marred by the rigorous and cruel measures directed against the Greeks, a people possessing still, in a great measure, the heroic and indomitable spirit of their illustrious ancestors, and whom Turkish oppression has incited again and again to open revolt. The Cretan insurrection now in progress is maintained chiefly by Greeks anxious for independence and separate civil and religious nationality.

The Crimean war, in which France and England united with Turkey against Russian aggression on the latter, served to break through the barriers of prejudice and to overcome the antagonism which had been previously entertained by the civil and religious policy of Turkey toward the Christian nations of Europe.

From that time there has been a continued improvement in the social and civil interests of the Turks.

The civilizing influences of improved commercial relations with the great European powers has produced, and will continue to produce, changes for the better in that semi-exclusive country. The trade in female slaves has been in a great measure discontinued, and the institution of the harem is almost a thing of the past. Laws of a mild character are taking the places of old and oppressive regulations, and the arts, sciences, and manufactures are developing rapidly under a more and more liberal patronage. The Osmanlis have a country rich in resources, and favorably located in the very track of Asiatic-European trade; and they have but to rise to a full appreciation of their native advantages to take, ere long, a national position which shall command the respect of the world.

"MY PROFESSION."

FOR OUR YOUTHFUL READERS.

"WELL, Master Theodore, I'm glad to see you so bright and early this morning."

"Halloo, Farmer Jay," was the not altogether respectful answer. "I've come after some eggs. How many hundred dozen can you spare?" The city boy and the country man—the former in his buggy, and the latter standing in his garden and leaning on his hoe—eyed each other for a moment. At last the farmer replied:

"How many do you want?"

"Oh, any quantity—all you want to sell," replied young Theodore Wright.

"But eggs are *high* now," said the farmer, quizzically.

"I know it—but we put *down* a great many—not the *price*, but the *eggs*. The price is nothing to us, for my father has the rocks."

"And he's harder than rocks," said the farmer to himself, "whenever money is wanted for the poor, but no man could be more generous to his own body than he is. Well, generosity, even when it leans the wrong way, is better than no generosity at all." Then rousing from his reverie, he asked, with a roguish smile on his face, "About how many dozen can you *afford* to buy?"

"All you can spare, I said," replied young Wright, with a great show of importance, and money too, for he opened his purse and began to unroll some bank bills.

"I can let you have twelve dozen. It's a big pile—but then I see you have a big pile of bills there."

"Yes, and as soon as it's gone, another will take its place."

"And did you *earn* all that?"

"*Earn*!" replied the boy, much astonished at the question; and he added, boastingly, "I never earned a dollar in my life. My father is a rich man, and I thought every one knew it"

It was evident from the humorous twinkle

of Farmer Jay's eye that he knew all about the young man's father, and quite as much about the son, but he continued to draw out the boy.

"How was it with your ancestors, Mr. Theodore?" he asked.

"My grandfather was rich. He drove splendid horses, and lived in elegant style. My great-grandfather, too, was just as well off. I don't know of a relative, on my father's side, who wasn't rich."

"Then money runs in your family, don't it?"

"So it seems," replied Theodore, supposing the farmer to be filled with admiration of him and all his moneyed relations.

"How far back can you remember, young man?"

"Oh, not very far, of course, for I'm only sixteen years old—but I remember my grandfather, and I know he had more money than he knew what to do with. And I've often heard my father say, that as far back as he could remember, there was no poverty in the family."

"And did any of them *earn* their riches?" blandly, but pointedly, asked the farmer.

"They never worked much," was the answer. "A great deal of their money was left to them by rich relatives, father says, and the rest came easy enough, for everything they touched turned to gold."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the farmer, with an air of great surprise. "Well, now, with all your money, it will be difficult for you to decide upon a profession."

"No, sir, it won't. I calculate to be a gentleman, and live on my father's money. I might as well do that as to make myself old with work. My father is worth five hundred thousand dollars, and I think he can afford to let his son choose the profession of a gentleman. No man is fool enough to work when he needn't, and I'm sure there won't be the slightest need of my working."

"Five hundred thousand dollars!" Is that so?" once more exclaimed the farmer. "Well, you have a remarkable pedigree, and your ancestors have been high up in the world. As to my relations, I can't say much. One of them was very high in position, but he was disgraced at last, and in consequence of it I've had to work hard all my days."

"What was his name?" asked Theodore, looking pitifully at the farmer.

Just then the basket of eggs was brought out, and as Farmer Jay put it in the buggy, he leaned forward, and in an under-tone, said: "I'll tell you his name. It was—Adam."

Theodore looked rather confused, as Mr. Jay continued, without changing his tone or the expression of his face, "He was doing most splendidly in the world. His *garden* was more magnificent than any garden I've ever heard of, but he misbehaved sadly, and had to take his wife and leave. As the result of it all, I've had to work; but I've tilled my farm until I'm pretty well rid of the 'thorns and thistles,' and, besides this, the work has done me good—so I

don't lay up anything against my unworthy progenitor."

Theodore Wright tried to laugh, but he was so mortified to think that he didn't "smell the rat" sooner, his laugh was forced. The story had been told at his expense, and it only made matters worse to hear the farmer say:

"Why, my boy, it's a true story, and the only way I recovered from my great ancestor's disgrace was by working as hard as I could, and not trying to dodge the curse. If there is any man within five thousand miles of here who can eat heartier, or sleep sounder, or boasts of better health, I'd like to have him call on me and show himself."

Theodore had grown restless, and wouldn't have stayed five minutes after the conclusion of the story of Adam, but Mr. Jay had treated him to plums, and while he was eating he was obliged to listen.

"Now, young man," began the farmer again, "I've heard all you've said, and you must hear all I have to say. If you don't expect to have any other profession than that of fishing money out of your father's pockets and spending it, you are making your arrangements to be just nobody; and when you come crawling out of the little end of the horn at last, you'll be so small you can't be seen with the naked eye. This is plain talk, my boy, but I owe it to you, just as I owe everybody a kindness when I have a chance to show one. I'm very sorry for boys who have rich fathers, for rich men are not always wise, and their sons too often talk as you have talked to me to-day. You have boasted that you never earned a dollar in your life, and it is evident that you are laying your plans never to earn one, for you 'calculate,' you say, 'to live on your father's money, and not make yourself old with work.' You think that money is the making of a man. Well, so it is. It too often makes a fool of him, and it always does when it stands between him and some useful employment. Now, my advice to you is to change your calculations and make different arrangements. Don't look to your father's money for respectability or for support when you get to be a man, and look out sharp that it don't lead you to choose the profession of a *gentleman*."

Theodore was suddenly "in a hurry to get home with the eggs," and he drove off, not only with the eggs, but with several new ideas—ideas that ere this, it is to be hoped, have led him to decide upon some other profession than that of "an *unoccupied gentleman*."

MORAL GROWTH.—Why should the student be taught that, in dynamics, the power must be greater than the inertia, and in statics, that the resistance must be equal to the pressure; and yet not be taught, so as to feel a far livelier consciousness of its truth, that the quantum of energy must exceed the maximum of obstacle, or no heroic enterprise will ever be achieved; and that moral principle must grow as temptation grows, or we are swept to ruin?—*Horace Mann.*

OLIVER CROMWELL—HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

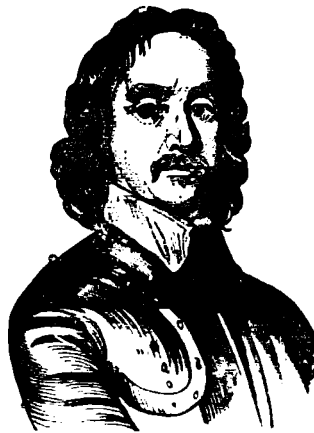
BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

"Put your trust in God, and keep your powder dry."

ELIZABETH and CROMWELL! How well their names class together! How well the missions they represent! Their fame and their infamy, according to the point of view taken, have both come from the same forceful, heroic character, the same belief in their missions, and their strikingly comparable acts. How much like two halves of one whole are they? They are as two great instruments of destiny raised up to complete one great work, to let the world go on, and bring forth those mighty changes out of which not only has the religious face of Europe been changed, but republican empire grown up (almost as in a day in six thousand years) to its present gigantic proportions.

Where would have stood the old world today?—where would have been republican America, had not Providence given us an Elizabeth and a Cromwell? Moreover, those instruments must have been of a corresponding type in their missions and characters, for in striking down the massive consolidations of ages, destiny must raise up individuals as mighty battering-rams; and they must believe in their own missions and force the issue of the times. Elizabeth defied Popes, battled against their right divine, overthrew the Catholic Church in her realm, almost in a day; established the supremacy of the throne, and carried empire onward upon her imperial shoulders. She further fortified the struggling Protestants in Germany, Sweden, Denmark, the Netherlands, and Scotland. Her countenance and alliance encouraged the revolution of the age everywhere; and even to those whom she aided indirectly, Elizabeth, among sovereigns the representative of the era, became as a tower of strength.

Cromwell, in his turn, completes the other half of the age; and now the work is both in antagonism and concord with the first half which Elizabeth typed. Here again we see that religious revolutions produce their exact counterpart, in social and political changes; and in the case of these remarkable characters and their surroundings, one seems like the other repeated in a new but closely relative phase. How much Elizabeth and Shakspeare type their age! How much Cromwell and Milton theirs! How marked their relation and comparison! Elizabeth made Cromwell a necessity. So sure as that she had come, so must he follow, and their correspondents of mission and character were certain to be remarkable. She knew not that in beating down the past, which Popes represented, she was calling up a character like herself, but leading another mission in the world's destiny, to pull down the other half of the past, which monarchs held by assumed right divine. Cromwell in reality was her heir, and not James of Scotland—the heir of her mission, the heir of her imperial sway, and the repeater of the acts that have



OLIVER CROMWELL.

blackened their names to this day in the people's minds. She sent the unfortunate Mary Stuart to the headsman in 1586, under the infatuation that her rival cousin, being the heiress and claimant of her throne, and a Catholic princess, must be sacrificed as a dire necessity; and Cromwell, under a similar infatuation, sent her grandson, Charles the First, to the ax Jan. 30, 1649. If we carry the suggestive train of relations further, William of Orange (William the Third of England) comes the next, as the heir to the leadership of the age, and James the Second loses his throne, by the revolution of 1688, but not his head like his father Charles and great-grandmother Mary. What evil fate was there with the Stuarts? This one, and no other: they were ever with the past, and not with the future; they were ever standing in the way of the onward-rolling world, and not leading it; and they fell upon times when the ponderous wheels were rolling. They were, the whole race of them, crushed beneath those wheels. Shall we hold William of Orange, or Cromwell, or Elizabeth, or the revolutions of the people, in too strict account because the times were onward and the Stuarts would stand in the way, or disgrace an earnest age by profligacy? Who are they that a world should wait for them, or be hindered by them? The only good they ever did to the world was that, in a time big with empire and revolutions, which have not yet found all their final issues, their evil genius threw the greatest of those issues upon this continent. We may weep for their unfortunate lives and cruel fates, but shall we more than for George the Third, who lost more than a head and a throne when he stood in the way and lost America? George Washington and his compeers held the world's destiny that had passed farther on the western course of empire, and George the Third's head would have been cut off too, had it been under the wheels; but the world, with its van, had passed England, and America held the leadership now. Perchance that saved George the Third from the fate of the Stuarts.

To fully comprehend an era we must have its links in the great chain; nor must we think that Elizabeth and Cromwell are far removed from us because a couple of centuries stand

between us and them. They, in the aggregate periods of empires, are but as years in man's three-score-and-ten.

The temporal supremacy of the Church, since Elizabeth fully exploded it in England, has become exploded for all time. In hurling Popes, as her father had done, from temporal dominion in her realm, she hurled them from final *temporal* supremacy everywhere. One was but the beginning, the other the great consummation. And there is the relative of this in what Oliver Cromwell represented. It was the supremacy of the people, and the Church spiritual, above monarchy and popedom of every name. It is not the Roman Catholic religion that is exploded, or the Protestant religion. They may advance to higher forms of civilization and Christianity, still continue to divide the world, till in a circle they meet in Christian brotherhood of two faiths, vying together in liberality of spirit and progressive institutions of church and state. But Elizabeth cast out the supremacy of popedom, and Cromwell cast out the supremacy of kings above peoples. The problem solved in them and their era, for it was two halves and not two wholes, was that the *finale* is the Church and the people, with king-craft and priest-craft demolished.

Oliver Cromwell was forty years of age before he began to make his great mark in the world. He was born at Huntingdon, April 25th, 1599, and hence was living in the time of Elizabeth, who died in 1603. There were in the world together, the one going off, the other coming on, the stage of life, two of the mightiest personages of English history—a male and female—both of whom so well represented England in their own great characters, and under whose potent rule England gained a prestige of empire in Europe, such as she held not before nor since has held, nor ever will again, unless such personages rise once more to fill an old nation with the might of manhood and the grand earnestness of a mission.

Cromwell was of Welsh extraction; but his ancestor, whose name was Williams, married a sister of Thomas Lord Cromwell, Earl of Essex, and *assumed* the name of Cromwell; and, by marriage, his family was connected with some of the best names of England. He is also said to be related to the Stuarts, by his mother's side; and if his family pedigree be correct in this, Charles II. was a distant cousin of Oliver's.

When boys of about the same age, so runs the traditions of Huntingdon, Charles and Oliver met at Hinchinbrook House, the seat of his uncle, Sir Oliver Cromwell. The youths had not long been together before they disagreed, and Oliver, who regarded his princely sanctity as little then as thereafter, thrashed the then future "Lord's Anointed," in king-craft parlance, and made the blood flow copiously from the prince's nose. "This was looked upon as a bad presage for the king when the civil war commenced."

It is said that, when a boy, Oliver had a re-

markable vision. Noble, an eminent authority, tells us that Cromwell himself "often averred, when he was at the height of his glory, that on a certain night in childhood he saw a gigantic figure, which came and opened the curtains of his bed and told him that he should be the greatest person in the kingdom, but did not mention the word king;" and, continues Noble, "though he was told of the folly, as well as wickedness of such assertion, he persisted in it, for which he was flogged by Dr. Beard at the particular desire of his father; notwithstanding which, he would sometimes repeat it to his uncle Stewart, who told him it was traitorous to relate it." Those who have aimed to blacken the name of Oliver, such as Lord Clarendon, also refer to this vision as a proof of Cromwell's visionary and fanatical tendency of mind, and his ambitious dreams from childhood of the crown. On the other hand, such as his relative, Oliver Cromwell, Esq., would have us believe that his great kinsman ought not to have anything so disreputable as a vision pinned on to his memory. But wherefore should he not see a vision, or have a dream of empire to come in his life? Such men as Cromwell and Napoleon do thus dream and see visions in their boyhood, of armies at their command and scepters in their grasp, and we need no higher psychological explanation than the great conceptive instincts of their imperial minds, that paints, in fancy's forums, the kingdoms in themselves.

While under Dr. Beard, our hero is said to have been aspiring, stubborn, and obstinate; at Cambridge to have figured most in wrestling, cricketing, and such like exploits; and, as a young man, to have been turbulent and "fond of the juice of the grape and the charms of the fair." His kinsman, in his memoirs of his illustrious namesake, essays to soften down these features of his youthful character, and to wipe out such flaws from the life of the greatest man that Europe has produced. But better that we know him as he was; for he illustrates himself in a stronger light, and makes himself a harmony more sonorous by his very discords. That impetuous energy and potent *quality of action* in the man, which when a boy was turbulence, is eminently in harmony with that power of character which won the revolution for the Parliament, struck off the head of the king, mastered Parliament in turn, and made all Europe tremble at the might of the man, and to humble itself in the very dust to England. As for the sins of his youth, which he confesses to, they but intensified the fervor of his puritanic spirit; and when, afterward, was superadded to it the great ambition which took possession of his soul, it made him a grand enthusiast over his mission, as a mighty instrument for the "work of the Lord."

Oliver married a young lady of piety and excellence of mind, and this, doubtless, had a chastening, religious influence over his future life. He was returned twice as a member of Parliament for Huntingdon; but, until the

great revolution of his country called him out as the man of the times, he sustained a no more prominent part than that of a sober gentleman farmer, of an earnest puritanic prestige—a champion of the rights of the middle classes, and an antagonist to the exactions of the crown in his local province. His great local mark, and that which doubtless paved his way to a membership in the "Long Parliament" as representative for Cambridge, was made in his vigorous support of the popular Earl of Bedford against the king, in the notorious circumstance of the drainage of the Fens, when Oliver put to the worst the king's Commissioner, and aroused the universal spirit of the country. From that day his cousin, the famous patriot Hampden, pronounced him a man that would "sit well at the mark." Previous to this, disgusted with the king's tyranny and the ecclesiastical outrages instigated by Archbishop Laud, eight ship-loads of the Puritans were about to set sail for America. A proclamation of the king authorized the "Lord Treasurer to take speedy and effectual course for the stay of the eight ships now in the Thames preparing to go to New England," etc. In one of those ships were Cromwell and his illustrious cousin and compatriot Hampden. How blind and foolish are tyrants! Charles had stopped the emigration of the man destined to hurl him from his throne and take his head off!

In 1633, Oliver and his cousin Hampden were hindered from sailing to America. In 1639 came his famous resistance of the king's Commissioners in support of the Earl of Bedford; and now the lion was fairly aroused for the great struggle between the king and the nation. Eleven years had elapsed since a Parliament of England had been assembled; but the king now deemed it necessary to call one to aid him to expel the Scotch army which had marched into England, in revolt against Charles, for meddling with the religion of Scotland. Cromwell was elected from Cambridge. Finding Parliament not on his side, the king dismissed it after a sitting of only twenty-three days, but assembled it again in the following November. Lord Digby, one day going down the stairs of Parliament House, inquired of Hampden "who that sloven was." It was Cromwell! "That sloven whom you see before you hath no ornament in his speech; that sloven, I say, if we should ever come to a breach with the king (which God forbid), in such a case, I say, that sloven will be the greatest man in England." The sequel, which was rapidly coming along, wonderfully verified Hampden's prediction concerning his great cousin, "the sloven."

The famous attempt of the king to seize the five members of the House of Commons, among whom were Hampden and Pym, brought Parliament to the issue, and the popular cry arose, "To your tents, O Israel;" and the Parliamentary army was organized under the command of the Earl of Essex. But, previous to actual hostilities, Cromwell exhibited his energy and character. He distributed arms in the town of Cambridge,

raised a troop of horse, seized a magazine in Cambridge Castle for the use of Parliament, and stopped a quantity of plate which was on its way from that University to the king at York, crushed the efforts of the king's party in several counties to raise forces, and arrested the sheriff of Hertfordshire when about to publish the king's proclamation declaring the Parliament commanders all traitors.

At first, the Parliamentary forces were beaten everywhere. Nothing but the genius of Cromwell saved the glorious cause from utter defeat. Here let the man himself reveal his genius and matchless policy. At the famous conference between Oliver and the Committee when he refused the crown, he related a conversation between himself and his cousin Hampden, in which, after noticing that the Parliamentary troops at his "first going into that engagement were beaten on every hand," he suggested a remedy. "Your troops," said I, "are most of them old, decayed serving men and tapsters, and such kind of fellows; and," said I, "their troops are gentlemen's sons, younger sons, and persons of quality. Do you think the spirits of such base and mean fellows will be ever able to encounter gentlemen that have honor and courage and resolution in them? Truly, I did tell him, you must get men of spirit—of a spirit that will go as far as gentlemen will go, or else I am sure you will be beaten still." Hampden, he said, thought he "talked a good notion, but an impracticable one; but," Oliver continued, "I raised such men as had the fear of God before them and made some conscience of what they did; and from that day forward I must say to you, they never were beaten, but whenever they engaged the enemy they beat continually." How strongly does this tell us that the whole issue of the times was in the man himself! His genius solved the problem, and his impetuous, lion-like character was equal to the task of carrying out his great programme, big with human philosophy. Against the chivalry of English knights and gentlemen, pit the grand fanaticism of a grand and iron age! It was the only solution of success. But, then, where was the man in the world but Cromwell capable of organizing such troops, and inspiring them with his own grand, forceful soul? As it was, the Parliamentary generals were overmatched by the gallant Cavaliers; but Cromwell and his redoubtable Ironsides were ever invincible. He was the host that won the republican cause by his genius and forceful character. Tell us not that he was a hypocrite; it is but the fool's explanation. Rather tell us that he was the inspired "Captain of the Lord's host," even if moved by no higher inspiration than that of his own mighty soul.

Whitelock, Cromwell's ambassador to the queen of Sweden, in his Memoirs, says: "He had a brave troop of horse of his countrymen, most of them freeholders and freeholders' sons, who upon matter of conscience engaged in the quarrel with Cromwell! And thus being well armed within by the satisfaction of their own

consciences, and without in good iron armor, they would as one man stand firmly and charge desperately."

Marchmont Needham, whose potent pen the Parliament engaged, wrote with a graphic humor—"As for Noll Cromwell, he is gone forth in the might of his spirit, with all the train of his disciples, every one of whom is a David, a man of war, and a prophet, gifted men all, that resolve to do their work better than any of the sons of Levi."

Cromwell trusted not alone to the stern religious character of his troop from the middle classes, to pit against the gallant Cavaliers, but he put them through the best of discipline and inured them for active service. To test their courage, he once led them into a pretended ambushade and caused much alarm to be made, whereupon twenty of his troops turned and fled. These he directly dismissed, desiring them, however, to leave their horses for such as would fight the Lord's battles. The moral status of his soldiers is thus described: "No man swears but he pays his twelvepence; if he be drunk, he is set in the stocks, or worse; if one calls the other Roundhead, he is cashiered; inasmuch that the counties where they come, leap for joy and come in and join them." What could resist such troops?

In a fight near Ludlow, Cromwell "defeated twenty-four troops of the enemy's horse and dragoons, with seven troops only which he had with him." But the king was still victorious; and in the fight of Chalgrave Field, Bucks, June 18, 1643, the glorious patriot, his cousin Hampden, was slain; but toward the close of the same month came Cromwell's famous relief of Gainsborough, which Whitelock says was "the beginning of his great fortunes, and now he began to appear in the world." He made an up-hill charge upon the rear of the enemy, who outnumbered him three to one after the king's troops under the command of Lieut-General Cavendish had completely routed the Lincolnshire men, who fought for Parliament. From this commenced the "inseparable" league between Cromwell and Ireton, who was so charmed with our hero, who subsequently became his father-in-law, that Ireton left his own regiment and joined the Ironsides. In Oct., 1643, Cromwell led the van of the forces commanded by the Earl of Manchester in the attack of the royalists at Windsley Field, in which the Parliamentary army was victorious. "At the words Truth and Peace," Cromwell's "thirty-seven troops of horse and dragoons, himself at their head, advanced singing psalms; reserving their charge until Sir John Henderson's eighty-seven, who were coming down the hill upon them, had fired." Cromwell's horse at the onset was killed under him, and he mixed *pêle mêle* in the fight. Again he was down under the hand of a royalist, supposed to be Sir Ingram Hopton; but rising, he seized a poor horse from one of his troopers and contributed in person to the great victory. The nation now looked upon him as a match for Prince Rupert, and the king himself exclaimed, "I would that some one would do me the good



RISTORI AS MARIE ANTOINETTE.

fortune to bring Cromwell to me alive or dead!"

At the crowning battle of Marston Moor the Parliamentary forces were put to the rout, and three of the commanding generals had actually retired from the field giving up all as lost; but "Cromwell, with the brave regiment of his countrymen (300 strong), they only unappalled, were even yet observed persisting in desperate conflict with Prince Rupert's right." Sir Thomas Fairfax, son of Lord Fairfax, who had commanded the right wing, observing this, rallied some horse while Cromwell, though Newcastle's troops of foot up to this moment had "stood like a wall, now began to mow them down like a meadow." Reanimated by the sight, his whole brigade returned to the fight. Major-General Leslie, commanding the Scots, attacked Newcastle in the flank, all the Parliamentary troops rallied, and Cromwell fell like a thunderbolt upon the detached bodies that had been broken in their late pursuit, and Prince Rupert's army was driven to the very gates of York and scarcely allowed breathing time to enter; and the surrender of York quickly followed. Thus had the extraordinary conduct of one man again saved the Parliament cause.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

ABOVE we give a view of Ristori, the actress, as she appears when dressed—should we not say loaded?—for the stage, in the character of the ill-fated French queen. Of course it is intended to represent French fashion near the close of the eighteenth century. This is the nonsense which grows out of a vain, foolish, pompous, wicked monarchy. Such a state of things would be impossible in a republic. Our women are fond of dress—as all women are—but they do not "pile on the agony" after this sort. Look at Powers' statue of the Greek slave—an almost faultless figure of the human form—and then at the fixed-up creature loaded down with superfluous dry goods, and say what you think.

Referring to the stage and its influences, *Watson's Art Journal* remarks:

"The production of 'Marie Antoinette,' with all its perfectness of scenery, like that of 'Richelieu,' 'Hamlet,' and the 'Merchant of Venice,' some time since, suggests the question whether the art education of the people would not be greatly advanced through the medium of scenic art.

"People go to the theater to be amused—a

few, perhaps, to be instructed. Striking a balance, we will find the amusement-seekers to be in a majority of about ninety per cent. Now, can not this ninety per cent. be taught something? Setting aside the mere question of acting, can not they be taught something about art—its aims, objects, and interests?

"The stage possesses a superior advantage to the studio or picture-gallery in that it has the advantage of histrionic as well as pictorial art. The passions of man, his loves and weaknesses, are brought before us in horrible colors, with vivid reality; and we are made more thoroughly to appreciate the innermost workings of his mind, than we possibly could be by the limner's art, through the medium of the canvas. Can not, then, the scene-painter's art be raised to an equality with that of the actor? Can not the public be taught that without it acting is, comparatively, nothing? Can not we, in short, wheedle, if you choose, the people into a love of art, by displaying to them how valuable an auxiliary art must always be to everything connected with mental culture and refinement? Assuredly, yes. Take, for instance, this very matter of scene painting; what immense strides we have made even within the last five years! We see nowadays but few scenic incongruities. A play, to be successful, must be perfect in its scenery. Garrick played 'Hamlet' in a powdered wig and knee-breeches. The 'Hamlet' of the present day must give us, at least, some idea of Danish costume. The same way with scenery. The theater-going public of to-day expect in it artistic skill and artistic unity. All this demonstrates one fact—day by day we are getting to more thoroughly understand and appreciate art.

"Should not, then, this understanding and appreciation be encouraged? If the stage is the medium through which it can be accomplished, why, then, let it be so. But, above all, let us leave no stone unturned to bring about the desirable end of making ourselves an art-loving, art-admiring, art-appreciating community."

[But we trust these things we see on the stage, these extravagant exaggerations, are not for us Americans to imitate. We admire fine painting, sculpture, and all that, but don't like to see the human form so distorted as to make it look hideous. Simple nature unadorned with such trappings would be better.]

TO MY "SOMEBODY."

"I'll not forget you very soon."

THE words were whispered soft and low
By stranger lips, and yet I know,
In the dim and shadowy long ago,

The same kind words to me were spoken.

The same kind hand my head caressed,
The same pure lips to mine were pressed;
Be still, my soul, 'tis for the best,

For friendship's ties so soon are broken.

My yearning soul goes out for thee,
Like a beacon o'er the stormy sea;
My "kindred spirit," come to me;

Has thy lone heart no answering token?

CAMBRIDGE, O.

EMMA.

PREMIUMS FOR THE PEOPLE.

We offer the following to all who may feel an interest in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL:

For 350 new subscribers, at \$3 each, we will give a Steinway Rosewood Piano, worth \$650.

For 100 subscribers, at \$3 each, we will give a Horace Waters five Octave Parlor Organ, worth \$170.

For 60 subscribers, at \$3 each, a Horace Waters five Octave Melodeon, worth \$100.

For 30 subscribers, at \$3 each, a Weed Sewing Machine, new style, worth \$60.

For 25 subscribers, at \$3 each, a Wheeler & Wilson's Family Sewing Machine, worth \$55.

For 15 subscribers, at \$3 each, the Riverside Edition of Irving's "Belles Lettres Works," comprising "Knickerbocker," "Tales of a Traveler," "Wolfert's Roost," "Crayon Miscellany," "Bracebridge Hall," "Alhambra," "Oliver Goldsmith," "Sketch Book," elegantly bound, worth \$16.

For 12 subscribers, at \$3 each, a handsome Rosewood Writing Case furnished with materials, complete, worth \$12.

For 10 subscribers, at \$3 each, the Sunnyside Edition of "Irving's Life of George Washington," in five volumes, appropriately illustrated, worth \$12 50.

Those persons desiring our own publications instead of the book premiums offered, can select from our own catalogue books amounting to the value of the premium for which they would have such books substituted.

The premiums offered are all serviceable in any household, and each is well worth the moderate effort required to secure it. Every family, large or small, should have a sewing machine and some instructive books. There are very few well-ordered families, no matter how poor, in this country, that have no good books on their narrow shelf, but there are many that do not possess a sewing machine. How many poor widows there are with two, three, four or more young children, who are obliged to toil early and late for a bare subsistence! If such had sewing machines to expedite and yet lighten their labor, how much more comfortably they could get along in the world! Reader, do you know a poor widow who is trying her best to earn an honest living, to clothe and educate her children? Think how much easier she could do it with one of these excellent machines! Then why not start a subscription paper and induce a few "well-to-do" neighbors to put down their names, each for the trifling sum of \$3, and thus get the JOURNAL a year, and in a few hours put the "Family Treasure" in the poor woman's house?

We will guarantee the quality and genuineness of each article in our premium list. In fact, we will invite the premium creditor to select for himself or herself.

Literary Notices.

[All works noticed in THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.]

MANUAL OF PHYSICAL EXERCISES, comprising Gymnastics, Rowing, Skating, Fencing, Cricket, Calisthenics, Sealing, Swimming, Sparring, Baseball, together with Rules for Training and Sanitary Suggestions. By Wm. Wood, Instructor in Physical Education. With one hundred and twenty-five illustrations. One vol., 12mo, pp. 315. Price \$1 50. New York: Harper Brothers, publishers.

Another useful manual of instruction for those who need it. Before the war, Americans, both men and women, were becoming, in a measure, effeminate; our young ladies were thin and fragile, and our young men delicately constructed, thin in muscle, and narrow in the chest, and gotten up on a sharp and active principle rather than on a broad and vital. The war tended to call out and develop the men, and to put them on a new footing. The work before us seems well adapted to the purpose of physical development, and will inevitably find many readers and willing followers. We may not endorse all the author's suggestions, nor will we stop to criticize, inasmuch as the general tendency of the whole is in the right direction, and for the most part in keeping with our own teachings. The publishers have brought out the "Manual" in their usual good taste and style.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON THE PENTATEUCH, delivered before the Class of Bethany College, by Alexander Campbell; also, Extracts from his Sermons, a Portrait, and Brief Sketch of President Campbell's Life. Edited by Rev. W. T. Moore. 12mo, pp. 380. Price \$2. Cincinnati: H. S. Bosworth.

The "Disciples" may well congratulate themselves on this admirable production. The Rev. Dr. Moore, at present residing and preaching in Cincinnati, a graduate from Bethany College, was most intimate with Dr. Campbell, its founder, and is, perhaps, the most competent to produce such a work as this. The sketch of Dr. Campbell's life is by Charles V. Segar, a photographic reporter many years in our employ, who reported Dr. Campbell's discourses with a view to publication, and although Mr. Segar, as well as Dr. Campbell, have departed this life, their works remain a monument to their memory.

KATHRINA. Her Life and Mine, in a Poem, by J. G. Holland, author of "Bitter-Sweet." One vol., 12mo, pp. 287. Price \$1 50. New York: published by Charles Scribner & Co.

Beautiful! beautiful! beautiful! It is charming to read such descriptions and heartfelt confessions. Though popular before, through his numerous publications, Dr. Holland's last production has written his name indelibly on the hearts of humanity. His Kathrina will be translated into other languages, and will become classical when he shall have gone to the spirit-land. We shall attempt no description of the book, but simply ask all to read it, to remember its lessons, and be improved by them.

LE PETIT MESSENGER for November furnishes the latest Parisian fashions in the various departments of ladies' toilets. It contains several beautifully colored plates, besides two paper patterns. S. T. Taylor, publisher, 349 Canal Street, New York. \$5 per year. Single copies, 50 cts.

THE EARLY YEARS OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE CONSORT, compiled under the direction of Her Majesty the Queen, by Lieut.-General the Hon. C. Grey. One vol., 8vo, pp. 371. Price \$3 00. New York: Harper & Brothers, publishers.

A charming book, by a faithful wife and loving mother. Victoria has endeared herself to humanity by her modest, mindful, and circumspect life, and she has given, in the delightful volume before us, an insight into the royal domestic circle. The book will be widely read, and exert a healthy influence on all. Young lovers may read and profit by a perusal of the account of the early life of the "Prince Consort."

QUEER LITTLE PEOPLE. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. With Illustrations. Quarto, pp. 185. Price \$1 50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A delightful book for children. It is not an exaggeration to say that it is one of the best of its kind, and will afford the richest entertainment with instruction for children and youth. It is beautifully illustrated with birds, squirrels, dogs, cats, crickets, frogs and the like, and it is every way suitable as a holiday-book for the young.

MODERN PALMISTRY; or, The Book of the Hand, chiefly according to the Systems of D'Arpentigny and Desbarrolles, with some Account of the Gipsies. By A. R. Craig, M.A. With Illustrations. One vol., 8vo, pp. 330. Price \$1 50. New York: American News Company.

An interesting piece of bookmaking, with handsome type, handsome paper, and handsome binding, but only curious as a matter of speculation. We would quote from the work were it worth while. We have given in "New Phyllognomy" all that is scientific, and something that is only speculative in regard to reading character by the hand.

ECHO-BANK. A Temperance Tale. By Evrie. 18mo, 269 pp. Price 85 cts. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House.

A capital book for the family fireside, especially for youths who are forming character. It is in the interest of virtue, temperance, education, and religion. The author, in speaking of the blighting influence of the distillery and its products, says: "It is all-powerful to make misery ten thousand times more miserable; to turn man's heart into a hell; to ruin his soul through all time and all eternity; to deaden and destroy the energies, and to turn the blood of one's veins into fire to consume them." The spirit of the book may thence be inferred.

HAREM LIFE IN EGYPT AND CONSTANTINOPLE. By Emmeline Lott, late Governess to His Highness the Grand Pacha Ibrahim, son of His Highness Ismael Pacha, Viceroy of Egypt, and authoress of "The Nights in the Harem." 12mo, pp. 357. Price \$1 50. Philadelphia: Peterson & Brothers.

Americans, and the Western World generally, read with interest anything about the Orientals. The work before us seems to be a reprint from an English book. The author adopts from Alger the following lines:

"What precious things I find in Oriental lands,
Returning home I brought them in my votive hands;"

and gives an account of her experiences in the land of the dervish and the fez. Those who anticipate anything gratifying to their sensual natures will be disappointed.

Harem life in reality is very different from the voluptuous and lustful which many imagine. But it is an old institution, has had its day, and will ere long be a mere subject of Eastern history. It can not long resist European civilization and enlightenment. The book before us furnishes an interesting inside view of life in Turkey.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES. By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by John McLennan. People's Edition. 415 pp. Price \$1 50. Philadelphia: Peterson & Brothers.

These enterprising Philadelphia publishers do not intend to be surpassed by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, and they bring out their monthly volumes in good type, and on good paper, very promptly. The form in which the volume under consideration is presented, is styled "The People's Edition," and the "Tale" is the third of the series. The same publishers have printed Col. Forney's letters from Europe, in a handsome volume. Price \$2 00. Those who read these letters in the Philadelphia Press will be glad to have the same collected in a convenient form for perusal and preservation.

GOOD STORIES. PART 2. 18mo, pp. 223. Price 50 cents. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Contents: The Metempsychosis; Uninvited; Bellowmender of Lyons; Small Change Family; Scoteman's Tale; Blacksmiths of Holsby; A Penitent Confession; with four appropriate illustrations.

RAINBOWS FOR CHILDREN. Edited by L. Maria Child. With twenty-eight illustrations. One vol., 12mo, pp. 169. Price \$1 50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Twenty years ago these delightful stories were first published. They had the benefit of a somewhat extended circulation through the press of Messrs. C. S. Francis & Co., and are now transferred to the enterprising house of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, who give them a new lease on public attention. The more they may be circulated the better will it be for the rising generation.

LEYTON HALL. By Mark Lemon, Editor of London Punch and Author of "Loved at Last," "Wait for the End," etc., etc. 176 pp. Price 75 cts.

This is a large octavo in the usual style of popular novels. That Mr. Lemon of the London Punch would make an interesting story, no one would doubt; but the question would arise, What is the use of it all? If one has ample leisure, and a love for mental dissipation, the reading of such a production is one of the ways to do it. We regard Mr. Lemon as being quite capable of both "Love and Jealousy" in its most intense form, and presume he has spoken to the point. Those likewise afflicted might get consolation by reading his book, on the principle that "misery loves company."

CONFUCIUS AND THE CHINESE CLASSICS; or, Readings in Chinese Literature. Edited and compiled by Rev. A. W. Loomis. San Francisco and New York: A. Roman & Company. 12mo, cloth, pp. xiii., 482. \$2.

This book contains information which has been long desired by the literary public with reference to Chinese literature. The political, domestic, and social habits of the Chinese, their religious beliefs, and moral philosophy are clearly described, and the ancient sources of each mentioned. What China was in the days of Confucius, China is, in a great measure, to-day, so that the reader of this compilation is introduced to customs, ceremonies, and political and religious creeds two thousand or more years old. The book abounds in quotations from the writings of Chinese philosophers, poets, moralists, etc., which contain a large amount of sound instruction even for the Christian reader.

SNOW-BERRIES. A Book for Young Folks. By Alice Cary. With Illustrations. One vol., 12mo, pp. 206. Price \$1 50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A charming medley of prose and poetry, and illustrations to match, by this always delightful writer. The Spotted Deer; Counting the Chickens; Talk with a Tree; The Burning Prairie; Gipsy Fortune-Teller; The Brickmaker's Boy; The Weaver's Daughter; The Fisherman; The Street Beggar; Jennie and I; The Man with a Stone in his Heart, etc., make up the contents of a rather pretty book.

THE HARD MASTER. A Temperance Story. By Mrs. J. E. McConaughy, author of "One Hundred Gold Dollars," "Hawthorn Blossoms," etc., etc. One vol., 18mo, pp. 278. Price 85 cts. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House.

A companion to "Echo-Bank," with chapters, entitled: The New Master; The Serpent in the Garden; Starting the Ball; Little Nell; Blinding the Chains; Light and Darkness; Making Money Easy; The End Thereof; Temptation; The Blessing of the Lord.

It is pre-eminently adapted to Sunday-school libraries of all denominations.

GRIMM'S GOBLINS, selected from the Household Stories of the Brothers Grimm. With Illustrations in Colors from Cruikshanks' Designs. One vol., 12mo, pp. 111. Price \$1 50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Another holiday book by these popular publishers. The present is illustrated by colored plates. It comes in handsome large letters, printed on tinted paper, making altogether a handsome presentation book.

DOMBEY & SON. By Charles Dickens. With Eight Illustrations. Charles Dickens' Edition. pp. 543. Price \$1 50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

One of the most quoted and played of all this author's works. It is printed, in this new edition, on fair-sized type, rather close, but very compact, and suitably illustrated. Mr. Dickens is a close observer of human actions, and his fertility of imagination enables him to create originals for his stories whenever there may be occasion. If we must be occupied in reading comic scenes and comic stories, we think Dickens is the very man to supply the material; but earnest men, who have a purpose in life, will aim at something higher than mere amusement or entertainment.

THE BOYS IN BLUE; or, Heroes of the "Rank and File," comprising Incidents and Reminiscences from Camp, Battle-Field, and Hospital, with Narratives of the Sacrifice, Suffering, and Triumphs of the Soldiers of the Republic. By Mrs. A. Hoge, Assistant Manager of the Northwestern Branch of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, Chicago. With an Introduction by Thomas M. Eddy, D.D. With Illustrations from Original Drawings of the most striking Scenes of the War of the Rebellion. One vol., 8vo, pp. 477. New York: E. B. Treat & Co. Price, in cloth, \$3 50. In cloth, beveled boards, gilt, \$4 00.

We may cry out against multiplying war-books as much as we will, but there is a history connected with every man who participated in the late great contest which will possess some fascination for all the others. In this volume is recorded the observations and experiences of one who took a large part in the war, and it is meet that such observations and experiences be placed on record. The publishers have done their part pretty well. We have already given an account of the lady authoress in this JOURNAL. The book will be sold only by subscription. Those disposed to engage in its sale should correspond with the publishers, who will make the terms known. It is a handsome work, profusely illustrated, and is every way worthy a place in the family library.

A CHURCH DIRECTORY for New York City; City Mission Document No. 9; New York City Mission, 30, Bible House. 50 cents.

This neat compilation subserves a want long felt in the religious circles of our great city. Besides the names and addresses of the ministers, the locations, and numbers in the congregations of the different churches and societies, there is much statistical information given relating to Sunday-schools, mission stations, and charitable organizations. A neat colored map of New York accompanies the book.

IN BONDS. A Novel. By Laura Preston. New York: A. Roman & Co., publishers. 12mo, fancy cloth. \$1 75.

If Mrs. Child's "Romance of the Republic" is the first volume issued from the American press which weaves together in an agreeable style fact and fiction relating to the past condition of Southern society, Miss Preston's is certainly the second. "In Bonds," from a cursory glance, gives us a comparatively faithful account of Southern slave life in some of its many striking and interesting phases. The ornate, and, to some extent, sensational setting of the plain narrative will render the book acceptable to the romance reader.

BARNABY RUDGE, and HARD TIMES. By Charles Dickens. With Original Illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr. Diamond Edition; pp. 523. Price \$1 50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

As a delineator of low life in England, Mr. Dickens is incomparable. This his severest critics confess, and the above-entitled book is a good example of his ability in that department of book-writing.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA: A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Sixteen volumes. Price \$80. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

In our October number a statement was made which would appear to be discreditable to the above well-known American production. It is remote from our purposes, it would be thwarting our opinions, to depreciate a work so well established in public favor as the "New American Cyclopaedia." Its completeness of design and elaborateness of detail must commend it to all who lay claim to culture and literary taste. The articles generally evince scholarship in their preparation and tasteful discrimination in their arrangement. No American library would be complete without a copy of the "New American Cyclopaedia."

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MARTIN CHuzzleWIT. By Charles Dickens. With eight illustrations. 1 vol., 12mo, pp. 522. Price, \$1 50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Regularly, promptly, and cheaply the enterprising publishers give the stories of Mr. Dickens to the public. The present is, all things considered, the most desirable for the library. Having these works at hand, one will have a stock of constant entertainment within easy reach, not unlike such as may be found in the theater.

THE STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE. A capital magazine for children and youth, now in its twentieth volume, is published monthly, at \$1 50 a year by Mr. J. H. Allen, 203 Washington Street, Boston.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.—We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. John T. Hoover, in the office of the U. S. Coast Survey, for a copy of the Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution. The volume exhibits the operations, expenditures, and condition of the Institution for the year 1866. A handsome octavo of 469 pages, in the usual style of our public documents.

PREMIUM ESSAYS ON BANKING.—The publisher of the N. Y. BANKERS' MAGAZINE offers a premium of \$300 for the best Essay on Banking and Finance, and \$200 for the second best article on the same subject.

THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE is really a very beautiful monthly periodical, well worthy a place in every family where good taste, good morals, and high culture are to be encouraged. It is published at \$2 50 a year, by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, of New York. The *Riverside Magazine* will be clubbed with the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for \$5 a year. Order from this office.

A PORTRAIT OF HORACE GREELEY.—The publishers of the *Tribune* propose to send a copy of Ritchie's superb engraving to each subscriber to the *Tribune*, as per advertisement, to which we refer. This is much the best likeness of Mr. Greeley that has been engraved.

To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will try to respond in the "next number." Your "BEST THOUGHTS" solicited.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Owing to the crowded state of our columns generally, and the pressure upon this department in particular, we shall be compelled hereafter to decline all questions relating to subjects not properly coming within the scope of this JOURNAL. Queries relating to PHYSIOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY, PSYCHOLOGY, ETHNOLOGY, and ANTHROPOLOGY, or the general SCIENCE OF MAN, will still be in order, provided they shall be deemed of GENERAL INTEREST. Write your question plainly on a SEPARATE SLIP OF PAPER, and send us only ONE at a time.

CAN WE LOVE OUR FRIENDS TOO MUCH?—Do you think it wrong for one to love his friends all he can? Does great human affection necessitate less love for God? Is not idolatry loving too little, or too selfishly, which is the same, rather than too much? I can not understand how loving our friends much can make us love God less.

If we love them truly, we are ready to labor and suffer and make sacrifices for them; to deny ourselves their presence for their good; to forswear our love, even, for their honor; and doing this can never make us forget God, for it is only through his strength that we can do it.

I believe that the more tenderly, devotedly, and unselfishly I love my friends on earth, the better fitted I shall be to love my friends and Father in heaven. My heart echoes the beautiful words of Mrs. Ames, when she addresses her friends:

"* * * I hold you most religiously; I count your names a rosary in my prayers. Nor separation with its saddest change Can change for me the faces that I love.

Not mine to have, to bless, to lean on long;
Yet through the everlasting years my own
To love, to pray for, and to live for still!
I lift each name into the oriflamme
Of God's own love, and say, "Lord, love my friends!
And let me love them in Thy purer world!"

[This is right. And we doubt if there can be love to God till after there has been love to man. We agree with our correspondent that it is selfish love which idolizes, and that it is the pure and sanctified kind which she so beautifully describes. Husbands sometimes idolize their wives, wives idolize their husbands, and parents their children. If parted from them by death, instead of accepting the infliction with proper Christian resignation, they agonize and go mad. So it is with foolish young lovers when disappointed, and they grieve and moan their lives away. This is foolish, if not wicked.]

"**SUBSCRIBER.**"—We will supply back numbers of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL at regular price, 30 cents, as long as they last.

TEMPERAMENT.—"Does the blood in one's veins have any effect on his mental qualities?"

Ans. It is claimed by some that the venous blood, when existing in extra amount in a person, is the basis of what is called the bilious temperament, while the arterial blood in predominance gives rise to the sanguine temperament. Those in whom the venous system exists in great abundance, generally have the hardest

muscles and bones—the greatest amount of strength and hardihood and endurance. They are inflexible, resolute, stern, and sometimes hard in disposition. Some claim that the predominance of the venous blood was the result, not the cause, of the bilious or motive temperament. One thing is certain: those in whom this temperament prevails are more liable to rheumatism, bilious fevers, and the like, and they should eat tart fruit freely, and avoid oily articles of food and any excess of saccharine matter.

"**FASCINATION,**" or the "Art of 'charming,'" is out of print, and we will not in future publish it as a separate work. It now comprises part of a large work—the "New Library of Mesmerism," two handsomely illustrated volumes. Price \$4.

EYES AND BEARD.—Does the shaving of the upper lip cause weakness of the eyes? If so, what is the remedy?

Ans. A dull razor often causes the tears to start when the upper lip is undergoing the savage process of being shaved with such an instrument, and the idea has obtained general belief that there is some intimate nervous relation between the upper lip and the eyes, because a dull razor does not produce the same effect when applied to any other part of the face. The remedy for such evils is not to shave at all. The Chinese shave the head, which all civilized nations consider to be wrong. The hair and beard for convenience may properly be clipped, but not shaven. Why not shave the eyebrows? They were placed there by the Creator, and, like the beard, should not be removed.

HEALTHFUL HEAT.—Which produces the most healthful heat for an ordinary room—an air-tight wood stove or a coal stove?

Ans. A wood fire in an open fire-place would be preferable if it could be had. We would rather be warmed by an air-tight wood stove than by an air-tight coal stove. But we like the artificial warmth best which comes from hot-water pipes. The heater may be a stove or a furnace in the basement of a building with a boiler, having pipes throughout the house. The water may be kept at an even temperature day and night if desired, and thus a healthful heat obtained. But the best of all warmth is that which comes from bodily exercise. Most people in cold climates sit too much in over-heated rooms, depending on artificial rather than on the more natural and consequently healthful heat which comes from a vigorous circulation of the blood. Cold hands and cold feet indicate imperfect circulation, the remedy for which is exercise, exercise, exercise.

IMMORTALITY.—"Do you believe in the doctrine of Zoroaster, that there is an immortal soul within man, independent of his body? or with Job, that there must be a resurrection of the body to give tangibility to man's immortality?"

Ans. We believe that there is an immortal soul within man which will live, and know, and enjoy when his earthly body is dead. As to what the body shall be in the resurrection, how different it shall be from the one he now wears, it is not necessary to know. If God desires man to have a body as "a clothing for the soul," he will make such a one as will best serve it. See 1 Corinthians xv. 37-45. The essence of the subject is contained in the forty-second and forty-fourth verses: "So also is the resurrection of the dead: It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption. It is sown a natural body; it is raised a

spiritual body." It is doubtful whether the worthies of the Old Testament generally had a clear idea of the future, and immortality is not very clearly taught in it. It is said that Christ "came to bring life and immortality to light," not to create it.

"**CONSTANT READER.**"—Yes, we can supply you with the "Life and Writings of Oliver Goldsmith." Price by mail, postpaid, \$4; and "Animated Nature," by Goldsmith, in 2 vols., \$5.

HYDROPATHY—HOMEOPATHY.—1. Which is the best *Hydropathic* pocket manual with which to treat one's self in common diseases without a physician? 2. Which is the best *Homeopathic* manual of the same kind?

Ans. Dr. Trall's Hand-Book of Hydropathy, \$2. And Dr. Ellis's Family Homeopathy, \$2. See also The Illustrated Hydropathic Encyclopedia, \$4 50, the most elaborate work on the subject.

C. O. D.—What is the meaning of the letters C. O. D., marked on goods?

Ans. An Irishman, once upon a time, ordered a fish dealer to send to him by express a box of mackerel. In good time an express wagon drove up to his door with the expected box of fish, but his dismay was great on seeing the letters C. O. D. marked on the box. "C. O. D.—I never ordered any codfish, ye spalpeen; I ordered mackerell." Of course the expressman did not know the contents of the box, except that it was fish; but finally he managed to pacify the excited Irishman by telling him that C. O. D. did not necessarily mean codfish, but, in mercantile usage, Collect on Delivery. "Collect on Delivery," replied the Irishman in scorn; "and why didn't they make it D. W. C., Deliver when Collected, so that everybody could understand it?"

SMOKING ON THE CARS.—It is against the rules of all well-regulated street cars, omnibuses, and public carriages to permit gentlemen (?) to pollute the air with the fumes of burnt tobacco. We consider it the duty of conductors to prevent the nuisance, and thus spare passengers who are liable to be made sick by this vulgar practice.

ARSENIC AND THE SKIN.—A lady writes, "Can you tell me the quantity to take to whiten the skin; also the effect of arsenic on the system, when taken in small quantities? If you know of any work treating of these facts, please inform me of the price, and where procured."

Ans. The best work on the skin is that of Erasmus Wilson—two volumes, with plates, \$8 50. See our "Special List." We can not advise the use of arsenic to whiten the skin—nor is it suitable to be taken into the human stomach.

TWINS.—If two persons have the same temperament, and their heads are alike phrenologically, would they be exactly alike in form and action?

Ans. This question, to our mind, answers itself. We have seen several pairs of twins who were in complexion, build, weight, size of body and form of head, so nearly alike that they could not be distinguished by their own mothers; and their dispositions, characters, and actions were as nearly alike as their looks and organization. We have examined the heads of such twins, and finding some slight characteristic differences which would not be noticed by the general observer, we have pointed them out, and found them to be precisely such as were indicated by the slight differences in the forms of their heads. Consequently, if in organization and mental development two persons are exactly alike, they will act and feel exactly alike, as nearly as two peas are alike.

Publisher's Department.

SWEDENBORGIAN.—In continuation of our plan to give an account of all the great religious bodies, we present in the present number a group of representative men of this church, together with the distinct doctrinal tenets of their faith.

THE JEWS.—We have nearly ready a group of distinguished Jewish rabbis, whose portraits will soon be given in this JOURNAL.

YOUR CHARACTER FROM YOUR PORTRAIT.—Those who desire to obtain a careful phrenological description of themselves, with advice as to the best pursuits, etc., and who can not conveniently visit our office in person, may send us a three-cent stamp, asking for "The Mirror of the Mind," which will give information how to have likenesses taken for this purpose, the measurements required, terms, etc.

BOWLBY'S MUSICAL DEMONSTRATING BOARD.—This is an ingenious arrangement for facilitating a student in music in comprehending the changes and transpositions of the scales. It is made of card-board with two movable slides. In the center of the card is printed the Scale of Absolute Pitch with its appropriate letters A, B, C, etc., and with the intermediate sharps and flats. The slides represent the diatonic scale with its regular intervals, which are designated by numerals. The learner has only to arrange these slides to correspond with any letter in the fixed scale, and he at once sees what sharps or flats are necessary in any given key. It is a very convenient and useful assistant to the teacher, and has received the approval of some of our best musicians. Price, plain \$1 50; in neat walnut frames \$3. Supplied from this office.

THE NEW WORK ON THE PREVENTION AND CURE OF CONSUMPTION by the Swedish Movement Cure, is now ready. Price, 30 c.

ORATORY—SACRED AND SECULAR; or, Extempore Speaking, by Rev. William Pittenger; and **LIFE IN THE WEST;** or, Stories of the Mississippi Valley, by N. C. Meeker, will appear shortly. The work on Oratory will be one of the best of American productions on the subject.

General Items.

OUR EXCHANGES.—We have altogether something more than a thousand newspapers and magazines on book, to whom we send the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL regularly. Considering the cost for paper and printing, this is no small draft on our exchequer. But the generous notices so kindly bestowed on the JOURNAL by the press we deem an ample equivalent. Subscribers, not willing to enjoy the JOURNAL alone, often request us to send copies to editors for examination, which we are always happy to do.

POSTING UP THE COVER.—In a large factory near New York one of the men took the liberty of posting in a conspicuous place one of the cover pages of the JOURNAL, and writing under it, "SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED HERE." A good idea. After reading, the covers may be removed and used for posters to advantage.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—Merchants throughout the world have for many years availed themselves of the Press to make known the fact that they have goods for sale. Lawyers use the same means to inform the public that their services are available. So do physicians. And say what we may of a "hiring priest," it is a fact that many churches, in our large cities, are announced by advertisement to be open for service at certain times and places. Some announce both names of preachers and of subjects. A full column of such announcements in a Saturday's daily may be found. We regard it a great convenience: 1st, it serves as a directory to strangers, of whom, it is said, there are from forty to fifty thousand in New York every day; many of these wish to hear a certain preacher, and the advertisement informs them where to find him. The custom promises to become general. Manufacturers, dentists, fruit-growers, publishers, shippers, railways, express companies, etc., all advertise—and readers are often interested in and instructed by these pithy announcements. Of course publishers should discriminate and admit nothing calculated to mislead or deceive. We go further than this, and exclude not only lotteries, gambling schemes, etc., but quack medicines, liquors, tobacco, and the like. We can not be a party to that which must inevitably be injurious to our fellow-men. This fact makes our JOURNAL all the more desirable as an advertising medium. Moreover, the space allotted to business is not great, and it is believed those who use it get more than an equivalent for the expenditure. It would be gratifying to advertisers to know that their announcements in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL met with responses. Purchasers will therefore oblige by stating *where* they saw the advertisement. To secure insertion "in the next number," advertisements must reach us the first of the month preceding its date—i. e., a month in advance. We are obliged to commence printing thus early to be out in time. We once promised that when our subscription list reached 50,000, that we would either exclude all advertisements, or print them on a separate sheet. We need not far from 20,000 more to attain that figure. Shall we have them? It rests with our readers.

A MEDICAL COLLEGE IN OREGON.—In the Willamette University, at Salem, there is now in successful operation a regular medical college, of which J. H. Wythe, A.M., M.D., is president. The faculty is composed of Messrs. H. Carpenter, M.D., Professor of Civil and Military Surgery; E. R. Fiske, A.M., M.D., Professor of Pathology and Practice of Medicine; J. Boswell, M.D., Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children; J. H. Wythe, A.M., M.D., Professor of Physiology, Hygiene, and Microscopy; D. Peyton, M.D., Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics; J. W. McAfee, M.D., Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology; A. Sharples, A.M., M.D., Professor of Descriptive and Surgical Anatomy; M. B. Lingo, M.D., Demonstrator of Anatomy; Hon. J. H. Mitchell, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence. The means of illustrations in each department are ample, and the course of instructions thorough and complete. Material for practical anatomy will be supplied in abundance. Clinical advantages of this College are good for a new country. The county hospital and State penitentiary, with out-patients, afford to the class a large amount of material for clinical study. The second course of lectures commenced on the 4th of November, and continues four months. Success to the first medical college in Oregon.

THE FARMERS' ROCKING-HORSE is a new agricultural implement, manufactured by Messrs. Abbott, Downing & Co., San Francisco, California. It appears—judging from the illustrations—to be a most useful piece of machinery. It is a marker, a planter, a cultivator, etc., all in one. Those interested should inclose ten cents to Mr. A. W. Putnam, Pleasant Valley, Salano Co., Cal., and ask for a catalogue describing the Farmers' Rocking-Horse.

A MISTAKE.—To make a joke, somebody makes a mistake. Here it is: What style of hat is easiest to wear? That which is not felt. [Now we maintain that the easiest of all hats—the most comfortable and healthful—is the soft felt hat. The hard, air-tight, stove-pipe hats are painful to wear, and tend to make men bald-headed.]

TEN-MINUTE SPEECHES.—The best collection of brief, practical, pointed, pathetic speeches, by several of the best orators in America, may be found in that handsome document entitled *TEMPERANCE IN THE AMERICAN CONGRESS*. Young speakers can not find better models than here—to say nothing of the subject of these ten-minute speeches. The book is sent by return post for 25 cents, by S. R. Wells, New York.

A GOOD MOVE.—At a meeting of the Medical Society of the State of New York, held not long since, a committee was appointed to investigate and report upon the result of consanguineous marriages. We suppose that the object of this measure is the procurement of such evidence as will warrant the Society in applying to our legislative authorities for some special enactment regulating marriages among relatives. So much disease, infirmity, and we might add crime, is entailed on succeeding generations by the marriage of near relations, that it is high time our law makers made them the subject of serious consideration.

The Society call on all those who have the welfare of society at heart, and who are in possession of any facts relating to the subject in charge of its special committee, to aid them in this worthy endeavor to promote the health and happiness of humanity.

In our Annual for 1868 we publish a lengthy article on the subject above mentioned, furnishing abundant authority for our long-known opposition to conjugal association by near relations.

BACK VOLUMES for 1864, 1865, and 1866, bound in cloth, may be had at \$3 each. Earlier volumes are scarce, and command from \$10 to \$15 per copy. A complete set of the JOURNAL is worth \$200. Judging by present indications, the older the JOURNAL grows the more valuable it becomes.

CLUBBING WITH THE MAGAZINES.—The price of the *Atlantic* is \$1 a year. The PHRENOLOGICAL \$3. We will send the two for \$6. Or we will send the PHRENOLOGICAL and *Harper's Monthly, Weekly, or Bazar* at \$6. The PHRENOLOGICAL and any other \$3 magazine for \$5. We will also club with any New York newspaper at proportional rates. When desired, we will subscribe for and forward any periodical published in America. Address this office.

THE PILGRIM, IN BUNYAN HALL.—Citizens and strangers who visit the metropolis should pay an early visit to Bunyan Hall, and be agreeably entertained and profoundly impressed. There are

most instructive pictures, short and pleasant addresses, and plain though excellent music there. Parents should take their children—including the servants—to the place. It is a capital entertainment for a class of Sunday-school children. It would be a rich treat, and gratefully remembered by all. Go to the catch-penny museums if you will, go to the play-houses if you must, but wherever you go, do not fail to go to see the PILGRIM, in Bunyan Hall, on Union Square, New York.

THE POSTAGE RATES on newspapers, circulars, books (including printed matter of all kinds) addressed to Great Britain and Ireland, is as follows:

Newspapers and circulars 2c. each (1d). The postage on the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL to Great Britain and Ireland is 6 cts. or 3d per number. Books, 6 cents (3d) for four ounces or fraction of four ounces.

This is a new arrangement of international law, and will give general satisfaction, as the rates heretofore were quite exorbitant.

MR. ROCKWOOD, the photographer, 839 Broadway, has invented a number of mechanical appliances to his art which, combined with artistic knowledge, good taste, and judgment, give him many advantages in the practice of his business. One of his inventions, specimens of which were recently on exhibition at the Fair of the American Institute, is the process for making photographic images of a sitter is transferred to a block of clay; the lines being so firmly fixed that the sculptor to whose hands the work is afterward confided is enabled to produce a perfect likeness of the original. An intaglio is then sunk, from which plaster casts are taken and all the varieties of bronze, Parian marble, etc., are produced.

Mr. Rockwood has also much improved the process for making life-sized photographs, and has so perfected them that he is about the first to make plain life-sized photographs that are satisfactory without the expense of retouching by an artist. Another adaptation of the camera enables him to enlarge an ordinary carte de visite or daguerreotype to a life-sized portrait. Among other novelties that he announces are portraits on porcelain lamp shades and miniatures on watch crystals. Our friends living at a distance, and wishing to have old pictures copied and enlarged, can send their orders directly to us, and we will personally see that they are placed in the hands of Mr. Rockwood, and that his personal attention is called to them.

POOR PAPER AND PALE INK make a sorry-looking letter, and one very difficult to read. But worse than this is a long letter written with a poor lead pencil. There may be circumstances where it is necessary to tear out the blank fly-leaf of a book and use it instead of a neat letter sheet. But good stationery is now too plentiful for any one to insult a correspondent by writing him on a dirty, crumpled bit of waste paper. Use clean white paper, bright black or dark brown ink—be brief when writing on business—dwell as long as you like when writing love letters—and rather than leave your correspondent to "guess" what you mean, read over your letter and carefully revise as if for publication. Then add your address in full, giving post-office, county, and State. If to be answered, inclose stamp with which to pay return postage—otherways it may fail to get attention. Then write the address of him you would reach, plainly, fully, and it will—accidents accepted—go straight to the person addressed.

UTILITY OF PHRENOLOGY.

EVERY young man—and woman too—wishes to know with certainty in what calling or pursuit in life he can accomplish most, do the most good, serve his friends the best, obtain a competency, provide liberally for the wants of himself, family, and others who may be dependent on him. He desires to place himself in that position for which he is by nature and acquirement best fitted, and in which he may, without doubt or experiment,

SECURE SUCCESS IN LIFE.

Few men in the ordinary pursuits come up FULLY to their REAL CAPABILITIES. It is true that some, by mere accident or good fortune, without any definite knowledge of their own powers, stumble upon a situation to which they happen to be well adapted, and in which, without a struggle, they

RISE TO EMINENCE.

They are said to be "lucky;" while thousands of others, more highly educated or endowed, and with force and energy of character, pursue a respectable though tiresome and "up-hill" employment, chosen without regard to their adaptation to it, which brings them "neither honor nor profit." These get a living, while many more drag out an unhappy existence, complaining of their hard lot, and end their days in sore disappointment, pronouncing

"LIFE A FAILURE."

We have a remedy for this. It is SCIENTIFIC, and therefore RELIABLE. By the aid of PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, and PSYCHOLOGY, the true character, with all its capabilities, may be clearly indicated; the most suitable calling, profession, or occupation, to which each person is adapted, and in which he may best succeed, can be clearly pointed out, and you, reader, may thus learn

HOW TO RISE IN THE WORLD,

and make the most of all your talents.

Parents wish to insure for their children all the blessings which judicious training and right direction can secure, and there is no other means whereby these ends may be so surely attained as by the aid of science. By having their characters fully described, and carefully written out in full, you will have a Chart which will serve to keep them in the right direction—to avoid the quicksands and the rocks on which too many unfortunate human barks founder and are lost.

WHAT CAN I DO BEST?

Can I succeed as an Attorney, Artist, or Author? As a Banker, Bookseller, or Broker? A Carpenter, Clerk, or Chemist? A Dentist or Designer? An Editor or Engineer? A Farmer or a Grocer? Can I Invent, Lecture, or Legislate? Can I succeed as a Manufacturer, Merchant, or Machinist? In Music, Navigation, Oratory, Painting, or Sculpture? As a Preacher or Physician? A Poet or a Policeman? A Sailor or a Soldier? A Teacher, Tragedian, or Writer? Can it be foretold, with scientific certainty, WHAT I CAN DO BEST?

WE ANSWER:

By the light of the science we teach, you may know for a certainty what you are, as compared with others—what you can do best, and how you may turn all your talents to the best possible use. The cost for this service will be comparatively small, while the benefits derived may be of great value to every individual.

PRIVATE EXAMINATIONS.

With Charts, and full written Descriptions of Character, and Advice in regard to the most appropriate occupations and pursuits, in which you can best succeed; Faults, how to correct them; Health, how to secure and retain it; the Management of Children; Self-Improvement, etc., given daily at our private Rooms, 839 Broadway, New York. Those residing at a distance, who can not visit us in person, may send a stamp, and ask for THE MIRROR OF THE MIND, which explains how character may be delineated from a likeness.

Business.

[Under this head we publish, for a consideration, such matters as rightfully belong to this department. We disclaim responsibility for what may herein appear. Matter will be LEADED and charged according to the space occupied, at the rate of 50 cents a line.]

THE HYGEIAN HOME.—At this establishment all the Water-Cure appliances are given, with the Swedish Movements and Electricity. Send for our circular. Address A. SMITH, M.D., Wornersville, Berks County, Pa.

THE MOVEMENT-CURE.—Chronic Invalids may learn the particulars of this mode of treatment by sending for Dr. Geo. H. Taylor's illustrated sketch of the Movement-Cure, 25 cents. Address 87 West 38th Street, N. Y. city. Aug., 'tf.

MRS. E. DE LA VERGNE, M.D.,
325 ADDELPHI STREET, BROOKLYN.

HYGIENIC CURE, BUFFALO, N. Y.—Compressed Air Baths, Turkish Baths, Electric Baths, and all the appliances of a first-class Cure. Please send for a Circular. Address H. P. BURDICK, M.D., or Mrs. BRYANT BURDICK, M.D., Burdick House, Buffalo, N. Y. tf

NEW NATIONAL RELIGIOUS PAPER.—A national religious newspaper, to be called "THE ADVANCE," will be published weekly, from the first of September onward, in the city of Chicago. It will represent Congregational principles and polity, but will be conducted in a spirit of courtesy and fraternity toward all Christians. The form will be what is popularly termed a double sheet of eight pages, of the size and style of the New York Evangelist. The pecuniary basis is an ample capital furnished by leading business men and others, to be expended in the establishment and improvement of the paper, which is intended to be second to none in the country, in its literary and religious character. The purpose of its projectors is indicated in the name: their aim being to ADVANCE the cause of evangelical religion, in its relations not only to doctrine, worship, and ecclesiastical polity, but also to philosophy, science, literature, politics, business, amusements, art, morals, philanthropy, and whatever else conduces to the glory of God and the good of man by its bearing upon Christian civilization. No expense has been spared in providing for its editorial management in all departments, while arrangements are in progress to secure the ablest contributors and correspondents at home and abroad. The city of Chicago has been selected as the place of publication, because of its metropolitan position in the section of the country especially demanding such a paper, and the fact that it is nearly the center of national population, and in a very few years will be the ecclesiastical center of the Congregational Churches. Issued at the interior commercial metropolis, "THE ADVANCE" will contain the latest market reports, and able discussions of financial subjects, such as will make it a necessity to business men in all parts of the country. The editor-in-chief will be Rev. Wm. W. Patton, D.D., who resigns the pastorate of the leading church of the denomination at the West for this purpose, and who has had many years' experience in editorial labor. The subscription price will be \$2 50 in advance. Advertising rates made known on application. Address THE ADVANCE COMPANY, P. O. Drawer 6,374, Chicago, Ill. S.6c.

THE CHURCH UNION.—The largest and best Religious Family Newspaper in the world.

Owing to the unprecedented reception of this paper, it is now enlarged to twice its original size.

It is devoted to Liberty and Union in the whole Church of Christ, opposes Ritualism and Rationalism, and advocates Radical Doctrines in both Church and State.

It favors universal suffrage, and equal rights for every man and woman of every nationality.

It is the organ of no sect, but will endeavor to represent every branch of the Church, and every society organized for the purpose of converting the world to Christ.

It is Trinitarian in creed, but favors free discussion by all Religionists of every faith.

It will advocate a free communion table for all the Lord's people, and a free pulpit for all his ministers.

It will print a sermon from Rev. Henry Ward Beecher in every issue. This sermon, published at twelve o'clock every Monday, will be selected from one of the two sermons preached by Mr. Beecher the day before publication. It is not copyrighted, nor is it prepared for the press by Mr. Beecher.

Terms—\$2 50 yearly. \$1 to agents for every subscriber. Sold by American News Company at 5 cents, and by Publishers.

Address, CHARLES ALBERTSON, Supt. Church Union, 103 Fulton Street, New York. Sept., 'tf.

AMERICAN EQUAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION.—HENRY WARD BEECHER, GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, JOHN STUART MILL, and others, on SUFFRAGE FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

Tracts of the American Equal Rights Association:

WOMAN'S DUTY TO VOTE. By H. W. Beecher.

EQUAL RIGHTS FOR WOMEN. By Geo. Wm. Curtis.

SUFFRAGE FOR WOMEN. By John Stuart Mill.

PUBLIC FUNCTION OF WOMAN. By Theodore Parker.

FREEDOM FOR WOMEN. By Wendell Phillips.

ENFRANCHISEMENT OF WOMAN. By Mrs. John Stuart Mill.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE. By Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

WOMAN AND HER WISHES. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE MORTALITY OF NATIONS—THOUGHTS ON UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE. By Parker Pillsbury.

Price per single copy, 10 cents; per hundred copies, \$5; per thousand copies, \$30.

Every one should send stamp for "Should Women Vote?" answered by many eminent authorities.

All orders should be addressed to SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Secretary American E. R. Association, 37 Park Row, (Room 17, 3d floor), New York.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Our Tracts furnish one of the very best mediums for advertisements. A limited number will be received. Address as above. 1t

GOOD BOOKS BY MAIL.—Any book, magazine, or newspaper, no matter where or by whom published, may be ordered at publisher's prices, from S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

PHRENOLOGICAL STUDENT, we can supply you with copies of the following books at prices affixed:

Outlines of Physiology, with Appendix on Phrenology. By Professor P. M. Roget, Professor of Physiology, etc., in Great Britain. \$3 75.

Spurzheim's Phrenology, with Plates. \$3 50.

Vol. 2. Phrenology, or the Doctrine of the Mental Phenomena. By Dr. Spurzheim. Very scarce. \$2 50.

Moral and Intellectual Science, applied to the Elevation of Society. By George Combe, and others. Scarce. \$4.

Importance of Practical Education and Useful Knowledge. By Edward Everett. \$2. We can not duplicate this at any price.

Address this office.

WORKS ON MAN.—For New Illustrated Catalogue of best Books on Physiology, Anatomy, Gymnastics, Dietetics, Physiognomy, Shorthand Writing, Memory, Self-Improvement, Phrenology, and Ethnology, send two stamps to S. R. WELLS, Publisher, No. 389 Broadway, New York. Agents wanted.

Advertisements.

[Announcements for this or the preceding department must reach the publishers by the 1st of the month preceding the date in which they are intended to appear. Terms for advertising, 35 cents a line, or \$35 a column.]

AMERICAN ARTISAN AND PATENT RECORD.—New Series.

The American Artisan, now in the fourth year of its publication, is a Weekly Journal, devoted to fostering the interests of Artisans and Manufacturers, encouraging the genius of Inventors, and protecting the rights of Patentees.

Each number contains numerous original engravings and descriptions of new machinery, etc., both American and Foreign; reliable receipts for use in the field, the workshop, and the household; practical rules for mechanics and advice to farmers; "Mechanical Movements," and other useful lessons for young artisans; the official list of claims of all patents issued weekly from the United States Patent Office; reports of law cases relating to patents, etc.

Each number of the American Artisan contains sixteen pages of instructive and interesting reading matter, in which the progress of the arts and sciences is recorded in familiar language. Twenty-six numbers form a handsome half-yearly volume. The columns of the American Artisan are rendered attractive by articles from the pens of many talented American writers upon scientific and mechanical subjects.

Terms of subscription: Single copies, by mail, per year, \$2 50 in advance. Single copies, by mail, six months, \$1 25 in advance.

The publishers of the American Artisan are also extensively engaged as Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents, and will promptly forward to all who desire it, per mail, gratis, a pamphlet, entitled "Important Information for Inventors and Patentees." Address

BROWN, COOMBS & CO.,
Proprietors of the American Artisan,
tf. No. 189 Broadway, New York.

JENKINS' VEST-POCKET LEXICON.—An English Dictionary of all except Familiar Words; including the Principal Scientific and Technical Terms, and Foreign Moneys, Weights, and Measures. Price, in Gilt Morocco, Tuck, \$1; in Leather Gilt, 75 cents. Sent post-paid by S. R. WELLS, New York. tf.

AGENTS WANTED.—\$10 to \$20 a day, to introduce our new patent STAR SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Price \$20. It uses two threads, and makes the genuine LOCK STITCH. All other low-priced machines make the CHAIN STITCH. Exclusive territory given. Send for circular. W. G. WILSON & CO., Manufacturers, Cleveland, Ohio. Oct. 31.

THE PLATFORM: A Weekly Newspaper for the People. Devoted to the Discussion of Living Questions, and the Dissemination of General Intelligence.

This Temperance Journal is now in its third year of publication. It has been indorsed by Temperance men and organizations in all parts of the country.

Heretofore, The Platform has been published every other week; but on the first of January, 1868, it will be made

A WEEKLY PAPER, containing eight six-column pages, about the same size and form as the Springfield Republican, the Methodist Christian Advocate, and other large quarto journals. The Platform will not only be, as heretofore, the leading Temperance paper of the West, but the

LARGEST AND BEST TEMPERANCE NEWS-PAPER IN THE WORLD.

On the Temperance Question the following is our platform:

1. Total Abstinence from all that will Intoxicate.
2. The Dissemination of such Literature in Families and Sunday-Schools as will Educate the Young in the Principles of Temperance, and help to guard them against Temptation and Ruin.
3. The Efficient Organization and Co-operation of all friends of Total Abstinence.
4. Active and Unflinching Efforts to Prevent the Increase of Intemperance and to Reform the Inebriate.
5. The Enactment and Enforcement of Wise and Practicable Laws for the Suppression of Intemperance.
6. The Election of Sound Temperance Men to all Offices of Trust and Profit.

PROHIBITION A NATIONAL QUESTION!
We advocate the Absolute Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic, not as a "side issue," or "minor question," but as a measure of the first importance, demanding the immediate attention of the State and National Governments!

We believe the great Temperance Reform should have a newspaper organ which will not suffer in comparison with the great political and religious periodicals of the day.

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We think all will agree that whatever promises we made at the commencement of the present volume have been abundantly kept. Letters from all parts of the country have constantly assured us of the high satisfaction experienced by our subscribers; and the regular and rapid increase of our already large subscription list—this in the face of a somewhat depressed financial condition of the country at large—affords flattering and undeniable evidence of the firm hold which the Magazine has obtained in the good graces of the public and the affections of families.

During the coming year, we purpose to make our great specialty of FASHIONS more full and complete than ever. In addition to our original Colored Steel Plate, we shall add large plates every month, of Cloaks, Walking-Costumes, Bonnets, or whatever may be the most interesting fashionable features for the month.

The smaller illustrations of dress, head-dresses, trimmings, needle-work, jewelry, fancy articles, and the like, will be continued with greater profusion than ever; and the descriptions, instructions, explanations, etc., always made full, complete, and practical.

The Fashion Department of this Magazine has always been unrivaled, its information not being confined to mere descriptions of dress, but embracing constant and valuable hints to mothers, to dressmakers, and to ladies who take charge of their own wardrobes, and to persons generally who wish to keep *au courant* of the changes which constantly occur in the world of fashion, society, and intelligence.

In the Literary, Musical, Household, and other Departments of the Magazine, we challenge comparison with any other periodical, while there are many features which are exclusive with us; and are made highly interesting by being liberally illustrated and intelligently and exhaustively treated.

To our Fashion and other illustrations, illustrated poems, and the like, we have lately added Illustrated Sketches of Fashionable Life, in which the faults and follies of the day have been excellently hit off by a graphic pen and pencil. These will be continued at intervals, alternating with poetic sketches of the same character, and with the lively and sparkling efforts of well-known writers, whose most brilliant fancies will find their appropriate medium through our columns.

The "Work-Basket," an Illustrated Art column, and "American Etiquette," have been among the new features of the past year. These will be continued, with other attractions, some completed, and others in preparation, for the New Year, 1888.

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The receiving of these two large cargoes by the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY for their own trade is acknowledged by the mercantile community as the largest transactions ever made in this country. They were deemed of so much importance, that the fact was telegraphed to all the principal commercial papers in the country by their correspondents here, and thus appeared as an important news item throughout the United States at the same time.

The importance of these transactions in this market is thus noticed by the oldest and most respectable commercial paper in this city—the *New York Shipping and Commercial List*—which says: "The trade have again been startled by the arrival of two large cargoes of Teas to the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY; the ship 'Golden State,' from Japan, with 22,000 half chests; and the ship 'George Shotton,' from Foochow, with 12,000 packages." And in another place it says: "The recent large operations of the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY have taken the Trade by surprise, and are rather a novelty in this market. The taking up of two cargoes within a week, comprising 12,331 packages Black, and 23,849 packages Japan, for immediate consumption, at a cost of about a million and a half of dollars, indicates the extensive nature of the Company's business, and deserves a passing notice at our hands."

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivaled for fineness and delicacy of flavor.

This is the season of the year when we receive new Teas, and, consequently, our customers will not fail to notice a marked improvement in freshness from this time forward.

By our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small

additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

COUNTRY CLUBS, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send post-office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for clubs of less than \$30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the custom-house stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory, they can be returned at our expense within thirty days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the List of Prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (Black), 70 c., 80 c., 90 c., best \$1 per pound.
MIXED (Green and Black), 70 c., 80 c., 90 c., best \$1 per pound.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 80 c., 90 c., \$1, \$1 10, best \$1 20 per pound.

IMPERIAL (Green), 80 c., 90 c., \$1, \$1 10, best \$1 25 per pound.

YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80 c., 90 c., \$1, \$1 10, best \$1 25 per pound.

UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90 c., \$1, \$1 10, best \$1 25 per pound.

GUNPOWDER (Green), \$1 25, best \$1 50 per pound.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20 c., 25 c., 30 c., 35 c., best 40 c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30 c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50 c. to \$1 per pound by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street,

Post-Office Box, No. 5,643, New York City.

The GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY (established 1861) is recommended by the leading newspapers, religious and secular, in this and other cities, viz.:

American Agriculturist, New York City, Orange Judd, Editor.

Christian Advocate, New York City, Daniel Curry, D.D., Editor.

Christian Advocate, Cincinnati, Ohio, J. M. Reid, D.D., Editor.

Christian Advocate, Chicago, Ill., Thomas M. Eddy, D.D., Editor.

Evangelist, New York City, Dr. H. M. Field and J. G. Craighead, Editors.

Examiner and Chronicle, New York City, Edward Bright, Editor.

Christian Intelligencer, E. S. Porter, D.D., Editor.

Independent, New York City, William C. Bowen, Publisher.

The Methodist, Geo. R. Crooks, D.D., Editor.

Moore's Rural New Yorker, Rochester, N. Y., D. D. T. Moore, Editor and Proprietor.

Tribune, New York City, Horace Greeley, Editor.

We call attention to the above list as a positive guarantee of our manner of doing business; as well as the hundreds of thousands of persons in our published Club Lists.

CLUB ORDERS.

Edwards, St. Lawrence Co, N. Y.,
June 8, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company,
31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York.

Dear Sirs: I herewith send you another order for Tea. The last was duly received, and gives general satisfaction. As long as you send us such good Tea, you may expect a continuation of our patronage. As a further evidence that the subscribers were satisfied, you will observe that I send you the names of all those that sent before who were nearly out of Tea, with a large addition of new subscribers. Accept my thanks for the complimentary package. Ship this as the other and oblige

Your ob't servant,

DAVID C. McKEE.

4 lb. Japan.....	J. Havens.....	at \$1 25..\$5 00
5 ".....	".....	at 1 00..5 00
1 Gunpowder.....	".....	at 1 50..1 50
1 Japan.....	S. Curtis.....	at 1 25..1 25
2 Young Hyson.....	".....	at 1 00..2 00
1 Japan.....	N. Shaw.....	at 1 00..1 00
1 Young Hyson.....	".....	at 1 00..1 00
3 ".....	R. McCargen.....	at 1 25..3 75
2 Green.....	".....	at 1 25..2 50
4 ".....	Wm. Barraford.....	at 1 25..5 00
1 Gunpowder.....	A. H. Perkins.....	at 1 50..1 50
2 Japan.....	".....	at 1 25..2 50
2 Coffee.....	".....	at 40..80
5 Coffee.....	D. C. McKee.....	at 40..2 00
3 Japan.....	M. Griffin.....	at 1 25..3 75
2 Japan.....	".....	at 1 00..2 00
3 Green.....	H. Wooliver.....	at 1 00..3 00
2 Imperial.....	W. Cleland.....	at 1 25..2 50
2 Japan.....	J. Cleland.....	at 1 25..2 50
1 Imperial.....	".....	at 1 25..1 25
1 Green.....	".....	at 1 25..1 25

\$51 05

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name, either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

TAKE NOTICE.—Clubs and quantity buyers are only furnished from our Wholesale and Club Department.

Post-Office orders and drafts made payable to the order of the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY. Direct letters and orders to the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York.

June 6—11.

Post-Office Box, 5,643.



COSTUME OF MODERN EGYPTIANS.

THE MODERN EGYPTIANS.

THE people now inhabiting the banks of the Nile are a race much inferior to that which erected the Pyramids and the great temples and cities whose amazing ruins now dot the land. The wonderful change from a high state of refinement and scientific cultivation, such as doubtless existed in the time of the Pharaohs, about 1500 B.C., to that of abject ignorance and prostration, as observable now, was probably brought about gradually, and extended through a long period. Between 600 B.C. and 500 A.D. there was a series of devastating wars, which hastened the complete disintegration of the Egyptian empire and nation. The Assyrians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Arabs overran the country repeatedly and successively, until nearly every trace of its once proud civilization, except that chiseled in enduring rock, had disappeared. Attempts have been made by the Turkish Government, under the control of which Egypt has substantially remained since 1517, to improve the condition of the natives, socially and politically, but without much success. The present Viceroy, a man of education and advanced views, is doing much in improving the trading relations of his province; but as the commerce of the country is chiefly in the hands of resident Europeans, the natives do not receive much benefit. That their customs, dress, etc., are rather primitive, is evidenced by the illustration. The women carry their young

children astride of their shoulders; and in this position they rest most securely. Sometimes these children are clothed in a single garment, but most of them are permitted to run naked until ten years old—wearing only a cap of white cloth upon their little shaven heads. These poor people live in huts made of mud; the huts being usually situated some distance from the bank of the Nile, and upon a slight eminence, to avoid, if possible, the inundations consequent upon the annual rising of the river. The principal occupation of the women seems to be that of carrying water from the river to their huts.

DECAY IN THE OIL REGIONS.—A recent visitor to the oil regions of Pennsylvania describes the desolation which reigns in a once famous locality. Between Oil City and Meadville not one well is in operation. It is only a long line of rotting derricks and rusted boilers and engines. At Franklin, where the French Creek empties into the Alleghany, they show with pride the great court-house that they are building, the tall marble monument to the martyrs of the war, and the tumbling down farm-house of the Evans family. Three years ago, \$100,000 were offered to this family for their house and ground. The offer was refused as too moderate; and the daughter of the house, in the flush of sudden wealth, scorned her rustic lover and canceled her engagement. Now, the estate, house, farm, and all will not bring \$1,000, the daughter pines in single blessedness, and the family can only remember, in their present misery, their former hope.

SLEEP.

THOUGH we are well acquainted with the phenomenon of sleep, it is a singularly strange one. Suppose we had never seen a sleeping creature, we should scarcely have believed that such a thing as sleep was possible. We should have deemed it absurd to think of life being reduced to a condition of apparent lifelessness; of consciousness itself being rendered unconscious, and yet have the power to return to perception after the short space of six or seven hours, not knowing, except by the clock, that it had actually been both unperceiving and unconscious for such a length of time. That man, full as he is of spirit, life, and energy, should lie down motionless like a stone, and become for a time blind, deaf, and dumb—that he should be shut out wholly from the impressions of the outer world for half a dozen hours, as if away on an errand to some other quarter of the universe, and yet be capable of being called back in a second of time by a touch of the arm or a shout into the ear, is a mystery, yet it is none the less a fact. It has perplexed the minds of the greatest thinkers; and Pyrrho, the ancient skeptic, after having exhausted his brain in trying to understand it, at length declared he did not know which was the real human life—the sleeping or the waking. "Do we," he asked, "dream during the night about what we have experienced during the day? Or do we during the day dream about what we have experienced during the night?"

To this last question we reply: A little of both. The *mind* may be active though the *body* is in repose. The spirit-principle can not be said to sleep as the body does.

THEY WILL BLACKEN IF THEY DO NOT BURN.—A wise father gave this lesson to his daughter. He had refused to let her visit a young lady who was neither good nor amiable.

"Dear father," said the gentle girl, "you must think me weak and childish if you imagine I should be exposed to danger."

The father took, in silence, a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter.

"It will not burn you, my child; take it."

She did so, and behold! her delicate white hand was soiled and blackened, and, as it chanced, her white dress also.

"We can not be too careful in handling coals," she said, in vexation.

"Yes, truly," answered the father; "and you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken. So it is with vicious company."

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

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VOLS. 47



AND 48.

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NO. 389 BROADWAY.

1868.

MY LIGHT IS NONE THE LESS FOR LIGHTING MY NEIGHBOR'S.



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We have received the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for October, and it is as welcome as ever. We cannot imagine how people manage to get along without this valuable publication. We are sure they would not if they knew its real value.—*Recorder, Houston, Mo.*

It is known all over the land as an able and earnest advocate of Phrenology and Reform. And besides these topics, its other subject-matter must make it interesting and valuable to every reader. We have read and liked it for years, and would commend it to others.—*Iowa Voter, Knoxville.*

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PORTRAIT OF PATRICK HENRY.



PORTRAIT OF EDWARD EVERETT.

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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—Young.

PATRICK HENRY AND EDWARD EVERETT.

THE ORATOR OF NATURE AND THE ORATOR OF THE ACADEMY.

AMONG the readers of this JOURNAL there are no doubt many young men who look upon the glittering spoils of oratory as the brightest badges of success, and the richest rewards that can be won in the arena of public life. These ingenuous youths are constantly drawn toward illustrious examples, and feel an absorbing interest in everything that relates to the oratorical career or the private history of those who, in their day, with master-fingers swept the chords of human auditoria.

In presenting models to the young, the biographical writer should wisely discriminate between those whose performances it is possible for most persons to emulate, and those who, by the largeness and the splendor of their natural endowments, have their place fixed in that selected number whom mankind must consent to admire without hoping to rival.

It is from phrenological science alone that the biographical writer can derive that knowledge which enables him thus to discriminate. And we know of no instance in our American history which illustrates this contrast more forcibly than the one which may be drawn between the renowned men whose faces are at the head of this article.

There is not one man in ten thousand, nay, not one in a million, who has been gifted by nature with such a magnificent equipment for

the arena of public debate as the great orator of the Revolution.

On the other hand, the student of rhetoric, the scholar, the elocutionist, can hardly find a more shining instance of the happy effects of assiduous culture, than in that most accomplished speaker whose silvery tones, whose rounded sentences, whose polished phrases, whose happy metaphors, and whose perfect action were, for so many years, the highest delight of American audiences. Whatever can be achieved by the training of the faculties, by the storing of the memory, by a chastened activity of the imagination, by the mastery of foreign tongues, by enlarged and liberal courses of historical study, by long intercourse with the most refined and cultivated people at home and abroad, that was done by Edward Everett.

But it was endowment, and endowment only, that made Patrick Henry what he was. He was gifted by his Maker with that supreme and royal grandeur of manner, that irresistible and unquenchable flame, that unrivaled force of will, that almost superhuman power, by which he sprang at one heroic bound from the obscurity of his native woods to the forefront of human orators.

It must, by no means, be understood that such a man as Edward Everett was a person of common mental gifts. That smooth, full, arching forehead was, by nature, bountifully supplied with the power of acquiring knowledge, and of using it to the best advantage. There was no break or jar in the intellectual make-up of Mr. Everett between those faculties which enable us to acquire knowledge, and those which fit us to use it. But there *was* a break, so to speak, or a missing link in the connection between his knowledge and his action. In order to see this in his face, observe the lines which pass down from the forehead to the nose, and then look at the same lines in the face of Patrick Henry. In the latter, the brow sweeps down into the nose in broad, well-defined lines, so that it is hard to tell where the nose begins and the brow ends. With such a man conviction and action must be immediately and inseparably blended. His whole career will be described by Shakspeare:

"From this time forth the firstlings of my heart
Shall be the firstlings of my hand."

He was by constitution a leader; for no sooner did he see the course to be pursued (and in the knowing faculty he has no superior), than his feet were already in the path, and his voice sounding like a trumpet call in the vanguard of the advance. The same peculiarity may be observed in the faces of a great number of prominent men, especially men remarkable for the promptness with which their ideas were carried into action, and their quickness in seeing not only what is true, but what is to be done.

Take, for instance, the face of Washington, those noble lineaments familiar to us all. How broad and massive is the interval that unites the forehead with the nose! In what

other life was there ever a blending of conviction and action more perfect and absolute?

In this respect the face of Edward Everett was imperfect, and there was a corresponding defect in his character.

When Patrick Henry uttered that sentence which rang through all the colonies, beginning, "Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty," he was declaring in advance the determination of the American mind.

Mr. Everett was in the meridian of his great fame and his unrivaled power as a speaker when our civil war burst upon the land. His course throughout that conflict was patriotic and thoroughly loyal; but intense as was the public excitement, and momentous as was the crisis, he said nothing that materially added to his fame as a speaker or his rank as a statesman. There has never been in this country so eminent a man who was so exclusively the orator of the Academy. His life passed beneath the loaded shelves and in the still air of well-appointed libraries, where it was his delight to linger among the shades of the illustrious dead and quaff deep draughts from the inexhaustible wells of knowledge. From these pure and elevated studies he stepped forth, from time to time, with one and another of those admirable, polished orations, better fitted than anything ever spoken in this country to delight the ears, to gratify the taste, and to feed the mind, but deficient in the power of molding opinion, affecting the judgment, or moving the will.

His face, studied by the lights of modern science, indicates the same cast of character which we have described as belonging to his oratory. That broad and polished expanse of brow could belong to no other than one of the finest scholars of his age. The prominent, sparkling eye was made to rest with peculiar delight upon the crowded audience room and the sea of upturned faces. But when we pass downward to those parts of the physiognomy where we look for indications of will, purpose, tenacity—in a word, whatever makes the powerful character—we find no such record, but in place of it we read physical refinement, purity of taste, an amiable disposition, and great suavity and courtliness of manner. Taking the upper and lower parts of the face together, we see the traits of elegant and polished oratory, beautiful morality, a blameless and brilliant life; but after saying this much, we must, at the last, pronounce Mr. Everett as lacking in commanding greatness; and this resulted, not from mental deficiencies, nor from physical frailty, but from the lack of will-power.

Compare the lower face of the Academician with that of the Revolutionary orator. There is in the physiognomy of Henry a remarkable length from the eyebrows to the tip of the chin. This indicates those qualities in a public man which in a horse we call "bottom," the power of endurance and of coming out fresh and elastic at the end of the race. It also indicates want of poetic or nervous susceptibility, indifference to the cuts of an adversary, the criticisms of a newspaper, and cotemporaneous opinion. This

cast of countenance is found associated with carelessness as to personal comfort and convenience, and lack of appreciation of all those nameless refinements which go to make up what we call the gentleman.

Of Patrick Henry we might say that he was every inch a man; of Edward Everett that he was, *par excellence*, a gentleman.

On the other hand, comparing the upper part of the two heads, the front of Mr. Everett is far more beautifully and symmetrically developed. The great Virginian may be described, not as a man of ample knowledge, but of strong convictions. We do not find in such a shaped head as his the marks of wide learning, but we do see indications of that rugged, vigorous sense, the piercing insight, the mother wit, which sometimes makes the man superior to all the books.

In order to illustrate the contrast of character in these men, to show the superiority of Mr. Everett in volume and culture of intellect, a study of their faces should be arranged by combining the upper part of Mr. Everett with the nose, mouth, and chin of Patrick Henry.

What a striking and powerful physiognomy is thus produced! Suppose the fine symmetrical development, the ample stores, the world-wide culture of an Everett were yoked to as much earnestness, force, decision, sweep of character as is indicated in the face of Henry. Such a man as that, living in the time of Patrick Henry, would have left, instead of the colossal traditional fame of the Virginian, a body of discourses on the natural rights of nations, and especially the fundamental principles of American Law and Government, such as the world has never yet seen. He would have been the consummate orator of his age, and equaled the renown of Demosthenes himself. There has never been such a man as this in our country, and very few such in any age. The face of Julius Cæsar is the only one that we are reminded of by this imaginary face, and this man would have been the superior of Cæsar in the controlling strength of his moral nature, and no way inferior in the force, splendor, and universality of his public talents.

If he had lived in Mr. Everett's day, the issues of these stormy times would have been discussed, and our history molded by orations in which all the wealth of learning and all the weight of precedent would have been inflamed by an unquenchable love of country, and sent home to the hearts of ten thousand of hearers by his own profound convictions. With such a man as this on our soil in 1861, the Old Dominion would never have burst away from her allegiance; nay, the entire drift of our history for the past twelve years would have been different could we have had in our national councils a judgment so infallible and a power of persuasion so resistless.

This imaginary face has a lesson. It shows us what might have been done if Patrick Henry had united with the royal endowments which nature gave him, the assiduous culture, the deep learning, the incessant industry, and

the faultless taste of an Everett. It is a proof that inborn faculty, however magnificent, will not give a permanent, recorded fame. Patrick Henry left no orations which give the student anything like a just and adequate idea of his great abilities. It is true that nothing printed can reproduce the silvery tones or the inimitable graceful action which gave Mr. Everett's delivery such a charm; but a great part of him lives and will live in those volumes of his, abounding, as they do, in passages which for brilliant and finished rhetoric, faultless diction, and exquisite balance of period have rarely been equaled by any speaker or writer of the English tongue.

On the whole, there is not on the bright roll of American oratory a name more worthy of honor or a career more fit to be emulated than that of the silver-tongued orator of Massachusetts. He was like the steward in the New Testament to whom five talents had been given. By unremitting and systematic study, by a painstaking in which he never relaxed and of which he was never weary, he added to those natural gifts five other talents. If he failed of scaling the heights of state renown, it was not for lack of any diligence on his part, but because nature had made him more delicate, more sensitive and elegant than is consistent with the temper of her masterpieces of power. Yet young men can with more safety be pointed to his example than to the more stormy career of those who have cut their names deeper in the annals of their country. He never spoke a word that needed to be taken back or apologized for; he never inflicted a wound; all his orations tended to illustrate the dignity of human nature, the wealth of learning, the value of education, and to beget a beautiful and fitting reverence for the great names of our history.

Everett stands before us like some *chef-d'œuvre* of sculpture, polished in every limb, beautiful in feature, graceful in composition, faultless in execution. The other name seems, amid the smoke and roar of the Revolution, like some gigantic bas-relief, a partly-finished sketch of Michael Angelo, with lines of inimitable strength, but the conception half developed and the glorious whole dimmed by the mists of tradition looming before us a Titanic figure moving in the shadows of the past.

L.

GIVING THANKS.—"Let us be thankful for life, and work, and enjoyment; that we live now and here; that our eyes see what ancient prophets foretold, and ancient saints longed to witness; that duty and opportunity alone are ours, and the results God's; that we can calmly behold all changes, knowing that "the removing of those things that are shaken" is only "that those things which can not be shaken may remain." Let us be thankful for God, our Father, for Jesus, our Saviour, for the Holy Ghost, our Comforter, for the communion of saints, and for the hope of life eternal!"—*The Advance*.

Religious Department.

Know,
Without star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worship God shall find him. Humble love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven;
Love finds admission where proud science fails.

—Young's Night Thoughts.

THE USES OF CULTURE IN THE MINISTRY.

BY A. A. G.

THE discipline and knowledge gained in that process called culture, may be used for the highest and noblest purpose, the good of man and the glory of the great Creator. And when it becomes the all-inspiring motive of a man's life to do good to his fellows, and swell the song of praise that is at last to thrill through the universe, he often feels born within him hungerings and thirstings after knowledge, and an intense desire to know all things, and bring up his mental faculties to the highest possible point of culture. He learns, as if by a sudden revelation, that knowledge is power, that culture is influence, and at once lays upon his body and mind all that self-denial imposes upon those who, by extensive and varied knowledge, would gain access to all men.

That ignorance is no helpmeet in the great life-work of doing good is very plain, and it certainly has been felt by many, especially by those called to that sacred ministry which has been most beautifully named, "the ministry of reconciliation." They, more than others, have regarded ignorance as a fetter, as something that sets limits to their power for good, and erects barriers between them and a useful life. And they have realized that high culture introduces men of their profession to a large and blessed life of successful toil.

Now, how is it that culture has this advantage over ignorance? Wherein does the power of culture lie? The superficial thinker will answer that the man of culture, if he possesses tact and shrewdness and knows how to *display* his learning, will be able to compel all men to look up to him with admiring reverence as they do at the stars that glow and burn in the sky above them, and will thus make himself a man of *power*. But *this* power is not the power of true culture.

It might be said with truth, that one of the great elements of the power of culture is *simplicity*—simplicity that is without affectation or display; simplicity that makes no effort to show its treasures of knowledge; simplicity that is never disturbed by the fear that rare acquirements will not be recognized and admired; simplicity that can be a child with children as well as a man with men.

A certain church in a certain town was once left without a minister, and the question that soon swallowed up all other questions within the spiritual inclosure was: "Whom shall we get?" And there were not only "many men," but many *women* of "many minds" in that congregation. One, however, more than all the

rest, attracted attention, and contributed not a little to the general amusement. She was an old-fashioned woman, had seen nearly sixty years, and was a person of sound sense, in the main, but she had for years declared war against culture in the ministry. And when it came to her ears that the church thought of calling Mr. G., a man eminent for learning, she went at once to see one of the principal deacons, and, without any preliminaries, said to him: "Now, brother, we musn't call Mr. G., for he's a *learned man*. If we do, the church will soon be like a withered, dried-up branch. I've seen enough of learning among ministers, and I know it's the death of all grace, not only of their own grace, but of the grace that is in the church. I know I'm a little singular in my notions, but I do honestly think that tobacco and learning are the two worst things a minister can have about him. I've never heard that Mr. G. chews or smokes, but I know he's a *learned man*, so he's not the one for us."

In spite of the good sister's labors with the deacon, Mr. G. received a call, accepted it, and soon came and took possession of the vacant pulpit.

Not long afterward, as he was going the rounds of his church, calling on his new flock, he came to the house of the great opposer of learning. Grandmother Baxter, as she was called in the church, was not at home, but a little blue-eyed, flaxen-haired grandchild was, and she bounded into the room, exclaiming: "I know you, for I saw you up in the pulpit last Sunday."

As soon as her grandmother came home, she told her that the minister had been there. "Has he?" replied grandmother Baxter. "Well, my child, I hope you acted like a little woman, and sat still, and tried to talk with the minister."

"Why, no, grandma! I couldn't! He wanted to go out and see my flower-bed, and after I'd shown it to him, I took him down to see the chickens, and he helped me feed 'em, and then he put me on his shoulder and ran up to the house with me, and when he went away he said he'd 'had a good time.'"

Grandmother Baxter was astonished; but she was more astonished still when "the new minister" came into Sabbath-school, Sabbath after Sabbath, and talked to the children without using—one *big word*! Indeed, she couldn't see that he used any *big words*, even in the pulpit, and she came to the conclusion that he was "just as simple as her little grandchild." The simplicity of true culture was at last made manifest to the old lady, and the minister became her special favorite.

True culture has still other elements of power that show its noble uses. It has a something to which we know not how to give a name, that impresses and influences the uncultivated, and when joined to goodness of heart, it is irresistible in its effects.

There was once a backwoods place, where the people were as rough as the uncleared ground, and the shepherd that led the flock

was a backwoods shepherd. All religious bodies sometimes make mistakes, and the Conference of the Methodist Church made a great mistake when it sent such a minister to such a people. Before his first year was up, it was discovered that he had no power over the people. No good seemed to be accomplished in that field where, alas, so much good needed to be done, and the Conference concluded to send there what they called "a high-toned man." He was a man of true culture as well as of singleness and earnestness of purpose, and an influence at once went out from him that was most wonderful in its effect. The people had not really known their own wants. They had not understood that the undeveloped and uncultivated crave development and cultivation, and, consequently, the ministrations of a minister whose preaching has a cultivating power in it. But they had understood that they "needed a different kind of man," and when he came to them, he came in that fullness of power that true culture, united to holy zeal, always possesses, and they were blessed. Scores of rough men were won to the love of all the glorious truths of the Christian religion.

It has too often escaped the observation even of deep thinkers and shrewd observers that the most uncultivated frequently have a quick perception and high appreciation of culture, as well as a craving for it. When the new minister settled in the backwoods town, every Monday found the people wherever they met, in their places of business, talking about the sermons they had heard the day before, and it was soon seen that the culture of the man was an educating power, and not only piety, but an intelligent piety, began to flourish in what had before appeared to be barren soil. Now, if there had been in the people no perception of culture, or no appreciation of it, the new ministry would have been as powerless as the old. We know of no higher or better uses of culture than this one. We have not forgotten, however, the power of a man of true culture over a cultivated audience, or the ability that culture gives him to meet the foes of Christianity and errorists of every description. The use of culture in winning polished and powerful foes to the love of the truth should not be passed over lightly as of small importance. But the refining, educating, uplifting, forming power of true culture, united with religious zeal, gives it, we think, its noblest and best use. The King of kings, when he came down to earth, did not spend his time in seeking out the prominent and noted foes to his divine mission. He went among the people—the *common* people; the *multitude* followed him. The coarse, the uneducated, the uncultivated felt his power, and he rejoiced in his work among them. And while he lived on earth, he used the riches of his divine and perfect nature among the plainest and commonest men. Therefore let none say that *high culture* should not be put to *common uses*, and let not the man of high culture be afraid that he shall waste what is precious if he pours out the riches of his cultivated mind and heart upon *common* people.

We might add our fervent wish that every eye might be opened to see, and every heart be prepared to feel, all of the great and blessed uses of culture in the *ministry*.

[Our next article will relate to the "Abuses of Culture in the Ministry."]

HEADS AND HEARTS.

THE *Cosmopolitan*, a weekly London journal, treats its English readers to a chapter, from a secular point of view, under the above title. It says: "According to the orthodox creed, it is better to have a good heart than a good head. With a good heart—a 'regenerated heart'—our friends assure us that we shall go to heaven when we die, and there live and love forever, thrilled with inconceivable raptures of eternal joy. All the most ecstatic pleasures of this transitory life are but hints, foretastes, and intimations of the happiness to be enjoyed in the Land of the Hereafter. * * * Far be it from us to disturb the blissful illusion of the saints, or even to shake their 'well-founded hope of a happy immortality.' But what are these 'good hearts'—these 'renewed hearts'—'hearts of flesh,' that have taken the place of 'hearts of stone,' and make their possessors not only 'members of the Church,' but so much better than those wicked, unelected, unredeemed outsiders, who are doomed to eternal anguish and unquenchable fire in the world to come? We do not speak of the physical organ called heart, the blood-pump for ever at work in every living breast, which keeps the machinery in motion, and which, ceasing to contract and expand, with metronomic regularity, we instantly die; but of that other something called heart—the moral heart—which is called in one man good, and in another bad. Where does it exist? In the breast, or in the brain? Is it thought or feeling—or both?"

"We suppose a 'good heart' is simply a good inspiration, or, intellectually considered, a good *intention*. The man who means well is a 'good-hearted man.' He who means ill is bad-hearted or wicked. We do not believe in the old Spanish fallacy, that 'hell is paved with good intentions.' On the contrary, they rather tessellate the pearly paths of heaven. What men most want are good heads to guide them—well-organized brains. If emotion comes from the heart, intelligence has its seat in the head. Feeling is down below, like steam in the boiler; while thought is the pilot at the helm. The brain is the flower of the animal organism. Deep-rooted in the spine, like pith in the stalk of the cane, it blossoms in the cranium, and secretes, like an aroma, the subtle essence of thought. It is boxed up in a skull, and protected with the utmost care, and placed upon the top of the human edifice like a crown, nearest to the stars. What we should call a 'good man,' a well-cultivated man (men can be cultivated as well as roses), is one who is blest with a strong heart and a healthy brain. The moral character is dependent on the physical. It takes a fine tree to produce fine fruit; and men do not gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles. The conclusion of all this is simply an argument in favor of physical education. In nine cases out of ten the child comes into the world impregnated with ancestral diseases. The sins

of the fathers are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation [by inheritance]. To eradicate these seeds of iniquity and death is the work of medical education; and where the child is so fortunate as to be born with pure healthy blood, it is the first duty of his nurse, his protector, and his teacher to give nature fair play, by keeping the young human bud free from being tainted by poison in the atmosphere or poison in the food.

"A pebble in the streamlet scant
May turn aside the mighty river;
A dewdrop on the baby plant
May dwarf the giant oak for ever."

"Few things one has to encounter in the world are more offensively impertinent than the criticisms pronounced by small-brained and, consequently, 'small-minded men,' whose heads are not larger than a Newtown pippin—but who take a pharisaical pride in their 'good hearts'—upon those strong-hearted, large-minded men whom God, Nature, and education have made their superiors. All the little bigots, small fanatics who will never die of a rush of brains to the head, are perpetually hooting at men of mental magnitude beyond their little comprehension. But then these small potatoes are so 'good-hearted,' such nice fellows for the petty scandal-mongering of tea-parties!"

[Our cotemporary is severe on the small heads. "How can *they* help it?" Does not a bantam feel his importance quite as much as a shanghai? a poodle, as the St. Bernard! the Shetland pony, as the Arab steed? Are not little men and little women just as important—in their own estimation—as "big folks?" True, a pocket-pistol is not a columbiad, nor is a spy-glass a telescope, any more than a dwarf is a full-grown man. But it is not unusual to meet a large-bodied man with a child's mind. It was dwarfed when maturing, and, like thousands of undeveloped negroes, he is a man in stature, but a child in intellect. It is thorough culture and development of body and brain that is needed to make man what his Creator intended he should become.]

THE OLD YEAR.

We have closed the book and laid it by,
And ever thus must its pages lie;
We can not unclasp the lids again,
Nor write its record with brighter pen.

Ah! many the lines we would retrace—
And many the strains we would erase—
But the time has fled from us away,
We can not recall a single day.

Our lives have no backward paths to tread;
The words we utter are ne'er unsaid;
We never can dream the self-same dream,
Nor reverse the onward flowing stream.

Oh! then let us each in meekness now
Before our Maker in heaven bow,
And pardon ask for every sin,
Which the closed book doth hold within.

And when another again we ope,
With its pure white pages full of hope,
May we look to Him and humbly pray
For strength to keep it as pure each day.

ALBION AINLEY.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M.A.*

THIS justly esteemed minister had a large brain, with a very active mental temperament. There was great susceptibility, owing to the exquisite quality and high culture of the whole organization. Besides an intellect of most comprehensive power, he was blessed with a far-reaching imagination, intense sympathies, and remarkable capability to receive and impart impressions. He was evidently ambitious to excel, anxious about consequences, true to his perceptions of duty, and strong in faith. He was deeply devotional, but broad and liberal, simply conforming to what he deemed right and proper.

There was no bigotry, no superstition, no idolatry in him. If less sectarian than his brother clergymen, it was because of his broader views and sympathies, his meekness and his simplicity. His intuitions and thorough naturalness were no less remarkable than his rare conceptions and grand mental and spiritual gifts. What an artist he could have made! We can almost see even the cold marble breathe under his touch, while in painting and poetry he would repeat and echo nature and the highest human sentiment. In literature, he would describe in vivid light the past, the present, and the future. His was a mind akin to the prophetic—it was illuminated; and if he were not what is popularly termed a clairvoyant, he was certainly most impressible by psychological influences.

His faults grew out of a preponderance of the brain over the body. There was too much mentality, too much nervous intensity for the vitality. He was precocious, and his calling tended to develop his brain at the expense of the body. He was also extremely sensitive and diffident, distrusting his own abilities, which but increased the intensity of his feeling, and served still further to exhaust him. He was not adapted to pioneer life; his right place would have been in a position of tolerable quietness, where he could teach the teachers, evolving thought, inspiring the dormant natures of men, and



PORTRAIT OF F. W. ROBERTSON, M.A.

lifting them up spiritually to a higher plane by his own precept and example. Such a nature could never descend to counting coppers or driving sharp bargains, but conceded an ample income to supply its wants, and the wants of those dependent upon it. Like many other shining lights in theology and literature, he drooped and died from over-mental exertion.

BIOGRAPHY.

REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON WAS born in London, February 3d, 1816, his father being a captain in the English army. Of his early life little is known, except that he displayed an intense passion for study. When only four years of age he is said to have derived his chief pleasure from books, and to have perused volume after volume with insatiable avidity. He received the rudiments of his education in a grammar-school at Beverley, Yorkshire, and when little more than nine years of age his parents removed to France, where he took advantage of the opportunity afforded him of acquiring a perfect knowledge of the French language and of devoting himself to the classics. On the return of his father to England in 1831, he entered the New Academy in Edinburgh, where he distinguished himself in Greek and Latin verse. After spending one year only at the New Academy, he attended the philosophical classes of that city, and prepared himself for the study of the law. The profession was uncongenial, however, and in a few months it was abandoned.

Being of an ardent and enthusiastic disposition, the army next suggested itself; but owing to delay in receiving a commission, and the deep conviction of those who were fondly attached to him that for one of his extreme intellectual refinement, moral purity, and re-

ligious convictions, the army would not prove the most congenial sphere of action, and that there was a higher and nobler cause to which his rare talents might be dedicated with better promise of promoting his own happiness and the welfare of his fellow-men, the young man left it entirely to his father to decide what course he should pursue, and the result was that he was sent to Brazenose College, Oxford. Only four days after, the long-looked-for commission arrived, but he had resolved to become a minister of the Church of England. He was at this time in the twenty-first year of his age. In college he acquired the reputation of possessing abilities which would enable him to excel in any department of learning, art, or science to which he might devote himself, and his subsequent life fully corroborated this opinion.

Immediately after leaving college he was ordained, and accepted a curacy at Manchester for twelve months, at the expiration of which period his health began to decline, and he went on the Continent to recruit it. There he took out-of-door exercises, and traveled much on foot. He made a pedestrian tour to the Tyrol, the wild, magnificent scenery of which made a vivid impression upon his sensitive mind at the time, and was the source from which he drew many of those beautiful images and apposite illustrations which abound in his sermons and letters. His letters written from that place are magnificent specimens of descriptive writing, not only for their poetry of expression, but for their fidelity of description.

While at Geneva, where he paused in the course of his travels, he was married to Helen, third daughter of Sir George Denys, an English baronet, and shortly afterward returned with his young bride to England, when he became curate of Christ Church, Cheltenham. Here he remained four years, during which period he succeeded by his eloquence and originality of thought, as well as by the amiable qualities of his heart, in gaining a large and increasing circle of friends and admirers, among whom was the Bishop of Calcutta. The latter happening to hear Mr. Robertson preach, sent to him, offering him a canonship in the cathedral of Calcutta, but he declined, as it would have involved separation from his children. In 1847 he returned to St. Ebbs, Oxfordshire, where he officiated for two months during the indisposition of the rector of that place, on a miserably inadequate allowance. At this time the incumbency of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, became vacant. The income attached to it was comparatively a good one; yet when it was mentioned to him, he expressed a willingness to sacrifice his own personal convenience and emolument for the cause in which he labored, and desired the Bishop of Oxford to send him wherever his lordship thought he would be

Life and Letters of Rev. F. W. Robertson, M.A., Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, 1847-'53. Edited by Stopford A. Brooke, M.A., Late Chaplain to the Embassy at Berlin. 2 vols. 12mo. \$3 50. Rev. F. W. Robertson's Sermons. Five series. 5 vols. 12mo. Each \$1 25. Rev. F. W. Robertson's Lectures and Addresses on Social and Literary Topics. 1 vol. 12mo. \$1 50.

most useful. The bishop advised his going to Brighton, and he prepared to do so. Thus between the army and the church he left the choice with his father; between St. Ebbs and Brighton he left the choice with his bishop, showing a noble spirit of unselfishness and humility. He entered on his work at Brighton, August 15, 1847.

Trinity Chapel, Brighton, was attended by one of the most intellectual congregations in England. Mr. Robertson was pre-eminently intellectual. He was earnest, too; and in his earnestness he grew eloquent. The chapel was crowded every Sabbath, and his success was established. But "What is ministerial success?" he asks; "Crowded churches—full aisles—attentive congregations—the approval of the religious world—much impression produced? Elijah thought so; and when he found out his mistake, and discovered that the applause on Carmel subsided into hideous stillness, his heart well-nigh broke with disappointment. Ministerial success lies in altered lives and obedient, humble hearts; unseen work recognized in the judgment day." That success was abundantly vouchsafed to him. While he charmed his hearers by the intellectual brilliancy of his sermons, he also sympathized with his fellow-men. He sought the wicked in their dens of vice; he strove to elevate them intellectually and morally; he looked with pity and compassion upon their errors, their weaknesses, and upon the spiritual degradation into which they had sunk; he taught them truths, read to them; he reassured them in their doubts and misgivings; sympathized with their sufferings and strivings; and by a profound intuitive knowledge of the human mind, conquered the hearts and consciences of thousands of stubborn men and women, and made them devoted followers of Christ.

Thus did he work for his Master, ever widening his sphere of influence, until the close of the year 1852, when ill health came upon him. As time passed on, increasing debility and a lack of physical energy became painfully apparent. During the early months of 1853 he delivered a lecture before the Brighton Athenæum, on the "Poetry of Wordsworth." But it was the last of his public lectures. The temporary flush which it produced as he dilated upon his favorite theme, lulled into an alarming pallor. Spring came, and he was obliged to relinquish his pastoral duties. Cheltenham was selected for a change of air and a temporary cessation from mental exertion. Two weeks of rest made a manifest improvement in his health, and on the following week he returned to Brighton and resumed the duties of his office. A fatal act of self-devotion. From this period he sank rapidly, and on Sunday the 15th of August—the anniversary of the day upon which, six years before, the minister had entered upon his duties in Brighton—the painful tragedy drew to its close. His agony was great, and his last words were, "I can not bear it. Let me rest. I must die. Let God do his work."

One of Mr. Robertson's favorite axioms was, "Uselessness is crime;" and it was his constant endeavor, not only in the pulpit, but in the relations of private life, to devote his energies to the welfare of those around him. He labored constantly for the improvement, both morally and intellectually, of the working classes of England. He sympathized with them, and as a consequence won them to him. When a monument was being erected to the memory of the reverend gentleman in Brighton Cemetery, they sought to have a share in it, and begged permission to keep his grave free from weeds and supply it with fresh flowers.

Gifted with reasoning powers of the highest order, his discourses were pregnant with thought. His intense love of truth, however, did not lead him into the chaos of rationalism or infidelity, but direct to the fountain of Divine Truth. He had no narrow or sectarian opinions. He was broad, liberal, and intelligent; ever enunciating the great truths of Christianity in their fullest and noblest acceptation. Though a minister of the Church of England, and attached to her institutions, he was not bigoted in that attachment. It was his aim to convert the mere nominal Christianity of the age into a vital principle of action. Christianity, as he understood and expounded it, was a great agent of man's earthly regeneration and eternal happiness. His inmost feelings are fully expressed in the following words, uttered on the first Sunday in the year 1852: "The motto on every Christian banner is, Forward!—there is no resting-place in the present, no satisfaction in the past." The thorough earnestness for which Mr. Robertson was so remarkable is strikingly shown in that sentence. "Forward!" His sermons in the following year seem to be pervaded with a foreboding of the end. Perhaps this may be attributable to a "deficiency of Hope," which as he himself said "is the great fault of my character." How sad yet sympathetic is the following:

"Not one of us but has felt his heart aching for want of sympathy. We have had our lonely hours, our days of disappointment, and our moments of hopelessness; times when our highest feelings have been misunderstood, and our purest met with ridicule; days when our heavy secret was lying unshared, like ice upon the heart. And then the spirit gives way; we have wished that all were over, that we could lie down tired, and rest, like the children, from life."

We shall close our sketch of this admirable man and Christian by an extract from one of his beautiful sermons—

THE IRREPARABLE PAST.

It is true, first of all, with respect to *time*, that it is gone by. Time is the solemn inheritance to which every man is born heir, who has a life-rent of this world; a little section cut out of eternity and given us to do our work in; an eternity before, an eternity behind; and the small stream between floating swiftly from the one into the vast bosom of the other. The man who has felt with all his soul the signif-

cance of time, will not be long in learning any lesson that this world has to teach him. Have you ever felt it? Have you ever realized how your own little streamlet is gliding away, and bearing you along with it toward that other awful world, of which all things here are but the thin shadows, down into that eternity toward which the confused wreck of all earthly things is bound? Let us realize that, until that sensation of time, and the infinite meaning which is wrapped up in it, has taken possession of our souls, there is no chance of our ever feeling strongly that it is worse than madness to sleep that time away. Every day in this world has its work; and every day, as it rises out of eternity, keeps putting to each of us the question afresh, What will you do before to-day has sunk into eternity and nothingness again? Men seem to do with it through life, just what the Apostles did for one precious and irreparable hour of it in the garden of Gethsemane—they go to sleep.

Have you ever seen those marble statues in some public square or garden, which art has so fashioned into a perennial fountain, that through the lips, or through the hands, the clear water flows in a perpetual stream, on and on forever, and the marble stands there—passive, cold—making no effort to arrest the gliding water? It is so that time flows through the hands of men—swift, never pausing, till it has run itself out—and there is the man petrified into a marble sleep, not feeling what it is which is passing away forever.

It is so, just so, that the destiny of nine men out of ten accomplishes itself; slipping away from them aimless, useless, till it is too late. And this passage asks us, with all the solemn thoughts which crowd around an approaching eternity, what has been our life, and what do we intend it shall be? Yesterday, last week, last year—they are gone. Yesterday, for example, was such a day as never was before, and never can be again. Out of darkness and eternity it was born, a new, fresh day; into darkness and eternity it sank again forever. It had a voice calling to us of its own—its own work, its own duties. What were we doing yesterday? Idling? whiling away the time in light and luxurious literature? contriving how to spend the day most pleasantly? Was that your day? And now let us remember this: there is a day coming when sleep will be rudely broken with a shock; there is a day in our future lives when our time will be counted, not by years, nor by months, nor yet by hours, but by minutes—the day when unmistakable symptoms shall announce that the messengers of death have come to take us.

The startling moment will come which it is vain to attempt to realize now, when it will be felt that it is all over at last—that our chance and our trial are past. The moment that we have tried to think of, shrunk from, put away from us, here it is—going, too, like all other moments that have gone before it; and then, with eyes unsealed at last, you look back on the life which is gone by. And now, from the

undone eternity, the boom of whose waves is distinctly audible upon your soul—a solemn, sad voice—"You may go to sleep." It is too late to wake; there is no science in earth or heaven to recall time that once has fled.

Again, this principle applies to a misspent youth. Youth is one of the precious opportunities of life, rich in blessing if you choose to make it so, but having in it the materials of undying remorse if you suffer it to pass unimproved. You can suffer your young days to pass idly and uselessly away; you can live as if you had nothing to do but to enjoy yourselves; you can let others think for you, and not try to become thoughtful yourselves, till the business and the difficulties of life come upon you unprepared, and you find yourselves, like men waking from sleep, hurried, confused, scarcely able to stand, with all the faculties bewildered, not knowing right from wrong, led headlong to evil, just because you have not given yourselves time to learn what is good. All that is sleep. And now, let us mark it. You can not repair it in after-life. Oh! remember, every period of human life has its own lesson, and you can not learn that lesson in the next period. The boy has one set of lessons to learn, and the young man another, and the grown-up man another. Let us consider one single instance. The boy has to learn docility, gentleness of temper, reverence, submission. All those feelings which are to be transferred afterward in full cultivation to God, like plants nursed in a hot-bed and then planted out, are to be cultivated first in youth. Afterward, those habits which have been merely habits of obedience to an earthly parent are to become religious submission to a heavenly Parent. Our parents stand to us in the place of God. Veneration for our parents is intended to become afterward adoration for something higher. Take that single instance; and now suppose that *that* is not learned in boyhood. Suppose that the boy sleeps to the duty of veneration, and learns only flippancy, insubordination, and the habit of deceiving his father—can that be repaired afterward? Humanly speaking, no. Life is like the transition from class to class in a school. The school-boy who has not learned arithmetic in the earlier classes can not secure it when he comes to mechanics in the higher; each section has its own sufficient work. He may be a good philosopher or a good historian, but a bad arithmetician he remains for life; for he can not lay the foundation at the moment when he must be building the superstructure. The regiment which has not perfected itself in its maneuvers on the parade-ground can not learn them before the guns of the enemy. And, just in the same way, the young person who has slept his youth away, and become idle and selfish and hard, can not make up for that afterward. He may do something; he may be religious. Yes, but he can not be what he might have been. There is a part of his heart which will remain uncultivated to the end. Youth has its irreparable past.

And therefore, my young friends, let it be impressed upon you; now is a time, infinite in its value for eternity, which will never return again; learn that there is a very solemn work of heart which must be done while the stillness of the garden of your Gethsemane gives you time. Now, or never. The treasures at your command are infinite—treasures of time—treasures of youth, treasures of opportunity that grown-up men would sacrifice everything they have to possess. Oh, for ten years of youth back again, with the added experience of age! But it can not be; they must be content to sleep on now, and take their rest.

There is a Past which is gone forever. But there is a Future which is still our own.

On Psychology.

The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes infinite,
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless fancy's flight;
Lovely, but solemn it arises,
Unfolding what no more might close.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

NAPOLEON ON SUICIDE.

[The paragraphs below are translations of a fragment dictated by Napoleon at St. Helena, in 1820, to his faithful follower General Marchand, and of two passages from his "Outline of the Wars of Caesar," in the same line of thought. They are interesting in themselves, as being the opinions of one of the two or three greatest men who ever lived—many believe him unconditionally the greatest—on a subject which has been often debated, and which admits of much subtle and strong reasoning. They are also interesting as throwing a reflex light upon the mental character of the Great Emperor.

Napoleon's reasoning, it will be observed, is exclusively Pagan, or such as might be Pagan. It contains no reference to the Christian religion, and, in fact, no argument which implies any religion at all. It appeals simply to the sentiments of Adhesiveness, Self-Esteem, and Conscientiousness, and to that general balance and conclusion of the practical judgment which we call common sense. This is in exact accordance with the indications of the Emperor's head, which was rather flat than high in the region of Veneration, and not remarkably full at Conscientiousness. It may be added that many other occurrences in his life show the same trait, which might be called non-religiousness. He did not feel, for instance, any great difference between the intrinsic excellence and the binding force of Christianity and Mohammedanism, as he showed by his compliments to the Egyptian imams about their religion.

This omission does not, however, weaken those which the Emperor uses, and which are remarkably clear, direct, and strong. They amount to this: that suicide makes sure of whatever bad fortune there is, and effectually destroys all the chances of future good fortune, which chances always exist.

His discussion of the subject—which to be

sure was only the merest beginning—only applies to suicide resulting from disappointments in life. He does not include the case of suicide to escape infamy otherwise unavoidable, or intense physical suffering, which must (humanly speaking) persist until death, and perhaps cause it. His inquiries partake of this nature—Might not a victim of the Inquisition kill himself to avoid the nameless horrors of its torturers? Might not an Englishman kill his wife or his daughter and himself, in the Sepoy rebellion, to avoid enduring the lust and cruelty of the maddened heathen soldiery? Might not a victim helplessly jammed under some beam, pinned down in the middle of a burning house, and about to be roasted alive, shoot himself, to avoid the more inevitable and more agonizing death? And if such suicides—which are a hastening of the coming end by a few moments—are wrong, what shall we say of the excellent men, and especially the delicate women, who go away year after year into jungles and swamps as missionaries, with a moral certainty that they are shortening their lives, not by minutes, but by years? Was Arnold Winkelried wicked in gathering the sheaf of Austrian spears into his bosom to let in the fatal Swiss swordsmen to hew liberty from among the otherwise impregnable host of Leopold? But that was suicide, as much as Judas' hanging himself. So was the action of the steamboat pilot who broiled to death at his post in order to lay the boat ashore and enable all the rest of the ship's company to escape. Or, if such suicides are right, will it be found that the motive with which we kill ourselves gives the death its moral character, and that suicide in itself is neither right nor wrong? If Christianity does not forbid taking the lives of others if the cause be sufficient, why should it restrict our control of ourselves, more than our control of others?

It will not do to make a distinction between suicide by actually laying violent hands on one's self, or flinging one's self into fatal places on the one hand, and merely doing things that will necessarily cause our death on the other hand. It is *purposely causing our own death* which constitutes suicide, whether directly or indirectly. Does Christianity or the Bible prohibit all purposeful causation of one's own death? The saying of Christ, in the fifteenth chapter of John, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," seems to imply that a person in spirit of self-devotion or sacrifice might properly put himself in a fatal position.]

THE EMPEROR ON SUICIDE.

Has a man the right to kill himself? Yes: provided that his doing so will not wrong any other person, and provided life is an evil to him.

But when is a man's life an evil to him?

When it offers him only suffering and pain. But, since suffering and pain are changing every instant, there is no moment of life when one has the right of killing himself. That mo-

ment only comes at the hour of his death; for it is only then that it becomes proved that his life is only a tissue of evils and sufferings.

There is no one who has not more than once yielded to mental distress and wished to kill himself; and who has not within a few days been diverted from that wish by changes within his own mind, or in the circumstances around him. He who killed himself Monday would the next Saturday have desired to live; but a man can kill himself only once.

Life consists of the past, the present, and the future; it must therefore have become an evil, if not for all the three, at least for the present and the future. If it is an evil only for the present, suicide throws away the future. The evils of one day do not justify the sacrifice of all the rest of life. It is only he whose life is an evil now, and who is certain (which is impossible) that it will always continue so—that there will be no change in his position or in his own will, resulting from modified circumstances and situation, or from habit and the lapse of time—an impossibility again—only such a man would be justified in killing himself.

One who sinks under the weight of present evils and commits suicide is guilty of an injustice to himself; he obeys, out of despair and weakness, a momentary fantasy, and sacrifices to it the whole of his future.

The comparison of a gangrened arm amputated in order to save the whole body, is not a valid one; for when the surgeon cuts off the arm, it is a certainty that it would occasion death. This consequence is not a sentiment, it is a reality; whereas, when a man's sufferings drive him to suicide, he not only puts an end to the sufferings, but destroys his future life too. One would never repent, in the case supposed, of having had an arm amputated, but he might repent, and almost always would, of having killed himself.

CATO.

The conduct of Cato has been approved by his cotemporaries and admired by history; but who gained by his death? Cæsar. Who was pleased at it? Cæsar. And who lost by it? Cato's own party at Rome. But, it may be argued, he died rather than bow before Cæsar. But who would have made him bow? Why could he not have gone with the cavalry, or with those of his party who fled by sea from the port of Utica? They rallied the party in Spain. What would not have been the influence of his name, his counsels, and his presence with those ten legions which in the following year held the balance of destiny on the field of Munda! And even after that defeat, what would have prevented him from following over sea the younger Pompey, who survived Cæsar, and long sustained with glory the eagles of the republic?

Cassius and Brutus, the nephew and the pupil of Cato, killed themselves on the field of battle at Philippi, Cassius when Brutus was victorious. Under a misunderstanding, these desperate actions, inspired by a false courage

and false ideas of greatness, gave the victory to the triumvirate. Marius, abandoned by fortune, showed himself superior to her. When cut off from the sea, he hid himself in the marshes of Minturnæ, and his constancy was rewarded by re-entering Rome and becoming a seventh time consul. When old, broken in strength, and at the highest point of prosperity, he killed himself, in order to escape from the vicissitudes of human fortune; but at a time when his party was triumphant.

If Cato could have read in the book of destiny that in four years Cæsar was to fall in the senate-chamber at the foot of Pompey's statue, pierced with twenty-three dagger wounds, while Cicero would still occupy the tribune and make the air re-echo with the philippics against Antony, then would Cato have stabbed himself? No. He killed himself from mortification—from despair. His suicide was the weakness of a great soul, the error of a stole, but a blot upon his life.

CÆSAR.

It is said that during the battle of Munda, Cæsar was on the point of killing himself. This would have been destructive to his party; he would have been vanquished as Brutus and Cassius were. May a magistrate, the leader of a party, voluntarily desert his friends? Is such a resolution virtue, courage, strength of mind? Is not death the end of all evils, of all disappointments, of all sufferings, of all toils? Does not the neglect of life constitute the habitual virtue of every soldier? Is it right to desire suicide, to commit it? Yes, say some, when one is without hope. But when or how can any human being be without hope, in this shifting scene of life, where the natural or violent death of one single man may instantaneously change the whole condition and appearance of affairs?

THE IDIOTIC TRAINED.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH'S PROTÉGÉ JACK.

THE story of Kaspar Hauser, the unfortunate being who for some reason was doomed to unmerited confinement from infancy, has always excited great interest on account of the physiological questions that came up when, just bordering on manhood, he was released from the dungeon he had so long inhabited. In the character of John T—, the subject of the present sketch, there are questions quite as curious and much more difficult to solve. Kaspar Hauser's was a confined body and an undeveloped mind; John T— seemed to have a mind as acute and strong in many respects as the average, but its expression was almost entirely prevented—he was deaf and dumb. He was considered an idiot, and probably that impression would never have been removed had he not come under the care of a woman who made it one of the objects of her life to disentangle from its uncouth wrappings the clear intelligence which she discerned in him. That woman was Charlotte Elizabeth, a

writer who thirty or forty years ago was well known and widely read. John T— was about eight years of age when she first knew him, and after living in her house for eleven years he died of consumption.

The boy was deaf and dumb, and of so contracted intellect that his parents, who were Irish peasants, could find no way either to remove or to mitigate his ignorance. His mother had undertaken dreadful penances for his sake: walking on her bare knees over a road strewn with pebbles, broken glass, and quicklime, to make her own sufferings sufficiently great to overtop the Divine wrath which she supposed was the cause of her son's affliction, and thus to obtain the bestowal of speech and hearing upon her boy. But her efforts had so little success, that when a stranger and a Protestant offered to take him away she gladly consented.

Jack, as the boy was called, was a pigmy in stature, and his features and aspect corresponded with the dullness of his mind. His bristly hair hung in an uncouth mass over his eyes, and it was not until his teacher one day lifted it away from his forehead that she began to have any hope of teaching him. But his brow once disclosed, proved to be high and expansive, and the thought at once struck her, that under such a forehead must lie an intelligence that could be awakened if she would only have patience. That idea and a little subsequent progress, sure, if small, gave her courage to persevere for seven years in the effort to give life to the dead intellect. When the first attempts were made to teach him the alphabet, he thought it great fun, but the unmeaning grin which spread over his face showed that he received no higher notion of the lesson.

The first intelligence that he manifested came so suddenly, that though long watched for, it was a real surprise. Standing before the house-dog, he pointed first to the animal, then to himself, and with his hand alphabet asked "What." He had to repeat the action many times before his teacher understood that he was asking what the difference was between himself and the dog. From that time he began to show an inordinate curiosity which nothing could satisfy. Nor was he contented with asking the names of furniture, dogs, and the like, and examining their nature. He entered the field of speculative philosophy at once. Pointing to the sun, he asked if the teacher made it. No. Then he asked the same question about each one of the four or five persons for whom he had a sign. When he found that none of these had made it, he made his "what—what" with fretful impatience and a stamp of the foot. The answer was a gesture upward and the word *God*. He then explained a system of astronomy he had formed.

The sun he could not understand, because it was too bright to be looked at; but the moon was like a dumpling, and somebody sent it rolling over the tops of the trees, just as he rolled his marble over the table. The stars were cut out of paper with a large pair of

scissors and stuck in the sky with the end of the thumb. Having thus arranged the order of the universe, he looked very happy, and patted himself on the breast, evidently as much pleased as some more pretentious philosophers who have been quite as far from the truth.

And like those philosophers, too, he was very critical about other explanations than his own. The next day he came in a great wrath and said that "Mam's" tongue ought to be pulled out, which was his way of saying that she had told a lie. When she looked very innocent and said "what," he explained that he had looked everywhere for God. He had been down the street, over the bridge, into the church yard, through the fields; had even looked into the castle grounds and the soldiers' barracks, and at night had popped his head out of the window; but he could not find God. There was nobody anywhere who was big enough to put up his hand and stick the stars in the sky. "Mam" was bad, and must have her tongue pulled out. For "God—no, God—no," he repeated, with great finger-volubility.

The difficulty of inculcating an impression of a character so abstracted from anything material as the unseen God can be imagined. But the method was as ingenious as the task was puzzling. As "Mam" and her pupil sat on opposite sides of the fire, she shrugged her shoulders and seemed to acknowledge her delinquency, at which Jack shook his head at her to show how much he was offended. Presently she seized a pair of bellows, and first blowing the fire for a time, she turned the blast on his hand. He snatched it away scowling, and shivered to show how much he disliked it. The teacher looked very innocent, and repeated the puff, which made him still more angry. But she looked at the nozzle of the bellows, and then all around, as if searching for what offended him, and then said "Wind—no," and told him his tongue must be cut out. The effect of this was curious. He opened his eyes very wide, panted, and turned very red; while his face shone with more intelligence than it had ever before exhibited, and instantly catching her meaning he repeated many times—*shouting* silently with his fingers—"God—wind, God—wind," holding two fingers out to show that they were equal and like, for he had no other expression for "like."

When it is remembered that both teacher and scholar were totally deaf, and that one was dumb, this success in communicating an idea so difficult to conceive was wonderful. But undoubtedly the infirmity which compelled Charlotte Elizabeth to obtain all her impressions of the world by the use of sight, smell, touch, and motion, prepared her all the better for a task so perplexing as the instruction of the clumsy understanding of this boy.

As we have seen, this first grasp his mind made of the infinite had the physical character of a pang. Every fiber of his body helped his mind in the mysterious process by which memory and inquisitiveness combined in this befogged nature to comprehend the most ab-

struse question which is presented to man. But from this time he learned steadily and mysteriously truths which no one had taught him. He followed out with perfect correctness deductions from this simple beginning, which led him to obtain a very clear idea of God. He discovered that God was like the sun, in that he had to shut his eyes when he looked at either, an illustration of the glory of God which is of common use among larger intellects, but which was new and original with Jack.

He had always been given to teasing the dog and other inferior animals. But his obscure cogitations soon taught him that the works of God were to be treated with respect, and he became very careful and tender of all living things, passing his hand over them caressingly and saying "God made." At first he had a queer but natural idea that the worms were not made by God, saying that they came up out of the ground, while God was up in the sky. His teacher told him that God made the worms too, and then he set his mind to find out how this could be. At last he agreed that the worms might have been rolled up in the world when it was made, like meat in a pudding, and bite their way out. He had been very fond of fishing, but after this discovery his wrath was great when he found an angler looking for live bait.

His was a reasoning without words, and we are utterly confounded when we seek to discover whether his mind had a language, and if not, how it revolved thoughts and evolved ideas. The best explanation we can conceive of is that the impressions on his mind were hieroglyphic. We see a tree, a dog, a house, and our minds revert to certain little ink-marks which we learned in our youth to put for those things. In short, we reason in *words*. Jack must have dealt entirely with *things*. Perhaps that mind which we call darkened, was revolving problems of pure philosophy, intuitions, the hidden meaning of the phenomena of life, the mysterious correspondence of natural objects, with the highest ideas of man; things which are reserved for the most cultured and profound minds among more perfectly made mortals.

It was remarked that he could not always deal understandingly with words. He knew how to write, and spent a good deal of time copying out of the Bible. But though he would dwell on the words that he knew, he seemed to obtain no ideas from printed language. He would skip two pages without knowing it, and go right on with the copying; and among his papers were found pages of sentences and parts of sentences copied out of the Bible and put together without any sense or meaning. Very like he attached an arbitrary meaning to particular words, and these jumbling paragraphs may have been complete stories to him.

His language was peculiar, and mostly confined to nouns and a few verbs, which he arranged by rules of his own, the result being very like a dispatch by the present Atlantic telegraph cable. If his mistress wanted to send

him to the village for a small loaf of bread and pay for it, she would say: "Jack go village money bread small one." And he could not understand such a sentence as "You must go to the village and buy me a small loaf of bread." He would perform his errand by going to the shop and writing down "Bread small one," at the same time holding out the money. He was once taken into a toy shop, and while his mistress was buying something a great commotion was heard. There was Jack, mounted on a rocking-horse driving away at full gallop, to the great danger of everything near by, and shouting and waving his arms. He gave a diverting account of how he cautiously approached the horse, found out that it was "bite—no; kick—no," and finally mounted him. He wanted to know if it was God—made, and how far he had ridden.

When a horse was bought by his master, Jack was very anxious to groom him. He told his mistress confidentially that men were very wicked; that a man servant would often shake hands with the devil (his way of saying that he would be a bad fellow). He also said that a man would eat a great deal and cost money, but Jack would only eat "small potato, small meat," because he loved Captain B. The captain finally consented to let Jack try, and the boy really did the grooming very well. His exultation was great. He went up to the horse, kissed it, and in great glee said, "No man; all Jack. Devil cry—go devil;" for it was a part of his belief that the devil was always on the lookout to trip him up. A funnier scene still occurred when another horse and a cow were added to the establishment. It was thought that he could not do so much work, and a young woman was hired to milk the cow. But Jack considered himself outraged. He talked of his mother's Kilkenny cows and "cow's baby," and moreover treated the dairy maid with contumely. At length they let him have his way and he was happy. He never afterward referred to that time without saying that then he was "Hell Jack."

Education had a remarkable physical effect upon him. His stiff, bristly hair became silky, color came and went constantly in his cheeks, in sympathy with the flow of emotions in his mind, and the succession of new scenes and feelings which gradually increasing perceptions called up, lent the charm of childish freshness to his countenance. His large hazel eyes were peculiarly beautiful, for he used them to express his thoughts. He depended a great deal upon the manner of others to him, claiming a shake of the hand at morning and night, and suffering so much if it was omitted, that the denial of the kindness was resorted to only as a punishment for the gravest offenses. One of the latter was a habit of howling when anything offended him. Of course he could not hear his own noise, but he was capable of making a vast deal of it, and seemed to like the commotion it occasioned. This, however, he overcame in time. As he grew older, both mind and manners became gentle and delicate.

When his mistress lost her brother by drowning, Jack stole down at night from his bed and removed from the walls of her study every picture that contained a ship or a boat, or that in any way suggested the water. These pictures were of his own drawing, and the whole occurrence shows how well and intelligently he could sympathize with the afflicted woman.

It has been said before that the first idea which Jack mastered came to him like a pang. All his expression was bodily. His friends could often read his features, which, beaming, glowing, or darkening, showed not merely the depth but the quality of every emotion. Thirty years ago, when Jack lived, there was a great agitation in England on the Popery question. "Mam" was a stout Protestant, and of course he was whatever she was. He came home one day from mass, and, setting up a brush, began to bow before it, asking if it could hear him. For an instant he waited in a reverential attitude, and then getting no answer, began kicking the brush around the room, saying, "Bad god! bad god!" After that, whenever the subject of Romanism was adverted to, Jack would run for the clothes-brush, and vent upon it his hearty heresy.

The ease and directness with which he seized the meaning of difficult lessons was wonderful. Charlotte Elizabeth, in trying to answer some questions he put about the future life, drew a picture of a great number of persons in the midst of flames and fire, to represent hell, and then one figure apart, who, she said, was God's son, a man who came out of heaven, was never "bad," and would not have to go to the flames. But he allowed himself to be killed; and when he died, God shut up the pit where the fire was, and spared all the people. After a few moments' cogitation, Jack saw an objection to this atonement. He pointed out that the people were many—"God's son" was one; and his earnest "*What*" showed that he understood the difficulty of one rescuing so many. She then cut a bunch of dead flowers into small pieces, and showed Jack that they represented the people in the pit. Then laying down a gold ring to stand for "God's son," she asked him which he would rather have. He struck his hand to his forehead, and with eager rapidity declared that the one ring was better than the whole room full of dead flowers.

A creature like Jack was sure to have many odd ideas and ways. Among the curious notions that came into his head, one was that he must have a hoop to run errands with. He said the stage that passed the house went so fast because the horses had four large hoops, meaning the wheels, and he thought if he had a hoop he could go just as fast. With him an impression was a verity, and when he got his hoop he had no hesitation in racing with the coach, nodding and grinning defiance to the horses. It really was a help to him, and gave him a reason and object for going fast on his errands.

Charlotte Elizabeth once undertook to teach some of the poor children in the neighborhood, and to keep Jack employed during the lesson

made him monitor over the others. But a more unfortunate choice could not have been made. Nearly all the disorder came from the irresistible merriment which his actions excited. Seated in a high arm-chair he narrowly watched the whole party, and if anything occurred which he considered improper or disorderly, he conveyed to the culprit a warning of the consequences of such actions by slapping his own face, pulling his own ears, and kicking out his foot, all the while looking gravely and sternly at the offending one.

His range of thought was narrow, and, if his conversation were a proof, reverted almost entirely to religious subjects. He was content with a very quiet life, and when he could not talk with "Mam," preferred to sit alone in his little room over the barn rather than have the company of any other person. There he would draw, or sing, or think. It is an old saying, that if horses had a god, it would be a horse. And so Jack's deities—God and the devil—were beings of action and not of words. God was benignant, gentle, and with beaming face; Satan was always in a great rage when he saw any one doing good, and would stamp his foot and tear around, howling with chagrin. But when people were bad, the devil would laugh and clap his hands. Jack always showed a great anxiety when he talked to his fellow-creatures. Expression was hard work to him; but when he talked with God he never had the least difficulty. He would stand perfectly quiet, and seemed to be at ease, expressing with face and gesture the simple prayers he had to offer.

The rapidity with which he leaped to conclusions has already been spoken of. All emotions were intensified in him. When a petition against the admission of Romanists to Parliament was handed round, Jack implored leave to sign it, though he was under seventeen, the limit of age that had been fixed. He wept so hard that his benefactress consented, and with a face flushing deep crimson, and flashing eyes, he rather cut than wrote his name down.

When "Mam" lost her brother, Jack was waiting at table, where laughter was as hearty and frequent as usual. But he noticed that "Mam" did not laugh, and putting down the plate he had in his hand, looked sternly at the company, saying, "Bad laughing!" walked out of the room in great indignation, stopping at the door to say, "Mam come; no laughing; gone, dead."

His was a beautiful though an obscured character, and when at the age of nineteen he died of consumption, those with whom he had lived felt that they had lost one who had for them a sympathy and affection that is not often found in life.

PSYCHOLOGY has relations to Theology. Ideas of Divine Being must be in our own minds, as well as arguments, to prove this existence. Questions of human ability and of free-will are discussed and decided.—*Horace Mann.*

Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only taste
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue. In thine arms
She smiles, appearing as in truth she is,
Heav'n-born, and destined to the skies again.—*Chapman.*

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

They tell me of Italian lands,
Where flowers, by zephyr breezes fanned,
Perfume the evening air;
The home of music and of arts,
The land of true and loving hearts,
And birthplace of the fair.

They tell me, too, of vine-clad France,
Where peasants wheel in merry dance
Around the cottage door;
Of California's golden skies,
Arrayed in nature's deepest dyes,
As fair as Eden's shore.

But give to me the pastures green,
With hill and dale and slope between,
Where childhood loved to roam;
And give to me the forests grand,
Which bend beneath the storm-king's hand,
Around my childhood's home.

Let others sing the beauties fair
Of orange groves and southern air,
Where fancy loves to roam;
But memory turns with mournful eye,
While other scenes pass slowly by
Of home, a childhood's home.

No future land can ever be
One half so fair and dear to me
As that in childhood tried;
For there a mother's grave is made,
And there a sister's form is laid,
With brother side by side.

Oh, would I could forever stay
Mid scenes where childhood loved to play
In years forever gone;
But life has cares which we must meet,
Ere we can press with sinless feet
The happy shores beyond.

Then let us work while work we may,
The morrow soon will be to-day,
To-day will soon be o'er;
And ere another sun shall rise,
The hand of death may seal our eyes,
To open nevermore. DELTA KAPPA PHI.

THE TYRANNY OF FASHION.

BY MRS. JOHN HALIFAX.

As we sat in one of our city cars the other day, a young mother entered, dragging after her three babies, and seated herself with a sigh of such utter weariness that it arrested our lazy attention and set curiosity to work to trace that sigh to its source. She was a delicate little woman, with a face whose deep-cut lines and premature wrinkles told so plainly of overwork that it might have moved any ignorant looker-on to pity.

Yet there she sat—poor, little, pale, jaded, dull-eyed, worn-out, old young woman—a slave to the hardest mistress that ever shod an iron heel with velvet, for she was dressed from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot according to the "very latest" rules of Fashion. Everything she wore, though of inexpensive material, was cut as carefully and trimmed as

elaborately as if she were the laziest belle of Fifth Avenue, with a score to execute her senseless whims. Her three children were decked off in like manner, utterly regardless, if not of money, at least of *time*. Their little garments, all snow-white, were tucked, embroidered, braided, flounced to the last inch, shining with starch and faultless laundressing, till each poor baby was a moving mass of finery, just fit to set up in the window of a "Ladies' Emporium" as a sample of "Work of the best quality done here."

Now if people who have plenty of time and money to waste choose to make little puppets of their children, they can do so with some show of reason under the plea that they have nothing else to do; but for the mother of a family, who was evidently her own nurse, seamstress, and maid-of-all-work, to tax herself so needlessly, so cruelly, so absurdly as that! Is it not incomprehensible? And she is but one of thousands. Yet slow-brained people wonder every day why the women of this generation are not as healthy as their grandmothers. Reasons why are plenty, and this is one of them: The grandmother of that waxen-faced expiring fragment of womanhood had but two "best" gowns—one for winter, one for summer, and she wore them half a lifetime without wasting any anxiety or labor on either. With her mother's brooch, and her fine kerchief, and some rich old lace handed down by an amiable grandmother, she was equipped for any occasion of dignity or importance. Then, her children wore calico dresses, "linsey woolsey" petticoats, and homespun stockings; played with doll, and said their catechisms, and were ever so much healthier, happier, and better children than the little men and women who walk our streets to-day.

Now, the laws of Fashion change as rapidly as the seasons, and are so arbitrary that the shape of a collar, the width of a ribbon, the size of a bow will determine one's claims to eligibility. And if it be folly in the rich to yield themselves to such tyranny, how much worse the folly of the poor, who must sacrifice their golden hours of leisure, their health, sometimes even life itself, in the senseless straining after empty and unsatisfying frippery which does not belong to them, and can not add one iota to their solid comfort and happiness!

And the children—ah, me! ah, me! Said a little lady of ten years in our hearing: "You see, aunty, my veil is *real* lace," and she held it up for admiration as if profoundly impressed with the importance of the weighty fact. Said another: "Will it do for me to wear this collar to the Park?" "Why not?" we asked, innocently. "Why, it isn't a *Shakespeare* collar!" she replied, with wide-open eyes of astonishment at our ignorance.

Oh, if mothers, rich and poor, would but give up this wearying struggle to comply with the demands of Fashion! if they would put upon their children comfortable, wholesome, neat, inexpensive dresses, and then devote the extra time and money to healthy recreation or

culture; if they would go out and romp with them, play merry tunes that will set their little feet flying over the floor; read good books, study good pictures; in short, fill every day's cup brim full of the pleasures that satisfy and can not harm, then the sweetness of such a childhood will blossom and bear fruit in the future when such frippery as beads and ribbons have done their poor miserable work and perished.

Children really need no such adornment. God made them beautiful, and beautiful they will be if His work is not tampered with. If they are healthy, happy, and innocent, they will always be the loveliest of God's gifts, and need no help of ruffles or embroidery to make them attractive.

THE MUTE AND UNSOCIAL.

The dissipated and abandoned have had their advocates of reform. They have been followed to the scenes of their indulgences, and urged even at the brink beyond which there is no hope, to break from the spell of that infatuation which culminates in hideous death. But who has raised a voice of reform in behalf of those who, while of strict moral integrity, have become educated into muteness—into a distant coldness—into an unsocial and sour disposition? The class which is the victim of this distemper is large indeed, and a singularity in it is that people applaud their probity and virtue, and forget the freezing that is penetrating deeper and deeper; that freezing that stops the very flow of those spirits whose generous influences when withdrawn from the mind and body leave the one to unbroken melancholy, and the other to waste away by a protracted yet miserable consumption. What superinduces a more unhappy abandonment and loss of aspiration than melancholy? and what so soon generates this soul-racking malady as solitude and lack of sympathy?

Only through our social capacity can we be happy. Only through the exercise of our social qualities can mind and body perform every one of their proper offices; to stunt or stint them is to poison the very source of life at its fountains.

Look about you! See that deserted one—perhaps uncouth—perhaps a stranger. With a kindly tongue address him—with warm hands welcome him; throw around him the warmest influences. Away with false "proprieties." They had their origin in artificial and not natural sources; they are rightly regarded in the right place, but are of the height of folly and evil as usages; they advertise the finical and shallow; an outrage of them in our communion as human beings—as members in good standing of a common brotherhood—of one blood—is right; one who can with true dignity and charity, with discretion, give kind words to the social outcast, the mute and unhappy; who can extend a cordial sympathy to the stranger—the stranger to comfort

and happiness as well as social connections—is worthy indeed a philosopher's mantle, a brave man's meed, and a Christian's crown.

JOHN DUNN.

AN AGED MAN.

FROM the Wooster (Ohio) *Democrat* we take the following interesting account:

"There is residing at this time in the village of Jefferson, Plain Township, Wayne County, Ohio, five miles west of Wooster, the oldest man in the State of Ohio, and probably in the United States. His name is John Folgate. He was born in Lebanon County, Pa., in the month of February, 1759, making him 108 years old. He emigrated to Ohio in 1829, and has lived since that time an industrious, quiet, unobtrusive life in Jefferson. He was seventy years of age when he settled in that village, having already attained the period in life designated in Holy Writ as the usual limit of human existence, and at which most men, under the burden of many years, die. Physically, he is rather small; probably under the medium size, but exhibits a compact frame and a well-constructed body, which, no doubt, eighty years ago, was one of physical excellence and muscular perfection. He was married at the age of thirty to Miss Elizabeth Wolgamott—the very mention of whose name starts bitter tears in those old eyes that have led him upward through the darkness and labyrinths of a century. His wife was born in Lancaster Co., Pa., three years before the battle of Lexington, and three years after the birth of the great Bonaparte. She had often seen and spoken to Washington. Her death occurred Jan. 20th, 1849, in her seventy-eighth year. An only child was their wedded inheritance, and the old man, who carries upon his back the weight of well nigh a million hours, weeps and wonders that the son, aged fifty years, should be dead, and the father here. He was a teamster in his early years, about Baltimore, Md., and in Pennsylvania, but for the last sixty or seventy years has been engaged in mechanical labor. He was drafted in the war of 1812, shouldered his musket, but was *discharged on account of his old age*—so that fifty-five years ago he was too far advanced in life to be a soldier. At the time he was drafted he was keeping a tavern at a place called 'Sporting Hill,' near Baltimore. In politics he was always an old-line Whig, but in political as well as social life, while he had stern convictions, he had but few prejudices."

His habits and manner of life would afford an interesting subject for consideration. We would like to be informed of their character. Can any of our readers furnish us the particulars?

SAD.—Said a poor little girl in the fourth ward of New York, as she was dying, "I am glad I am going to die, because now my brothers and sisters will have enough to eat!" Nothing could be written or thought more simply pathetic.

"THE STICK-UP NOSE."

A DASHING little black horse, with a little gem of a cutter behind him, and a bright, rosy driver, stopped near a large dry-goods store, and a group of boys on the corner stood and stared. It took them but a moment to scan the horse and cutter, and then they fastened their eyes on the young girl. "I tell you what, Joe, she's killing handsome," said one of them. "That long red scarf around her neck is a good match for her cheeks, and her eyes are as black as her pony. And didn't she rein up her horse as if she knew how! Julius Cæsar! she's splendid!"

"Well, I suppose I must get out and take in this bundle, but I'm tucked up so nicely in this robe, I don't want to," said the young lady to herself, glancing at the boys who were too far off to hear what she said.

Throwing back the robe, she started to get out, when she saw a boy standing near the store door, and looking at her.

"I'll ask him to take this foll in," she said,

zig-zag. Why, it isn't half as good-looking a nose as yours. What's your name?"

"Harry McAlister," replied the boy, smiling, as he thought of the "zig-zag" nose on the

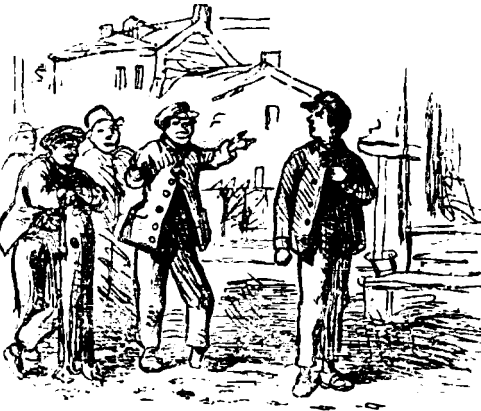


FIG. 2.

corner, and also of his own, which the young lady had tried to praise.

"Any woman that can say a good word for such a nose as mine must be a real lady," he said; and now it was Mary Davenport's turn to smile.

"Well, I can say a good word for such a nose as yours, and for such a boy as you, too," she replied. "I know by your looks that you are a first-rate little fellow, and you've got a splendid name. Harry McAlister. Why, you couldn't have a better. What's the name of that boy who cried out so loud: 'You'd better name him Stick-up nose,' and then turned

round and showed his zig-zag nose?"

"Jimmy Snod," answered Harry, going almost into hysterics, he laughed so hard.

"That's good for you, Harry," said Miss



FIG. 3.

Mary. "Laugh away as fast as you can. It's a great deal better for you than crying. Here's the quarter—a twenty-five-cent piece. I'm

much obliged to you for taking my bundle into the store."

"I can't take the money," replied Harry, putting his hands behind him. "I don't like to be paid just for doing a little thing for a kind, polite young lady."

"Oh, but you must. You needn't call it pay, but take it to remember me by."

"Well, I'll do that, and I'll never spend it the longest day I live," said Harry, as he hurried away with his quarter, and with new and pleasant feelings. But he was obliged to pass the corner where the boys were congregated, and the rude fellow with the "zig-zag nose," Jimmy Snod, wishing to show his wit at the expense of Harry, called out: "Little chap! little chap! follow your nose and you'll be sure to go right, for it sticks up as high as a church steeple."

Harry McAlister's face not only crimsoned but burned with rage. "I'd like to lay that fellow on a level with the ground," he said to himself, "but then the young lady was kind and polite to me, and told me I was handsome,



FIG. 4.

so I think I won't do it. I might tell him what she said about his 'zig-zag nose,' but I'm satisfied without it." Harry went on toward his home, an unpretending cottage where his humble parents lived, and as soon as he entered the house he repeated Mary Davenport's pleasant, warm words, the compliments she had paid him, and the insulting words of the boys on the corner.

Mrs. McAlister's face lighted up with pride as she thought of the attentions her Harry had received from the beautiful and charming young lady, and she pondered on the kind words until late at night; but Harry, although he did not forget Miss Mary's words, pondered rather on what Jimmy Snod had said. Again and again he repeated to himself: "Little chap! little chap! follow your nose and you'll be sure to go right, for it sticks up as high as a church steeple." As he lay on his bed thinking it all over, he concluded that it wouldn't be a bad idea to take Jimmy Snod's advice. "Why, if I follow my nose," said he, "it's a fact, as the fellow said, that I'll 'be sure to go right,' and, by and by, I'll be a rising man.



FIG. 1.

and called out: "Come here, little fellow, and take this into the store for me, and I'll give you a quarter."

"That young lady is calling you, crooked-nose," screamed out one of the boys.

"You'd better name him Stick-up nose," said another; so "Stick-up nose" was handed from one to the other, and went sounding through the air till it reached the ears of the little boy as, with flashing eyes and flushed face, he went up to the cutter to take out the bundle.

Mary Davenport, the young lady, heard it, and noticed the boy's air of embarrassment and indignation, and her heart went out to him at once.

"You needn't care for what those boys say," she said to him. "You are a handsome little fellow, whether your nose is straight or stick-up, and I dare say their noses are not half as good-looking as yours."

This brought the tears, and the young lady, wishing to save the child from a regular cry, added: "There, now! I can see those noses on that corner, and one of them goes zig-zag,

When a body's nose sticks up, it's a good thing to follow it."

Many years afterward, a stranger was entertaining the passengers in a car by telling them of a lad he once knew who was grossly insulted by some boys for having a stick-up nose.

"One day," said he, "after receiving two shillings (which he has kept to this day) for doing a favor for a young lady, he passed a group of boys, who stood on the corner, and they repeated the insulting words they had spoken only a few minutes before, and one of them—the worst of the group—called out: 'Little chap! little chap! follow your nose and you'll be sure to go right, for it sticks up as high as a church steeple.' Well, the insulted boy was very angry at first, but he soon began to think seriously of following his nose, and from that time forward he did it. And it made him a prosperous man, worth fifty thousand dollars, and, what's better, a good man, first and foremost in every good work."

All the passengers were very much interested, one in particular, who said: "Why, where did you get that story? I've heard it before. What was the boy's name?"

"Harry McAlister," replied the stranger, and he added, as he crossed his forefinger over his nose, "this is the nose that Harry McAlister followed."

There was quite an excitement in the car, and a general burst of laughter as Mr. McAlister concluded his story.

Soon afterward, as he and a dozen others were leaving the cars, the man who had been more interested than all the rest, jogged his elbow, and whispered: "Confound it all, if my name ain't Jimmy Snod, but don't you tell anybody as long as you live. I've often wished I could see you somewhere in the world and beg your pardon, and now, as this may be my last chance, I beg your pardon a thousand times."

Taken by surprise, and unable to control himself, Mr. McAlister broke out, as he grasped the man's hand and gave it a hearty shaking: "Why, bless your heart, Jimmy Snod, I owe you an everlasting debt of gratitude—you've been the making of me, don't you know it?"

"Wasn't I a saucy, insulting youngster?" replied the man.

"Well, no matter about that," answered Mr. McAlister, as they walked on together.

"Ah, it's a great deal of matter, sir. How often I've wondered what had become of the boy whose nose I so insulted."

"But it was only my nose," said Mr. McAlister, wishing to relieve the man.

"Well, sir," wound up Mr. Snod, as he and Mr. McAlister parted, "that detestable performance of mine, and the sequel (meeting you after so many years and learning what my words accomplished), have taught me one thing, and that is, that the great God can bring untold good out of evil, and use the words that sting and pain a boy, to help him onward and upward in the world. I beg your pardon again. Good-bye, sir."

INTEMPERANCE IN THE SOUTH.

THE editor of the Sandusky Register gives the following as the result of his personal observation on a recent tour through several of the Southern States:

"The extent to which the drinking of intoxicating liquors prevails at the South, as a 'social custom,' is appalling to one who looks upon intemperance as the curse of our land. It is next to impossible to enter any circle, or, in fact, meet anybody anywhere, without having the infernal ghost of 'something to drink' forced under your nose. If you are casually introduced to Major Jones, late of the Confederate army, the first sentence after the salutation is, 'Step this way and take something.' You purchase ten dollars' worth of dry goods at a Southern store, and after paying your bill you are, with a wink, beckoned to a back room, where a free glass of whisky is gracefully proffered. You enter the business office of an acquaintance to chat three minutes, and before you leave, the business acquaintance is certain to say, 'Sam, fetch that black bottle from the shelf and two glasses.'"

"You call at a Southern home, and your host would think that he had outraged the very spirit of hospitality did he not offer you some fluid that has the happy power of giving the human nose the color of a lobster's claw. The wonderful variety of these fluids surprises one who knows the destitution of the Southern country in other respects. In point of strength and palatability they range all the way from dish-water to aquafortis, and their results have the same gradation, reaching from nausea to murder in the first degree.

"It would seem that the South had been sufficiently cursed by slavery, secession, war, and defeat; but the plague of drunkenness is now added. The morals, no less than the politics of the South, need reconstruction; and the field for reformatory work is a wide one. But one thing is plain, that so long as the offering of intoxicating drinks is regarded as a standard social custom, intemperance can not be successfully battled any more than the current of the Mississippi can be permanently stayed."

The Sandusky editor tells the truth. If slavery in itself was a curse, that curse was tenfold intensified by the constant and all-pervading use of the infernal fire-water. Planters acknowledged that most of the barbarous flogging, bruising, and faying, inflicted formerly on the slaves, was done at the instance of, or by, whisky-drinking overseers. It was said that the slaves would spend their last cent for whisky, tobacco, and lottery tickets. Negro slavery has been abolished, but the soul-and-body-consuming slavery of whisky and tobacco remains. Many women use a "boonder," and swab their mouths with powdered tobacco, and, like nasty men, spit the foul stuff at a mark.

A big political war has been fought to preserve the Union, in which hundreds of thousands lost their lives, and the bodies of nearly four millions of slaves have been set free. That is a big thing! But another war—God grant that it may be bloodless!—must now be waged for the emancipation of men and women from those twin curses, whisky and tobacco. We are in for this fight. Our cause is just. We are on the side of God and humanity. Be it ours to aid in the rescue of

fallen man and to remove the temptation, lest we, too, and our household, become engulfed by the insidious tempter. There is no security, no safety, save in temperance. And we call on all the world, men, women and children, to enroll themselves on the *right side* in this struggle. The South, so far as soil and climate generally are concerned, is a land of health, wealth, beauty, and sunshine. Let her people, white, black, and yellow, be freed from these blighting curses, and she will become the paradise of this continent. Men and women, will you take hold and help to remove this mountain? The way to redeem and bring prosperity to the South is through temperance, education, industry, and true religion. Secure these, and "capital" will follow.

HOW FRANKLIN OBTAINED A SITUATION.—

When quite a youth Franklin went to London, entered a printing-office, and inquired if he could get employment as a printer.

"Where are you from?" inquired the man.

"America," was the reply.

"Ah!" said the foreman, "from America! a lad from America seeking employment as a printer! Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?"

Franklin stepped to one of the cases, and in a very brief space set up the following passage from the first chapter of the Gospel by Saint John:

"Nathaniel saith unto him, Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see."

It was done so quick, so accurately, and contained a delicate reproof so appropriate and powerful, that it at once gave him character and standing with all in the office.

COSTLY OBSTINACY—LARGE FIRMNESS.—

There are two men in prison in England whose fate it has been to illustrate the nature of lawyers' bills on a magnificent scale. P. Foster, a farmer, now lies in Taunton jail for non-payment of a church-rate amounting to the sum of \$3 75. But the cost of the law proceedings by which he was condemned amount to \$710. J. B. Grant is immured in Whitecross Street Prison for non-payment of \$8 00 church-rate, coupled with \$1,234 costs.

[This illustrates a kind of martyr spirit which is based on large FIRMNESS and CONSCIENTIOUSNESS, without that large endowment of Veneration which is necessary to enable one to observe the injunction of St. Paul, "Honor the king," though he be like Nero. If these men think themselves *right* in refusing to pay church-rates, and if governed by strong conscientious scruples, they will stand out till starved into submission. But it is hard to "kick against the pricks." Better conform to the law of their country, or leave it for one which imposes no restraint on religious opinion. However, if men choose to abide their "obstinacy" rather than yield to the fates, why, it is their own affair.]

A DAY ON JAMES ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA.

I FOUND, near the Battery, three black boys in an unpainted and leaky skiff, who were willing for a consideration to row me over to the island. The waters of the beautiful Bay of Charleston were just rippled by the rising sea-breeze, which blows here so freshly during the greater part of the day. My boatmen pulled lazily and in silence at their oars. They seemed to possess none of the loquacity and jollity we are wont to associate with the negro character. They had a sullen, morose, and sinister look, suggestive of piracy and murder; and I thought it a lucky circumstance that my voyage with such a crew was to be short, and within sight of land.

They put me ashore near where a lofty earth-work, thrown up by the rebels during the late war, crowned a slight bluff. On the right was a picturesque grove of lofty, long-leaved pines, and near them quite a little village of negro cabins. On the left, and just behind the fortification, I came upon a comfortable dwelling, probably, under the old *régime*, the residence of the overseer of the plantation, or, possibly, the winter habitation of the planter.

I found the present proprietor overseeing the operations of the plantation himself, and had an interesting conversation with him about the island and its productions. He pointed out to me the ruins of what once must have been a fine mansion on the opposite side of the neighboring creek, near which, he said, there was before the war one of the finest orange groves in the South—equal to any in Florida—an evidence of the semi-tropical character of the chain of Southern sea-islands of which James Island forms an important link.

Here I saw for the first time, in its normal habitation, and in all the glory of a thrifty growth, the long staple or black-seeded cotton, generally known as Sea-Island Cotton. My pleasant and courteous new acquaintance said that he was cultivating ninety acres, manuring as heavily and working as thoroughly as he was able; that his freedmen were giving him no trouble or cause of complaint, performing their regular tasks as under the old system, which gave them, when they chose to apply themselves closely, the larger portion of the afternoon for rest and recreation; and that it was difficult to get them to work in any other way. He mentioned this last circumstance as, with him, an obstacle to market gardening, which he said might otherwise, at this point, be made exceedingly profitable, all the common vegetables and small fruits growing there with the greatest luxuriance, and the markets of Charleston and of New York being almost equally accessible.

After making some inquiries in regard to the route to Fort Johnson, I set out on my tour of exploration. My road, for some distance, lay through fields of cotton, corn, and sweet potatoes, all in the best possible condition of tilth and growth. Entering, finally, the Fort Johnson road, I found myself shut in on both sides

by an immense and impenetrable natural hedge of cassino and myrtle interwoven with creeping and twining plants of many species, among which the most prominent is the Muscadine or Bullace grapevine, now loaded with its delicious fruit. Through this hedge a bird could scarcely fly; and to the human vision it forms a perfect barrier. Here and there an opening gives egress from adjacent fields and permits an occasional glimpse of cotton fields, patches of corn and sweet potatoes, or of now untilled and weedy wastes; but the level character of the country precludes extensive prospects even where no obstructions exist. But the verdant walls which shut you in are, unlike fences of wood and stone, replete with objects calculated to interest and employ the mind, and to please the senses also. Their variety of foliage, their thousands of flowers, and just now the rich clusters of the ripening muscadine, make one little loth to be thus shut in.

Observing through one of the openings of which I have spoken, an old negro at work in a patch of the finest cotton I had seen, I entered and spoke to him. He said that the cotton belonged to him, but that he rented the land from the "Government." How it happened that the Government owns land here I could not learn. I inquired the distance to Fort Johnson.

"You see dose tall pines, massa?"

"Yes."

"Well, you pass dem, and you are dere."

The pines seemed near, but the distance proved to be greater than I could have believed possible. However, I finally passed the pine grove, and found myself in the midst of the network of batteries and rifle pits which defended this important point—the eastern end of the island.

Ascending the walls of a fort, I gazed around me. The prospect I obtained was peculiar and characteristic. No sloping hillsides, no beautiful valleys, no background of purple-tinted mountains met my view, but in their place were level plains bordered and dotted with masses of semi-tropical foliage, green marshy flats, long stretches of white beach, and bright expanses of inlet, river, bay, and ocean. Toward the east and south stretches the illimitable sea, flecked here and there with white sails; on the north lies dreary, desolate Sullivan, with its sand-hills, its forts, and its ruined village, and beyond, the bluffs of Mount Pleasant; northwestward, at the head of her beautiful bay, and in the embrace of her sister rivers Cooper and Ashley, rests, as it were on the bosom of the waters, the once proud metropolis of South Carolina—a city of melancholy ruins; and on every hand, near and far, forts, batteries, and rifle pits. Every spot possesses an historic interest. These laboriously constructed earth-works were the defenses of a people struggling against superior numbers, wealth, and power in behalf of a cause and a land they loved. These plains not long ago were tented fields; these groves filtered the smoke of a thousand camp-fires. Yonder are

the ruins of defiant Sumter; across the channel old Moultrie, of Revolutionary memory, may be faintly discerned, hidden in sand and flanked on either hand by the long line of earth-works—huge, shapeless heaps of sand they seem now—which were thrown up during the late civil war. Castle Pinckney, nearer the city, has a garrison, and over it floats the old flag.

Enough, perhaps, of sentiment. I had visited the island for the most matter-of-fact and practical purpose conceivable—to investigate its resources—to judge of its adaptation in soil, climate, and other conditions for the growing of cabbages, beans, peas, potatoes, peaches, grapes, figs, and strawberries.

The soil of James Island is sandy but naturally fertile, and much of it, unlike that of other portions of the State and of the South generally, has been improved and rendered still more productive by an enlightened system of culture. Its great staple has been and is Sea Island cotton; but all the fruits and vegetables of the temperate zone, as well as some that belong more properly to the tropics, grow here with wonderful luxuriance.

The climate, as already remarked, is semi-tropical. Whether it is the proximity of the Gulf Stream, or some other less obvious cause, which gives it this abnormal character, I need not stop here to inquire. It is certain that many trees and plants thrive here that can be grown on the mainland only, several degrees farther South. The orange and palmetto seem as much at home here as in southern Florida. I saw many trees of the former loaded with fruit and growing luxuriantly.

A late writer speaking of the climate of the Sea Islands in general, says:

"It is delightful in winter, which, on account of the great preponderance of evergreens, hardly differs to the eye from the warmer seasons, and rises to a splendor in summer and autumn that is never experienced elsewhere in the same latitudes, while the excess of heat is happily tempered by the sea-breezes, which, rising with astonishing regularity toward the middle of the day, bathe the country far into the interior with moist and refreshing coolness."*

In the forest growth of the island, nearly all the principal trees of the South seem to be represented. Conspicuous among these are the long-leaved pine, the live oak, the Spanish oak, the water oak, the great magnolia (*M. grandiflora*), and the cypress. The pine often grows to the height of more than a hundred feet, straight, strong, and majestic, and is the true monarch of the Southern woods. The live oak, too, is a magnificent tree, but just the opposite, in almost every respect, of the pine, throwing out from a short massive trunk numerous gigantic and far-reaching branches, covered with a dense, glossy, evergreen foliage, and forming what seems at a distance like a miniature mountain of verdure. Not so grand, perhaps,

* E. B. Seabrook, in "The Galaxy."

but more beautiful, is the magnolia, a perfect pyramid of bright and shining green flecked at the proper season with its great, white, fragrant flowers. Cedars, myrtles, bays, cassinos, and other shrubs, covered and interwoven with vines, form the undergrowth, or are massed into impenetrable thickets around the swamps and lagoons. Among the vines, in addition to the wild grapes already alluded to, the trumpet flower and the yellow jasmine or jessamine (*Gelsemium sempervirens*) are prominent. It is the latter which, in the early spring, or, more strictly, the latter part of winter, makes gay the thickets with its golden bloom and loads the air with its unsurpassed fragrance.

Fort Johnson was, before the war, the site of a flourishing little village, not a vestige of which, however, now remains. It was the summer residence of planters whose plantations were not considered habitable during the hot months, on account of the malaria. Two or three negro cabins are the only habitations that now meet the eye on this end of the island.

I found the soil less fertile here than at the point where I landed, but sufficiently good, with some manure and proper cultivation, for the production of good crops of cotton, corn, vegetable, or fruit. Only a small portion of it is now under cultivation.

To the south of Fort Johnson stretch extensive marshes permeated by numerous creeks and inlets; and on the southeast may be seen the low sandy shores of Morris Island and the main channel by which ships enter the harbor of Charleston.

Having explored the neighborhood of Fort Johnson to my satisfaction, I turned my face westward and retraced my steps.

During this long ramble I had met no white person of either sex. The freedmen all seemed busy and contented, and I always found them respectful and obliging.

On reaching my landing-place, I found that my black water-imps had not returned for me, as they had promised.

I had no reason to regret their defection, for at "The Bluff," a mile or so above, I found a boat just ready to sail for the city, on which I at once secured a passage.

At the Bluff is a store. Here, a large number of freedmen and freedwomen were gathered, talking, laughing, and lounging about; it was Saturday evening, and the work of the day and of the week was over. A planter drove up in a mule cart while I was standing there. He alighted, and the cart and its black driver returned to the plantation. The gentleman lived in the city, and his boat lay at the dock ready to take him over.

My boatmen on the return trip were fine-looking black fellows, mirthful and loquacious as negroes should be; and the sail down the creek and across the bay was delightful.

We met many boats returning from the city to the island. All of them were filled with dusky forms, and strong black arms pulled the oars and managed the sails. Some of the boat-

men were singing, and their oars kept time with the monotonous music of their songs.

When I reached the Battery, the military band was playing martial airs, and crowds of gay promenaders were enjoying the refreshing coolness of the evening breeze.

I looked back. The long, low shores of James Island were growing indistinct, but the grove of tall pines near which I had landed in the morning, stood out clearly defined against the blue sky.

Ex.-Ed.

September, 1867.

INTERNAL CONDITION OF THE EARTH.

MR. EDITOR: An article appearing in the November number of the JOURNAL, treating upon the internal condition of the earth, contains so many absurdities, that I can not forbear pointing some of them out.

When we have no positive knowledge concerning a subject toward which our thoughts are drawn, speculation upon it may afford us considerable entertainment, and if the theories we build are not contrary to any of the known laws of Nature, sometimes improvement and a valuable addition to our stock of ideas may result.

Ingenious conjectures upon matters unknown, and in most cases unknowable to man, have from time to time been published in the JOURNAL, but, though generally original and frequently improbable, they have seldom been such as from the nature of things were absolutely impossible.

The writer of the article to which I refer appears to have forgotten that weight is but a relative term, expressive of the power which the attraction of gravitation exerts upon all substances that are found upon or in the earth, or that in however volatile a form move over its surface.

The atmosphere has weight; a swaddling band forty miles thick, and pressing upon every portion of our globe with a power of fifteen pounds to the square inch. Hydrogen and other buoyant gases, if generated and liberated at the bottom of this vast ocean of air, will rise through it, as wood does through water, till they reach its confines, where, operated upon by the same universal law of gravitation, they will hover unable to mount upward into empty space. If the crust of the earth was hermetically tight, gases that upon its surface show great buoyancy, confined within its center would be powerless, having no more sluggish substance than themselves to climb upon; the only result that would follow such a state of things would be, that the crust of the earth, having no support, would be crushed inward, if not by its own weight, by the tremendous pressure of the atmosphere that incloses it.

If there was an aperture however small, through which the atmospheric air could find its way, it would rush in with great force, and displace all lighter substances; and as a hollow thin crusted globe such as our ingenious

theorist supposes the world to be, would hold all of an atmosphere that philosophers inform us extends in its most rarefied form but forty miles from the earth's surface, we would be left as helpless as fish out of water, with no food for our lungs, except perhaps the purest hydrogen, that would waste us like a devouring flame. That there are numerous openings in the crust of the earth our writer admits, and indeed they are well known to exist—principally in the shape of volcanoes—so that the fact that the atmosphere instead of passing through these still floats around us, is proof positive that the interior of the earth consists of substances heavier than the common air. Having thus shown the absurdity of the idea that the earth is a hollow shell filled with buoyant gases, it now remains to be seen whether any such contrivance is necessary to retain the earth in its position. Gases essentially buoyant, that is, buoyant in their very nature, and not because acting in a heavier substance (if we can conceive of such buoyancy), would certainly have no more effect upon the motion of the earth if confined within it, than the efforts of a boy to lift himself in a basket, for they would rise from the center and press outward in all directions against the circumference, thus neutralizing their own power. The idea that any substance could be heavy enough "to sink the world into perdition" is equally absurd; for the greater the weight of the materials, all gravitating toward a common center, the more solidly is the world bound together, and the less likelihood is there of any disruption of its parts. A planet poised in space has no weight as a whole, and if it felt no attraction from other bodies would remain motionless forever; or if the Being who created it set it in motion, it would continue moving eternally onward in a straight line. This would be the motion of our earth if it were not also influenced by the attraction of the sun, which partly overcomes the tendency to move in a direct line, and causes it to revolve in an orbit. If the earth was increased in weight, that is to say in density of material, its momentum would be greater, and more power would be necessary to swerve it from its original straightforward path; at the same time its increase of density would strengthen the sun's attraction for it to a corresponding degree, and thus one force would neutralize the other and no change take place in the annual motion of the planet. The effect would be the same as placing a pound weight on each side of a scale that was before equally balanced. Considering these facts, it is plain that the writer in the November number is mistaken in both his premises and his conclusions, and that the density or heaviness of the materials that compose the interior of the earth can have no effect to weaken its cohesion or sway it from its position in respect to the sun.

"CONSHOMON."

GIVE a man a taste for reading, and the means of gratifying it, and you can scarcely fail of making him a happy man. You make him a denizen of all nations—a cotemporary of all ages.



THE MEDICINE-MAN.

YOUNG TIGER TAIL.

On Ethnology.

True Christianity will gain by every step which is made in the knowledge of man.—Spurzheim.

OUR FLORIDA INDIANS.

FROM some cause, the farther south in the United States we go, the more civilized the Indians seem to be, the more inclined to civil government, tillage of the soil, and the establishment of the arts of peace. The Seminoles and the Cherokees—especially the latter—seem to bear out this proposition. The Indians in the West and Northwest are roaming, warlike, restless people, with force and fierceness; while among their characteristics artfulness, cunning, and cruelty appear to be the chief.

Black Hawk, one of the most resolute and yet most noble of savages, whose head is familiar to all readers of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, was a centralized embodiment of the Northwestern Indian character. Big Thunder, whose skull we have in our possession, was also an eminent example of uncultured fierceness. We have in our collection a cast of Oscoola, the eminent Seminole chief, the form

of whose head was eminently elevated, and bears the outline of civilization. The intellectual and moral organs were largely developed.

It will be seen, by the engraving, that the head-dress is only a band or turban, the top of the head being bare of everything but nature's own covering. The head seems to rise high at the crown, showing Self-Esteem and Firmness well marked. The head also appears to be rather broad through the region of the ears, indicative of force. The medicine-man has evidently the better intellect, more power of thought, and more dignity. Young Tiger Tail may be more forcible and fierce, but has not so much dignity or intelligence.

A valued correspondent has sent us the photographs of three Indians from Florida, with the following remarks:

These three Seminole Indians visited Key West, Florida, upon the close of the rebellion, when they were photographed by Buis, the artist. Their tribe, occupying a large portion of the Florida peninsula, with great shrewdness took no part in the "great conflict;" for the United States in the past had necessarily, as a government, made war upon them, and

the Floridian, as a volunteer, was then their most bitter and effective enemy; hence in their morass fastness they could preserve their chosen neutrality, because both their old enemies had their hands full, fighting one against the other. The tribe molested neither rebel nor Union, nor did either meddle with them. Before the rebellion they had had their periods of war and their periods of peace. Isolated from other tribes for many years, their conflicts had alone been with the white man. Probably this warring with white men alone gave more character to them as a tribe, and even fastened upon them something of the true character of a nation, by concentrating their power and location. They have absorbed other tribes, as, for instance, the Yemassee of South Carolina; and were themselves divided by Billy Bowlegs' party, which went to the Indian Territory a few years ago. They have captured negroes, and in some instances these have become prominent in the tribe; yet the negro seemed not naturally to affiliate with the Indian as with the white man, probably from a taste for a more civilized life, and a desire to see old friends and kindred.

George W. Ferguson, Esq., of Key West, Fla., to whom we are indebted for facts, says:

"Young Tiger Tail, who is on the right of the picture, I have often seen, and also his father, who is the chief of the Seminoles, and also his mother, who was remarkable for her beauty. The father is a fine-looking, stout, manly character, more so than the son, who is now about twenty-four years old."

Here is a comely face, with eyes full of mirth and lips of affection. There may be dormant the fierceness of the father in war and the openness of the man in peace, qualities which time and circumstance may disclose. The young man's make-up is prepossessing. We judge he is a favorite with his mother, and a beau with the fair ones of the tribe, making many a dusky lover jealous. The vital temperament predominates, and good health and good humor are indicated in his organization.

The medicine-man, seen on the left, is now about twenty-eight or thirty years old, and is fine-looking and intelligent. With him the motive temperament predominates greatly, as witness the marked prominence of every feature, as if wrought by the bitter experiences of war or a deeper reach of thought inspired by all the requirements of the wild medicine-man's profession.

His is a bold, confident, self-reliant presence; mentally and physically, he is a superior in his tribe, and a fine sample of that once powerful race, now fast disappearing before the march of civilization. The top-head is well developed, the nose finely cut, the lips compressed, the eye stern, and the face furrowed—all marks of the man of judgment, decision, and action. We should not like to make him angry, for all the passions find expression in this face, and there is the will sufficient to empower them to act.

The one in the background, who is about

twenty-eight or thirty, is not a man of note or prominence in his tribe. While young Tiger Tail has much affection and humor, and the medicine-man force and intelligence, this face has no remarkable expression of either, but is a good specimen of the common "Injun."

The medicine-man, it will be observed, is the most dressed. The two shields upon the breast indicate rank of family, which is second only to that of young Tiger Tail, who wears three; yet the younger has no sash, scarf, or plume to indicate authority or position on account of personal prowess or merit. The one in the background is wanting in every mark of distinction as an Indian.

THE GOLDIS.

THE Goldis, inhabiting the islands and the shores of the lower Amoor River, in Eastern Asia, are classed, ethnologically, with the great Mongolian race. This is determined by the characteristic of the Mongols proper, which is the obliquity of the eyes, they being depressed or bent down at the inner angle. Their eyebrows are black and but little curved; they have a broad nose, high cheek-bones, a round head and face, while their lips are large and thick, and their teeth usually white and sound. This description corresponds very closely to our illustration of a Goldi man and woman. They are a nomadic race; and though they resemble the original Manchurians, now the governing class in China, they do not appear to be possessed of the same energy of character and warlike disposition.

Their chief occupation is feeding their extensive flocks, or hunting wild game which abound in those regions. Travelers and merchants who have visited them, say that they are full of superstitious beliefs, the result of ignorance and the servility to which they are reduced by their priests, who exercise great power over them. Their religion is a sort of fetich or spirit worship, in which mysterious powers are attributed to the heavenly bodies, mountains, or any object that exhibits peculiar form or properties. Rude images of ancestors are made of wood, and sacrificed at times to their gods, and numbers of bears are kept in every village which are also given as peace offerings to their deities.

The priests are men or women, married or single. Their character is acquired by pretending that the soul of a deceased priest has appeared to the individual in a dream, appointing him or her his successor. If the priests are in function, they wear a long robe of elk skin, hung with small and large brass and iron bells; moreover, they carry staves, carved at the top into the shape of horses' heads, also hung with bells; and with the assistance of these staves they leap to an extraordinary height. Their sacrifices are performed in a hut. There are no fixed periods for the performance of their ceremonies; births, marriages, and sickness, uncommon appearances in the atmosphere, or



GOLDI MAN AND WOMAN.

public calamities, are generally the occasions which call for them. The animal to be sacrificed is fixed upon by either the shaman or the donor; and after the persons uniting in the ceremony have assembled, the shaman or priest enters the hut, chanting certain words, sprinkles on all sides of the hut, and over the fire, alcohol and milk, and then orders the animal to be killed, which is done by its heart being torn out. The skin of the victim is then stripped off, and its flesh, with the exception of a few pieces which are thrown into the fire, is eaten by the persons assembled.

Fetichism was probably the ancient religion of the Tartar tribes of Asia, and is akin to Buddhism and Lamaism. As yet, Christian missionaries have not visited the Goldis—at least, have not settled permanently among them. But there is a large field for Christian labor there.

Their physiognomy would indicate that they are of very sluggish temperament; this, added to the practice of opium smoking, gives to them, especially the men, a dull, imbecile expression of countenance. The head is low and broad. The intellect of a low order; they can neither plan nor originate, but are simply imitators, led by the fascinations of their fetich priests. Like other human beings, they are capable of cultivation. So are the Hottentots. But it will require generations to elevate them to a plane of Christian education and civilization. Who, of our missionaries, will let in the Gospel light upon that dark and benighted people?

THERE is a man and his wife—he a mulatto, she a poor negro—residing in New York, who have several children that are alternately, in the order of their birth, white and black; the white ones having albino characteristics.

OLIVER CROMWELL—HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

[CONCLUDED.]

AFTER the battle of Marston Moor, the Parliamentary generals seemed to play into the hands of the king; and Cromwell formally impeached his commanding officer, the Earl of Manchester, and our hero was a thorn in his side, even to the commander-in-chief (the Earl of Essex). At length the Commons voted themselves into a grand committee to take into consideration "the sad condition of the kingdom," etc. There was silence for a long time, some looking one upon another, none bold enough to touch the impeachment, when Cromwell arose and opened and said:

"That it was now a time to speak, or forever to hold the tongue; the important occasion being no less than to save a nation out of a bleeding, nay, almost a dying condition, which the long continuance of the war had brought it into," etc. His whole speech was very moderate, casting very little reflection on the Parliamentary commanders, but urging the necessity of sinking personal considerations in the great good of the commonwealth. The result was the passage of the famous "Self-Denying Ordinance," and the remodeling of the army under Sir Thomas Fairfax; but Cromwell was exempted from the Self-Denying Ordinance, and allowed to keep the field, and on the 14th of June, 1644, the great battle of Naseby was fought, and the King's cause lost. The repeated victories of our hero followed until not a foe was left in the field.

At length the king was beheaded, and six months afterward Cromwell was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and sent to put down the rebellion there. He reached the Irish capital August 15th, 1649, took the field on

the 30th, and in nine days struck terror through the land. His career in Ireland has been abundantly censured for its iron cruelty, but we must remember the times, and that there was much of a religious tone in the war. Doubtless Cromwell and his troops considered their work a Protestant vengeance for the then recent Catholic massacre.

Then came the invasion of Scotland, and Cromwell became Captain-General of the land forces. In Scotland, his army was reduced by immense losses. Scotland was ever a formidable foe for England to invade; and even the mighty Cromwell nearly split upon that rock. He drew off his remaining forces, now scarcely twelve thousand men, toward Dunbar, where he shipped his baggage and sick. The Scots followed him closely, now increased to twenty-seven thousand, anticipating triumph; and Charles II. himself was soon to be at their head to suddenly fall upon the remnant of Cromwell's army. Our hero, in a letter to the Speaker of the House, thus describes their forlorn condition, and yet how characteristic of the marvelous tone and mighty faith of the "army of the Lord!"

"The enemy lying in the posture before mentioned, having these advantages, we lay very near him; being sensible of our disadvantages, having some weakness of flesh, but yet consolation and support from the Lord himself to our poor, weak faith, wherein I believe not a few among us shared; that *because* of their numbers, *because* of their advantages, *because* of their confidence, *because* of our weakness, *because* of our strait we were in the mount, and in the mount the Lord would be seen, and that he would find out a way of deliverance and salvation for us, and indeed we had our consolations and hopes."

Hopes indeed! Hopes, then, in his own mighty soul, and the grand faith that he was an instrument of God! Consolations? Consolations, then, that God and himself were equal to the task of saving, in its direst extremity, the great cause of the *people* versus the king! What if in him was the splendid assumption that Oliver Cromwell was the embodiment of the people? What even if he was tempted at times by the glittering bauble of a crown? There is something divine in the one, something very human in the other. But Cromwell was true to his grand inspirations, and even when he became mightier than any king that ever sat upon England's throne, he lived to the glory of the nation and to make the English people great. The cause of the nation now, as so many times before, hung upon Cromwell and a few fighting, praying men. Such a crisis ever brought out the man and made his grand assumption strongest in words and deeds, that the Lord of Hosts was on his side and the man Cromwell his chief captain. And who shall say that this grand assumption had not a world's prophecy in its burden, seeing that republicanism is the world's final issue? Who shall say that it had not a diviner origin than Cromwell's soul, or that it was not the voice of the world's

Providence speaking in him, though he understood it not; prophesying in the actions of its mightiest instrument with all his imperfections of the empire of peoples above kings wrought out by God-fearing men? Such were the Pilgrim Puritans; such were George Washington and the Revolutionary sires! With the whole Scots army on the right, the sea on the left, and the whole nation of Scotland behind, yet Cromwell heard the voice, "in the mount the Lord would be seen." When the sires of our own independence were there, they saw him too.

On the night preceding the memorable 3d of September, 1650, while the Scots yet "hovered upon the hills like a thick cloud menacing ruin and destruction," Cromwell called his chief officers together and gave general instruction to the army to seek the Lord. After devotions he assumed his wonted serenity, and "*bade all take heart, for God had certainly heard them and would appear for them.*" On the morning he caused a detachment to attack the enemy at six o'clock; and when he saw that the Scots were coming down the heights he exclaimed: "God is delivering them into our hands; they are coming down to us!" His generalship was as magnificent as his inspiration, and when the sun was rising in his majesty he cried aloud: "Now let God arise, and his enemies shall be smitten!" But they were not the Scots and the renowned General who had fought with Cromwell at Marston Moor against Charles I., but they who fought against Cromwell and his little host for Charles II. In a little more than an hour, with very little loss on our hero's side, the enemy was thrown into a panic, upward of four thousand were killed, and in the chase upward of ten thousand taken prisoners, including one hundred and forty chief officers.

Subsequently Charles II. marched into England at the head of a formidable Scotch army, to the dismay of Parliament; but Cromwell followed him, and in the battle of Worcester Charles II.'s hopes during Cromwell's life were annihilated. Besides the slain of the king's army, ten thousand six hundred were taken prisoners, including all the principal generals, and six hundred officers besides. Then followed the chapter of events that made Cromwell for life "Lord Protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland."

The reign of Parliament had been a reign of England's might, and it gave abundant proof that England, as a republic, with the potent spirits of the nation ruling, would far eclipse the glory of her monarchical career. When Cromwell returned from Scotland victorious, the English navy, on its side, had "swept from the seas the friends of the Inquisition and the enemies of freedom, and had broken for ever the maritime power of the Dutch." Nor did the prestige of England decline after the might of the nation had become embodied in the name and person of Cromwell. The powers of Europe attributed the giant force which England manifested, both at home and abroad, to the genius and

force of Cromwell himself. From the first the cause of the nation was won in him, and he had inspired his countrymen with his own nature and the fervor of the times. In fact, Cromwell was an embodiment of the times; and the strongest expression of the religious and political temper of England during his life. It was the same temper as that which has since brought forth the American nation, with its glorious republicanism and constitutional religious liberty. Indeed, the same men that gave birth to the Commonwealth of England gave birth to Anglo-Saxon America. They were puritanic and republican in their very genius, and Cromwell, even when on the throne, was but a Puritan and a republican still. He was but a President for life, made such because he was the lion of the age; and no man could be King or President while a Cromwell lived, excepting Cromwell himself. He was not transmittible in hereditary rule. He was not the king but the people; and, at last, the people bore the name of Cromwell. It was the name of all England. The nation adopted it because it was the strongest name in itself, at the time, like the man. But foreign powers could better understand the might of republican, puritanic England of the seventeenth century when crowded into a name and a man, than it could in the grand ideal of the people's sovereignty. Kingdom was an easier problem for monarchs to solve in that age than republic, and they hastened to throw themselves at the foot of Cromwell's throne. At his court there were ambassadors from France, Spain, Holland, Portugal, and Denmark, striving which should most abjectly prostrate themselves and their respective nations to the man whose force of character broke the charm of monarchy and first showed to the world the might of the Anglo-Saxon race without a king. It was a novel spectacle then, though Cromwell's Puritan brethren in America have since magnified and glorified that spectacle for the world to look up to.

Spain, through its ambassador, assured Cromwell of its affection for him, and said the Spanish minister, "*if he would go a step further, and take upon him the crown*, that his master would venture the crown of Spain to defend him in it." France, on her side, offered to enter into a league, defensive and offensive, with England, and to make war upon Spain; or if England did it upon her own account, France would contribute to the charge. The Dutch agents, ascribing the destruction of their maritime power to the genius of Cromwell rather than to the warlike ability of Parliament, were urgent for peace; and Denmark had sent a special envoy to congratulate his Highness, and was highly pleased to be included in the Dutch treaty; while the terms granted to Portugal were in the loftiest tone, and enforced with a high hand. To win the good-will of Cromwell, Lochart, his ambassador, was received at the French court with all the homage due to the minister of the first monarch in Europe; at the same time, to please England, Cardinal Mazarine refused

to see Charles II., who had traveled through France to meet him at the foot of the Pyrenean hills; nor would the minister of France so much as speak to Charles' envoy. In the terms of his treaties with Holland and Portugal, the Dutch flag was to be struck at sea, upon all occasions, to the English; restitution was to be made for losses sustained by the East India Company; they were to exclude the Prince of Orange and his descendants, prosecute and punish the authors of the massacre committed by their countrymen at Amboyna, and make satisfaction to the heirs and executors of the English sufferers. Denmark, by humble pleading, was at length permitted by Cromwell to be included in the treaty as an ally of the States of Holland, but upon the same stern demand for ample restitution. The treaty was concluded under novel circumstances. The brother of the Portuguese ambassador had been concerned in a murder of an English gentleman, arising out of a quarrel between the principals and their trains. He fled to the refuge of his brother's house; but in vain did he plead that he was by his royal master constituted ambassador in his brother's absence, and was, in consequence, exempt by the law of nations from trial. Cromwell was the law of stern justice, and he would make nations submit to that. The ambassador's brother, and those concerned with him, were tried by an English jury, and all sentenced to be hanged; and the only grace that could be won from Cromwell by the ambassador was the ax instead of the gallows for his brother, while the afflicted ambassador signed the treaty with Cromwell at eight in the morning of the day of his brother's execution, and hastily embarked at Gravesend. When the king of Portugal hesitated to confirm the treaty, Cromwell sent word to his famous admiral, Blake, "to take, arrest, and seize upon the fleet or fleets belonging to the king of Portugal," etc., which Blake quickly communicated to the Portuguese king, who thereupon ratified the treaty with all haste, and as an offering for mercy and favor sent a large sum of money, which was immediately shipped to England.

After much weighing of the matter he decided upon throwing the might of England against Spain and with France, and thus he completed what Elizabeth had begun; and from that day Spain was wiped out of Europe as the great continental chief, and France took her place. He is blamed for having thus disturbed the "balance of power" in Europe, but England had not outlived Elizabeth's days; and France had, during the revolution, not offended, while Spain had been guilty of unprovoked cruelties toward the Puritans in America. The champion of the Independents, and of religious liberty everywhere, dispatched this noble epistle to Rome: "Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England, to the Pope of Rome. Let the Piedmontese worship God according to their own consciences, or my fleets shall be seen in the Mediterranean, and the thunder of my cannon shall be heard in the Vatican."

On one occasion, after reading a characteristic letter from Blake to his council, relating how that gallant admiral had asserted the rights of some English sailors which had been violated by Spaniards, by threatening to destroy a Spanish town in three hours after notice unless satisfaction was given, Cromwell exultingly remarked, that "*he hoped he should make the name of an Englishman as great as ever that of a Roman had been.*" And this was before he had declared war with Spain.

War with Spain came. Cromwell's admiral, Blake, broke the power of Spain at sea, while six thousand troops were sent to help Louis XIV. against the Spaniards. The siege of Dunkirk followed, at which were present with the French army the king, the famous Marshal Turenne, and the great Prince Conde. Dunkirk was to be delivered up to Cromwell when taken. The French were for raising the siege; but the English commanders threatened that if the siege were raised, the alliance with England would "be broken the same hour." The French army was allowed to be drawn out; but the English, impatient for the attack, fell upon the Spanish van with so much fury that the enemy fell back in disorder; then they fell on the main body, which were also defeated after a desperate resistance. And all this was wrought without the aid of the French, more than the trivial support of a body of cavalry. At the close of the glorious engagement, Marshal Turenne with about one hundred officers came up to the English and alighted, and embraced the officers, telling them that they never saw a more glorious action in their lives; and that they were so transported that they had not the power to move or do a thing. The great Prince Conde said "he had never seen so gallant an action as that day's performance by the English." No, for till that day he had not seen the army fight whose battle-cry was, "The Lord of Hosts is with us!"—never seen the might of Cromwell's "God-fearing men" whom he had called into a host, and filled with his own spirit so as to be invincible against the force of Charles with all his attraction of "right divine," and of all Europe when it stood against the army of the Lord and His chosen captain. That is just what Cromwell believed himself to be. He was the incarnation of hypocrisy and ambition, was the judgment of England after it apostatized back into the superstition of king-craft. But that judgment was burdened with the fool's emptiness. It *explains* nothing, but adds to the great Puritan-republican problem of the seventeenth century an infinite mystification. Hypocrisy is not inspired; but Cromwell inspired a nation and awed a world. His very policy to win the great issue with "God-fearing men" is a proof at once of his great human insight and of his own genuine character. He was not only one of the "God-fearing men," a fact which made him invincible, and the cause invincible, and his army invincible; but as a statesman and a general, out-

side of his own religious consistency, he was an enthusiast upon the subject of placing the empire upon the shoulders of men who feared God. The "divine" John Milton and his patriot brothers, who were themselves inspired by the same spirit, did not look upon him as a hypocrite; and it is worthy of Milton's poetic immortality that it was his pen which wrote those magnificent letters to the European monarchs—such as the one to the Pope of Rome at the dictation of the mighty Cromwell. Call the man a grand fanatic if you must call him names, for it is one of those epithets that makes splendid fools of us and satisfies us immensely. The great problem of the times and the man *might* have had more than man in it, but anyhow it is big enough to be commanding if we call it by no higher or stronger name than Cromwell. Truly, when he lived, there was a "British lion;" and were he and Puritan-republican England of the seventeenth century alive again, we should not have the satisfaction of calling the mother country "old granny," as now we do. He reigned as Lord Protector for the brief space of five years, and he died the "grand fanatic" that he had lived—Thomas Cromwell, one of his biographers, says "more like a mediator than a sinner." A man's last moments and prayers which could call up such a fancy have volumes in them. England never was so great in religious and national force as when Cromwell reigned. It was that nation's golden era. Two years after the accursed house of the Stuarts was restored, and "the bones of the Puritan hero, with those of two of his fellow-soldiers and workers for what they felt was God's truth, were hung on Tyburn gallows." But Cromwell and his Puritan brethren, with their republican cause, have received a glorious resurrection in our American nationality.

THE LARGE TOWNS OF BRITAIN.—The population of London in the middle of the present year was estimated by the Registrar-General at 3,082,372; Edinburg (city) 176,081; of Dublin (city and some suburbs) 319,210; of the borough of Liverpool, 492,439; of the city of Manchester, 362,823, and of the borough of Salford, 115,013; of the city of Glasgow, 440,979; of the borough of Birmingham, 343,948; of the borough of Leeds, 232,438; of the borough of Sheffield, 225,199; of the city of Bristol, 165,576; of the borough of Newcastle-on-Tyne, 124,860; of the borough of Hull, 106,740.

WASHINGTON, before the rebellion, contained a population of 65,900 souls; but to-day it is said to have a population of 130,000, counting in the suburb of Georgetown. The buildings erected during the present year number not less than 1,500, and yet rents continue exorbitantly high, and comfortable dwellings are hard to obtain at any price. Northern ideas of business have taken the place of the old way of letting well enough alone, and there is a new spirit of enterprise prevailing, which promises to make the city worthy of being the national metropolis.



VICTORIA I.—ENGLAND.



NAPOLEON III.—FRANCE.



ALEXANDER II.—RUSSIA.

EUROPE—ITS SOVEREIGNTIES.

WITH PORTRAITS AND SKETCHES.

EUROPE is the smallest, but the most populous and highly cultivated of the three grand divisions of the Eastern Hemisphere. Its area is estimated at nearly 3,800,000 square miles—about 800,000 more than the area of the United States, exclusive of Walrusia—while it has a population of nearly 270,000,000, an average of $73\frac{1}{2}$ for each square mile. This area is divided into about forty-five kingdoms, principalities, and republics, each governed by its hereditary monarch or elective council. The largest of the subdivisions is the empire of Russia, which contains a population of nearly 70,000,000, and an area of 2,042,000 square miles—over half the entire continent. The smallest nationality is the little republic of San Marino, with its sovereign council. It comprehends but twenty-four square miles of territory and over eight thousand inhabitants. As it may not be known to most of our readers to what extent republican principles may have obtained a foothold in European legislation, we will state that, besides San Marino, there are five states whose form of government is republican. These are Andorra, population in 1860, 15,000; the free city of Hamburg, population 222,379; the Ionian Islands, population 227,109; Lubeck, population 55,423; and the Swiss Confederation, population 2,534,250. Sandwiched as these small samples of popular rule are by the greater and more or less absolute monarchies of Europe, and preserving so firmly their peculiar national characteristics, we, as Americans, can not but experience a thrill of pride as we behold thus clearly exemplified the strong and enduring principles of republicanism.

Of the thirty-nine other nations we will particularize but eleven of the most influential, giving a few details concerning each, and a brief biographical review of its sovereign.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Prominent among the first-rate powers stands GREAT BRITAIN, the nature of whose government is a limited monarchy. With Ireland the area of this country is a little over 121,000 square miles, while its population is little short of 30,000,000. Its chief city, London, is one of the largest cities in the world, and the most important in commercial enterprise.

Victoria I. Alexandrina, Queen of England, was born at Kensington Palace, May 24th, 1819, and is the only child of the late Edward Duke of Kent, son of King George III. She succeeded to the throne on the death of William IV., her uncle, June 20th, 1837, and was crowned June 28th, 1838. February 10th, 1840, she was married to Prince Albert, of Saxe Coburg Gotha. She has had nine children, all of whom are living. Her reign is unexampled in English history for its tranquillity and political influence in European affairs.

Victoria, who is she? and what of her? She is a woman considerably under the average in stature, and may be described as "short and dumpy." She has blue eyes, light hair, a round, plump face, and a well-formed head. Her most remarkable trait is a high moral sense, not very common to women in her position. She was a dutiful child, a faithful wife, a loving mother, a devout Christian, and every way a good ruler. If she be in some degree nervous, excitable, or eccentric, she is no different or worse than the majority of women. Ethnologically, she is a good type of the Anglo-Saxon, the Teutonic element predominating.



EMPRESS EUGENIE.



WILLIAM I.—PRUSSIA.



FRANCIS JOSEPH—AUSTRIA.



CHRISTIAN IX.—DENMARK.



WILLIAM III.—HOLLAND.



LEOPOLD III.—BELGIUM.

FRANCE.

A monarchy with a national Assembly, includes a territory 210,732 square miles in extent, with a population of nearly 37,000,000. Paris, the capital, is considered one of the most beautiful cities in the world, and ranks next to London in population.

Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, the youngest son of Louis Bonaparte and Hortense, daughter of the Empress Josephine, was born in Paris, April 20th, 1808. After a strangely checkered career, in which proscription and banishment are marked features, he was selected in 1848 one of the deputies to the National Assembly. In May, 1850, he was made President of France. In November, 1852, he was elected Emperor by a popular vote, and so proclaimed under the title of Napoleon III.

Napoleon is something like his uncle in ambition and cunning, but unlike him in native ability. He has less self-reliance, less intellectual reach or comprehensiveness. He is more influenced by advisers, and will steer his course so as to avoid the rocks on which his uncle foundered. In him there is something more of the sensual than of the spiritual, but nevertheless he has a spirit potent for a moderate degree of good, or for great mischief. His aims, his ambitions, are all in the direction of self-gratification. It will never be said of him that he subordinated Louis Napoleon for the good of anything, or anybody. His ruling motives are love of praise and love of power.

Eugenie Marie De Guzman, Empress of the French, was born at Granada, in Spain, May 5th, 1826, and is the second daughter of the Count of Montijo. She was married to the Emperor Napoleon III., January 30th, 1853. In the absence of the Emperor during the Italian war of 1859 she exercised the office of Regent. Eugenie is a sensitive, delicate creature, very much like ten thousand other highly cultured, fashionable ladies. Her eyes are blue, her hair is light, and her general organization fine and delicate. She is the mother of one fragile child, about whose life and health there is much anxiety in royal circles. We give his portrait elsewhere. Eugenie exhibits her benevolence by visiting asylums, hospitals, prisons, and workshops. She has a pleasant word for those who need it, and sweet smiles for those who do not. Her brain is neither large nor small, but is fairly developed in most respects. She is neither a philosopher nor an imbecile. With ordinary care and nursing, it may be reasonably presumed that she will be able to spin out a moderately protracted existence. Whatever influence she exerts, we may safely hope to be in the direction of her better nature.

RUSSIA.

The empire of Russia, embracing as it does nearly half the entire area of Europe, possesses the elements of great power and influence. Its sovereign is absolute. Of the population and extent of the country we have already spoken. Within a few years past, under the administration of energetic monarchs, it has taken position inferior to none among the continental nations.

Alexander II., Emperor of Russia, was born April 29th, 1818. He was carefully educated, and in early life accustomed to military discipline. His accession to the throne occurred March 2d, 1855, since which time his administration of the government has been characterized by measures eminently conducive to peace, and the intellectual and social improvement of his subjects.

Alexander is a brisk, active, wide-awake, go-ahead sort of a man. He inherits something of his father's strength, and more of his mother's amiability, sympathy, taste, and refinement. He is still comparatively young, and may hope to grow into comparative greatness or power. A marked feature in his character is the expression of enterprise, activity, and intelligence. We think the world will be no worse for his having lived in it. At present, he is proving his good sense by adopting the new inventions of Americans, including railways, steamships, etc.; also by selling useless or unavailable territory. When he shall take that other great step in the direction of absolute freedom for all his people, he will place his nation on the high road to the front.

PRUSSIA.

Lately considerably advanced in political importance by reason of her successes in the war with Austria, is a constitutional monarchy, and possesses upward of 110,000



VICTOR EMANUEL II.—ITALY.



ISABELLA II.—SPAIN.



DOM LOUIS I.—PORTUGAL.

square miles of country, with nearly 18,000,000 inhabitants. In agricultural and mineral resources Prussia is exceeding rich, while in manufactures she is scarcely second to any nation.

William I., King of Prussia, was born March 22d, 1797. He is the second son of Frederick William III. During the illness of his brother, Frederick William IV., in 1858, he was four times commissioned with the direction of the government until October 9th, 1858, when he was formally declared regent. He became king January 21st, 1861, and though advanced in years is skillful and energetic as a sovereign.

This face indicates a strong will, great dignity, steadfastness, practical common sense, ambition, large Approbativeness, and great love for display. Mark the head and face of this dignitary! Self-Esteem and Firmness are especially prominent, but the head, as a whole, is neither large nor of the finest model. Without his more forcible Bismarck, King William would have been less successful in military or political achievements. Still, there are evidences of an immensely strong will and desire to "have his own way." He is neither very great nor very good, though his aims for liberty, education, and religious freedom are all in the right direction. He is in danger of becoming crusty, and of losing what little amiability he has.

AUSTRIA,

The largest of the German nationalities, having an extent of country of 947,000 square miles, and a population exceeding 35,000,000. The government partakes of the nature of an absolute monarchy. Previous to 1866 Austria was considered the first of the German kingdoms. Its contest with Prussia, resulting in the cession of Luxemburg to that power, and its general submission to Prussian dictation, has considerably reduced its political influence in the diplomatic circles of Europe.

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, was born August 18th, 1830, and is the eldest son of the Archduke Francis and Sophia, a princess of Bavaria. In youth he was taught to speak all the languages of his somewhat mixed dominions. He succeeded to the throne on the abdication of his uncle, Ferdinand I., December 2d, 1848. His reign has not been marked by prosperity, but rather by internal dissensions among the different provinces of his empire and by external complicities with neighboring powers, which, owing to injudicious management on his part, have cost him a considerable portion of his territory.

This is a high and narrow rather than deep and broad head. He is neither gross nor coarse, but refined and elevated in his tastes and character. He would seek the elevation of all, as well as his own promotion, and if he fails, it will be more the error of judgment or of bad counsels than from any predisposition to vice on his part. He may be outgeneraled by more capable and cunning men, but his motives would be good. He is only great because of his office or position, not in natural power or ability. We doubt not that he will improve with age. The experiences he has had of late should tend to open his mind to progress and improvement.

DENMARK.

The King of Denmark is an absolute monarch, yet there is a limited popular representation by a national congress. Denmark comprehends an extent of territory amounting to 21,900 square miles. The number of inhabitants exceeds 2,575,000. Uninterrupted peace and enterprising commercial relations have marked the policy of this nation for several years past.

Charles Frederick Augustus, King of Denmark, with the title of Christian IX., was born July 19th, 1798, and succeeded to the throne November 15th, 1863, Frederick VII. having died childless. The commencement of his reign was somewhat turbulent, owing to the claims preferred by the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein to the succession in the person of Prince Frederick. These claims were urged with so much pertinacity that a war became imminent, but was averted by the intervention of several of the great powers of Europe, on the basis of the "Treaty of London," made May 8th, 1852.

Judged from the portrait, we should say this gentleman would consider himself "a nice young man." He is evidently tasty and testy. He has a broad head, a small cerebellum, and is not very high in Veneration and Spirituality. Activity and executiveness are both well

indicated. There is nothing in this countenance worthy of elaborate remark or description. We think he has mistaken his calling; that he would have made a better mechanic, engineer, or artist than king or statesman. We see nothing in this man that would incline an American citizen to take off his hat and bow in humble meekness to his "august majesty." On the contrary, a passable Republican or Democrat would consider himself the better man, notwithstanding his royal kingship.

HOLLAND.

The Kingdom of Holland, otherwise known as the Netherlands, includes various provinces, comprising together a territory of 13,584 square miles. Its population is upward of 3,700,000. The government is that of a limited constitutional monarchy—hereditary in the male line, but by default of that, in the female. The legislative power is shared by the king and the two chambers of the states-general. Considered with respect to its size, Holland is the most flourishing commercial nation on the face of the globe.

William III., Alexander Paul Frederick Lodewijk, King of Holland, was born at the Hague, February 19th, 1817, and ascended the throne March 17th, 1849. His reign has been marked by important reforms in the administrative policy of the government, and by a careful observance of its constitutional principles. In 1839 he married the Princess Sophia of Wurtemberg, by whom he has two sons now living.

This is a strongly-marked character. The head is broad between the ears, indicating energy and force. It is high and full in intellect, indicating strong, practical common sense and good reflective powers. It is wide through Constructiveness and Acquisitiveness, indicating invention, mechanism, and economy. He would appreciate machinery and its uses, and also works of art and their beauty. There are also high soldierly qualities manifested here, and he is not wanting in moral sense. He would be energetic, self-relying, devotional, tasteful, affectionate, ambitious, and sympathetic, but he is only moderately developed in Cautiousness. Among all the sovereigns he has as favorable an organization as any one among them. Were he an American, we should probably feel proud of him.

BELGIUM.

This state has a territory of 11,268 square miles, and a population of nearly 5,000,000. It is governed by a king, whose powers are limited, and in connection with him there is a national council of two chambers. This country is the most densely populated in Europe, and is celebrated for the extent and character of its manufactures.

The present King of the Belgians, Leopold III., was born at Brussels, April 9th, 1835, and succeeded his father in the occupancy of the throne in 1866. At the age of eighteen he married Marie, Archduchess of Austria.

Evidently a well-meaning, kindly-disposed young man. He has a large and well-formed brain, with a strong and healthy body; moreover, he has for a wife one of the most charming women living. We shall look for progress in his reign, though we can scarcely hope—educated as he was, in a school of monarchical teachings—that he will adopt the broader and better methods of a democratic republic.

ITALY.

The geographical position of Italy is such as should contribute greatly to its importance as a maritime nation. Its extent of seacoast is the largest among European nations. Its area, including the recent acquired province of Venetia and the Papal Possessions, exceeds 113,250 square miles. Its inhabitants number over 25,000,000. The government is a constitutional monarchy. Italy is now emerging from the condition of comparative obscurity which has been her lot for centuries, and seems likely to take and maintain a respectable status among civilized nations.

Victor Emanuel II., King of Italy, formerly King of Sardinia, was born March 14th, 1820. He succeeded to the throne of Sardinia on the abdication of his father in March, 1849. In the war for Italian independence, so ably promoted by Garibaldi against Austria, he secured the esteem of his subjects and the regard of the distinguished patriot, and took the title of King of Italy, March 17th, 1861. His reign since that time has been marked by

some energy, although he truckles considerably to the weightier powers of Europe.

Characteristically, Victor Emmanuel is a proud, puffed-up, pompous little man. Should he be seen alone in the streets of New York or Chicago, he would, undoubtedly, and most truthfully, be pronounced a "swell." He has been made great more by accident than by any special act or merit of his own. He lacks the grandeur and nobleness of high and honorable manhood, and will play the sycophant to those who permit him to serve. Approbativeness and love of show or display form the leading traits in his weak character. "Vanity of vanities"—with him, all is vanity. We see no hope for Italy while he is in the way to block the wheels of progress. We can not doubt that Providence will remove him in good time, when the people will have been sufficiently developed to become self-regulating.

SPAIN.

Spain, occupying the larger portion of the peninsula at the southwestern extremity of continental Europe, has territory amounting to over 176,500 square miles. Its population is nearly 15,500,000. The character of the government is that of a constitutional monarchy, with a legislative assembly of two chambers. Spain, at one time a dominant state in Europe, is now comparatively weak and unimportant.

Isabella II., Queen of Spain, was born in October, 1830. Ferdinand VII., her father, died near the close of the year 1833, having appointed by will Maria Christina, his queen, regent until the young queen should attain the age of eighteen. After a turbulent administration of the regency, Isabella was declared queen, but the continued interference of her mother in public affairs led to her expulsion from Spain in 1854, leaving Isabella in possession of the throne.

Our artist has overdrawn, modified, and beautified the head and face of this voluptuous woman. In her, the vital temperament and animal propensities predominate; she is more animal than mental, more sensual than spiritual. We grant that, as compared with most ladies, she has more to struggle against than many others, in order to subordinate the passions to higher principles. It was unfortunate that one with such tendencies should have been placed in such a responsible and conspicuous position. Her example is anything but good or elevating. There will be comparatively few mourners when she shall be called hence. A poor, impulsive, selfish, sensual woman.

PORTUGAL,

Is 38,663 square miles in extent, and contains nearly 4,000,000 of inhabitants. It is a constitutional monarchy, and possesses some eminence, mainly on account of its maritime position.

Dom Louis I., the present King of Portugal, is the second son of Dona Maria II. and Prince Ferdinand of Saxe Coburg. He succeeded to the throne on the death of his elder brother, Pedro V., near the close of the year 1861, and is now about twenty-six years of age.

Passable, only passable; great in nothing except in his own estimation. Propped up by a parliament of older and wiser men, restrained by the good social and high moral influences of others, he may be kept on the track; but if left to himself we doubt if his course would be "onward and upward." Grace will do much for those who do but little for themselves, provided they put themselves in the way of it. He will need all good influences to keep him straight. He has a voluptuous expression, indicating more of the animal than of the spiritual. Stripped of his royal birthright, of his equipage and trappings, he would be left an ordinary human being, with nothing special to recommend him; but he is young, and may improve.

OURSELVES.

SOME REFLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY THE FORE-GOING.

In contrast with these male and female monarchs, Americans lose nothing. We may find in every State Legislature throughout our Union fifty, or a hundred, men who are the peers of any of these hereditary kings,

queens, or emperors. Indeed, they are only poor frail human beings, like the rest of us. They eat, drink, and sleep the same, and are not blest with more faculties of mind, or more bones or muscles of body. They strut, swell, swagger, and show temper when they need not. They are superior in nothing but the accidental circumstance of birth; and this more frequently costs them their heads than it insures tranquillity of mind or growth in moral power. Human monarchies are human impositions, and must go down before the onward march of intelligence, freedom, and Christianity. How significant the words of the inspired writer in allusion to the cry of the Israelites for a king! "And He gave them a king in His anger;" as if the institution of the monarchical system was in chastisement for inconstancy and unbelief.

Let any reasonable man—be he American or European—contemplate successively affairs in Europe and in America, and he will declare himself more favorably disposed toward the latter. How paltry, if not ludicrous, the contrast! In Europe we find an extent of territory not half the size of the United States split into thirty-four different nationalities. Twenty-eight or nine of these have respectively their royal establishment, with all the expensive equipage and privilege connected therewith. Can we wonder that so many millions in Europe groan under the grievous taxation and oppression which is even necessary to sustain so many kings, queens, princesses, and courts in their desired magnificence. No wonder that a standing army must be kept within the reach of the sovereign's voice, in every monarchy. The spirit of the *common* people must be repressed, subdued by the strong arm of military force, or it would burst into revolution all over the Continent. Witness the past history of France, Switzerland, Hungary, Poland, Italy, England, and the under swell of popular sentiment in Europe now.

In this country, until the seeds of revolution sown by imported aristocratic influence under the pseudonym of secession had germinated into open rebellion against "the best government under heaven," a strong military array to enforce law and order and maintain individual rights was not thought of in the council of the nation. And even now, so soon after a war unexampled in magnitude and ferocity, the United States Government maintains in arms a regular force for merely frontier purposes, so small that an insignificant European monarch would proudly point in contemptuous comparison at the decorated legions that support his throne and depend on his subsidies. The mutual confidence among its people, inspired by a free government, tacitly if not avowedly repels the idea of the officers of that government having at their disposal a military force of sufficient strength to overawe the citizen. No; Americans would be free, and feel free; and their efforts to maintain free government find a sympathetic chord among the masses of king-ridden Europe. America has

become too strong a nation, and is too intimately related through her promiscuous and foreign-born population with every civilized country of the old world, not to exert a powerful and increasing influence on the civil affairs of Europe. With her prosperity, the deeply rooted principles of human liberty there expand, and in time will ameliorate the nations. Let the heaven work. Well may the crowned heads feel uneasy on account of the growing sentiment that is clamorous for reform. If they heed the premonitions, and wisely yield to the people the right so long withheld, it may be well for them. If they oppose the mighty movement, it will ere long sweep them with their senseless assumptions before it, as the hurricane disperses the dry leaves.

DON'T BE CONTENTED!

"A CONTENTED mind is a continual feast!"

There's where we don't agree with the wise man of old! He must have been a conservative—one of the barnacles that cling to the huge, helpless hull of antiquity. If he had practiced just exactly as he preached, that gorgeous temple never would have reared its shining pinnacles in the blue air of the holy city!

Moreover, "circumstances alter cases." Contented minds might have done very well in those gray old times when people lived a wandering, easy, shiftless sort of life, rolling up their tents and trudging off under the palm-trees, very much as traveling peddlers and itinerant ministers live now! The weather was very convenient, too—a rain of quails, with the article at fifty cents a pair, or a shower of manna, with flour at nineteen dollars a barrel, wasn't so unhandy. Besides, they didn't pay Croton water bills, and no greedy landlord pounced on 'em four times a year to pay their own weight in gold for tent-room and taxes!

We find, in the average run of every-day life, that "contented minds" are very apt to become anything but "continual feasts" with unlucky souls who are associated with them! Contented minds stand contentedly still! They vote against modern improvements; they persist in thinking that the old windlass is better than the modern chain pump; they assert, with features of stolidity, that tallow candles, pounding tubs, and toilsome sewing by hand are good enough for *them*! They don't believe in your new-fangled notions about machinery! And when you think you are on the verge of converting them to some idea or other a few hundred years later than the times of Ptolemy or Plato, they suddenly "let you down" by a hollow groan, and a "Well, I dare say it's all very fine, but give *me* the good old good times!"

What is the use of trying to do anything with such people as that!

Did you ever travel? Well, the ruinous, tumble-down old farmhouses with wood-piles and pigsties in front and swampy wildernesses behind, invariably belong to the people of

"contented minds." They are out cutting their grass with slow sweeps of the scythe and abundance of that part of our original punishment comprehended under the head of "sweat of the brow," while half a mile farther on a mowing machine hums merrily over the level meads, the incarnation of all-daring radicalism to their shocked vision. Their fences are all awry; their gates swing on one hinge; their windows are supported by sticks, like ancient pilgrims leaning on their staffs; they are propped here and braced there, and some day great will be the fall thereof! You see they are partaking of that "continual feast" alluded to in the proverb! Their girls pick berries for a few cents a quart, and invest the proceeds in gilt jewelry set with green and red glass; their boys, prematurely bent, sallow, and stunted, toil all day, and study "Daboll's Arithmetic" at night. Their fathers and mothers traveled the same beaten road before them; and the contented mind says, "What is good enough for my father is good enough for my son!" It would be, perhaps, if the world were like a tortoise; but the world moves—it is a *LIVE* world!

Nature never stands still an instant; she is always progressing! From the tiny seed leaves to the perfect bud; from the bud to the blossom; from blossom to ripened seed, she moves to the grand march of creation. It is part of God's religion to move and live; we have no right to settle down like fossils and let the tide of improvement flow past us like a dream.

Don't be contented, young man! Don't rest until you have a home over your head; and then don't be contented until you have a thrifty wife and two or three rosy little ones to make it cheerful; and then don't be contented until you have surrounded it with trees and vines and graceful shrubs. Keep improving it as you would keep improving yourself; is it not a representation, a type of your own being?

Young woman, don't allow yourself to be deceived by the respectable old age and hoary plausibility of the axioms of conservatism. So far as things are irremediably, be contented—but not a hair's breadth farther. Keep improving yourself, mentally, physically, socially. Give your husband the daily example of noble aspirations and properly directed ambition. Set your children in life's broad path with their faces turned heavenward, and bid them never stand still, but move on upward to the goal Heaven itself intended us all to attain!

We are tired of seeing people fall back, limp and helpless, on the principle of "let well enough alone!" We say, make "well enough" better! We believe in what Ignatius Loyola says: "First pray as if everything depended on prayer; then work as if everything depended on *work*!" You may be sure the old Jesuit was right. There are better feasts than a contented mind, if one is only willing to work for them.

When you have reached the level God meant you to reach; when you have done life's work, be contented; until then, our advice is, "be discontented!"

CRAYON BLANC.

NEW YORK.

JANUARY, 1868.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Poe.*

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SALUTATORY.

THE SHIP SAILS TO-DAY! We now embark on a new year's voyage, 1868. This is our THIRTIETH in the service. Our craft, the A. P. J., has been well tried; she is staunch and seaworthy; has never failed to keep all her appointments; never struck a rock; never collided; never entered port disabled, or "short of coals." She has often encountered head winds; has had frequent rough passages; weathering storms and encountering fresh gales. But with sails snugly reefed and hatches down she triumphantly rode out every gale. She has kept clear of dangerous coasts, and was never lost in the fog. She is worked by men of experience, knowledge, and energy. She never lost a passenger—though she has carried many thousands; has picked up and brought to land many lost wanderers, found floating hither and thither on the wild tempestuous seas of life, without compass or rudder—and hopeless!

Metaphor aside. We enter, to-day, upon the forty-seventh volume of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. There is no broken link in the chain of months since it begun. It closed its last year's volume with a larger circulation than it ever before enjoyed since its rates of subscription were raised; an evidence that its principles are better appreciated than formerly, and that the prejudice which its earlier advocates unfortunately caused to be brought against it, is being overcome. Formerly, the clergy, and other good men, seeing Phrenology prostituted by bad men to ignoble purposes, took ground against it and them. The error on their part consisted in their confounding the genuine with the counterfeit; and in their haste to put down the

wicked, trampled on the good. A better state of things now prevails. The ignorant pretenders, the vulgar vagabonds, are leaving the field, and a better class succeed them. It was once believed—and indeed it was so taught—that one must of necessity act in accordance with his phrenological developments and inclinations; that the phrenological organs indicated just what he would do; in short, that he was fated to be good, or to be bad. Whereas the truth is, we are to study ourselves, discover our besetting sins, tendencies to excess or perversion, and in love and fear work out our salvation. Instead of being *fated*, we are left *free* to do as we please, right or wrong—to be good or bad. No intelligent phrenologist ever pretended to tell what one has done, nor what he will do. He simply compares one with another, and points out differences, indicating capabilities, deficiencies, and what are his natural endowments. Is he artistic, mechanical? or is he inclined to literature, science, or philosophy? Is he generous? or is he selfish? Loving? or indifferent? Economical? or prodigal? And so on through the catalogue of all the faculties. But though I may have a violent temper, it does not follow that I shall commit murder. And though I may be skeptical, it is not to be inferred that I may not obtain a full measure of faith and become a consistent worshiper.

When our beautiful science shall be weeded from the vagaries that some of its ignorant advocates have hitched on to it; when it shall be freed from the incubus of ignorant pretenders, it will shine forth in its true colors, and be welcomed into the innermost recesses of the highest cultured minds.

We now have on our subscription books the names of a large number of clergymen, statesmen, authors, teachers, physicians, and men of science. They write us letters of heartiest thanks for benefits received.

A river will not rise higher than its source. Until Phrenology can be *taught* by the highest cultured minds, in the highest schools of learning, it can not obtain the indorsement of the world. Before it can be got into the schools, we must create a demand for it, by placing it within reach of the people. When *they* come to know its utility, they will

demand that it be taught to their sons and daughters. Our hope, dear reader, is in *you*. You who know something of it, can bring it to the notice of those who know nothing of it. And thus knowledge shall be increased. Every word spoken in its favor, every page of print circulated, will be, if no more, as a "drop in the bucket;" and many drops make an ocean!

WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO?

Place your hand on the head of a young man, and in kindness and in sincerity tell him his faults—his excess of appetite, willfulness, lustfulness, pride, passion, envy, jealousy; his heedlessness, or his timidity; his avarice, or want of economy; his lack of application, or his plodding disposition; his respect for others, or the lack of it. Tell him his true character, and he will, at first, be startled at the revelation. He will confess, with meekness, the truth—if truth you tell him—and, like Nicodemus, he will beg to know what he may do to be saved. You can then point out the way, and name the means. Your basis on which to build is the CONSTITUTION of MAN—body, brain, soul. Tell him *how to live*. Warn him against bad habits; and by the aid of science, revelation, and Christianity, it is in the power of a godly phrenologist to direct that young man in the way of light, love, righteousness, and devotion. And *this* is our answer to the question, "What good will it do?"

ENCOURAGEMENT, NOT FLATTERY.

None are all bad—none all good. All have their faults. All their virtues and graces. Kick, cuff, and scold a poor child—tell him he is only a dunce—that he has not a redeeming trait, and you do him an irreparable injury; you crush out all ambition and aspiration, and leave him a hopeless wreck. He gives up the ship, and relapses into a moping despondency. On the contrary, indulge a child—flatter him, make him believe he is greater and better than others—he will become puffed up with vanity, egotism, and bombast. He will bore you with self-laudation, insufferable to one with only ordinary patience. He—or she—has been literally *spoiled* by wicked flattery. A knowledge of Phrenology on the part of parents would have prevented excess in either case, and

developed harmonious and well-balanced heads and characters.

CHOOSING ASSOCIATES.

It is the privilege of each to decide with whom he will form intimate relations. We may, indeed we are in duty bound to, look after the welfare of our neighbors. The poor ye shall always have with you—and it is fortunate, especially for the rich, that it is so. Has it not been said that “it is more blessed to *give* than to receive?” But this does not imply a necessity of intimate social relations with ignorant boors, nor with clowns or jockeys. Nor should virtuous children be contaminated by mixing with the dissolute. Keepers of prisons and alms-houses will discriminate as to where and with whom to place new-comers, in order to prevent the unfortunate from becoming bad. It is very wrong to place juvenile offenders with old criminals. If one at first is only a thief, he may be rescued, or by bad associations he may become a robber and a murderer.

THE OBJECTS OF LIFE

are made more clear by the aid of our science. Instead of groping our way in the dark—not realizing for *what* we were created; blundering first one way and then another, we lose half a lifetime in learning *how to live*; accomplishing, too many of us, little or nothing, while thousands simply clog the wheels of progress by their worthless presence. Can it be doubted that any of these would thus waste the golden opportunities which are open to every one, did he *know* his capabilities as Phrenology would have made it clear to him?

FINALLY.

There are millions of human beings in the world, and no two *exactly alike*; as we differ in size, shape, color, and complexion, so we differ in thought and in action. Hitherto, in times long past, men were put to death for simple differences of opinion. Consider the holy wars, the Christian martyrs, religious persecutions, and say if “man’s inhumanity to man” has not “made countless millions mourn?” But a brighter day is dawning. Let us survey the field of life and light to-day. What do we see? Religious conventions of different denominations exchanging deputations and salutation; Young Men’s Christian Associations in every considerable town and

city; munificent sums donated by wealthy men and women for every worthy charity; and hospitals, asylums, colleges, schools, being built and endowed in every State; every heart vying with its neighbor to do the most good. Say what we may of religious bigotry and superstition, there is at present religious freedom in America, and soon will be the world over. The days of absolutism in politics and in religion are numbered. Phrenology sheds light on the entire rights, duties, and privileges of man. Embrace it, apply it, disseminate it, and God will bless it to our use, and to His glory.

OUR COUNTRY.

WHILE discontent and unrest are everywhere apparent in the old world—and not without good cause—while revolutions are constantly threatened; and standing armies, which produce nothing, but eat up the substance of the industrious, are required to keep the peace; while commotions and upheavals are constantly occurring among the monarchies, *we* are quietly settling our political disputes, electing our *servants* for a brief period—not hereditary rulers for life and an unwelcome succession—reconstructing our communities and industries; reorganizing all things, improving our rivers and harbors, opening up vast new territories for settlement, improving our schools and all educational facilities, multiplying churches and missionary services everywhere, making wonderful strides in mechanical inventions, perfecting our architecture—both public and private, opening beautiful and healthful public parks for the people; when, we ask, was there ever a nation with prospects so bright? We are now, and have been from the start, clearly on a rising scale. Since the birth of our great Republic we have had but a single “draw-back,” and that our late war—which can never be repeated—for the *cause* is removed, and we are to-day stronger in mind, muscle, material, and patriotism than ever before.

Let us see what we have bought, and what we paid for it. Since the present government was established, the United States have acquired the following territory, on the terms named:

1. The purchase of Louisiana and the

Mississippi Valley, in 1803, from France, for \$15,000,000.

2. The purchase of Florida, in 1810, from Spain, for \$3,000,000.

3. The annexation of Texas, in 1845.

4. The purchase of California, New Mexico, and Utah, from Mexico, for \$15,000,000, in 1848.

5. The purchase of Arizona, from Mexico, for \$10,000,000, in 1854.

6. The purchase of the immense Russian Possessions, running down on the Pacific coast from the north pole to 54° 40', north latitude, at which line it strikes the British Possessions, for \$7,000,000.

We wait the wish of the Canadas, adjoining provinces, Mexico, Cuba, the Bahamas, and West India Islands to come under the Stars and Stripes and annex themselves, and become parts of the United States.

At present we are three thousand miles in advance of England on our routes to China, Japan, and the Indies. There are fourteen hundred million acres of public land undisposed of, in which is included our Walrussian purchase; and there are thirty-seven thousand miles of railroad already completed, which, counting from the time of commencing to build them, averages one thousand miles a year. There are 17,860 miles now in course of construction.

We need not enumerate our vast forests, our mountains of iron, beds of copper, coal, lead, silver, and gold in inexhaustible quantities, nor the incomparable richness of our soils, our rivers and lakes, the variety of our climates—tropic, temperate, and arctic, salubrity and clearness of our atmosphere, purity of water, abundance of vegetation, nor of the ten thousand other God-given beauties, grandeur, and utilities vouchsafed to a young, vigorous, and hopeful nation.

But we are in debt! What nation is not? We are heavily taxed! Not to compare with any of the old-world monarchies; and every year will increase our means and reduce our debt and our taxes.

Our legislators and politicians are low, selfish, and corrupt! This is not *worse* than old-world imbecility, ambition, and corruption. Besides, here it is clearly our own fault; for we can, if we will, choose honest, honorable, and intelligent men to fill all our places of trust. *There*, it is rather a misfortune to the people

than their fault, the incumbents being *born* to their places, can not be so easily displaced. Let us not complain of our lot, but rather thank God it is no worse. We can *easily* make it better. Our resources are inexhaustible; our opportunities incomparable. With good motives and well-directed efforts we shall overcome all difficulties and make our lives useful to others, successful to ourselves, and acceptable to the God in whom we live, move, and have our being.

YOUR DUTY.

WITH the questions—What is original sin? In what consists the fall of man? Will the heathen be saved? Predestination, Free-will, and so forth, we will not now involve ourselves or our readers. When the old-school philosophers, and theologians of all schools, finish ciphering out these problems, we may open our phrenological camera and let in the clear light of day on these and other vexed questions. At present, we have to do with *present* duties—duties relating to growth, health, character, life.

Mainwayringe quaintly, but truly, says: "Nor is it left *arbitrary*, at the will and pleasure of every man, to do as he *list*; after the dictates of a depraved *humor* and extravagant *phancy*, to live at what rate he pleaseth; but every one is bound to observe the *Injunction* and *Law* of *Nature*, upon the penalty of forfeiting their *health*, *strength*, and *liberty*—the true and long enjoyment of themselves." In other words, no man has a right to injure his health by dissipation or "fast living." He has no right to indulge any habit which may impair his strength, his mind, or his morals.

Disease is an abnormal condition, and results from violated law. Health is the normal condition, and comes from obedience to natural law. There are degrees of health and disease, as there are of virtue and vice. Sickness is an evidence of physical sinning; it may be done knowingly, or it may be done ignorantly—the penalty is the same. If we violate a civil law, the penalty is a fine, imprisonment, or the gallows. If we violate a moral law, we must confess and repent, if we would be free from its condemnation. *There is no such thing as sinning without suffering.* Appetite, af-

fection, love of money, ambition, *all* are to be subordinated to the spiritual, and in the love and fear of God we are to do our duty by doing His will.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

WE TOUCH THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS BY RAIL! It is invigorating even to contemplate the vast achievements of the human mind and human hand. Under God, man is working out his salvation, physically and spiritually, in a most marvelous manner. He is glorifying God by his faith and his works. He *believed* that a railway could be built from the Atlantic to the Pacific ACROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, and lo, 'tis done! or it soon will be. We have the rails laid from Portland, Maine, to Omaha, Nebraska, over 1,800 miles, and from Omaha—500 miles west—to the base of the Rocky Mountains! Ten thousand Chinamen and others are blasting the rocks, shoveling, wheeling earth, and laying track at the west end, working toward the east; while thousands of others are working toward the west. They will meet ere long, when the iron steed will be heard rushing through the Western wilds, carrying intelligence, commerce, and civilization into the richest portion of our globe.

We are not ambitious for riches, nor even for a pecuniary interest in the gold and silver mountains; but we want the road that we may visit the aborigines in their primitive homes. We want to visit our cousins and correspondents in California. We want to "summer" in the land of the Crows, Flatheads, Blackfeet, Snakes, Diggers, and the rest. What a resort for ruralizing! Buffalo, elk, antelope, deer, wild fowl, prairie dog, fish, etc., in abundance, and in endless variety. Then what a land for farming, fruit-growing, grazing, pasture lands, among the best in the world! and may be had for the asking. Climate, the most salubrious and healthful. We are impatient to take a through ticket on an early through train. Those who want to invest in this greatest of all national enterprises, with a prospect for large profits, are referred to the advertisement of the Union Pacific Railroad.

FORMATION OF CHARACTER.—Have you ever watched the icicle as it formed? Have you noticed how it froze one drop at the time until it was a foot long or more? If the water was clean the icicle remained clear, and sparkled brightly in the sun; but if the water was slightly muddy the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are formed. One little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If each thought be pure and right the soul will be lovely, and will sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be deformity and wretchedness.

Our bodies are composed of bone, muscle, nerve, etc., all which are formed from the blood. And this is either healthy or diseased. Good

food, good drink, good air, etc., make good blood; while poor food, impure drink, filthy tobacco, and other disease-generating substances are enemies to the human system, and tend to cause disease and shorten life. We can not be too careful in what we eat, drink, and *think*.

SUGGESTIONS.—Our readers will find some excellent thoughts in the article on "Uses of Culture in the Ministry," and much interesting information in the chapter on "Europe, and its Prominent Sovereigns." "The Idiotic Trained" is an instructive contribution from the pen of a prominent New York author and editor.

IN our November number of 1867 we published a short article on the "Condition of the Earth Internally," and, as we expected, its unique character has drawn several responses, one of which we print in this edition, as furnishing a carefully prepared exposition of the theory generally entertained by the learned of the dynamic relations of our planet with other heavenly bodies. It was quite evident that the author of "Condition of the Earth Internally" ignored altogether the grand principles enunciated by Newton. It is probable that he had never read the Principia, but came out boldly in the strength of a, to him, new-found idea, and announced it as a triumph of masterly ingenuity.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.—In our next number we will give the first installment of a series of papers on "Mental Action according to the Doctrines recognized by Phrenology." We can promise the prospective reader some excellent food for thought and many interesting suggestions in the course of this series. The papers are the result of much close thinking, and of extended comparative research into the works of the most prominent writers on mental philosophy. A comparative view of the Lords Derby and Stanley, leading representatives of the English ministry, will also be published; besides an article on Principle, from a Shaker contributor at Mount Lebanon. We have in preparation a group of our most eminent American artists, which will be presented, if not in the next, in an early number.

PLEASE OBSERVE.

THE regular subscription price of this JOURNAL is \$3 a year, in advance; sample numbers, 80 cents. Canadian subscribers will remit 24 cents extra, to prepay the yearly postage. European subscribers will remit 48 cents extra for the same purpose.

Remittances should be made in current funds, in registered letters; or by draft, bank check, or post-office order made payable to the Editor.

Clubs may be made up of subscribers residing in different places, and JOURNALS will be sent to one or to a dozen different post-offices.

FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

This distinguished American poet died at his residence in Guilford, Conn., on the night of the 19th of November. He was seventy-seven years of age, having been born in Guilford in 1790. In 1818 he came to New York and entered the mercantile house of Jacob Barker, remaining in his employ for many years. He was afterward for a long time in the employment of John Jacob Astor, and was by him nominated as one of the trustees of the Astor Library. Since the year 1849 Mr. Halleck, having retired from business, has resided in his native place. When very young he began to write verses, and in 1818 his productions first appeared in print. In 1822-23 he visited Europe, and in 1827 published an edition of his poems, since which time several editions of his work have appeared. Mr. Halleck was the author of that renowned poem entitled "Marco Bozzaris," the writing of which would have been sufficient to establish the fame of any man. The chief fault of Mr. Halleck as a writer was that he wrote so little. All that he wrote was carefully and thoroughly studied; but he had the rare talent and tact to hide the labor it cost him. There is nothing loose or slipshod in his productions. Everything is pruned, compacted, and thoroughly digested. There is no evidence of carelessness, inattention, or crudeness, and, as we have said, he has not a labored style, as if he had applied every maxim of scholarship, every canon of criticism to his writings. Still, though they flow naturally, and seem to be precisely what no person could have avoided saying, they are neither stilted, extra dignified, or loaded with mannerisms. No American writer of his ability has written so little, and his reputation is as firmly fixed in the public esteem as that of any other.

Mr. Halleck was a man of medium size, remarkably well built, and very harmonious in the different portions of the physical system. His head was relatively large for the size of his body, which may account for the fact of his writing so little. Men like the late Hon. Thomas H. Benton, who have only a full-sized brain, and a body immensely large and vigorous, can supply to the brain the stimulus for action, and, as it may be said, can hammer away from day to day through a long life, and always make an acceptable effort, while men of large heads and relatively small bodies but occasionally give forth their best efforts.



PORTRAIT OF FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

The forehead, as seen in this portrait, is long, high, and amply developed in the upper portion. It is also expanded, indicating the philosophical and logical tendencies of the mind. He had strong reasoning powers, and ability to describe and analyze sharply. He had an excellent memory of facts and of ideas. Everything he saw or heard was as it were absorbed by his reasoning and imaginative powers, hence he was a sound thinker, was comprehensive in his thoughts, plans, and purposes. His Ideality being large, gave him a fertile imagination, and served to impart polish to his thoughts.

His Imitation qualified him to glide into the habits and usages of society without noise or pretension, and to make himself acceptable wherever he went.

His Benevolence was uncommonly well developed, indicating a generous nature, and sympathy for everybody in trouble.

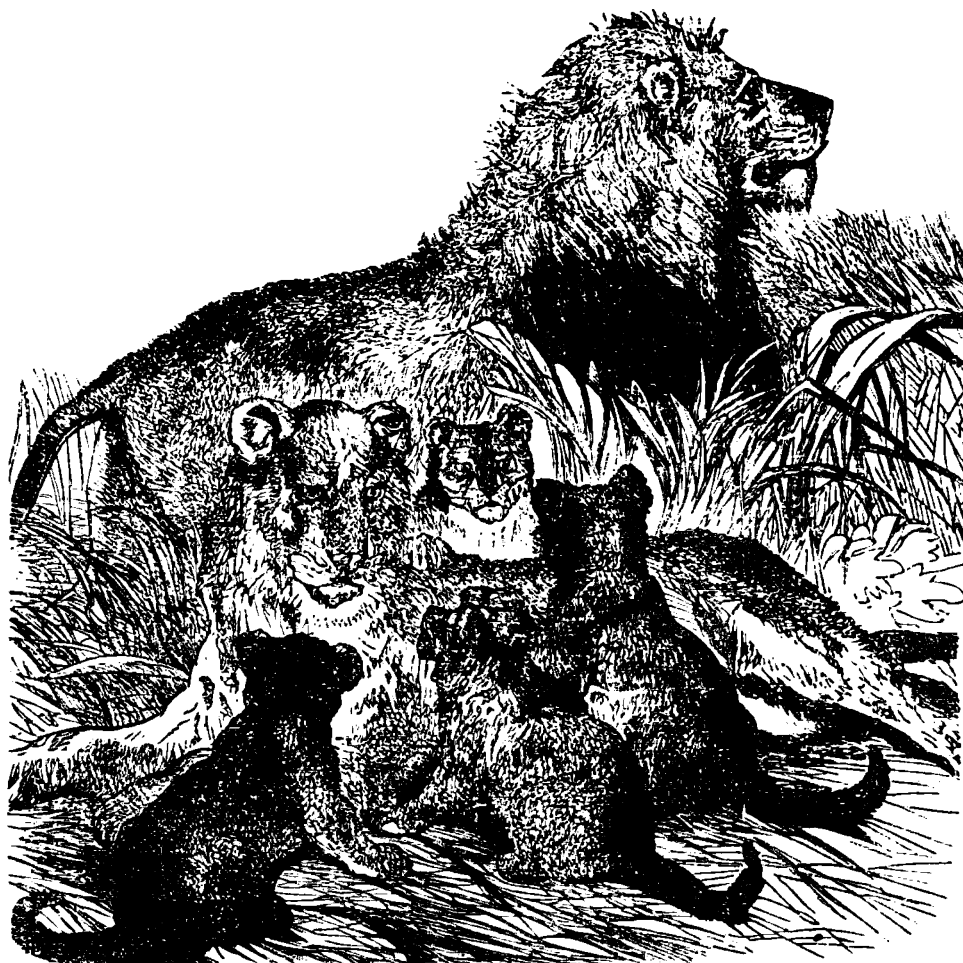
As a reader of human nature few men surpassed him.

His Language was accurate and compact

rather than copious; clear and pertinent rather than affluent.

His Veneration was large, and he had also large Spirituality, giving a tendency toward religious contemplations and a sympathy with spiritual life. Such a head as a writer or speaker can make appeals to a higher life, and to the considerations which relate to man's future state of being with admirable effect.

Mr. Halleck had dignity, ambition, prudence, great perseverance, and self-reliance. He was strong in affection, and adhered to those who were his companions and friends with uncommon fidelity. He was by organization not a man for the common multitude, but inclined to be select in associations, comparatively retired in his habits, and to cultivate refinement, intelligence, taste, and morality, more than to mingle in the common ambitions and strifes of the times. His temperament indicated a predominance of the mental, leading to thought and sentiment rather than to physical vigor and mere force of character.



A FAMILY OF LIONS.

THE LION—CHARACTER AND HABITS.

"What, shall they seek the lion in his den?
And fight him there; and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said!" —*King John*.

FOREMOST among the beasts which frequent the wilds of nature, the lion has obtained the admiring attention of writers ancient and modern.

The extensive travels and researches which have been made within a few years past by such men as Livingstone, Baker, and Du Chaillu, among the haunts of the largest and most powerful of the species, have served to detract much from the old respect entertained for the "king of beasts," and to reduce his grade considerably in the scale of savage brutes. Whether or not he has deteriorated in size and power since the days of his earliest mention by writers sacred and profane—which is probable—and whether or not he was accorded more honor than was really his due, we will not say; but one thing is certain, that in the organization of the lion the naturalist finds the highest carnivorous developments. He is the largest and strongest of the feline family, or *felidae*. His head is characterized by its great breadth, and by the strength and

size of the jaws, and the immense size of the mouth. As a practical proof of the capacity of the last, we would merely instance that the keepers of lions on exhibition have been accustomed to put their heads in the animal's mouth for the amusement, or horror, of spectators. A front view of a male lion is impressive on account of the immense head, massive neck and fore shoulders, and luxuriant mane, which in itself adds greatly to the apparent size of the head. From the fore shoulders backward the body tapers rapidly, so that there seems to be an absolute disproportion between the fore parts and back parts. This apparent lack of harmony is due to the fact, that from the fore shoulders backward the hair is short and close, while about the head and neck it is long and shaggy, sometimes sweeping the ground. It is probable that in the earlier ages of the world lions inhabited nearly every portion of its surface. The ancient Greek and Roman writers speak of their existence in certain parts of Europe; from which all traces of them have disappeared. They are now confined to Africa and Asia, and even in those primitive sections they are diminishing rapidly in numbers and influence. It is only in the vast and untrodden jungles of central and

southern Africa that the lion can be found in all the glory of savage freedom and ferocity.

Zoologists distinguish but two principal varieties of lions, the Asiatic and the African; the only marked difference between them being the generally smaller size and smaller mane of the Asiatic. In color, lions vary from a deep chestnut brown to gray. Some have been met by travelers in South Africa with hair so silvery as to give rise to a belief in the existence of a race of white lions. The lion of the Cape of Good Hope is nearly black; while the Nubian is of a pale fulvous or dull yellow hue.

As the lion's habits are predatory, he is an object of great fear to weaker animals. He is obliged in most cases to seize his prey by stealth. When lying in wait for or approaching his unsuspecting victim, he does so in complete silence, and when within fifteen or twenty feet of it, a tremendous leap and a sudden seizure by teeth and claw are the only premonitions of death to the poor brute, be it an antelope, a deer, a zebra, a goat, or even a powerful horse. According to Livingstone, who greatly disparages him, the lion fears man, except at night, and never attacks him unless from necessity; a large buffalo is more than a match for him; and he will not approach a full-grown elephant or rhinoceros.

Livingstone in his practical and—as compared with some who have highly panegyricized the beast—somewhat contemptuous way, as if inclined to relieve us of any remnant of admiration which we may cherish for him, says: "One is in much more danger of being run over when walking in the streets of London than he is of being devoured by lions in Africa, unless engaged in hunting the animal."

Unlike Burchell and Hunter, this sturdy traveler finds nothing very majestic in the lion's appearance, "but merely an animal somewhat larger than the biggest dog, and partaking very strongly of the canine features. Two of the largest I ever saw seemed about as tall as common donkeys; but the mane made their bodies appear rather larger." On the other hand, Gordon Cumming and M. Gerard, who have rendered themselves notorious as "lion killers," have dressed up their accounts of lion hunting in a manner well calculated to impress their readers with the regal and magnanimous character of the *quasi* monarch of the forest. It would appear evident, however, from the zest with which they carried on the sport, and the large number of lions which they are acknowledged to have slain, that the animal has not the terrific character so frequently attributed to him. Certainly an animal so gigantic in strength as to be capable of "seizing a full-grown ox and leaping at full speed with it over streams and other barriers to its retreat to the jungle," must be one approximating to the elephant in size rather than to a common donkey. However, let us consider the lion from as reasonable a point of view as a fair inference from the descriptions of different travelers will admit, and we will find in him the most compact structure and the most powerful muscular organ-

ization conceivable in an animal but little larger than a Bengal tiger. His weight, as compared with his size, is very remarkable, on account of the close texture of his frame and muscular tissue. Scarcely less formidable than his great jaws and teeth are the lion's claws, which, as is the case with all animals of the cat-tribe, can be sheathed or extended as circumstances may require. By a single blow of a paw thus armed he can rip up the side of a horse or buffalo. When quiet, or in a playful mood, these claws are concealed from view in the hair and recesses of his cushioned paw.

The average length of a full-grown lion from the nose to the root of the tail is between six and seven feet; and the height at the shoulder nearly three feet. The lioness is considerably smaller than the male, and her form is much more slender and graceful. She has no mane, but a thick furry coat of hair, which covers the entire body. In her motions more agility is displayed, and she is more impetuous in her passions. The ferocity of both the lion and lioness is greatly increased during the breeding period; and both protect their young with the utmost jealousy and suspicion. It is commonly believed that a lioness has but one cub at a birth—a notion probably founded on a fable of Esop's, which relates that there was once a great stir among all the beasts which could boast of the largest family. So they came to the lioness. "And how many," said they, "do you have at a birth?" "One," said she, grimly; "but that one is a Lion." The truth is, that she has from two to four at a litter. When young, they mew like a cat; at the age of twelve months the mane appears on the males, and at the age of eighteen months they are considerably developed, and begin to roar. The roar of a large lion, according to Burchell, sometimes resembles the sound of an earthquake (a slight one, we presume) and is produced by his laying his head on the ground and uttering a half-stifled growl, by which means the noise is conveyed along the earth. The larynx of the lion is very large, hence his powerful cry.

The average length of a lion's life has been estimated to be about twenty-two years. At the Tower of London, where lions have been kept for two or three centuries, one died in 1760, which was said to have been confined there above seventy years; and another subsequently died there, believed to be over sixty years old.

The lion, especially when captured in infancy, is susceptible of domestication and training to a considerable extent. It usually attaches itself to but one or two persons, whose kindness it returns by a strong affection. When irritated, however, the tamest specimen is a dangerous companion for any one. Many stories are on record of the generosity and magnanimous conduct of the lion even when in the savage state. Cassell relates that part of a ship's crew was sent on shore, on the coast of India, for the purpose of cutting wood. One of the company, induced by curiosity to stray to a considerable distance from his companions,

was greatly alarmed by the sudden appearance of a large lioness walking toward him. His fear was allayed by her lying down at his feet and gazing first piteously in his face and then at a tree a short distance off, and afterward walking toward the tree, yet looking back at him, as if she were asking him to follow. At length he ventured, and saw perched in the upper limbs of the tree a great baboon with two cubs in his arms, which he immediately presumed were those of the lioness. The sailor, being provided with his ax, decided on cutting down the tree, and set about it, the lioness, meanwhile, apparently watching every movement. As soon as the tree fell, she seized the baboon, tore him in pieces, and then turned round and tenderly licked her cubs. She now turned to the sailor, rubbed her head softly against him, as if thanking him for the kindness done her, and then picked up her cubs and carried them into the forest.

As an instance of the enduring affection felt by the lion for its master or keeper, it is said that Sir George Davis, an Englishman of some note, was presented a young lion by the captain of a ship from Barbary. Sir George exhibited much interest in the beast, and by careful training brought him up quite tame. When



HEAD OF A LION.

about five years old the lion occasionally did some little mischief by pawing and gripping people in his frolicsome moods, so that, finally, Sir George being apprehensive of some future catastrophe, ordered him to be shot. A friend hearing of this determination asked the lion as a present, and obtained him. Some years afterward, while Sir George was the English consul at Naples, he had occasion to go to Florence, and there visited one day the menagerie of the Grand Duke. At one end of the inclosure, in which the animals were kept, was a lion, which the keepers stated they had been unable to tame, though every effort had been made for upward of three years. No sooner had Sir George reached the cage of this fierce fellow than he ran to the gate, reared himself up, purred like a cat when pleased, and licked the hand Sir George put through the bars. The keeper was astonished, and on the visitor's demanding to be allowed to enter the cage, thought him insane. Sir George, however, persisted in his demand, and succeeded in

overcoming the keeper's scruples. The moment he entered, the lion manifested the greatest delight, threw his paws on his shoulders, licked his face, ran about him with all the joyful frolicsomeness of a pleased dog. This occurrence became the talk of Florence, and reached the ears of the Grand Duke, who, knowing the former sullen and angry conduct of the lion, requested an interview with Sir George, and witnessed a recurrence of the scene in the lion's den. It was the lion which Sir George had formerly owned.

The lion is to some extent gregarious, but is not found in herds. Two, three, or four consort together, and appear to do so in a very friendly state. It is very rare, even in those parts of Africa where lions are most numerous, to find more than two families of them frequenting the same district and drinking at the same spring. At the time of pairing, we are told by some naturalists, the lioness selects her mate, and prefers the attentions of him who is the champion of his set. Sometimes she displays coquettish tendencies, leaving one lion, with whom she may have been consorting, for the companionship of another, whose superior strength and nobler appearance attracts her attention. On such occasions a terrific combat usually takes place between the male beasts; and the jilted suitor must be vanquished before he will relinquish his claims in favor of his rival. The appearance of a lion when in confinement or in a good-humor does not convey the idea of ferocity so much as most of the other large *felidae*, and his wide head, overhanging brows, and flowing mane give him a majestic look, which, no doubt, contributed more than any special element of superiority that he may possess over other wild beasts, to the time-honored appellation of "king of beasts." Besides, when unexcited, his movement is measured and impressive, as if conscious of his strength.

Fossil remains of lions have been found, which indicate their existence at former periods in the world's history. Cuvier describes a fossil lion discovered in Europe, the remains of which were one fourth larger than the corresponding parts of the existing lion. We are told by the *savants* that this animal, like most of the other large species of carnivora which roam the forests of the East, is disappearing slowly, and that ere many generations shall have passed away, the jungles and forests of Persia, India, Arabia, and Africa will cease to resound with his terrific roar; yet we are assured by the prophet Isaiah, in his declarations concerning the New Jerusalem, that "the calf and the young lion and the fatling" shall lie down together, and "a little child shall lead them." And still further, as describing a new condition of things relating to those beasts now considered wild and ferocious, "the lion shall eat straw like the ox." Isaiah's language may be taken as figurative, as strongly expressing a new and blessed order of things in the times of "the great restoration." But taken as literal, it implies the continued existence of the lordly beast, and in relations perhaps like unto those it knew in paradisiatic times,

"Ere our first parents lost their fair estate."



CHRISTIAN F. SCHAFER, THE PEDESTRIAN.

Communications.

Under this head we publish such voluntary contributions as we deem sufficiently interesting or suggestive to merit a place here, but without incurring either the opinions or the alleged facts.

EXTENSIVE PEDESTRIANISM.

[WESTON'S recent undertaking has developed so much interest in pedestrianism, that we have been induced to take the following from the Sydney (Australia) *Illustrated News*, as a further illustration of what may be done by perseverance and a purpose. There is a large brain under that hat.—Ed. A. P. J.]

Mr. Christian Frederick Schafer, a German, who has traveled over a great portion of the globe, has arrived in Melbourne, Australia, having walked overland from Sydney. Mr. Schafer has traveled about 100,000 miles in the countries he has visited, of which nearly 60,000 were accomplished on foot. On the 6th of May he arrived in Sydney, from Batavia. Mr. Schafer is a dwarf, having met with an accident when only eight years old, which caused curvature of the spine; but, by temperate living, he enjoys uniform good health. During his travels in

America he met with President Johnson, whose guest he was for three weeks. Being a very intelligent man, his society is always acceptable in the highest circles. He was in all the principal cities of the United States, and went all the way from Portland, Maine, to San Francisco, mostly on foot. He is thirty-one years of age, and a native of Hesse Cassel, Germany, and commenced his travels fifteen years ago, with the object of writing an account of the world from personal observation. He has often walked forty miles a day, and is able, without any great fatigue, to walk that distance for many days in succession. He was three weeks in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, and had many conversations with the Mormon prophet, Brigham Young, whom he describes as a very courteous, well-informed man, who has the *now* to flatter strangers, as he believes they will talk about him as one of the curious sights of the world. Mr. Schafer carries a diary with him, in which he notes the incidents of his travel as they happen. He has shown us the autographs of several eminent personages, among others, President Johnson, Secretary Seward, Horace Greeley, Anna Dickinson, Henry Ward Beecher, General Grant and Sherman, His Holiness the Pope, and Sir Richard Graves McDonald, Governor of Hong Kong, and formerly of South Australia. When in China,

the Emperor refused to allow him to enter Peking. Mr. Schafer has met with many changes in life. In the morning he has breakfasted with the highest personages, and in the evening has supped with a peasant. From San Francisco Mr. Schafer went to Hong Kong, and visited many places in the Celestial Empire. He then proceeded to Java. He intends to return to Europe by way of India and China, and from thence he will proceed across the Great Desert and Russian Tartary, visiting Siberia before he finally returns to Germany. He possesses nearly 6,000 photographs, and has quite a miniature museum of curiosities. He thinks that he will have finished his stupendous feat in about three and a half years, and will then devote himself to the production of his book, which he intends to publish in English.

[We have had the pleasure of entertaining, and of being entertained by, this famous traveler at the Phrenological Cabinet, 339 Broadway, New York, and shall look with interest for the book he promises to write.]

A QUAKER WEDDING.

BY J. E. SNODGRASS, M.D.

THE July (1897) number of the *PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL* gave an interesting article on "Quaker Courtship." I was reminded by it of a Quaker wedding which I attended, and I propose to give a description of it.

Before doing this, I must be allowed to remark that one of the most unique usages of this people, whose habits are as orderly as their customs are peculiar, is their marriage ceremony—if I may be allowed to call it a ceremony without giving them offense, for I am aware that they profess to discard ceremonials of every sort.

Although there are two schools of this sect in this country (not including those known as Progressive Friends), there is no difference among them as to this and most of their other customs. This ceremony is certainly remarkable for its simplicity, its beauty of simplicity. The daughter of a medical brother of mine was a party, and a personal interest in him induced me to attend. I omit the names of the bride and groom, as non-essential to my purpose.

Although the ceremony was performed in the meeting-house usually attended by the parties concerned, and the day was that devoted to the mid-week meeting, and their marriage "intentions" had been declared a month in advance, and the time and place were known, the attendance was not much larger than at ordinary meetings, while there were no such indications of excitement as would have been looked for at the public marriages in other sects of Christians. But among those present there was a large proportion of young people of both sexes, evidently such as had not gone through the interesting ordeal they had assembled to witness. A considerable part of those I judged, from their rather gay apparel, to be either "world's people" or "Hickory Quakers." This class posted themselves "up stairs," as the Friends call what other religionists usually designate as the "gallery," their gallery being quite another arrangement, and answering in use, though very dissimilar in form, to the more familiar pulpit of the churches. And here, again, it may be well to remark that this sect never designate their places of worship as churches, but simply "meeting-houses." In their "gallery," which is a collective designation for several elevated seats at the end of the building farthest from the main doors, their official members had, as usual, arranged themselves—that is, the "recommended ministers" and the "elders" and "overseers," who are chosen from both sexes. They faced the meeting, the men on the right side, looking toward the doors, and the women on the left; those in the body of the house corresponding in location, with the strictest reference to the *rule* of a separation of the sexes in worship, after the *rule* of the *Methodists* and still usually kept-up practice of the *Methodists*. So strictly do the Quakers adhere to this *rule* of separateness, which they deem indispensable to good order and acceptable worship, that on this occasion a young man, in his ignorance of their customs, happening to follow a lady under his charge to the "women's side," where he had costily seated himself, was instantly tapped on the shoulder. In the most gentle manner imaginable, by the door-keeper, and pointed to his proper place, to the bringing of a quiet

smile upon the faces of the young Quakeresses among whom he had seated himself!

At the appointed hour for worship (10½ o'clock), the bride and groom and their attendants—two for each, instead of half a dozen or more, as not uncommon at the marriages of "the world's people"—made their appearance in carriages, accompanied by their parents and other kinsfolk. They quietly and unostentatiously entered the meeting-house and took their seats in the following order: The bride and groom sat on a slightly elevated bench under the gallery and facing the assemblage, she arrayed in a dress of simplest bridal white, with bonnet and veil corresponding. There was the absence of everything like artificial adornments, while the pattern of her robe, if robe it should properly be called, was the plainest conceivable. On either side of the bride and groom sat their parents, while their attendants were arranged opposite, on the front seats on either side of the central aisle, tête-à-tête to them, respectively, but with their backs to the body of the meeting. All sat for about thirty or forty minutes in wrapt silence. The noise of a falling pin might have been heard amid the profound stillness of the breathless scene. At the end of the time named, the groom rose, with his head uncovered, and took his affianced bride by the hand as she arose with her bonnet on, and declared, in beautiful clearness and naturalness of voice, as follows:

"In the presence of the Lord and this assembly, I take Mary Joy to be my wedded wife, promising, with divine assistance, to be unto her a loving and faithful husband until death shall separate us."

The bride then repeated the same ceremony, with only such changes as were necessary for sexual appropriateness. This being done, the groomsmen brought forward a plain table, with equally plain writing materials, whereon was a marriage certificate. This was on parchment, in plainness and neatness of taste corresponding with the other arrangements, which they carefully unrolled. Inking one of a number of pens with great care, so that no blot should mar the document, one of the groomsmen handed it to the groom, who affixed his signature, and then to the bride for the same purpose. The clerk of the meeting—a standing official, whose duties at all business meetings simulate those of the more customary chairman and secretary in one, except that he never takes any vote, but, instead thereof, gathers the sense or "feeling" of the assemblage, and records it—now had an important duty to perform. He accordingly took his position in the gallery; and, quietly adjusting his spectacles, he first rolled up and then unrolled the certificate, reading its contents as he did so in a distinct voice. As there was nothing in it beyond the few words necessary to record the transaction, I will not take up space in copying it entire. Suffice it to say that it declared the "sense" of the meeting to be that the marriage knot was now tied according to the usage of Friends, which no doubt was the "feeling" of the bride and groom, though there was nothing in their self-possessed demeanor to indicate that they had any unusual feeling on the occasion in the ordinary sense of the word. But perhaps it would be as well to give some of the facts in the language of the certificate itself, instead of our own, as illustrative of the careful guarding of the institution of marriage by the Quakers. It certified that the parties had duly "laid their intentions" before the "monthly meeting;" that there had been nothing found "in the way" of their union, and that, in a word, all had been found right and proper between them, and as to other possible claimants of their hearts and hands; and that, therefore, the certificate had been granted to them by the meeting.

Under the certificate, on the ample parchment, there was a form for the signatures of witnesses. This was open to all present, whether outsiders, like the writer of this, or members. He did not fail to affix his sign-manual to it. And he wishes the act to stand, not merely as his certification of the fact of this Quaker marriage having been consummated in due form, but, at the same time, as his testimony to the beautiful simplicity of the ceremony throughout; for he is free to say that the whole scene did most favorably impress him, as it could not have failed to impress all other unprejudiced observers.

But it is proper to say, that the signatures of the wit-

nesses were not appended until after the meeting "broke," with the usual signal of the shaking of hands by the male "heads of the meeting," as the venerable Friends who sit nearest to the middle aisle of the "gallery" are styled, in the common parlance of the Society.

During one of the intervals of the marriage ceremony, a venerable "woman Friend" improved the occasion, as she, no doubt, was spiritually "moved" to do, with some very timely and appropriate words. These she spoke from her position in the gallery. She alluded to the solemnity befitting the occasion, and continued for fifteen or twenty minutes in a strain of genuine pathos, which could not have failed to stir a responsive chord in every heart present.

And herein I detected the great contrast between the scene which we are describing and that which too frequently marks ordinary marriage occasions. The too common levity was there hushed in a solemn stillness more befitting the serious business in hand. Not that the Quakers are wanting in mirth. They reserve their mirth for the bridal hearth. And you will vainly look there for long faces or austere countenances under the broadest-brimmed hat or the most smoothly-plaited bonnet. With their simple and quiet lives, and their orderly walk and conversation, they can afford to be cheerful, as those reposeing in the consciousness of right, and in the conviction which they have always seemed to us to carry about them, that "all things are beautiful in their time," and that "there is a time to be merry, as well as a time to be sad."

PREMIUMS.

We offer the following to all who may feel an interest in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL:

For 350 new subscribers, at \$3 each, we will give a Steinway Rosewood Piano, worth \$450.

For 100 subscribers, at \$3 each, we will give a Horace Waters five Octave Parlor Organ, worth \$170.

For 60 subscribers, at \$3 each, a Horace Waters five Octave Melodeon, worth \$100.

For 30 subscribers, at \$3 each, a Weed Sewing Machine, new style, worth \$80.

For 25 subscribers, at \$3 each, a Wheeler & Wilson's Family Sewing Machine, worth \$55.

For 12 subscribers, at \$3 each, a handsome Rosewood Writing Case furnished with materials, complete, worth \$12.

Those persons desiring our own publications instead of the premiums offered, can select from our catalogue books amounting to the value of the premium for which they would have such books substituted.

Literary Notices.

[All works noticed in THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.]

LETTERS FROM EUROPE. By John W. Forney, Secretary of the Senate of the United States; Proprietor and Editor of the *Philadelphia Press* and *Washington Chronicle*. With a Portrait of the Author, engraved on Steel, by Sartain, and a Complete Alphabetical Index. One volume, cloth, gilt. Price, \$2. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This neat collection comprises a series of letters descriptive of the journey to and through Europe, with observations on European society. Among them are the following: The Outward Bound; First Day at Liverpool; Railwayism and Factories; In the House of Commons; British Sympathy with Freedom; Reform and Revolution; London Amusements; The Peabody Fund; Spurgeon's Tabernacle; John Bright; Langham Hotel; Rebel Leaders in Exile; Westminster Abbey; American Railroad Stock; Low Wage and Little Education; Visit to Shakespeare's Grave; Free Trade and Protection; The Universal Exposition; Government of France; Tombs of Napoleon and Lafayette; Imperial Printing Office; Solferino and Gettysburg; Switzerland; Baden-Baden; Upon the Rhine; Belgium; Holland; The Irish Church; Royal Anthonship; Peoples and Places Contrasted; Foreign Capital; The Times Office; The Schützenfest; Pavements, Coaches, and Cabs.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS. By Charles Dickens. With thirty-two original illustrations, from designs by Phiz and Seymour. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Price, \$3 in cloth.

This edition of the illustrious bachelor, with his eccentric philanthropy and crusty, obstinate humor, is gotten up in an entirely new style by the energetic publishers whose names we are so often called on to record. The volume is a neat octavo, with clear type, and those fantastic engravings which so well accord with Dickens' facetious descriptions. Altogether, the edition is one of the most economical and tasteful of those recently published.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES, and GREAT EXPECTATIONS. By Charles Dickens. With original illustrations by S. Eytinge Jr. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Diamond Edition. Price, \$1 50.

Two works of the author whom Boston appears lately to have gone crazy over, in one neat *petite* volume. Probably in no story does Mr. Dickens dwell more on the pathetic than in the "Tale of Two Cities," and in none does he exhibit more feeling. Mr. Eytinge's illustrations are excellent, and in style more to our taste than the abortions published in the English editions of Dickens.

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF DAVID COPPERFIELD. By Charles Dickens. People's Edition. With twelve illustrations by H. K. Browne. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Duodecimo Edition. One vol., 963 pages. Price, \$1 50.

This book is said to be an Autobiography of the Author. Be that as it may, he has succeeded in investing with life-like characteristics his Aunt, Miss Trotwood, Peggotty, Dick, Uriah Heep, Micawber, Barkis, Murdstone, Steerforth, Traddles, Dr. Strong, etc. Few writers have the faculty of keeping the names of their characters more thoroughly in the mind of the reader by frequent repetitions. He is also remarkable for a judicious use of many words with which to convey the notions suggested by his imagination.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE ECLECTIC MEDICAL SOCIETY of the State of New York. For the Year 1866.

There are indications of progress in eclectic medicine if the contents of this volume are valid, and we have no reason to think otherwise. A discussion of temperamental influences by Dr. Powell is given at length, and forms one of the most interesting articles in the collection. Many other articles, considering eclectic and other theories of various common diseases, of no little value to the medical student and practitioner, are published therein. \$3.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HOUSEKEEPING; A Scientific and Practical Manual for the Preparation of all kinds of Food, the Making up of all articles of Dress, the Preservation of Health, and the Intelligent and skillful performance of every household office. By Joseph B. Lyman, author of the "Prize Essay on Cotton Culture," etc.; and Laura E. Lyman, author of "Prize Essay on Housekeeping." Hartford: Goodwin & Betts. Cloth. Pp. xiv., 560. Price, \$2.

In this neatly and carefully prepared volume we have something of a family encyclopedia. Not only are the various articles in use as food for mankind designated, and the modes of preparing them for the table detailed, but also their chemical composition, adaptation to human necessity, physiological properties, etc., are graphically set forth. Tables are given, showing the time occupied in digesting various edibles, and the nutritive power respectively of the different meats, fruits, vegetables, and farinacea.

A hygienist might not accept some of the recipes for favorite dishes on account of the pepper, butter, and lard somewhat freely employed in them; but no doubt the great majority of our housewives would indorse them cordially, grease and all. The most valuable part of the volume, in our opinion, is that relating to the care of young children, the training of servants, and the home treatment of sudden indispositions and accidents to the person. The suggestions given with reference to clothing are eminently practical, as are also those relating to the arrangement of a dwelling and the economical ordering of its important adjunct, the kitchen. Our readers may consider the book worthy of personal consideration when we inform them that its authors are frequent contributors to the pages of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

THE ADVENTURES OF OLIVER TWIST; also, Pictures from Italy, and American Notes for General Circulation. By Charles Dickens. With Original Illustrations, by S. Eytinge, Jr. Diamond Edition; pp. 487. Price \$1 50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The titles at once make these works familiar; for who has not read *Oliver Twist*, and the *American Notes*? In the latter, Mr. Dickens holds up a looking-glass to a few vulgar characters with whom he associated when on his travels through our country. He talks about stage-drivers, cooks, waiters, boot-blacks, tobacco-spitting politicians, etc. If he associated with the better class, he seldom mentions it. We will not be so ungenerous as to suppose he sought, from choice, those about whom he has so much to say, although there was evidently an affinity between his spirit and theirs; indeed, Mr. Dickens seldom rises above a play-actor and his class. We see nothing of the religious or spiritual in his works; was he deficient in Veneration, Conscientiousness, and Spirituality? A side remark may not be out of place here. It is often said that had there been an international copyright law between England and the United States, that the copyright on sales of his works would have made him rich. In this he loses sight of the fact, that whereas now his works are published by half a dozen different houses, in the case of a copyright they would have been published by a single house, and comparatively few copies printed. His fame has been created by this free-trade in his stories.

PRAYERS FROM PLYMOUTH PULPIT. By Henry Ward Beecher. Phonographically reported. 1 vol., 12mo, pp. 232. Price, \$1 75. May be ordered from this Office.

So far as the mechanical execution of this work is concerned, the publishers have done their duty. It is printed in good-sized type, fine paper, and is tastefully bound. In short, it is a handsome book. But what of the subject? This! the utterances of an honest, earnest mind before the throne of grace. In other words, appeals to Heaven for the furtherance of God's will on earth; for the advancement of godliness among men. Much discussion has been indulged in, in regard to the efficacy of prayer. Some will have it that the laws of God are immutable, unchangeable, and that no appeal can move Him from His pre-established purposes. On the other hand, it is claimed that the power of prayer is great; that "the prayers of the righteous availeth much," and that prayer has much to do with influencing one's own course; to opening one's mind to that which is above the reach of reason; that it lets the light of Heaven in upon his mind, as it were, through avenues above the doors and windows, by which his course may be steered; that it influences all who come within the hearing of reasonable prayers. A prayer is a desire, and when in the interest of mankind will have a response.

Many there are with praying minds without the ability to give them verbal utterance. We do not pretend to say that a silent prayer is less potent than a spoken prayer; but it is the custom in civilized society to pray aloud, to give thanks at the social board, and to sing praises to the Lord of all.

Many there are, however, who, for a want of proper education, training, and practice, know not what to say.

Roman Catholics and Episcopalians have their prayers in print, from which all who can read may learn. Why should not the Presbyterians, the Congregationalists, the Baptists, the Methodists, and the rest, print the prayers of their representative men?

If it be objected that it begets mere formal worship, we answer: the child is first taught the forms before he is expected to be visited by the spirit. The book before us gives the fullest expression of this ripe Christian, who, we may say, was almost born into the ministry, who has had a large experience, and who, whatever his peculiarities in other respects, is conceded to be a feelingful, emotional, devout, and prayerful man.

Reading his prayers can do no man harm, and they may do some of us much good. We heartily commend the book to one and all, believing it will tend to increase the spirit of prayer.

DIE MODENWALT, issued in monthly numbers by Mr. Taylor, contains fashion-plates, patterns, etc., all gotten up in handsome style. Price 30 cents a number; \$3 a year.

A THOUSAND AND ONE GERMS OF ENGLISH POETRY, selected and arranged by Charles Mackay, LL.D. Illustrations by Millais, Gilbert, and Foster. 1 vol., 12mo, pp. 600. Price, \$2. London and New York: Rutledge & Sons.

A less modest author would have named such a book as this an *ENCYCLOPEDIA*. Dr. Mackay has himself written some of the finest verses in the language, and this book contains them. It is beautifully printed on fine toned paper, and, even in plain binding, is a beautiful presentation book for the holidays, for any days, "for all times."

THE PHYSICIAN'S HAND-BOOK FOR 1868.

By William Elmer, M.D. Morocco tuck. \$1 75. New York: W. A. Townsend & Adams.

This almost indispensable work—now in its eighth year—has been thoroughly revised, and has been gotten up with a view to convenience and economy. Every physician should have a copy.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL. By Oliver

Wendell Holmes. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. 12mo, pp. 420. Price \$2.

This story, which has been so long running through the *Atlantic Monthly*, is at last finished, and published in a neat book. Praise of anything written by Oliver Wendell Holmes is unnecessary, as he always manages to say what he says that whoever begins to read will keep on to the end. He uses phrenological terms to designate character, and depicts peculiarities with much minuteness. Myrtle Hazard is the name of the heroine, and it is in very good keeping with the phases of her young life. She is introduced to the reader by an advertisement in the *Village Oracle* as having been missed from her home for the last two days, and is described as "a child, fifteen years old, tall and womanly for her age, dark hair and eyes, fresh complexion, regular features, a pleasant smile and voice, but shy with strangers." Such a "child" would be very likely to need a "Guardian Angel" in such vicissitudes as she had to pass through, and here appeared in the form of "Master Byles Gridley, A.M., a bachelor, who had been a schoolmaster, a college tutor, a professor, a man of learning, of habits, of whims, of crotchets, such as are hardly to be found except in old, unmarried students." In describing him phrenologically, Clement Lindsay—who married Myrtle Hazard—"maintained he had a bigger bump of Benevolence, and as large a one of Cautiousness, as the two people most famous for the size of these organs on the phrenological chart he showed him, and proved it, or nearly proves it, by careful measurements of his head."

"The Guardian Angel" will have a place among the most popular novels of the day.

STORIES AND SIGHTS OF France and Italy.

By Grace Greenwood. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cloth, gilt, \$1.

A pleasing book for children—containing much historical matter, written in the style which allures youth to peruse that which will profit them. Among the more striking narratives we have *Père la Chaise*, *Story of Lavalette*, *Versailles* and *Louis XV.* and *XVI.*, *Little Angelo* and his *White Mice*, *The Tarpeian Rock*, *The Coliseum*, *The Catacombs*.

PRAYERS OF THE AGES. Compiled by

Caroline S. Whitmarsh. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cloth, gilt, \$2.

This is an exceedingly neat sample of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields' publications, so far as paper, typography, and binding are concerned. As to the contents, the devotional and the curious can find therein much of interest. If we would study the spirit of ancient literature in its strongest and most fervid aspect, we should contemplate those utterances of the soul, when communing with Deity, which have been transmitted to us on the conserving parchment. The reader of this book will learn how Socrates, Plato, and Veda framed their petitions, as well as St. Augustine, Mohammed, Luther, Bossuet, Jeremy Taylor, and Channing. The collection forms a volume of no mean value to any library.

THE NEW YORK Methodist is publishing sermons by Revs. Newman Hall, Henry Ward Beecher, and other clergymen. See advertisement.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MAN. Designed

to represent the Existing State of Physiological Science as applied to the functions of the human body. By Austin Flint, Jr., M.D., Professor of Physiology and Microscopy in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, cloth, pp. 656. Price \$4 50.

Dr. Flint, as a medical practitioner, lecturer, and author, has obtained the general respect of the members of his profession. Giving his attention more particularly to the department of physiology, he has been enabled by assiduous study and investigation to accumulate an amount of data which renders his instructions and carefully prepared works of great value to the student and general practitioner. Something over a year ago the author published the first volume of his contemplated series on the subject of physiology, and its reception encouraged him to carry forward his plan with, as is evidenced by the speedy production of a second volume, considerable zeal and diligence. The great subjects of alimentation, digestion, absorption, lymph, and chyle are extensively treated in this volume. Fully appreciating the importance of correct dietetic principles, which unfortunately can not be said of the great mass of physicians, Dr. Flint has, with much pains and great clearness of statement and illustration, quite comprehended the large scope of the subject of alimentation. The details furnished with respect to digestion and absorption are very numerous and interesting, especially as practical rules and suggestions are given as guides for those who would eat and drink to the refreshing and strengthening of their bodies and not to their impairment. The articles of food in common use are each described, and their nutritive and other properties explained at length. Besides, several formulas are given for the preparation of food for the table. The facts adduced in illustration of the deleterious effects of improper and insufficient food are striking. Andersonville prison with its horrid dietary is instanced as exemplifying the pernicious results of bad and scanty provisions on large bodies of men. The reader of this portion of the work will be impressed by the remarkable and varied phenomena exhibited by the captive soldiers in relation to their worse than wretched fare.

In treating of digestion, Dr. Flint has based his statements upon accumulated experimental facts, and thus avoided the confusion and contrariety of opinion so prevalent in the works of earlier authors. Not satisfying himself with the dicta of others, he has made it a part of his work to trace important physiological discoveries to their source, and to verify also important facts, as far as possible, by personal experiment. As a review of the actual facts relating to the subjects treated, the work has no superior.

THE OLD CURIOSITY-SHOP. By Charles

Dickens. With twelve original illustrations, from designs by H. K. Browne. Price \$1 50 in cloth. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

Probably no character created by the imagination of Mr. Dickens has been more admired than *Little Nell*, the gem of this work. In point of finish, style, and cheapness, this volume, one of the "People's Duodecimo Edition," must recommend itself to all judges of book-making.

AN ESSAY ON MAN. By Alexander

Pope. With notes, by S. R. Wells, and fifteen original illustrations. 1 vol., 12mo, fancy muslin, beveled boards, gilt, very handsome. Price, \$1. The same in pamphlet form, only 50 cents. Address this Office.

Never before was this great poem illustrated, nor so handsomely printed. Paper, types, and ink are of the best, furnishing a fitting dress for the immortal thoughts. It is refreshing to read and to re-read the grand conceptions of a true poet, such as this, which lead our thoughts from the finite to the infinite—from earth to heaven. There is no finer model in the language for would-be-poets to follow. The "notes" are intended to explain certain statements which have caused no little discussion, such, for example, as this: "Whatever is, is right," and so forth. The spirited engravings give point and force to the text. The book must speedily find its way into every well-stocked library. It is a very appropriate, though inexpensive, holiday gift companion for our People's Pictorial Edition of *Æsop's Fables*. May be sent by return post, or ordered through any bookseller.

OPPORTUNITY. A Novel. By Anne Moncure Crane, author of "Emily Chester." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Price \$1.50.

A story of Southern life, and, like the climate and scenery of the South, warm and varied. In most respects this is a chaste and unseasonal tale, adapted to the reader of taste and discrimination, and not to those entertaining prurient fancies in literature.

WHO WAS JESUS? New York: N. Tibbals & Co., 37 Park Row. 8vo, cloth, pp. 711. Price \$3.

This is an extended work, having for its evident purpose the logical as well as theological substantiation of the Divinity of Jesus Christ. The subject of the inquiry which forms the title of the book is dealt with in such a specific manner, that the author doubtless had in view a refutation of the subtle and speculative reasonings of Strauss, and the bolder but much less synthetic enunciations of Rénan. That the author has been to much pains in preparing the work is evident from the elaborate nature of its divisions, as evidenced in the table of contents, viz.: Christ in the Old Testament; Jesus in Modern History; Jesus in Ancient History; Jesus in Chronology; Jesus in the Church; Jesus in Psychology; Who was Jesus? Jesus of Nazareth, a Nazarene; Jesus in Types and Prophecy; Jesus the Messiah; Three Years' Ministry of Jesus; Jesus the Prophet; The Miracles of Jesus; Third and last Passover; The Trial, Crucifixion, and Resurrection; Ethics of Jesus. To the seriously religious this work will furnish excellent material for study and reflection. To the indifferent about heavenly things, if they will seek its pages for mental improvement only, it offers a field for the exercise of thought which few books of modern publication afford.

Many of the positions taken by the writer in the course of his argument are new, and exhibit an extent of Scriptural research very rarely met with in the ranks of the greatest commentators. The writer assumes that the Scriptures are largely allegorical, and in this view of them the testimony of Christ is to be found on almost every page. Calling to his aid mathematical computation, he introduces many remarkable calculations in confirmation of biblical chronology and the advent of Christ. The calculations are made because, as he says: "I can find no chronology extant but what conflicts with some specific statement on its pages. . . . I regarded the Old Testament, being the work of a higher power, as necessarily complete in itself; therefore concluded to ascertain whether or no the elements of a perfect chronology from Adam to Jesus were to be found within its limits; especially as such a work was essential to a correct reading of its pages, and I think I succeeded."

We think the book worth perusal simply for the examination of the author's views on Scriptural chronology, the rock on which many have wrecked their faith.

NEW MUSIC. We would acknowledge the receipt of the following new music from the publishers, Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, through C. H. Ditson & Co., of New York.

"Thérèse Quadrille on Popular French Melodies," by Dan Godfrey, price 60 cents; "Tell Me Darling Quickstep," by John P. Ordway, M.D., 50 cents; "Maiden Blushes," song, music by M. Keller, 30 cents; "I Love to Sing the Old Songs," a ballad, by Charles Hodgson, 30 cents; "O'er Graves of the Loved Ones," song and chorus, by J. P. Ordway, M.D., 50 cents; "Single Gentlemen, How Do You Do?" a comicetto, arranged by George D. Spalding, 30 cents.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS AND SKETCHES. By Boz. Illustrative of Every-Day Life and Every-Day People. By Charles Dickens. With Original Illustrations, by S. Eytinge, Jr. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Diamond Editiop. Price, \$1.50.

In these short stories Dickens' raciness is exhibited in its full vigor. A Christmas Carol, The Cricket on the Hearth, and The Hanted Man, long ago acquired an advanced reputation with the reading public, and have in no wise declined in interest since.

COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR. Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brother, of Philadelphia, continue to publish on the 1st and 15th of each month, at \$1.50 and \$3 a year, their well-established and reliable Detector.

BARNABY RUDGE. By Charles Dickens. With twelve original illustrations, from designs by H. K. Browne. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Price, \$1.50 in cloth.

This edition of "Barnaby Rudge" is the sixth volume of an entire new edition of Charles Dickens' Works, now in course of publication by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, which is called "The People's Edition, Illustrated." It is printed on fine white paper, from large, clear type, a size that all can read. It is a good and cheap edition of "Barnaby Rudge," which abounds in grotesque character and humor.

THE LONDON DAILY STAR, organ of John Bright and others of like opinions, did us the honor recently—they spell it honour—of noticing our modest monthly in terms to wit: "THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is a handsomely got up monthly quarto, with numerous illustrations, and published by the celebrated New York house of S. R. Wells, late Fowler and Wells, and issued in London by J. Burns, 1 Wellington Road, Camberwell, S. The last two numbers, besides a rich variety of matter, give portraits and phrenological critiques of the Revs. T. Binney and Newman Hall, besides various physiognomical representations of human character. All who are interested in phrenology, physiology, ethnology, education, and social reforms in general will have a complete library of reading, for the month, in this elaborately, yet popularly conducted periodical. It is obvious neither labor nor expense is spared to make it worthy of world-wide success."

For all of which we beg to return thanks, and would venture to express the hope, that the JOURNAL may continue to increase in popularity and usefulness.

A CINCINNATI paper contains a notice written by Dr. A. Curtis, of the new edition of the "Essay on Man," by Alexander Pope. He says: "The most beautiful edition of this, the richest gem of English literature, has just been issued in New York. The poem is illustrated with cuts, and phrenological notes from S. R. Wells, which, to most readers, greatly enhance the value of the work. The type is so large and clear that it is peculiarly valuable to critics who would read it, and to their hearers who follow them in the examination and application of this beautiful and most instructive poem. I know of no other so well adapted to instruction in elocution and morals, in all our schools, as this little work." It is handsomely bound in muslin, beveled boards, gilt; price, \$1; and in plain paper, at 50 cents.

THE HOME JOURNAL—cleanest and fairest of all the weeklies—renews its youth and vigor with the new year. The editor says: "The object of *The Home Journal* is to furnish a pure, high-toned, entertaining paper of Literature, Art, and Society for American homes—a paper that shall promote a true culture and refinement, and foster at the fireside those pleasures, sentiments, and sanctities which make home the Eden of the heart. Party politics, and all matters of a sectarian, sectional, or sensational nature are carefully excluded." Terms, \$3 a year. Published by Morris Phillips & Co., at 107 Fulton Street, New York.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for December lies on our table. It contains several full-page illustrations of the newest fashions, besides articles and tales of a miscellaneous nature. Subscription price, \$3 a year; single copies 30 cents.

HARPER'S BAZAR, a newly published weekly gazette of fashions, is likely to gain the popular favor from the fullness of its notices and illustrations touching every variety of dress. Single copies 10 cents; \$4 per year.

LE PETIT MESSENGER for December comes to us from Mr. S. T. Taylor, 349 Canal Street, replete with the most recent Paris fashions. Its expositions of the various articles included in a lady's *trousseau* are richly colored and ornamented. Separate pattern slips accompany the number. Subscription \$5; monthly, 50 cents.

THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE is a cheap monthly, devoted to such stories and miscellaneous matter as the enterprising publishers may think will sell.

Its title means simply that, inasmuch as everybody is supposed to have heard of our famous city thoroughfare, that it would prove a success when used to bait a hook to catch readers. It is written by Englishmen, printed by Englishmen, but it is expected to sell to story readers in both countries.

THE NORTHWESTERN FARMER, a handsome monthly, published at \$1.50 a year, by T. A. Bland, Indianapolis, Indiana, proposes to club that magazine with the A. P. J. at \$3 a year. We do not know how he can afford it; but that is his offer. The *Farmer* contains 28 quarto pages, with illustrations, and is intended to promote the interests not only of the *Farmer*, but of all that belongs to rural life.

THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Young Men's Christian Association of the City of New York contains *in extenso* the transactions of the organization for the twelve months ending May, 1867. The rooms of this meritorious body of young men are at 161 Fifth Avenue, where a well-furnished library and reading-room are open to all comers.

THE MARYLAND EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL. A school and family monthly. \$1.50 a year. E. S. Zevely, publisher, Cumberland, Md. It is now in the last quarter of its first year, and is pushing on vigorously the work of education in "My Maryland." Success to all well-directed efforts in this direction.

THE AMERICAN ECLECTIC MEDICAL REVIEW is edited by R. S. Newton, M.D. Published monthly, at \$2 a year, in New York. This may be regarded as the organ of the Eclectic Medical School in the United States. It is ably edited and handsomely printed.

TO BE READY IN JANUARY.

THE BOOK OF ORATORY; or, The Eloquent Speaker. Sacred and Secular. Including a Chairman's Guide. By Rev. Wm. Pittenger. Introduction by Hon. John A. Bingham. A clear and succinct exposition of the rules and methods of practice by which readiness in the expression of thought may be acquired, and an acceptable style, both in composition and gesture. \$1.50. S. R. Wells, New York, publisher.

IN PRESS.

LIFE IN THE WEST; or, Stories of the Mississippi Valley. By N. C. Meeker, agricultural editor of the New York *Tribune*.

New Books.

Notices under this head are of selections from the late issues of the press, and rank among the more valuable for literary merit and substantial information.

BREAKING AWAY; or, The Fortunes of a Student. By W. T. Adams (Oliver Optic). Cloth, \$1.40.

THE STARRY FLAG; or, The Young Fisherman of Cape Ann. By W. T. Adams (Oliver Optic). Cloth, \$1.40.

PRACTICAL ANATOMY. A New Arrangement of the London Dissector. With numerous Modifications and Additions. Illustrated. By D. H. Agnew, M.D. Second Edition, revised. Cloth, \$2.25.

POEMS OF FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE. By Phoebe Cary. 16mo, pp. 249. Cloth, \$1.75.

THE QUEENS OF AMERICAN SOCIETY. By Mrs. Ellet. 8vo, pp. 464. Cloth, \$2.75.

GRACE IRVING'S VACATION, WITH ITS SUNBEAMS. 18mo, pp. 303. Cloth, \$1.40.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By B. J. Lossing. Vol. 2. Cloth, \$5.50.

CLIMBING THE ROPE; or, God Helps Those who Try to Help Themselves. By May Mannerling. Illustrated. \$1.15.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN RUSKIN. Cloth, \$2.75.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND, from the Norman Conquest. By Agnes Strickland. Abridged by the Author. Revised and Edited by Caroline G. Parker. Cloth, \$2.25.

To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will try to respond in the "next number." Your "BEST THOUGHTS" solicited.

AN ORDER FOR BOOKS, JOURNALS, etc., must be written on a sheet by itself. Questions for this department—TO CORRESPONDENTS—and communications for the Editor, must be written on SEPARATE SLIPS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Owing to the crowded state of our columns generally, and the pressure upon this department in particular, we shall be compelled hereafter to decline all questions relating to subjects not properly coming within the scope of this JOURNAL. Queries relating to PHYSIOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, PHRENOGONOMY, PSYCHOLOGY, ETHNOLOGY, and ANTHROPOLOGY, or the general SCIENCE OF MAN, will still be in order, provided they shall be deemed of GENERAL INTEREST. Write your question plainly on a SEPARATE SLIP OF PAPER, and send us only ONE at a time.

FISH STORY.—If a tub partly filled with water be placed on the scales and carefully balanced, and some small live fish are afterward put in the water, will the scales indicate the weight of the fish?—If not, why not?

Ans. That subject has been mooted, we suppose, for ages. We remember the story from our boyhood, and have heard it confidently asserted that a fish weighing a pound put into a pail half full of water would not increase the weight of the whole. Now, this can not be. Ten pounds of water will be indicated as ten pounds on the scales, and if a fish be put in, the scales will indicate an additional weight equal to the weight of the fish. Now, permit us to ask you a question. Why don't you try it? and then you will know, and you will thus explode an old error or establish something contrary to philosophy and common sense.

STUDENTS OF PHRENOLOGY.—There is a growing inquiry on the subject of learning Phrenology, not merely as an accomplishment or as a matter of curiosity, but an earnest wish to fathom its depths and comprehend the length and breadth of the subject. The following is a specimen of the spirit of many letters received by us.

I purpose studying Phrenology with a view to teaching it, and lecturing upon the laws that govern man. I want a thorough knowledge of every branch. I desire to understand the science of the soul and the connection of mind and matter—how the mental governs and controls the physical. I want to be able to demonstrate clearly to the world the cause of physical degeneracy and moral depravity; how to prevent disease, and how to cure the suffering.

What books do I need, and what would be their cost, and how much study will be necessary before entering your course of profession, instruction in practical Phrenology? I would like to become a member of your class this winter, but have acquired but little knowledge of the subject as yet from books, though I have a strong intuitive tendency to the subject, and do not intend to stop short of a thorough knowledge of the science.

As a general reply to all such inquiries, we may remark that we tender a cordial welcome to all who are honest and intelligent, with a fair education and good common sense, who wish to become practical teachers and disseminators of the great truths of Phrenology and Physiology as

applied to family training and culture, self-improvement, choice of pursuits, etc. Twenty dollars will buy all the works necessary to be studied preparatory to entering the field. For a more particular description of the text-books needed, and a full explanation of the course of instruction, to commence January 6th, 1868, and the expense and time required, please write for a circular entitled "Professional Instruction in Practical Phrenology."

WE are desirous of obtaining the address of Rev. J. Bradford Sax, author of "Organic Laws."

AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

ED. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—Dear Sir: I am in a quandary, and appeal to you for advice. A young gentleman of respectable family, in good society, a merchant's clerk on a salary of \$1,500 a year, offers me his hand in marriage. I am sure he loves me; think I could love him. He is two years older than myself—dark complexion; I am light—a blonde. My circumstances are now at home with my parents, who are unwilling to have me leave home; still, being "of age," they will not interfere in the least with my wishes. But we are a thoroughly temperance family, while the gentleman referred to is what is termed a "moderate drinker," not habitual; to which I can not seriously object, though my friends do. The point with me is this. I have an utter loathing for tobacco, and the gentleman is addicted to its use. He smokes a pipe after his meals, and chews very moderately when about his work—says he can quit it, but it does him no harm, and is a luxury. The cost is but little. Now, what I want to know is this, will he become confirmed in these habits so as to be incurable, and must his wife always suffer the nauseous smell? If he is to become a tobacco sot, I would rather not marry him.

Ans. This is, indeed, a serious question. The habits referred to are very common among men. Comparatively few are exempt. We find chewers, smokers, and snuffers in the pulpit, in the colleges, in the halls of legislation, in workshops, stores, hotels, steamboats, railways, dining rooms, drawing rooms, everywhere. Young men and boys learn by imitation. Tobacco is loathsome to all unperverted tastes, and especially so to women—yet some coarse natures affect to "rather like the fragrance of a good cigar." Parents seeing their young sons indulging in the weed protest against it; but sonny replies, "Father smokes, our clergyman smokes, other boys smoke. Why can't I?" "But it will make you a dwarf in mind if not in body, to smoke, chew, and spit yourself away." "I'll risk it. General Grant smokes all the time, and he is not exactly a dwarf." It's very well for grown-up men to tell us boys that we should not smoke." I remember a story of a man who, with wicked oaths, flogged his son for swearing. Example is greater than precept. Our advice to the lady is this. Name your objections frankly to the gentleman, and say to him that you can not be happy with one who makes himself constantly offensive. If he will drop both tobacco and liquor you will entertain him. Then wait six months or a year, and when the habits are abandoned you may be safe in permitting him to become your husband and the father of your children. Smoking and chewing almost inevitably lead to drinking, in which there is no safety.

TRAVELER.—The cost of traveling from New York to San Francisco depends much on the route taken. The first-class fare on the steamers running to Panama is about \$350. The second-class charges are about thirty per cent. less. The difference between first-class and

second-class charges consists chiefly in the state-room accommodations, the second-class passenger being furnished a much inferior place to "bunk" in during the passage.

LOGARITHMS.—For a full consideration of these important aids in some departments of calculation, we refer you to "Loomis' Tablets of Logarithms," price, \$1 50.

A. R. R., of Lehigh Co., did not give her address. On its receipt we will write her.

EDUCATIONAL.—What constitutes the difference in qualification for the degrees of Master of Arts, of Science, and of Literature?

Ans. There are two degrees which are usually conferred by colleges on the respective students meriting them at the close of the prescribed courses of study. These are Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science. Bachelor of Arts is accorded to the student who has passed successfully through the departments of English Literature, Science, and the Classics. Bachelor of Science is awarded to him who has completed the prescribed course in English Literature and Science. Master of Arts is called a degree in course, and is conferred three or more years after a student has graduated as an A.B., provided that he has pursued some scientific or learned profession, and can satisfactorily respond to such interrogatories as may be proposed to him. The degree B.S. does not entitle the possessor to that of A.M.

Bachelor of Literature is merely complimentary.

The degree of LL.D. is honorary, and is frequently conferred on eminent men not lawyers.

The text-books mentioned are all well adapted to your purpose. Arnold's Greek series is an excellent one for the student. Day's Analytical Geometry is good, and probably as clear in its elucidations as any published.

FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN.

—The following are excellent text-books in these languages, and may be procured through us at prices annexed: In French, Ollendorf's Grammar, \$3; De Fives' French Reader, \$1 10; Surenne's F. Dictionary, \$1 75; Surenne's F. Manual, \$1 90. In German, Ahn's Method, \$1 40; Heldenreich's German Reader, \$1 10; Adler's Pocket G. Dictionary, \$3 25. In Italian, Fontana's Grammar, \$2; Foresti's I. Extracts, \$2; Meadows' I. Dictionary, \$3 75.

THE VOICE.—Please inform me how I can strengthen a weak voice. My parents both have strong voices, and I see no reason why I should not be equally favored in that respect.

Ans. Seek to maintain good general health, avoid spices and all heating condiments, avoid tobacco, avoid confined and impure air, especially at night, stand erect, expand the chest, and learn to use the vocal apparatus with distinctness and deliberation, and the voice will become stronger. We have a little work entitled "The Human Voice; its Right Management in Reading, Speaking, and Debating," which it would do you good to read. Price by mail, 50 cents.

THE DOLLAR MICROSCOPE, THE NOVELTY MICROSCOPE, THE CRAIG MICROSCOPE, which is best? Are they worth what they cost?

Ans. We have seen testimonials from such authorities as the *Scientific American*, religious newspapers, and from numerous private letters. We have also seen criticisms, in which it was alleged that neither

of the above would perform miracles, or answer the purposes of a thousand-dollar compound instrument. It is very much with the microscope makers as with others; each, no doubt, intends to give the money's worth, less cost for advertising, and a living profit. One may answer one purpose, another a different purpose, while all may at least be amusing and instructive. It is a lesson to learn, that the microscope reveals that which the unaided eye could never behold. So of the telescope.

MORE ABOUT TEN-PENNY NAILS.

—In the November number of the A. P. J. you ask about the "ten-penny nail," and call for a "solution." Perhaps I can answer. About twenty-five years ago, while engaged in missionary work in this Western country—Michigan—I called on two families who were *nailers*, men, women, and children; and they had brought with them from the "Old Country" their nail-making machine. The machine consisted of a frame-work and floor about seven feet by five, on which was a bellows, fire-place, anvil, rod-cutter, header, seat, etc. The nailer sat at his work, everything within his reach, drove the bellows and header with his feet, and the hammer, rod, etc., with his hands.

For my gratification one of the ladies kindled the fire, mounted her seat, and wrought specimen nails for me; first the three-penny, then the four-penny, six-penny, eight-penny, ten-penny, twelve-penny, and twenty-penny. "This is the way, sir," she said, "that we made or wrought nails years ago in the 'Old Country.' We made them, and they were sold at so much per hundred. These little fellows are lighter and shorter, and they were made and sold as three-penny (per 100) nails; and these longer and stouter, at twenty-pennies per 100, and so with all sizes per 100."

Were the late Grant Thorburn, "Laurel Todd," connected, he could have told the Farmer's Club and the wise *Independents* all about these nails. Perhaps their inquiry will be answered in the above. M. L. W.

SEVERAL ANSWERS are left over for want of room.

Publisher's Department.

OUR OWN PUBLICATIONS.

We have just printed an Illustrated Catalogue, comprising all the best works on Phrenology, Ethnology, Physiology, Phrenognomy, Psychology, Hydropathy, Phonography, Anatomy, Dietetics, Hygiene, Gymnastics, etc., with prices; which will be sent to any address on receipt of two three-cent stamps. Address this office.

AGENTS may do well in selling our useful books in every State, county, and town. Send stamp, and ask for "Terms to Agents."

MIRROR OF THE MIND; OR, Your Character from your Likeness. For particulars how to have pictures taken, inclose a prepaid envelope, directed to yourself, for answer. Address, SAMUEL R. WELLS, No. 329 Broadway, New York.

"SAINTS AND SINNERS."

The articles published under the above title in our November and December numbers were written by our old correspondent and contributor A. A. G. Readers will judge for themselves the merit of this writer's productions. He gives us the first installment of "The Uses of Culture" in our present number.

THE NEW ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY AND PSYCHOLOGY FOR 1868 contains: Marriage of Cousins, its effects; Whom and When to Marry; Right Age; Jealousy in all its Phases, with causes and cure; Distinguished Characters, with portraits; Bismarck, D'Israeli, Victor Hugo, the Hon. Henry Wilson, Miss Braddon, Kings and Queens; Two Paths in Womanhood, illustrated; How to Read Character; eighty pages, handsomely printed; is having a very large sale. It is a capital campaign document—full of instruction and valuable suggestions. Those interested in the dissemination of the principles we teach should place copies within the reach of all. Single copies, prepaid by post, 25 cents. Five copies for a dollar. A still larger discount to agents who buy to sell again.

REGISTER YOUR LETTERS.—When post-office orders—which are best to remit—can not be obtained, it is safer to have money letters registered.

GREENBACKS ARE NOW OUR NATIONAL CURRENCY, and we prefer them to the old-style bank notes. When fractional currency is remitted, let it be clean and genuine.

FOR SETTLEMENT IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—Mr. E. J. C. Wood, of Alben, S. C., has published a pamphlet with map, giving a full account of lands there for sale, including a description of the soil, productions, climate, society, and all that one may wish to know in regard to that locality. Those seeking homes in the South should inclose stamp, and address to Mr. Wood, of Alben, as above.

General Items.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

READER, the year on which we now enter will be just what we ourselves make it. If we seek our own selfish ends; if we get from others more than we give to others, we shall come far short of that fullness of happiness which comes of a generous spirit. If we do good—if we put the unfortunate in a way to improve and help themselves—we thereby add to our own happiness. It is not the prodigal or indiscriminate giver who does the most good, but the one who gives wisely—advice, service, or money.

Again, if we form good resolutions in regard to our habits, and hold to them; if we "swear off" from vices; if we pledge ourselves in the interest of mercy, justice, faith, and devotion; if we resolve to do right, to do good, and to walk humbly, and keep the resolutions, doing our duty, resisting all temptations, it will indeed be to me what I would have it to you, dear reader, and to all mankind, A Happy New Year. Let us one and all try to make it so.

AMERICAN SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.—The third annual meeting of this Association was held on the 8th of October, at the Old South Church, in Boston, Ex-Governor Washburne in the chair. Many interesting subjects were introduced, and discussed by persons of wide reputation and intelligence. Among the most important topics treated, was one presented in an essay by Dr. Nathan

Allen, of Lowell, upon the "Population of Massachusetts, and Changes in the Physical Organization of Women in Relation to the Laws of Human Increase." He presented a large collection of statistics, showing among other things that there is but a small increase of the purely native population. Formerly large families were the rule, now they are the exception. A comparison made between Vermont and England, showed that the birth-rate in Vermont was one in forty-nine against one in twenty-nine in England. As the primary purpose of the marriage institution is the continuance of the race, and statistics generally show that married women are more healthy and longer-lived than those that are single, it shows that efforts, more or less reprehensible, are resorted to to prevent an increase of family. As a general thing, in proportion as women become intelligent, learned, and mental in their habits, there is a tendency to a decrease in the number of their children. This is perhaps partly physiological, showing that if a great deal of nerve-force be employed in thought and study, the constitution becomes less robust and healthy, and, of course, less prolific. But with information comes the knowledge as to the means of preventing that which, to men and women with right feelings, should not be a burden, but a blessing—namely, healthy, happy children. Recently in New York a meeting of this Association was held, and subjects of a similar nature discussed.

LOOK OUT FOR IMPOSTORS.—Swindling is not confined to lottery dealers, gift enterprises, mock auctions, quack medicine manufacturers who rob and poison "indiscreet young men," cheap jewelers, counterfeiters, bogus-money makers, and scores of others; but the rascals may be found canvassing for newspapers and magazines. [We give no certificates of agency to any, preferring to depend on newsmen and on the club system.] They are also to be found in advertising agencies, offering splendid chances, with immense circulations to those who would find it more profitable to attend to their own advertising, selecting their own medium. We repeat, it will be well for all honest people to beware of the swindlers.

SIGNS OF LONGEVITY.—Dr. J. V. C. Smith, of Boston, and Dr. J. H. Grierson, of this city, were yesterday adjudged the successful competitors for the "Prize Essay on the Physical Signs of Longevity," for which \$500 was offered some time ago by the American Popular Life Insurance Company. The essay of each of the gentlemen was so good that the committee could not determine which was the better, and the prize was awarded to each.

[When published, our readers shall have the benefit of these prize essays.]

SOAP.—Large quantities of soap are every year imported into America from Europe. Now there is no more necessity for this than for importing corn and wheat. There are as fine soaps made here as anywhere, and may be had as cheaply—soaps plain and soaps perfumed. If there be a doubt on the point, ask your druggist, groceryman, or storekeeper for the best, and he will probably refer you to the sorts made by the COLGATES. At all events, in our way of thinking, they are good enough, and we may save to our country the amounts paid for a no better foreign article. We believe in good soap; think more should be used; would make

it a qualification for voting. No man should vote who uses no soap!

SHORTHAND WRITERS WANTED.—The demand for phonographic reporters is steadily increasing. We often receive applications like the following, and only regret there are not enough experts to meet the demand.

Mr. S. R. WELLS—My Dear Sir: Can you recommend to me a shorthand writer, who writes a rapid and legible business hand; who can read his notes with facility and transcribe them with accuracy; who writes not less than one hundred words per minute; who has naturally good business tact, and who would like a permanent situation in an express office at a salary of about \$1,500 per year?

To a desirable party I can give a situation.

Yours very truly, K. T. D.
[Here is an advertisement from one of the New York daily papers on the same subject.]

WANTED—A BOY FROM 15 TO 18 years of age who can write phonography and a handsome longhand; must live with his parents in New York. Address Box No. —, New York Post-office.

There are no other openings for young men which promise so rapid promotion and so liberal remuneration as this. Our advice to young men is, to learn phonography.

HOW TO HELP.—"Where there is a will there is a way." Would you add to the comfort or the means of a poor widow? A little, even a very little aid from each one's store would place her above immediate want. A cord of wood, a ton of coal, a sack of flour or meal, a barrel of potatoes, a small assortment of groceries, materials for clothing, and work to do, by which money can be earned, would beget for the givers such heartfelt thanks as would be always gratefully remembered. Rich men may educate the sons and daughters of the poor, fitting them for greater usefulness. They may also establish, or aid in establishing public libraries, reading-rooms, and open halls for instructive lectures. They may present scholarships to young men and women for scientific and literary institutions. There are many young ladies who, after attending a normal school for two or three terms, would be fitted to teach; others would study art and turn their knowledge to good account; still others would attend medical lectures and fit themselves for the practice of medicine, and to take charge of asylums and hospitals.

But even the poor may do good, and help to set the world ahead. They may live temperately, and so appropriate their spare time, when not at work, as to greatly improve themselves and others. Instead of idling, loafing, and lying around bar-rooms, oyster saloons, stables, stores, and stations, smoking, chewing, and spitting, they should read and learn. If mechanics, they may study up a useful labor-saving invention which would benefit the world and enrich themselves. If one is so very poor that he can not contribute cash for benevolent objects, let him contribute ideas or services. No one who can work is so poor that he may not contribute something to the general good. Americans are a nation of workers, not paupers nor beggars. Reader, will you not act on these suggestions, and set some useful ball in motion? Do not wait to become rich before you begin to give and to do good. Our Saviour, the Apostles, all philanthropists and benefactors commenced to do good on a very small capital. Can you not follow their example? Induce a profane man to stop his bad habit; persuade a drinking man to sign the pledge—he needs it; invite the

worldly or indifferent to attend some place of worship; form the young men and women into singing schools, reading, spelling, debating, or other self-improvement societies. Do one or any of these things to call out the faculties and develop character. If dormant or not used, both mind and muscle become weak, effeminate, helpless. If used with vigor and kept growing, we shall culminate into something near to what the Creator intended us to be—self-helpful and well-developed human beings.

Personal.

PHRENOLOGY IN PHILADELPHIA.—Our long-tried friend and former colleague, Mr. John L. Capen, is giving courses of popular lectures this winter in the Quaker City and vicinity. He will promptly respond to calls for lectures not too far from home. His office is at No. 723 Chestnut Street, where those who wish may obtain any of our publications and correct examinations, with charts and written descriptions of character.

SETH P. NORTON, Esq., the business agent of the Collins Manufacturing Company, at Collinsville, Ct., died on the 29th of October, aged 44. He was the original of "Frank Upton," the benevolent and worthy young man, a character in Mrs. Hubbell's "Shady Side of a Pastor's Life." We knew Mr. Norton for twenty-five years, and have known few more worthy than he. He leaves a wife and four children.

MRS. S. W. GRISWOLD, of Hartford, Conn., died October 27th. She had many excellences of head and heart, and her departure in the mid-day of life must make a large gap in the friendly circle of which she was the light and ornament.

EX-GOV. JOHN A. ANDREW, of Mass., died October 30th, of apoplexy. He had a full habit and a florid complexion, just the look for apoplexy; just the man who ought to have refrained from the use of coffee, spices, stimulants, and tobacco.

OBITUARY.—Died on the 17th of November last, at his residence in Chicago, Colonel Alfred Clark Hills, one of the editors of the Chicago Tribune. He was a gentleman of quiet demeanor and retiring habits, but nevertheless an earnest and forcible writer, and possessed of extensive information. Some years ago, when we published *Life Illustrated*, Colonel Hills was one of the most acceptable contributors to its columns.

LOVELL DODGE.—It gives us pleasure to state that Mr. Lovell Dodge, a recent pupil of ours, has prepared several interesting lectures. One is entitled "Temperance," another "Waking Up; or, How to Get Along in the World." He also proposes to give several lectures on phrenological and kindred sciences.

Mr. Dodge's lectures have been very favorably mentioned by the New Haven papers, and he has commendatory letters from the mayor of that city and other influential citizens. We bespeak for Mr. Dodge a cordial reception.

LIVINGSTONE NOT DEAD.—Dispatches containing the gratifying intelligence of the safety of Dr. Livingstone, the celebrated African traveler and explorer, have been received. The particulars received are few, but the Doctor is known to have been safe and well in April last. He was then exploring the wastes of Africa, hundreds of miles from the seacoast.

Business.

[Under this head we publish, for a consideration, such matters as rightfully belong to this department. We disclaim responsibility for what may herein appear. Matter will be LEADED and charged according to the space occupied, at the rate of 50 cents a line.]

THE HYGEIAN HOME.—At this establishment all the Water-Cure appliances are given, with the Swedish Movements and Electricity. Send for our circular. Address A. SMITH, M.D., Wernersville, Berks County, Pa.

THE MOVEMENT-CURE.—Chronic Invalids may learn the particulars of this mode of treatment by sending for Dr. Geo. H. Taylor's illustrated sketch of the Movement-Cure, 25 cents. Address 67 West 38th Street, N. Y. city. Aug., 18.

MRS. E. DE LA VERGNE, M.D.,
235 ADELPHI STREET, BROOKLYN.

HYGIENIC CURE, BUFFALO, N. Y.—Compressed Air Baths, Turkish Baths, Electric Baths, and all the appliances of a first-class Cure. Please send for a Circular. Address H. P. BURDICK, M.D., or Mrs. BRYANT BURDICK, M.D., Burdick House, Buffalo, N. Y. 18

NEW NATIONAL RELIGIOUS PAPER.—A national religious newspaper, to be called "THE ADVANCE," will be published weekly, from the first of September onward, in the city of Chicago. It will represent Congregational principles and polity, but will be conducted in a spirit of courtesy and fraternity toward all Christians. The form will be what is popularly termed a double sheet of eight pages, of the size and style of the New York Evangelist. The pecuniary basis is an ample capital furnished by leading business men and others, to be expended in the establishment and improvement of the paper, which is intended to be second to none in the country, in its literary and religious character. The purpose of its projectors is indicated in the name: their aim being to ADVANCE the cause of evangelical religion, in its relations not only to doctrine, worship, and ecclesiastical polity, but also to philosophy, science, literature, politics, business, amusements, art, morals, philanthropy, and whatever else conduces to the glory of God and the good of man by its bearing upon Christian civilization. No expense has been spared in providing for its editorial management in all departments, while arrangements are in progress to secure the ablest contributors and correspondents at home and abroad. The city of Chicago has been selected as the place of publication, because of its metropolitan position in the section of the country especially demanding such a paper, and the fact that it is nearly the center of national population, and in a very few years will be the ecclesiastical center of the Congregational Churches. Issued at the interior commercial metropolis, "THE ADVANCE" will contain the latest market reports, and able discussions of financial subjects, such as will make it a necessity to business men in all parts of the country. The editor-in-chief will be Rev. Wm. W. Patton, D.D., who resigns the pastorate of the leading church of the denomination at the West for this purpose, and who has had many years' experience in editorial labor. The subscription price will be \$2.50 in advance. Advertising rates made known on application. Address THE ADVANCE COMPANY, P. O. Drawer 6,374, Chicago, Ill.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.
A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
Containing the best Reviews, Criticisms, Tales, Fugitive Poetry, Scientific, Biographical, and Political Information, gathered from the entire body of English Periodical Literature, and forming four handsome volumes every year, of immediate interest and solid permanent value.

EXTRACTS FROM NOTICES.

From the late President of the United States, John Quincy Adams.

Of all the periodicals devoted to literature and science, which abound in Europe and this country, the LIVING AGE has appeared to me the most useful.

From N. P. Willis.

"Tenderloin," "fote gras," are phrases, we believe, which express the one most exquisite morsel. By the selection of these from the foreign Reviews—the most exquisite morsel from each—our friend Littell makes up his dish of LIVING AGE. And it tastes so. We recommend it to all epicures of reading.

From Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, May, 1867.

Were I, in view of all the competitors that are now in the field, to choose, I should certainly choose the LIVING AGE. * * * Nor is there in any library that I know of, so much instructive and entertaining reading in the same number of volumes.

From the New York Times.

The taste, judgment, and wise tact displayed in the selection of articles are above all praise, because they have never been equalled.

From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

We can do those among our readers who love sound and pure literature no better service than by referring them to this sterling weekly. It is decidedly the best magazine of the class published in the United States, if not in the world.

From the New York Independent.

No one can read, from week to week, the selections brought before him in the LIVING AGE, without becoming conscious of a quickening of his own faculties, and an enlargement of his mental horizon. Few private libraries, of course, can now secure the back volumes, sets of which are limited and costly. But public libraries in towns and villages ought, if possible, to be furnished with such a treasury of good reading; and individuals may begin as subscribers for the new series, and thus keep pace in future with the age in which they live.

From the Syracuse (N. Y.) Journal, 1867.

The cheapest and most satisfactory magazine which finds its way to our table. It is a favorite everywhere.

From the Mobile Daily Advertiser and Register, June 30, 1867.

Of all the periodicals ever issued in America, probably none has ever taken so strong a hold upon the affections and interest of the more cultivated class of people, none has done so much to elevate the tone of public taste, none has contributed so much genuine enjoyment to its thousands of readers, as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

From the Round Table, New York, Aug. 10, 1867.

There is no other publication which gives its readers so much of the best quality of the leading English magazines and reviews.

From the Chicago Journal of Commerce, July 4, 1867.

We esteem it above all price.

From the Illinois State Journal, Aug. 3, 1867.

It has more real solid worth, more useful information, than any similar publication we know of. The ablest essays, the most entertaining stories, the finest poetry of the English language, are here gathered together.

Published every Saturday, at \$8 a year, free of postage, by LITTELL & GAY, 30 Bromfield Street, Boston.

The LIVING AGE and the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL will be sent a year to one address, for \$9. Address as above, or, S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York. Send P. O. orders.

From the Richmond Whig, June 1, 1867.

If a man were to read Littell's magazine regularly, and read nothing else, he would be well informed on all prominent subjects in the general field of human knowledge.

From the Daily Wisconsin, Milwaukee, June 15, 1867.

The best reprint of foreign literature issued in this country.

From the Church Union, New York, Aug. 10, 1867.

Its editorial discrimination is such as ever to afford its readers an entertaining résumé of the best current European magazine literature, and so complete as to satisfy them of their having no need to resort to its original sources. In this regard, we deem it the best issue of its kind extant.

From the Boston Journal.

The weekly issues of the LIVING AGE make four octavo volumes of about eight hundred pages each, yearly; and we venture to say that few volumes published in this country comprise so great an amount and variety of good reading matter of permanent value.

From the Congregationalist, Boston.

No better present can be made for the enjoyment of a family circle through the year than a year's subscription to LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. It is always well filled with instructive articles on science, philosophy, theology from the reviews, stories by the most popular writers from the magazines, choice poems, brief biographies, and a selection of tid-bits of the most entertaining character. The bound volumes for the past year (1866) are among the most valuable books on our shelves.

From the Philadelphia Press.

The volume for October, November, and December, 1866 (being the third quarterly of the fourth series, and the ninety-first of the whole), fully sustains the high character of the work. It contains the following serials: "Nina Balata," and "Sir Brook Fossbrooke," from "Blackwood"; "Madonna Mary," from "Good Words"; "Village on the Cliff," from the "Cornhill Magazine"; and "Old Sir Douglas," from "Macmillan." The LIVING AGE, we repeat, is a library in itself, worthy of its high repute.

From the New York Home Journal, June 12, 1867.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, long distinguished as a pioneer in the republication of the choicest foreign periodical literature, still holds the foremost rank among works of its class. Its standard of selections is a high one, and its contents are not only of interest at the present moment, but possess an enduring value. Its representation of the foreign field of periodical literature is ample and comprehensive; and it combines the tasteful and erudite, the romantic and practical, the social and scholarly, the grave and gay, with a skill which is nowhere surpassed, and which is admirably suited to please the cultivated reader.

From the Protestant Churchman, June 27, 1867.

Age and Life are alike its characteristics. It is linked with our memories of the old library at home, and it seems to grow fresher and better in matter as it grows older in years. Once introduced into the family circle, it can not well be dispensed with; and the bound volumes on the library shelves will supply a constant feast in years to come.

From a Clergyman in Massachusetts, of much literary celebrity.

In the formation of my mind and character, I owe as much to the LIVING AGE as to all other means of education put together.

MUNSON'S MONTHLY PHONOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for January, 1868, will be ready about December 25th. There is no other periodical in America that is printed in Phonography. Terms, \$2 a year, or 20 cents a number.

MUNSON'S "NEW CLASSIFICATION AND ARRANGEMENT OF PHONOGRAPHY" is now ready. Every teacher and learner of Phonography should have it. Price, post-paid, 15 cents. Address JAMES E. MUNSON, 41 Park Row, New York. Jan. 12.

THE CHURCH UNION.—The largest and best Religious Family Newspaper in the world.

Owing to the unprecedented reception of this paper, it is now enlarged to twice its original size.

It is devoted to Liberty and Union in the whole Church of Christ, opposes Ritualism and Rationalism, and advocates Radical Doctrines in both Church and State.

It favors universal suffrage, and equal rights for every man and woman of every nationality.

It is the organ of no sect, but will endeavor to represent every branch of the Church, and every society organized for the purpose of converting the world to Christ.

It is Trinitarian in creed, but favors free discussion by all Religionists of every faith.

It will advocate a free communion table for all the Lord's people, and a free pulpit for all his ministers.

It will print a sermon from Rev. Henry Ward Beecher in every issue. This sermon, published at twelve o'clock every Monday, will be selected from one of the two sermons preached by Mr. Beecher the day before publication. It is not copyrighted, nor is it prepared for the press by Mr. Beecher.

Terms—\$2 50 yearly. \$1 to agents for every subscriber. Sold by American News Company at 5 cents, and by Publishers.

Address, CHARLES ALBERTSON, Supt. Church Union, 103 Fulton Street, New York. Sept., 18

REV. NEWMAN HALL, HENRY WARD BEECHER, and the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The New York Methodist publishes Sermons of the above-named divines, reported expressly for its columns. It contains, also, vigorous Editorials, ample Correspondence, News, a Children's Story every week, etc., etc.

Terms, \$2 50 per year. Office, No. 114 Nassau Street, New York.

WORKS ON MAN.—For New Illustrated Catalogue of best Books on Physiology, Anatomy, Gymnastics, Dietetics, Physiotherapy, Shorthand Writing, Memory, Self-Improvement, Phrenology, and Ethnology, send two stamps to S. R. WELLS, Publisher, No. 389 Broadway, New York. Agents wanted.

JENKINS' VEST-POCKET LEXICON. An English Dictionary of all except Familiar Words; including the Principal Scientific and Technical Terms, and Foreign Moneys, Weights, and Measures. Price, in Gilt Morocco, Tuck, \$1; in Leather Gilt, 75 cents. Sent post-paid by S. R. WELLS, New York. 18

GOOD BOOKS BY MAIL.—Any book, magazine, or newspaper, no matter where or by whom published, may be ordered at publisher's prices, from S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

ESTABLISHED 1861—THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

HAVE JUST RECEIVED TWO FULL
CARGOES OF THE

FINEST NEW CROP TEAS.

22,000 Half Chests by ship Golden State.
12,000 Half Chests by ship George Shotton.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyane districts of China, which are unrivaled for fineness and sweetness of flavor.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea Trade (previous to the establishment of the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY), we will start with the American Houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

First. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their Houses in China.

Second. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

Third. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

Fourth. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1,000 to 2,000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

Fifth. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in the lines, at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

Sixth. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

Seventh. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer, at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

Eighth. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer, for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

By our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same price, with the small additional expense of transportation, as though they bought them at our Warehouse in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price-List, as published in the paper, or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on the list, as seen in the club-order published below, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and

we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members can divide equitably among themselves.

Parties sending club or other orders for less than thirty dollars, had better send Post-office draft or money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for clubs of less than \$30.

Parties getting their Teas of us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our Warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within thirty days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of clubs. They are sold at cargo prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

Oolong (Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best, \$1 per lb.
Mixed (Green and Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best, \$1 per lb.
English Breakfast (Black), 80c., 90c., \$1, \$1 10, best, \$1 20 per lb.
Imperial (Green), 80c., 90c., \$1, \$1 10, best, \$1 25 per lb.
Young Hyson (Green), 80c., 90c., \$1, \$1 10, best \$1 25 per lb.
Uncolored Japan, 90c., \$1, \$1 10, best, \$1 25 per lb.
Gunpowder (Green), \$1 25, best, \$1 50 per lb.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best, 40c., per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our *French Breakfast* and *Dinner Coffee*, which we sell at the low price of 30 c. per lb., and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to \$1 per lb. by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.

31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Post-Office Box 5,643, New York City.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY (established 1861) is recommended by the leading newspapers, religious and secular, in this and other cities, viz.:

American Agriculturist, Orange Judd, Editor.
Christian Advocate, New York City, Daniel Curry, D.D., Editor.
Christian Advocate, Cincinnati, Ohio, J. M. Reid, D.D., Editor.
Christian Advocate, Chicago, Ill., Thomas M. Eddy, D.D., Editor.
Evangelist, New York City, Dr. H. M. Field and J. G. Craighead, Editors.
Examiner and Chronicle, New York City, Edward Bright, Editor.
Christian Intelligencer, E. S. Porter, D.D., Editor.

Independent, New York City, William C. Bowen, Publisher.

The Methodist, Geo. R. Crooks, D.D., Editor.

Moore's Rural New Yorker, Rochester, N. Y., D. D. T. Moore, Editor and Proprietor.

Tribune, New York City, Horace Greeley, Editor.

We call attention to the above list as a positive guarantee of our manner of doing business; as well as the hundreds of thousands of persons in our published Club Lists.

COMPLIMENTARY LETTERS FROM CLUBS.

MANHATTAN, KANSAS, July 25, 1867.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York.

Your "Advocate" is received and circulated. Please accept my thanks. You are extending a blessing to us old tea drinkers in the West.

My profession keeps me in my office, but the limited opportunities I have shall be devoted to the extension of your trade. The orders I have sent have been purely from private families. I have recommended your house to our merchants, with what success you know, not I. They might not like to have their customers see the profits they make.

I remain, very respectfully yours,

LORENZO WESTOVER.

DEARBORNVILLE, MICH., July 6, 1867.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York.

Gents: This day I forward you, by M. U. Express Company, \$107 50, being amount due you on one box of tea.

It may be proper here to state that the tea received gives entire satisfaction. This makes two orders from this place. Your patrons are so well pleased with the tea that you may expect to furnish us our tea and coffee. I have sent your papers to Linden, Genesee County, in this State, and other places, from whence you may expect to receive orders.

Please accept our thanks for the promptness with which you responded to our order.

Respectfully yours,

AMOS GAGE.

BRUNSWICK, MO., March 26, 1867.

TO THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York.

The order we sent you last month reached us in due time, and with which we are well pleased. We think there is, at least, 50 to 75 cents difference in your favor, compared with the prices of St. Louis, where we have been buying our teas for several years past. You may expect to receive our future orders.

Yours truly,

MERCHANT BEAZLEY.

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name, either wholly or in part, as they are *logos* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

TAKE NOTICE.—Clubs and quantity buyers are only furnished from our Wholesale and Club Department.

Post-Office orders and drafts made payable to the order of the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY. Direct letters and orders to the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York.
Post-Office Box, 5,643, New York City.



THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE.

NAPOLÉON—PRINCE IMPERIAL.

THE Prince Imperial of France was born March 16th, 1856, and consequently is now in his twelfth year. His portrait, as we reproduce it from a foreign paper, may flatter him, but there are indications of a fine-grained organization and a susceptible nervous temperament. He is said to be a very clever little boy—considerably more advanced in his studies than boys of his age usually are. His parents probably spare no pains in the education of his intellect, and may ruin his prospects by overtaxing his brain. The Emperor a while ago gave his son a small printing-press with a font of type, and encouraged him to study or amuse himself with the art of "composition," so that now he is said to set type pretty well. Some reports of the little Prince's conversations and sayings, if not exaggerations, evince unusual precocity. At the late distribution of prizes to exhibitors in the great Exposition the Prince rendered himself conspicuous. Whether the performance had been previously arranged or not, we can not say. The Emperor occupied the chair of honor, and with his own hand was distributing the awards. One of the prizes had been awarded by the judges to the Emperor for an excellent design for cottages for the poor. When the Emperor came to his own name on the list, he paused, as if perplexed what to do. It did not appear proper for him to present his

prize to himself. After a momentary silence, the little Prince Imperial jumped up, and grasping the prize, gracefully handed it to his father. The Emperor smiled most pleasantly, and took the prize from the hands of the youthful Prince, who resumed his seat amid thunders of applause from the concourse of spectators. We trust that he will live to be a blessing to France, and not—as, unfortunately, most of her rulers have proved—a curse.

THE LAST CALL.

PERAMBULATING opera singers, theatrical "stars," superannuated lecturers, legerdemain tricksters, circus clowns, and other exhibitors and showmen, announce in flaming show-bills their annual final "farewell" entertainments. If you wish to ever see the great incomparable hocus-pocus, who can open her or his mouth widest, and let out the most noise, with bugle and banjo accompaniments, now is your last chance! Ten thousand wondering stupids all over the world are waiting in breathless suspense to be transported by the magic of his—or her—look or roar.

The opera season is now in full blast! Playhouses are nightly filled from pit to dome with the *élite*, who wear the very *nicest* borrowed or hired clothes, and who are perfumed to a choking—yea, even to a sneezing sensation. There was never nothing like it! such magnif-

icent waterfalls! such splendid long trails! and, oh, such gorgeous fans and other finery! Did you ever! "O my!" Now, the scheming "shentlemens," with a very foreign brogue, swarthy complexions, and hawk-billed noses, are here in America simply to "make money." They apply all the arts, cater to the lowest passions, excite curiosity, and on the strength of lagerbeer and brandy get up a tremendous excitement! or may we not say, "a tempest in a tea-pot?" Look at the posters which cover the walls, printed with the largest type in red, black, and blue! read the advertisements in all the city dailies! read the columns of kindly, appreciative—*paid for*—criticisms! and drop your tools, drop your pen, drop your baby, even, and run "like the dickens" to secure a ticket for the last great blow-out by the imported, immense, tremendous, bewildering, tragic or operatic old lady, before she retires forever once more from the public—money-making—stage! This is emphatically, positively, absolutely the last chance you will ever have of seeing an imported striped pig!

Americans are an excitable people, and are considered by European adventurers capital geese to pick. The "managers" and self-styled professors seek only to make money. Like the wily spider, they weave their webs and catch the silly butterflies of foolish fashion, who lack brains to see and escape the trap set for them.

MORAL: Don't be deceived; don't run after and be caught by mere shining brass nor tinkling cymbals.

ARTEMUS WARD had an adventure in Boston which resulted as follows:

I returned in the horse cart part way. A pooty girl in spectacles sat near me, and was telling a young man how much he reminded her of a young man she used to know in Waltham. Pooty soon the young man got out, and smiling in a seductive manner, I said to the girl in spectacles:

"Don't I remind you of some one you used to know?"

"Yes," she said, "you do remind me of one man, but he was sent to the penitentiary for stealin' a barrel of mackerel; he died there, so I conclood you ain't him."

I didn't pursue the conversation.

New volumes begin January and July, closing in June and December. Two volumes for one year are usually bound in one cover.

THE
PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL
AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

Is devoted to The Science of Man, in all its branches, including PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY, PSYCHOLOGY, ETHNOLOGY, SOCIOLOGY, etc. It furnishes a guide in Choosing a Pursuit, and in judging of the dispositions of those around us, by all the known external signs of Character.

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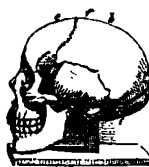
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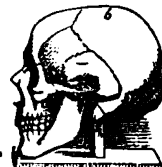
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EARL OF DERBY.



LORD STANLEY.

The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there; To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—Young.

EARL OF DERBY AND LORD STANLEY. FATHER AND SON IN THE ENGLISH MINISTRY.

THE House of Stanley, according to a recent English authority, is "perhaps the greatest among our Parliamentary families, the only one which in modern days has seated for three centuries the same time in the same place."

It is not only one of the most influential, but one of the oldest English noble families, dating back through a perfectly clear record to Sir John Stanley, who was born in the year 1354. By a further ascent, reasonably valid in appearance, the family is traced to Adam de Audley, who was lord of Reveney, in Cumberland, in the reign of Henry I. (A.D. 1100–1135), and whose grandson,

William, becoming lord of the manor of Stoneleigh or Stanleigh, in Staffordshire, adopted from it, after the ancient fashion, the name of Stanley.

The history of the family affords many curious confirmations of the doctrine of persistent hereditary transmission of mental qualities. For instance, the Sir John Stanley already referred to, who lived five hundred years ago, was "a cool, shrewd, and efficient man"—a description wholly applicable both to the present Earl of Derby and his son, Lord Stanley. This Sir John was, at different times, lord deputy, lord justice, and lord lieutenant of Ireland, and in 1406 he received the grant of almost all the soil, and of absolute jurisdiction over both land and people, of the Isle of Man. It was in virtue of this grant that the earls of Derby became titular kings of Man, which included 180,000 acres of land. This authority was retained until 1765,

when the "royalty" was sold to the British crown for \$350,000. It was Thomas Lord Stanley, a great-great-grandson of Sir John, and son of the first Lord Stanley, who with his brother William deserted Richard the Third at Bosworth Field, with 8,000 men, decided the battle for Henry Earl of Richmond, and with his own hand crowned the victor on the battle-field, thus changing the succession of the English crown. Henry soon created Stanley earl of Derby, made him lord steward and lord high constable, and gave him immense estates. Indeed, the new earl was almost the only English baron who had passed through the furious and bloody wars of the Roses, with advantage both to his position and property. The names of about thirty different estates are on record as having been granted to this shrewd earl, after the battle of Stoke alone—two years later than Bosworth Field.

It was a Stanley who drove the Scots out of their strong position at Flodden by the tormenting fire of his archers; and who, according to Sir Walter Scott, received part of the dying exhortation of the brave but wicked Lord Marmion:

"Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

The English authority already quoted remarks, in a subsequent place: "The Stanleys continued under the Tudors what they had been under the Plantagenets—a powerful, efficient race, greatly beloved by their immediate followers and neighborhood, but with an instinct which their friends called foresight and their enemies faithlessness.

The present and the fourteenth Earl of Derby is Edward Geoffrey Smith Stanley. The name Smith, by the way, was adopted in addition to his own by James, twelfth earl, upon marrying the heiress of one Hugh Smith, who was rich.

EARL OF DERBY.

The EARL OF DERBY was born March 29, 1790, being therefore sixty-eight. He studied at Eton, and afterward at Oxford, where he gave early proof of the same classical scholarship, so ably exemplified in his translation of Homer, by taking the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse. He very soon entered upon what may be called his hereditary career as a ruler of England, entering the House of Commons in 1821, as member for Stockbridge. He was, until 1833, known as Mr. Stanley, his grandfather being Earl of Derby, his father having the "courtesy title" of Lord Stanley, and the grandsons of peers being obliged to support life without any extra "handle" to their names.

From 1821 until now—for forty-six years—almost half a century—this strong and laborious party leader has been a vigorous and busy politician. He has sometimes been out of office and of Parliament, and sometimes in; but he has always been influential from the very first, and for the last quarter of a century may be considered as having been the chief leader among the English Conservative or Tory party.

His very first speech, though only on a question about gas-light in Manchester, was so able as to call forth the praise of the celebrated Sir James Mackintosh, and he at once took high rank as a ready and powerful debater. His first office was that of Under Secretary for the Colonies, in the administration of Mr. Canning, and he has at various subsequent times been Secretary for Ireland, Colonial Secretary, and thrice Prime Minister. His premierships were from February, 1852, for ten months only; during another period of not far from the same length, in 1858-9; and thirdly, for the yet unexpired term, which began after the death of Lord Palmerston.

Lord Derby, while straightforward, frank,

and manly in public action, is not so broad and philosophical as his son, Lord Stanley, who is a politician rather than a statesman, a partisan rather than a patriot; a statesman rather than a great administrator, a strenuous fighter entitled to part or all of the title of victor; he is excellent measures. He was creator of many liant, and effective advocate of a peaceful, brilliant Emancipation and reform of the Catholic great contest of 1832-3, and was in the those days engaged in violent single combats with O'Connell and Shiel, the former of whom seems to have hated him bitterly, and conferred upon him the ugly nickname of "Scorpion Stanley." His Colonial Secretaryship in 1833 was accepted on purpose to accomplish the emancipation of the slaves in the British West Indies, and it was done accordingly. During his first premiership some salutary measures of reformation were accomplished in the English Court of Chancery; and it was at the same period that the celebrated *corridors*, or "corridor understanding," was established between the English and French governments, which was sealed by a kiss of Queen Victoria upon the cheek of the Emperor Napoleon, and which has kept the two governments quite closely connected ever since. During his second premiership, again, he brought forward a scheme for further political reform, but without success.

"The present Earl," says our English authority, speaking of the family tendency to keep on the wind side, which has made them rich and powerful ever since Bosworth—"has the hereditary failing, and more than the hereditary strength, having, after jumping on a table" (in 1832), "to protest against taxes, till the Reform Bill was passed, gone over to the Conservative side, and risen to its lead. He and his son, Lord Stanley—Whig in opinion, Tory Cabinet Minister, in fact—have rebuilt the political influence lost with the execution of the seventh Earl" (by Cromwell in 1651, after the battle of Worcester), "and maintain to the full that respect and affection from their tenantry, which, save to that one man" (viz., the executed Earl), "have never failed."

The physiognomy of the Earl of Derby, as will at once be seen on examining our engraving, is a truly British one, but it would much sooner be taken for the face and figure of some energetic and successful capitalist and manufacturer, who had begun life without a cent, than for that of a man of vast hereditary wealth, and one of the very oldest and most aristocratic English families. The large brain, massive intellectual lobe, full propelling powers, strong and active combativeness, and the density, firmness, and tenacity of the whole physical structure, exactly fit Lord Derby for the cool, yet fierce and strenuous contentions of party politics and Parliamentary debate, where force, fearlessness, stubborn perseverance, and unyielding attack and defense, ready common sense and large intellectual acquirements, form the proper combination for a successful leader.

The Earl, however, possesses other good qualities besides those of a party leader; and in one whose public employments have been so weighty and engrossing, they become peculiarly meritorious. These are, genuine love of literature, and great ability as a classical scholar. The Earl, some years ago, printed, privately, a number of remarkably skillful and spirited translations from Latin poets, and in 1863, published a very able translation of Homer's *Iliad*. The *Review*, in January, 1865, begins an article on the Earl's translation, with the following very handsome summary encomium of his scholarship:

"The Chancellor of the University of Oxford" (for the Earl holds that partly literary, partly ecclesiastical, and partly political office), "not long ago established a peculiar claim to the highest academical dignity of the country by addressing the heir apparent in an oration of the purest Latinity; and he has now crowned a career of daring, if not successful statesmanship, of splendid eloquence, and of the highest social distinction, by no mean contest for English literature."

And in a subsequent portion of the same article, the *Review* says, with a very justifiable pride:

"It is honorable to letters, it is honorable to English education, that notwithstanding the incessant calls of a great station, a great fortune, and a lofty ambition, time remains to him to complete such a task as the translation of the *Iliad*."

This praise is high, and well deserved. It is much to be desired that elegant scholarship and literary culture might be as highly esteemed and as much sought for by our own public men as by those of England. As Horace (in substance) remarks on a not very different point, such attainments "would polish their manners, and keep them from being such brutes" as they too frequently are. Men like Daniel Webster and our present Chief Justice Chase, it is true, possess something of these good gifts; but in England they are rather the rule than the exception. It must be confessed that this can hardly be said of our own political leaders.

LORD STANLEY.

EDWARD HENRY SMITH STANLEY, eldest son of the Earl of Derby, and who is commonly known by the courtesy title of Lord Stanley, is perhaps the best specimen of the characteristic English statesman and of one trait. This is, however, to his advantage, and its possession is a reproach to his class. It is a lack of blind, unconditional devotion to his "order." Lord Stanley is too practical and too fully aware of the spirit of the age, the demands of humanity, the irresistible progress of enlightenment and of republicanism, and is too conscious that these vast forces must be yielded to and only guided, rather than stiffly resisted and obstinately fought, to be a complete representative of the spirit of the English governing oligarchy. That oligarchy, on its principles, resists good, as the Scriptures command us to

resist evil—"striving even unto death." As a class, it has never yielded a privilege or granted a liberty either to the "lower classes" at home or to the subjects of the British empire abroad, except under the absolute immediate pressure of force. From the time when King John yielded *Magna Charta* to the military force of his barons, down to to-day, when the English Government is yielding the right of peaceable meeting by the people in Hyde Park—not because it was a right, but because the Government does not dare risk the result of a popular uprising—during all those seven centuries the rule of the English governing class has been one and the same: never to give up power except before greater brute force.

Lord Stanley was born July 21, 1826, and is therefore in his forty-second year. His school training was at Eton and Rugby, and at the latter place he undoubtedly felt the influence of the clear and powerful common sense and kindly piety of Dr. Arnold. He afterward graduated at Cambridge, the mathematical university—Oxford being reckoned the classical one—but apparently not from any preference for mathematical studies, as he took a "first class"—a high graduating achievement—in classics.

The better and abler class of young English noblemen most commonly find politics the best career which is open to them. Accordingly, Lord Stanley turned his attention in this direction, and made his first attempt to enter political life in the spring of 1848, becoming a candidate for the representation of Lancaster. He was beaten, however, and without troubling himself much about it, he shortly made a voyage to Canada, the United States, and the West Indies in company with one or two other young men of his own class, for the purpose of seeing and understanding the social and political life of the western hemisphere. While absent he was elected to Parliament for Lynn Regis, or King's Lynn; and after taking his seat, showed that he had used his recent opportunities well, by making a very able speech on the sugar colonies. Soon afterward he made another journey to India, to study that portion of the British Empire, and while absent, in March, 1852, was appointed Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in the first Derby Ministry, of which his father was the head. He was again elected for Lynn in 1852, and has continued to represent that place down to the present time. Soon after his re-election, he showed what he had been to India for, as he had before shown why he went to America, for he soon brought a motion before the House, intended to effect a thorough reform in the British government of India.

Both in foreign and in home affairs, although nominally a conservative, Lord Stanley had by this time shown that as a public man he sought in good faith to accomplish good objects for good purposes. Accordingly, while laboring in Parliament to improve the state of affairs in the foreign dependencies of England, he was

equally zealous, and was laborious, judicious, and useful in aiding the progress of social and legal reform at home. He was a vigorous advocate of the abolition of the odious and oppressive "church rates," which extort money to support the Church of England from those who belong to it and those who do not, alike. He was one of the chief laborers in the establishment of the English mechanics' institutes and public libraries; and has been a good friend to the efforts which have been made to improve the means of popular education in England.

At the death of Sir W. Molesworth in 1855, Lord Palmerston offered Lord Stanley the position of Colonial Secretary, but being in the opposition, Lord Stanley declined, for the sake of remaining faithful to his father's party. When, however, the Earl of Derby came into power in February, 1858, Lord Stanley accepted office under him, and in May became president of the Indian "Board of Control." Under this administration the project of reforming the government of India, which he had entertained six years before, was resumed and effectively carried forward by the dissolution of that vast and unprincipled empire within an empire, the East India Company.

This body, after a wicked, bloody, and rapacious career of two centuries and a half, gave up the ghost in August, 1858, and its vast dominions, including by some estimates a hundred and twenty millions of inhabitants—or nearly one-eighth of the population of the world—passed under the direct authority of the English Government. Upon this change, Lord Stanley became Secretary of State for India, and remained in that office until June, 1859, when the Derby Ministry retired.

Under the hardy leadership of the unprincipled, but most energetic and intrepid, Mr. Disraeli, Lord Stanley has again become a member of the English Cabinet, as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In this post he has shown all the mental breadth, vigor and common sense, good dispositions, practical tact and appreciation of the significance of political changes, and national movements generally, that have distinguished his previous political career, and he is one of the strongest and soundest English statesmen at the present day. A good instance of his plain, straightforward sense was his remark, a little while ago, in answer to urgent appeals that Parliament should pass resolutions expressing horror, or some such feeling, at the death of the fillibuster emperor Maximilian. Lord Stanley said he saw no propriety in the proposed action, and that it would be well for the gentlemen to remember that they were not the Parliament of world, but only that of England; which was quietly saying, Let us mind our own business.

Lord Stanley's steady and reasonable management of foreign affairs is in very strong contrast with the insincere policy of Lord Palmerston; and he is equally prompt and wise in supporting the new Reform Bill. This measure has been taken up by the Tories, now

holding office, and made extensive, so that if any credit comes from it, the Tories can have it instead of the opposite or Liberal party, who might naturally be expected to be the originators of reform measures. This dextrous piece of thunder-stealing is Mr. Disraeli's contrivance, and is exceedingly unpopular with the English nobility and aristocracy, who, however, do not dare prevent it. They may well be disgusted, for the Bill will double the number of persons entitled to vote at English elections, and is therefore an important step forward toward a really free government.

The qualities of Lord Stanley's mind, and the facts of his career hitherto, are such as render it extremely probable that he will continue to be very prominent and influential in shaping the home and foreign policy of England.

CONSCIOUSNESS AND MENTAL ACTION.

BY R. H. WASHINGTON, M.D.

It is intended to treat this subject hypothetically; and before developing thus the phrenological method of analysis, we shall quote from Sir William Hamilton the conditions of a permissible hypothesis: "An hypothesis is allowable only under certain conditions. Of these, the first is that the phenomenon to be explained should be found actually to exist." This condition is fulfilled, for no one will dispute that consciousness and mental actions exist. "The second condition of a permissible hypothesis is, that the phenomena can not be explained otherwise than by an hypothesis." Mental manifestations are of such a character that they can not be investigated like physical phenomena, and metaphysicians have promulgated theories for two thousand years concerning them, and have never yet been able to present a theory which would harmonize with and explain the phenomena requiring explanation. "But the necessity of some hypothesis being conceded, how are we to discriminate between a good and a bad, a probable and an improbable, hypothesis? The comparative excellence of an hypothesis requires in the first place that it involve nothing contradictory, internally or externally, that is, between the parts of which it is composed or between these and any established truths." "In the second place, an hypothesis is probable in proportion as the phenomena can be by it more completely explained." "In the third place, an hypothesis is probable in proportion as it is independent of all subsidiary hypotheses."

We shall undertake to show that the Phrenological hypothesis complies strictly with these conditions, and that if the Copernican hypothesis is preferable to the Ptolemaic, because it harmonizes with, and satisfactorily explains, certain physical phenomena, so, likewise, the Phrenological hypothesis is preferable to the Metaphysical, because it harmonizes with and explains mental phenomena which have baffled metaphysicians for many centuries.

Some years since, while engaged in conversa-

tion with a gentleman, a very large man, who was sitting on his horse before me, he suddenly exclaimed in the midst of a sentence he was uttering, "Catch me, I am falling." We looked up and found that a very violent congestion of the brain had supervened, and he was falling sure enough. By the assistance of a friend near, he was removed from his horse, and remedial agents quickly applied. In the course of half an hour he was sufficiently relieved to converse, and he stated just as he commenced falling, he saw everything he had ever seen, thought, said, or done in the whole course of his life, all at once—everything became visible at a single glance, without confusion of thought.

We have also read an account (where, we do not now recollect) of a man who had an important law-suit on hand, which he was likely to lose for want of certain valuable documents which could not be found.

Having accidentally fallen into a river, he came near being drowned, and actually reached the same stage approaching death as my friend above mentioned, and could see at once everything he had ever thought, said, or done in the whole course of his life; in that river he saw where he had placed the missing documents; for fear they might get misplaced, if left with other papers, he had placed them within a particular book in his library, so that he could always put his hands on them at a moment's notice, but had completely forgotten where he had placed them. In that view of his life, he distinctly recalled in memory the book and documents represented as he had placed them, and on his recovery found the documents in his library just as pictured in his memory, and eventually gained the suit in consequence. Dr. Carpenter (Human Physiology, p. 803) says: "The only phase of the working state in which any such intensely rapid succession of thought presents itself is that which is now well attested as a frequent occurrence, in which there is imminent danger of death, especially by drowning, the whole previous life of the individual seeming to be presented to his view, with its important incidents vividly impressed on his consciousness, just as if all were combined in a picture, the whole of which could be taken in at a glance."

"I was once told," says De Quincy, "by a near relative of mine, that having in her childhood fallen into a river, and being on the very verge of death, but for the critical assistance which reached her, she saw in a moment her whole life in its minutest incidents arrayed before her simultaneously as in a mirror, and she had a faculty developed as suddenly for comprehending the whole and every part."

"This, from some opium experience of mine, I can believe. I have, indeed, seen the same thing asserted twice in modern books, and accompanied by a remark which I am convinced is true, viz., that the dread book of accounts, of which the Scriptures speak, is in fact the mind itself of each individual; of this, at least, I feel assured, that there is no such thing as forgetting, possible to the mind. A thousand acci-

dents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind; accidents of the same sort will also rend away the veil; but alike, veiled or un veiled, the inscription remains for ever."

And Voltaire had no doubt reached that stage in which he could read at a glance the long, black catalogue of the sins of nearly a century; the deliverance of his Conscientiousness that he was a responsible being, which he had scorned and rejected for many long years, spoke out in that last sad hour in a manner not to be misunderstood, evaded, or suppressed; and he therefore asked his medical attendant the fearfully agonizing question, "Doctor, why is it that though I am dying, and feel that my legs are already dead, that this I, this thinking I, is more active than ever?"

The above facts will justify us in concluding that at some point, or more properly points, (for the duplex action of the halves of the brain would render two necessary), there is a grand central station, from which the particulars which have been treasured up by the various parties during past life are visible at once, and which may properly be considered the organ of Consciousness. Our muscular movements requiring guidance, there must necessarily be also an associative organ of volition, from which volitions in harmony with "the dominant idea" in consciousness are issued to the several muscles required to perform any desired acts, and we will therefore assume that there is an organ of volition contiguous to the organ of Consciousness, from which, in the normal state, volitions are issued in harmony with "the dominant idea" in consciousness.

We can notice the play of this organ in cases of insanity, where the actions will constantly vary according as one faculty or another may gain the sway in consciousness.

As the cortical portion of the brain is by all parties admitted to be the material organ of the mind, we will further assume that certain fibers radiating from this organ of Consciousness to the organs in the cortical portion keep up communication with them. The operations of our own minds show us, beyond a doubt, that in the ordinary state all these communications are not kept open with consciousness simultaneously, but that some organs which may be necessary for the acquisition of any specific knowledge are kept in communication with this grand telegraph station, while with all others, incongruous, the circuit is broken.

The control of these communications must either be voluntary or automatic, or both. All will readily acknowledge that when it is necessary to use any particular organs, we are not conscious of any special volition being separately issued to each particular organ not needed, so as to cut it off from consciousness; we may therefore reasonably conclude that there is an automatic law for the control of those communications, as in the case of other portions of the nervous system.

On the other hand, we are conscious of a

certain degree of control of our mental actions, and we may also justly assume that there is a law of voluntary control of those communications between consciousness and the various organs. As each particular faculty has its own peculiar functions, and none others to attend to, we will assume that the automatic law of control spontaneously connects all the organs necessary to acquire any specific knowledge with the organ of Consciousness, at the same time shutting off all others not needed, and that all the particulars which may then be brought to the cognizance of the individual are read off from the organ of Consciousness by the several faculties, each one appropriating whatever may properly belong to its own peculiar functions, and those particulars are forever afterward linked together in a chain of associative memory, so that if at any time afterward any one of the particulars thus required shall be recalled in consciousness in reminiscence, that all the others will spontaneously re-appear. For example, we may witness an event occurring at a particular place, and if at any time afterward the organ of Locality should in reminiscence furnish to consciousness a picture of the place, then the organs of Eventuality, Individuality, Form, Size, and Color, etc., will furnish their quotas, secured at the same time, and we shall have the picture completed with all the images of the actors spontaneously furnished; they being, as it were, indissolubly chained together, thus preventing that inextricable confusion which would otherwise necessarily result from the arrangements of such particulars being confided to our voluntary control. The labor of mental action is thereby much lightened; in truth, it would be absolutely impossible for us to retain all particulars acquired at any time in memory, and voluntarily re-arrange all the quotas furnished by the several faculties engaged; it is generally difficult enough for us to retain our knowledge in memory, when we have the aid of that automatic law, and the management of all the minor particulars being rendered subject to the law of voluntary control would cause our minds to become like those of madmen, overpowered by an inextricable confusion. The same automatic law comes into play in regard to the gratification of any one of the emotional or animal organs. Suppose that Alimentiveness has made a call at consciousness for gratification; immediately all dispatches from organs not needed in its gratification are automatically shut off, while the organs of Form, Size, Color, Odor, and Taste are retained in communication with consciousness, and the individual revels in the glowing images of savory viands and luscious fruits developed in consciousness by this automatic and harmonious law of action. If the individual shall determine to gratify the call of Alimentiveness, then the intellectual faculties necessary to devise the ways and means (which had been previously shut off as unnecessary) are again immediately thrown into communication with consciousness, and the means having been decided upon, from the or-

gan of volition, the necessary volitions are issued to the nerves of motion, and immediate, efficient action is the result. Again, suppose an individual is reading one of the choice Psalms of David, and as the various sentences are apprehended by the intellectual faculties, the faculties belonging to the spiritual or emotional group are appropriately and harmoniously affected, and a corresponding thrill of adoration, love, hope, etc., will be sent to the heart, hence we have so much said in the Scriptures concerning the heart; for the emotional faculties never accomplish anything in determining the actions of men unless the heart is affected.

These spiritual or emotional feelings are, however, under voluntary control, and an individual can determine that there shall be no emotions corresponding to the subject-matter apprehended by the intellectual faculties, and may cut off all communications of the emotional faculties with consciousness; for example, a grasping extortioner can look on unmoved by the tear in the eye of the widow, and hear with perfect indifference the cry of the orphan; or a man in a church having determined to do so, can voluntarily do as Pharaoh did, "harden his heart," and can listen to the most impassioned appeals of the most eloquent orators unmoved, simply because he has under his control the communications between his emotional organs and the organ of Consciousness.

As an example of the counterplay of the faculties in reading of whatever may be appropriate to their own peculiar functions, we will suppose that at the dead of night some extraordinary noise is heard; immediately Cautiousness is on the alert and sends a telegraphic dispatch to consciousness that it is time to be on the *qui vive*, and consciousness responds by sending through the appropriate nerves an exciting thrill, and the individual is wide awake in an instant. Or in the case of moral agencies, Felix trembled when he heard and comprehended the words of Paul, and thought of his own future destiny.

In other cases, much louder sounds might be made in suitable hearing distance of the sleeper, and the auditory nerve would be just as ready to convey the sounds, but those sounds not being of a character calculated to cause alarm, the faculty of Cautiousness gives no alarm, and the sleeper continues sleeping; for instance, thunder may pass unnoticed, while the distant cry of fire will awaken the sleeper, though the loudness of the sound may be far inferior to that of the thunder.

If the control of the communications between consciousness and the various organs had been left to our voluntary control, then the largest organ would afford the gratification, and would obtain the sway in consciousness so often that the others would be rendered comparatively useless; it has therefore been wisely ordained by the Creator, that under the automatic law of control, the time that any faculty shall possess the sway in consciousness shall be short, so as to allow all the faculties a

fair opportunity to make known their calls in consciousness for gratification. Hence those individuals in whom the voluntary control is weak, show in their conversation very clearly the play of this automatic law, for they frequently wander abruptly from one subject to another, as each succeeding faculty expels its predecessor from and in turn gains the ascendancy in consciousness; such individuals are always considered by their neighbors as "rather flighty," and are sometimes said to be "a little crack-brained."

It is this play of this automatic law of control which, by frequently changing the sway of the faculties in consciousness, makes us feel so foolish sometimes; just as we are about to say something to a friend, some other faculty comes into the sway in consciousness expelling the faculty previously in possession, which had suggested the thought we desired to express, and we are forced awkwardly to confess we can not recollect what it was we desired to say.

For the voluntary control of the communications between the cerebral organs and consciousness, we are provided with the organ of Concentrativeness, which, if largely developed, will enable the individual to carry on mental operations for hours without a single intruding communication from other faculties not necessary for the subject then undergoing investigation. So much for the laws governing the communications between the organs in the cortical portions of the brain and the grand central telegraph station in the organ of Consciousness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CLAP ON THE BRAKES!

BY JOHN NEAL.

"I AM going to my own funeral!" said an old man to another, who blamed his loitering through a broad, rich landscape, "I am going to my own funeral—why should I hurry?"

As if we were not all, the youngest as well as the oldest, going to our own funerals: but is that a reason why we should not stop long enough on the way to enjoy the wonders and beauties about our path? to help one another, and to encourage the down-hearted and the foot-weary? On the contrary, is it not a good reason for loitering and lingering, when our attention is arrested by any of God's creatures wanting help or counsel?

God never hurries; why should man? The stars and the plants never hurry, nor do any of the great forces we hear so much of—not even the cataract, nor the storm, nor the lightning itself. In fulfilling their appointed task, they have but one law, and that law they obey. Does the earthquake hurry, or the tornado? Not if we mean by hurrying what men mean by hurrying their fellows. Would you hurry the growth of trees, or the tides, or the precession of the equinoxes? If you find yourself so inclined, clap on the brakes, or you will be doing yourself a mischief before you know it.

Does the hunted hare hurry? Not more

than the tortoise. Or the race-horse when he stretches away over the appointed course? *Not much!* If he did, he would soon be out of breath, and fall astern of his fellows. Hurry unsettles and confuses and dislocates, instead of achieving and overcoming. Steadfastness and smoothness of action, without flurry or change, are the signs of power. Spasmodic paroxysm and vehemence are but signs of weakness. Watch the boatman who pulls quietly and steadily without a variation. He it is that wins, other circumstances being equal. Watch the pedestrian who walks for thirty days upon a stretch, at the rate of more than fifty miles a day. Can he afford to hurry? No more than the trip-hammer forging anchors weighty enough to hold a principality. No more than the sewing machine, or the town-clock, or the watch. To hurry, is to break away from the law that gives unity of purpose, will, steadfastness, and celerity of motion to all the works of man, and all the purposes of God.

When physicians open their offices in graveyards, and lawyers theirs in lunatic asylums, then the rest of the world may venture to throw off their masks and hurry to the consummation. For the sake of truth, and such truth, one might well forgive precipitation. "Aint you a little in a hurry, mamma?" said a child, as he saw his mother pitch through the skylight instead of taking the garret stairs. In all such cases, hadn't we better clap on the brakes? A little sluggishness, a very little hesitation, can do no harm.

But we are all in search of truth—if we are to be believed. No matter what our business or profession may be, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, say the wisest and best of men, to justify themselves for a life of uninterrupted self-denial. And so say the silliest and the worst, by their actions, if not by their words; for who, of all that walk the earth, would be satisfied with untruth, or even with a qualified truth, if he knew it? Truth, then, is the "immediate jewel of the soul," to be coveted of all men, to be searched for as hidden treasure, as the pearl of great price. Hence in our hurry and eagerness we overlook even what we believe to be truth.

But what *is* truth? The question has been asked from the beginning, and never answered—*never*. Apart from the lower mathematics, there is no universally acknowledged truth. Even miracles, God's truth—nay, God himself, has never been acknowledged by the masses. Counterfeits, and archetypes, and resemblances, more or less truthful, are accepted for God himself and for the teachings of God.

Is there any truth in music—the best of music? If so, where is it to be found? In the song of birds, in the under-base of a great ocean, the sway of tree branches when the wind is up, or in the roll of thunder? Do we mean voice or sound only? or is there not something beyond or above both voice and sound, to constitute a truthful music? Otherwise, whatever might be the sound, or the noise, it would still be music, and neither proportion nor rhythm would be an element.

Is it in the grand old anthems of another age—the Hallelujah Chorus for example? Or in the Hunting Chorus of Von Weber? Or in the largest work of Rossini, or Beethoven, or Mozart? Or in the piping roundelay, the song of triumph, or in the roll of drums, the roar of cannon, or the “trumpet’s dread hurrah?” Or shall we look for it in “Bonny Doon,” or “Cherry Ripe,” or “Black-eyed Susan?” Truth there must be in all these—what men *call* truth—but where is it, and what is it? Does it lie in the resemblance which these artificial noises bear to the noises of nature, as in the “Creation” of Handel? If so, the natural sounds only are true, and all the others but imitations and counterfeits. And we have as many judgments as we have pairs of ears; and then, where shall we look for a standard?

“But I have no ear for music,” says my neighbor. Nonsense! If you have ear enough to distinguish one voice from another, you have ear enough for all the common purposes of life. You may not be able to “turn a tune,” but if not, it is your own fault. With ear enough to distinguish Maria’s voice from Bobbie’s or Nellie’s, you have as much as you need in searching after truth in music.

And so with painting. Is there truth in painting? And if so, in what does it consist? A litter of pigs in a tumble-down pig-sty, wallowing in the wet straw, is no very captivating sight; but give them to Morland to paint, and the picture of them—true to nature—will be hung up in your dining-room and paid for with gold enough to cover the canvas. Look at the confusion of thought here. If the picture were absolutely true, it would be turned away from with abhorrence and loathing. But being *untrue* to nature, though called true, and being not a copy, but an imitation, a counterfeit, it must be tried by another standard,—the truthfulness of *painting*, and not the truthfulness of *nature*,—and received as a new creation, having a truth of its own to give it value. But people are in such a hurry! They will not be persuaded to clap on the brakes, and stop awhile on their way through a wilderness of wonders, to think for themselves; else they would see that whatever truth may be or may not be, everything in nature has a truth of its own, by which all departures and all success may be measured. To try an oratorio by the echoing thunder, the bleating of sheep, the lowing of herds, or the rush of water, is to substitute one standard for another. To judge of a painting by its absolute truthfulness, would be like measuring the perfume of a flower bed with a foot rule, or an apothecary’s weight.

An illustration occurs to me. My attention has just been called to a controversy which has been raging for a twelvemonth or so, between Mr. Cook, of the New York *Tribune*, and Mr. Louis Prang, the great *manufacturer* of chromolithographs. Mr. Cook deals harshly with them, and speaks slightly of the manufacturer, upon the ground that they are not originals, not even copies, though so wonderfully like and so wonderfully fine, but simply imita-

tions, counterfeits, cheats, and for that reason likely to deaden the appetite of those who are beginning to desire pictures. But Mr. Cook is in too much of a hurry. He’d better clap on the brakes. He would have what he calls “an *individual and independent* result.” “A clever imitation,” says he, “is nothing but an *imitation* after all.” And what, pray, is a copy? What are Page’s copies of Titian, worth at this moment more than their weight in gold? What were Hazlitt’s wonderful copies of many an old master, before he threw aside the pencil for the pen? And what are all the copies made by Teniers, many of which are so admirable, and so characteristic of the painters to whom they are ascribed, that they sell for the price of originals, and keep the greatest connoisseurs in a perpetual *feez*? What is to become of Miss Linwood’s wonderful copies in *needlework* of Carlo Dolci, Northcote, and others, so much like the original paintings as to deceive the best eyes at a proper distance?—one of them, a Magdalen of Carlo Dolci, having been sold to the Emperor Alexander for five or ten thousand guineas, I forget which. And what of the Gobelin Tapestry and the woven copies of Raphael’s Cartoons, hardly to be distinguished from the originals in Hampton Court, and much more highly prized? And what of other large copies in mosaic, which could not be bought for hundreds of thousands? They are “nothing but *imitations* after all.” Do they “*hinder progress*?”

If these are “only *imitations* after all,” imitations must have their value, else they would not bring such prices.

And if these are only *imitations*, what are copies by the artist himself who painted them? And what are portraits? Are they not “*imitations*, after all?” And what is a bust modeled in clay or plaster, or cut in marble? Is it not an imitation? And why should the imitation of an imitator be undervalued, if it be really good enough to satisfy, especially if it be not intended to deceive, but is openly acknowledged for what it is, an imitation? Of counterfeit treasury-bonds or bank-notes, offered as money, we have a right to complain; but if only offered as specimens of engraving, or evidence of what may be done in a new field of art, where’s the harm?

“But,” continues Mr. Cook, an “*imitation* can teach nobody anything, nor benefit anybody.” Really, then, the sum and substance of all human acquisition is worthless, for what know we, but through *imitation*? Then that marvelous faculty, whereby we learn, as the birds and beasts do, from others, older and wiser than ourselves, language, the arts, and all that binds men together, is utterly worthless in our economy. Better clap on the brakes, my friend, and the sooner the better, if you wouldn’t run up the next inclined plane.

“And,” continues Mr. Cook, “as every art has its own peculiar application and field of work, *we hinder progress* by every effort to wrest it to the cheap imitation of the results of some other art.” Indeed! then what becomes

of all our engravings, and photographs, and copies of statuary in alabaster, or clay, or plaster of Paris? But enough. Such criticism is exceedingly hurtful, and the writer, who appears to understand his subject, up to a certain boundary, is doing himself a mischief, by using a false standard. Mr. Prang is not to be tried as a painter, nor as an engraver, but as a manufacturer and *artist*, who is working wonders in a way that deceives nobody, though it might well deceive the wariest, or at any rate puzzle the wariest? Are we to denounce the sewing machine because, forsooth, it *imitates* the movements of women’s fingers armed with a needle? or the piano, because it *imitates* the warbling of birds, or the sound of tumbling surges, or a full band? It is this very imitation which we value, and which sets these instruments apart from all others as a great invention, and the manufacturers as men of true genius, artists, and the benefactors of their race. And this may justly be claimed for Mr. Prang. Not only is he a manufacturer, but an *artist* and a prodigious inventor. Success to him, we say, and success will be sure, and all the more sure by-and-by for these very misunderstandings. Mr. Cook himself will be ready to do him justice after a sober second thought. All he wants is to see the truth, and to prepare a standard suited to the results of chromo-lithography.

These rash and hasty opinions are playing the mischief with us every day. While one man acknowledges, or even boasts, that he has no ear for music, though he can distinguish the voices of all the men, women, and children he is acquainted with, and even their cough and step; a man who is never at a loss when asked what noise is that? and never mistakes the tom-tom for a kettle-drum, nor the sound of chop-sticks in rapid play for that of knives and forks, nor the twittering of swallows, the chatter of a bob-o-link, or the cooing of doves, for the warble of the blackbird or the song sparrow, the rattle of castanets for the ivories of negro minstrelsy, nor the tambourine for a drum,—all which proves that he has an ear, and ear enough, too, for all the common purposes of life, though he may not be a musician—and though it is his own fault if he does not both understand music, and relish music, and enjoy music, just as he may be able to know that a watch suits him, or a shoe, or a toothpick, without being able to make either a watch, a shoe, or a toothpick,—another will declare that he is no judge of painting, and why? Because, forsooth, he can not run over the names of Correggio, and Titian, and Rubens, and Domenichino, and Raphael, at sight, on seeing a picture that other people are in ecstasies over, or because he can not give a reason for his liking.

Preposterous! Will he go out into the open air, and with all the woods and waters of a crowded picture about him—a magnificent panorama perhaps, girdled by the horizon, and tell me that he is no judge of landscape? No judge of landscape! What were eyes given to him for? What business, indeed, has he to

open them on earth, sea, or sky, or even to walk abroad, if he can not so far judge of a living landscape, as to be able to say whether he likes it or not—*without giving his reasons?* When he sees a beautiful woman, a magnificent tree, or a fiery horse, will he tell me that he is no judge of either because he can not give a reason for his liking? Must he be able to paint a landscape, or a woman, or a horse, before he enjoys either? Or to make a shoe before he pronounces judgment on it? May he not be able to distinguish one man's handwriting from another's, without giving satisfactory reasons?

But people do buy bad pictures and hang them up in their sitting-rooms, where they are most likely to mislead and corrupt the whole family. And of course you will say it is because they are no judges. No such thing—for every human being with eyes and ears is a judge both of music and painting, just so far as he honestly acknowledges his inward preferences, and does not go beyond his depth. Does he want any help in choosing a wife, or in judging of beauty in a dog, a horse, or a flower? No, indeed—but for the same reason that people go to the opera, and listen to what they do not understand, nor feel, nor enjoy, because others do, and they want to pass for connoisseurs, or at least for amateurs; turning away from "The Last Rose of Summer," "The Lakes of Killarney," or "Down the Burn, Davie, Love," to bother over the complications of Bellini, or Verdi, or Rossini; or, while the first go to their hearts and linger in their memories like "something Heaven hath sung," and the last leave no impression but weariness, disappointment, and a secret wonder how people can ever be so much pleased with what seems to them so *difficult*, that like Dr. Johnson, they wish it were *impossible*—for the same reason they buy bad pictures, which they neither understand nor like, simply because others do, or because they resemble what others hang up in their halls and galleries, and pay enormous prices for.

Now in all such cases, if the uneducated and inexperienced would not be in such a hurry; in other words, if they would clap on the brakes, and stop long enough to understand themselves before they offer their bids upon the judgment of another, they would be no more likely to make themselves a laughing-stock in buying a picture, however limited their knowledge of art, or a piece of music, than they would in choosing a wife, a dog, or a saddle-horse. But when they do, it will be found ninety-nine times out of a hundred, that it is because they have disregarded the promptings of their own nature, the instincts of that individuality which characterizes every human being, the elective affinities, the governing laws of phrenology, and taking the advice of others, who can not judge for them in such perilous matters, have rushed headlong to a conclusion—forgetting to clap on the brakes.

What business, I pray you, has any man to say that he is no judge of anything that lies forever in his path, that waylays him at every turn, and appeals day after day, and year after

year, to the holier instincts of his nature? What are his many faculties given him for? What are his senses worth, unexercised, uncultivated? and how shall he answer for his folly hereafter, in paralyzing, or smothering, or profaning so many of his higher gifts?

But he can not learn everything, he says. Not everything to perfection, so as to be distinguished in everything, I admit. Still he may learn so much more of everything than he is now satisfied with learning, as not only to astonish himself, but others. Let him read twenty pages a day, every day of his life, and at the end of a few years he will find that he has read through a pretty decent household library, and of course that he has made himself acquainted with, perhaps, a general chart of history, a wide range of travels, and if so disposed, with political economy, the drama, the poets, and general literature, together with geology, mineralogy, and the natural sciences, and all this, without labor and without interruption to his ordinary business. Men have acquired languages, even the most unmanageable, over the blacksmith's forge. Elihu Burritt did this, and others have studied the higher mathematics amid the whirr of machinery, and the rushing of tumultuous waters. And so with all other subjects of human knowledge—with the fine arts, and the mechanic arts, as with the sciences. They learned early to clap on the brakes, and not jump at conclusions. They did not begin with deciding against themselves, that they were good for nothing but to make money, or manage cases at law, or build houses, or run hotels; and so with the women that have distinguished themselves in a thousand ways. Instead of allowing themselves to be persuaded that they were made only "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer," they took it for granted that all their faculties and opportunities were but so many talents, for the right use of which they were to be answerable to their heavenly Father.

But enough. Be in no hurry to decide against yourself. If you like a thing, say so, without troubling yourself to give a reason, any more than you would for liking a peach, or a grape, or a flower. It is nobody's business why you like the one or the other, or why you prefer one to another; and it is a piece of unpardonable impertinence for anybody to ask you why you prefer one piece of music to another, or one picture to another, as much so, indeed, as to ask you why you chose the wife you are living with, or why you preferred her to her sister. You had your reasons, and that was enough. There being no unquestionable standard of taste or opinion, why have not you as good right as another to judge for yourself, and choose for yourself, provided you do it honestly, deliberately, and according to your natural instincts? Instead of choosing a picture because it resembles another picture, choose it because of its faithfulness to nature, as you see nature. If George Washington should reappear on earth to-day, alongside of Stuart's portrait of him, he would be declared an impostor, such complete possession has the

portrait taken of the public mind both abroad and at home. Yet Peale's Washington is the truer by far, though somewhat Frenchified and over-labored. Be true to your own preferences and instincts, and though you may be sometimes laughed at, you have nothing to fear. You remember the story in Don Quixote, of the clown who denounced a mountebank for his misrepresentation of a pig, saying he could do it better himself. He was challenged to take the stage, and went up amid a general shout of derision, and gave what he called his *imitations* of a pig. The multitude only laughed the louder. When they had got through, he pulled out a sucking pig from underneath his gabardine, and set him squealing before their eyes. But still, if I remember aright, they were not convinced, and drove him off the stage for an impostor. And although it may be true that no one has a right to be wrong, still you have as much right as another to be wrong, and as there is no inflexible, undeviating standard of right in most matters of opinion or taste, all you have to do, when questioned about music, or painting, or architecture, or poetry, is to decide for yourself, without regard to fashion, and to say that you like this or that picture or composition, without pretending to give a reason. In other words, when you are hurried, clap on the brakes, and come to a full stop, if need be, before you commit yourself. When the king of the Sandwich Islands was in London he ordered music one day, having heard some that he liked prodigiously. The band tried piece after piece, but no, his Majesty only shook his head. At last they began tuning their instruments. "Ah!" said he, jumping up, "*that's him!*" Of course, he knew enough to say what suited himself, and was so far a judge of music, unless, to be sure, he pretended to like what he saw others enraptured with, out of deference to them.

AN ELOQUENT PASSAGE.—"It can not be that earth is man's only abiding-place. It can not be that our life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into nothingness. Else, why these high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off to leave us to muse on their loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We were born for a higher destiny than earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings that pass before us like shadows, will stay forever in our presence."—G. D. Prentice.

Religious Department.

Know,
Without star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worship God shall find him. Humble love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven;
Love finds admission where proud science falls.
—Young's Night Thoughts.

THE ABUSES OF CULTURE IN THE MINISTRY.

BY A. A. G.

THERE is nothing more wonderful or beautiful than the power that God has given to every man to enrich and cultivate his whole being through the human faculties. Man is finite and God is infinite, and yet the Creator, in planning and making man on so magnificent a scale as he did, and in giving him such glorious powers with which to carry on the work of self-culture, allied him to himself, and formed him in his own divine image.

Yes, men, as the work of God, as the sons of God, are divine. We may even dare to say that the blood of the kingly, divine Father runs in their veins, for what *son* is there who is not thus related to his father? But everywhere are seen men marring their own divinity. We speak not now of those numerous vices that disgrace or ruin men, or of that most evident turning away from God that has blighted so large a part of the human race. We speak of that *wasting*, of that *throwing away*, or using for inferior purposes what they have gained, through a long and severe process of self-culture, and, professedly, for the highest purposes.

If we should say that this unholy abuse of culture characterized one class or profession of men more than another, we might possibly err widely from the truth.

The good and true are, we think, prejudiced in favor of, rather than against, those whose profession is that of the Christian ministry. The men whose business it is to bring divine things down to men are not a mark to be shot at, at least not by the good. To say, as has often been said, that there are no more good men in the ministry than in any other profession—that love of money, dishonesty, and all evil are as common among ministers as among other men, would be stating a falsehood, and a falsehood that could most easily be refuted. We have no such sweeping charges to bring against those whose profession it is to teach men the best and holiest duty of life, the duty of laying hold upon everlasting life.

And yet it can not be gainsayed or denied that, as there are spots on the sun, so there are spots on the great, luminous, far-shining profession of the ministry, and that that spot which has cast one of the darkest shadows upon those who love the light is the abuse of culture.

It should, in justice, be said that one reason why the abuses of culture in the ministry are more evident than in other professions, is that it is like "a city set upon a hill." And still another reason is, that there is in it more

culture to be abused than in any other profession. The man who thoroughly educates and cultivates himself for the ministry has a great deal to use or abuse, and there are few people so blind that they can not see it.

But what are the abuses of culture?

A clergyman, eminent for learning, and for a great variety of the richest treasures of knowledge, was once called to a large parish in a prominent town. His labors had, for many years, been confined to a village, and all the good he had accomplished had been done among "simple villagers." The high hills about the little village had hemmed him in, and the "plain people" had often led him to ask himself, "How can I continue to waste my gifts, my talents, and all the varied knowledge I have heaped up, upon such a people? If I had known," he said, "that I was to be buried, for a large part of my life, in a *village*, I would never have toiled, as I did, to fit myself for the ministry. But now I have had a loud call, and I must go."

He did go, and went with his head well-nigh crazed at the prospect of *celebrity*. For the time, at least, he forgot to say: "My meat and my drink, it is to do the will of God." It was constantly in his thoughts that he was going to a high post of *honor*. He was going to preach to an *entirely different class of people*. He was to have a church and congregation of *taste*, and they would know how to appreciate his cultivation. They would be the very people to bring into use his high culture.

But disappointment stands waiting everywhere for all ambitious souls, and the expectant of honor and fame was not a little chagrined to find soon after his settlement that his new church had not the name of being the *first* church. The people of whom he had become the pastor were, most unmistakably, something below the *first* people of the town. They moved in *lower* circles. The poor pastor, who, in all his long course of study and preparation for the ministry, had kept his eye on a *high* post, and expected to make himself known and felt among *eminent clergymen* and *prominent churches*, was really tormented at the prospect before him. So he determined to work his way through all obstacles and struggle up into notice. "I'll make the church grow," he thought to himself. "I will draw in people from the *first* class. I'll make it the *first* church." So he flattered the wealthy and the fashionable, those who loved the world and lived for it, and there were, occasionally, a few accessions to his church from the *first* people.

A lady in the church, who was of a kindred spirit with him, said to him one day:

"This church is not what it ought to be. The better class of people keep away from it." And she added, with an expression of disgust on her face, "The people who compose the congregation are not such as I have been accustomed to call *my* circle."

"Well," he replied, "we must attract the *first* circle to it. We must build another church—we are abundantly able to do it—and we must

have the finest organ and the finest choir in town, and then the church will grow. He didn't say "grow" in *grace*, for that did not happen to enter his mind or to weigh heavily on his heart just then. He was thinking, rather, that a man of his culture ought to be listened to, every Sunday, by the *first* people, and then all that he was and all he had acquired would be put to a good use, and no longer be wasted. He had forgotten those words of everlasting truth: "But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty. And base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are." Forgetting all this, he had surrendered himself to ambition, and to the most foolish of all ambitions, and had thus turned aside his culture from its highest and its legitimate use, and made himself a living demonstration of the truth that there is such a thing as abuse of culture.

The writer of this article would not be too severe, or make the impression upon the reader that he loves to spy out the faults of clergymen, for he views them with a kindly eye and a warm heart, and believes that the truest, the noblest, and the best men are to be found in the ministry; but he is speaking of the abuses of culture, and must be allowed full freedom, and the liberty to speak of still another abuse of culture—eccentricity. Where eccentricity is perfectly natural, not affectation, but a part of the man,—something he was born with, something he grew up with, and which he can not correct any more than he can unmake himself, neither the tongue nor the pen should blame him. But it can not be denied that there are many men in the ministry whose eccentricities are simply affectation. They have constantly in their eye certain clergymen of almost world-wide fame, remarkable for the eccentricities of genius; and every time they enter the pulpit, they seek to make themselves, by odd, unnatural expressions, appear as men of genius. They forget that these men of genius do not seek to be eccentric, but clothe their thoughts in language that is perfectly natural. Nothing is further from their minds than the wish to be eccentric. Forgetful of all outward appearance, these men of true eccentricity are aiming simply and solely at the redemption of the race, and are spending the whole force of their natures on winning souls. To display those eccentricities which are often inseparable from genius, and thus prove to the world that they are men of genius, is no part of their aim in preaching. If they pour out their thoughts in language unlike that of other men, it is not self nor self-seeking that gives it force, but the native power of the mind, inspired by the purest and highest love of men. But it is very different with these imitators of genius. They are often men of culture, but not satisfied with their culture, or with the impression it makes upon men, and not being able to win the repu-

tation of men of genius, they clothe themselves in the eccentricities of genius, or rather, in imitations of it, which, at the best, are nothing more than oddity or coarseness; and thus they hide or abuse the true culture, which, if allowed to shine out and appear to be just what it is, might work great good among men. All worldly ambition in the ministry, whatever name it bears, is an injury and a hindrance to true culture.

We might speak of vanity, that vanity of the pulpit that so sadly mars the simplicity and purity of true culture. Oh, how often has it been seen and felt by the hearer! and how often has it filled with pain hearts that were full of the love of God, and that longed for a pure and perfect ministry!

The pulpit is a high and holy place, and those who stand in it should realize how high and holy it is, and what responsibilities they have assumed. And they should also watch well, lest the truest and highest and holiest effect of culture be lost upon men, through the weak and unworthy ambitions of life.

May the time not be far distant when the pulpit will become fully redeemed, and radiant with light, even with that light which is the reflected beauty and glory of the Redeemer.

CHARLES F. DEEMS, D.D. PORTRAIT, CHARACTER, AND BIOGRAPHY.

This portrait indicates a combination of the qualities of fineness, elasticity, and endurance. We judge that he inherits his mother's physiognomy, her peculiar fineness and sensibility, her keen, quick, and accurate intuitions, and that these qualities tend to leaven the whole character, or give it color, tone, and peculiarity. He inherits, evidently from the father, a sharp intellect, strong will, dignity, determination, and executive force. Thus, having a combination of feminine susceptibility and intuition with masculine vigor, energy, independence, and logical power, he is able, more than most men, to range over the whole sphere of mentality. Those who are strictly masculine in temperament and phrenological development are apt to be hard, rough, harsh, and stern. Those who inherit from the feminine side of their parentage mainly, are often too sympathetic, loving, intuitive, and impulsive. When we find combined in one the masculine and feminine qualities as above indicated, the person is able to illustrate the tenderness of St. John, the force of St. Peter, and the logic of St. Paul. The very large Benevolence in this head shows uncommon sympathy—the desire to help and bless everybody;



PORTRAIT OF CHARLES F. DEEMS, D.D.

and with his high Spirituality and Veneration we recognize the tendency to seek divine aid, and to aim for the prosperity of men in spiritual and divine things. If he were not a clergyman, he would be at least a philanthropist, seeking out the suffering and ministering to the temporal, social, and, so far as possible, the moral wants of the community. Cultured and trained in the sacred profession, he is able to more fully evince his Sympathy and Spirituality in seeking to save men, first religiously, afterward temporally.

We find here a full share of perceptive intellect, which gives him the ability to gather knowledge from every quarter. He has an excellent memory, so that what he has learned he can recall and use to a good advantage.

He has discrimination and power of analysis and criticism; ability to reason by analogy, and also to take hold of the logical forms of thought and bring them to the comprehension of practical people through his own practical and analogical faculties. His logic, though strong, is not dry, but is clear, and about as simple as the Scripture parables.

His large Constructiveness and strong

Imagination, joined with his large Causality, impart the power to organize and govern, to combine apparently contradictory elements and qualities and make them harmonious. He has the power of centralizing the forces of a family, of a school, or of a church. He has the elements of eloquence and poetry. He has an appreciation of the romantic and the fanciful. He has excellent talent for imitation, and can adapt himself to the usages and customs of others without friction and without difficulty or delay. When he goes among the poor and unlettered, he has not only the power of impressing them with the strength of his character, but also the ability to approach the destitute and the ignorant in such a way that their poverty and want do not seem magnified by contrast with him; and while he has dignity and talent enough to feel himself the equal of the great, he does not despise those of low degree, nor make them feel their meanness and want through any lordly or egotistical manner of his own. The poor incline to look upon him as an elder brother; children are fond of him; woman confides in him; and he has also the elements of general popularity and power. Nothing discourages

him, and his firmness is equal to almost any task to which he may be called. He is watchful without being timid; is brave without being rude, overbearing, or cap-tious. He is strong in his friendships; stands by those whom he loves through all trials and obloquy; opposes wicked-ness, but seeks to save the wicked.

His Language is large enough to give him freedom of expression, and his Faith and Hope reach forward to the beautiful, the spiritual, and perfect. He always has a word for the encouragement of the depressed. Speaking with full emotion, he reaches the emotional nature of those who listen, and while he gives a strong trellis work of argument, he does not leave the trellis bare. With his moral, and social, and imaginative faculties, he is able to embellish and fill up the argu-ment with rich illustrations, with varied fancies, and with those hopeful and so-cial emotions which seem to make all men of one brotherhood.

In the social circle he can make him-self a center of attraction, but he never is merely the recipient of affection and in-fluence. He gives more than he gets. He is able to put his whole soul into his style and manner, as a speaker or in the social circle. It is not often that we find so much power of will, thought, force, and aspiration so clothed with the esthet-ical, spiritual, sympathetic, and affection-ate.

His brain being rather large for the body, he should rest and recreate, and not allow himself to work up to the full measure of his strength; for as he be-gins to wane into age, he will find him-self easily exhausted. He should take life more easily; guard against excessive brain work and against exposure, and lay up a stock of vital stamina for future years.

BIOGRAPHY.

CHARLES F. DEEMS, D.D., Pastor of the "Church of the Strangers," in New York, and one of the distinguished divines of the day, was born in Baltimore, Md., December 4th, 1820; his father is a preacher in the Meth-odist Episcopal Church.

In 1839 he graduated at Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, and before attaining his major-ity he was appointed general agent of the American Bible Society for the State of North Carolina. While still very young, not twenty-three years of age, he accepted a professorship in the University of North Carolina, in which he gave universal satisfaction for five years, when, against the earnest wishes of the trustees

of the University, he accepted the chair of Natu-ral Science in Randolph Macon College, Vir-ginia. The year following he returned to North Carolina, and was stationed in Newbern. Soon after, he was elected a delegate to the General Conference of his church, held in St. Louis; while there he was elected President of the Greensboro' Female College, in North Carolina, and succeeded in placing the college "on a permanent basis of prosperity," which it main-tained until the buildings were destroyed dur-ing the war.

When only thirty-two years of age, Dr. Deems received his degree of D.D. from Ran-dolph Macon College, being then the youngest D.D. in North America. In 1858 he was re-elected to the General Conference, at the same time President of Centenary College, Louisiana, It is said that he was elected either president or professor of eight other institutions, being also presiding elder to the Wilmington district. The next year Dr. Deems and Dr. Hawks were elected to professorships in the University of North Carolina, of which Dr. Hawks was a graduate. Both gentlemen declined. In 1860, Dr. Deems spent six months in Europe, the first "rest" he had taken in nineteen years of a laborious ministry.

Notwithstanding his various other duties, he has found time to write or edit twelve volumes of various works, one of which, "The Home Altar," was translated into French, and of which a new and elegant edition has just been published by Hurd & Houghton.

A speech of his delivered at Petersburg, on the trial of a distinguished citizen, was pro-nounced to be, by judges and learned men, who either heard it, or had read it in pamphlet form, "a master-piece of forensic eloquence."

Among his original works is one which has never been fully brought before the public, but which far surpasses in merits, many popu-lar works of the same subject; the title is, "What Now," a book of counsel to young ladies just leaving school to enter upon the duties and trials of life. It contains many acute and valuable remarks, presented in a style to attract and retain the attention of the young. We learn it is now out of print. Per-haps of all his works, the one that deserves the most attention, and the one upon which he spent the most labor, is the "The Annals of Southern Methodism," a historical compila-tion of events, facts, and statistics connected with the Church.

This work, a distinguished historian of this city pronounced a monument of labor and in-dustry, a source to which American ecclesiast-ical history would be deeply indebted for many facts. It certainly shows that originality and brilliancy do not incapacitate one for the te-dious labor of separating the chaff from the wheat in writing a historical and religious work. Such works are not, and can not be, appreciated except by the learned, but they are never-theless most useful and valuable to the student.

Dr. Deems first attracted public attention as a lecturer by his lecture on "The True Basis of

Manhood," delivered at Hampton Sydney Col-lege, Va. Of this effort a distinguished logi-cian of the South said: "It shows the highest capabilities as a thinker and as a writer." Dr. Deems has, since coming to New York, de-livered several lectures, which have increased his reputation as a popular teacher of truth. His lecture on "Husbands and Wives" ought to be repeated in every community.

In December, 1865, he came to New York for the purpose of fulfilling some literary en-gagements, and in July preached for the first time in the small chapel of the University, to a congregation of forty-three. Gradually this room grew full, until it was crowded to over-flowing. Strangers visiting the city, from every part of the world, flocked to hear him. It soon became necessary to secure a more spacious hall; the large chapel of the Uni-versity, formerly occupied by the congregation of the Rev. Dr. Hawks, was hired for the pur-pose, and has since been filled with an appre-ciative audience Sunday after Sunday.

The Bible doctrine, declared with simple earnestness, is heard from the pulpit, without any special reference to the cold forms into which the schools and the sects cast it.

Scholars, artists, and tradesmen listen with interest to these discourses, for the minister thoroughly understands the art of giving variety to his style, diversity to his forms of language, and a rapid transition to his ideas. He frequently rises to heights of sublime elo-quence when dealing with the majestic and magnificent mysteries of the spiritual world; he pours his withering sarcasm and fearless censures against that mighty and potent thing called Fashion, that corrupt and corrupting goddess that almost invariably freezes to death the nobler qualities of the human heart in its benumbing embraces; he thunders his denunciations upon hardened hypocrites, and makes tender and solemn appeals to the prodigal sinner to return to his Father's house.

He passes from argument to illustration, from imagination to logic, and from pleasantry to solemnity, with so much ease and grace that the tastes of the most fastidious and critical of his congregation are never shocked or offend-ed by it. The most brilliant intellect and the humblest mind are alike interested and edified by his fresh, powerful, and original sermons. Endowed with much sound learning, guided by judgment, gifted with fervid eloquence, pos-sessed of a creative imagination, and above all a character clothed with genuine piety, this true-hearted minister of the Gospel is an orna-ment not only to the pulpit, but society.

Dr. Deems, although slightly below medium height, is striking in his personal appearance, and impresses one at once with a sense of his intellectual superiority. His eyes are gray, ex-pressive, and piercing. Complexion fair, fore-head high, hair thin, such as is generally found in persons of rare mental and nervous organ-ization. His manners are genial, pleasant, and fascinating. His voice is soft, persuasive, and delicately modulated, and while not great in

volume is of considerable compass. His step is quick, nervous, energetic, and determined. He is sometimes subject to spells of despondency, but is generally cheerful, happy, and hopeful, and has a sanguine, excitable temperament. He is particularly happy in his domestic relations, his family being declared a model of good government, and an example of purity, confidence, and domestic love.

Dr. Deems' powers of endurance, considering his organization, are wonderful. He preaches twice on Sunday, hold two services at the Tombs on Monday, conducts a meeting for conference and prayer on Wednesday, has open house on Friday evenings, when the little parsonage is often thronged. He has been known to spend fourteen hours a day in pastoral visiting, and afterward return to the work of the desk.

He writes much for the press, but seldom a simple sentence for the pulpit, all his sermons being delivered from briefs. His memory of verse is so defective that it is said he knows only one hymn. All the quotations made in his discourses are carefully read.

His success has been almost marvelous, and were New York to build him a great church, that he may be permanently established here, it is highly probable that he would prove invaluable, for his influence is great over every class of people he comes in contact with.

Early in his ministry Doctor Deems became a warm advocate for the introduction of lay representation into the polity of his church. The dignified, able, and persistent manner with which he labored for it, went far toward winning over to his opinion many of the most influential clergymen in his church, and thus securing its ultimate success. At the last General Conference of his church, held at New Orleans, in April, 1866, he had the satisfaction of assisting in the passage of the ordinance which introduced lay delegation into its councils. On that occasion a distinguished and gifted divine turned to the Doctor and said, "Posterity will not forget the part that you have taken in this matter." In a special meeting of the lay representatives of the North Carolina Conference, during the session of a conference at Wilmington, N. C., December, 1867, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted by a rising vote, and a copy of the same ordered to be presented to Dr. Deems:

Whereas, We remember with much pleasure the earnest and forcible manner in which Rev. C. F. Deems, D.D., advocated the introduction of lay representation into the councils of our church, at a time when its advocacy was unpopular, and when it was strenuously opposed by most of the leading journals and ministers of our church; therefore resolved, that we hereby heartily congratulate him on the final success of the principle for the expediency of which he contended against such odds. Resolved, secondly, that we deem it appropriate to thus express to him our congratulations on this occasion, as we now have the pleasure of meeting him for the first time as members of the same body of which he has been for many years so honored a member.

JOHN F. FOARD, *Secretary*.

J. B. LITTLEJOHN, *Chairman*.

RELIGIOUS STATISTICS OF THE UNITED STATES.

A REPORT on the state of religion in the United States, said to have been prepared by Henry B. Smith, D.D., of New York, was presented to the General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance recently in session at Amsterdam. The following statistics are taken from said report:

NUMBER OF CHURCHES, ETC., IN THE U. STATES.

	Churches.	Communicants.
Roman Catholic	3,800	4,000,000
Methodists	10,460	2,000,000
Baptists	17,220	1,690,000
Presbyterians	5,000	700,000
Lutherans	2,900	323,800
Congregationalists	2,780	267,400
Protestant Episcopalians	2,300	161,200
German Reformed	1,160	110,000
Dutch Reformed	440	60,000

United Brethren about 3,000 societies.

Moravians about 12,000 communicants.

Unitarians about 300 churches.

Universalists include about 600,000 of the population.

Friends or Quakers, Orthodox, about 54,000 members.

Friends or Quakers, Hicksites, about 40,000 members.

From what source the reverend compiler obtained his data we are not aware; but there are, so far as our knowledge of the matter goes, evident inaccuracies in his figures. For instance, Methodist churches are rated at 10,460; whereas, according to the United States Census of 1860, over seven years ago, there were 19,883, with over 2,000,000 communicants, while to-day, it is probable, such has been their rapid increase, that there are not less than 22,000 churches and 2,500,000 communicants in the different branches of the Methodist denomination.

The Episcopal Church also, in 1860, numbered upward of 2,500 churches, besides numerous mission stations, and over 200,000 communicants. The present condition of that Church it is difficult to estimate, on account of imperfect parish returns, but it can not be less than 230,000 communicants.

The census of 1860 gives the Roman Catholics 2,442 churches. They seem, according to the report above mentioned, to have gained 1,380. But as to "communicants," the Roman Catholics are put down at 4,000,000, which is all they claim as their entire population, including men, women, and children; when, as in the case of other denominations, actual communicants, or adults, only are counted. Subtract three fifths, or 2,400,000 from 4,000,000, for the children of Catholics, and we have 1,600,000 left as the adult Catholic population; and even this is an over-estimate by hundreds of thousands. There are not more than a million and a half of adult Catholics, at most, in the United States to-day, while there are at least as many Baptists, and not less than a million more of adult Methodists.

At any rate, we can claim for the United States a great growth in her various religious organizations.

SELF-HELP.

"God helps them that help themselves," is an old and good motto. By self-help alone can a man make his life a true success. It is not the indolent man who sits lazily in his chair, and thinks that Providence will help him without the necessity of helping himself, who succeeds. No. It is he who goes resolutely out into life's battles, and strives and struggles manfully against adversity, rising step by step, beginning at the bottom and working onward and upward, steadily but surely, until at last he reaches the goal of his ambition. These are the individuals that constitute a nation's heart; these are the men who bring a nation prosperity. The nation can not make the people; but it is the people that make the nation. And as every individual is an atom, a wheel, in the great national life, it behooves each and every one to "help himself," and by so doing he not only elevates himself in the scale of humanity, but helps to exalt the nation of which he is a unit. Intelligence must be among the people, or the nation will not be very exalted. To obtain this, self-help is necessary; national help has little to do with it, except to offer facilities. Sir Robert Peel says: "Self-help alone makes a man succeed. If he has confidence in himself he may despise the world, because he is sure to get on by his own determination to succeed."

Knowledge here is within the reach of the poorest. Our system of national education is not for the rich alone—it is offered to all who choose to partake of its advantages. But we see daily that boys *are* untaught and men *are* ignorant, simply because *they* have not helped themselves.

Surely no encouragement is needed to study, more than the examples of the thousands of eminent men who, by helping themselves, have risen to their present positions. Instances could be cited without end in illustration of this fact. The best men of history have got their education, not in the college, not in the common school even, but by the flickering light of the wood fire of an obscure log cabin, or by the pale light of a candle in the cold, starving garret. Some of our most useful theologians have graduated on their saddlebags; their best discourses were their thoughts by the way. When a person seeks for the truth, and searches diligently until he find it; if he searches day and night after wisdom, there must be an inner impulse which he carefully nourishes and feeds. All that is beautiful, all that is delicate, all that is worth having, all that is honorable, all that is chaste, ennobling, and enduring in life, must be won. Wealth can not purchase it, and once obtained it can not be altogether lost. It is no royal gift; kings and queens are not the exclusive possessors of it, for the humblest may vie with the greatest in intellectual and moral attainments.

All our faculties need to be developed by self-help. Nature may have endowed us with

excellent talents, but if we do not use those talents, if we bury them, then they deteriorate.

Some men, it is true, have been endowed with finer organizations than others, but history has proved that they who win the race of life are they who have had most difficulties to encounter, and who have fought and mastered them. One difficulty conquered, the next becomes far easier to surmount, and thus the self-helper, rising from obscurity, has won the foremost rank. Knowledge of a man's weakness is the only way to inspire extra exertion to overcome that weakness by self-help. The history of self-help is the history of the world. The lives of kings and queens have no influence on the history of a nation's life. This is carried forward alone by the talent, genius, and self-help of the people. If we would make "our lives sublime," as individuals, then we must help ourselves, and God will help us. We can all do it—the watchword is "Self-Help."

Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived this fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue. In thine arms
She smiles, appearing as in truth she is,
Heav'n-born, and destined to the skies again.—Chapman.

A HOME OF THEIR OWN.

BY MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

"ONLY think of a home of one's own—a nice, pretty little cottage somewhere, with a sloping roof, and plenty of honeysuckles and all that sort of thing climbing up the eaves, and a nice wide piazza for a fellow to lounge on summer evenings, and plenty of room for one's friends; that's my idea of solid comfort!"

That was the way the man looked at it!

"A home of my own—dear little double parlors papered in white and gold, with a cottage piano, and French windows draped with white muslin—lilacs and laburnums by the gate, and robins to sing all day in the branches of the elms! Oh, I don't see how I have endured these close, cramped city rooms all my life!"

That was the way the man's wife looked at it!

A home in the country—a place all to themselves—stairways up and down which they might stalk without meeting half a dozen of the "other boarders"—rooms in which they might sing and dance and speak several semitones above their breath, with "Mrs. Smith's compliments, and she really must beg a little more consideration for her poor head!"—green lawns whereon they might walk without an ever constant dread of lynx-eyed policemen and uncompromising placards, "Keep off the Grass!" Who can blame the disfranchised city people for feeling as if they were entering on a new life? Who can wonder if they go into the country, rejoicing, as the Children of Israel went into the Promised Land!

And then the preparatory flourishes; the visits to cabinet ware-rooms and house-furnishing bazars, where they are tempted to provide

lavishly for wants of which they never before were conscious! Alas! if they could only lay to heart the wise old saw, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise!" it would be better to them than five hundred dollars in the savings bank! Who wants to discover suddenly that they have been living in semi-barbarism all their days? People *did* once exist before patent egg-beaters were, and drank coffee contentedly from tall tin pots, and relished asparagus from ordinary blue-edged "vegetable plates." Fancy Martha Washington in a modern House Furnishing Depot! Imagine Solomon's "wise woman" out shopping for patent skillets and potato-parers! And yet they were both of them pretty good housekeepers in a steady-going, old-fashioned sort of way. Of course they would be considered woefully behind the times in the nineteenth century; but nobody found fault with them in their own day and generation.

And then furnishing a country house is so very different an affair from fitting out a city residence. No hot moth-eaten carpets—only cool, delicious matting; no rosewood or brocatelle, but cane and bamboo and chintz-covered sofas; enameled "cottage sets"—white muslin instead of heavy satin or tamboured lace for the windows, and plenty of blue ribbon to loop them back with! There is something quite similar to the last chapter of a novel in the whole thing—something that suggests to the husband the idea, "Why, it's as good as a play, my dear!" and makes the wife think, with a smile and a sigh, of her little sister's "baby-house" at home.

If people could only dream on in this world! But there it is—nobody ever drifted off into a delicious nap yet, but he was rudely waked just at the most delicious crisis of the dream! It's the way, in this mundane planet.

And so our Babes in the Wood—our young couple who never yet had "a house of their own," pack their trunks and engage their expressman, and go their ways exulting to "that very desirable cottage residence," concerning which the real estate agent had been so enthusiastic!

Well, suppose it to be, really and actually, a pretty place. What place does *not* look pleasant in the month of June with budding shrubbery around it, and birds in the branches, and the grass all starred into dandelions? So far so good; but while Philemon is deciding where he will have the croquet ground measured off, Baucis comes to him, timidly, "My dear, I think there's something the matter with the chimneys—Bridget says all the smoke rushes out into the room!"

"Probably they have not been swept!" says Philemon.

"And the ceilings are so dreadfully low," goes on Baucis, despondingly, "and the parlor walls are papered with great gaudy bunches of red flowers!"

(Alas for the visions of "white and gold" paper.)

"And there is a lot of hens in the kitchen,

and Mike says the hennery is all in ruins, and Bridget is clamoring for water, and I don't see a sign of a well or a cistern!"

"My dear, my dear," interrupts Philemon, "you must remember one can't have everything in the country!"

No—not quite everything. There is a charming view from the up-stairs window, if you are willing to bring your head in contact with the sloping walls to get a peep at it; but the said walls are dilapidated, and the wood-work has settled away from the perpendicular in a manner sorely aggravating to a mathematical eye! There is a nice piazza; but the boards can't be scrubbed off without water, and there is no water short of a "gurgling stream" in the glen, full a quarter of a mile off! There are lilacs all ready to burst into purple spikes of blossom; but one can't eat or drink lilacs; and the faithless expressman who was to bring the groceries has perjured himself, and fails to make his appearance! There is a lovely sunset, all gold and pearl and pink, behind the line of western woods, but there are only empty lamps, and nobody thought of bringing oil wherewith to feed them.

"Send out for some!" suggests Philemon. Send where? Oil doesn't grow in the woods, neither does it burst forth from green croquet lawns. The chimneys resolutely decline to perform any other function than that of smoking, the fire consequently sulk, smolders, and goes out. The furniture arrives—is piled on the piazza in a confusion which only newly moved people can imagine. The Tower of Babel might have been confusing, but there was no furniture in the Tower of Babel! And just as it grows dark, the much-tried Baucis comes crying to her husband:

"Bridget says she won't stay another hour in a house where there is neither wood nor water to work with!"

"Tell her to go about her business, then!" says Philemon, with a courage which is but too plainly assumed. Bridget goes about her business accordingly, and these two miserable adventurers are left all to themselves "in a house of their own!"

Nor is this the last of their tribulations. The new toy is soon tired of—housekeeping loses its charm when the dismal rainy days come and the muslin curtains grow limp and bedraggled, and the enameled bureaux get chipped and warped, and the matting is stamped through and stained and soiled, and the French china tea-cups have lost their handles! Poor little Mrs. Baucis realizes the difference between coming down to dinner in a blue silk dress at the chime of the boarding-house bell, and personally supervising the preparation of said dinner in dust and ashes, to say nothing of smoke and steam! While her better half discovers by degrees that the country is not only a place to smoke cigars and play croquet in! He becomes conscious that "friends from the city" involve much before-time preparation and many carefully considered arrangements! Chickens are nice—so are new-laid

eggs; but to have one's newly planted lettuces and cucumbers scratched ruthlessly up as fast as they are put in the ground is a *little* too much. The cow would be delightfully rural if she did not eat off all the rarest shrubberies and get lost in the swamps at least once a week! Philemon thinks over the matter, and comes hastily to the conclusion that "a house of one's own don't pay!" And as a man must grumble at somebody, and Mike has gone to the city to buy sweet potato plants, he turns on his wife with a mildly reproachful air:

"Things didn't go on so in my mother's family. We had a farm of a hundred acres, and everything went by clockwork. My mother was a housekeeper of the old school."

"It's a great pity you couldn't have married your mother!" retorts the wife with acerbity.

"My dear," says Philemon—wise man, he knows when he is worsted—"let's go back to the city and board again!"

And so ends the dream of Philemon and Baucis, as many another dream has ended. They have had quite enough of "a home of their own!"

THE FAST YOUNG MAN. A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY JOHN COLLINS.

He struts on the crowded pavement,
Swinging his useless cane,
The choicest Havanas puffing,
With looks of lofty disdain.
Flashes the diamond breastpin,
Fixed in his faultless shirt;
The only treasure about him—
A jewel lying on dirt.

Rings on his fingers betoken
Conceited self-love alone;
No feminine charms can soften
That obdurate heart of stone.



He bows to each giggling maiden,
His person and dress to display,
But passes unheeded the tailor
Whom he has forgotten to pay.

His curling moustache he moistens,
And twitches again and again;
His hair is so rich, rank, and glossy,
The crop has exhausted his brain.



Arm in arm, with a rowdy companion,
He chatters and simpers and winks;
"What a fool! whispers each one that sees him,
"Ah! how they admire me!" he thinks.

He rises at ten, weak and weary,
Worn out with last night's debauch,
And, bolting a hot smoking breakfast,
Complains he has eaten too much.
He goes to the barber, whose office
Is daily his whiskers to trim,
Talks politics—studies his toilet,
And swears that the mirrors are dim.

He calls for a two-forty courser,
And, languidly mounting his back,
Plies the whip and the spur, till nothing
But dust marks his furious track.
He stops at a *café* and orders
Brandy-punch and a well-seasoned stew,
Smokes his pipe, sips his coffee, and yawning,
Declares he has nothing to do.

Returning, he meets on the highway
A friend who has lent him some cash,
He intends to stop now and pay it,
But his horse passes on like a flash.
A plain country cousin salutes him
And bids him his galloping heed;
He smiles in derision, and answers,
"Pretty talk from a rustic, indeed!"

The animal, reeking and jaded,
Is left uncared at the door,
While the greater brute that abused him,
Takes a glass, his strength to restore.
Oysters, gin-sling, and billiards
Consume the rest of the day,
Not unlike the reprobate Hebrews
Who ate, drank, and rose up to play.

At five, he sits down to dinner,
Served up in exquisite style,
Fills his meerschaum, and plays deep at poker,
The tedious hours to beguile.

When day's busy cares are all ended,
His hours of folly begin,
Flushed with drink and seeking excitement,
He delights in convivial din.

He is mostly seen at the concert,
The ball, or the dancing saloon,
Or, lounging around the theater,
Humming an opera tune.
He sings, smokes, swears, and carouses,
Till stupor his revelry ends;
Then drags himself slowly homeward,
Escorted by tottering friends.

Night and day, to pleasure devoted—
Her willing and sensual slave,
His brain becomes weak and chaotic,
While his passions new stimulants crave.
Thus passes, in wild dissipation,
The years of the fast young man;
Life to him is so tiresome a burden,
He spends it as soon as he can.

At twenty, his health is so broken,
He can not in business engage;
At twenty-five, hopes to be better,
But at thirty dies of old age.
A worthless and ignorant creature
As ever the sun shone on,
The world will not mourn his departure,
Nor miss him when he is gone.



DON'T BE A LOAFER!—Young man, pay attention. Don't be a loafer; don't keep loafers' company; don't hang about loafing places. Better work than sit around day after day, or stand about corners with your hands in your pockets. Better for your own health—better for your own prospects. Bustle about if you mean to have anything to bustle about for. Many a poor physician has obtained a real patient by riding after an imaginary one. A quire of blank paper tied with red tape, carried under a lawyer's arm, may procure him his first case, and make his fortune. Such is the world! to him that hath shall be given. Quit dreaming and complaining; keep busy and mind your chances!

POWERS, the sculptor, is worth \$200,000, and we are glad of it.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM.

The wind drove hard across the bay,
Lashing the waves to foam;
And threatening clouds, in dark array,
Sailed o'er the heaven's dome;

And while the storm fell heavily,
One of our little band
Was tossing on the restless sea,
Out many leagues from land.

In gloom we watched the wind that swept
Around in antics wild,
And in our fear we would have wept,
But for a little child,

Who pressed her forehead with a sigh
Upon the window pane,
Yet softly turned a beaming eye
Out on the beating rain.

"The clouds are heavy overhead,
But that will soon pass by;
And God will send the light," she said,
"To play along the sky."

With such a trustful smile she turned,
It lent her features grace,
And we in humble wonder learned
A lesson from her face.

MARIE S. L.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

THE MANNERS OF THE MOTHER MOLD THE CHILD.

THERE is no disputing this fact—it shines in the face of every little child. The coarse, bawling, scolding woman will have coarse, vicious, bawling, fighting children. She who cries on every occasion, "I'll box your ears—I'll slap your jaws—I'll break your neck," is known as thoroughly through her children as if her unwomanly manners were openly displayed in the public streets.

These remarks were suggested by the conversation in an omnibus—that great institution for the students of men and manners—between a friend and a schoolmaster. Our teacher was caustic, mirthful, and sharp. His wit flashed like the polished edge of a diamond, and kept the "bus" in a "roar."

The entire community of insiders—and whoever is intimate with these conveyances can form a pretty good idea of our numbers, inclusive of the "one more" so well known to the fraternity—turned their head, eyes, and ears one way, and finally our teacher said: "I can always tell the mother by the boy. The urchin who draws back with doubled fist and lunges at his playmate if he looks at him askance, has a very questionable mother. She may feed him and clothe him, cram him with sweetmeats, coax him with promises, but if she gets mad she fights.

"She will pull him by the jacket, she will give him a knock in the back; she will drag him by the hair; she will call him all sorts of wicked names, while passion plays over her red face in lambent flames that curl and writhe out at the corners of her eyes.

"And we never see the courteous little fellow with smooth looks and gentle manners—in whom delicacy does not detract from courage or manliness, but we say that boy's mother is a true lady. Her words and ways

are soft, loving, and quiet. If she reproves, her language is 'my son'—not 'you little wretch—you plague of my life—you torment—you scamp!'

"She hovers before him as a pillar of light before the wandering Israelites, and her beams are reflected in his face. To him the word mother is synonymous with everything pure, sweet, and beautiful. Is he an artist? In after-life, that which with holy radiance shines on his canvas will be the mother face. Whoever flits across his path with sunny smiles and soft, low voice will bring 'mother's image' freshly to his heart. 'She is like my mother,' will be the highest need of his praise. Not even when the hair turns silver and the eye grows dim will the majesty of that life and presence desert him.

"But the ruffian mother—alas, that there are such—will form the ruffian character of the man. He in turn will become a merciless tyrant, with a tongue sharper than a two-edged sword, and remembering the brawling and cuffing, seek some meek, gentle victim for the sacrifice, and make her his wife, with the condition that he shall be master. And the master he is for a few sad years, when he wears a widower's weed till he finds a victim number two."

We wonder not that there are so many awkward, ungainly men in society—they have all been trained by women who knew not nor cared for the holy nature of their trust. They had been made bitter to the heart's core, and that bitterness will find vent and lodgment somewhere. Strike the infant in anger, and he will, if he can not reach you, vent his passion by beating the door, the chair, or any inanimate thing within reach. Strike him repeatedly, and by the time he wears shoes he will have become a bully, with hands that double for fight as naturally as if especial pains had been taken to teach him that art of boxing.

Mothers, remember that your manners mold the child. Who will not say that mothers ought to be thoroughly educated, whether their sons are or not?

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, in one of his discourses, while commenting on the twenty-eighth chapter of Genesis, said:

Jacob's father forbade him to take a wife from the daughters of Canaan. Why? Because he knew that with the wife he would take the religion; that had he brought into his house the fairest and discreetest of wives he would have brought in the cause of a long train of miseries with her. It is an old proverb, that a man is what his wife will let him be; and old Isaac was a wise man when he said, "Don't go among the Canaanites to get a wife." Canaan nowadays is everywhere. It is every house where there has been no family prayer, where mammon is God; wherever there is a godless household, there is the land of Canaan. A man that marries a good wife has very little more to ask of the Lord till he dies. A good wife is a blessing from the Lord, and there are very few blessings that he gives now or hereafter that are comparable to it. And marriage

is a thing not heedlessly to be rushed into, but slowly, discreetly. It is anything but a fancy or a calculation. It is a matter of moral judgment and duty as high as any duty that lifts itself between you and the face of God. At Ishmael, he gets married out of spite. There have been a good many men who have married out of a rebound of passion, of whom this is a typical instance. It is not the first time that a man has forsworn his own good out of spite to somebody else. Men will repeat stories, will make themselves the common sewers of village rumor, just to spite somebody. Political parties do the same thing. I think, for a period of thirty years in Indiana, the United States Senator was always a man elected for the sake of splitting the party that sent him there. All this is a law of human nature; it is old Esau in man yet.

In respect to the marriage relations, they that enter into this sacred state ought to feel themselves bound to do it upon moral grounds, not upon the calculation of secular advantages. The public sentiment of this Christian country derides the man who would desecrate the sanctity of married life for reasons of pecuniary or ambitious calculations; for although one may find a wife come to him now and then that is a joy and a blessing of his life, ordinarily such marriages result in arid married lives, if not in contention and unhappiness. Nor should the pleasure of fancy influence one's selection; neither should one form a marriage connection upon mere sentiment—I mean the mere sentiment of affection. There are many persons that kindle quick and burn out quick. There are many kinds of wood that kindle slowly, but, once on fire, keep all night long. Therefore, when a man would found a household, which is the beginning of his own organized life, it ought to be done on moral grounds. It should be done with the full advisement, not of conscience only, but of religious feeling. Such a man will be apt, indeed, to make a household blessed. And in this matter you must remember that natural traits are more to be considered even than artificial ones. A person may have excellent experiences in religion, and yet make a very poor wife. First choose, then, good-nature, cheerfulness, gentleness. As Baxter said, the grace of God could live with persons that he couldn't live with. . . . They that marry for interest without regard to moral considerations lose usually even that; but they that select for moral considerations, gain first the moral ends that they sought, and then work out the other ends that they did not seek. . . . It is not wise to mix religions. A man who marries a wife of a different religion to his own, thinking afterward to bend her to his views, has very little idea of timber.

In addition to "good-nature, cheerfulness, and gentleness," we should include health. We should also have reference to temperament, age, culture, and adaptation. A knowledge of Phrenology, etc., would reveal the natural disposition and true character of each. Then why act blindly? why not consult it?*

SELF-KNOWLEDGE, which is only to be found in Phrenology, lies at the bottom of the doctrine of motives; for one will exert himself for praise; another, to gratify his large Acquisitiveness; a third, from an innate sense of duty; and a fourth, from excessive constitutional activity, making rest painful to him.

* For a complete discussion of the question of "Marrying Cousins," or who may and who may not marry, see *The New Annual of Phrenology and Physiognomy* for 1886, just published. Price 25 cents. May be ordered from this office.

THE HOMES OF THE METROPOLIS.

THE throng of all sorts of people indiscriminately jumbled together in the streets of a great metropolis like New York very naturally suggests the question, Where do all these people come from? where do they live? Every morning they emerge from various hidden quarters and unite in the busy whirl of city life. At night nearly all disappear into some retreat which each one calls by the sacred name—home. Did we single out one here and there and follow him or her to that retirement, how different would be the scenes of interior life presented to our gaze! The man of fortune goes at nightfall to a home which even an Eastern pacha might envy. All that skill and imagination can devise is there to welcome and refresh him. The appointments of luxury, the tempting viands, and the obsequious attendants there minister to his capricious wish. He eats and drinks from services of massive plate, reclines on voluptuous couches, and wherever his eye turns, it rests on exquisite masterpieces of art in painting and statuary. But in all this magnificence, with so much to enjoy, so much to charm the sense, we look in vain for that serenity which symbolizes a satisfied heart. Anxiety and care have stamped their searing impress upon his brow, and the restless eyes indicate a troubled, discontented spirit. Surely, you will say, here can be realized to the full the joys of domestic relationship! But no; fashion here holds sway, and seeks in ostentation to gratify excessive vanity.

Let us follow to the home of him whose moderate income scarcely supplies the common comforts of existence. There we are more likely to find domestic happiness, and that substantial contentment which is an enduring source of pleasure in itself.

Here the "convenient food" nourishes the body and solaces the heart. In such a home, where mutual dependence is felt and encouraged, and true affection winds its tendrils round unselfish natures, influences are born and developed which exert a power in the outer world. From such households emerge men who are the pillars of our republic. Their industry is the source of wealth, and their virtue and intelligence are the palladium of civil justice and the bulwarks of public safety.

Shall we go to the house of poverty, where hunger, cheerlessness, and desponding toil brood continually? What comfort is there here? What apparent relief from severe, ill-compensated labor? And yet to the weary, haggard seamstress this bare floor and scanty furniture afford a ray of solace, for here she may enjoy some respite from toil. But, oh! the pinching, blighting influence of want! driving those who lack the stern resolution of inflexible integrity often to infamy and death. Yet from the cheerlessness of the home of indigence may proceed a moral power mighty enough to revolutionize civil society and shake a nation.

There are other homes, and they are not a

few, which we shudder to recall. Can we term them homes? They are rather the abodes of crime, where want and guilt strip off the mask of civilization and exhibit all the savage in the human heart. Vice unfettered, passions stimulated by intemperance, riot there. Misery and woe is the unspeakably bitter cup which the degraded *habitudes* of such dens drain to the dregs. From such homes proceed influences which openly demoralize humanity at large. Backed up and in a great measure produced by the corner gin shop, they scatter broadcast the seeds of vice and crime, and render poverty ignoble and but a synonym for ignorance, filth, and degradation.

Such in brief are the homes of the metropolis. How little do ye who draw your cushioned armchairs near the bright fire and bid defiance to the howling blasts and driving snow without, know or dream of the bitter lot of those who in some desolate attic shiver the long night through and sigh for the day—"cold, bitter cold, no warmth, no light." They huddle together, striving by contact of their half-naked limbs to obtain mutual warmth; perhaps in their despair muttering imprecations on the Power which made their circumstances to differ from those of the pampered child of fortune. Oh! this is terrible! Well may the eye moisten and the purse-string loosen at the recital of such misery. And though such oft-told tales may compress the lip of the incredulous, yet a little investigation of the homes of our metropolis will disclose facts more painful than words may describe. To this brief sketch we would add a few statistics. The number of persons in the city of New York who are accounted wealthy, together with those who are in comfortable circumstances, or in the receipt of an income sufficient for the respectable support of their families, does not exceed 175,000. The number of those who barely subsist, in which we include the great army of seamstresses, sewing girls laborers, petty clerks, etc., is upward of 180,000. Many of these, in times of scarcity, are thrown on public or private charity.

Of the lowest class or type of humanity to which we have alluded, and who live by soliciting alms or pilfering, and from whom the subjects of our public charities are chiefly derived, there are about 75,000—an alarming record for one city.

TEMPERANCE vs. INTemperance.—During the late war for the preservation of our glorious Union, the Temperance Cause may have lost ground; but just now the tide is turning, and the liquor drinkers are likely to be left high and dry on shore. Our neighbor STEARNS, of the National Temperance Society, is publishing papers, pamphlets, tracts, pledges, etc., as ammunition with which to charge the Temperance guns, and real execution may be expected by those who do not beat a hasty retreat. Those interested should send \$5, \$10 or \$50, for Temperance documents for distribution in every neighborhood.

On Physiology.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—*Cuvier*.

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—*Isaiah* lv. 6.

NATURAL INSANITY.

A CORRESPONDENT asks, Are any persons so organized by nature that they instinctively take a vicious course? *Ans.* In Psalms lviii. 3 we read, "The wicked are estranged from the womb! They go astray as soon as they are born, speaking lies." This would indicate that some, unfortunately, inherit such strong tendencies to wickedness, or to a perverted action of the animal propensities, that they do not live a moral life, but are morally unsound, unbalanced, insane. We know that there are physical cripples, intellectual imbeciles; that there are genii in talent and goodness; why, then, should there not be those morally imbecile, with predominant passions, with these tendencies inborn, inherited? The world accepts the motto relative to the poet, "*nascitur non fit*"—he is born, not made; why, then, should it be startled at the idea that the tendency to vice is inborn, not merely the result of bad associations? The following case, which we copy from an exchange, seems a strong illustration of inborn perverseness:

The trial of Lemaire, the young Frenchman who killed a girl because he feared his father intended to marry her, is one of the most remarkable in the annals of crime. In the murder itself there were no unusual incidents. Lemaire, having decided to kill her, proceeded about it without strategy or efforts to conceal the crime. He put her out of the way with as little compunction as though she had been an animal whose existence was no longer desirable. He was apprehensive the girl would come between him and his patrimony, and he would probably have killed any other woman who menaced his future in the same way.

The interest in this case attaches to the criminal himself. When brought to trial he courted conviction, asked for it, and absolutely pleaded for it. He seemed to have no consciousness of having committed a crime. He simply recognized the fact, that the law declared it a crime punishable with death.

The act itself was to him no more criminal than the killing of a chicken. He asserted this in court and at all times, and it was impossible to arouse in him any consciousness of a wrong deed done, for the doing of which he ought to be stricken with remorse.

Lemaire was, however, conscious that in the want of moral nature he differed from mankind in general. He regarded himself as an anomaly, and believing that there was, as he expressed it, something curious in the formation of his brain, he desired that, after his death, it should be examined. This was among his last expressed wishes. Accordingly, after his execution, a *post mortem* examination was held, and attended by many distinguished physicians, surgeons, and men of science. Inquiry has of late been directed to the physical causes of crimes, and Lemaire furnished a capital subject for pursuing the investigation. A more pronounced case of apparent want of moral nature, from some physical or mental deformation, was never placed on the dissecting-table. The examination was minute, and here is the result, according to the account of a writer who took especial interest in the case:

"The cerebral mass, which was unusually large, and showed extraordinary intelligence, was deformed by large protuberances in that section where science has located the sanguinary instincts (Destructiveness, particularly); and after the examination the eminent doctors gave it as their opinion that the vice of murder had been transmitted to Lemaire; that it was fatally transmissible, like diseases of the skin and blood, and that, had Lemaire lived to have had grandchildren, they would, inevitably, have been brutal and impulsive in nature, and would, doubtless, have been guilty of shocking crimes." [This is true only in part.]

This puts the case too strongly, and is the language of the surgeons, not of phrenologists. Had Lemaire had children, they would have inherited, doubtless, something of the father's severity. Lemaire's "sanguinary instincts" may have been enhanced by circumstances, by culture through conversation or reading, or observation. Should such a man marry, he ought to select for a wife a woman very deficient in the force elements, which would serve to modify, perhaps, to a proper size and strength the forceful organs of the children. Proper culture and guiding restraint of children do much to modify naturally excessive faculties or propensities. The better qualities of mind and heart can be strengthened by moral and religious culture. Is it unreasonable to suppose that wrong influences shall strengthen the "house of Saul" in the soul?

AMERICAN SURGICAL APPARATUS IN THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

In the field of surgery, America can be considered scarcely behind those nations of Europe which have had their established schools of medicine and chirurgery for nearly two centuries. Dr. Mott compelled the admiration of Europe by his bold and wonderful essays on living subjects; and Doctors Carnochan and Wood would not hesitate to attempt anything in vivisection which their transatlantic cotemporaries thought within the bounds of probable success.

The important department of operative surgery is scarcely more worthy of consideration than that branch of the same science which has for its object the invention and adaptation of apparatus to remedy malformations, or deformities resulting from injury to the person. In orthopedy, the French surgeons have generally taken the lead; the inventive genius of Americans has not shown any special interest in that branch of art, and those among us who are studying to perfect new and original devices for the relief of the crippled and deformed, can be counted easily on one's fingers. Yet some of these who took the trouble to send their appliances to Paris, and had them in the Exposition, have received testimonials of the highest character. The sanitary collection of Dr. Evans procured the highest prize awarded to orthopedic apparatus. The "Howard Ambulance" obtained a silver medal, and the Imperial Commission, in its official report on surgical instruments and apparatus, awarded to Dr. Charles F. Taylor, of New York, the

honor of having in the Exhibition the only improvements in apparatus for supporting and correcting curvatures of the spine. The following extract of the report will explain the nature of the apparatus:

"The orthopedic corset (*corset*—spinal apparatus) of Dr. Taylor is very remarkable, and differs entirely from analogous apparatus in the Exposition. We can not do better than reproduce the remarks of Dr. Bouvier, one of our most competent French surgeons, made to the Academy of Medicine.

"The apparatus which I have the honor to present to the Academy," said Dr. Bouvier, has been on exhibition in the American section of the Exposition. It differs essentially, as may be seen, from those ordinarily employed in the treatment of angular curvature of the spine. It combines all the advantages of horizontal position, while at the same time it gives the patient the advantage of exercise and fresh air. With this brace Dr. Taylor endeavors to protect the diseased vertebræ, as is done in the recumbent position, without the aid of the instrument. Like a bed securely attached to the back, the brace makes an equable pressure on the vertebral column, as would result from the patient's weight when in bed. This force is uniformly antero-posterior. The apparatus is a simple lever, which raises the superior part of the spinal column by using the transverse processes as a fulcrum, so that while pressure on the articulations of the transverse processes is safely increased, pressure on the bodies of the diseased vertebræ is considerably diminished. The instrument is hinged, and acts as a supplementary vertebral column. Its arrangement enables the physician to appreciate exactly and to modify the degree of force employed, and also to render the treatment constantly and regularly progressive. It also favors the contractions of the spinal muscles. The ability of the patient to be in the open air, while the seat of disease is protected from all shock—this constitutes the superiority of this mode of treatment.

"The other apparatus is for counter-extension in hip-disease. The idea of counter-extension originated with Dr. Davis, of New York; but this instrument is, nevertheless, the invention of Dr. Taylor. It consists, 1st, of a belt, to which are attached two straps, which embrace the perineum, producing extension from above; and 2d, of a long extensible splint, one end of which is received under the foot by a strap, which is a continuation of the adhesive straps which are applied to both sides of the thigh and around the limb. This strap produces counter-extension. Elongation is accomplished by a lateral screw. Not only is the muscular tonicity overcome, and the joint preserved from pressure or shock, but, during locomotion, the weight of the body is sustained by the instrument, because the body rests on the straps which embrace the perineum.

"The result of Dr. T.'s experience shows that when the tonicity of the muscles of the hip is completely overcome, and the parts are

guarded from pressure and shock, locomotion is not only free from danger, but, on the contrary, it is very advantageous, as the patient can thus profit by the potent measures which hygiene places at our disposal."

THE INDIAN WEED.*

The official catalogue of the London Exhibition, vol. 1, page 180, contains the following curious remarks on tobacco smoking: "The total quantity retained for home consumption in 1848 amounted to nearly 17,000,000 lbs. North America alone produces annually upward of 200,000,000. The combustion of this mass of vegetable material would yield about 340,000,000 lbs. of carbonic acid gas; so that the yearly increase of carbonic acid gas from tobacco smoke alone can not be less than 1,000,000,000 lbs.; a large contribution to the annual demand for this gas made upon the atmosphere for the vegetation of the world. Henceforth let none twit the smoker with idleness and unimportance. Every pipe is an agricultural furnace—every smoker a manufacturer of vegetation, the consumer of a weed, that he may rear more largely his own provisions."

The Dean of Carlisle, in a recent lecture on the use of tobacco, calculated that the entire world of smokers, snuffers, and chewers consume 2,000,000 tons annually, or 4,480,000,000 lbs. weight—as much tonnage as the corn consumed by 10,000,000 of Englishmen, and actually at a cost sufficient to pay for all the bread corn eaten in Great Britain. Five millions and a half of acres are occupied in its growth, chiefly cultivated by slave labor, the product of which at twopence per pound would yield thirty-seven millions of pounds sterling. The time would fail to tell of the vast amount of smoking in Turkey and Persia. In India, all classes and both sexes indulge in this practice; the Siamese both chew and smoke. In Burmah, all ages practice it—children three years old and of both sexes. China equally contributes to the general mania; and the advocates of the habit boast that about one fourth of the human race are their clients, or that there are certainly 100,000,000 smokers!

It costs more than education or religion, the army or navy. It costs England and America a sum sufficient to support 50,000 ministers with a salary of \$1,000; or more than 100,000 missionaries. The students in one college pay more than \$6,000 for cigars yearly. It tends to idleness, poverty, strong drink, and the whole family of vices. It tends to debility, dyspepsia, palsy, cancers, insanity, delirium tremens, and sudden deaths. It weaves a winding sheet around 20,000 in our land every year!

It is estimated that in New York city more than twice the amount is puffed away in cigars than is expended for bread!

Some eighty diseases are traced by Dr. Shew to the use of this vile narcotic.† It injures the

* We commend this statement as worthy of republication in all magazines and newspapers.—ED. PHRENO. JOUR.
† See prize essay on Tobacco, published at this office.

health of the body, mind, and soul! The habit is indecent—the example is pernicious on the rising youth. The expenditure is wicked, the gratification of a vitiated appetite. It leads to strong drink. Said a poor Indian: "I want three things: all the rum in the world, all the tobacco, then more rum. I smoke because it makes me love to drink." The use of this poisonous drug blunts the moral sensibilities, grieves the Holy Spirit, hinders prayer. "I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts which war against the soul."

The excuses for using the dirty tyrant are frequent. One uses it for his teeth; another, for his general health; a third, for his corpulency; a fourth for his leanness; a fifth for a watery stomach; a sixth, to help digestion; another, because some ignorant, sottish, wine-bibbing, tobacco-chewing, or smoking doctor recommends it:—thus and thus, till the catalogue of excuses and subterfuges is filled out.

It is a matter of devout and hearty thanksgiving to God, that the most respectable, learned, and eminently successful of the medical faculty, with united voice, veto the "*accursed thing*," warn their patients to lay it aside forever.

"Friend, do not excuse yourself," says the Hon. Gerrit Smith, "by saying that some great and good men use tobacco. The great and good men who do so are in danger of sinking into very little and very wicked men before they die.

"Tobacco and Rum—what twin brothers! what mighty agents of Satan! What a large share of the American people they are destroying!"

"As Paul said to Timothy, so say we to you, 'Keep thyself pure.' Be clean in your person, and be clean in your heart. But, depend upon it, you can be neither if you use tobacco."

"Where lurk ye, thou blot on thy race?

Still dwell ye with civilized men?

Why crawl ye not into some desolate place,

The lair of a wolf, or a den

In the clefts of the rocks, in the desert away

From the gaze of mankind and the light of the day."

OUR HAND-BOOK FOR HOME IMPROVEMENT. The *Highland Democrat* says: "This valuable compendium of information necessary to every man of any pretensions to respectability in life, deserves the attention of everybody. It tells how to write letters, how to write compositions upon any and every subject, how to prepare copy for the printer, and contains, besides, a multitude of suggestions from which many great men might derive wholesome instruction to their own benefit and others, especially the poor printer who has to revise and guess out their manuscript. The anecdotes in this book are exquisite specimens, some of which illustrate points of etiquette admirably, and in such a way that any one who reads 'How to Behave' can not fail to become 'a wiser and a better man.' Every boy, girl, young man, or young woman especially, should read this book, and it is so written that if they once read it, they will forever remember the valuable suggestions it contains." Price, post-paid, \$2 25.



A LARGE HEAD.

EDWARD HAYCOCK, the child represented in the portrait, is about five years of age. His head is of great size, having been hydrocephalic in early infancy; otherwise his general health has been good up to the present time. When about three months old his head commenced to expand rapidly, and at the expiration of a year had attained a circumference of twenty-six inches. Since that time no further growth in its size has been observed—the disease having apparently suspended its activity.

His mental abilities do not appear to be seriously impaired. He was a little backward in learning to talk, but his memory is excellent, and he seems to understand things as well as children of his age and opportunity. Of course his knowledge is limited, the great size of his head rendering him unable to walk and sustain himself independently, and thus preventing him from much of that personal observation and experiment which children are inclined to.

He has a fine clear eye, a clear and healthy complexion, but his limbs and general frame are small and his flesh very spare. The expansion of the head has occasioned a very appreciable separation of the bones of the skull; the fontanel, or opening in the tophead, is about two and a half inches in diameter, and at this opening the pulsations, as usual, are distinctly seen and felt.

He appreciates keenly any efforts on the part of others to amuse him, and when not embarrassed by the notice of strangers, is lively and talkative. Should there be no further hydrous secretions in the brain of this boy, a sufficient growth of body may ensue to render him in a few years able to balance his large head, and to dispense with the now indispensable assistance of others. Our portrait was engraved from a photograph taken at our request by Mr. Abraham Bogardus, the enterprising photographer of Broadway, this city.

TEMPERANCE IN MENTAL MANIFESTATION.

ALL physiologists and students of human nature call attention to the fact that temperance in our various mental manifestations, and an even, pleasing disposition, tend to prolong life, and in a corresponding degree make it enjoyable. To be happy, we must obey the laws of nature in regard to both our minds and bodies. We must neither exercise them too much nor too little, too violently nor too sluggishly, always preserving that happy medium which shall render us ever ready but not forward, make us love work, but which shall keep us from overworking, make us kind but not officious, beautiful but not showy, which is in fact that "jewel of the first water," propriety.

We should avoid extremes; we must curb our passions and control our thoughts. Violent expressions, whether of sorrow, joy, remorse, or anger, must be restrained until reason resumes her throne, or disturbances of the nervous system will be the result. Public speakers have expired in a burst of eloquence. Long continued grief, or sorrow in excess, is radically defective of the life functions.

We may overwork the mind by too long intense application on a highly exciting subject, but not without very materially injuring its present healthfulness and future usefulness. Nature's laws are paramount. They demand exercise, and then rest; neither in excess, but in equal proportion. Cheerfulness and equanimity of temper are not less than virtues, and they are aids to both spiritual and physical growth.

How beautiful in old age is one who has his mind preserved in almost its youthful vigor and force, susceptible of joyous impressions as in days gone by, and as such a living proof that "wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." J. A. R.

CHANGES.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

MOURN, oh, rejoicing heart!

The hours are flying;

Each one some treasure takes—

Each one some blossom breaks,

And leaves it dying.

The chill, dark night draws near

Thy sun will soon depart

And leave thee sighing.

Then mourn, rejoicing heart,

The hours are flying.

Rejoice, oh, grieving heart!

The hours fly fast;

With each some sorrow dies—

With each some shadow flies,

Until at last

The red dawn, in the east,

Bids weary night depart,

And pain is past.

Rejoice, then, grieving heart,

The hours fly fast!

HUMAN DECADENCE. THE POOR WHITES OF THE SOUTH.

MAN is undoubtedly subject to a general law of progress. The great tide of life on our globe tends, and probably will forever tend, steadily onward; but as within the resistless current of the mighty Mississippi the voyager encounters eddies, whirlpools, and minor counter-currents, so in the general forward movement of mankind there occur recessions and retrogressions innumerable, affecting larger or smaller numbers. Individuals sink into degradation; families deteriorate; nations revert from civilization to barbarism; and even races fall from a higher to a lower position in the ranks of humanity.

The advancement and even the perpetuation of civilization depend on certain fixed conditions, one of which seems to be the association of many individuals in a permanent community. Sparse populations and migratory tribes are apt to decline rather than rise in culture and the arts, and individuals, left to themselves, are sure to adopt the usages of the savage—in some respects at least.

The refined and cultivated dweller in cities finds his silver fork and napkin indispensable, and is disgusted with the rudeness of the country boor, who crams his food into his mouth with his knife, or takes a chicken bone in his fingers at the hotel table. But throw this cultivated and refined individual into some mountain forest, with a dog and a gun as companions, and mark the change. Look at his fingers, begrimed with smoke and shining with grease! See him tear the half-roasted flesh from that bone with his teeth. Perchance he brought his silver fork and napkin with him, but he has no use for them here; and as for feather beds and downy pillows, he soon learns to look upon them with contempt. Give him half a dozen associates in this wild life, and, provided there be no women among them, his manners will not be improved. On the contrary, the whole party will fall into many of the ways of the savage; and that not merely as a matter of necessity, but readily and from choice.

Of course these men do not become savages by assuming temporarily the habits of savages, but they thus take the first step backward or toward rude nature. Whether they are, or not, losers by this step I will not stop here to inquire.

It may be remarked, further, that civilization is sustained and advanced only where incitements to bodily and mental activity are provided. Here in the South, we had formerly a class of persons from whom a certain amount of bodily activity was required—who were subjected to compulsory labor, but from whom its rewards were partially withheld. If they made any advance, it was simply through contact with their social superiors.

There was another class who, through the operation of causes which will be set forth hereafter, were effectually debarred from the *privilege of labor* and, through the poverty thus

induced and perpetuated, from all social consideration.

The results of this deprivation of all inducement to exertion either of mind or body are seen in the present condition of the "poor whites" of the late slave States, whose miserable cabins seem like so many ugly patches on the fair face of this pleasant country, and whose uglier selves cross my path at every turn, tempting me to exclaim with the poet—

"These are no brothers of my blood;
They discredit Adamhood.

The actual origin of the class variously denominated "poor whites," "poor white trash," and "mean whites," in the South, is involved in some obscurity. It seems probable, however, that the difference which separates this class from the dominant or planter caste dates back beyond the earliest settlement of this country—that the progenitors of our poor whites were the servants, followers, and dependents of the proud and wealthy cavaliers from whom the higher class claims descent. It would seem impossible that the few generations which we can count on American soil can have created so wide a gulf as now exists between these classes.

The causes which have widened and deepened this gulf, by constantly elevating the one class and as persistently depressing the other, are evident enough.

The introduction of slavery at once created a monopoly in the hands of the wealthy. The poor man could not enter the field at all in competition. His poverty prevented him from owning slaves, while the existence of slavery not only entirely superseded the demand for his services, but, by degrading labor, created a strong antipathy against it, and engendered a love of idleness and sloth. So the poor whites were from the first not only debarred from the privilege of labor, but predisposed to reject it with scorn had it been offered.

It will be readily seen that no career was opened for this class. Life had no purpose beyond the gratification of the mere animal wants. Having no chance to rise out of their debased condition, and unable to sustain themselves even on the low plane on which they stood on their introduction into the country, they sunk gradually lower and lower, till they reached a depth of degradation almost incredible; while the causes which led to their decadency, was elevating to the loftiest heights of opulence and culture the dominant or planter class.

Here and there an individual of the lower class, endowed with a better organization than his fellows, rose above the general level and, becoming a mechanic (a very poor one, in most cases) or a small trader, laid the foundation of social respectability for his descendants; but cases like this were rare.

Such a class as I have described could exist only in a mild climate; but here, where the absolute necessities of life, with such people at least, are few, their acquisition involves very little exertion either of body or mind.

Being generally squatters on the vast estates of the planters, and paying no rent, there is

little call for cash outlay. A small patch of corn, a few rows of sweet potatoes, and a little garden, given up mainly to "collards" and turnips, and cultivated by the women and children, supply their bread-stuff and vegetables. In most cases they own a few hogs and a piney-woods cow or two, which it costs nothing to keep; or if they do not, their richer neighbors do, which often serves their purpose quite as well. For the rest, a little hunting and fishing, which their laziness sometimes permits, helps them to keep soul and body together.

A late magazine writer, an intelligent and trustworthy gentleman of the planter class, who is familiar with the condition and habits of the poor whites, after dwelling on the causes which have led to the existence, perpetuation, and continual retrogression of the class, continues:

"No statement of causes, however potent, nor any mere general description, could prepare the mind of one unaccustomed to the South for the reality of the condition of this people, as it was exhibited in those sections where this state of things existed in its fullest development. * * * Their habitations were uncomfortable structures built principally of logs, not at all superior, in many cases, to the wretched huts of the poorer class of peasantry of Ireland. Many of these tenements were so small as to contain but a single room, within the narrow limits of whose crazy walls whole families, men, women and children, indiscriminately, were to be found crowded together.

"The appearance of these people accorded with their miserable condition. Ignorance and vice stamped their features with a brutal and forbidding aspect. The poverty and insufficiency of their food and their uncomfortable mode of life, added to the effects of an unhealthy climate, rendered them, with hardly an exception, lean in person and pallid in complexion,* while a proverbial uncleanness and raggedness of attire completed the revolting traits of the unhappy picture."†

The ignorance of these people is profound and almost past belief. To say that few of them can write or even read conveys no adequate idea of their lack of education. In the language of the writer just quoted, "They are all so utterly devoid of the simplest elements of information, that they have no definite idea as to what portion of the earth they occupy." But, further than this, they have no *desire* to learn anything, believing firmly that all education is utterly useless.

Of the moral character of this degraded class, it is painful to speak or even think. The former I will not trust myself to do, but will quote again from Mr. Seabrook, merely expressing a hope that his picture is rather too darkly colored. He admits that there are many exceptions, but declares that "the portraiture is unhappily too faithful to the class at large."

* I think the climate has little to do in producing the emaciation and pallor of which the writer speaks, for I find these characteristics just as strongly marked here among the pine hills of Middle Georgia (as healthful a region as can be found in the world) as in the "low country" of South Carolina.

† E. B. Seabrook.

"The utter absence of the sentiment of honesty among them was shown in the universal disposition to petty theft, and in the continued series of robberies and depredations by which they unconsciously made reprisal upon their richer neighbors for the benefits which the latter enjoyed at so fatal a cost to them. The records of the courts showed an astonishing frequency of those flagrant crimes which are more apt to fall under the contemplation and penalty of the law, such as murder in all its degrees, even including forms to which the instincts of the human heart are opposed, as of parents by children and children by parents. That higher spirit which seems native to the inhabitants of warmer climates, and which was displayed in the case of the planters in a traditional valor and a chivalrous sensitiveness to injury and insult, declined in this class into a prevailing ferocity, which too often was evinced in the most signal instances of personal violence and outrage. Their personal encounters, prowess in which was almost the sole object of their pride and ambition, left their traces in the hideous disfigurement of many a ruffianly countenance; and cases of murder have been known, so marked by wantonness, that juries have hesitated to convict, almost willing to believe that the utter absence of motive must, of itself, have proved the insanity of the wretches who seemed merely to have obeyed the wicked caprice of a savage disposition.

"A promiscuous debauchery proved their insensibility to the obligations of virtue, or to a feeling of modesty; and the history of many localities was disgraced by instances of the grossest and most revolting incest.

"To complete the melancholy picture, that must be added which enhanced all their vicious propensities, the almost universal prevalence of intemperance to a degree which knew no limits or restraint, except from the insufficiency of the means."

A dark picture, truly! but a ride of a few miles through our "piney woods," any fine day, will give you a glimpse of the living reality from which it has been sketched.

Here we come upon one of their cabins in the midst of the forest, with its little clearing (if "deadening" the pines makes a clearing) surrounded by a dilapidated fence of rails or brush. You need not go in. The whole family is arrayed on the "lot" stupidly staring at us.

The master of the house, a blear-eyed, sullen, ferocious-looking fellow, with a bushy beard and long unkempt hair, sitting on a log, calls off the dogs, three or four of which threaten us from the roadside. They are as lank as their master, and nearly as ill-looking. The mother and two or three grown-up girls, in home-made cotton, somewhat the worse for wear, and with dirty bare feet and ankles, block up the doorway. They are rather less sinister in their physiognomical expression, but scarcely less ugly and untidy than the head of the family. The children form an intermediate group in the *tableau*, and are not unworthy of their parentage. Their hair is almost invari-

bly of a yellowish white tint, and their complexion is of the same hue, their faces having the appearance of half-dried clay. You will look in vain for the faintest tinge of healthy color on cheek or lip. No roses bloom here, nor lilies either, for their pallor is not whiteness.

You may find red-faced men occasionally, where bad whisky can be had, but blooming women and children, never; and it must be remembered that I am not writing in the unhealthy regions of the "low country," or referring to the denizens of swampy and malarious districts, but describing these people as I see them going and coming every day among the pines, in one of the most salubrious regions in the world. It would not be proper to describe them as walking corpses, for their appearance is far more sickly than that of a dead person. They seem to be victims of a permanent torpidity, nothing being alive in them except the lowest instincts and passions of human nature.

The heads of these people are small, broad at the base and narrow above, with low foreheads, usually hidden under coarse bushy or long straight hair. Their eyes are small and dull; thin noses, often of the class called "snub," and always coarsely cut; their mouths gross; and their chins weak and retreating. Every feature bears a record of their abasement—an authentic and legible inscription commemorative of human decadence.

What is to be the ultimate destiny of this singularly unfortunate class of people?

Mr. Seabrook, in the article from which I have already quoted, predicts their gradual elevation under the new order of things consequent upon the abolition of slavery and the decline of the planter class. He argues that the opportunities for employment now opened will breed habits of industry, and that with them will come higher aspirations, a desire for education, and an appreciation of the comforts and refinements of civilized life. "Already," he says, "their services are for the first time in general demand, and simultaneously all over the country many of them have been taken into employment. They are recovering the place from which they too long have been driven, and this point reached, they will stretch upward to higher aims and better attainments."

Let us hope so.—EX.-ED. DOWN IN GEORGIA.

BRITISH WORKMEN.

In a London letter to one of our city dailies we find the following allusion to British manufacturing, and some of the stupid usages of trades unions. As it will be seen, the letter was written some time ago, during the Paris Exposition. Are not the tradesmen of our large cities adopting these European customs too much?—or, rather, are they not being planted here by workmen from foreign shores?

The revelations of the Paris Exposition relative to the superiority of foreign over English manufactures have caused much excitement among all reflecting Englishmen. The

British manufacturers have been beaten in their own departments, and notably in that of machinery, upon which they fondly prided themselves. There is now a loud clamor for scientific schools, and many employers are writing letters to the papers urging workmen to visit the Exposition. Cheap trains are being run, and one employer (Bennett, of watch-making fame) advises workmen to pawn their watches and go to Paris. All this will do no good unless the present trades unions be better regulated. The true British workman prefers the alehouse to a scientific school, and has no watch to pawn. No wonder that he should be excelled at every point when he resists every improvement and joins trades unions to murder those who will not "strike" for higher wages. Only recently a man who has invented a machine for paper-hanging was fairly driven out of London, in fear of his life. He had been decoyed into various places in order to be beaten, and the models of his machine were repeatedly smashed. This was done, not by men confessedly uncivilized, but by professedly respectable workmen, who are earning good wages and have just been admitted to the right of suffrage by the Reform bill. Such men can not be reclaimed. England's only hope is in the rising generation, redeemed and educated by a system of free schools like that in America.

You have heard a great deal about the outrages of the trades unions—how they blew up refractory workers and hired assassins to kill off non-unionists; but there is another phase of the unions almost equally remarkable. The masons of Manchester, for example, will not allow stone worked at the quarries to be brought into their district, under penalty of a "strike." If it come from Yorkshire it may be worked on one side; otherwise it must come in the rough. Now, the stone can often be better worked at the quarries; it is cheaper when thus worked, and of course it is easier to convey, and the freightage is less; "but, no matter," say the Manchester mason, "we will strike work if you do not bring us the rough stone and let us work it." One firm was bold enough to buy some delphstone steps, worked at the quarries, because Manchester masons often refused to work this stone; but forthwith the masons struck, and the stone had to be reworked by the union men. Another firm had stone polished elsewhere, and these had to be actually defaced so that the Manchester masons might repolish them, or else work would have been stopped. The brick masons are equally tyrannical, and will not permit brick to be sold or used in any district in which they are not made—the said districts being determined by the unions. The manufacturers are watched, and if this rule be infringed, the bricklayers "strike" at once. In several cases employers have been compelled to pay union men for the time they would have worked, because non-unionists or unionists of other districts had been allowed a certain job. These facts are taken from the sworn evidence before a royal commission.

How can labor prosper in any country where laborers perpetrate such outrages?

A NEW SUBSCRIBER, residing at Hartford, Conn., says: "After a careful perusal of a few past numbers of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, which I have purchased from newsdealers, I am obliged to say that it takes the lead of any reading matter that I have examined, for solid knowledge, such as will promote the mental growth of him who is earnest in his efforts at self-cultivation."

EMINENT BUSINESS MEN OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

PORTRAITS, CHARACTERS, BIOGRAPHIES.

NEW YORK CITY is the great commercial center of the Western world. From the earliest settlement of Manhattan Island, by the Dutch, to the present time, trade has flourished here in the most conspicuous manner.

The merchants of New York have ever been characterized by their shrewdness, tact, and sagacity; and some of them for boldness of venture and extent of business operation have been surpassed by none in the large commercial cities of the old world. In no other city have fortunes been realized from business enterprise in so short a time as in New York city; and in no other city is the proportion of wealthy merchants so large. Among our active business men are many who, though advanced in years, still hold the helm, and administer affairs successfully. From these we have selected some who, for industry, energy, temperance, and integrity, are eminently worthy of the thoughtful consideration of all our readers, and especially of our young readers, who long to ascend the slippery ladder of fortune. We present in this number three gentlemen, each a business man, but in a different sphere, viz., a manufacturer, a banker, and a steam-boat manager.

PETER COOPER.

This gentleman has naturally a strong and vigorous constitution, and exhibits qualities of endurance both in his physi-



PORTRAIT OF DANIEL DREW.

cal and mental organization. The motive temperament is well indicated by the strong frame and large muscles; and the mental temperament also is well mani-

festated by the size of the brain and the general fineness of the constitutional texture. A careful and abstemious life has developed a naturally good organization, and now, at the advanced age of seventy-seven, he enjoys vigorous health, and is able to attend to the administration of a



PORTRAIT OF PETER COOPER.

large estate and of a prosperous business. Perseverance and determination are among the most prominent qualities of his character. Whatever he determines to do, he follows earnestly and persistently, and with difficulty is turned aside from any object which he entertains. There are also the indications of a strong moral sense, and the appreciation of those responsibilities which devolve upon him as a member of society. Inclined to be cautious—disposed to avoid public prominence—and to adopt those measures only which commend themselves for their honesty, integrity, and safety, he is not by any means rash, headlong, or careless. He is a practical man in the main, appreciative of the actual—the tangible. He takes into account all the details of whatever subject claims his attention, and is seldom mistaken in his impressions of things. He is a good judge of qualities, conditions, and general characteristics. He is no imitator; not inclined to follow the customs and usages of others; not given to conforming to the ways and usages of society; but rather “*individual*,” or, in the estimation of the world, eccentric, following the bent of his own in-

clinations, acting out his own opinions and in his own way. He would adopt, in his mode of dress and manners, that which appeared agreeable to his taste and common sense, without reference to their harmony with the prevailing custom of the day.

He has considerable natural force and impulse of character. The organs which minister to executive-ness and activity are large. As a business man, he would be energetic, prompt, and thorough; while his carefulness, responsibility to the obligations which devolve upon him in the progress of his calling, would command the respect and esteem of those with whom he had dealings.

He has a rather warm, social nature. Is cordial in his friendships; appreciative of the pleasures and ties of *home*, and usually retains those whose affection or regard he has acquired.

With such elements of character, having fair opportunities in life, he would not fail to make it successful.

BIOGRAPHY.

This eminent New York philanthropist was born on the 12th day of February, 1791. His father was a lieutenant in the Revolutionary army during the war for independence. The business of his father was that of a hat manu-



PORTRAIT OF CHARLES A. MACY.

facturer; and in early youth Peter was employed in the business, and labored assiduously until he had attained the age of seventeen, when he was apprenticed to Mr. Joseph Wardwell, a coach-maker. In a few years he became

skilled in this trade, and at the expiration of his apprenticeship, continued working as a journeyman until the opening of the war of 1812, when he abandoned coach-making for the manufacturing of machines for shearing cloth.

This last business he carried on successfully to the close of the war, and then entered into the manufacture of cabinet ware, which he subsequently quitted, and opened a grocery store. This business, however, he found to be rather out of his line, and he soon returned again to manufacturing. The department which now interested him was that of the preparation of glue and isinglass for the market, a business which he carries on at the present time.

He became interested, while yet a young man, in the development of the American iron interest. In 1830, he established extensive iron works near Baltimore; and afterward started a rolling and wire mill in the city of New York, where he made the first successful attempt at the adaptation of anthracite coal to puddling iron.

This mill was afterward removed to Trenton, New Jersey, where it was from time to time enlarged, until it became the most extensive rolling mill in the United States. Vast quantities of railroad iron and wire have been turned out of this manufactory.

At present, the business of this establishment is in the hands of a company, of which he is a prominent manager. The first locomotive in general use on this continent was built by Mr. Cooper, at Baltimore, after his own designs, and worked on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Having at heart not only the manufacturing, but also the scientific interest of his country, Mr. Cooper has ever prominently identified himself with all important public undertakings tending to the development of science.

He was warmly interested in the electric telegraph from its earliest conception; and invested liberally in enterprises having in view its establishment.

He has also been associated with the city government of New York, and won a prominent position by his earnest efforts to promote the welfare of the community.

He has made his name particularly famous, however, through his many large charities. The cause of education, has ever found him a warm advocate. His sympathy in this matter finally culminated in the erection of a splendid building in the central part of this city, at great cost, and devoting it to the free education of the working classes. His designs in this respect have been carried out, and thousands of worthy but needy youths have been educated in the higher branches of knowledge in THE COOPER INSTITUTE. In connection with the educational advantages thus thrown open to the public, Mr. Cooper has established a large and neatly appointed reading-room, which is open to all comers, and contains a large and valuable collection of books, and the current periodical literature of the day.

DANIEL DREW.

We have here a strongly marked head and face. The brain is something above the ordinary size—high, broad, long, and full. It is especially large in the region of the moral sentiments, the more prominent of which is Conscientiousness, which gives a sense of justice and integrity. It is large in Hope, which lifts one up in times of adversity, and inspires him to put forth every energy to accomplish a purpose. There is large Benevolence, indicating a broad charity, earnest philanthropy, and brotherly kindness.

We do not perceive any deficiency in intellect, in Constructiveness, mechanical ingenuity, or in economy, regard for property, and appreciation of money's real worth.

There is also great executiveness, indicated by the breadth of brain immediately above the ears, with strong Firmness, giving stability, steadfastness, decision, and perseverance.

There are, also, method, order, a correct eye for measuring forms, sizes, proportions, and distances; a good general memory, especially of principles and experiences, if not of minor facts and details.

There was originally very strong affection in this character, but these feelings were always subordinate to the intellectual and moral sentiments. Nor is there any indication of the sensualist, but every indication of temperance and self-regulation.

Such a brain, with its fine quality, being fairly educated, would almost inevitably become a power in the world, making its own way, originating, planning, contriving, and managing, rather than imitating or running in a rut. His accountability would be first to his God, next to himself, then to others. He could not knowingly violate his own sense of justice. Such a nature, however, is liable to become rigid, opinionated, and, in a measure, austere. But while permitted to pursue his own course without interruption, with no one to thwart or disturb him, he would go on peaceably to the end. If competitors cross or wrong him, they will wake up a lion, who will clear his track and free himself from the annoyance.

Conscious of being governed by correct motives, seeking to be governed by

high principles, he is comparatively indifferent to praise or blame. This is a type of the energetic, go-a-head, self-made American, and the following biographical sketch confirms our statements, and must prove instructive to the reader.

BIOGRAPHY.

The subject of our phrenological remarks just stated was born at Carmel, Putnam Co., N. Y., July 29, 1797. His early years were passed on his father's farm, and his education in youth was such as a country district school afforded. When fifteen years old his father died, leaving him to carve a fortune for himself. He directed his attention chiefly to the personal driving of cattle to market, and selling them, until 1829, when he made New York city his permanent residence, and there continued the cattle trade by establishing a depot, and purchasing largely through agents and partners. In 1834, Mr. Drew was induced to take a pecuniary interest in a steamboat enterprise. From that time his history is identified with the inception and growth of the steamboat passenger trade on the Hudson River. By shrewd management, low rates of fare, and good accommodations, the line which Drew promoted grew in favor with the traveling community notwithstanding the powerful opposition brought to bear on it by other steamboat men, among whom was Commodore Vanderbilt. Competition ran so high, that at one time the steamboat Waterwitch, in which Drew had invested his first venture, carried passengers to Albany for a shilling each.

In 1840, Mr. Isaac Newton formed a joint stock company, in which Drew became the largest stockholder. This was the origin of the famous "People's Line," which commenced business by running new, large, and elegantly fitted-up steamboats, and from time to time added new and improved vessels to their running stock. When the Hudson River Railroad was opened in 1852, it was confidently expected by many that the steamboat interest was doomed. Drew thought otherwise, and refused to accept the advice of his friends, who admonished him to sell his boats and withdraw from a business about to fail. The event justified his course. The railroad served but to increase travel, and rendered the steamboats more popular than ever. The large steamers now attached to the "People's Line," which command the admiration of every visitor and traveler on account of their superb decorations, and the extent and comfortable character of their accommodations, attest the prosperity attendant upon the management, a leading spirit of which Mr. Drew has been from the beginning. The Dean Richmond, St. John, and Drew are unsurpassed for model, machinery, speed, and finish by any river steamboats in the wide world.

Mr. Drew has not only boldly adventured in "steamboating," but has won reputation and wealth in the much more uncertain sphere of

stock-brokerage. In 1840 he formed a copartnership with Mr. Nelson Taylor and Mr. Kelly, his son-in-law, in that business, which was carried on with marked success for more than ten years. Both these partners, although much younger than Mr. Drew, are sleeping in the tomb, while he is still employing some of his large capital in the same line through confidential hands.

The noble deed which has brought him into special prominence, and rendered his name, like those of Cornell and Peabody, a synonym for active benevolence, is the founding of the Drew Theological Seminary, at Madison, Morris County, New Jersey. To this end Mr. Drew, at the recent centennial of Methodism, offered half a million dollars. The property purchased for the seminary is pleasantly situated in one of the most thriving towns, and in the midst of some of the finest scenery in northern New Jersey. Its distance from New York city is only twenty-eight miles.

Besides this large benefaction, Mr. Drew has contributed extensively to various religious and educational institutions, among which the Wesleyan University and the Concord Biblical Institute are prominent.

In Putnam County he owns upward of a thousand acres of land, on which large numbers of cattle are raised for the market. The pursuit of his early manhood has for him still strong attractions, but here again his management is marked by a generous spirit. On this estate he has been chiefly instrumental in the building of a church and school-house. In the latter, the advantages of a good education are afforded gratuitously to the children of the place.

In form and physiognomy Mr. Drew is not especially impressive. His height is about six feet, his person slender, and his general expression and manner unassuming and mild, but firm. He stands before us an example of the persevering, energetic, shrewd, and successful business man, and not only that, but also as an example of the practical workings of an earnest and sincere philanthropy.

CHARLES A. MACY.

This is a symmetrically made man. He stands six feet high, weighs about 170 lbs., and has a well-developed frame, a healthy body, and a good-sized brain.

We have in this gentleman an excellent example of temperate habits and perfect health. It will appear in the following biographical sketch that health has been the rule of his life. Free from dissipation in eating, drinking, or in other matters, he has lived a regular and even life, enjoying all that belongs to human existence, and escaping those infirmities which arise from excess. There is no dyspepsia, no consumption, no headache, sideache, backache, or heartache here,

but each organ of the body performs its function regularly and healthfully; so each organ of the mind performs its office in the same clock-like manner.

This is a splendid head on a splendid body. It is long, high, and sufficiently broad; but the upper portion predominates, and he lives in the intellect and in the moral sentiments rather than in the passions and propensities. As a reasoner, he would be sensible and sound. As a business man, industrious, methodical, persevering, and prudent. As a Christian, he would be devotional, kindly, charitable, trusting, and honest; socially, he would be affectionate, mindful of those depending on him, surrounding himself with all the comforts of life, contributing as liberally as his means will permit for charitable objects, and gaining the respect, esteem, and affection of all with whom he comes in contact.

But there is resolution as well as kindness here. He would trifle with no one—no one would think of trifling with him. He is youthful, jovial, and playful, yet always respectful and dignified.

Language is well indicated here, but he would talk sound thoughts rather than empty words.

There is dignity without austerity, decision without obstinacy, resolution without severity, force of character without malice, and economy with liberality and generosity. There is also integrity without rigidity or censoriousness, benevolence without prodigality, and devotion without bigotry. Altogether, we present this as a model character, and an excellent example for our young men to follow. Indeed, there are no faculties of the brain or body wanting in this man, and we present him as one possessing fewer faults than is common to one of our kind. It is no flattery to say that Mr. Macy may be pronounced one of the handsomest men in America.

BIOGRAPHY.

Charles A. Macy, son of Josiah and Lydia Macy, was born upon the island of Nantucket, Mass., on the 3d of July, 1808. There he lived and was educated until the spring of 1823, when his father with his family removed to New York. Immediately on arriving in this city he entered the counting-house of Isaac Wright & Son (who were largely engaged in the shipping business), and remained as a clerk with them until the 1st of January, 1831, when he entered into business for himself with his father and brother (Josiah Macy & Son), who

were engaged in the shipping and general commission business. In this connection he continued until the 1st of January, 1834.

From that period until 1855 he was engaged in the auction and dry goods commission business, most of the time as a partner in the house of Corlies, Haydock & Co.

In 1855 the New York Co. Bank was established in 14th St., corner 8th Avenue. Of this Mr. Macy took the presidency. When the Park Bank was organized in 1856 and commenced business, he was appointed cashier, and acted in that capacity until the summer of 1863, when he retired, and with Mr. R. W. Howes commenced the business of private banking under the firm name of Howes & Macy. In this business he is at present engaged. Having been blessed with a good constitution and lived temperately, he has been constantly employed, and for a period of upward of forty-four years has not been absent from business for any cause at any one time over two weeks, and very rarely as long as that.

Mr. Macy was married in 1831 to the daughter of Benjamin Corlies, a Quaker gentleman and an old resident of this city.

In religious matters, Mr. Macy accepts the tenets of the Friends or Quakers, and is attached to that portion of the Society known as Hicksites.

Strictly retiring in his habits, he has never taken any part or been identified with any political party, though his predilections have been with the Democratic interest.

The following interesting extract from the History of Nantucket relates to the ancestor of Mr. Macy, who settled in New England among the earliest emigrants:

"In the year 1640 Thomas Macy, being then a young man, moved with his family from the town of Chilmark, in Wiltshire, England, and settled in Salisbury, county of Essex, Massachusetts.

"He lived here in good repute twenty years, where he acquired a good interest, consisting of a tract of land of one thousand acres, a good house, and considerable stock. But when this part of the country became more thickly settled by the English, dissensions arose among the people in regard to religion and religious denominations. Notwithstanding the purpose of their emigration from the mother country was that they might enjoy liberty of conscience in religious matters, they themselves commenced the work of persecution, and enacted laws to restrain people from worshipping God according to the dictates of their consciences. Among other restraints, a law was made that any person who should entertain one of the people called Quakers should pay a fine of five pounds (\$25) for every hour during which he so entertained them. Thomas Macy subjected himself to the rigor of this law by giving shelter to four Quakers who stopped at his house in a rain storm.

"This act was soon sounded abroad, for, being influenced by a sense of duty, he had used no means to conceal it. He could now live no

longer in peace and in the enjoyment of religious freedom among his own nation; he chose, therefore, to remove his family to a place unsettled by the whites, to take up his abode among savages, where he could safely imitate the example and obey the precepts of our Saviour, and where religious zeal had not yet discovered a crime in hospitality, nor the refinement of civil law a punishment for its practice. In the fall of 1659 he embarked in an open boat with his family and such effects as he could conveniently take with him, and proceeded along shore to the westward; when they came to Boston Bay, they crossed it, passed round Cape Cod, extended their course by the shore until they were abreast the island to the northward, thence crossed the Sound and landed on Nantucket, without accident. The same undaunted courage which enabled our forefathers to breast the storm and dare the wave in search of a free altar and a safe home, prompted him in search of the same blessings to meet the same dangers.

"He sacrificed his property and his home to his religion; he found both in a remote region hitherto hardly known. His religion, we mean, not its name, but its spirit, has been transmitted to the present generation unsullied by the crime of persecution or by the disgrace of inhospitality."

At that time the island was inhabited by about fifteen hundred Indians.

"Thomas Macy, being cited to answer for the offense, addressed the following letter to the Court, the original of which is preserved in the cabinet of the Nantucket Athenæum:

"This is to entreat the honoured Court not to be offended because of my non-appearance. It is not from my slighting the authority of the honoured Court, nor fear to answer the case; but have been for some weeks past very ill, and am so at present; and notwithstanding my illness, yet I, desirous to appear, have done my utmost endeavour to hire a house, but cannot procure one at present. I, being at present destitute, have endeavoured to purchase one, but at present cannot attain it—but I shall relate the truth of the case, as my answer would be to the honoured Court; and more cannot be proved, nor so much. On a rainy morning, there came to my house Edward Wharton and three men more; the said Wharton spoke to me, saying they were travelling eastward, and desired me to direct them in the way to Hampton, and I never saw any of the men afore except Wharton, neither did I enquire their names or what they were; but by their carriage I thought they might be Quakers, and said I so, and therefore desired them to pass on in their way, saying to them I might possibly give offence in entertaining them; and soon as the violence of the rain ceased (for it rained hard) they went away, and I never saw them since. The time that they staid in the house was about three-quarters of an hour; they spoke not many words in the time, neither was I at leisure to talk with them: for I came home wet to the skin immediately afore they came to the house, and I found my wife sick in bed. If this satisfy not the honoured Court, I shall submit to their sentence. I have not willingly offended. I am ready to serve and obey you in the Lord.

"Signed, THOMAS MACY.

"27th of 8th Month, '59 (1659)."

FAMILY RECORDS.

ONE of the most important, as well as interesting, considerations relating to the social position of all enlightened human beings is a knowledge of their ancestral history. Every male and female who properly appreciates their standing in the present world, and who feels an interest in the antecedents of the family of which they constitute a branch, can not but be desirous of knowing through what line of humanity their existence was derived, and who were their progenitors for as many generations as can possibly be ascertained. Every child has a claim upon its parents for knowledge of the names, nativity, and other circumstances of the lives of its ancestors to the greatest possible extent, and every parent should record, for the benefit of his children, all the circumstances of their infantile and juvenile history, and also his or her own, in order that each may be well acquainted with his or her own life, and that of their parents, to enable them to appreciate to its fullest extent the value of life and their duties to the family and to society at large.

The biographical details of every individual, from the first to the last day of his existence, are matters of interest not only to himself, but also to his family and descendants; especially should every adult know the history of his and her own growth, the means supplied by the parents for their education and position in society, and the sources of physical, moral, and intellectual development, so that those subsequently dependent upon them as fathers and mothers may profit by their experience.

As every individual has two parents, four grandparents, and eight great-grandparents, it is very plain that without a systematic and continuous record of each, it is impossible for an individual to keep a knowledge of his ancestral relations, or of the details of their lives, beyond a very limited extent.

To insure this important matter, and to secure to all future generations a full knowledge of the antecedent line of each individual, together with the details of the biography of each member of the family, an ingeniously arranged Family Record has recently been prepared by a professional gentleman of New York, the simplicity, completeness, and comprehensiveness of which must attract the attention of, and prove valuable to, every intelligent person. It is entitled *The Biographic and Photographic FAMILY RECORD, arranged for recording in detail the Personal Incidents of each Member of the Family*. By John H. Griscom, M.D.

The first page, besides containing the record of the names, birth, marriage, etc., of both husband and wife, and a space for the photographs of each, to be inserted at several different ages, is arranged for recording the name, date, and place of birth, and death of the parents and grandparents of each, including three generations. In addition to which there are spaces for recording other incidents in the life of each.

The remainder of the volume is appropriated to the records of the descendants of the first-named parties, an entire page being devoted to each, containing the name, date, and place of birth, with space for five photographs, at different ages; also for the character and period of whatever diseases they may have, and the height and weight at different ages, with the schools, occupations, and other events of their lives. An additional blank page for each child enables the parents to record whatever other incidents may seem desirable to be remembered.

The superiority of this ample form of record over the very meagre ones usually contained in Bibles, must be apparent to all parties, and being a separate book, the persons using it are enabled to record a great number of events which would be inadmissible in the Bible record, because the latter must necessarily be subject to the observation of strangers as well as of the family, while the separate Family Record may be always kept private. Especially will this be valuable to the female members of the family who may not desire to communicate their ages to others.

Without such a record as this, almost every adult is necessarily ignorant of very many of the incidents of his early life, because of the indifference or forgetfulness of the parents. For instance, how few persons now living at the age of twenty-five are enabled to say whether they

have ever had the diseases incidental to juvenile life! There are many who know not the places of their own nativity, and some are ignorant even of the precise date of their birth. Very few are able to recite any of the circumstances of their physical growth, of their early family connections, or to respond to inquiries respecting the ages, nativity, and other circumstances, of their grandparents, and much less of their previous progenitors. By the use of the systematic Family Record herein alluded to, the individual of every generation of the family may know the history of every progenitor; and every succeeding generation, by its steady use, will of course increase the numbers recorded, so that each century will render the members of at least three additional generations fully cognizant of all their predecessors.

Without some such record as this, almost every orphan child must pass through life without any distinct knowledge of its parents, leaving it an isolated human being in respect to ancestral relations; but if left in possession of such a record, containing the history of its parents, and their photographic likenesses, it has a substitute for their persons almost equal to the reality. This form of Record is, in fact, a happy verification of the sentiment contained in the following verses from a poem by Charles Sprague, entitled

THE FAMILY MEETING.

We are all here!

Even they the dead—though dead so dear.

Fond memory to her duty true,

Brings back their faded forms to view.

How lifelike, through the mist of years,

Each well-remembered face appears!

We see them as in times long past;

From each to each kind looks are cast;

We hear their words, their smiles behold;

They're round us as they were of old—

We are all here!

We are all here!

Father, mother,

Sister, brother,

You that I love, with love so dear.

This may not long of us be said;

Soon must we join the gathered dead;

And by the hearth we now sit round,

Some other circle will be found.

Oh! then that wisdom may we know,

Which leaves a life of peace below!

So in the world to follow this,

May each repeat, in words of bliss,

We're all—all here!

Another very valuable consideration connected with such a Family Record relates to the life insurance interests of the family. Every company that grants a policy therefor, requires information concerning the health and longevity of the ancestors of the applicant, and also his private sanitary history. Such a record as this at once answers the questions, and it would be to the interests of every family, the members of which are likely to apply for life policies, to have such a record to satisfy the company's medical inquiries.

Moreover, every family needs such a felicitous arrangement for recording the history of their individual lives, to enable them to appreciate to its full extent the value of their own existence, and the importance of a good record for future use. And by putting on record the incidents of the life of their children, every parent would present to them an incentive to good conduct in all their social, moral, intellectual, and business relations in after-life.

In the marriage record of the parents, on the first page, a space is appropriated for the signature of the clergyman or officer who performs the ceremony, thus making it a *Certificate of Marriage*.

The Publisher of the *Phrenological Journal* has it in contemplation to issue the work above referred to, and it will be put to press on the receipt of a sufficient number of subscribers to warrant the outlay for a very handsomely printed and substantially bound work. Its price will not exceed two dollars, and initiatory subscribers will be supplied with it at 25 per cent. discount therefrom. All persons procuring ten subscribers therefor will be entitled to an extra copy.

Address Editor of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, 389 Broadway, New York.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1868.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Foe*.

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WHAT IS THE USE OF IT?

The New York *Daily Times* publishes the following:

"PHRENOLOGY IN THE MONTREAL POST-OFFICE—A CURIOUS STORY.—*From the Montreal Telegraph, December 12.*—The post-office is not a place that would be suspected as a source of fun, far less as the field for the acting of a serio-comic drama. It appears that phrenological qualification is now necessary to retain a position in that office. For some time past the postmaster was not satisfied that all was right, and being a firm believer in the development of certain bumps, the significance of which is explained by a class of men distinguished as phrenologists, he had the heads of the clerks of the establishment examined, and the result was most unsatisfactory in the case of three of those employed in the office. The moral and intellectual bumps were found deficient, so much so that it was impossible to retain these gentlemen any longer as public servants. The interests of the public must at all times be protected, and it will be a delightful satisfaction that a science so much abused by some, can be applied with such conclusive results. It is not known whether the same experiment will be made in the other branches of the public service."

The Montreal postmaster is right. In his case the new Dominionists have evidently "PUT THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE," and he will see to it that his clerks and other subordinates are adapted to their several places of care and trust. This is applying science and common sense in a practical manner. Now, if Phrenology is good for anything, it is good for just this. The ability of men

to read character depends on knowledge; while one is easily deceived—imposed on by every bogus pretender and wicked quack, another is comparatively shrewd in surmising, inferring, or *guessing* what manner of man he meets; and another, with more knowledge and a larger experience, can generally detect a rogue and avoid him. But, give the same knowledge and experience to one who possesses an intimate acquaintance with Phrenology, and he would read a stranger through and through "like a book"—he becomes a ready detective. Now, this postmaster found among his clerks men of doubtful integrity, or those deficient in capacity. He may have been already satisfied in his own mind as to the facts, while others, in interest, differed from him; and having confidence in Phrenology, he resolved to have it applied, in order to confirm or refute his impressions, and to settle the doubt which may have existed in the minds of all. We see nothing "funny" or "serio-comic" in this, but rather the proceeding of a sound and sensible man.

Certain it is, we have in all our public departments, civil and military, any number of incompetents; and all see clearly the results in their indiscreet acts. Letters are lost or delayed, post-offices robbed, mail matter put in the wrong bag or box, and sent to China instead of Chicago. All have suffered more or less from one or the other of these causes. Stupid postmasters, dishonest clerks, ignorant letter-carriers, need not be imposed on a long-suffering community. A wise application of Phrenology and good common sense would correct the error and remove the evil by selecting those adapted to the work.

If one individual has a gift for literature, poetry, or art, another may have an aptitude for business, may be born for a banker, a broker, a merchant, or for a sea captain. And owing to the all-prevailing ignorance on the subject of choosing pursuits, and character-reading, few men ever find their right place, and most men pass through life mere ciphers—accomplishing nothing beyond "getting a living," while thousands of others live all their poor lives but one degree above the starving-point. Why? we repeat, simply because they do not know what to do, how to find out their aptitude.

Here is a thief in a situation where only one of the highest integrity should be placed. Of course he fails, and falls; a prison opens to him, and he is lost. Here is a middle-aged man, of good education and natural ability, doing a boy's work. He began life with means and high hopes; but owing to misplaced confidence, trusting those not worthy, he was easily swindled out of his property, and had not sufficient confidence in himself to try again. He will struggle on, suffering for many of the necessities of life, but will always be dependent. Another, high-minded, ambitious, generous, and spirited, had all the qualities for success but one. He could not say the monosyllable "No." He was invited to smoke, drink, and take part in a social game of chance, where, to give it zest, a small sum was at stake. He played, he won, and was popular. His higher senses, "the still small voice," whispered, "*do so no more*," and he silently resolved to obey; but his resolution was easily overcome by boon companions, jovial fellows, and he yields to please them. He had too little dignity, manliness, decision, stability. "There was a screw loose." He was wanting in self-esteem and firmness.

Another is bright and brilliant, but fickle. He first tries this, then that, then something else; becomes a sort of "jack at all trades, and is perfect in none." He would like to marry, engages to one, then regrets, begs off, tries another, and deserts in disgrace; all for the want of steadiness of purpose and moral principle. He gets a situation, tending bar, peddling peanuts, cigars, and the like; but with all his versatile brilliancy, he is regarded as of "no account."

We could go on and give the history of all classes of men, tracing their success or failure to organization, habits, education, training, circumstances, and surroundings, pointing out the particular rock on which this, that, and the other were stranded—showing, when too late, in many cases, how they could have escaped and cleared the capes, shoals, rocks, and the numerous whirlpools into which the ignorant and unsuspecting are cast away or swallowed up.

But the indolent world is wedded to its idols; old customs, old superstitions are in the way—and we repeat, "the errors of the age." Careless switchmen

misplace the rails, and a train is thrown off the track and smashed; a careless engineer explodes a boiler, and the ship and all on board find a watery grave; a careless driver neglects his team, and a collision, a crash, and broken bones ensue; a careless stoker sets fire to the engine frame, and the building is destroyed; a patriotic though heedless boy tosses a fire-cracker into a heap of rubbish, and a city is burned to the ground—*small Cautiousness!* Our prisons are filled with criminals, who, had they been rightly placed—away from temptations when young and weak—and wisely directed through childhood, would, many of them, subsequently have made useful and honorable citizens. Our poor-houses and hospitals are filled with the unfortunate, many of whom could have been made self-supporting by timely aid and proper direction.

That society is sadly out of joint all may clearly see; but few, very few, like the Montreal postmaster, have the knowledge and sagacity to apply the remedy.

We anticipate the inquiry, "What is to be done with the three discarded P. O. clerks?" We answer, apply the same test to discover "*what they can do best.*" If Phrenology indicates what they ought not to do, or to be trusted with, so also it will indicate what they can do most successfully; and this each and every one of us ought to be most *thankful* to learn. We have seen too much human suffering, too many miserable failures in the different callings and pursuits of men, not to feel a lively interest in any and in every means looking toward a remedy. We believe there will be fewer mistakes, fewer blunders, accidents, explosions, and fewer crimes, when a knowledge of Phrenology becomes general. At the worst, it can do no harm. It certainly has the promise of doing much good.

We commend the example of the Montreal postmaster to others. We recommend our merchants to learn whether or not their confidential clerks, cashiers, and others have the organs of Conscientiousness, Cautiousness, Firmness, and other necessary faculties, to insure integrity and reasonable care in their several departments. Equally useful will it prove in the selection of apprentices to learn particular arts and trades.

TIMELY TOPICS.

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.—This is the season when enterprising men living near maple groves prepare for making their year's "sweetening." Many tons are made throughout the Northern and Middle States. Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, Michigan, Ohio, and the Canadas make the most, and to a limited extent it is made in the Middle and some of the Southern States. A few trees will often produce many pounds of delicious sugar if rightly tapped and attended.

We have often been impressed with the desirableness of our farmers planting maple trees in rocky regions or in portions of their lands which could not be otherwise cultivated. A nook or a corner here and there would grow a dozen or more sugar-maple trees, and a side-hill in a glen or gorge as many more. Indeed, such trees should be set along our public roadways. Millions can thus be grown to the great benefit of all and the injury of none. The sugar maple is a beautiful shade tree in summer, and when old may be converted into timber, tools, furniture, or fuel. And we would here suggest that a young farmer can not do a better thing for himself, his town, or his State, after planting a fruit orchard, than to plant a grove of maple trees. Who will act on this suggestion? If only a few individuals be induced to do this, others will shortly follow the good example, and in time we shall have within our reach, all through the United States, the means by which we can obtain all of this kind of sugar and sirup that we need. Farther south sugar-cane and sorghum will be produced, supplying the sugars of commerce. It may be interesting to our readers to know how many pounds of maple sugar and how many gallons of molasses—sirup—treacle—were produced in the year 1860, in the United States and Territories. Doubtless a considerable more was made than was reported to the census taker. It may surprise our Northern readers to learn that maple sugar and maple molasses can be made in several of the Southern States. But some of the territory is mountainous, and the maple tree grows there.

	Gallons Maple Molasses.	Lbs. Maple Sugar.
Alabama	228
Arkansas	194	3,077
California	6
Connecticut	2,377	44,269
Georgia	20	991
Illinois	20,048	134,195
Indiana	292,908	1,541,761
Iowa	11,405	315,436
Kansas	2	8,742
Kentucky	140,076	880,941
Maine	32,679	306,742
Massachusetts	15,307	1,006,078
Michigan	79,000	4,061,822
Minnesota	23,038	370,669
Mississippi	99
Missouri	18,289	142,028
New Hampshire	43,833	2,255,012
New Jersey	8,068	3,455
New York	181,842	10,816,419
North Carolina	17,759	30,845
Ohio	370,512	3,845,508
Pennsylvania	114,310	2,767,385

	Gallons Maple Molasses.	Lbs. Maple Sugar.
South Carolina	205
Tennessee	74,372	115,620
Vermont	16,253	9,877,781
Virginia	99,605	938,108
Wisconsin	83,118	1,584,451
Nebraska	275	123
Utah	40
Total	1,597,589	40,120,905

Thus more than a million and a half gallons of delicious maple sirup, and over forty million pounds of maple sugar, are produced in our country in a single year. If we estimate the sirup at one dollar a gallon, we have the snug sum of \$1,597,589, and the sugar at 15 cts. per pound, \$6,018,030 75; total, \$7,615,619 75.

This is no small matter when viewed in the aggregate, and coupled with the pleasure of making the sugar, and the domestic joy connected with its use, the maple-sugar business assumes proportions which it is a great pleasure to contemplate. We all have "a sugar tooth," and everybody loves maple sugar. Then tap the trees, boil the sap, sugar it off, and send us a cake!

ARE WE POOR?

WE hear and read of hard times and ruin ahead, of heavy taxes, and enormous public debts. Foreign writers were sure a democratic people would not bear taxation, and that we never could pay off our great war debt. The experience of the last two years, in consolidating our national debt and in raising revenue, shows in strong light the resources and capabilities of the country. We have paid all our expenses and reduced our aggregate debt from \$2,874,000,000 in the fall of 1865 to \$2,491,000,000 as given in the Treasurer's recent Report, or \$383,000,000 in two years. When it is considered that this occurred just after a long and exhaustive war—that nearly half the country was prostrate in its finances and business facilities, the nation, we think, does not deserve to be called bankrupt. Such elasticity and enterprise is a great surprise to the people and governments of the Old World.

Let us look a moment at the resources of the single State of New York. The assessed valuation of taxable property in the year 1866 was \$1,640,000,000, the real value of which is supposed to be three times that amount. From the State Census of 1865 we take a few items—

is not more than a third part of the personal property is insured, it will be safe to assert that the cash value of the property in the State of New York can not be short of \$6,000,000,000. The aggregate of taxes, direct and indirect, of the people of the State of New York in 1866 was about as follows:

State and school taxes	\$12,000,000
City, county, and town taxes....	50,000,000
Internal revenue and customs ...	53,000,000
	<u>\$115,000,000</u>

New York is evidently able to pay her debts easily; and no doubt all other States—at least those which did not join the rebellion—are equally able and willing to meet and redeem their liabilities. We are a young, energetic people, with room for all, and abundant natural resources in soil, climate, mines, etc., to reward industry and to invite labor from every part of the world. As a nation, then, we are not poor, and, God be thanked, we are not in fear of bankruptcy.

If Americans will stop smoking, chewing, and drinking for a few years, they can pay all their debts, and have a surplus.

"THE WORLD MOVES."

THE New York daily *World* newspaper recently gave expression to the following progressive idea, which is in keeping with the laws of growth and reconstruction taught in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Read this political philosopher.

"The Democratic party must be wise enough to recognize the molding influence of great events on public opinion, and the permanence of some of their consequences. Even in the most tranquil times society and public opinion are in a state of constant, and in a new country like this, of rapid growth. In a period of convulsive turbulence and upheaving, opinion advances with an accelerated velocity. It is not possible that the mighty struggles of the last six years should not leave a deep imprint on succeeding times. The future of this country is not to depend on the opinions of men who were over forty when the war broke out, but on the opinions of those who were under thirty. Though built after the same plan, our older men will say, like those of Israel, that the second temple is not like the first. We must, nevertheless, recognize facts. It is a fact that all the flower of our young men were engaged in, and educated by, the war. All the youthful vigor, daring, enterprise, love of adventure, thirst for honor, pride of country, marched with our armies. In the army they lived a deeper life than falls to the lot of ordinary sluggish generations. Their whole manhood was a hundred times put to the proof; the experience of four years was more than the common experience of a life. And it came at an age when the character is yet pliant and yielding, when the opinions are either not formed, or are not settled into dogmatic stiffness. The mold was applied while the clay was yet soft, and it will continue to bear impress. There is an ineffaceable difference between the generation of men that is going out and the younger generation that is coming in; and no party which ignores this difference will be in sufficient sympathy with the rising future to guide its politics. Our elderly men, whose habits of thought became fixed before the war, will be every year deserting, in obedience to a summons they can not resist. As between the old epoch and the new, they will be a constantly dwindling minority; but as between the liv-

ing and the dead, they are 'passing over to the majority.' Their indurated habits of thought will pass with them, and the country will be ruled by the generation whose character was shaped in these later stirring times."

HISTORY ON CANVAS.

MR. THOMAS NAST, the artist, whose portrait, character, and biography we published last October, has recently given to the public a panorama, with views of important events in our national history, commencing with the discovery of America, and continuing to the close of the civil war; including a look—in a picture—at our new Russian possession!

But Mr. Nast is a humorist. He is the Mr. Punch of America, without the drawbacks to the London man. Mr. Nast caricatures everything and everybody, save sacred subjects. These he would not, could not profane, for he is himself a man of high moral principle and deep religious convictions.

The interest which will be taken in this panorama by a spectator will, in a great measure, depend on his political opinions, the direction in which his sympathies lie. The artist, we may state, is a staunch Republican. That many of the representations, aside from the burlesque vein which ramifies them, are faithful portrayures of sectional or public sentiment, as the case may be, it can not be denied.

The series of paintings is lengthy, comprising thirty-three on canvas, nine feet by twelve. Among those which the spectator usually considers most noticeable, are "Columbia and Jonathan at Home," "Hunting in the Swamp and the Underground Railroad," "King Cotton," "The Uprising of the North." (There is something grand in this representation.) "Contraband of War," "Peace in New Orleans." (In these last two pictures Ben Butler's countenance wears very significant expressions.) "The Ogre of Andersonville," a reproduction from life. "Ulysses the Giant-killer," "Sherman's Bummers," a spirited and effective caricature, "Palace of Years," "Reconstruction."

So far as the paintings themselves are concerned, they manifest a great expenditure of time, color, and industry. Some of the scenes are elaborate and striking, and required no little patient consideration for the perfection of their designs. Altogether, the panorama will be regarded as a powerful campaign device, and will do real service in its way. If exhibited in the country, it must attract large audiences.

THE RESURRECTION.

FROM one of our foreign exchanges, *Le Mouvement Medical*, of Paris, we translate the following paragraphs, which occur in a discussion on the nature of the soul. The statements are interesting, as they furnish the views of an eminent French medicist on the resurrection:

"On the day of the general resurrection the

immortal souls will repossess the bodies which they occupied during their mortal life, and they will reanimate the bodies to die no more, with the characteristics which they had, or which they would have had, at the age when Christ's resurrection took place. The diversity of the difference of the sexes will be maintained, but the bodies of the elect will be endowed with great privileges: they will have no defect, and will enjoy all the completeness of their sensibilities; they will be *undisturbed*, that is to say, they will be sheltered from all physical suffering as well as freed from all intellectual and moral infirmity. They will be *luminous*, that is to say, they will shine as the sun; they will be active, that is to say, they will be able, at the monition of the soul in her desires, to transport themselves instantly from one place to another; they will be *subtle*, that is to say, they will be able to obey with the greatest facility the inclinations of the soul.

"Here is what you would know if you had not forgotten your catechism, or if you had read Bergier; this is what you will learn some day, if ever you find a place among the elect, which I doubt.

"Such is the belief which divine revelation imposes on us; and behold the consequences which this dogma sets forth according to ascetic theology. Belief in the resurrection of the body ought first to cause us to give thanks to God, because he has, in his good pleasure, revealed this mystery to us. Second, it ought to console us on the death of our parents and friends. Third, it ought to be a sort of compensation in all physical and moral infirmities incident to mortal life. Fourth, it ought to incite us to merit, by good works, our admission into Paradise."

THE VIRTUOUS LIFE.

THE virtuous life may be likened to a pillar of mosaics; so long as the process of construction is going on—so long as there is one incomplete spot where the rude masonry and the unwrought material are exposed, so long we fail to mark the beauty of the whole. However rich the design, however exquisite the execution as far as completed, however solid the masonry or sturdy the material, as long as the symmetry of the whole is marred by a blemish, so long we fail to recognize the merit of the work. We are always watching the builder, we see the temporary scaffolding—the litter of waste material, but we do not observe that beauty which in the end will be presented to our view, because we are too occupied or too idle to exercise that philosophy which enables us to judge the superstructure from the foundation.

So when the virtuous life is finished—when the litter and the scaffolding are taken away—we behold with surprise and admiration the work of the builder.

Then let no one despond if engaged as conscience dictates. Let him push on to the last, and as sure as the last is to come, when the builder descends from the shaft and lays aside his tools, he is sure to receive a just reward.

JOHN DUNN.

PLANT A GARDEN.

THIS is the season of the year to obtain seeds, and for preparing the ground so as to be ready for early spring planting.

Ladies may now design their flower gardens. Take paper and pencil, draw a plot; arrange it on scientific principles, and very soon the time will come to plant the seeds, shrubs, and vines. Every dwelling, every church, every school-house, and, indeed, every railway station, ought to have its flower-beds—as they have in the old countries. We remember a young lady who, when advised to plant flower seeds, replied, "What is the use? we can neither eat nor wear them." In other words, "they are neither food nor clothes," therefore useless. We do not envy that young lady's taste; but this is a rare exception, and belongs not to high civilization, but rather to low heathenism.

If wives would exert a silent though powerful influence over their husbands and sons, if daughters would secure the approval, not to say the affection of those whom they would win, let them cultivate flowers. Men may sometimes ridicule the thing, but they are nevertheless influenced by fragrant flowers.

There is no culprit so hard, no human being so low, but would be touched by this beauty of nature; and though they may not turn aside or go out of their way in the least to cultivate them, they can not help but admire them, and cherish the heart and hand that cultivated them.

With the view to beautifying our homes, parks, churches, and school-houses, we have arranged with leading seedsmen in New York to supply all that we can use; and we publish in our advertising department a list of various seeds—flower and vegetable—with prices, which will be sent in packages, post-paid, by mail. A few shillings will get a small assortment; a few dollars, enough to beautify a large garden or a small park; and we commend the subject to all our JOURNAL readers. Let every one cultivate flowers, and thereby cultivate their finer sensibilities, all of which will tend toward lifting up and purifying them. We regard this one of the means, however slight, of bringing about purity, refinement, and even a higher civilization. Then plant a flower garden, plant a vegetable garden, plant trees, shrubs, and vines, plant with care, with taste, with hope and with faith, and God will bless your good works with rich luxuries, and with health, beauty, fragrance, and love.

BEGIN RIGHT.

BY CRAYON BLANC.

BEGIN right! First the alphabet—then the printed volume; first the tiny blade, then the ear of corn fully ripe. A little time, a little patience, and then all will come out straight, if only you begin right!

"Ten minutes more sleep can't do a fellow any harm," says drowsy Tom, and so he rolls

over for another nap. He is late at breakfast, late at school, late all day long, and more probably late through life—one of those people who are always arriving at depots after the cars are gone, and calling to stage-drivers to "wait!" If he had only learned how to begin right!

"I'm worked to death," says the poor household drudge, as she sinks into a chair at the day's end, too weary to care whether her hair is smooth or her collar straight. "And after all, there has Mr. Mite rushed out and left his newspaper on the sofa for me to fold, and his slippers in the middle of the floor, and his pipe on the table, and his hair-brush on the mantle-piece. It's too discouraging!"

Well, ma'am, you did not begin right with Mr. Mite. You have followed him round through life, picking up and putting up after him, when you should have let him do it for himself. "But it wouldn't get done." Yes, it would. Mr. Mite would not rest quiet very long in such a chaos if he wasn't waiting for you to reduce it to order. There was a time when he was younger than he is now—a time when you might have made what you would of him, but you did not begin right!

Is your boy disobedient, careworn parents? Does he set your wishes, even your commands, openly at defiance? Why should you wonder? Do you remember the days of his babyhood, when you laughed at his freaks of temper, and allowed him to over-ride all rules and regulations, "because he was only a child?" How many tears and pangs you would have saved yourselves had you only begun right!

What's the matter, friend? Is it an unlucky day when everything comes out wrong and disasters thicken around you, and nothing is as it should be? Man, there is no such thing as luck. The day is all right—it is you that are wrong. Did you commence it with a prayer? Did you take God's hand in yours before you left your room, and gather strength and calm from its contact? No! you did nothing of the sort; you tumbled out of bed and into the breakfast-room; you scalded your mouth with boiling coffee, and snubbed your wife when she asked you a question. You went off to business with such a face that your children breathed freer when you were gone! And yet you are not by any means an unprincipled man or a bad husband and father. Yesterday all went smoothly, and your temper was as serene as May sunshine. To-day, things were entirely different—you did not begin right!

There is a right and a wrong end to everything, and if you only get hold of the right one, how nicely the "chain-stitch" of life unravels. Nothing is too difficult for a man of ordinary resolution, if only he begins right. Some people begin in the middle—some people begin where they ought to have left off, and some people never begin at all! Luck gets the blame often—Providence sometimes—the wrong scapegoat always. It is so easy to slip off the responsibility on to somebody else's

shoulders, whether it belongs there or not. But in nine cases out of ten, if a man comes to grief, you can trace the chain of misfortune back to his own hand—he did not begin right.

ONE-SIDEDNESS.

SOME persons seem to be really "cut on the bias." Their thoughts, aims, purposes in life, their characters, even, seem to be hopelessly askew. To convince them of any error is almost an impossibility—it would be, in point of fact, like "cutting across the grain."

In order to get along with such people, one must sacrifice many personal peculiarities, and consent to become a nonentity. If you have any ideas of your own, you might as well keep them to yourself in their presence, unless you are fond of wordy discussions—quarrels, I call them—and do not mind being thrown "hors de combat" mentally, if not physically.

One-sided people have Combativeness large. Galileo had to deal with just such kind of persons I am describing, and his reiterating "It does move, though," may have strengthened his own convictions, but had no effect on theirs. True genius will not allow itself to be biased by the opinions of others, for genius is synonymous with power, and one must meet opposition with opposition in order to cut a path for himself.

One-sidedness is a fault in personal education; one of those excrescences which, if allowed to grow, will destroy the beauty and uniformity of the most promising character.

It is not according to nature, and one needs to guard himself against leaning too far away from the true center, just as much as the tree needs to be straightened and propped that misses the guiding stake. VIRGINIA VARLEY.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

Oh, evening winds! whose restless feet
Now wander to and fro;
Oh, stars! whose radiant gems complete
The crown on Nature's brow;
Oh, bright-eyed moon! whose golden disk
Swings in the vault of night,
And like a hooded friar walks
The star-begirt height;
Oh, forest deep, and mountain high,
And ocean wide and free,
The presence of the living God
Is manifest in thee!

I hear His voice amid the rain
That patters on my roof;
I see His eye amid the flowers
That weave a golden woof.
I feel His presence in my soul,
His hand upon my heart;
My life is subject to His will,
Of His own self a part—
A tithe, ev'n, of the wondrous skill
His handiwork displays.
And with all Nature will I lift
My voice to hymn His praise.

NELLIE A. MANN.

Why is the letter D like a drunkard's life?
Because it always ends bad.

ACQUISITIVENESS vs. BENEVOLENCE.—No. 2.

BENEVOLENCE, as has been shown in a previous article, must look to Acquisitiveness for all the money she wants to spend, but it is none the less true that Acquisitiveness must look to Benevolence for health. If it be true that it is not good for Benevolence to be alone, and that, indeed, she can not live without frequently putting her hands into the pockets of Acquisitiveness, it is just as true that Acquisitiveness can not live and be in health without the help of Benevolence. So their mutual relation is plain. Benevolence is weak and almost helpless without Acquisitiveness, and Acquisitiveness is sick and diseased without Benevolence.

It is not forgotten that Benevolence can give much else besides money. Charity, patience, gentleness, kindness, sweet words, and sweeter looks are all her gifts, and for these she does not have to look to Acquisitiveness; but when she wants money to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, and build asylums, she must ask Acquisitiveness for it, and, therefore, divorced from Acquisitiveness, she can not perfectly fulfill her mission to the world. But Acquisitiveness, as has been said, suffers quite as much without Benevolence.

On a slightly eminence, on the brow of a hill, there once stood a palatial residence. It was "carved within and without." It shone in splendor within and without, and its rich owner was the talk of all his friends and his enemies. He was a very *industrious* man. He never, even for a day, neglected the care of his money, and his time and thoughts were so absorbed in this one great care, that he was obliged to give out that he "never read *begging* letters," and "never received calls from philanthropists or from beggars of smaller size."

"My time," he wrote to a friend, "is actually all taken up with my money. I have acquired an *immense* property, and I must now see to it—in other words, I must be 'diligent in business,' according to the Scripture command, and that leaves me no time to read the *begging* letters that pour in upon me by hundreds and thousands, or to see those who are always 'seeking an interview with me,' that they may lay before me this or that charitable object. It may be I am thought a very hard man, but my money, and, I might add, my house and grounds, consume all my time. I am even cheated of my rest at night, and can not be said to *enjoy life*. So no one ought to complain that I do not answer *begging* letters. I can not answer them, nor even read them. And much less can I see those who are continually trying to see me 'on *business*.' I always know exactly what their '*business*' is, and as their 'name is Legion,' I never see any of them. My letters and my calls are, I think, beginning to grow less, for it is coming to be understood now that I have *no spare time*."

Now, what was the matter of that man—of that *conscientious* man, who felt that he "must be 'diligent in business,' according to the Scripture command?" He was simply diseased, diseased in the organ of Acquisitiveness. And how came he so? "There is a sore evil which I have seen under the sun, namely, riches *kept* for the owners thereof, to their hurt." Eccl. v. 13. Here you have the answer. The man "*kept*" his money. When his money began to accumulate, he "*kept*" it. When more and more had been accumulated, he "*kept*" it, and when the burden of his riches grew so great that he could not "*enjoy life*," and had "*no spare time*," he refused to lighten the burden—he "*kept*" it all—"kept it to his hurt." His widowed sister, in a neighboring town, *sews* for her support—yes, sews, sews early and late, sews the year round, and her rich brother has "*no spare time*" to send her any money—"no spare time" to write to her and tell her to stop sewing and live on him.

You, poor man, and you, man of moderate means, who have not been tempted to nurse your organ of Acquisitiveness into disease, will no doubt execrate the man who can thus close his heart against the duty and the luxury of Benevolence, and you will perhaps ask if such a *monster* really lives.

Yes, and such as he is you may become if, having an opportunity to roll up a fortune, you allow your organ of Acquisitiveness to grow faster and grow larger than your organ of Benevolence. It may be thus that some phrenologist has examined your head, and putting his hand on the organ of Benevolence has said, with an ominous shake of the head, "Small, very small."

Now, what are you to do in such a case? Will you sit down and do nothing? Will you say that you believe more firmly in *fate* than ever?—that a man is just what he is *fated* to be? Will you come out, unblushingly, and say that Phrenology makes *fatalists*, or will you go to work like a man at that poor, half-grown organ of Benevolence, and work at it until it assumes the majestic proportions that the organ of Benevolence should have on every man's head? Cease to prate about an unfortunate mental constitution, and begin to work bravely to bring up that weak organ to the size of health. If you make money—and you are no doubt trying to make all you can—*give away* as much of it as you can possibly spare. Let your money slip through your fingers easily, and don't give it a farewell pinch as it drops. Don't be afraid to give—don't be afraid you'll not have enough laid up for "*a rainy day*." These *rainy* days that some men are always preparing for sometimes never come, and the owners of bonds and mortgages and vast estates suddenly pass away after "heaping up riches," without knowing "who shall gather them," and without having gathered anything but these perishable riches for themselves. Therefore, don't look too far into the future, or lay up too much of what, in a few years, you must lay by.

It may be that your organ of Benevolence is

so small that you feel no inclination to give of your substance. Well, no matter. Give until you do feel the inclination. Give simply in self-defense, if for no other reason. Give to prevent the organ of Acquisitiveness from becoming diseased, and by-and-by you will feel in your soul the healthful glow of benevolent feelings, and will enjoy earning money just for the sake of giving it away. And then, if the phrenologist put his finger on your "bump" of Benevolence, he will tell you that it has taken a start, and will tell you no more than the truth, for *you* have taken a start, a start in the right direction. You have become a benevolent man, and therefore (now laugh, oh, unbeliever, at our credulity) the *shape of your head has changed!*—yes, *positively changed!* and you will find that you may build what you will in your brain. Phrenology says to no man: "You are what you are, and nothing can change you." On the contrary, it shows a man in what he needs to be changed, and how he may be changed, and shakes a warning finger at those whose brains are being developed too much and too fast in the wrong direction. It seizes men on the verge of ruin and pulls them back. And surely none more need to be thus suddenly arrested than those whose course in life has been such that the organ of Acquisitiveness is large, and the organ of Benevolence small, for they are on the *verge of ruin*. If they continue to be successful in heaping up riches, and heed not the calls of Benevolence, their testimony at last will be that they "do not *enjoy life*," and that they have "*no time to spare*" for anything but taking care of their money.

The organ of Acquisitiveness, when divorced from the organ of Benevolence, is a dangerous foe in a man's brain, but let Acquisitiveness and Benevolence live together and work together, and the man is saved from the ruin of "*riches kept* by the owners thereof, to their hurt."

MEN ONE WOULD RATHER NOT MEET.—Men that tell stories that run into one another, so that you find it very difficult to get away at the end of any of them.

Men who have quarreled with all their relations.

Men who have been betrayed and abandoned in the most heartless manner by all their friends.

Men who have been persecuted and swindled by a general conspiracy of everybody.

Men who imitate popular actors.

Men who are always asking "Don't you think so?"

Men who are always "putting a case."

Men who agree with you too much.

Men "who feel inclined to join issue with you there."

Men who oppose Phrenology, and have never examined it.

Men who will not subscribe for the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, but prefer to borrow yours, "just to look it over," before you have had an opportunity yourself to examine it.

"Signs of Character."

Of the soul, the body form doth take.
For soul is form, and doth the body make.—Spenser.

SIGNS OF CHARACTER IN THE HAIR.

COARSE black hair and dark skin signify great power of character, with a tendency to sensuality. Fine hair and dark skin indicate strength of character along with purity and goodness. Stiff black hair and beard indicate a coarse, strong, rigid, straightforward character. Fine dark brown hair signifies the combination of exquisite sensibilities with great strength of character. Harsh upright hair is the sign of a reticent and sour spirit, a stubborn and harsh character. Coarse red hair and whiskers indicate powerful animal passions, together with a corresponding strength of character. Auburn hair, with florid countenance, denotes the highest order of sentiment and intensity of feeling, purity of character, with the highest capacity for enjoyment or suffering. Straight, even, smooth, glossy hair denotes strength, harmony, and evenness of character, hearty affections, a clear head, and superior talents. Fine, silky, supple hair is the mark of a delicate and sensitive temperament, and speaks in favor of the mind and character of the owner. Crisp, curly hair indicates a hasty somewhat impetuous, and rash character. White hair denotes a lymphatic and indolent constitution; and we may add that besides all these qualities there are chemical properties residing in the coloring matter of the hair tube which undoubtedly have some effect upon the disposition. Thus, red-haired people are notoriously passionate. Now red hair is proved by analysis to contain a large amount of sulphur, while very black hair is colored with almost pure carbon. The presence of these matters in the blood points to peculiarities of temperament and feeling which are almost universally associated with them. The very way in which the hair flows is indicative of the ruling passions and inclinations, and perhaps a clever person could give a shrewd guess at a man or woman's disposition by only seeing the backs of their heads.—*Exchange*.

[Our neighbor is too arbitrary in his ascriptions of character to the different colors and qualities of hair above specified. That there is much of character evidenced by the hair is undoubted, but we would not attempt to assign positive mental characteristics so unequivocally to this or that quality and color.]

BARON WODEHOUSE, LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

BARON WODEHOUSE has a large brain, symmetrically formed; and he would pass anywhere for an evenly-balanced, well-organized person. We see nothing in excess—nothing which would mark him as peculiar. He is fond of display; ambitious to rise and shine. If dressed like a plain, democratic republican, he would pass for a good fellow; perhaps he



PORTRAIT OF BARON WODEHOUSE.

would be esteemed rather "nice." He was born to position, and there was no special occasion, we presume, for any extraordinary effort on his own part; and he would be likely to take life easily, his wants being already anticipated and supplied.

The Right Hon. John, third Baron Wodehouse, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, was born in 1826, and was educated at Eton and Christ Church College, Oxford. In 1846, on the death of his grandfather, his father having died in 1834, he succeeded to the English peerage, and in the same year took his seat in the House of Lords. In 1852 he was elected to the office of Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, which position he held for four years, when he accepted the post of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Russia at the conclusion of the Crimean war. In this embassy he continued until March, 1858. He afterward returned to his former position of Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. In 1863 he was selected as Envoy from England to the Court of Denmark, to negotiate with reference to the Schleswig-Holstein question. On his return, he represented the East India Department in the House of Peers; and in 1864, on the death of the Earl of Carlisle, he was appointed to the lord-lieutenancy of Ireland.

Baron Wodehouse is decidedly liberal in his opinions. He possesses a conciliatory spirit, indefatigable industry, a strong love of truth, and a vigorous and practical mind. By an honorable career, both in public and private life, he has acquired a good reputation among his countrymen generally.

BISHOP CLARK, of Rhode Island, saw only five drunken persons in all Europe. Of course the Bishop kept the best of company.

NEW PHYSIOGNOMY.*

BY REV. BENJAMIN ROGERS.

Its name indicates its character; but the book itself must be examined before any idea can be formed of the vast field over which it ranges for its facts and the sources of its information; and if, as all naturalists declare, any given bone of an animal is so indicative of its whole structure, that from it all the others can be designed, and so the animal be reproduced as far as form and features are concerned, though its species may have been lost from the earth for a thousand years, and at last but a single bone found from which to judge of what it was, and if it is true that the form indicates the character in the lower animals, and is, as it were, but the clothing of the spirit of man, then it is but reasonable to suppose that there is, or may be, a science of **PHYSIOGNOMY** as certain, as well defined, as readily attained as any other; and if it be so, then it should take precedence of most others, since it opens to every person the true characters of those around them, and enables us to select our friends, companions, agents, and servants from such as will neither abuse our friendship nor betray our confidence. A good physiognomist is rarely cheated, and need never be betrayed.

It is undoubtedly true, that mentally, physically, morally, we are largely molded and shaped by our own efforts. In other words, our lives form our characters. We become very largely in all respects what we choose to make ourselves. The man who gives his life to reflection, is every day expanding his reflective organs more than others, and every line in his face is drawn into sympathy with them. Reflection becomes the habit of his life. He shows it in everything—in his head, his features, his countenance, his deportment; and what is true of reflection is equally so of the exercise of any faculty or passion. There is one type of head and features peculiar to the clergyman, another to the lawyer, another to the soldier, another to the gambler, and in each case they become more marked in their own direction by length of time and activity of exercise. If this is so, then each person not only molds his own character, but he makes his own head, shapes his own features, gives character to his own form, and so himself gives to the world infallible signs by which to read and know him as he is.

Physiognomy was earlier taught than Phrenology, by some centuries; but as the features receive character from the brain, it is only now taking its legitimate position as the younger sister of Phrenology, rather than an independent science, and it is so treated in the book of Mr. Wells. For the multitude, the "New Physiognomy" is well treated, being broken

* "NEW PHYSIOGNOMY; OR, SIGNS OF CHARACTER AS manifested through temperament and external forms," by Samuel R. Wells, New York, is a handsome octavo of 768 pages of clear, good-sized type, good paper, fair margins, and 1058 illustrations. Price in muslin, \$5. Heavy calf, \$8. Turkey morocco, gilt, \$10.

up into short chapters, each bearing directly upon the signs of character, and thus keeping alive the interests of the inquisitive reader.

Among the most interesting and instructive chapters are those treating upon "Good Principles," "The Law of Correspondence," "The Law of Homogeneity," "The Law of Quantity," "The Law of Quality," "The Law of Temperament," "of Form," "of Functions," and "of Latency." The various Doctrines of Hippocrates, Gall, and Spurzheim, the Systems of "Lavater," "Walker," "Hall," and others. "The Effect of Climate upon Character," "National Characteristics," "Ancient Types and the Physiognomy of Classes," all of which abound in evidences of research, are full of facts, and handsomely illustrated by apt examples. There is no other book like it. It comes from good authority, and should be read by every one who cares to know either himself or his neighbor.—*Austin (Tex.) Jour.*

THE SEASONS OF LIFE.

Like the green buds unfolded, just peeping to view
In the Spring of the year with the morning's fresh dew,
Is the mind of the child in his new-born estate,
As with joy we behold, and its progress await.

And the warmth of Love's sun with a joy-beaming face,
As it nurtures, develops each sweet, gentle grace;
And the heavens are cloudless, the deep azure skies
Are reflected again from smiling blue eyes.

And the little mind grows more and more every day
Under tears that Love's showers, while rainbows display
In their rose-colored hues the bright promise of joy,
As the mind of the babe becomes that of the boy.

And the trees break in blossoms as May tripping past,
Sees the youth with his books to the school hieing fast,
And the voice of the lad with a merry peal rings;
'Tis the time of the year when the lark gayly sings.

And now June, all effulgent, adorned as a bride,
Thou art welcomed with warmth and a joy-giving pride;
There's no rose-bud so lovely, nor lily so meek,
As the glance of thine eye and the blush on thy cheek.

And the young man of heart with the prize of a wife,
Nerves himself for the heat and the battle of life;
Like the horse clothed with thunder, his eyes flashing fire,
He delights in his strength, while he curbs fierce desire.

But at last comes July like a hot fever pest,
As the spark of Ambition flames up in his breast;
There are clouds that are rising, with low thunder's din,
Clouding heavens without, and the heaven within.

Soon it darkens, and gloom like a pall overspread,
Now descends like a type of despair and of dread;
In his bosom there wages a fiercer campaign
Than the war of the elements, thunder and rain.

But the torrents of feeling and doubt will subside,
For as Time speeds along there's an ebb in the tide;
And the voice of the Victor will sing a new song,
As the days of September come gliding along.

Rich and varied are now the thoughts that transpire,
Like the leaves of the forest in Autumn attire;
And the stillness of Indian summer's calm sleep
Does but herald the truth that "still waters run deep."

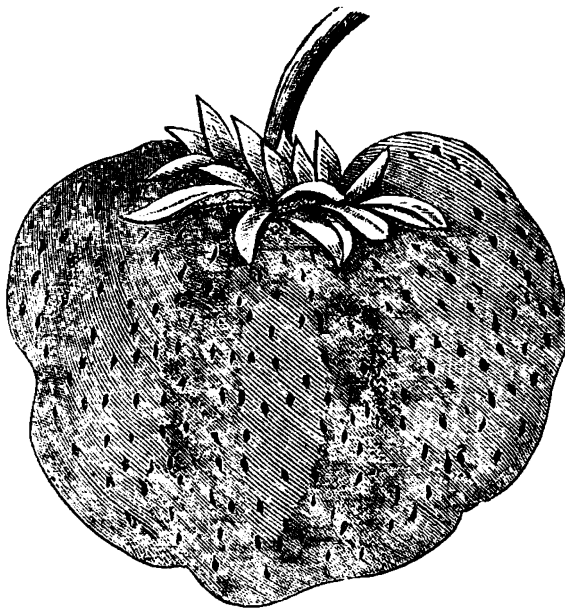
Now the fruits of the great Tree of Life are in store,
For the winter's approaching, with wafts from Death's door;

And the leaves are all drooping, the air waxes chill,
And the blood does but feebly its office fulfill.

Ay, the snows are now whit'ning December's last page,
As the hairs of the veteran are silvered with age;
And the fierce northern blast, with its icy-cold breath
Sweeps along, neither sparing destruction nor death.

And yet Nature but sleepeth; not dead are the trees,
For within there's a life that no mortal eye sees,
And the shadowy "Valley of Death" 's but the door
That shall open to view blooming spring evermore.

WM. HENRY FABER, Brooklyn.



A NEW FRENCH STRAWBERRY.

If size alone were the measure of greatness or goodness, the above would, no doubt, be the best strawberry in the world. But is it as good as it is big? It is not unusual to meet with a great, big, lubberly man who is so dull, sleepy, and lazy that a smaller and more supple man leads him in all things. But we grant that *size and quality*, other things being equal, are the measure of power.

The above engraved illustration shows one thing very important for all to know, viz., the *effects of culture*. Compare this with the common wild berry, and note the difference. So is an intelligent, cultivated, developed man as much superior to the ignorant, uncultured savage. If there be a limit to the growth and improvement of man, animal, or plant, we have not yet discovered it. It is safe, therefore, to continue our efforts in the culture and perfection of all things, including strawberries and man. The French lead the world in foolish fashions and in large strawberries. Be it ours to grow the best specimens of humanity. To succeed in this we must turn over a new leaf, correct our bad habits, stop dissipation, and conform to the laws of life, health, and longevity. The Philadelphia *Gardener's Monthly*, an excellent two-dollar magazine, to which we are indebted for the use of the engraving, says: "This fruit was raised by Dr. Nicaise, of Chalons-sur-Marne, from seed in July, 1861, ripening its first fruit in June, 1863. It is the 'largest that has been known until this day,' does not fruit all at once, but has a less sensible 'diminution of the volume of fruit from first to last' than a great number of others. Leaves 'abundant and vigorous,' yet 'permitting all the fruit to receive the rays of the sun.' Color bright red, flesh white and juicy, very sweet and highly perfumed."

Americans! can we not equal this piece of French enterprise? We grow the best pears, apples, plums, and peaches in the world. Why not the best strawberries? Let us try.

"MAN IN THE IMAGE OF GOD," ETC.

Prof. AGASSIZ and many other prejudiced religionists claim "that man is made in the image of God." It is idle to assume, by any, that this passage is intended to convey the spiritual image of God, as such perversion of language has no meaning which can elevate to it the modern conception of Deity. Image is exclusively a material, a copy, likeness, or resemblance of material form; and all form, prototype, or copy is, necessarily, material. Nine tenths who accept that passage do so in the true sense of the word, a material image or form, and they can have no other defined conception of it. This general material impression, based on Prof Agassiz' clear

adoption of it, while, exclusively, lecturing on comparative animal forms, claimed man's superiority to be "in the image of God." I thus wish to controvert this degrading doctrine.

If man is the image of God, then God is, necessarily, the prototype of man; the form of man; like unto the whole body of man in form, exteriorly at least. If man is an animal, then such doctrine presumptuously degrades the Creator of all to the form of His created, a mere animal form. Is it not presumption for the finite to conceive the infinite, further than His self-evident attributes of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, which we see in all the works of creation? Has man any power of conception of form which has not its representation in created things, that are tangible to his senses? and does he claim that God is tangible, that he thus conceives His form? Does man, in claiming that God has a form like himself, imagine that He is ubiquitous, omnipresent? then he must imagine, consistently, that such form is expanded into all space, interpenetrating and embracing everything within His form. Can man's wildest imagination grasp such an idea of form, still retaining the form which man has?—impossible!

God has no definite form to finite, rational conception; it is only His three attributes which we can take cognizance of, and those three, to our comprehension, are *always* infinite wisdom, power, and benevolence—therefore eternal. If God is infinite, and man finite, then God is infinitely beyond man, so that comparison is infinitely impossible.

Man can not conceive of any form not known in existence, even superior to his own, because we have no power of creating, and what we do not know of as created, we can not possibly conceive of, as such conception belongs exclusively to a creator. If we, then, can not conceive the unknown finite, how immeasurably and presumptuously impossible to attempt to conceive the Infinite being infinitely in advance of the finite! Such attempted conceptions are simply resolvable into prejudice; and this prejudice has its root only in early Jewishal inculcation. All attempts at conception of infinite form is simply going back to image worship—idolatry. If God works by will, that, only, then form would not avail Him.

Prof. AGASSIZ says: "Chemical and physical agencies act now as they have from the beginning." Previously he says, "that carbon, during the carboniferous era, existed in such quantities that the presence of warm-blooded animals would have been impossible." Again he asks, "Are, then, the different animals which have existed at different times the result of causes which do not vary—which ever act in the same way? Again, he says: "It is not logical to ascribe the diversity which exists among living beings to causes which exhibit uniformity of nature and action." Putting these sentences together, in his last New York lecture, points the most inconsistent and contradictory doctrines imaginable; is such Prof. Agassiz' logic? or only his antagonistic prejudice finding hasty expression in place of his usual calm, consistent reasoning on tangible matters?

Prof. Agassiz limits creative power to the existing form of the human brain! He says, speaking of the human brain, "Beyond this there is no progress possible." What should prevent the very great enlargement of the existing human brain, on the present pattern, and that organ and its nerve connections made so immeasurably more sensitive, as to permit an immense increase of mental power; and what limits the further extension of the same of man to mere adaptable purposes? certainly, in neither case, nothing short of the exercise of creative will, as far as finite minds can foresee. Presumptuous finite man must be a creator, equal to the infinite, before he can set bounds to infinite powers—a self-evident contradiction.

I regret that so worthy and estimable a scientist as Prof. Agassiz should allow his religious prejudices to convict him of such inconsistencies before a world of scientific inquirers after simple truth.

CHAR. E. TOWNSEND.

Communications.

Under this head we publish such voluntary contributions as we deem sufficiently interesting or suggestive to merit a place here, but without indorsing either the opinions or the alleged facts.

PRINCIPLE.

THE word principle is used to a great extent; therefore it is necessary that every person using that word should have a correct conception of its meaning.

All central facts—truths—are principles; but every fact is not a principle. The sun is the principal source of light, but a ray of light is not the sun; yet they are both facts.

The principal person in a school is the teacher; from him instruction and order flow as do rays from the sun. Instruction does not flow from the scholars.

In all machines there is a principle involved—a central idea. In a plow the central idea is, that it can turn a furrow over; but the pin which attaches the plow to the whiffletrees is not a principle, it is an item, bearing a relation to the central idea.

The central fact on which a steam-engine is built is that steam is expansive, and every wheel, screw, and bolt about a steam-engine bears a relation to the principle of expansion. The builders of these engines are ever careful that no wheel, screw, or bolt shall be introduced into their engine that will in the least degree militate against the principle on which the machines are built.

Philosophy is the conception of principles. Science actualizes principles, and so renders them subservient to human wants—gives them tangibility and use.

The cultivation of the soil involves two opposite principles; consequently, as either the one or the other governs the cultivator, the land retains or loses its fertility. The soil, in connection with its surroundings, contains the elements which constitute our bodies. The grain-bearing grasses—corn, rye, barley, wheat, rice,—are but the means, the mechanical and chemical instrumentalities, to extract human food from the soil. These cereals can not supply us with food if the land loses its fertility. Land which once yielded thirty bushels of wheat to the acre, and now yields but ten, has been cultivated on the wrong principle, unwisely, unscientifically, and ultimately such cultivation will prove unprofitable. Land so treated is cultivated in violation also of a great moral law, or principle, enshrined in the words, "Do unto others as ye would others should do unto you." Land lessened in fertility imposes increased labor on those who succeed us in its culture. "Love your neighbor as yourself," is the Christian precept. The next generation is neighbor to this.

It is scarcely ever thought of that the financial practices and money laws of a country affect the fertility of that country. The Scriptural injunction, "Thou shalt take no usury," had a direct tendency to induce the farmers of Judea to invest their capital in improving their land and beautifying their homes. The direct tendency of the financial practices and money laws of this country is to induce the farmer to get all out of his land he can, and invest his nett proceeds in stocks, bonds, and mortgages. He reasons thus: "I can only get about three per cent. by investing in my farm—I can get six or more by investing elsewhere; therefore I will get all out of the farm I can and put the proceeds at interest—at usury. The consequence is, the farm runs down, his home lacks beauty, and, after a while, his stocks, bonds, etc., take to themselves wings and flee away. Here we learn that there are false principles as well as true ones, bad as well as good. The same manner of operating that runs a farm down, if universally carried out, would ruin and depopulate a country.

"Owe no man anything." These four words contain a rule of life—a principle by which to govern human action, of more weight and magnitude than is visible to every eye. The disregard of this Apostolic injunction by what is called the Christian world is rapidly hastening modern civilization to a crisis. The enormous public and private debts of the so-called Christian nations press with so much weight on the masses that there is no assurance of the stability of European civilization for a single day. Many millions die before their time, and

millions of human lives are in jeopardy, because this rule of Christian life is set aside.

Usury, the everlasting concomitant of debt, has practically enslaved those nations who are nominally free; and has as thoroughly poisoned the moral atmosphere of Christendom as does the choke damp the air of a coal mine.

The indebtedness of the Southern States to the North—put the peace and safety of the latter (during the progress of the great rebellion) in much peril. The question of civil war among ourselves at a certain time hung in suspense. The attitude of the chief magistrate of this State in those critical hours increased the danger and caused much uneasiness. Had the efforts of certain parties at that time prevailed, and the North been unable to put down the rebellion, the slave power would have assumed the ascendancy on this continent; the ruling powers of Europe and it would have coalesced, and crushed out from this planet all liberal ideas based on truth and right. And had such a catastrophe occurred, it would have been mainly due to the fact that the injunction, "Owe no man anything," was disregarded.

"Owe no man anything," shall be the watchword of the righteous, the harmless, and the pure. He who lends, hoping for an increase of gain, is practically a slaveholder (see Prov. xxii. 7), and in that particular is not in the work of "Peace on earth, good-will to man."

It has been observed that the steam-engine involves one principle. The human body is also a machine, but it involves more than one; in it we find the principle of vegetative or involuntary growth, and the principle of voluntary action. To keep this machine in running order requires the united action of several departments or functions of vital power, and each department involves some principle, and some of the functions involve chemical as well as mechanical principles. Indeed, the human body is an assemblage of living co-operative principles, powers, or functions—a vital co-operative wonder of mechanical skill and chemical action. These functions all act in harmony for the common good. This wonderful machine, this embodiment of principles, is committed to the care of a man or a woman, as the case may be, who lives within it. And if it gets a good start—a good constitution to begin with—and the person inside of it makes no other use thereof than to live rationally, it will run about a hundred years, and sometimes longer, but generally does not run quite so long.

Earthly things, we see, involve principles; moral and spiritual things involve them also. The Government of these States involves a great moral principle—a great central fact—"all men are equal." This principle, not being carried out by all the States, brought about an awful disturbance of the moral machinery of the country. And more loss, havoc, ruin, and suffering have ensued than can be covered by the past labor of the bondman. Hence we may learn that "there is no wisdom in wickedness;" nor profit either, in the final summing-up of any wicked thing.

The principles we have been looking at are important in their places, but their scope and sphere are subordinate to some others. There are principles which embrace the whole range of human action. Jesus the Christ established one, and for nearly two thousand years he was but in part comprehended. At length a woman comprehended the Divine Man, and squared her spirit accordingly. And in obedience to the Divine Pattern Christ, she brought forth an order of people—a Church, embodying the same principles which brought forth the Pentecostal Church, but more complete and perfect in its details. Jesus couched that principle in these words: First, negatively, "Call no man on earth father." Second, positively, "Those who do the will of my Father who is in heaven, the same is my brother, sister, and mother." In these few words He abrogated in His Church the Adamic—the procreative order, and instead thereof He established the divine order of human society—the brotherhood and sisterhood of Christ—the angelic form of life upon this earth, as it is in heaven. "Those who neither marry nor are given in marriage are as the angels are in heaven." The testimony of the Shakers against the generative life is founded on the above principle. And when any one within the sound of that testimony hankers after fleshly things and fleshly relations, they hanker after that which is an abomination

in God's house, and at variance with the Divine requirement.

Here we have in Jesus an explicit and practical avowal of a Divine principle. Set it aside, and the religion of Christ is a nullity. Put it fully and faithfully into operation, and a new social order—the new heaven and the new earth—springs into being.

Jesus was strictly practical; he did not give his mind merely to the conception of principles and then deal them forth in swelling words, as did the ancient philosophers, and as do those of our day. Those who lived as Christ lived can not be philosophers after that fashion. They are called to be doers of the heavenly word—to be earnestly and devotedly engaged in carrying out every moment of their lives, first, divine principles; second, correct earthly ones, with an eye single to God's glory, being neither time-servers nor self-seekers. It is easy to go with the current, but it requires energy and might to stem the tide.

D. FRASER.

SHAKER VILLAGE, MOUNT LEBANON.

PREMIUMS.

We offer the following to all who may feel an interest in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL:

For 350 new subscribers, at \$3 each, we will give a Steinway Rosewood Piano, worth \$650.

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For 60 subscribers, at \$3 each, a Horace Waters five Octave Melodeon, worth \$100.

For 30 subscribers, at \$3 each, a Weed Sewing Machine, new style, worth \$50.

For 25 subscribers, at \$3 each, a Wheeler & Wilson's Family Sewing Machine, worth \$55.

For 12 subscribers, at \$3 each, a handsome Rosewood Writing Case furnished with materials, complete, worth \$12.

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Those persons desiring our own publications instead of the premiums offered, can select from our catalogue books amounting to the value of the premium for which they would have such books substituted.

Or for premiums of or under the value of \$12 we will send such book or books as may be selected from any New York publisher's catalogue, the regular price of which is that of the premium rate.

All subscriptions which have reference to premiums must commence with the January number.

Literary Notices.

[All works noticed in THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.]

PREVENTION AND CURE OF CONSUMPTION by the SWEDISH MOVEMENT-CURE, with directions for its Home Application. By David Wark, M.D. New York: S. R. Wells, publisher. Price, post-paid, 30cts.

The author says that pulmonary consumption can be cured with appropriate exercise of the various parts of the body. Rubbing, we know, will sometimes remove lameness and bruises; why should not rubbing serve to promote health in the tissues, whatever may be the complaint? As we increase vital power, the facilities for the removal of disease are increased.

The Movement-Cure is becoming popular—can be brought into use everywhere; and thousands suffering from tendencies to consumption, rheumatism, dyspepsia, or general debility, can be improved by the methods herein laid down. There are various engraved illustrations in the book, which make the processes easily understood.

SEXOLOGY AS THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE; Implying Social Organization and Government. By Mrs. Elizabeth O. G. Willard. 12mo., 483 pp. Price \$3. This is a most remarkable work, and we must defer a notice till another number.

THE POETICAL WORKS of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Diamond edition. Complete. 363 pages. Price \$1 50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1867.

Anything more than a simple announcement of this work would be superfluous. The name and fame of our Longfellow has a world-wide reach, and it is enough to state that a very handsome edition of his poems may now be had for the *insignificant* sum named above. "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "Tales of a Wayside Inn," etc., are each the delight of a true lover of poetry. The volume is portable, well adapted for one to take with him when on the wing.

NEWMAN HALL IN AMERICA. His Lectures on Temperance and Missions to the masses; also, an Oration on Christian Liberty, together with his reception by the New York Union Club. Reported by Wm. Anderson. One volume, 12mo., 137 pp. Price \$1. For sale at this Office.

The speeches, orations, addresses, and sermons of this distinguished Englishman, delivered in America, would make a huge volume. But we have here the gist, as it were, the substance, in a nut-shell; and those who would have a memento of the ripe scholar, the eloquent orator, and the genial Christian philanthropist, may secure it in this handy handsome pocket edition. It will be sent by return post on receipt of price.

THE DAY OF DOOM, or a Poetical Description of the Great and Last Judgment, with other Poems. By Michael Wigglesworth, A.M., Teacher of the Church at Malden, in New England, 1662. Also a Memoir of the Author, Autobiography, and Sketch of his Funeral, by Rev. Cotton Mather. From the Sixth Edition, 1715. New York: American News Co., 1867. 12mo., 120 pp. Price \$1.

A literary curiosity, which would be readily inferred from its title. It is in this that its chief merit consists. Mr. Wigglesworth was evidently a very pious man, but this does not imply that he was either a prophet or the "son of a prophet." His aim, however, was in the right direction. Peace to his ashes.

THE WIDOW'S SON. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. 12mo., 649 pp. Price \$2. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut St., 1867.

One of the most prolific story writers in this or any country is Mrs. Southworth. It would be unnecessary for her to change her occupation. It seems to be as easy for her to produce a book, as for a child to blow soap-bubbles. But she has her admirers among a large class who, it may be hoped, will take to stronger meat after nursing time. The widow's son was very much like anybody else's son, and there was the same amount of mystery, revelations, investigations, surprises, and mutual admirations, as falls to the lot of most young men. The story begins as many stories do, with some startling natural phenomena. "It was a wild night! Never had a storm burst upon the earth with more fury, than that which raged over the land and the sea upon that memorable 15th of July of the year in which this strange story opens; and nowhere was its devastating violence felt with more fatal effects than along the sea-coast and water-courses of the lower counties of Maryland and Virginia. The sky was black as soot! the earth was drenched with rain! the rivers rose to flood tides! the sea roared! the wind howled, and the thunder crashed and rolled as if at every peal a planet had exploded!" etc. Rather grand, if not sublime, and quite an appeal to one's cautiousness. Wonder if this lady understands Phrenology?

THE TEETH—their Health, Disease, and Treatment. By J. P. H. Brown, Dentist, Augusta, Ga.

We must pronounce this a well-written treatise on a subject of painful importance to most people nowadays. The observations on Treatment are free from professional technology, and sufficiently practical to recommend the work to all readers.

CHILD-PICTURES. From Dickens. With Illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cloth. Price \$1 25.

Those interesting children in Dickens' novels are here collected and described by appropriate selections from the author's text. Little Nell comes in for a large share of attention. The ragged, be-thumped, and half-starved Marchioness finds also a prominent place, while Master Paul Dombey, the fat boy, tiny Tim, Smike, and Oliver Twist are brought before the reader in the minute and characteristic delineations of the writer elocutionist.

LOEW'S BRIDGE, a Broadway Idyl. By a Lady. New York: M. Doolady, publisher. \$1 25.

A beautifully illustrated little poem, in which sundry objects are Idyl-ized by the vivid imagination of the fair authoress. We regard this as simply a promise of a more elaborate effort.

POEMS. By John Hutcheson Millar. Paisley, England: Alex. Gardner, publisher.

A copy of this new collection of poems has been recently received from the author. Mr. Millar is evidently a young man of some cultivation, but there is a freshness and a simplicity of style in many of his verses which commend them. Some of the poems are very sweet. One of the happiest is the "Delights of Nature," commencing:

"'Tis sweet to smell the scented air
Upon a lovely morn in Spring,
When Nature's face is fresh and fair,
And birds are on the wing;
To hear the merry plow-boy's song,
And blackbird's note so sweet and clear,
While from the fold the lambkin's bleat
Falls plaintive on the ear."

He has attempted nothing of a lengthy character, but gives us in a few metrical sentences his sentiments on any chosen subject. An excellent photographic portrait accompanies the volume.

THE ATLANTIC ALMANAC, 1868. Edited by O. W. Holmes and D. G. Mitchell.

Instead of a business analysis of the past year's doings; instead of the usual statistics published in annuals, we have here a kind of sketch book, with handsome pictures, representing scenes common to each month in the year, and very pretty pictures of other scenes, drawn from different publications, such as, Owen Meredith's "Lucille," Lowell's "Sir Launfal," Whittier's "Snow-Bound," the "Lover's Diary," etc., making altogether a very handsome and a very readable octavo pamphlet. It is sold for fifty cents, and is well worth the money.

CHRISTMAS STORIES. By Charles Dickens. People's Edition. With Illustrations by H. K. Browne. 12mo., 511 pp. Price \$1 50. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brother.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. By Charles Dickens. People's Edition. With Illustrations by Marcus Stone. 12mo., 933 pp. Price \$1 50. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Messrs Peterson & Brothers have displayed their usual good taste and enterprise in the publication of these portly volumes. The type is large enough, the paper white and good, the illustrations numerous, the binding substantial, and those who wish to stock their libraries with this author's literature, need look no further.

THE FAMILY SAVE-ALL, supplying excellent Dishes for Breakfast, Dinner, and Tea, from cold fragments, as well as a large number of new Receipts for cooking and preparing all kinds of Soups, Fish, Oysters, Terrapins, Lobsters, Meats, Poultry, Game, Tea-Cakes, Jellies, Rolls, Preserves, Pies, Puddings, Dessert-cakes, Pickles, Sauces, etc., with miscellaneous Receipts and invaluable Hints for Economy in every article of household use. By author of "The National Cook-Book." 12mo., 675 pp. Price \$2. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Another popular Cookery Book, useful to inexperienced or "to-be" housekeepers. There is little danger of our people knowing too much about proper cookery. Nor do we pretend to say that this author bases her teachings on hygienic principles. She goes about her work, however, in good earnest, to teach what she knows, or rather what she thinks she knows, and sensible persons would get useful hints and suggestions from this handsome volume.

THE ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL OF RURAL AFFAIRS FOR 1868, with nearly 150 Engravings. By J. J. Thomas. Albany: Luther Tucker & Son, publishers. Price, post-paid, thirty cents.

Of all the American agricultural literature, this series of annuals is the best. There are now four handsome volumes, which sell for \$1 50 each, embracing the twelve annuals. The four volumes contain nearly 1,300 pages, and 1,700 illustrations, which may safely be pronounced the best agricultural library, considering its dimensions, now extant. The work complete may be ordered from this office at \$6, or the single Annual of 1868 for thirty cents.

RUSKIN'S WORKS are much in demand, and we give a brief list, with prices, in advertising department.

AMERICAN NOTES. For General Circulation. By Charles Dickens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Paper. Twenty-five cents.

Now that Mr. Dickens is in the United States a second time, after a long interval, no book of his could be more significantly read than this.

ON BOTH SIDES OF THE SEA. A Story of the Commonwealth and the Restoration. A sequel to "The Draytons and the Davenants." By the author of "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family." New York: M. W. Dodd. Price \$2. 12mo. Cloth.

The appearance of the "Schonberg-Cotta Family" gained for the talented authoress (Mrs. Charles) the immediate recognition of the literary world for sterling worth as a writer. Since that time no production of hers has struck the vein of popular interest with more effect than the "Draytons and the Davenants," a pleasing picture of domestic life in the civil war which lost Charles I. his head. The sequel, with which we head these remarks, is apt, and continues the train of incident pursued in the "Draytons and Davenants." The historical features of the times, of the Protector and of the restoration of royalty, are so nicely woven in with the narrative that they seem to give it spirit and point.

THE STUDY OF THE HUMAN FACE. Illustrated by twenty-six full-page steel engravings. By Thomas Woolworth, Esq., Historical Engraver to the Queen. London: William Tweedie. Royal octavo. Price, post-paid, \$5 50. Address this Office.

In this very striking work we find characters, dispositions, and faces associated. Pride, tyranny, cunning, conceit, grave and gay, envy, spite, affectation, amiability, and the many other passions, feelings, and emotions to which the human mind is subject, are portrayed with a facile and accurate pen. Beauty—abstract, intellectual, spiritual—is elucidated and illustrated. Plainness with and without intellectual indicia is also described. The merits of the long, short, round, and oval face are discussed at considerable length, and the many perplexities which exist on the subject of various faces acknowledged as beautiful but very unlike each other, are artistically exemplified and naturally explained. Artificial beauty, too, finds a place in the book, and its chief constituents are carefully defined. Many valuable suggestions occur in the progress of the work: how grace may be acquired; how the features may be naturally improved; how to dress becomingly, and how to choose colors to suit the complexion and figure. The artist will gather much instruction from the careful observations of the writer of this handsome book, and be enabled, if a true artist, to work more successfully in the tasteful disposition of his figures and in the portraiture of feeling.

THE NEW REPUBLIC, OR THE TRANSITION COMPLETE, with an approaching change of National Empire, raised upon the Commercial and Industrial Expansion of the West, together with Hints on National Safety and Social Progress. Second Edition. By L. U. REAVIS. Octavo pamphlet, 124 pp. Price fifty cents.

One who has not visited the West, knows little or nothing of the spirit of Western men. There is an all-pervading zeal, energy, ambition, push, and go-ahead, seen nowhere else. The blood of a Western man courses more rapidly in his veins than in the Eastern man or in the European, and he thinks, talks, and acts on a large scale. The Western farmer wastes more in a year than the Eastern farmer saves. He may lack refinement, but he has a generous heart for his friends, and a deal of pluck for his enemies. His religion is less sectarian, less bigoted, and more broad, catholic, and truly Christian. The pamphlet under notice is written in this spirit. It glorifies the great West—it cannot magnify it—and proves to the satisfaction of Westerners that *theirs* is to be the center of the Western world! It will do every one good to read it, and if circulated in Europe it will induce emigration to these shores. The New Republic is printed in St. Louis, Mo., but may be ordered from this Office.

LE PETIT MESSENGER, for January, contains the newest fashions for ladies and children. Price \$5 per year. Fifty cents a number.

DIE MODENWALT, for January, appears freshly charged with *modes* for the new year, and is extensively illustrated. Price \$3 a year. Thirty cents a number.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELER, and additional Christmas Stories. By Charles Dickens. With Original Illustrations by S. Eyttings, Jr. Diamond Edition. 18mo., 323 pp. Price \$1 50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This completes the works of Mr. Dickens in the handsomest and most compact style in which they have ever before been produced. We say handsomest and most compact—just the size for the pocket—but we commend it simply as the smallest and most portable. Its type is quite too fine for ordinary eyes, and will do them more harm than the reading of the stories can do the mind good. This volume is made up of matters not before collected, and completes the author's works to date. The Boston publishers have done the author much honor by the exquisite style in which they have published his works.

THE PULPIT is a spirited—as well as in many respects spiritual—monthly, published at \$1 50 a year, in Chicago, Illinois, by "The Pulpit Co." The January number contains Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr.'s great sermon, "The Liberty of Preaching;" "Exegesis of the Epistle to the Ephesians," by the Dean of Canterbury; "Eulogy on Gov. John A. Andrew, of Mass.;" "Speech of Bishop Simpson in favor of the Lay Representation in the Methodist Episcopal Church," and other matters, especially interesting to preachers, lecturers, and others. Twenty cents will secure a sample copy, post-paid, by return mail.

The *Skandinavisk Post*, a New York weekly, says: "The Illustrated Annual of Phrenology and Physiognomy for 1868" är utkommen och innehåller en rik samling af originella, såväl praktiskt nyttiga som lärorika och underhållande artiklar, hvaribland en, 'the Marriage of Cousins,' är af särdeles intress, om den också för den bildade läsaren ej utvecklar någon ny ide. Utom dess innehåller den i typografiskt hänseende väl utstyrd boken följande: 'Advancement of Phrenology'; 'Circassia and Circassians'; 'Jealousy—Its Cause and Cure'; 'The Rulers of Sweden' (med medaljör-porträtt af alla svenska regenter ifrån och med Gustaf Wasa till och med Carl XV.); 'George Peabody'; 'Senator Wilson'; 'D'Israeli'; 'Peter Cartwright'; 'Victor Hugo'; 'Miss Braddon'; 'How to become a Phrenologist'; 'Monsieur Tonsen'; med 12 illustrationer; 'Mind limited by Matter'; 'Two Paths of Womanhood'; med 8 illustrationer; 'Bismarck'; 'To Phrenological Students'; 'Phrenology and its Uses.'—Hela kalendern är försedd med talrika illustrationer, och innehåller, utom medaljör-porträtten af 19 svenska regenter, porträtt af Peabody, Senator Wilson; D'Israeli, engelska statsmannen; Rev. Peter Cartwright; Victor Hugo; Miss Braddon (ett väl träffadt porträtt af den beömda engelska författarinnan). Pris blott 25 Cents, och till salu hos alla tidningshandlare, samt hos förläggaren S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway.

A SOUTHERN JOURNAL OF EDUCATION, monthly, \$1 a year, John T. Heam, Shelbyville, Ky., publisher, is announced. On receipt of the numbers we will make a further notice of this periodical.

MESSRS. TICKNOR & FIELDS, publishers, of Boston, enter upon the new year with enterprise and vigor. The *Atlantic Monthly* enters upon its twenty-first volume with new attractions, and may be said to represent New England literature. It contains 130 octavo pages, and the terms are \$4 a year.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS—same publishers—is a first-class monthly magazine, now in its fourth volume. Terms \$3 a year.

EVERY SATURDAY—same—now in its second year, gives the best light literature from European magazines, and is published at \$5 a year. The aim of this house is to furnish, through their serials and books, a class of unobjectionable reading matter.

YOUNG ENGLAND. This is an English miscellany of over 750 pages, quarto style, handsomely bound, gilt, containing portraits and biographical sketches of some of the most distinguished personages of the day, and historical likenesses of all the kings and queens of England, from the Conqueror to Victoria. It

has a history of all the British birds of prey, with accurate drawings of each from nature, a description of all the postage stamps in the world, an account of ships from the earliest time to the present. It has also an easy introduction to gardening for boys and girls, with full instructions as to tools and how to use them, the ground and how to prepare it, the plants and how to set them. The young naturalist, through many delightful and easy chapters, is allowed to ask all sorts of curious questions, and obtain ready and pleasant answers. The amusements are various and abundant—round games (or games played in a party) not a few, for the new year, common games for any time, picture puzzles, and original riddles in profusion. Price, post-paid, \$6 50. Address this Office.

MESSRS. PETERSON & BROTHERS, of Philadelphia, are issuing a cheap edition of Dickens' works. The entire series may be had at \$4 in paper covers, or a story complete in one volume for twenty-five cents. We should judge that there must be great competition among the publishers of Dickens' works, and that these Philadelphia gentlemen have decided not to be underbid in the cheapness of these publications. We have received the "Christmas Stories," "Dombey & Son," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Martin Chuzzlewit," and are promised the balance in rapid succession. The edition is entitled "Peterson's Cheap Edition for the Million of Dickens' Works."

THE LADIES' FRIEND is a popular monthly magazine of literature and fashion, edited by Mrs. Henry Peterson, and published at \$2 50 a year, by Messrs. Deacon & Peterson, of Philadelphia. Send twenty-five cents to the publishers, and ask for a sample number, by which the reader can judge whether or not he may desire the work. We infer that it is adapted to the most moderate capacity—say to that of young school girls and other misses.

New Books.

Notices under this head are of selections from the late issues of the press, and rank among the more valuable for literary merit and substantial information.

BEGINNING LIFE. Chapters for Young Men on Religion, Study, and Business. By John Tulloch, D.D. \$1 25.

THE NEW LIFE. By Horace Buehnell, D.D. Upward of twenty thousand sold. 75 cents.

THE SUNDAY EVENING BOOK. Short Papers for Family Reading. By Rev. James Hamilton, D.D., John Eadie, D.D., Thomas Binney, J. R. Macduff, and others. 85 cents.

THE THREE GARDENS, EDEN, GETSEMANE, AND PARADISE; OR, Man's Ruin, Redemption, and Restoration. By W. Adams, D.D. 12mo., 284 pp. Cloth. \$3 25.

A HOUSEHOLD BOOK OF POETRY. Compiled and Edited by A. C. Dana. Eleventh Edition. Illustrated. Royal octavo, xxvii., 816 pp. Morocco, full gilt. \$3 50.

DAY BY DAY. A Book of Private Prayers. Cloth. 30 cts.

CHRISTMAS STORIES; AND SKETCHES BY BOZ. By Charles Dickens. Diamond Edition. Cloth, \$1 25. Illustrated, \$1 50.

POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB. By Charles Dickens. Globe Edition. Illustrated. Cloth. \$1 75.

SKETCHES BY BOZ. By Charles Dickens. Library Edition. Illustrated. Cloth. \$2 25. (London print.)

BOY ARTISTS; OR, Sketches of the Childhood of Michael Angelo, Mozart, Haydn, Watteau, and Sebastian Gomez. From the French of Mme. Eugénie Foa. \$1 25.

ORIGINAL LETTER WRITER. A Complete Collection of Original Letters and Notes upon Every Imaginable Subject. With a Table of Synonyms. By S. A. Frost. Boards. 60 cents.

THE SKATER'S MANUAL. A Complete Guide to the Art of Skating. Revised Edition. By E. L. Gill. Illustrated. Paper. 15 cents.

A GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By S. S. Greene. 12mo., 323 pp. Cloth. \$1 25.

LANDSCAPE (A) BOOK. By American Artists and American Authors. Sixteen Engravings on Steel, from Paintings by Cole, Church, Cropsey, Durand, Signoux, Meunett, Miller, Richards, Smilie, Talbot, and Weir. Small quarto, 108 pp. Cloth, \$8. Full Morocco, \$11.

MACÉ'S FAIRY BOOK. Home Fairy Tales. By Jean Macé. Translated by Mary L. Booth. Illustrated. Cloth. \$3.

A BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE. A New Year's Gift. By Prof. C. W. Shields, D.D. Cloth, full gilt. 90 cents.

WHO WAS JESUS? Octavo, 711 pp. Cloth. \$3 80.

AN ELEMENTARY GRAMMAR OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE. With Exercises, Readings, Conversations, Paradigms, and a Vocabulary. By J. H. Workman. Cloth. \$1 75.

THE CHURCH ALMANAC FOR 1868. Paper. 12 cents.

LES INÈRES DE MADAME AUBRAY. Comédie en quatre Actes, en Prose. Par A. Dumas fils. Paper. 70 cents.

THE HANDBOOK OF HISTORY AND CHRONOLOGY. Embracing Modern History, both European and American, for the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth, and Nineteenth Centuries. For Students of History, and adapted to Accompany the Map of Time. By Rev. J. M. Gregory. Cloth. \$1 50.

FAIRY BELLS, AND WHAT THEY TOLLED US. Translated from the German by S. W. Lander. Illustrated. Cloth. \$1 40.

LOVERS' (THE) DICTIONARY. A Poetical Treasury of Lovers' Thoughts, Fancies, Addresses, and Dilemmas. Indexed with nearly Ten Thousand References, as a Dictionary of Compliments, etc. Cloth. \$4.

MASONIC RITUALIST; OR, Monitorial Instructions in the Degrees from Entered Apprentice to Select Master. By A. G. Mackey, M.D. Cloth. \$1 40.

BOOK OF LOVE LETTERS. With Directions How to Write and When to Use Them, and One Hundred and Forty Specimen Letters. Suitable for Lovers of any Age and under all Circumstances. With the Author's Comments. By Ingoldsby North. Boards. 60 cents.

THE SCIENCE OF SELF-DEFENCE. A Treatise on Sparring and Wrestling. Including Complete Instructions in Training and Physical Development. With a Course for the Reduction of Corpulency. By E. E. Price. Boards. 90 cents.

A PRACTICAL METHOD FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF CHORUS CLASSES. By F. L. Richter. In Two Parts. Part I. Paper. \$1 25.

BOOK OF COMIC SPEECHES AND HUMOROUS RECITATIONS. For School Exhibitions and Evening Entertainments. 16mo., 192 pp. Boards, 60 cents. Paper, 30 cents.

YOUNG FARMER'S MANUAL. Volume 2. How to Make Farming Pay. Giving Plain and Practical Details of General Farm Management. With a Chapter on Soils. By S. E. Todd. Portrait. Cloth. \$3 75.

ORTHODOXY; ITS TRUTH AND ERRORS. By James Freeman Clark. Muslin, pp. 512. \$1 25.

A NEW TRANSLATION OF THE HEBREW PROPHETS. Third edition, with a new introduction and additional notes. By George R. Noyes, D.D. Hancock Professor of Hebrew, etc., and Dexter Lecturer in Harvard University. 2 vols., 12mo. \$3 50.

A NEW TRANSLATION OF THE BOOK OF PSALMS AND OF THE PROVERBS. With introduction and notes, chiefly explanatory. By the same. \$1 25.

A NEW TRANSLATION OF JOB, ECCLESIASTES, AND THE CANTICLES. With introduction and notes, chiefly explanatory. By the same. \$1 25.

A NEW AND PRACTICAL SYSTEM OF THE CULTURE OF VOICE AND ACTION, and a complete Analysis of the Human Passions. With an appendix of readings and recitations designed for public speakers, teachers, and students. By Prof. J. E. Frohisher. \$1 75.

RUDIMENTS OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE. Exercises in Pronouncing, Spelling, and Translating. By Dr. F. Ahn. American Edition, Improved and Enlarged. Boards. 45 cents.

REPLY TO DR. MARSH ON TRINITARIANISM. By D. R. Thomason. Including a Letter from Howard Crosby, D.D. Paper. 20 cents.

To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will try to respond in the "next number." Your "Best Thoughts" solicited.

WHAT is the meaning of the star on the symbolical head printed on the cover of the JOURNAL?

Ans. It means simply that the function of that part of the brain is *unascertained*.

RIGHT AGE TO MARRY.—I wish to know if there is any disadvantage in a man marrying a woman three years older than himself? I am twenty-four, and am engaged to a lady three years my senior.

Ans. Being engaged, of course you must marry her. But you should have asked advice before committing yourself. It would be better for the gentleman to be three or four years the senior. So far as companionship is concerned, we do not suppose there will be much incompatibility in disposition, though the lady be two or three years the elder.

WANTS TO MARRY HIS COUSIN.—A young friend of mine is about to engage himself to marry his first-cousin. I am fearful the result may not prove for the best. How can I convince him?

Ans. If he is already committed; if the two have promised, the only way to proceed is to appeal to their reason—convince their judgment, by giving them facts and knowledge. Show them the effects on offspring of consanguineous marriages; and leave it for them to take the consequences of their own acts. If they be not *infatuated*, they will consider, and obey the laws of nature and of God.

The best thing we can now suggest for their enlightenment is the new *ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOLOGY* for 1866, covering the ground of the question, "May I Marry my Cousin?"—stating who may and who may not marry.

ORIGIN OF RACES—WHITE AND BLACK.—If the curse of Noah (as many thousands contend) made Ham black, where did he get his negro wife?

Ans. We do not belong to that array of many thousands who without much of a foundation on which to sustain their opinion, endeavor to maintain that the negro derived his color and racial characteristics from the malediction pronounced on Ham by Noah. We can not subscribe to such bigotry and to such evident lack of ethnological information. If the negro owes his dusky hue and low mental condition to the operation of a curse, to what must we attribute the color and equally low, if not lower, mental capabilities of the South Australians, the Fuegians or the Boros Indians? The two latter are enumerated among the indigenous races of the earth, and accounted among the descendants of Japhet, while the Australian is supposed to be a descendant of the honorable Shem. It will be remembered, perhaps, that an old darkey, when asked how he became black, replied, "That the Almighty one day took a piece of clay and made a man, but before he had breathed into his form the breath of life, he left him lying on the ground a few minutes to attend to something else, and during the interval the devil thought he would seize a good opportunity to mar the Creator's work, so he hastily daubed the inanimate

shape with black mud. When the Creator returned, He found his subject changed very much in color, but approving rather than disliking the alteration, on account of the variety which would thus be introduced into the human race, He gave it life." The question mooted brings up the much discussed subject of the unity of races. In relation to this we quote the words of a great authority, Wilhelm Von Humboldt. He says: "Whether the gregarious condition [of the human race—Ed.] was original or of subsequent occurrence, we have no historic evidence to show. The separate mythical relations found to exist independently of one another in different parts of the earth, appear to refute the first hypothesis, and concur in ascribing the generation of the whole human race to the union of one pair. The general prevalence of this myth has caused it to be regarded as a traditionary record transmitted from the primitive man to his descendants. But this very circumstance seems rather to prove that it has no historical foundation, but has simply the identity of human conception, which everywhere leads mankind to a similar explanation of an identical phenomenon. * * * Vainly would thought dive into the meditation of this first origin: man is so closely bound to his species and to time, that one can not conceive a human being coming into the world without a family already existing and without a past." This opinion is entertained also by Alexander Von Humboldt, and quoted in "Cosmos." Some of the ablest ethnologists of this century maintain similar opinions. Johannes Muller and Dr. Morton hold, in their writings, that mankind is one species, existing in diverse forms, which perpetuate themselves, but that to trace the existing races of man to one or many primitive pairs is not within the scope of human experience.

Dr. Nott and Mr. Gliddon, in their "Indigenous Races of the Earth," have collected a mass of authorities on this subject, and consider the historical individuality of Adam not satisfactorily sustained, but look upon him as "the general representative of a race-of humanity." Some comparative physical geographers allege that the diverse complexions and cerebral phenomena of the different races are due mainly to the influence of climate and geographical location. This opinion, however, does not bear a close scrutiny. Mr. Prichard, in his "Natural History of Mankind," urges, with many interesting illustrations drawn from recorded phenomena in animal and human propagation, the unity of the human species. He says: "We contemplate among all the diversified tribes who are endowed with reason and speech the same internal feelings, appetencies, aversions; the same inward convictions, the same sentiments of subjection to invisible powers, and, more or less fully developed, of accountability or responsibility to unseen avengers of wrong and agents of retributive justice, from whose tribunal men can not even by death escape. We find everywhere the same susceptibility, though not always in the same degree of forwardness or ripeness of improvement, of admitting the cultivation of these universal endowments, of opening the eyes of the mind to the more clear and luminous views which Christianity unfolds of becoming molded to the institutions of religion and of civilized life; in a word, the same inward and mental nature is to be recognized in all the races of men. When we compare this fact with the observations which have been heretofore fully estab-

* On the Varieties of Languages and Nations.

lished as to the specific instincts and separate psychical endowments of all the distinct tribes of sentient beings in the universe, we are entitled to draw confidently the conclusion, that all human races are of one species and one family."

So much difference of opinion exists among the most eminent scientists with reference to the diversity of races and their distribution, that it would be difficult for any one to determine which has the greater weight of evidence on his side. But assuming the unity of the human family, can we find greater variety between individual members of it than between individuals belonging to the same species of the lower animals, or between some specimens belonging to the same variety of vegetable growth? The spaniel and Danish dog are more unlike than the dog and the wolf; and some members of the same species of fruit trees differ more from each other than from trees of another variety. Instances are on record of negroes turning white, and of white persons becoming black. The cases of white children being born of black parents are not infrequent, and that, too, in Africa, where probabilities of racial intermixture could not be entertained. Albinos now excite but little comment, yet the phenomenon seems no weak argument in support of the negro claim to an affinity with the "fair skinned" races. We can not own that weak pride which many confess to, but will, without esteeming it a condescension, accord "Cuffy" a place among the tribes of the earth, and account him one of the links in the great chain of humanity.

INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE.—We are informed that in Story County, Iowa, there is an Agricultural College in process of erection. The building is soon to be completed, and is intended to be sufficient to accommodate two hundred students. A thorough course will be taught, and each student can pay his tuition, and a portion of his board, by working a few hours a day, in a garden or on a farm. Students will be admitted in the spring. Will the managers of the college send us their announcement that we may give it a more specific notice?

SPELLING.—Should a pupil pronounce the word after the teacher, before spelling? If so, what would be the benefit?

Ans.—We are not aware that this is generally practiced, but we think if it were, it would be beneficial in several respects. It would show that the pupil understands the word, and if he mispronounced it through mis-hearing, that mistake would be corrected; and if he pronounced the word correctly and distinctly, it would be a great aid to him in the spelling of it. Half of the bad spelling comes from the mispronouncing of words; and half of the bad pronunciation comes from ignorance of the just mode of spelling. It could perhaps be set down as a fixed fact, that those who pronounce badly, spell badly; and that their bad pronunciation is occasioned by their not understanding how to spell. We happen to know a family the members of which are all poor spellers; not so much from a lack of general education, or of opportunity to learn spelling, as from an apparent defect or incapacity to spell, which runs through the whole family. They generally pronounce their words correctly, but such spelling as they make in writing! For instance, science is written by one of them "clince." If they wanted to find out how to spell the word by consulting a dictionary, they would not know whether to look under the head of "S" or "C." It costs a

good deal of labor to learn to spell in the English language, because, unlike other languages the pronunciation does not always indicate the spelling. In most cases, the spelling is not phonetic. In other languages, the spelling is to a great extent phonetic, the same sound generally appertaining to each letter. The sound "O" is not spelled "ow" nor "ou," "h." If we had a phonetic method of spelling, and no silent letters, the pronunciation would always indicate the spelling, and poor spelling would be henceforth unknown.

WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.—Whittington, the hero of this old English legend, was a poor country lad who went to London and obtained a situation in a merchant's family as cook's scullion. Here he led a somewhat unhappy life, being abused by the cook, and obliged to sleep in a garret that was infested with rats and mice. Having obtained a penny he purchased a cat, which soon rid him of his nightly tormentors. Shortly after his purchase of his cat, his master having loaded a ship with a cargo for the East, gave his servant's permission to make a trial of fortune by sending something to be sold on their account at the ports where the vessel stopped to trade. Whittington had nothing besides his cat to venture, so he sent that. In the course of the ship's voyage it was driven by a storm to the coast of Barbary, where the officers were kindly received by the king, and invited to dine with him. At dinner a swarm of rats and mice invaded the table, and annoyed the company that the ship's captain sent for Whittington's cat, which, on being released in the dining-hall, made such a fierce assault on the vermin that they were driven completely out. The king was so much pleased with the cat's performance that he offered a very high price for it, and obtained it. The money thus acquired by Whittington started him in business, and he succeeded so well that he married his old master's daughter, was knighted by the king, and became finally Lord Mayor of London.

Publisher's Department.

LIBRARIES SUPPLIED.—It will give us pleasure to fill orders for books for public or for private libraries. We have facilities for collecting all works published in America or Europe, on the most favorable terms. Sunday-schools, district-schools, seminaries, and colleges will have our prompt attention.

LAST YEAR'S VOLUME.—A few complete sets of the A. P. JOURNAL for 1867, handsomely bound, may now be had, at \$4 a volume, post-paid. A few odd numbers or broken sets yet remain. These will be sent as long as they last, to complete imperfect volumes, at 80 cents each. We offer no premiums to single subscribers.

OUR PREMIUMS and Club rates will remain open up to the 1st of May next. Many clubs have been completed, and duplicated—while others remain but partially filled; and additional time is asked to go over the ground again. This we cheerfully grant, promising to supply all additional subscribers with all the numbers from the beginning of the year and volume. We shall be glad to have the lists in as soon as convenient.

BIND YOUR JOURNALS.—It is worth while to have the numbers bound at the end of each year. Any book-binder can do it at a cost of a dollar, if in plain muslin; or in Morocco backs, with marbled sides and edges, at \$1 50; more elegantly, at from \$1 50 to \$2. We can furnish a few copies for 1867, nicely bound in embossed muslin, lettered on the back, at \$4 a copy.

Personal.

MR. J. C. SMITH is lecturing on Phrenology in Dundee, Scotland.

THEOPHILUS FISKE, formerly a preacher and lecturer, fell dead in the street, before his own door, in New York, Dec. 18th.

MR. JAMES VICK, of Rochester, N. Y., has published the seventh edition of his beautiful Guide for the Flower Garden and Catalogue of Seeds, full of illustrations and instructions.

DR. E. C. ANGELL has erected a Turkish Bath at 51 Lexington Avenue, New York, which must prove a great convenience to up-town residents.

General Items.

HOW TO GET A FLOWER GARDEN.—SPECIAL PREMIUM FOR LADIES.—For every two new subscribers to the JOURNAL, at \$3 each, during the months of February and March, we will give the worth of \$1 25 in flower seeds—including not less than twenty varieties of seeds. Please bear in mind, this proposition is made with a view, first, to increase the circulation of the JOURNAL and place it in the hands of those not now among its readers; and, second, to give every lady the means by which she may possess a beautiful flower garden, the fragrance of which shall be a rich perfume for the enjoyment of the minds and hearts of thousands.

NEBRASKA AGAIN.—A Correspondent, referring to our article on Nebraska, published in the August number of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1867, calls our attention to certain points of interest to those contemplating a settlement in the West. He specifies Dakota City as likely to become one of the most flourishing cities in the State, and Dakota County as affording superior advantages to the business man and agriculturist, on account of its geographical position, fertility, and general adaptation to the production of fruits and vegetables. Nebraska has already taken a great stride in the line of progress and improvement, and will probably lead the Rocky Mountain States ere long. The Pacific Railroad has given affairs in the extreme West a tremendous ameliorating impulse, and we may look for a rapid growth there in all that constitutes American civilization.

THE GARDNER INSTITUTE, & Boarding and Day-school for Young Ladies, is one of the most prominent institutions of its kind in the country. Its advantages in the various departments of academic training are unsurpassed, while its charges are comparatively reasonable. Pupils who board at the Institute and receive instruction in all departments, including French and Latin, pay \$650 per annum. Day pupils pay from \$30 to \$180 per annum, according to the grade of scholarship and the number of branches pursued. The school year commences in September, but new pupils are charged from the time of entrance. The circular of the Institute bears upon it the indorsement of many distinguished clergymen and others. Send to Rev. C. H. Gardner, principal, 34 West 32d Street, New York, for a circular.

COULDN'T DO WITHOUT IT.

—Letters like the following from old subscribers are not rare visitors at this office:

"Mr. Editor—I send you \$3, for which please enter my name as a subscriber for the AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for the following year. My subscription closed with the July number of last year; and my expenses in sustaining my family being about as much as my limited income can meet, I thought I would try and get along without the JOURNAL. But my experience during the six months past without it has been such that I have determined upon taking it for the remainder of my days; we find it impossible to get along without it. The instruction and the profitable entertainment afforded by its columns are indispensable in any well-regulated family. Yours truly and obligingly,

A. R. JR."

ORATORY IN THE WEST.

It is an encouraging fact that oratory is extensively cultivated in the West, where the unfettered minds of young and vigorous men are developing with wonderful strides. If the East is the human garden and nursery, the West is the farm and the orchard. In the University of Chicago they have a special department devoted to the study of oratory, at the head of which is PROFESSOR NATHAN SHEPPARD, a ripe scholar and a fine speaker. PROF. SHEPPARD not only instructs his class, but gives popular lectures before associations on useful themes. His lectures on "The Tongue," "The Disposition," "Motives," "The Pathos and Humor of a Human Life," "The Bending of the Twig"—a lecture to young men, "The Love of Money"—a lecture to business men, "The Manliness for Woman," have been well received wherever delivered. We commend the subject of oratory to all Americans who would work and talk their way through the world.

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We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

By our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same price, with the small additional expense of transportation, as though they bought them at our Warehouse in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price-List, as published in the paper, or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on the list, as seen in the club-order published below, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and

we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members can divide equitably among themselves.

Parties sending club or other orders for less than thirty dollars, had better send Post-office draft or money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for clubs of less than \$30.

Parties getting their Teas of us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our Warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within thirty days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of clubs. They are sold at cargo prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

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Consumers can save from 50c. to \$1 per lb. by purchasing their Teas of the

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Christian Advocate, Chicago, Ill., Thomas M. Eddy, D.D., Editor.

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Moore's Rural New Yorker, Rochester, N. Y., D. D. T. Moore, Editor and Proprietor.

Tribune, New York City, Horace Greeley, Editor.

We call attention to the above list as a positive guarantee of our manner of doing business; as well as the hundreds of thousands of persons in our published Club Lists.

COMPLIMENTARY LETTERS FROM CLUBS.

MANHATTAN, KANSAS, July 25, 1867.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York.

Your "Advocate" is received and circulated. Please accept my thanks. You are extending a blessing to us old tea drinkers in the West.

My profession keeps me in my office, but the limited opportunities I have shall be devoted to the extension of your trade. The orders I have sent have been purely from private families. I have recommended your house to our merchants, with what success you know, not I. They might not like to have their customers see the profits they make.

I remain, very respectfully yours,

LORENZO WESTOVER.

DEARBORNVILLE, MICH., July 6, 1867.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York.

Gents: This day I forward you, by M. U. Express Company, \$107 50, being amount due you on one box of tea.

It may be proper here to state that the tea received gives entire satisfaction. This makes two orders from this place. Your patrons are so well pleased with the tea that you may expect to furnish us our tea and coffee. I have sent your papers to Linden, Genesee County, in this State, and other places, from whence you may expect to receive orders.

Please accept our thanks for the promptness with which you responded to our order.

Respectfully yours,

AMOS GAGE.

BRUNSWICK, MO., March 26, 1867.

TO THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York.

The order we sent you last month reached us in due time, and with which we are well pleased. We think there is, at least, 50 to 75 cents difference in your favor, compared with the prices of St. Louis, where we have been buying our teas for several years past. You may expect to receive our future orders.

Yours truly,

MERCHANT BEAZLEY.

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name, either wholly or in part, as they are *bores* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

TAKE NOTICE.—Clubs and quantity buyers are only furnished from our Wholesale and Club Department.

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A JAPANESE FUNERAL.

WHO ARE THE USEFUL MEN?

In a building, the outer superstructure attracts the eye—the foundation is hidden. A tree's leaf makes more noise than its trunk; and its roots are all concealed beneath the ground. Yet the tree shakes off its leaves each autumn. But it holds its roots forever, and even bares itself of foliage when winter comes, in order that the roots may be covered and nurtured below, and so glorify its Maker and itself in the future spring.

So in society. It is not the apparently great men, doing public things, who bless the world. Not many succeed in attracting attention and winning applause. Men do not all run to leaf, merely to get up to that green thinness which rustles for a summer, and then crisps and falls to the ground as a mere nurturer of the strong but modest roots below, that live and grow through all the years.

It is no evidence of real greatness to get into high elevations, to work on to public platforms, into legislatures, into pulpits, or even to the Presidential chair. God's universal plan is to keep the individual humble that he may be useful and happy. Each one is made for all. Yet every soul is a greater creation than a sun. You are appointed there, I yonder, somebody else between, or beyond, and each one of us must bear his own accountability, living and working according to our chances, doing everything for a purpose—man's general good and God's especial glory. Every individual in the race is a free agent, and in religion as well as in all other relations should be recognized as a unit, equal in will

and right, to every other. There is a Methodism in Christianity that votes and works with a purpose, not to glorify men by making them "lords over God's heritage," but rather to honor their individuality and prompt them to discharge every duty as it defines itself, to God's glory, and not to man's. ALEXANDER CLARK.

THE JAPANESE.

THESE singular people have exhibited so much interest in the United States during the past ten years, that we have become even better acquainted with them than their opposite neighbors, the Chinese. In manners, customs, and general intelligence they are superior to the Chinese, although belonging to the same racial type. The empire of Japan comprehends four large islands—Nipon, Sikoh, Kiusiu, and Yesso, besides a great number of small ones, the area of which is about 206,500 square miles. Agriculture is the chief occupation of the people, and their farms are said to be kept in a very neat and attractive condition. The government partakes of the highest form of aristocracy. The imperial sway is hereditary, but the emperor scarcely exercises the authority of the chief executive officer, who is known as the *Tycoon*. In connection with the throne there are two councils of state, which are composed of the *daimios*, or territorial lords and princes. The higher council consists of five, and is termed *Go to sei*—"Imperial old men;" the lower, of seven, termed *Waka tosiyori*—"Young old men." Physically, the Japanese are well made and

robust. In physiognomy, they are much more striking than the Chinese, having oval faces, high foreheads, a light olive complexion, and an animated expression. The upper classes are proud, sensitive, and punctilious with respect to their notions of honor. They wear flaming dresses of rich silks, and also shave the head about three inches in front. In some parts of the country the peasantry go almost naked, but having their bodies elaborately tattooed with figures in different colors.

Among the more remarkable customs of the Japanese is that of *Harrikari*, or *Hara wo*

kiru, a mode of suicide permitted by law only to the aristocracy. It is performed by making two cross cuts on the abdomen with a sharp knife. This is a method of dueling in vogue among the nobility, and, as may be expected, usually terminates fatally on both sides. The marriage custom is also peculiar. When a girl is wedded, her teeth are blackened, her eyebrows pulled out and other extraordinary measures resorted to with the intent apparently of rendering her as ugly as possible.

The engraving represents a Japanese funeral procession. At the head walk the priests and their attendants; then follow men bearing the coffin, which is circular, and in shape like the native sedan chairs. It is made thus because the dead are buried in a sitting posture. After the bearers come the male mourners, and then the female portion of the family, in covered sedans. All the mourners are dressed in white, the Japanese token of grief. They exhibit a great regard for the dead; their cemeteries are laid out with much taste, and those of long standing contain many costly and beautiful monuments of granite. The Japanese are a leisure-loving people; they have many holidays, and liberally patronize their theatrical or other exhibitions. The "national game" with them is wrestling, and they excel in feats of legerdemain, spinning tops, and jugglery. The population of Japan has been estimated to be nearly 33,000,000.

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SAMUEL R. WELLS, EDITOR.]

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PORTRAIT OF BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI.



PORTRAIT OF JOHN BRIGHT.

Published on the First of each Month, at \$3 a year, by the EDITOR, S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—Young.

BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI AND JOHN BRIGHT,

THE CHAMPION OF THE CROWN AND THE CHAMPION OF THE PEOPLE.

THERE probably are not among men now living two more shining instances of success in public life than are found in the lives of the great English statesmen whose faces head this article.

Coming, one from a despised race, the other from the great middle classes, they

have risen by the sheer force of ability to fill the eyes of the English nation and to be the representatives of the two great parties which embrace all her subjects, those who contend for the maintenance of the royal prerogative, and those who continually demand larger liberty for the common people.

The political career of Mr. D'Israeli thus far is one of the most extraordinary in English history. Of Jewish parentage, unaided by family, wealth, and connections, he has by his own peerless genius bearded the sneers of the world heaped upon his race, and fought his way up,

first to literary reputation and then to political influence and power, till now he controls the finances of the mightiest commercial nation on the face of the globe.

Look at his face. The leading record there is glorious ability. What can not such an eye as that pierce? what of human knowledge can not that brain master? What problem so intricate, so difficult, or so perplexing that it will not be patiently, persistently, steadily wrought out, and the solution recorded in letters of light?

Next to ability in this face we read towering ambition. The eyes seem ever fixed on some distant glittering height, and this ability and ambition based on self-appreciation, exhaustless patience, and unflinching industry *must* work out the grand result—world-wide fame.

Mr. D'Israeli never forgets—never allows others to forget—that he is of that race whence all our prophets came and Jesus Christ himself was born. If we can imagine that face glowing with *divine* inspiration as it is with intellectual power, we may almost see another Isaiah with lips touched by burning coals from God's altar. On one occasion, when taunted with being a descendant perhaps of the thief on the cross, he replied, in proud and soul-stirring words, "My blood thrills with the traditions of my race! My ancestors were lords of the tabernacle and princes in Israel when his were naked savages in the woods of northern Germany."

With aristocratic sympathies thus running back through kings, and princes, and patriarchs to the plains of Mesopotamia, it is not surprising that Mr. D'Israeli should ally himself with the party supporting the royal prerogative, the conservative rather than the reforming party, in English politics. Yet so cautious, so sagacious, so clear-sighted a politician is he, that he makes just concessions enough to soothe the popular mind. Indeed, in 1859, he advocated the extension of suffrage to the whole body of the educated class, without regard to property. But this measure was defeated in the House of Commons.

Let us study this face phrenologically. The brain is large and fully developed in both the cerebrum and cerebellum. The intellectual faculties are splendidly developed. The organs which lie above the eye are large, as Form, Size, Color, Order, making the man when taken in connection with full Ideality and Sublimity, an artist in the highest sense of that word. And Mr. D'Israeli is an artist. Not pigments and pencils are his tools, but he paints with words,

drawing from his well-filled armory every weapon of brilliant rhetoric, weighty argument, keen invective, and polished satire. The fullness of the cerebellum gives him strong motive power and active recuperation, so that he can accomplish marvels of industry without undermining the force and vigor of his constitution. In him we find a rare union of the mental, motive, and vital temperaments, one imparting activity and intensity, the others solidity, power, and recuperation.

Mr. D'Israeli is one of the finest instances of the power of industry and perseverance in conquering the obstacles in the path of an aspirant for political honor and distinction. Four successive attempts to enter Parliament were failures, but on the fifth he achieved the great object of his ambition. His first speech called forth only laughter and ridicule in the House. He closed it with these famous words: "I have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." For two years he was silent, and when he again opened his mouth in Parliament his speech was listened to with attention, and warmly applauded for its ability.

In person, Mr. D'Israeli is of medium size, with intensely black eyes and glossy raven hair. He dresses with artistic elegance and perfection in the finest of velvet and broad-cloth; gems of rare value adorn his person, and he never appears but in exquisite toilette. In public, the air of solitariness ever hangs about him. He always sits alone, stands alone; other members may be seen chatting together pleasantly and familiarly; but with Mr. D'Israeli, never.

As our eyes turn from this face to that of Mr. Bright, what a striking contrast do we find in every feature and in the whole character of the man! Mr. Bright is the representative and embodiment of the middle classes of English people. There are no traces of ancient lineage or of ancient culture in the face. But two or three generations back, and Mr. Bright's ancestors were sons of the soil, bred to industry of the hand and arm, of the muscle rather than of the brain. From this class has arisen the finest names in English annals, names whose luster came, not from a long line of titled nobility and royal blood, but from a nobler origin and by the imposition of a mightier power—Shakspeare, Milton, Macaulay, the two Chathams, Sir Robert Peel, Wellington, Nelson, and a long roll of bright names, in every department of civil, military, and political distinction. At their birth the great Dispenser of gifts presided, and inspired one with the spirit of poetry, another with the love of knowledge, another with thirst for supremacy in political power, and all with unflinching perseverance, unwearied application. To John Bright, he gave an earnest love of Englishmen, and the mission to labor for their elevation, comfort, free speech, and to secure them the largest degree of personal liberty.

Mr. Bright owes his proud position in the

hearts of the English people to his ability and philanthropy. He is not personally ambitious, his eyes seem not like those in the other face, to gaze upon some distant pinnacle of power, but rather to view great measures looking to the permanent interest and advancement of his constituents. For this end he labors, forgetful of self, yet made everywhere to feel that thus he has become the very idol of the English people and the exponent of their will and power.

What a development in the region of Benevolence do we see in his head! Other organs of the intellect are also large and full. Language, as seen by his eye, is well developed. He is bold, cautious, self-relying, conscientious, firm, progressive. Once satisfied as to the justice of his cause and its utility, he pushes right on, overcoming one obstacle after another to the goal of success.

Mr. Bright is eminently a social man and warm domestic instincts, but so ardently devoted to the interests of the people that he seldom indulges himself in the delights of home. "Mother," said his little daughter, "who is that pleasant gentleman that sometimes comes to see you and stays all night?" "That, my daughter," was the reply, "is your father."

Much as we may admire the sheer force and ability by which D'Israeli has risen once and again and again to be the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Prime Minister of England, when we see John Bright unselfishly devoting himself soul and body, not to his own aggrandizement and the achievement of ambitious personal designs, but to the highest good and largest happiness of his people, our hearts are touched, and in our inmost souls we do him reverence. The Israelite is a brilliant, splendid, successful man! but the Englishman is a glorious philanthropist; and Jesus Christ has taught us by his life and by his death which we should most admire, which most earnestly strive to imitate! In these two behold the contrast between Judaism and Christianity; the one shut up in itself, exclusive, aristocratic, stationary; the other diffusive, all-embracing, genial, progressive!

Though liberally educated, Mr. Bright is not at all a literary man. His successes are not with the pen, but in the line of business activity, promotion of great reformatory measures, and public speaking. He is noted for force and earnestness rather than rhetorical finish and oratorical elegance. He has written nothing to charm the scholar and delight the esthetic reader as D'Israeli has, but he has stirred the English heart to its depths and carved his name thereon in ever-during capitals.

In person Mr. Bright is stoutly built, with light complexion, blue eyes, hair brown and silky, skin fine and ruddy, presenting in all these points as marked a contrast to the Prime Minister as is found between their aims and characters.

Mr. Bright was born in 1811, in Greenbank, Lancashire, and is now fifty-six years old. His

father, a cotton spinner and manufacturer, gave his son a liberal education. After pursuing his studies for several years he went into the manufacturing business, under the firm name of John Bright & Brothers. Seeing the great evils growing out of the excessive use of ardent spirits among the operatives in the manufacturing districts of England, especially in Lancashire, he commenced a series of lectures on Temperance, which were very beneficial in their effects, and brought Mr. Bright into public notice. This was in 1836.

Soon after (in 1838) we find him vindicating, both with tongue and pen, the principles of the Anti-Corn Law League, and second only to Mr. Cobden in his position and influence with that philanthropic body. In 1843 he became a candidate for Parliament from Durham, and though at first defeated, a vacancy occurring, he was elected. He took part with ability and success in the exciting discussions on free trade, with which Parliament was chiefly occupied from 1843 to 1845, and divides with two or three others the honor of bringing Sir Robert Peel over to the free trade party, and causing the repeal of the heavy duties on imported breadstuffs. From 1852 to 1857 he represented Manchester in Parliament; and as a member of the Society of Friends and a leading member of the Peace Society he strenuously opposed all warlike measures, and earnestly supported the deputation sent to the Russian Emperor to dissuade him from the Crimean war. In 1858 we find him representing Birmingham, and prominent in the overthrow of the Palmerston cabinet. He was a warm advocate of the reduction of the military establishment, and as strenuous an opponent of the policy of Asiatic conquest. Mr. Bright, though peculiarly injured by the stagnation of manufactures in England arising from the great Rebellion, earnestly sympathized with the North in the gigantic struggle, and in Parliament advocated measures tending to aid the United States in subduing its internal foes.

An intelligent, wise, and all embracing philanthropy seems to be the motive power of Mr. Bright's character. Temperance, free trade, peace, stability of government, enlarged suffrage, the fundamental pillars upon which the prosperity and happiness of the race depend—of these Mr. Bright is the champion, to secure these he devotes his ability and his life.

Mr. D'Israeli was born in London in 1805, and is the eldest son of Isaac D'Israeli, author of *Curiosities of Literature*. He was educated at a private academy in London, and while very young became the clerk of an attorney, where he remained three years. Weary of this drudgery, and aspiring to higher position than he could hope for in the legal profession, through his father's distinguished friends he obtained admission into the best society in London. Here he soon became a decided favorite on account of his personal beauty, his elegant manners, and his brilliancy in conversation. When nineteen he visited Germany,

and on his return to England entered upon his literary career, which was remarkably brilliant and successful. Ambitious of political as well as literary renown, after repeated failures he at last obtained a seat in Parliament, and has gone on up conquering one obstacle after another, until for years he has been the leader of the House of Commons and minister of finance in the English cabinet. L. E. L.

CONSCIOUSNESS AND MENTAL ACTION.

BY B. H. WASHINGTON, M.D.

[CONTINUED FROM FEBRUARY NUMBER.]

THE next question for consideration will be whether there are any facts which will enable us to determine the location of the organ of consciousness and its associative organ, volition. Dr. Carpenter locates the organ of consciousness in the sensory ganglia. He says: "The sensory ganglia must be collectively regarded as forming the organ through whose instrumentality the mind is rendered conscious of impressions made on the organs of sense; and reasons have been advanced for the belief that it also serves as the instrument whereby the consciousness is affected by cerebral changes which in so far as they take place independently of the will, are the cause, and not the consequence, of mental activity." In another place, Dr. C. says: "Hence we may fairly regard the thalami optici as the chief focus of the sensory nerves, more especially as the ganglionic center of the nerves of common sensation which ascend to it from the medulla oblongata and spinal cord. On the other hand, the corpora striata are implanted on the motor tract of the crura cerebri which descend into the pyramidal columns; and their relation to the fibers of which that tract is composed appears to be essentially the same as that which the thalami optici bear to the sensory tract. Upon the precise nature of that relation anatomists are not agreed; but there are several considerations which render it probable that there is not that continuity between the fibers of the crura cerebri, and those which radiate from the thalami optici and corpora striata to the surface of the hemispheres, which a superficial examination would seem to indicate; but that the fibers which ascend from the crura cerebri, for the most part, if not entirely, terminate in the vesicular substance of the former bodies, and that the radiating fibers of the latter take a fresh departure from them. * * * The thalami optici and corpora striata, as is well known, are very closely connected with each other by commissural fibers; and if the preceding account of their respective offices be correct, they may be regarded as having much the same relation to each other as that which exists between the posterior and anterior peaks of vesicular matter in the spinal cord, the latter issuing motor impulses in response to sensations excited through the former." It is clear, then, that Dr. Carpenter's location of the organ of consciousness in the thalami optici

and the corpora striata will not suit our purpose, for as the two former attend to sensation, and the two latter to motion, it would render four points necessary instead of two, which would not correspond with the duplex structure of the brain.

We must then seek other facts and anatomical relations to guide us. We have the following: 1. Horner (*Special Anatomy and Histology*, Vol. 2, p. 366), in speaking of the optic nerve, says: "Its adhesion to the crus is considered by many anatomists another of its origins." 2. We know that when it is desirable to perform any particular action (for example, a performer on the piano may wish to touch a particular key), a general volition is issued from the organ of volition, while the special volitions to each particular muscle necessary is left to be carried on by other anatomical and automatic arrangements. We will analogically assume then, that in regard to the cerebral actions, a similar arrangement obtains, the general result of the dispatches received from the various central organs being communicated to consciousness, while the special communication between each faculty and consciousness is left to automatic arrangements in other parts of the anatomy. 3. We know in mesmeric or biological experiments, the subject, after gazing intently upon a coin or other object at a suitable distance, is thrown into the "biological" state, and can be imposed on in any manner the mesmerizer may choose, not being able to distinguish a glass of water from a glass of wine. We will therefore conclude that the optic nerve being much wearied by the intense gaze, is cut aloof from its ordinary communication with the organ of consciousness. 4. In 1840, the author was severely afflicted by dyspepsia, and frequently in undertaking to listen to a public speaker, the optic nerve would become much wearied, and in a short time he would not comprehend a single word the speaker uttered, though the eyes remained open, and a friend sitting by would suppose we were intently listening, and would make remarks concerning the address to us, supposing we had treasured it up carefully in our memory; this was especially the case if we undertook to listen while the process of digestion was going on. This was a wondrous puzzle to us, and we never could find a satisfactory exposition in any work we read.

As in mesmeric or "biological" experiments (the optic nerve having been thrown out of communication with consciousness by the intense, wearying gaze) the subject seems utterly incapable of using his intellectual faculties, and can be imposed on in any manner; and as in our own case we could not comprehend the words of a public speaker when our eyes had been wearied with an intense gaze, we are therefore justified in concluding that the communicating fibers from the intellectual organs reach the organ of consciousness at or near one of the origins of the optic nerve. As before remarked, we are barred from locating the organ of consciousness as Dr. Carpenter does, in the thalami optici and corpora striata, for that re-

quiring four points would not correspond with the duplex structure of the brain; we must, therefore, locate it in some other point.

To determine the location of the organ of consciousness, 1. There must be only two points to correspond to the duplex structure of the brain. 2. They must be in such a situation that they can take cognizance both of sensation and motion from all parts of the body. 3. They must be in such a situation that communications from the cortical portions of the cerebrum can reach them. 4. They must also be in such a situation that communications from the cerebellum can reach them. 5. They must be in such a situation that communications from all the nerves of special sense can reach them. 6. They must be near one of the roots of the optic nerve.

There is one spot, and only one, where all these conditions can be fulfilled, and that is in the crura cerebri, where the optic nerve crosses, and from which Horner says one of its roots arises; we will therefore assume, or, more properly, logically conclude, that the organ of consciousness is located at that point.

We will further assume that, as Dr. Carpenter says, the fibers communicating from the crura cerebri to the thalami optici and corpora striata for the most part terminate in those bodies, and the radiating fibers from those bodies take a fresh departure, and communicate with the cerebral organs, and the sensory nerves generally through the thalami optici, and with the nerves of motion through the corpora striata. We have also assumed that the organ of volition is located contiguous to the organ of consciousness, and we may conclude that the general volitions are issued from the organ of volition (which volitions will in the normal state always be in harmony with "the dominant idea" in consciousness), while the special volitions to each particular muscle are automatically issued from the corpora striata without the intervention of consciousness. We can hence readily perceive why it is that in cases of chorea, when the general volition is issued from the organ of volition, the fibers in the corpora striata to which the automatic arrangement for the dispatch of the special volitions to each muscle are allotted, being out of order, the wrong special volitions are issued, and the individual can not perform the action desired, the arms or legs being thrown about at random.

We will also assume that, in like manner, certain fibers for the automatic management of the special communication radiate from the optic thalami to the organs in the cortical portions of the brain, while the general result is communicated by other fibers from the thalami optici to the organ of consciousness in the crura cerebri. And that it is from this organ of consciousness that all the stores of memory are viewed and in it all new thoughts developed. The ability to view all the acquisitions of life at will can be considered as the normal state of but very few individuals; occasionally extraordinary men like Scaliger or Napoleon Bonaparte seemed to be blessed with such a capacity, but generally the proportion of our past acquisitions which can be recalled is very small compared to the whole amount.

The location of the organ of consciousness near one of the roots of the optic nerve harmonizes with the fact that the optic nerve in mesmeric experiments is severed from consciousness; with the fact that no one can learn or think readily in a bright light; and most great students prefer burning the "midnight oil," and *vice versa*, with the fact that no one can close his eyes in sleep while there is intense activity of thought in consciousness; and the capability of the spirit to review all the acquisitions of past life at once, will give us the long-sought explanation of the fact, that singleness of vision can be accomplished through duplicity of organs, for it would be the merest trifle imaginable for the spirit capable of inspecting a million or two of thoughts and facts at once, to look through a couple of eyes and not be troubled with double images.

Had the optic nerve originated entirely from the crus so near the seat of consciousness, then the effect of the light would have been felt in its full intensity and the consequences would have been the same they now are under a dazzling light, extremely disagreeable and utterly subversive of everything like a continuous train of thought; but by the arrangement adopted, the individual is kept properly under the steady stimulus of light, thus warding off the tendency to drowsiness resulting from the absence of light, while the images brought within the range of the eye can be transmitted to the brain through the other roots of the optic nerve in the thalami optici without any disagreeable consequences.

If, now, the above hypothesis in regard to the organ of consciousness and the organs in the cortical portion of the brain, and the laws concerning the communications between them, will give us a clear explanation of, and harmonize with mental phenomena, both normal and abnormal, we may claim that the metaphysical theories which will not explain or harmonize with them should be rejected, and the phrenological hypothesis be adopted instead thereof.

The automatic law of control of the communications of the various faculties with consciousness, linking irrevocably together all the particulars read off by the faculties from consciousness, will give us a clear insight into some of the intricacies of "spontaneous suggestion," which have baffled the metaphysicians for so many years.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ECHOES OF THE WEST.—Mr. E. D. F. writes us from that far-off region, Dakota: "You may consider me a life subscriber, and I shall do all in my power to promote the circulation of the JOURNAL, which, I think, is the very best periodical published in America, or in the world. Except my Bible, there is nothing in print that I prize more highly." We would not object to one hundred thousand such subscribers.

Religious Department.

Know,
Without or star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worship God shall find him. Humble love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven;
Love finds admission where proud science fails.
—Young's Night Thoughts.

ACROSS THE RIVER.

BY FRANCIS L. KEELER.

Ah! why do we sigh for the joys that are fled?
We know they are flown forever;
And we can not go back to bury our dead.
Across Time's rapid river;
We see them die and are hurried away
Across the pitiless river,
And our pleadings are vain with them to stay
In the silence across the river.

But still we reach our helpless hands
Back across the river,
To phantom forms in viewless lands
That lie across the river.
We listen long for low replies
To float from o'er the river;
Weeping, we watch with wistful eyes
For light across the river.

And oh! 'tis well for all to cast
At times across the river,
A backward glance into the Past
That sleeps beyond the river.
Alas! for those who drink no joy
While sailing o'er the river;
Whose gold of life is all alloy,
Whose mourning lasts forever.

Cheer up, cheer up! unhappy life!
Look forward to the morrow;
Forget earth's bitterness and strife,
And banish thoughts of sorrow;
For oh! beyond the treacherous tide
Of Time's tempestuous river,
Away upon th' eternal side,
Our joys will live forever.
CATUGA HEIGHTS, N. Y.

WHAT AND HOW SHALL A MAN PREACH?

BY A. A. G.

MR. QUICK-WITTED—the man who always has an answer ready for every question—and Mrs. Clear-Sighted—to whom everything is as clear as a bell—will both exclaim, no doubt, when they take up this number of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, and glance at the heading of this article, "What and How Shall a Man Preach?" "Why, preach the Gospel, of course! what else should a man preach? The command is as plain as daylight, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.' I'm sure that's easily understood."

But perhaps when Mr. Quick-Witted and Mrs. Clear-Sighted begin to compare views, they will find that their ideas about the Gospel differ widely. Gospel means good news, glad tidings, and it may be that Mr. Quick-Witted and Mrs. Clear-Sighted will agree that the Gospel, as it is called, in the pulpit, and out of the pulpit, means good news, glad tidings, of Jesus Christ; but then, as the Gospel, in their view, includes a great deal, and a great variety of truths, they will fail to think alike.

And while they are talking, Mr. Over-Care-

ful, and Mr. Languid-Frame, and Mr. Look-Ahead, and Mrs. Touch-and-Go may happen, one after another, to drop in, and oh, what a talk will there be then! and a hundred-and-one opinions will be expressed about that blessed Gospel, which is simplicity itself. Possibly, before the discussion is ended, Mrs. Fastidious will make her appearance, with her sister, Mrs. Watch-Well, and there will be a Tower-of-Babel confusion, and it will all be about the Gospel—what is, and what is not, included in the Gospel, what their minister ought, and what he ought not, to consider as the Gospel. In one thing they will very likely agree, and that is that not everything that is lugged into the pulpit is a part of the Gospel; but just where they agree they will differ, for one will think that certain subjects ought to be considered as the very marrow of the Gospel, and another will say that those subjects belong neither to the marrow, nor to any other part of the Gospel. And after the question "What Shall a Man Preach?" has been looked at, in every possible point of view—after it has been racked and tortured and made to let out all it will let out, the question "*How* Shall a Man Preach?" will be brought forward and put on the rack, and every one present will have a hand in torturing it. With regard to the first question—"What Shall a Man Preach?"—Mr. Over-Careful will say, for he has said it a thousand times, "It is never necessary for a man to go out of the beaten track to preach the Gospel. If he only keeps to the well-traveled road he will find it easy-going, and every one who follows him will find it easy-going, and all will go on and have a quiet, pleasant journey."

Mr. Languid-Frame, with whose face and speech everybody is familiar, will wake up, and stay awake long enough to tell what he thinks, and it will be very amusing to see that he hasn't the most remote suspicion that his opinions have been well known for years.

"I am a hard-working man," he will say—and it is the very language he has used before—"I toil six days in the week, and sometimes a most irresistible languor steals over me on the seventh day. Yes, my brethren, I am occasionally very sleepy, and it is then that I lose all power to hold up my head and hold open my eyes. And, ah, it is then, when I can no longer direct my thoughts or my eyes to the pulpit, that I want to know that the preaching is *safe*. It is true that I shall not, at the time, be conscious of it, but it will be delightful to think, as I pass through the valley of Languor into the land of Nod, that all is *safe* on high, in the pulpit." Mr. Look-Ahead, who is a near relative of Mr. Languid-Frame, although he is never troubled with drowsiness—for he don't belong to the sleepy branch of the family—will say—he has been heard over and over again to say it—"My brethren, I am rightly named—I always look ahead. I have a very peculiar temperament, and, like my brother Careful, I think that ministers should be cautious, lest they venture *outside* of the Gospel, and thus make trouble for themselves and their hearers.

The Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ is, as I view it, a Gospel of *peace*, and whatever makes a stir, an excitement, has nothing in it of the quietness of peace."

During this exchange of opinions, Mrs. Touch-And-Go's voice will be heard—and she'll say just what she always says when she talks about ministers.

"I always want a minister to remember—that is, if I am listening to him—that the Gospel can be proclaimed in a few words, and in a few minutes. I never could sit long at a time, anywhere, at least not in *church*. It makes me *nervous*."

When Mrs. Touch-And-Go has relieved her mind, Mrs. Fastidious will speak, as she often has, of the *delicacy* and *refinement* of her tastes, and of the great fastidiousness of her nature. "What and How Shall a Man Preach?" she will exclaim, raising her little white hands and making a gesture of disgust, as the memory of some sermon she has heard comes over her, "Why, he must preach what *people of taste* love to hear. I do abominate *common*, *inelegant*, preaching. It may save common, inelegant people, but no others."

Mrs. Watch-Well will also take her turn, and tell the little cluster of brethren and sisters that from her earliest years she was a critic; and that she never went to meeting in her life without feeling uneasy all through the sermon, because ministers are so apt to put things into their sermons that they had better leave out.

The truth is, Mrs. Watch-Well is one of those who "watch and pray," but then she has an original way of obeying the Scripture command. She watches her minister and prays he may make no mistakes.

But Mr. Love-Good and Mr. Do-Good—the twin brothers—have a very poor opinion of Mrs. Watch-Well, and also of Mr. Quick-Witted, and Mrs. Clear-Sighted, and Mr. Over-Careful, and Mrs. Fastidious, and all the others who undertake to tell what and how a man shall preach. Now, Mr. Love-Good and Mr. Do-Good are full of charity—their faces shine with it, but they insist upon it that nobody has a right to put a minister into a strait jacket and compel him to wear it. "Let every minister take his own way," they say, "for there is nothing in the world so hard for a man as to be some one else. Let him take the responsibility of preaching what he believes to be the Gospel, and if it hits you, brother Quick-Witted, or sister Clear-Sighted, don't hand it over to the next pew. Let it stay in *yours*, and let it do its work there, and when you see your minister again, thank him for the sermon that hit you and hurt you."

Most earnestly do the brothers Love-Good and Do-Good enjoin it upon all who go up to the "courts of the Lord" not to be busybodies, or meddlers with what belongs to the pulpit, and to the minister who stands in it.

"Don't burden him with *your* convictions," they say, "when he is already burdened with his own, and particularly with the great, oppressive conviction that you are not what you ought to

be, that you are not as self-denying, not as benevolent, not as full of good works as you ought to be. That is the heaviest conviction he has to carry, and it is so heavy that its weight gives him anxious days and restless nights; and you had better not add your conviction that his preaching is too plain, too close, too rousing, or not calculated to please the popular taste. Take what he gives you, take it like a man, and let it work in your spiritual nature and give you new health and strength—take it as *medicine*, if need be, and bless the doctor. As to your minister's reputation among men, let the good Lord see to that, for most tenderly does he guard the reputation of his servants."

Both Mr. Love-Good and Mr. Do-Good are men of a very cheerful countenance. They often smile—yes, even laugh—over their work, and they can not think, as Mr. Sobriety and Mr. Solemn-Face and others do, who attempt to tell not only *what* a man ought to preach, but *how* he ought to preach.

"If your minister does his work well, if his whole heart is in it, let him do it with a short face instead of a long face, if he sees fit," say these good brothers. "And if he chooses to sing songs, and make merry with his friends, and be glad as he journeys to the land of Canaan, don't talk to him about the dignity and solemnity of his holy office—in short, don't be so unholy as to tell your minister what or how he shall preach."

EXTEMPORARY PREACHING.*

THE author of this work is an English clergymen, who read his sermons for fourteen years, and becoming convinced that he was doing no good, resolved to change his plan. The candor of his confessions in regard to these fourteen years is wonderful. He says that he felt a sense of mortification every time he left the pulpit. For six years he did not write a single new sermon, but rehearsed the old ones. The effect of this upon the congregation may well be imagined. So at last he made a bold effort and spoke without even notes. The change was a difficult one, but he persevered, and after many years was so well satisfied with his course that he took up his pen to persuade others to follow his example.

No one can read this book without being convinced of the thorough earnestness of the writer. There is no wavering in his convictions. Some of the arguments which he uses to enforce the undoubted superiority of spoken sermons are carried too far. He tells his brethren of the Established Church that they alone have been guilty, to any great degree, of neglecting extempore speech. But the practice of reading is far from uncommon in this country; and in France, reciting from memory has been the custom of nearly all their great preachers. The fact is, that reading and reciting, which ought always to be

* "The Duty and Discipline of Extemporaneous Preaching." By F. B. Zincke. Reprinted from the London edition. Scribner & Co. Price \$1 50.

classed together, have peculiar seductions, and these have been felt everywhere. He also assumes that no good can be done by those who follow these methods, which is certainly not warranted by the facts; Edwards, Chalmers, Massillon, and others, accomplished much, although it is possible that they might have done still more by other modes of speech. With the exception of these overstatements, and a few other immaterial matters, we can cordially indorse the book, and recommend it to the attention of the class for whom it is designed.

There is one argument in favor of extempore preaching which we have never seen insisted on. It is, that the best sermon readers are those who imitate most closely the style of delivery that belongs to extemporaneous efforts. Imitation is always inferior to what it imitates. If written sermons improve just in proportion as they approach the fire and animation of spoken addresses, the inference is almost irresistible that the latter is the higher mode of speech.

On page 75, the author, in noting his own experience in extemporizing, refers to a phenomenon that apparently puzzled him not a little, but which would not have been so mysterious to a phrenologist. He finds that he can think and talk at the same time, and wonders how it can be. He hesitates between two explanations. One is, that the brain is in two hemispheres, each of which may act separately. The other is, that the mind attends first to one subject, then flies to the other, and back again, like a weaver's shuttle. The latter would be certainly a hand operation; and if the thought of the discourse would have to be let go while the speaker was searching for words to clothe it in, we fear that extempore speaking would be a very uncertain process. The first explanation is no more satisfactory, for the operations of the mind that one carried on simultaneously are not two-fold, but manifold. Let us see what a few of them are. First, the subject is dwelt upon; second, comparisons are sought for to illustrate it; third, proper language is found in which to dress the whole; fourth, the voice is intelligently controlled, modulated, accelerated, or retarded; fifth, the gestures of the arms and body, the expressions of the face, are fitted to the subject; sixth, the feelings of sorrow, love, indignation, etc., are called into play; and seventh, the audience is closely observed. All these, and still other operations must be performed at once, and without confusion, in a good extempore speech. Truly, if the brain was a single, or even a dual organ, it would have enough to do, and those who seek to relieve it by having their words all on paper, would not be unphilosophical. But how easily are all these things explained by phrenological science. Each organ does its own work continuously, and no other one interferes with it. Every good speaker knows that he can observe the audience, attend to his words, make the proper gestures, reason closely, recall facts in his memory, and choose what he



PORTRAIT OF BISHOP HOPKINS.

wants from them, without embarrassing effort. Causality and Comparison, reason and illustrate; Eventuality and Individuality furnish the basis of fact; Language clothes thoughts in words; the perceptive generally observe what affects the organs of sense; Time and Tune key the voices; Imitation controls the gestures, and thus all goes on harmoniously—that is, if the faculties have been trained to work together; otherwise the activity of one stops another, as talking prevents some men from using their arms. But if in speaking we attempt to carry on two processes simultaneously, that involve the use of the *same organs*, it will be widely different. Let any speaker try to carefully note the faces of his audience, while at the same time he brings some object up before his mental eye, and tries to describe its form, color, and position. He may use the *words* that describe these qualities easily enough if he has previously placed them in his memory, for that only involves the use of the organ of Language. But if he attempts to describe from the mental conception and at the same time to keep his eye on the audience, he will feel all the confusion of the shuttle process. We have been often surprised, after speaking upon subjects that did not require the use of the observing faculties, and looking familiarly into the faces of those who were near at hand, recognizing them, and noting the effects of what was said on them, to find that as soon as we ventured on an earnest description of natural objects, the faces before us would fade as completely as if a cloud had intervened. A few experiments of this kind would make any opponent of Phrenology take a humbler tone.

WM. PITTENGER.

BISHOP HOPKINS.

THE RIGHT REVEREND JOHN HENRY HOPKINS, D.D., Bishop of Vermont, and Presiding Bishop in the Episcopal Church of the United States, died on the 9th of January last. Although in 1866 we gave a brief sketch of him, his high official position and eminent mental attainments merit some notice by us, now that he has departed from this sphere of action. Of his phrenology we reproduce the remarks formerly expressed, as their correctness has been generally admitted by his acquaintances.

"Bishop Hopkins has a decidedly strong

facial configuration, and should be known for his strength of will, tenacity of purpose, and boldness in the expression of his sentiments. He is a man of rather strong likes and dislikes, his first impressions usually controlling to a great extent his views of character and subjects. He is not an unsteady, transitive, fluctuating person, but decided, disposed to carry his point where he can by forcible measures, strong declarations, and convincing argumentation. He possesses considerable policy; he can be easy and frank, or shrewd and evasive. He has, however, considerable respect for public opinion, the claims of general sentiment, but he is far from caring to have his opinions and authority ignored or questioned. In matters pertaining to his profession he shows foresight, steadfastness, and fidelity. Having once taken his stand upon a point of doctrine, he would be one of the last men to yield or waver. He is more a Roman than a Greek, and in character lion-like. Possessing a large brain and good physical forces, he is enabled to perform the duties connected with his office, and fully meet the expectations entertained by the laymen of the Church of which he is one of its highest officers."

From the New York *Tribune* we take the following succinct biography:

"Bishop Hopkins was born in Dublin, January 30, 1792. His parents were of English extraction, and emigrated to this country when he was only eight years of age. His early education was received mainly from his mother. He was intended for the law, but, after receiving a classical education, he passed a year in a counting-room in Philadelphia, and for a short time assisted Wilson, the ornithologist, in the preparation of the plates for his work. In his nineteenth year he embarked in the manufacture of iron in Western Pennsylvania, but this business was much prostrated by the peace of 1815, that two years afterward he failed, and betook himself to the study of the law. After six months' preparation he was admitted to the Pittsburgh bar; he practiced until 1823, when he quitted the bar for the ministry. He had previously married a daughter of Caspar Otto Müller, a retired merchant of Baltimore. Immediately upon his ordination in 1824, Mr. Hopkins became Rector of Trinity Church, Pittsburgh, and so remained until 1831, when he went to Trinity Church, Boston, as assistant minister on the Green foundation. In 1827 and 1829 he was clerical deputy in the General Conventions of the Church, and took a prominent part in the debates. He was a candidate for the assistant Bishopric of Pennsylvania in 1827, but there being a tie vote between his opponent, Dr. Onderdonk, and himself, he decided the contest by casting his own vote in favor of the other. In the same year that Mr. Hopkins removed to Boston, he became Professor of Divinity in the new Theological Seminary of Massachusetts, and the next year—1832—he was elected the first Bishop of Vermont, an office he filled until his death. He accepted at the same time the rectorship of St. Paul's, Burlington, which he retained un-

til 1856. One of his first acts in his new diocese was the foundation of a school for boys, which gave employment to a number of candidates for orders, and poor clergymen; but the buildings necessary for the accommodation of the school entailed upon him a debt from which he was not able to free himself for many years. He subsequently busied himself in building up the 'Vermont Episcopal Institute,' and was occupied besides with controversial and other works. Among these was 'A Refutation of Milner's End of Controversy, in a Series of Letters,' two volumes, published in 1854. His first work was published in 1833, and his last in the last year of his life. In the early part of the Rebellion he published a work in defense of Slavery, which was much spoken of at the time because of the source from which it emanated. One of his latest works was a 'Church History in Verse,' published last year, but this effort did not reach the dignity of poetry. Bishop Hopkins was present at the Pan-Anglican Synod at Lambeth, in which he took a prominent part. While abroad, the degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon him by the University of Oxford. He had but recently returned to this country and his diocese, and, notwithstanding his age, his death will be a surprise to many. In the dissension dividing the Episcopal Church, Bishop Hopkins was a decided champion of the High Church party, and refused to sign the famous protest of the Bishops last year against High Church practices."

Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue. In thine arms
She smiles, appearing as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again.—Cooper.

LITERARY WOMEN.

BECAUSE the good Father has bestowed upon a woman the gift of "expressing beautiful thoughts in graceful words," is it proof that He has kept from her the power of being and doing all things else? It would seem so, from the oft-repeated remarks we hear of literary women, as wives, mothers, and housekeepers.

Because out of the depths of her soul there gush words that lovers, husbands, and wives quote as the fondest, deepest expression of their own affection, she is voted incapable of loving very much. Because of the tenderness of her heart, she can fold in words of music that mothers all over the land sing to their little children for a lullaby, she is deemed unfitted for maternity. Because her hand can wield the pen, it is thought to be useless with the needle. In fact, because she has genius enough to write a song, an essay, or a book, it is sufficient proof with many, that she can not know enough to keep a room in order, cook a dinner, or even give directions to a servant; and for this reason, "she ought not to marry."

If this were true, if God, when He places this one gift in the hands of woman, makes her a dunce in everything else, then she ought not to bring upon herself duties which she has no power to meet. But let us know first if it be true. One says, "My own observation has confirmed this judgment. A literary woman once invited me to visit her. The invitation

was accepted, and upon entering her house the most disagreeable confusion met my astonished gaze." The question was then settled. But my dear friend, I beg you to think if you never saw a house in confusion, whose keeper was not literary? I doubt not that if this woman had never written a line in her life, her house would have looked just as badly. You said, "It is because she is literary," and not as you should have said, "It is because she is an untidy woman," just as people are always ready to remark, when a step-mother commits an outrage in the training of a child, "It is because she is a step-mother," and not as it should be, "It is because she is an unkind woman." Facts have shown that an own child will be treated cruelly when the mother is a bad woman, and genius and untidiness are not necessarily found together, any more than step-mothers and cruelty.

If my pastor should appear in his desk on Sunday mornings with hair uncombed and face unwashed, I should never think of attributing his singular appearance to his profession; neither should I affirm that all ministers went to church in the same condition.

Another instance is quoted: "I once called upon a friend, and found her sick, suffering through need of care, while her daughter was busily engaged in writing." And so the cruel selfishness and heartless neglect of this girl form the standard by which you judge all literary women. Whatever she wrote, God knows that it had no blessing in it for any one, because she lacked the very goodness which is the key to all pure and noble thoughts. Be assured that the women who have written truest and best have been those who have lived truest lives, who have been most loyal to every duty, and though the pen at times has had to wait, have found it to be the very discipline needed to mature and purify thought, and have found, too, in the cares and duties love has laid upon them, the springs of holiest inspiration.

If it be true that the greater love for beauty and harmony a woman has in her soul, the more disorderly her house will be, and the more shabbily she will dress; and the greater power she has to write words that will rouse all the tender feelings of others, the more heartless she will be, it is high time that poetry were crushed out of the hearts of women, that every one who has felt its divine presence should stifle the cry of her soul, "Woe is me if I preach not the word God is speaking to me," lay down her pen and live a life of mockery.

Many persons have the idea that when a woman writes at all, her whole time is devoted to it, and that everything else must be neglected. What has been only incidental is often taken as the measure of a woman's life-work.

Said Fanny Forrester, "People talk about my writing as though that were the only thing I ever did. Why don't they say something about my teaching, and all the other work I do."

Many who read with delight the early stories of Mrs. Stowe, know but little of their history.

"Having married a man with more brains than money, poverty sometimes knocked hard at her door. When necessity demanded, she would get a colored woman, who lived near her, to take care of the children for a day, and shutting herself up in a room, would write a story. With the money received for one of these she bought her first feather-bed."

The hand that now writes out the products of her wonderful genius toiled faithfully for years in household work, and even then gained credit for only what she wrote.

And Mrs. Hemans, through years of toil and poverty, forgetting none of her duties, neglecting nothing for the comfort of her little boys, herself their teacher, was singing the sweet songs that have lifted the burden from many a sick heart oppressed like her own.

The composition of the beautiful song, that has brought to so many sweet thoughts of the dear ones gone, "Over the River," was no interruption to a day's labor. It is said to have been written hastily, during an intermission of work, at the Lowell Factory.

Many a young girl, prompted by duty and unselfish love for father, mother, brother, sister, or friend, toiling in onerous work from day to day, and in an occasional spare hour coining in words the pure thoughts, aspirations, and yearnings of her heart, has had come back to her, with praises of her genius, the assurance that a literary woman can know nothing of the duties which she has so well performed, that although she might in time be able, by a half-day's or an evening's writing, to earn money enough to pay a kitchen girl a month's wages, she could not possibly have the inclination or the brains to tell that kitchen girl what to do, that should she so far forget herself as to marry, her husband would die of starvation, and her children cease to know that they had a mother. In short, that she is destined to stand apart from the most sacred offices to which a woman can be called.

It is doubtless true, that there are literary women who neglect duties which they have voluntarily taken upon themselves, who make bad wives, bad mothers, and bad housekeepers; who had better never have married; but it is equally true, that there is just as great a proportion of those who are not literary, who come under the same head, and I do protest against every fault in a literary woman's life being laid to the fact that she is a writer, leaving the inference clear that all other women are embodiments of perfection, because they are not writers.

A woman to be an efficient housekeeper is not obliged to wash, scrub, bake, and do all the drudgery with her own hands, and if she has the power to furnish the money for which others will do it, instead of drawing it from the slender purse of a husband, and at the same time bless humanity with good and noble thoughts, I can not see why it is not a fortunate thing. And because she has this power, I deny that she can not have the ability to superintend the affairs of a household, and will not find the time to exercise it—that because

she can write well, she can not love well, and loving well, she will do the best thing she can for those whom she loves.

I can not think that Mrs. Browning's "Fair Young Florentine" ever felt less tenderness in the caress of his poet-mother's hand, less sweetness in her kiss, or ever received from her less care and instruction than would have been his, had she not been gifted to "move two nations with one song."

Be careful, then, my friend, and not judge a whole class by two bad specimens, or you may retard the progress of woman more than one speech and one vote for female suffrage can make good.

HOPE ARLINGTON.

A WOMAN'S MANNER.

BY MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

If ever there was an age when women were made much of—idolized, brought forward, developed in every possible capacity, almost deified, in fact, this is the age! No woman gets a chance to hide her talent in a napkin, nowadays. It is brought out, scoured up, polished, graven, set on the exhibition tables, for every one to look at and admire! If she does not reach perfection now, physically and mentally, she never will!

And yet there were women—women, too, whose names and memories make our blood stir with a thrill of instinctive pride, even through the silence of dumb centuries—before the days of Calisthenics and Gymnasiums, ere "Female Colleges" existed, and when any science, beyond the "daily page" of reading immortalized by the Vicar of Wakefield, was as a sealed book to them. We could hardly improve on some of those old-fashioned models, with all our "modern improvements."

Still we are not altogether satisfied. We have gathered the fruit, mellowed, ripened, and perfected, but the bloom is somehow rubbed off. We are like poor Frankenstein, not by any means exactly suited with the result of our labors!

Now, here is the trouble. Our women are educated, refined, charming, no doubt, but they are not *womanly* women. We miss the nameless grace, the indescribable charm that should characterize a woman as entirely and inseparably as fragrance characterizes a rose! Somehow, in the great crucibles of education and development, this strange, sweet essence has vanished and is gone—nobody knows how, when, or where!

If we were a man—one of those curious compounds of strength and weakness, energy and helplessness, stupidity and intellect—that so sorely need a second self by way of balance-wheel—where should we look for a true wife? For something that would be more than a mere ornament, better than a compendium of sciences, nobler than a trained parrot? We are afraid we should be worse off than Diogenes with his lantern!

We should not want a wife too much like ourselves. We should learn to dread the woman

who defies us with our own logic, who out-talked us on our own ground, who pitched her voice a semitone above ours, and who, in short, carried the doctrine of equality right into the domestic hearthstone. Imagine such a woman by our sick-bed; fancy coming home to such a woman after a day of discouraging failure or depressing business. If there was a "club house" within ten miles, we should flee to it as a city of refuge. There is much harsh judgment pronounced in the world. A man is "a brute" who spends his evenings away from home; what, then, is the woman who has failed to make that home attractive, and whose voice and temper make it hideous instead?

Too little attention is paid to the *manner* of women in the nineteenth century. We never stop to think that this manner is the letter of introduction they carry with them into the world; that by the touchstone of manner they will most assuredly be judged. And it is so difficult to watch this most impalpable of all feminine charms, to prune away redundancies and cultivate deficiencies! There is but a step between confiding frankness and unpleasant boldness—between vivacity and pertness—between simplicity and silliness! We have no sympathy with the prudish damsel who confines her conversation to "Yes" and "No," and looks upon all men as destroying demons, to be kept at arm's length, or looked at through a grating; yet is not the other extreme still worse? The tendency of the age is toward too great freedom in social intercourse between the two sexes. Men should be men, and women women; and when a young lady slaps her brother's friend on the back and calls him "old fellow," the result is a most unpleasant confusion of ideas! It is not at all unusual, nowadays, for a girl to "take a cigar" in the evening "with the rest of the fellows!" Not a cigarette, that compromise between Spanish vice and American folly, but a regular, full-fledged cigar!

Now perhaps we are hypercritical upon the subject; but from the moment we saw a cigar between the lips of a lady we were disposed to like and admire—always supposing us to be a gentleman on the *qui vive* for a matrimonial companion—all respect and esteem would die out of our nature toward that lady. She would have unsexed herself as completely as if she had been an Amazon. We could neither recognize her as a man or respect her as a woman.

Freedom of manner in public is another national fault. School girls of sixteen enter public conveyances with the confidence of young men. They look you boldly in the eye, press forward to a seat with the greatest sang-froid, and converse across the aisle in loud, self-assured voices about "Lib" and "Tom," and "the party last night," and "the surprise to-morrow night," as if everybody was as vitally interested in their concerns as they themselves are. They eat pea-nuts and throw the shells past you out of the window with an accuracy of aim that makes you nervous; they

clean and trim their nails, or perhaps pick their little white teeth with pins as they talk. Yet were you to call them "unladylike," how shocked and surprised they would be!

You see they *don't think!* Carelessness is the trouble—utter, reckless lack of thought! Girls, *do think!*

As they verge from sixteen toward the twenties, new perils beset their way. Their tendency is to become abrupt, quick-motioned, hard-voiced, and *fast*. They pride themselves on an independence which is but another name for coarseness. With the pure "well of English undefiled," from which Milton sang and Goldsmith wrote, as a heritage to their tongues, they express themselves in language befitting a stable-yard or a billiard saloon. They glory in the newest slang, the choicest repertoire of what Victor Hugo calls "Argot." They have no respect for the "sweet low voice" that Shakspeare loved, but hail you across the drawing-room as if you were somewhere out at sea, and speak from between their eyebrows, metallically and sharp.

And when the sweet old story of love and courtship weaves itself into the chapter of their lives, how do they comport themselves? They treat it as a joke. They "get engaged" for the fun of the thing, not because they ever intend to ratify the solemn compact before the altar. It is no new thing to hear of a young lady, "Oh! *she* has been engaged five or six times!" We hardly blame gentlemen for amusing themselves at the expense of such women as these.

And lately we have been surprised and shocked to observe the total lack of delicacy with which young ladies parade their " conquests" before the world! If a man asks a woman to marry him, and is mortified by a refusal, has he not a right to take it for granted that she will keep his secret as honorably as if it were guarded by the most solemn vows of silence? What, then, can we think of women who boast of their rejected lovers, as Indian chieftains carry scalps at their belt, and bring the most solemn episodes of life into the idle chatter of every day! It is as dishonorable as if they had stolen money or forged bills! You can demand some sort of satisfaction from a man; but when a woman's tongue is the criminal, what redress have you?

Shall we allow the manner of American women to degenerate into mere mannerism? Is there to be no dividing line between the language used on a race-course and that of our young ladies in boudoirs and ball-rooms? Are girls to be distinguished from their brothers only by the accident of dress? It is all very well for women to know how to take care of themselves, but there is a stage where independence becomes repulsive; it is right that women should develop all their powers and faculties, both of mind and body, but they have no business with those of a man.

We are weary in hearing impertinence called frankness, coarseness defined as independence, masculine boldness dignified into

the place of "a proper spirit!" When once a woman ceases to be truly feminine, she loses all claim to the chivalrous courtesies which are universally awarded to her sex, without gaining the respect due to a man!

Mothers, it is in your hands to make the manner of American women the most charming in the world. Daughters, it is for you to discountenance the bold flippancy of the day and study a manner that shall clearly and fully represent the white soul and sunny nature within. If, standing on the threshold of life and the world, you pray for aught, let it not be for beauty, or brilliant intellect, or fascinating tongue, but for a woman's womanly nature, and a manner that shall be its interpreter. Cleopatra herself could not wage successful rivalry against such a gift!

To be Queen of Hearts, a woman need only be sympathetic, tender, soft-voiced, with faith, hope, and charity templated in her soul. Men see enough of the dark and tempestuous side of life in their daily existence; their homes should be shrines wherein to gather new strength and recognize holier types; their wives should be "in the world, not of it!" It is not necessary for a woman to stand alone, defying the world. There are sufficient strong arms to fight the battle for her. Her strength lies in the very weakness of her slighter nature and more delicate frame, and the charm, subtle and sure, of a feminine manner is a more potent spell than ever enchanter wove!

Let us not fall into apathy on a subject of such importance. The evil is rapidly advancing—the remedy can not be too soon applied.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

BY MISS L. S. SADLER.

I HEARD one day a young lady say,

"When you go down town, don't forget it, I pray,
Dear father, to bring me a book.

I'm tired of music, I'm weary, you see—

To sit all day idle I feel so *ennui*,

So, father, dear father, now look."

"Ah, yes! *ma chère*, I will look, my child;

Your request, indeed, I think very mild.

What kind of a book shall I get?

There's Harper's, and Godey's, and Demorest's too,
And a great many others that would interest you—

Will any of these please Laurette?"

"Nay, father, don't get me any of these—

I want something new, to-day, if you please,
Something I never have seen;

I'm tired of novels, I'm tired of trash,

And silly love stories made up like a hash,

Or made out of nothing, I ween."

"You're a strange little girl; but if I can find

A book that will suit your fastidious mind,

I'll get it for my little darling;

So put on your hat and take a short walk,

And when I come back we'll have a good talk

About the *new* book I shall bring."

"Father thinks I'm a child—he calls me his pet,

He brings me to read the last novelette;

I'll be eighteen this next December;

I want something to read that will do my heart good,

And give to my mind some nourishing food—

Something I'll always remember."

"Ah! there is dear father at the gate now I see,

With a book in his hand he has purchased for me;

Oh! I'll give him a kiss so sweet."

"There, little pet, I took a good look,

Up street and down, to get the *best* book,

And it surely is hard to beat."

So he threw in her lap the book he had brought,

And he looked in her eyes to see what she thought;

She said, "For a joke you've got a diurnal."

But she tore off the wrapper—and O what applause

Did fall from her lips when she found that it was

"THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL."

DR. ELIZABETH BLACKWELL.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE LEIPZIG DAHEIM.]

ABOUT twenty-six years ago there died in America an English merchant named Blackwell. He left nine children without the means of support. Elizabeth, the eldest, in connection with her sister, opened a school in order to maintain the family. Through economy and untiring perseverance they accomplished this, but the thought often came to them: How much more easily we could make our way if we were men, or if so many lucrative employments were not closed to women! Sickness in their own and neighboring families drew their attention especially to the calling of medicine. From that time on Elizabeth, with that energy peculiar to her, occupied every spare moment in the study of medical and anatomical works. This she continued until 1844, when, after the closing of her first school, she undertook a larger one, which secured her greater returns, of which she was able to reserve a portion for the furtherance of her object. She was not satisfied to commence the practice of medicine as many of her sex had done, without either diploma or suitable preparation; she desired a thorough medical education, and a regular physician's diploma. One of the most prominent physicians of Charleston, Dr. Dickson, received her, conducted her studies, and assisted her in them as much as possible. After she had for three years studied with unabated diligence, she went to Philadelphia, where she sought vainly for admission in a medical college. She did not, however, allow this rebuff to discourage her, but having obtained a list of the medical colleges of the United States, she went to them in turn in order to ask admission. Notwithstanding the brilliant testimonials of her Charleston teacher, Dr. Dickson, she received a refusal from twelve institutions. But she did not relax her efforts, and finally the way was opened to her.

The medical faculty of the University of Geneva, New York, did not positively refuse, but resolved to lay it before the students for decision. These were unitedly in favor of receiving her, and even promised in an address which was sent to her, that they as individuals, and as a body, would so conduct themselves, that if she should accept their invitation, they would never, either by word or deed, give her cause to repent having taken the step.

In November, 1847, Elizabeth Blackwell went, according to this decision, to Geneva, and was enrolled as No. 417, and devoted herself to the study of the different branches of medical science with a zeal corresponding to the difficulties to be overcome.

In the year 1849 she was, after examination, passed for graduation. The church in which the commencement exercises were held was crowded. After the introductory ceremonies and speeches, the young lady, with several of her fellow-students, ascended the platform, and received from the hand of Dr. Lee, the worthy President of the University, the diploma which (officially sealed and tied with a blue ribbon,

the word *dominus* changed into *domina*) admitted her into the circle of the medical fraternity, which, up to this time, had been closed against her sex. Every student upon receiving his diploma returned his thanks. Upon receiving hers, Dr. Elizabeth said in a low voice, while a breathless silence reigned in the audience, "I thank you, honored sir, that the institute, at the head of which you stand, has sanctioned my studies. With the help of God, it shall be the aim of my life to honor the diploma which you have to-day bestowed upon me."

In his closing speech, the President remarked that a young lady had, during the last session, attended the University, "an innovation fortunate in every respect," and added that the "zeal and energy which she had displayed in her studies had served as a brilliant example to the whole class," and that "her presence had in every respect exerted a beneficial influence on her fellow-students; and that the heartiest good wishes of her teachers would attend her in her future career." Her thesis was highly commended by the assembled professors, and printed by order of the faculty.

Shortly after, Dr. Elizabeth went to Europe, and after several vain efforts, finally obtained admission in a few hospitals in Paris; then visited the celebrated water-cure at Grafenbourg, under Priessnitz, and went from thence to London, where she practiced in several hospitals and thoroughly acquainted herself with the details of the movement-cure, which Geordi had introduced into England. Provided with many recommendations from eminent physicians of Paris and London, she returned in 1851 to New York, where she established herself as "physician for women and children." But here, also, much zeal and perseverance were requisite to success, the opposition of physicians, the prejudices of the public, and the entirely isolated position which she was compelled to assume, must be overcome step by step, and day by day. Her path became gradually smoother; her practice increased; she became able to purchase a house; a circle of friends gathered around her, and her reputation slowly and surely increased.

In winter she lectured before women on popular medical subjects. Later, she published a book treating of the laws of life, with especial reference to the physical training of girls, and particularly insisting that gymnastics should be introduced into all schools as a regular subject of instruction.

In the year 1853 she laid the foundation of a hospital for women and children, in which she not only offered medical advice and prescriptions to indigent women, but especially to instruct them in the care of their health and the physical training of their children, and to insist upon the introduction of rational habits of life. The peculiar aim of this establishment was the preparation of skillful nurses. The undertaking succeeded admirably, and four years later her sister Emily, who had after great difficulties just received her medical diploma, joined her. These two courageous women hav-

ing by their great perseverance succeeded in winning the confidence of the most respectable men of New York, and having been supported in their philanthropic endeavors by the municipal authority of the city, decided, later, to connect with their hospital a school for lady physicians.

They confined themselves entirely to the treatment of women and children, and now stand in the most friendly relations to the principal physicians of the city, by whom they are often invited to consultation. They have succeeded in fully demonstrating the fact, that the practice of this profession, which had hitherto been considered as belonging exclusively to men, is entirely compatible with womanly simplicity and modesty.

POSSIBILITIES.

"WHATEVER man has done, man may do," and acting on that proverb, how many difficulties are overcome and practical results obtained from apparently impracticable theories!

Possibilities are the rounds to ambition's ladder; the tangible things which we grasp so readily, and thus elevate ourselves to heights we desire to attain. That is not a true life that attempts impossibilities; that spends the moments of time in attempting to penetrate the arcana of hidden mysteries, and dies unsatisfied and unrecognized. The foundation must be firm, or the building will be insecure. Prove your position, and then maintain it. The old adage, "Let well enough alone," has given way to the new system of improvement that carries everything before it. "Improve! improve!" is the cry of to-day; and yesterday's failures are subjected to the necessary test, and made to conform to present exigencies and nineteenth century principles. This is the very spirit of reform. This adds new features to science, mechanics, and mercantile and literary pursuits. One man proves that steam can be made useful, and applies it to his own peculiar idea. Another sees where still greater power can be imparted by it, and his suggestion touches the spring in another brain; and so the idea goes on developing, improving, and bringing out its highest capabilities.

God, in making man a superior being, has given him such vast control, and the power of subordinating to his will, that it is impossible for a finite mind to put a limit to finite capacity. Nothing but divine power working through man could enable him to accomplish successfully one half that he undertakes. The wild beasts of the forest are brought into subjection; the untamable forces of Nature are harnessed to the chariot of Improvement; the winds and the waves perform their part with due alacrity.

We are but cultivating the seeds that others have sown, and we, in our turn, must plant for posterity. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." We make our own harvests, and if the reaping-time comes not in this life, we shall obtain our increase here-

after. But there are more reapers than seed-sowers—that is, sowers of good seed, men who are living on the product of others' toil and care, and doing nothing themselves toward the advantage of those who are to succeed them.

I often wonder what some people think of; or if they ever think at all. They deny their own ability, and confess a helplessness that is a reproach to themselves and to their Maker. How true it is that "we never know what we can do until we have tried;" and many a one has found himself *divested of himself*—launched upon a sea of troubles, and obliged to use efforts that were only lying dormant within him. Man is full of dormant energies, many of which do not need to be aroused until the time of emergency, while others are in constant demand, and every day some new capacity is aroused by the cry, "Awake, thou sleeper!"

Could you ask for a wider field than the whole world?

However *well* you do, it may be possible for you to do *better*. This is not to encourage discontent; far otherwise, for I hold that that man is only truly contented who is satisfied that he has done the very best that he could. The frog that aimed to be as large as an ox attempted an impossibility, and perished miserably. The rose may say, "I can not be a lily; but I will do my best to be a perfect flower, the sweetest of my kind;" and the effort is appreciated.

Man, made in the image of God, is capable of attaining to wonderful heights of moral, mental, and physical excellence, with *positive good* to start upon. There must be a positive element before there can be any improvement. There is no advance in quicksand.

Try yourself, and find out of what you are capable. "As thy day, so shall thy strength be," and the veil that falls before you and hides each successive step of your progress will stand like a wall of adamant when you trespass on God's domain, and are checked by the warning words, "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

Man's own heart realizes what are its possibilities, and knows how much the wisdom of this generation is indebted to the past, and responsible to the future. VIRGINIA VARLEY.

A LITTLE BRIEF AUTHORITY.—It is not only an amusing, but a ludicrous sight to observe with what an assumption of dignity a young sprig of royalty puts forth his commands. It reminds one of a beardless midshipman ordering about an old gray-haired sire. It is said that the hardest task-masters are they who themselves are only subjects or slaves. Put one of these to oversee others, and he is most likely to be much less merciful than the rightfully constituted superintendent or overseer. We see this in schools; a sub or assistant teacher, makes a far greater display of authority than the principal. Modesty is a decided virtue in one whose duty it may become to manage.

THE BROAD WAY.

• BY RUTHELLA SCHULTZ.

"MANY there be that go in thereat," and poor Percy Howell was one of the many.

He was a frank, good-natured, impulsive boy; the latest born and only surviving child of his aged parents. One by one the others, whose brief lives were full of blessings, had been buried in the village churchyard; and, without a shadow of doubting, the old couple hoped to see their boy's promising youth ripen into the fragrance and fruitage of a perfect manhood.

Alas! they never sat under the shadow of that tree, nor inhaled its perfume, nor gazed on its beauty, nor partook of its bounty, for the ax was early laid at the roots!

Percy was just twenty when he left his native village for the distant city—his father's house, with its simple cheer, for a homeless abode among strangers; his fond parents, and the tried friends of his youth, and the sweet girl of his choice, for the mixed multitude of the metropolis.

Had you been there when the stage-coach stopped at the lane gate; had you seen the serious faces of the neighbors gathered around the aged mother, wiping her streaming eyes; the feeble father, uttering his blessing; Annie Collins, Percy's sweetheart, rushing distractedly into the house, you would have thought that the same thing had happened before. They, at least, thought so. The neighbors, as they walked homeward, said one to another that there were not many boys nowadays like Percy Howell. The old couple, returning to their fireside, wept to see his vacant chair, his lonely dog, his empty place at table, and his unpressed pillow. Surely no other son so dear had ever left a home so sorrowful!

As for Annie Collins, she went back to her father's cottage, and quietly discharged her daily duties. But whatever occupied her hand or heart, there flowed a constant undercurrent of thought, and Percy was its burden. "My Percy!" she whispered to herself a thousand times a day, as if to assure her sad heart of its blessed ownership.

During the journey, Percy, with eyes on the lookout and ears on the alert, and with a heart full of bright hopes and untried expectations, went joyfully on, and thought but little of the dear ones at home.

Yet, when at nightfall he found himself in a little hall-room, containing a bed very suggestive of a bier in its six-by-three dimensions and white covering; a washstand of iron, with ordinary accompaniments, minus soap; one chair; and a diminutive looking-glass, he began to wish himself at home.

"Wh-e-w!" said he, giving vent to a deep-drawn breath. "Wonder how Annie is! S'pose she's thinking about me, this very minute. 'Fraid father won't get along with the out-door work! Wish I hadn't ha' come! Don't believe there's a fellow in New York

that's got a mother like mine! W-h-e-w! guess I'll look at the news!"

He had already seen everything of interest in the daily paper, but he caught it up and glanced over it to keep the moisture from gathering in his eyes. Running down the columns, he chanced upon the "amusements," and the following attracted his attention:

"Clerks, young men from the country seeking employment, clergymen, the judges of the various courts, policemen, and all officers of the law, should visit the Widegate Theatre, to see 'The Old Man of the Moor.'"

"Wasn't brought up to go to the theater," thought Percy, reading it again. "Don't believe in it; but—"

A knock at the door. Instead of calling "Come in," as a man does when he has been six weeks in a boarding-house, Percy cautiously opened the door and peered out. A fine-looking fellow, beside whom he had sat at the six o'clock dinner, said:

"Beg pardon! As you're a stranger, I thought you might be lonely. Wouldn't you like to go out for a short stroll?"

Percy was very grateful, and said as much; then took his hat, and followed his new friend down the stairs, and out into the lighted street.

They went directly to Broadway. Walking along that brilliant thoroughfare, Percy tried to appear as if he noticed nothing; but he saw much, and thought more. Among other things, he observed that the majority of young men carried a slender walking-stick, which seemed to add grace and dignity to the bearers. An air of elegance surrounded these men, which, to Percy's mind, came directly from the fanciful reeds which they waved coquettishly with daintily-gloved fingers. Moreover, they afforded employment for otherwise unoccupied hands; and Percy wished for a cane. Kingsley—that was the name of his new friend—carried "a beauty," the top representing an exquisite leg and foot, the knee-joint forming the bend of the handle. Percy resolved to have one just like it. In fact, he greatly admired Kingsley. He took on no airs; was neither supercilious nor patronizing; and Percy, grateful for his attentions, pronounced him a "first-rate fellow."

"Do you drink, Howell?" said Kingsley, pausing hesitatingly before a brilliantly-lighted saloon.

"No," said Percy, as if ashamed; "I—"

"Neither do I," said the other, moving on. "I take a glass of champagne, occasionally; but champagne is light, you know."

Percy didn't know, but he said:

"Yes, certainly."

"I am a Temperance man," continued Kingsley, with an emphatic gesture; "I don't mean to say that I believe in total abstinence. That is simply intemperate abstemiousness. The Bible says, 'Let your moderation be seen of all men.' Now, total abstinence is just as immoderate as total drunkenness. We should shun both extremes. In my opinion, the pledge

has made more drunkards, and consequently more liars, than any other one thing on the face of the globe! Do you play billiards?"

"Not much," replied Percy, unwilling to admit that he had never seen a billiard-table.

"Come in and try a hand," said his companion.

Percy would gladly have excused himself, but with a show of alacrity followed Kingsley up a flight of broad steps into a brilliant room where a number of men were engaged at play.

"Believe I won't play to-night—I'm rather tired," said he, as they entered.

"I suppose so," replied Kingsley, throwing himself on a luxurious lounge. "Make yourself comfortable for awhile."

Following his example, Percy took a sofa, and in the course of an hour gathered some knowledge of the game. True, he heard some things said that sent the blood tingling to his brow; true, he observed that the players invariably supplemented their game with a visit to the bar below; and he thought of his mother and of his Annie. Nevertheless, he determined that he would learn to play billiards.

"Come in and have a drink," said Kingsley, as they ran down the stairs. "Only a glass of lager; it will make you sleep."

So Percy, yielding, found himself standing at the marble bar and drinking from a glass held in a richly-wrought receiver of silver a beverage which, to his untaught palate, was exceedingly offensive.

"It is better, certainly, if one has one's own house and can afford to keep a billiard-room," said Kingsley, wiping his mustache, as they left the saloon. "Then a fellow can choose his company. But, since we can't have our private billiard-rooms, are we to be deprived of this manly and elegant pastime? Of course, the society at these public places isn't just the thing, but what can a man do?"

Percy thought of poor Tray, who was cruelly beaten for no other reason than being found in bad company, but said nothing.

When he reached his room it was nearly midnight. Though very tired, he took up the paper, and looked again at the singular advertisement that had interested him before going out. It seemed to apply to him. He was a "young man from the country, seeking employment," and he might get some very useful hints from the "Old Man of the Moor." If clergymen went, as the advertisement implied, he might, surely. And he believed he would go.

Next morning he rose late, and took breakfast in company with a very pretty young lady, who declared, with a bewitching smile, that since they sympathized in the matters of rising and breakfasting, they must be firm friends. Her hands were so small and white, her complexion so delicate, her waist so slender, and her hair so beautifully arranged in rolls and crimps and curls, that Percy regarded her with intense admiration, and mentally contrasted her with Annie Collins. It hardly need be said that his conclusions were very unfavorable to the sweet girl whose devoted heart was ever magnifying

his graces and accomplishments. Meantime, the young lady, whose name was Sybil Pearson, entertained him with her pretty chit-chat, and he lingered long over his coffee. At last, with some constraint, he said:

"Do you ever go to the theater?"

"I? Oh, yes! I never lose an opportunity," said she, with a look which meant, "try me, and see."

"Have you seen the 'Old Man of the Moor?'"

"No; but I want—oh! ever so much, to see it!"

"I would like—I mean, I intend to go. Would you—"

"Go with you? Of course I would!"

"When shall we go?" said he, animatedly.

"I am engaged for to-night, and to-morrow evening and the next. I can go on Thursday."

Percy thanked her most gallantly, and as it was now half-past nine, excused himself, and went after the morning papers. Sitting in his little room, he ran over the columns of "Help wanted," and found two or three dozen advertisements which he decided to answer. Not having the slightest doubt that among them all he should find a situation, he concluded which places he would like the best, and started. But, everywhere he went, the answer was invariably to the effect that they were suited.

And this morning, in late rising, prolonged breakfast, and tardy applications for work, was but a sample of many that followed. He was ever "too late" to obtain a position. Some "lucky fellow" was always "ahead" of him. He forgot his good old father's maxim: "The early bird catches the worm." Indeed, he seemed altogether to have forgotten home and friends. He neglected writing, because he had no "good news." He intended to write as soon as he procured a place; and so three weeks passed, and the lonely, anxious hearts of the aged parents were uncheered by tidings of the absent boy.

Meantime, he went with Miss Sybil to see "The Old Man of the Moor." He was dazzled, bewildered, delighted, and proposed going again. But the young lady reminded him that there were many other theaters as fine as the Widegate, and many other plays as good as this, and that he had not yet seen them. So they went the round of the theaters together; and at the end of a fortnight Percy found himself without money and without work. He stood at nightfall in his little room, considering what had best be done. To ask his father for assistance was out of the question. He knew that only by the most frugal and self-denying care the old man had provided him the fifty dollars with which he left home. He drew his watch from his pocket and looked at it. It was his father's gift.

"If I could sell or pawn it," said he. "What do I want with an old silver watch?"

An hour later he stood at a pawnbroker's counter.

"What do you want?" asked the Jew.

"Ten tollar! I say no! I give you tree tollar—no more. What you say?"

"I say no!" cried Percy, angrily. Then, on second thought, "Well, give me three!"

But this was not enough, even for his immediate need. Under a desperate impulse he stepped into a drinking saloon, and midnight found him at the gambling-table. Pretty Sybil Pearson had shuffled cards for him with her delicate, beautiful fingers, and had taught him to play. Under the tutelage of his temperance friend, the elegant Kingsley, he had learned to drink more than lager; but how and when to stop drinking had not been a part of his instructions.

What need to tell more? You find his history repeated in that of thousands who throng our great cities, and end a short career of crime upon the gallows.

The gray hairs of his aged parents were brought down in sorrow to the grave, and Annie Collins' golden curls were covered with the fresh turf of spring-time.

TIMOTHY O. HOWE, M.C.

THERE is much fineness of organization evinced in this face. His temperament is of a superior mental type, with an understratum of toughness and tenacity which enables him to entertain vigorous and prolonged intellectual efforts. He is an apt man, *i. e.*, he quickly perceives the bearing and relation of any subject proposed for his consideration. He is active in thought and sudden in conviction, a good judge of character and motive, but not so ready in speech as in reflective suggestion. He is an accurate and direct speaker rather than a copious coiner of words. He is not inclined to ring many changes on trite and commonplace expressions, but to speak with an unction, to the purpose. He is strongly impressed by appeals to his feelings, and has a deep sympathy for the oppressed or the suffering. He is an ambitious man, but not ardent in his aspirations, not disposed to avail himself of any anomalous or exceptionable aids to greatness. Being strongly impressed with the phases of life in its practical currents, contemplating his relations with others from an intellectual point of view, and being not over-hopeful, he is not impelled to inconsiderate attempts to secure popularity and power, but awaits his time and the development of the subject which engages his attention. He is a nervous man, withal, and has much need to bring about, by a careful diet and a composed mode of life, an improved



PORTRAIT OF TIMOTHY O. HOWE, M.C.

physical condition—a better tone of health, if he would live long and enjoy the little span which we call life.

United States Senator Howe is one of the ablest men of Wisconsin, and one of the most influential men in the highest branch of our American parliament. His integrity, firmness, and foresight have given him great weight with the people. As Michael Angelo carved his own character into beautiful symmetry while he was making images for the Pope of Rome, so Senator Howe has sculptured himself into shape by his uncompromising courage and his unyielding honesty. Hence he will stand fairer in the future than some who have been temporarily raised into power by favoritism, to be hurled to the dust again by that iconoclast the people.

Mr. Howe is about fifty-two years of age, and more than half of his life has been spent in Wisconsin. He was born in Livermore, Oxford Co., Maine, Feb. 7th, 1816, and graduated from Bowdoin College. After studying law, he commenced the practice of his profession at Readfield. In 1845 he removed to Green Bay, Wisconsin, where he practiced law in the leading courts. He was elected Circuit Judge in 1850, and resigned the office in 1855. In 1861 the Wisconsin Legislature elected him to the U. S. Senate. Six years of service in the Senate Chamber has proved his devotion to the best interests of his constituents, and added vastly to his reputation as a statesman of the highest order. He has many of the peculiar traits of character so marked in the lamented Lincoln. Like him, he is deliberate in forming his judgment, and firm in his convictions; and, like him, he is noted for his power of argumentation and clearness of vision. He seems to stand on a political Pisgah, which commands a view of

the promised land. He is rather slow of speech and unimpulsive, save at times when his earnestness kindles into enthusiasm, when he "pours out all as plain as downright Shippen or as old Montaigne." With a Western audience he has more power than some orators of greater pretension, because he speaks to the heart as well as to the ear and brain. His political life is a lesson of political virtue. He does not say one thing and do another. He does not make promises to the public which he does not redeem in the council chamber of the state. He has a political conscience, hence his opponents honor him, and his friends never fail to trust him. He is to the State of Wisconsin what Mr. Lincoln was to the State of Illinois, and is known as the honest politician. While some would-be statesmen—like Penelope in her task with her lovers—unwind at night the web they wove during the day, he is always trust-

worthy, and one knows where to find him, and how he will deport himself. There is not power enough in Congress to change his purpose when his judgment and his conscience have decided in favor of or against a great national issue; and there certainly is not money enough in the treasury to purchase his vote. It is not overpraise to say that he is truly an honest, faithful, discreet representative of the vast constituency which delights to do him honor. Although he is wise rather than witty, profound rather than brilliant, reflective rather than impulsive, he does not permit his head to gain the mastery of his heart; hence he retains his hold on public favor. There are scores of men who have brains and culture, but they lack power over the masses, simply for the want of heart and a love of justice. They spill their spleen in paragraphs, and in private scandal, and in public speech, and are never so well pleased as when they can make some shining mark the target of their pointless wit. Narrow minds are too often the victims of jealousy and suspicion, and their eyes are microscopes with which they magnify a mistake into an affront. With such persons you are an accepted acquaintance so long as you burn incense under their nostrils; but the moment you cease to worship the idol, like the cruel god of the heathen, it clasps you in a grasp that is intended to kill. Conceit is forever over-estimating its possessor and under-estimating every body else, and praise bestowed on a rival brings the venom to the tongue or the nib of the pen. Now it is refreshing to find a fair man, who faces every issue squarely, whose love of justice will not cause him to withhold what is due to an enemy even—whose mind is broad enough to grasp the great issues of the day, while he looks beyond the narrow neighborhood of

self-interest and farther than the boundary lines that embrace his constituency.

About ten years ago Mr. Howe opposed the doctrine of State Rights, then ably advocated by Judge Smith, a native of South Carolina, but a resident of Milwaukee. The arguments *pro* and *con.* of these debaters were like the blows given by pugilists in a square, stand-up fight. They were hard hitters; and at the close of the contest not a few men of sound judgment concluded that it was a drawn battle.

The following extracts from a spirited speech made in the U. S. Senate on the 10th of January, 1866, will give the reader a taste of his style—and pay him well for his time.

"Mr. President, when Paul stood there 'in the midst of Mars' hill,' a needy, perhaps a rugged, missionary, and told the indolent, idolatrous, and luxurious Athenians that God had 'made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth,' do you believe he was playing the demagogue or not? When the Congress of 1776 assembled in Independence Hall, representing a constituency few in numbers, poor in resources, strong only in their conviction of right, and announced to the world 'that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men;' and when the members of that Congress pledged their 'lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor' to maintain those assertions against the whole power of the British empire, do you really suppose they were talking for bunkum or not? And when the American people declared in their organic law that—

'This Constitution and the laws of the United States, which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the Judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding'—

do you think they actually meant that, or did they mean that the constitution and laws of each State should be the supreme law of the land, anything in the Constitution or laws of the United States to the contrary notwithstanding? I have put these questions, because however generally we may assent to these propositions in our speech, there are scarcely three theses in the whole field of discussion more flatly denied practically than these three. We do very generally admit Paul to have been a minister of the true religion, and yet if he had proclaimed in the Smithsonian Institute six years ago what he did in the Areopagus at Athens, he would have been driven out of the city. We do with our lips very generally assent to the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence, and yet when the American *auto-da-fe* kindles its hottest fires, it is to roast some reckless Radical who dares to assert the political equality of men. We can not well deny that the Constitution is the supreme law of the land, because the Constitution says so, and we have sworn to support it; but practically we do seem to

treat it much as if every law was supreme but that. I can not now afford the time to defend the teachings of the Apostle, or the doctrines of the Declaration. But if it will not annoy the Senate, I would like to make a few remarks in vindication of the Constitution of the United States. In my judgment, Mr. President, it is time the American people adopted the Constitution. We have, indeed, been taking the tincture for nearly a century. I am sure it has done us great good. I believe now we should try the sublimate, and I am confident it would cure the nation. Hitherto we have taken the Constitution in a solution of the spirit of States' Rights. Let us now take it as it is sublimed and crystallized in the flames of the most gigantic war in history. The war, as we know, was designed to demonstrate that the will of each State was supreme, and that the United States must defer to it. Before the Constitution was adopted, such was the case precisely. The several States were sovereign, and for that very reason the Union formed between them was worthless. The Congress of the Confederation could enact laws, but as their laws were addressed to the States, and the States were sovereign, they would obey or not, as they pleased.

"Said Mr. Sherman:

'The complaints at present are not that the views of Congress are unwise or unfaithful, but that their powers are insufficient for the execution of their views.'

"Said Mr. Randolph, of Virginia:

'The true question is, whether we will adhere to the Federal plan or introduce the national plan. The insufficiency of the former has been fully displayed by the trial already made.'

"The national plan was adopted. Thirteen weak and thriftless sovereignties were welded into one great and prosperous Republic. It was not the purpose of the Convention to destroy the State governments, but to change their character, to strip them of sovereignty and leave them no manner of authority to impede the execution of the national will. Hence it provides a national Legislature, to enact laws, not for the direction of States, but for the government of the people, whether within or without any of the States; a national Executive, sworn to see those laws executed if they are constitutional, whether a State dislike them or not, and a national Judiciary, to determine whether they are constitutional or not. The President therefore aptly says in his late message that 'the sovereignty of the State is the language of the Confederacy, and not the Constitution.' But in the Convention which framed the Constitution there was a party opposed to depriving the States of their sovereign authority. And since the adoption of the Constitution, there has been a party in the country which has stoutly maintained that the States have not been deprived of their sovereignty. They insist that unless each State can defy the authority of the Government the rights of the States are in imminent peril. They forget that it was the existence of this very power of defiance which imperiled all the States under the Confederation. And, sir, there can be but little danger that the several

States will be despoiled of their rights by a Government constituted like that of the United States. The President rightly says that 'the subjects that come unquestionably within its jurisdiction are so numerous that it must ever naturally refuse to be embarrassed by questions that lie beyond it.' Mr. Madison urged this same consideration in support of the national plan in the constitutional Convention. To my mind, the States have another security against the encroachments of the national Government even more reliable than this. It lies in the fact that the people who compose the several States *make* the Government of the United States. It is not much to be apprehended that the creature will devour the Creator. But the State Rights party resemble a congregation of dervishes dancing before an idol their own hands have created, and frantically imploring it not to destroy them. And the Government often seems almost as nervous as that party. Like the elephant with its owner under its belly, the Government often seems so conscious of its own weight as to be afraid to move for fear it will crush its proprietor. Let the Government move. It will not destroy the States unless it betrays them. When true to its office it is but the voice of the States. Is there danger that the voice will slay the speaker?

"Mr. Madison declared in the Constitutional Convention—

'That in the first place there was less danger of encroachment from the General Government than from the State governments; and, in the second place, that the mischiefs from encroachments would be less fatal if made by the former than if made by the latter.'

"Who that has lived during the last fifteen years will deny the correctness of that estimate? Yet, in spite of the terrible admonitions we have received against the liability to State encroachments, and of the disastrous consequences resulting therefrom, there are those among us still who talk rapturously of the priceless value of the States to the nation, who persist in estimating its grandeur by the number of States subject to its sway, and who dwell upon the idea of their 'indestructibility' with something of that fond and reverent air with which we speak of the immortality of the soul.

* * * * *

"But the flag! We are pointed to the flag of the Union; we are impressively told that it bears thirty-six stars, and that it 'declares, in more than words of living light, there are thirty-six States still in the Union;' and my colleague asked the other day, with much emphasis and fervor, if that was a truth, or a 'hypocritical, flaunting lie.' Nay, Mr. President, the stars do not lie; only my colleague, I think, fails to read them aright. If they asserted what my colleague seems to think they do, they would not tell the truth. But, in fact, they make no such assertion. Sir, it was a law of my father's household that the name of every child born to him should be inscribed upon a certain page in the family Bible. It was not provided that when death removed one from the circle the name should be erased from the record. And so it happened that the

Book, which is still extant, bears to-day the names of eight brothers and sisters. But I know, sir, I know full well, that only four of us are now living. So Congress enacted in April, 1818, that upon the national flag there should be 'twenty stars, white in a blue field,' and 'that on the admission of every new State into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag.'

"I am not clamoring for scaffolds or prisons, or penalties, or forfeitures for the authors of these crimes. Fling them pardons if you choose. If repentance will not come in quest of pardon, send pardon in search of repentance. Give to the rebels life, and civil rights, and political privileges; give them offices and honors if you must; build altars to them, if you will, but, for God's sake, do not sacrifice men on those altars any longer."

Senator Howe is upward of six feet high, not of stout build, and his shoulders have the literary stoop. He has light-brown hair, light-blue eyes, and a fair complexion. His head and face bear the stamp of thought and culture. The forehead is high and broad, and the smoothly-shaved face shows features indicating refinement and earnestness of purpose.

SPIRITUALITY IN HUMAN PROGRESS.

THE sacred historian tells us "God created man in his own image." He doubtless intends to inform us that his Creator supplied him with powers and capacities approaching the divine; endowed him with a portion of his own intelligence, and gave him dominion over the earth, which he had fitted for his abode. The narrator closes the story of the creation with these words: "And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good." We understand from this account that man left the hands of his Creator a perfect being, in the same sense as we say a perfect child, possessing all the faculties of man at maturity, but as yet untried, with those capacities capable of great development which would expand and enlarge in proportion as they were called into action. That man had an imperfect knowledge of God at that time is fully proved by the story of the fall. That neither the omniscience nor omnipresence of the Deity were fully recognized by Adam or Eve, is shown in their attempt to hide themselves from the all-seeing eye of God, and in their endeavors to excuse themselves for their disobedience. It is evident in the account of the death of Abel, that Cain was ignorant, whether willfully or not we will not now discuss, of his own nature, as well as ignorant of the character of that God he assumed to worship in his own way.

The powers of man which first seem to have been acted upon were his lower or animal passions; these operating alone without the guidance of the higher faculties. Hence evil gained the ascendancy, and so vile and wicked did man become, that the sacred historian uses these remarkable words: "It repented the

Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved Him at His heart." One character stands out in bold relief at this period, one who had cultivated his spiritual nature, held communion with his Maker, and kept himself free from the vices and enormities of those around him. This man, one step higher in the progress of mankind than Adam, God chose to perpetuate the human race, and swept off the earth with a flood all the other descendants of our first parents, and with them all the evil that had accumulated since their creation.

The next character worthy of note in the history of man was Abraham, whose faith in God was remarkably exercised, and this faith God honored by distinguishing him from all mankind, and constituting him the head of a people who are yet a distinct race in the earth.

In looking over the history of Egypt, with whose records the descendants of Abraham were for a time identified, we see evidences of a high state of civilization, a rapid progress in the development of mind. We believe Egypt reached the highest civilization at which man can arrive without the development and cultivation of his spiritual nature. Ancient Greece and Rome, in their boasted superiority of civilization, can claim no precedence over Egypt in the days of her greatest prosperity. But this civilization extended no farther than the higher or wealthier classes; the masses of the people were ignorant and degraded, and governed by brute force. We are told by one historian, "The lower classes found their superiors severe task-masters, who punished them, when found delinquent, with a stick;" and we are all familiar with the degradation of the Israelites when reduced to a state of bondage by the Egyptians, the cruel laws imposed upon them, and the sufferings they endured. Yet amid all these persecutions, enslaved by an idolatrous people, they preserved the knowledge of their great Creator.

The faith of the mother of Moses, we have often thought, reached almost to sublimity when she so skillfully evaded one of their inhuman decrees, by placing her beloved child on the river's brink, and setting his sister to watch what should become of him. Did her strong faith afford her a glimpse into futurity and reveal to her the strange events in which her son should figure? This faith transmitted to her child developed with his growth, and assisted by the learning of the Egyptians, marks him a wonderful character in that early age. Commissioned by God, Moses established a government, of which God himself was the head. The worship of the one great Creator was the basis of the national freedom and prosperity of this peculiar people. In proportion as they acknowledged God, depended upon Him, and worshiped Him, would happiness and prosperity attend them. Idolatry would bring down the divine displeasure upon them, and severe punishment was ever the result of their departure from God. Moses enacted laws so wise and judicious that they are now the basis of the laws of all civilized countries. While

all other nations upon the earth fell into idolatry, this singular people alone preserved the knowledge of God. Their spirituality was kept alive and cultivated; consequently we find among them marked characters whose strong faith pierced the veil of futurity and foretold the most remarkable events in the world's history.

In tracing the progress of mankind from the time of Moses down to the advent of Christ, we find that instead of progression there has been a retrograde movement. The Jews had corrupted the law of God and made it of none effect by their traditions; and were now reduced to the condition of a Roman province. That Saviour, whose coming their teachers had prophesied, and of whom their forms and ceremonies were but types and shadows, they rejected and put to death; thus filling up the measure of their iniquities and calling down upon them the fulfillment of those prophecies contained in the 28th chapter of Deuteronomy. We think if we were inclined to doubt the authenticity of the Bible, that chapter alone, with its literal fulfillment, would set our doubts forever at rest. The civilization of the pagan world did not equal that of Egypt in the days of her greatest prosperity, and we must come to the inevitable conclusion that mankind can not of themselves make much advancement; they must be influenced by a Power above and beyond themselves, to arrive at anything like perfection. The historian says of the age of Augustus, in whose reign Christ was born: "The modes of artificial luxury prevalent in this age of the world were destructive to general happiness. No resources, no incomes were adequate to the demands made by the indulgence of such tastes and propensities. The sufferings of the mass of the people must have been excessive, in order to supply the more elevated classes with the means of their enormous luxury. So far as the Roman modes of living were introduced into Judea, and the people were infected by them, the evils above adverted to were felt in their full force. Plenty and want, power and oppression, violence and unresisting submission, side by side, present but a sad picture to the eye of benevolence. Such was the condition of Judea, and, more or less, of the Roman world, when our Saviour appeared among men. His doctrines and his religion were needed, at such a period, to save the world from the most frightful miseries."

In Luke iv. 16-21, we read: "And He came to Nazareth, where He had been brought up; and, as His custom was, He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath-day, and stood up for to read. And there was delivered unto Him the book of the prophet Esaias. And when He had opened the book, He found the place where it was written: The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. And He closed the book, and He

gave it again to the minister, and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him. And He began to say unto them, This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears."

We, of this age, can have but a faint idea of the effect of such an announcement. That this man coming from the common ranks, the son of a poor mechanic, should presume to teach, was incredible. That the poor, whose sole object in life seems to have been to minister to the demands of the rich, should have rights and privileges, and that His mission, if he had one, was especially to that oppressed, down-trodden class, was unheard of, and past all belief. That a doctrine whose tendency would be to subvert the prevailing order of things should be vehemently opposed by those who enjoyed their enormous luxuries at the expense of the suffering poor, can not surprise us. It might naturally be expected that the common people would hear Him gladly, hang on His words, and follow Him in great crowds, and we are informed that such was the case. But He not only gave them words of consolation, He also ministered to their necessities and removed their physical ills. He chose his disciples from among the poor and ignorant, and sent them to promulgate His doctrines through the world. These unlettered men, men from the degraded mass of the people, spoke with irresistible power and eloquence the teachings of their Master. The higher classes listened with astonishment to the weighty arguments which these ignorant men brought forward in support of their principles. The masses listened with joy and gladness to new truths which were proclaimed by men of their own station in life, and which were calculated to ameliorate their sufferings and relieve them of the wants and oppression under which they labored.

We learn from the words of Jesus that He could not complete His mission, while on earth, because mankind were not sufficiently advanced to appreciate His teachings. Light has been gradually opening up to us the fact, that the religion of Jesus was not only designed to teach us how to die, and to look forward to immortal happiness, but while this is true, it was also designed to teach us how to live, and how to secure the greatest amount of happiness while on earth.

We of this age are only just beginning to appreciate the sublime truths of the Gospel; we are only just beginning to perceive that the joys of earth were not intended alone for one class, and the sorrows of earth for another; that Jesus did not take upon himself the burden of poverty to show His sympathy for the suffering of earth, and for that alone, but He identified himself with that class, to show to the world when His doctrines should be fully understood, that no man or class of men should take the precedence over another, but that all should share alike in the blessings of earth, in the rights and privileges, the pleasures and joys, of a common humanity.

In looking over the history of all nations

since nations were first formed, we find that just as soon as luxury crept in, the seeds of decay were sown; they generated, and grew, and produced their legitimate fruits—the overthrow of those nations; but this result was not, as we have been taught to believe, in consequence of the effeminate, enervating, moral-destroying effects of luxury, but because these blessings were confined to the few, and were wrung out of the flesh, blood, and nerves of the masses, and because the more riches, the more means of happiness, the more of the blessings of this life the few enjoyed, the more degraded, debased, and impoverished, did the masses become. Our own country has been no exception. Slavery was the sin of this nation, and its baneful effects were felt by all. The idea was gaining ground every year, that capital—wealth—alone was honorable, and labor degrading and dishonorable. The poor whites of the South had imbibed the sentiment, until they imagined that to live in ignorance and poverty was far better than to improve their condition by the labor of their hands. This idea and its effects were felt at the North. Men both in the political and financial spheres resorted to every possible means, honorable and dishonorable, to gain riches in order to place themselves above the necessity of labor, until the foundations of our government began to totter, and the overthrow of the nation seemed inevitable; but there was yet enough saving power in the people to keep it from destruction. It is yet fresh in our minds how eagerly the men of the North rushed to the rescue of the nation, when its overthrow was threatened by the South. They fought well and bravely to crush the rebellion. As the struggle went on, a ray of light dawned upon their minds, and showed them that they were fighting for a principle, and the contest became more earnest and deadly. On those battle-fields, in deadly array against each other, stood not only slavery and freedom, but a wider, broader, deeper antagonism—an antagonism, now that the rebellion is fought out to the bitter end, which is felt and acknowledged not only by our own people, but also by all civilized nations. The principle involved was: Shall capital or labor rule? and the final issue of this question was decided on the battle-fields of the South. We may not all be willing to admit this, but it is nevertheless true. Americans may well pride themselves on their public schools, for it is to the educated, intelligent, working classes they owe the safety of the nation.

The eyes of the whole world are upon us, they are looking to us for the last great reform necessary to the perfection of the human race, a reform which shall preclude any man, or class of men, from living in idleness and sin upon the ill-paid labor of another—a reform in which each man shall furnish his quota of hands or brains for the benefit of the whole—a reform which shall give to all classes the means of enjoying perfect happiness, physical, intellectual, social, moral, spiritual. We believe this country

has been chosen as the theater of this great work, because she has taken the initiatory in all reforms calculated to advance mankind, since she became a nation; and because she has not to suffer punishment at the hands of the Almighty for the persecution of the "chosen people," the Jews. She has not, in common with other nations, been guilty of the base ingratitude of harassing and torturing a people who, amid the gross idolatry of all other nations, alone preserved to the world the knowledge of God.

We have fallen upon a time when men, aye, and women too, are permitted to think their own thoughts, speak their own opinions, and act in accordance with their own sentiments, without endangering their social relations, their lives, or their liberties. We have fallen upon a time when Truth will assert herself—when she will no longer consent to remain inactive, and lie buried under the dust and cobwebs with which ignorance, prejudice and precedent had covered her. She utters her stern mandates, and calls us to aid her in battling with error. Hear her, as she proclaims: "I am now on the eve of another irrepressible conflict, not a sanguinary one of swords, and musketry and cannon-balls, but a conflict of mind, a war of ideas. The next great issue in which I am about to engage is the conflict of Labor and Capital. Already my signs are abroad in the earth. These upheavings of the working classes, these trades-unions, laboring-men's associations, strikes, the agitation of the eight-hour system, portend the coming struggle, and I call upon all my followers to repair to my standard."

We believe we are approaching the time of which it is written, "Wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times, and strength of thy salvation. And the inhabitants shall not say, I am sick. They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Look over the last century, and note the increase of knowledge. We have made fire and water do our bidding, and cause them to transport us and our merchandise from one end of the earth to another. We have brought the lightning from the skies, bound it in chains, made it our slave, and sent it over the mountain and under the ocean, to carry messages of hope, and love, and life to some, of fear, and hate, and death to others. We have become more acquainted with our own natures. We have progressed in phrenology, physiology, and hygiene. We understand better the cause and cure of disease; though we have much to learn in that respect yet. We believe it was noticed during the late war, that heavy rains followed large battles. Did not some of our scientific men make a note of it? And who will venture to say that we shall not yet be able to control the clouds and the state of the atmosphere? and pestilence and famine become memories of the past? We seem to be fast approaching the time, with our anesthetics, when there shall be no more pain. Another sign of the times is the effort the laboring classes are making to obtain their share of the blessings of this life, the rights and privileges of human beings, of which they have always and in all countries been deprived, and to secure which seems to have been part of the mission of Jesus.

HOPE.

MRS. J. C. CROLY ("JENNIE JUNE").

THE name of Jennie June has been familiar with the public for the past ten years, and it is our pleasure to present the JOURNAL readers with a brief sketch of her character which purports to be her likeness.* Of her temperament, it may be stated that her complexion is fair, the hair a light auburn, the eyes blue, the skin soft and fine, with a peachy hue, and the whole expression lively and animated. In the new nomenclature it would be called the Mental-Vital Temperament; in the old, Nervous-Sanguine, but there is enough of the Motive to ally her spirited action with much endurance.

The mind of such an organization works without friction; it is supple, racy, flexible, and available; indeed, the spiritual predominates, and she is most susceptible to impression. There is nothing dull or opaque in her composition; all is clear and transparent.

Phrenologically, she is blest with large Hope, large Conscientiousness, Ideality, and Sublimity. Intellectually, there is nothing wanting. She is a great observer, a good thinker, quick to perceive, clear and correct in her inferences, and of good taste. She has both originality and imitation; conforms readily to circumstances, adapts herself to all conditions, and retains her own individual identity. She acquires knowledge rapidly and communicates it freely. Her sympathies and her affections are strong. Her moral character centers in Conscientiousness, Hope, Benevolence, and Spirituality; there is less meekness than truth, sincerity, and sympathy.

Socially, all the organs are fully developed. She is a devoted friend, with strong attachments to home, children, pets, etc.; and has all the qualities to make a good wife and mother.

She accepts thankfully whatever the fates or circumstances bestow, and in prosperity or adversity would make the most of her joys and least of her sorrows. With her moral or religious nature, she would accept Christianity, conform to its

* We very much regret the imperfection of our portrait. It is true in general outline, but far from representing the genial, joyous, sunny face of the original. In this there is something more angular and severe than is true in nature. The fault is partly in the drawing and partly in the engraving. We beg the lady's pardon for presenting her in a garb so unsatisfactory to ourselves, but time would not permit us to re-engrave before going to press.



MRS. J. C. CROLY ("JENNIE JUNE").

requirements; but she could not fold her hands and sit passively, but must take an active part in the world's progress, doing with her might whatever she finds to do. Such a spirit could never be held in bonds, but would assert her rights in useful acts.

We append the following brief statement as an evidence of the industry of this wide-awake and spirited lady.

MRS. J. C. CROLY, the subject of this sketch, was born in Leicestershire, England, but came to this country when quite a child. Her family name was Cunningham, and her father, who was strongly interested and prominently connected with the Unitarian, Temperance, and Free School movements, all equally unpopular with the rich and powerful, suffered so much from persecution as to induce him to come to America, and subsequently remove his family here.

Mrs. Croly, the youngest of four children, had her educational opportunities much curtailed by the later struggles and vicissitudes of her father's family, and she may claim to be almost wholly self-taught. Worthily seeking to maintain herself, she taught school during the day, and not unfrequently had to study closely after school hours the lessons of her older and advanced scholars, in order to be prepared to answer their questions and explain away their difficulties.

Her early literary experience was in correspondence, for which she showed unusual aptitude. She became locally famous for remarkable powers of description and characterization, but did not appear publicly as a writer until after her marriage, when she com-

menced an engagement on the New York *Dispatch*, which was shortly transferred to the *Sunday Times*, and extended to other papers and periodicals, including the old *Democratic Review*, *Leslie's* and *Graham's Magazines*, the New Orleans *Delta*, and the Richmond *Enquirer*. To the last two she was the regular New York correspondent. Editorials, reviews, nothing came amiss from her pen; but she soon developed a specialty for domestic matters and fashions, and in a short time became the fashion correspondent of the leading papers in nearly all the large cities of the Union.

In the beginning of 1859 she accompanied her husband to the West, and acted as assistant editor in the conduct of a daily paper. Here she displayed her usual versatility, writing editorials, reports, or domestic articles on dress, social topics, and fashions, with equal facility; and becoming well and favorably known all through the West for her varied accomplish-

ments, and graceful, yet vigorous style of composition. Her reputation led her to receive frequent invitations to lecture, but she has always declined appearing in public.

On her return to New York, she resumed her position on the *Sunday Times* and *Leslie's Magazine*, fulfilling for the former paper the office of musical and dramatic critic, writing editorials, besides conducting her own special department, which made her *nom de plume* a household word throughout the entire country.

At this time she published a book, "Talks on Woman's Topics," which has had a very extensive sale; and subsequently "The Young Housekeeper," the title of which, however, was changed by the publishers to "Jennie June's American Cookery Cook;" and which has achieved great popularity. She was for a long time a regular contributor to the *Round Table*, to the *Home Weekly*, of Philadelphia, and has occupied an editorial position on *Demorest's Illustrated Monthly* since its commencement.

She is the regular fashion contributor to the New York *Daily Times*, the New York *World*, and the fashion correspondent of influential journals all over the United States. As her articles are very generally copied, it is estimated that her fashion gossip alone must have over a million of readers every month.

Mrs. Croly is the unacknowledged author of thousands of paragraphs which are floating through the press of the country. She is noted for grace of style, surprising industry, and inexhaustible variety. She moreover faithfully performs all the duties of a wife, mother, and head of a household, and at the same time accomplishes an amount of literary work of which very few men are capable. She has two children living, one between seven and eight years old, the other a baby—both girls. The grief of her life was losing her boy, a beautiful child, at the close of his first year.

SEEING, NOT BELIEVING.

"SEEING is believing," says the old adage. "Seeing is *deceiving*," say we, and we will prove it. Let us put our eyes in the witness-box and ascertain if they always tell us the truth, and the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Is the moon nearly full to-night? If it is, look out early toward the east, and see it rising, ruddy and round, and as large as a dinner platter. Take particular note of its size, and impress it upon your mind, so that you can carry it in your "mind's eye" for a few hours. Look out again when these few hours have passed. Toward the south there shines the moon bright and silvery, but how much smaller than it was before! No longer as big as a dinner platter, its size has dwindled down to that of a cheese plate. Surely, says a knowing one, "the moon must be nearer to us when on the horizon than when high up in the sky, or else it is somehow magnified by the thick atmosphere through which, when it is low down, we look at it." No such thing. Astronomers, with their delicate instruments, have repeatedly measured the diameter of the moon when it has appeared so large at rising, and again when it has seemingly got smaller, but they have never found any difference in the actual dimensions; and so it has been concluded that the enlargement is only apparent, that it exists only in our eyes and our senses, and is therefore nothing more or less than an optical illusion.

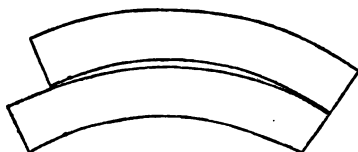


FIG. 1.

Here (fig. 1) are two parts or segments of a ring placed one above the other. Which is the larger of the two? Unanimously voted that it is the bottom one. Measure them, and you shall find that, if there be any difference at all, the bottom one is the smaller. Here the eye has again deceived you, having been itself deceived by the direction of the boundary lines of the segments.

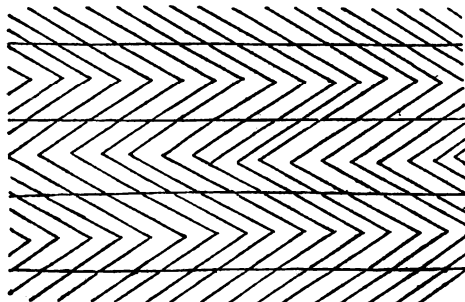


FIG. 2.

In the above diagram (fig. 2) we have drawn a number of zigzag lines with four straight lines running across them. We want you,

curious reader, to decide by your eyes alone whether the horizontal lines are parallel to one another. From the evidence of your eyes alone you can have no hesitation in saying that they are not so. But just take a parallel ruler, or measure the distances between the lines at each end, and you will find that they are perfectly equidistant in all parts of their length, and are therefore strictly parallel. The fact is, your eye has been a bad witness, biased by the zigzag lines.

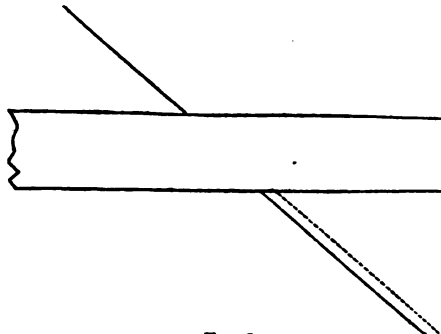


FIG. 3.

In fig. 3 we have two horizontal lines, that you may call the section of a board if you like, and an inclined line, that you may similarly call a wire, coming out from the top. Now, suppose you thrust that wire through the board in the direction in which it now lies, where will it come out?—where we have drawn the continuous line, or where we have drawn the dotted line? We hear you say, "Upon the continuous line, to be sure." No it won't; it will run in the direction of the dotted line, as you may see if you will lay the straight edge of a sheet of paper along it.

Can you divide a straight line into two equal parts, or judge which is the middle of a straight line? Try. Draw a number of lines of various lengths, and running in various directions, on a sheet of paper. Mark on each the point which you consider to be the center of it, of course estimating by the eye alone. Then measure your work, and you will find that while you have seldom hit the true middle, you will have nearly always gone on the same side of it. Some eyes invariably err by making the right side of the line too long, and others invariably make it too short. We have just tried our own case, and find that we always do the latter; in every one of a number of lines, without a single exception, we have put the middle point, or what we thought to be such, too much to the right. If you mark a number of points or divisions along one part of a

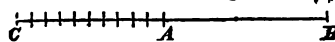


FIG. 4.

straight line, as we have done in fig. 4, and then try and judge the center of the whole line, you will always make the divided portion too short. You will naturally say that the point A, in our figure, is the middle of the line, B C; but measure the two portions of the line, and you will find A B considerably longer than A C. From this you will learn that every

space divided or cut up by crossing lines looks larger than it really is. Here is a striking example of this. In fig. 5 are two sets of

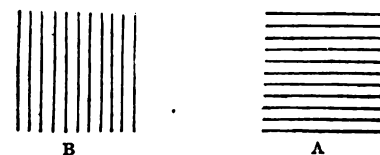


FIG. 5.

parallel lines, one set, marked A, horizontal, the other, marked B, perpendicular. A looks higher than B, and B looks broader than A; yet the heights and breadths are perfectly equal, both sets being inscribed in perfect squares of exactly the same size.

Is it not evident, then, from these few cross-questions put to our eyes, that those organs do not always tell us the truth? And if they do tell the truth, obviously they can not tell the "whole truth;" and from the foregoing illustrations, it is quite clear that they sometimes tell us "*something* but the truth;" and are therefore witnesses not entirely to be relied on.

Do you know that there is a worse fault than this delusive power in your eyes? that you are partially blind in each eye? You don't? Then we will show you that you are. We will prove to you that there is a small region of the retina of your eye, each eye, that is absolutely blind. Happily it is a *very* small region, and hence never causes us any inconvenience; but it exists in every eye, nevertheless, and this is how you may know it. Place two small but conspicuous objects—say two wafers or coins—upon a table in front of you, and about three inches apart. Close the left eye, and place the right eye about twelve inches straight over the left-hand wafer, keeping the direction in which the wafers lie parallel to the line of the eyes. Look steadfastly at the left-hand wafer, and the right-hand one will disappear completely; if it does not, it will be because the eye is not exactly in the right position, but this position will be found, and the wafer will vanish by moving the head a very little up or down.

The reason of the disappearance is, that the image of the vanishing wafer falls upon a point in the retina where all the minute nerves of that organ converge and pass out of the eyeball to go to the brain. The left eye may be tried in a similar manner, by bringing it over the right-hand wafer and closing the right eye.

If you will take two small circular disks of paper, one black and the other white, of exactly equal size, and lay the white one on a black ground, and the black one on a white ground, and place them in a strong light, you will see the white disk larger than its black partner. This is because a bright image falling upon the retina spreads its light, or excites the nerves of the eye, to a short distance around the natural boundary of the image, somewhat as a spot of ink let fall upon a piece of blotting-paper spreads itself upon the absorbing surface. Philosophers have given the high-sounding name *irradiation* to this ocular phenomenon. For our present little purpose it is sufficient for

us to know it by its effects, and to bear in mind that our eyes sometimes deceive us by making very bright objects look larger than they really are.

Then there are several illusions, out of which no small amusement may be got, depending upon the power the eye possesses of retaining for an instant the image of anything it sees. If the eye sees objects pass before it at a greater rate than eight a second, it runs one thing into another, and thus produces a continuous string of objects. You know, when you light a stick, and wave it in the air, you see not the spark at the end, but a line of light—a succession of sparks joined together, in fact. Amusing toys may be, and are, based on this phenomenon. Take a disk of card, and so fasten pieces of string to two opposite edges of it that you can make the card spin round by twisting the strings between your fingers and thumbs. Now draw on one side of the card a bird-cage, and on the other side a bird. Set the card spinning, and you will see the bird *in the cage*. You may make an infinite variety of such toys when once you have recognized the principle upon which they depend.—*Once a Week*.

On Physiology.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—*Cæcilia*.

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—*Hosea iv. 6*.

FASHIONABLE INVALIDISM.

[It pleases us to see copied in so sensible and popular a religious paper as the *Christian Advocate* of this city, such a stirring and cutting appeal, by a well-known writer, on the subject of health, and the means to acquire it. We have been saying similar things for thirty years, and rejoice to see religious papers doing so good a service for the bodies of men as a means of the more effectually reaching their souls.—*Ed. A. P. J.*]

I hope to live to see the time when it will be considered a *disgrace* to be sick; when people with flat chests and stooping shoulders will creep round the back way, like other violators of known laws. Those who *inherit* sickly constitutions have my sincerest pity. I only request one favor of them, that they cease perpetuating themselves till they are physically on a sound basis. But a woman who laces so tightly that she breathes only by a rare accident; who vibrates constantly between the confectioner's shop and the dentist's office; who has ball robes and jewels in plenty, but who owns neither an umbrella, nor a water-proof cloak, nor a pair of thick boots; who lies in bed till noon, never exercises, and complains of "total want of appetite," save for pastry and pickles; she is simply a disgusting nuisance. Sentiment is all very nice; but, were I a man, I would beware of a woman who "couldn't eat." Why don't she take care of herself? Why don't she take a nice little bit of beefsteak for her breakfast, and a nice *walk*—not

ride after it? Why don't she stop munching sweet stuffs between meals? Why don't she go to bed at a decent time, and lead a *clean, healthy* life? The doctors and confectioners have ridden in their carriages long enough; let the butchers and shoemakers take a turn at it. A man or woman who "can't eat" is never sound on any question. It is wasting breath to converse with them. They take hold of everything by the wrong handle. Of course it makes them very mad to whisper, pityingly, "*dyspepsia*" when they advance some distorted opinion; but I always do it. They are not going to muddle my brain with their theories, because their internal works are in a state of physical disorganization. Let them go into a lunatic asylum and be properly treated till they can learn how they are put together, and how to manage themselves sensibly.

How I *rejoice* in a man or woman with a chest; who can look the sun in the eye, and step off as if they had not wooden legs. It is a rare sight. If a woman now has an errand round the corner she must have a carriage to go there; and the men, more dead than alive, so lethargic are they with constant smoking, creep into cars and omnibuses, and curl up in a corner, dreading nothing so much as a little wholesome exertion. The more "tired" they are, the more diligently they smoke; like the women who drink *tea* perpetually, "to keep them up."

Keep them up! Heavens! I am fifty-five, and I feel half the time as if I were just made. To be sure, I was born in Maine, where the timber and the human race *last*; but I *don't* eat pastry, nor candy, nor ice-cream. I don't drink tea—bah! I *walk*, not ride. I own stout boots, and pretty ones, too! I have a water-proof cloak, and no diamonds. I like a nice bit of beefsteak, and anybody else who wants it may eat pap. I go to bed at ten and get up at six. I dash out in the rain, because it feels good on my face. I don't care for my clothes, but I *will* be well; and after I am buried, I warn you, don't let any fresh air or sunlight down on my coffin, if you don't want me to get up.—*Funny Fern in Ledger*.

FREEZING THE BRAIN.—The great discovery that the brain of a living animal could be frozen, and afterward could recover, was made by Dr. James Arnott, who solidified the brain of a pigeon by exposing it to a freezing mixture. Here research stopped, because with an ordinary freezing mixture it was not possible to act on individual parts of the organ; but the importance of the discovery is not the less on that account. It was a marvelous revealing. Think what it was! Here was a living organ of mind, a center of power, of all guiding power, of all volition. It took in every motion of the universe to which it was exposed. It took in light, and form, and color by the eye; it took in sound by the ear; sensation and substance by the touch; odor by the nostril; and taste by the mouth; it gave out in return or re-

sponse animal motion, expression—all else that demonstrates a living animal. With it the animal was an animal; without it the animal was turned into a mere vegetable. And this organ, the very center and soul of the organism, was, by mere physical experiment, for a time made dead—all its powers ice-bound. And this organ again set free, received its functions back again, and, as we know now by further observation, its functions unimpaired. Surely this was the discovery of a new world.—*Dr. Richardson, F.R.S., in Popular Science Review*.

[We know men who *heat* their brains boiling hot by the use of alcoholic liquors, spices, etc., but we prefer a *compromise* between the extremes of freezing and boiling. It may be possible to freeze the brain of a warm-blooded animal like a pigeon—though it seems improbable. A friend of ours relates that when a boy he went one cold Sunday and caught fish, through a hole cut in the ice, and that when the fish were thrown upon the ice they soon were frozen as stiff as sticks. He carried his fish home as he would an armful of wood, and put them in a tub of cold water to be thawed; and when he went in the morning to get his fish, behold they were alive and swimming, and as happy as if they had not been caught and frozen. He felt alarmed, and thought it a supernatural warning against breaking the Sabbath.]

A BUSINESS FACE.

Most business men have an expression of countenance peculiar to their hours of toil. As the knights and men-at-arms in the days of chivalry wore their mail with the beaver and visor of their helmet closed as they went to the field, but laid aside their plate for silken garments when the fray was over, so these champions, in a struggle not less trying, often wear an impenetrable mask in business hours, and lay it aside only in their moments of relaxation from their daily pursuits.

The other day, one who had known a brother merchant only in his counting-house, met him by chance as he was frolicking with his children in the play-ground, and failed at first to recognize him in what seemed a strange disguise. The hard lines of the face, the stern, questioning look, the imperious gesture, the bold, almost defiant, attitude, were gone, and in their place there was a benevolent smile, a dimpled cheek, and a caressing fondness of manner that seemed to belong to another being.

Part of this business armor is assumed for effect, but much of it is the unconscious preparation for the daily struggle made by those who have had some experience of losses in bygone conflicts. Suspicion, born of repeated betrayals; doubt, almost justified by the prevalence of deceit; a wary, restless, watchful eye, trained to such activity by unprovoked attacks; an un pitying curve of the lip, proof alike against the solicitations of chronic beggary and the appeals of simulated distress; a rigid veil of unconcern to hide the eagerness

which would defeat itself in a bargain; the tension of muscle and nerve ready, like the bent bow, for sudden action; all these signs and many more which are familiar to everyday observation, often mark the man of business prepared for his daily task.

This arming for the counting-house as for a battle-field has many advantages. We discussed, the other day, the best method of relaxation, showing the importance of a total change in the bent of the mind to secure any refreshment from the wearied body. But this habit of wearing an unnatural face and manner during business hours renders such repose doubly difficult. The warrior becomes accustomed to the mail, and wears it unconsciously when there is no impending strife. The rigid features fix themselves in a habit of stern inflexibility, and the hard, unloving face frowns with its business aspect upon the tender gayeties of the family circle, chilling the atmosphere of home, and blighting all social joy. The wife can hardly recognize in this somber countenance the face that beamed upon her bridal hour; the children shrink from the cold caress, and fear to meet the forbidding glance, which has in it no touch of parental softness. We do not say that those who dwell amid the defended precincts of the family circle can do nothing to help the husband and father, upon whom such habits are creeping, ere these become indelibly fastened. As delicate hands of old aided to remove morion and breastplate, and even to unbind the armed sandals, that the warrior might rest at ease, so there are tender ministries now, which will easily charm the rugged lines of the sternest frown into a smile of peace and sweet content. They who only suffer, making no attempt to furnish the cheer for which their hearts are longing, must share the blame for their cup of misery.

[The above is *one side* of the question, given by the *Journal of Commerce*. Now we venture to inquire, what is the object of "business," which causes all this wear and tear—this wearing and iron-cladding the human face and heart? Is it money? But what if a man gain the whole world, and lose his soul? If gaining money be the object of any man's life, we pity him. His motives are low, selfish, miserly; or if he is ambitious to shine in external plumes, to him all will be found to be vanity. But if a merchant pursues his calling for the purpose of doing good to his race, to obtain the wherewith to feed, clothe, educate, and *elevate* mankind, his efforts will be blessed even in the doing. Nor will it be a warfare, but a pleasure, a happiness to work in a good cause, for a good object. Our merchants are too apt to lose sight of the true objects of business, and of life itself. A BUSINESS FACE is not attractive, inviting, genial; nor has it a godly expression, being framed under the influence of the lower, rather than the higher, faculties. Let business men beware that they do not serve his satanic majesty rather than the true God. If they pursue their business in the love and fear of Him, they will wear an expression, not repulsive, but attractive and acceptable to Him, and to all.]

TEACHERS AND SCHOLARS.

BY A TEACHER.

AN old and worn-out theme, I think I hear you say. So is every subject in its turn, as it is discussed by different minds. It seems to me that notwithstanding all that has been said, there is yet more influence required to work a change in the manner of training the minds of the young. Many years' experience has taught me that the teacher is generally deficient in the first qualification for her vocation, namely, a knowledge of human nature. I have seen those who possessed a store of knowledge, who were well versed in the arts and sciences, yet they did not advance their pupils, did not create a love of the study undertaken.

No teacher should enter the school-room without a feeling of intense interest in her pupils, as well as in the study pursued.

On entering the room, then, I would first attend to the purity of the atmosphere. This is absolutely necessary to progress. I have been in classes where the pupils were dull and heavy, wearing a listless and inattentive countenance. All may be changed in fifteen minutes. That class may be enlivened, spurred on to thought and action, by simply lowering the window, say an inch or two. You need not fear cold, provided there is no draft. Keep the room comfortably warm, but let the fresh air enter. You will soon see its good effects.

Next, study your pupils, and learn to read them, as you would the open page before you. I can assure you that you will reap your reward.

Again, a teacher of a class is very apt to take one set method, and strive to adapt it to all the minds before her; she thinks to use one explanation, one illustration, for the whole class. Now this is a false system. Each individual mind is cast in a different mold, and it is just as impossible to cause the same methods to appeal to the understanding of each pupil as it is to adapt the same food to all constitutions. The parent finds great diversity in the temperament and dispositions of her children, and is obliged to adapt her government to them, and where a look will answer as a reproof for one, some other means must be tried for the brother or sister. This study of the child's nature is just as necessary in the teacher as in the parent. The subject taught must often be presented in a new light and be illustrated in some familiar manner. And let me add here, that if the teacher would instruct by comparison she would find great benefit. What is learned in one study should assist in another, and every branch be brought to bear its influence on another.

A teacher is apt to attend only to the bright ones, and to neglect those denominated dull or stupid. This is a sad delinquency—"They that are whole need not a physician," will apply here. The greatest patience and unwearied effort should be employed by the teacher to make up the deficiencies, and all possible en-

couragement be given to such—they should be dealt with gently and kindly. Strive above all things to interest the child and make it happy.

Before closing my remarks, I would refer to one other point; it is the too constant use of books. The teacher must have resources within herself. Especially may the branches of mathematics and grammar be taught with very little aid of the book. One who understands the principles thoroughly can handle them in a variety of interesting ways. Of course, every teacher must be thoroughly conversant with her subject. I might extend my theme, but enough has been said to give a few hints to those who perhaps have not looked at the matter in this light.

[We hope to hear again from this distinguished teacher, giving our readers the further benefit of her extensive experience.—
ED. A. P. J.]

CHILDISH ELOQUENCE.

"OH, what a lovely play I've had this afternoon!" exclaimed a sweet little girl, skipping in to take her place at the cheerful tea-table. And truly it seemed that the bright sunshine of that summer afternoon still lingered over the little golden head and looked out of the speaking blue eye; and its cheering influence nestled lovingly in her glad little heart. The mother looked very tenderly down at the little one, and was no doubt thinking of the brighter sunshine, the bounding footsteps, and the dear little face brought to the home circle. But her faithful eye could not fail to see a long scratch on the little round cheek, so beautiful in its flush of glowing health.

"What have you been playing at?" she asked.

"Oh, climbing on the fence," said the little one carelessly.

"But didn't you get hurt?" said the mother.

"Oh, yes, I did fall over once and hurt myself a little, but I just cried in a *whisper*."

Could words express a more beautiful sentiment? Beautiful in its very simplicity, beautiful as the rose-bud lips that gave it utterance, and pure as the mind that gave it birth.

From whence comes this unstudied eloquence, these little "gems of thought" falling from the lips of children? Are they the gift of some higher, holier Power, to teach us the lesson that "a little child shall lead" us? Or does the intellectual growth outstrip the physical, and with its invisible tendrils reach out to grasp ideas for above the capacity even of mature years?

What a sacred responsibility, what a precious trust is the molding of a character, the cultivation of a mind that must live through eternity! EMMA.

How delightful the task of pouring fresh instruction into the young mind, and awakening generous purposes in the glowing breast!

NEW YORK, MARCH, 1868.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous preciptes of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Poe.*

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PAUPERISM—ITS CAUSE AND CURE.

IN a well-organized and properly conducted community there can be no paupers. Even a well-established religious society so manages as to provide not only for all its members, but also for the children of its members, who may be left destitute orphans. There are no paupers among Quakers or Shakers, and the same is true of many other religious denominations; each individual in prosperity contributes whatever may be necessary for any one overtaken by adversity, as in the case of epidemics, fires, floods, volcanic eruptions, or earthquakes. The Roman Catholics, in many places, take good care of all their own; but neither they nor other religionists feel in duty bound to provide for apostates. Thus Roman Catholicism is a sort of mutual benefit society; and it is well for every Romanist and every Protestant to have a part in some such organization. Take the Father Mathew Societies of our own and other cities; here each member, by paying his small monthly stipend, entitles himself to a share in the funds, which soon become sufficient for any emergency.

But what is the *cause* of pauperism? Why is one individual poor, and another rich? why one in prosperity, and another always in adversity? Foolish persons will answer it is "all luck and chance." They will say of a prosperous one, "He was born under a lucky star, or early in the moon, and is therefore always in the ascendant." While of an unfortunate we hear it said, "He was born under an unlucky planet," etc. But we reply: It is because of good habits, good government, and good management on the part of the one person, and bad habits and bad judgment on the part of the other; these conditions generally go together. Let

us examine our newly imported pauper. Look at him,—question him,—smell him; he is, in a measure, the victim of European monarchism and aristocracy; of course his habits are bad; he is ignorant, his only education consisting in holding out the hand for a penny, in bending the supple knee to "yer honor," "yer lordship," "yer majesty," or "my landlord," and in playing sycophant to his lordship and her ladyship. He is simply human fungus, indigenous to monarchical institutions, and thrives in his way nowhere else. He is a comparative stranger in a republic, and here he becomes at once self-supporting, or rapidly descends to the condition of a miserable outcast, having no part or share among a free people.

Our American-born citizens are not beggars, paupers, or vagabonds; though we grant that by intimate association with these imported creatures, weak ones take on similar habits, similar grossness and low life. How often do we hear the remark: "I would rather starve than beg!" and this is the spirit of all native-born, high-minded Americans. In contrast with this, see how generally—we may say how naturally—a foreign-born creature in human shape, who lands upon our shores, take to begging for a living; indeed, he was born a beggar, of pauper parents; a beggar he will remain; he was a child of want—it may be of sin—it certainly was of sorrow.

Where a few monopolize the land, and where many simply exist, living for generations "from hand to mouth," with no prospect or hope of a better condition, it is indeed hard; but how can it be otherwise? Talk of justice to men in a man-made monarchy? Justice does not, can not exist where there is a wicked monopoly,—not only a monopoly of the land, but also of lake, river, and sea; and a monopoly of labor itself.

How is it here in America? In our Republic, we propose to give all men an equal chance in the pursuit of life, liberty, and happiness. He is unjust—he is not a true democratic republican who would deny these rights and privileges to any man, not criminal or imbecile. These are conditions inherent in our institutions, and we have no pauper, slave, or dependent classes; we provide prisons for the criminal, asylums for the infirm, and "SCHOOLS FOR ALL." Paupers have no

business here; those we have, we repeat, are imported from the old corrupt European king and priest ridden monarchies. So much for one cause of pauperism; and that it is which crushes out all feeling of self-respect and true manliness, leaving the victim—politely called a subject—without dignity, decision, pride of character, or the manly spirit of resistance and self-defense.

Look again at the imported pauper; notice particularly his organization and temperament. He is low and coarse in fiber; he is flabby and flat; his walk is a shuffling mope, without spring or elasticity; his voice is dull and guttural, with a growl and a grunt—all pewter, no silver. He is saturated through and through with vile whisky and nasty tobacco, and he literally stinks. He is clothed in coarse garments, such as were long since "cast off" and out of fashion. He is unwashed, unshaved, uncombed, and unregenerated. Of course he is ignorant, superstitious, and stupid; his skull thick, and his brain poor and small. He breeds disease and pestilence; he brings yellow fever, cholera, and small-pox in his wake, and his very atmosphere is as foul morally as it is repulsive physically. And here let us put in a side remark, viz: a thing which strikes a native American as the most foolish and absurd habit and practice, now creeping upon us. It is that of a clean young man, say from eighteen to twenty-five years of age, imitating the disgusting old codger in the use of the nasty old tobacco pipe! How, with his senses alive and awake, his eyes open, and his reason not obscured by idiocy or insanity, a man can fall into and run in such a miserable rut, is past accounting for even on phrenological grounds. It seems more like the imitation of a monkey, without the sense of a man. Can they not see where they are going—where they must inevitably fetch up? Then how in the world, with the earth under them, and God over them, can they, how *dare* they, thus mar, pervert, degrade, and pollute His image in themselves? Such a young man is in the direct course to become a pauper such as we have described, "an old codger," a dissipated vagabond. All these creatures ultimately come to want; they readily adopt the European habit of begging and borrowing. They are always complaining of their misfortunes; they

quarrel with their best friends; get turned out of doors by their employers; disgraced in the social circle to which they have been admitted, and are on the rapidly descending inclined plane which leads to destruction and death. He who ignores the Christian principle of self-denial is without hope of Heaven, and he lives, merely subsists, to gratify a perverted appetite. If he wants or feels inclined to drink, drink he *must*. If he desires to smoke, to chew or to snuff tobacco, he *must* do it; and why should he not? Is not liquor a good creature of God? Is not God the Creator of tobacco? Then why not use them? The silly "soft" does not see that it would be as proper to use, in the same way, any other poison found in the pharmacopœia.

THE CURE.

The remedy for pauperism in America is very simple and very easily understood. It consists in self-denial and in Christianity. If the person will submit the question of abstinence or indulgence in stimulants or narcotics to our Saviour, and do what He would advise or approve, we will venture the assertion that he would at once forsake his bad habits, and have strength to resist further temptation. Let him, in all sincerity, say and feel those blessed words, "*Thy will be done.*"

Reader, where do you stand on this question? Are you on the downward path, or are you tending upward? Are you a slave to "habit," or are you free? What is your duty in the matter? Would you have the approval of God and of good men? Would you stand well with your mother, your father, your brothers and your sisters? Would you have the approval of uncles, aunts, and cousins? Would you have the confidence of all your friends and neighbors? Then be a free, temperate, clean, healthy man. Ay, more than all this, would you stand well with YOURSELF? Then be master of your appetite, of your temper, of all your inclinations. Learn to say "No" to every temptation, and hold to it. Be a man—be a gentleman, and you will escape pauperism, slavery, crime, and secure to yourself, your family, and your Nation, all in life that is worth living for.

Men generally know more of almost anything else than of themselves. To have "a sound mind in a sound body," one must know and obey the laws of physiology, and live in obedience to the laws of the mind.

HELP! HELP! HELP!

LAMENTATIONS FROM THE SOUTH.

WHEN it is considered that the South was not only conquered by the army of the Union, but was also stripped of its available stores and public property; its railways and its bridges destroyed; factories, churches, State capitals, school-houses, colleges, and universities burned—by one or the other of the belligerents—and the entire property, in *four millions of slaves*—valued at upward of two HUNDRED MILLIONS OF DOLLARS—SET FREE! and that all the vast army of Southern soldiers were paid in worthless Confederate money, a hateful of which—after the surrender—would not buy a loaf of bread, because it was utterly worthless; and that half a million of lives were sacrificed in the Southern cause; and when *all was lost*, starvation stared—still stares—the survivors in the face; their clothes being worn out in a four years' war; their cotton burned; agricultural implements rusted and rotten; their horses, cattle, and mules scarce, and poorly fed—what, say you, can the Southerners do in their emergency?

It has been and will be iterated and reiterated that "they fired the first gun;" "they brought on the war;" "they are to blame." Is this magnanimous? Is it even manly to twit a fallen foe? Let us look at this matter from a Christian point of view. Is it not probable that our Southern fellow-countrymen, at least the great majority of them, supposed themselves in the right? Had they not been educated in the schools and doctrines of "State sovereignty?" and were they not sincere—however mistaken in judgment—in the defense of their "peculiar institution?" Did they not peril everything—comforts, homes, and life itself? Aye, and they fought bravely. More plucky, more self-sacrificing men are not to be found. Had they not been opposed to *us*, we should have been *proud* of their achievements. They *were* our enemies. They are, and are evermore—let us hope—our friends. Political differences, as everywhere else, will and must arise. But there will be no more war between North and South. Our interests are in the future "one and inseparable." We shall most subserve our best interests by doing all we can to lift up our fallen friend, heal his wounds, and assist him to help himself. We repeat, while the North lost largely by the war, the South lost nearly all.* Our soldiers were liberally paid in greenbacks; our widows and orphans pensioned and provided for. The Southern soldiers, the widows and orphans got nothing, except rations, through the Freedman's Bureau, and such contributions as benevolent persons here and there contributed. Is it surprising that there should be "hard times" in the devastated South? Let each of us consider what is our duty in this emergency.

* Seeing their impending fate, during the war, the rich men of the South converted all their available property into gold and set sail for Europe, where they still reside. But the great mass of the people were either too patriotic or too poor to leave their country in its perils.

Let us leave party politics out of the question, when listening to appeals for help. "Let us do as we would be done by."

Every day we receive applications similar to the following:

GRENADE, MISSISSIPPI.

EDITOR PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL: In this most destitute region I am doing missionary work, having left for that purpose a flourishing school in Nashville, Tenn. The only hope of these people is so educating their children as to enable them courageously to bear and intelligently to conquer the hardships of their lot. But they are poor, abjectly poor! Twenty thousand churches, academies, and colleges were burned in the South during the war, and this is one of the few that were spared (The Baptist Female Institute of Grenada)—spared, but stripped of everything—furniture, library, apparatus, musical instruments, all, all! How can we educate our young people properly without books and literature! Money we have none with which to buy. Will you aid us to the extent of sending us your PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED? The charity would be hardly felt by you, and yet would be greatly appreciated by us. A very little current and choice literature would go far to supply the want of a library, and afford culture and information.

Trusting that your generosity may prompt you to respond to a case in behalf of a worthy cause and a destitute people, I am, Yours respectfully,

[Signed by the Principal.]

[This, and hundreds, we may say thousands, of similar appeals have reached us since the close of the war, and the burden has become too great for us to carry. What shall be done? Must we say No? How can we say Yes, and not be ourselves impoverished? If any of our present subscribers do not care to preserve their JOURNALS, they can make them useful, after reading, by sending them to a teacher or acquaintance in the South who may not be able to subscribe for it. Or, if there are any who may wish to intrust their charitable offerings to us, for the specific object of placing the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL in the hands of those who desire it, but who are too poor to pay for it, we will join them in the work, and give the worth of \$15 in JOURNALS for every \$10 thus contributed. Parties contributing may specify in every instance to whom the JOURNAL shall be sent, or they may leave it open for us to decide. It must be made to appear, however, that parties receiving the favor are worthy and needy. This proposition shall remain open up to the 1st of July, 1868. Others will help the South to food and raiment; be it ours to help them to what they equally need—food for the mind.]

GOOD SPEAKERS.

EVERY American should be educated to speak in public. In a free country it is right and proper that the voice of every man be heard; and that he be so educated that he may speak *impromptu*, or without previous preparation. He is liable to be called on to give evidence before a court of justice, to speak in a religious meeting, or to address a society. He may wish to take part in a debate, to defend an absent friend, or a principle. But if he has not been taught to speak, he will be as awkward in this as a green-horn would be at a piano. We want good speaking every-

where; we want it in the pulpit, on the platform, before the legal tribunal, on the stage, and on the stump. If a man can talk in private he can learn to speak in public without embarrassment. And what a comfort this would be to thousands whose thoughts well up in their soul and clamor for utterance! The way to learn to speak is, when alone, to *think aloud*, or to put one's thoughts into words. Go into your study, and after reading upon a subject, becoming thoroughly master of it, draw up a plan according to which it should be presented. Have a beginning, a middle, and an end; make an outline sketch—a skeleton—of the address, and then talk it off. If you can go alone to a mountain, or to the sea-shore, with trees, rocks, or waves for your auditors, you may speak with the fullest freedom, expanding lungs and voice at the same time.

Were the same attention given to training for public speaking that is given to dancing or music in America, we should be able to electrify the world with the highest oratory and the sublimest eloquence. How is it now? Many of our ablest thinkers and ablest writers are bungling, ineffective platform speakers; and there are those in the pulpit whose mannerisms, affectation, and eccentricities completely drive away all real devotion. There is no necessity for this. It is only an evidence of neglect in this particular part of the preacher's education, which he has no moral right to inflict on God or man. If true eloquence is demanded anywhere, it is when appealing to the throne of grace, beseeching a Divine blessing. There are no other themes so impressive, no other occasions so touching to one's highest emotions; and the very spirit of the man of God should be so expressed as to bring all into reverential rapport or unison with the Divine will. Then, if he would touch and move the hearts of his hearers, he must himself *have* a heart, and use it. The way to beget love is to love; and it must be the genuine thing, sincerely expressed. Bogus is bogus, no less here than elsewhere. But the reader inquires, How can I become a good speaker? We repeat, by practice and training. Read the best authors, employ the best teachers, and then to make perfect, practice! practice!! practice!!! If you are animated by the love of God, and a desire to be useful among men, your efforts will finally be crowned with success, and your works and prayers answered with a blessing.

NO BUSINESS.

[A gentleman in Georgia sends us the following for the A. P. J. There are comparatively few of our readers who need this excellent advice; but there are millions who do need it, and nowhere else more than in the South. We are glad to give it wings, that it may inspire the aimless, everywhere, to form useful resolutions, and then perseveringly follow them. This article, "No Business," should be copied into all the magazines and newspapers.—Ed. A. P. J.]

FIRST of all, a choice of business should be made, and made early, with a wise reference to capacity and taste. Then the youth should

be educated for it, and as much as possible in it, and when this is done it should be pursued with an industry, energy, and enthusiasm which will warrant success. A man or woman with no business, nothing to do, is an absolute pest to society. They are thieves, stealing that which is not theirs; beggars, eating that which they have not earned; drones, wasting the fruits of others' industry; leeches, sucking the blood of others; evil doers, setting an example of idleness and dishonest living; hypocrites, shining in stolen and false colors; vampires, eating out the life of the community. Frown upon them, O youth! Learn in your heart to despise their course of life.

Many of our most interesting youth waste a great portion of their early life in fruitless endeavors at nothing. They have no trade, no profession, no object before them, nothing to do; and yet have a great desire to do something worthy of themselves. They try this and that and the other; offer themselves to do anything and everything, and yet know how to do nothing. Educate themselves they can not, for they know not what they should do it for. They waste their time, energies, and little earnings in endless changes and wanderings. They have not the stimulus of a fixed object to fasten their attention and awaken their energies, not a known prize to win. They wish for good things, but have no way to attain them; desire to be useful, but little means for being so. They lay plans, invent schemes, form theories, build castles, but never stop to execute and realize them. Poor creatures! All that ails them is the want of an object—a *single object*.

They look at a hundred, and see nothing. If they should look steadily at one, they would see it distinctly. They grasp at random for a hundred things, and catch nothing. It is like shooting among a scattered flock of pigeons; the chances are doubtful. This will never do—no, never. Success, respectability, and happiness are found in a permanent business. An early choice of some business, devotion to it, and preparation for it should be made by every youth.

REV. G. S. WEAVER.

DEATH OF PROF. AMOS DEAN.

We regret that we are called on to announce the recent and unexpected death of Professor Amos Dean, at his home in Albany, N. Y. Having enjoyed his personal friendship for many years, and from time to time received his cordial sympathy and encouragement in the prosecution of our labors, we can not but deplore the sudden separation which death has wrought.

Professor Dean was one of those noble-spirited men who, many years ago, when Phrenology was yet in its infancy in this country, did not fear to assert his convictions of its truth, and being at the head of the first School of Law in America, and moving in a highly refined and cultured social sphere, his influence has been ever most favorable for the dissemination of its philanthropic principles.

In our next number we will publish a more extended account of this eminent and worthy gentleman.

OUR CLASS OF 1868.

OUR class in practical phrenology commenced, according to announcement, on Monday, Jan. 6th, and after a pleasant yet laborious session was brought to a satisfactory termination. A portion of the time, four lectures were given during the day and evening; one on scientific phrenology, one on anatomy or physiology, one lesson in elocution, and one on practical phrenology, or exercises in lecturing and examining by the students. All the members appeared to be healthy, and well organized mentally. The different pursuits in life were well represented. There were in the class, teachers, artists, farmers, and others. They were distinguished for good common-sense, possessed of much varied information, and we believe that they are capable of carrying into the world more than an average amount of influence. We anticipate, for several of them at least, decided success, and are satisfied that each one, having given undivided attention to the wide realm of instruction afforded, will be able to acquit himself with credit. They come—as will be seen by referring to their names and residences—from a wide-spread field reaching from Canada to Alabama, and from Maine to Iowa.

The instruction in anatomy and physiology has been imparted by one of the ablest professors in the country; while the instruction in elocution was given by one of the most accomplished teachers in New York; while in the phrenological department they have had the results of our ripest experience, with the ample illustrations afforded by our extensive cabinet. We do not expect each student to start out an able and eloquent teacher; but this we know, that their instruction has been as thorough as we could make it; and it now remains for them by practice, and by familiarizing themselves with their own powers, to communicate to others that which their teachers have labored faithfully to communicate to them. We bespeak for each of them the respect and confidence of the public, and anticipate for them success and usefulness in their chosen field of labor.

We, the members of the Professional Class in Practical Phrenology of 1868, at No. 389 Broadway, New York, under the able supervision of Messrs. S. R. Wells and Nelson Sizer, deem it but a just tribute to the Science and its worthy exponents to offer the following.

Resolved, That we believe Physiology and Phrenology are among the most useful in the entire circle of the Natural Sciences, and therefore worthy of profound investigation, and that they should be more thoroughly and universally understood and practiced by mankind.

Resolved, That we recommend all who may wish to acquire a thorough practical knowledge of these Sciences to avail themselves of the facilities afforded by this institution.

SEWELL P. AYER, Atkinson, Me.
ELIAS A. BONINE, Lancaster, Pa.
MARION F. BUCK, Java, Wyoming Co., N. Y.
OLIVER P. DALY, Montezuma, Iowa.
JOHN S. HALLER, Setzler's Store, Chester Co., Pa.
JOHN C. HUMPHRIES, Wetumpka, Ala.
ISAAC S. JONES, Washington, N. J.
JOHN W. JONES, Galveston, Cass Co., Ind.
JOHN C. MERRIFIELD, Wardsville, C. W.
JOSEPH MILLS, Jackson, Ohio.
EDWARD J. MORRISON, Naples, Ill.
DAVID F. PIERCE, South Britain, Ct.
DAVID R. PRICE, Iowa City, Iowa.
ANSON A. REED, Union, Ct.
ENOS A. SAGE, New Brunswick, N. J.

A PASTOR'S TRIBUTE.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, although the organ of a science once sharply decried by religionists, who thought they discerned in its teachings features strongly tinctured with materialism or infidelity, has been growing in favor more and more with the most orthodox for several years past, and numbers among its subscribers very many ministers of the various religious denominations.

A minister of some eminence, in a letter to us, uses the following language:

"May the JOURNAL ever be a growing power for the enlightening and uplifting of all, till all shall come to the knowledge of the truth as expounded upon the principles of Phrenology, which are the true and only basis of a true Theology. Again I say, God bless you and yours, and all who seek the truth."

It is very evident that this gentleman heartily sympathizes with us in our work, and is an enthusiastic advocate of Phrenology. We doubt not but that his experience in the practical adaptation of it warrants his emphatic expression of favor. And we most cordially accept his sincere co-operation. Glancing back five hundred years at the theology of many eminent fathers of the Church, we find strong leanings toward the doctrines enunciated by our friendly correspondent. The revered Thomas à Kempis, in his reflections on the "Doctrine of Truth," uses this language: "In the study of ourselves [This is the grand theory of Phrenology—to know ourselves.—Ed. A. P. J.] we are best capable of avoiding mistakes; therefore a true sense of what we are, and that humility which can not but proceed from such a sense, is a surer way of bringing us to God than the most laborious and profound inquiries after knowledge."

We presume that it was in this sense that our ministerial correspondent used the words quoted from his letter.

THOMAS ALLEN REED.

PORTRAIT, CHARACTER, AND BIOGRAPHY.

THIS gentleman possesses a dense brain and a vigorous tone of mind. He is capable of enduring much mental labor, and sustaining severe trials of mind without excessive depression or exhaustion. He has superior reflective ability with much originality in design and purpose. He is a thinker more than an observer, better qualified to originate or design than to apply principles. Morally considered, we find the indications of a strict adherence to his sense of right. He is



PORTRAIT OF THOMAS ALLEN REED.

well calculated to reason upon the moral bearings of questions and to perceive and know how and why things are as they are. He is self-relying, manly, and independent; prepared to take all the responsibility which may arise out of his business or social relations, and but little inclined to accept dictation, much less dogmatism, from any one. He would be independent, and control his own affairs without reference to others. He is friendly and accommodating, rather warm-hearted, and attached to children. General society does not possess very potent charms for him unless it has strong intellectual features. He is not sociable or companionable for the mere gratification of the social nature, but rather for the gratification of the intellectual. When he can exercise the latter, and impart or receive knowledge, company is acceptable to him.

His head is not a wide one, hence those qualities which impart severity, harshness, and cunning are not very influential in molding his disposition. He avoids giving pain to or doing anything calculated to injure others. His force, energy, and executiveness are displayed through his intellect rather than in feeling, emotion, or action. He is somewhat reserved in disposition; inclined to keep his own

affairs to himself; one of those few men who are averse to drawing the attention of others to themselves, or making themselves objects of remark and discussion.

His appreciation of the ideal and beautiful is well marked. The artistic and poetic readily enlist his sympathy; in fact, enter largely into the warp and woof of his every-day life. He is also fond of the witty and facetious, but rather delicate in his notions of joke-making. Coarseness and bluntness in merriment do not meet with his approval. There is much spirit and earnestness evinced by him in the prosecution of those undertakings which enlist his hearty sympathy; but his feelings rarely rise to the height of enthusiasm. Order, clearness of expression, and precision are strong elements in his organization. His language is not so largely developed as

to render him a free, fluent speaker, but sufficient to give him readiness in the lucid expression of his thoughts. He has more talent for the written than for the verbal expression of thought. But such an intellect, properly cultured, would exhibit taste, delicacy, clearness, care, and precision in statements, whether written or extemporaneous.

Temperamentally, he is organized on a superior plan. Delicacy, fineness of nerve, symmetry, and acute susceptibility characterize his general structure. He is constituted in every respect for any position in life which requires keen mental discernment and acute off-hand judgment.

BIOGRAPHY.

Thomas Allen Reed, one of the most accomplished of English reporters, was born at Watchet, Somersetshire, April 6th, 1825. He received while at school about the ordinary amount of a schoolboy's education; and appears to have imbibed while there a decided ambition to learn the art of that profession in which he has since become so distinguished. He read occasionally the reports of the speeches of popular men, and he learned that they were taken down in strange cabalistic characters by a race of men called "Reporters," as they fell from the eloquent lips of the speakers. The thought inspired him with ambition to become a reporter too, and he made all inquiries about the matter that he could. The schoolmaster had a smattering of knowledge on the subject;

had probably learned some shorthand alphabet and forgotten it. But he could not satisfy his anxious pupil.

One day the walls of the town in which he resided were placarded with the startling announcement, to him, that a certain learned professor had arrived, and would devote himself to the general entertainment of the public, and especially to their improvement in the arts of writing, arithmetic, and shorthand. Such an opportunity was not to be lost by the young enthusiast. He made his way to the place announced by the eminent professor, and after gazing admiringly upon the "crow-track" characters that were temptingly hung as a bait outside, and feeling assured by the gratifying statement that met his eye, that he could learn "the art of shorthand in six lessons—price ten shillings and sixpence," he immediately obtained paternal permission to enter upon the study after school hours. The next day had yet to be passed over before entering upon his new duties; and school requisitions for that day had no attractions; and when evening came he eagerly made his way to the rooms of the august professor. He had expected to see a man of important appearance, but was sadly disappointed to find him an ordinary man, who eagerly grasped the money he had brought him and rang it upon the desk to try its genuineness. He was then sent to a table, and a shorthand alphabet set before him with a sheet of ruled paper, on which he was desired to write his copy. It was Lewis' system (as he afterward discovered), with some slight modifications introduced by his instructor, who on this account had designated it as his own. He copied the alphabet several times, and soon had the letters firmly fixed in his memory; and having practiced them about half an hour he was dismissed, and desired to come another evening. The second lesson was devoted to the practice of joinings, on a large sheet of paper on which the letters of the alphabet were displayed along the top and also down the left-hand side, the joinings being arranged after the fashion of a multiplication-table. These presented little or no difference, and the young pupil was surprised how easy everything appeared. The third lesson was duly imbibed, and a number of arbitrary characters committed to memory. These were simply letters of the alphabet which were made to do the duty of many words; and the young pupil was sadly puzzled how to distinguish between the different significations when he met the characters in a sentence. For instance, the letter *t* (then written thus —) was made to do duty for *it*, *at*, *to the*; and most of the other letters had corresponding words provided for them. With this difficulty in his mind, he modestly questioned the professor on the subject, and was informed that the infallible remedy for all such difficulties would be found in the context. However, he persevered, and the six lessons were completed. He had written out the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and one or two chapters from the Bible;

which performances elicited the approbation of the professor, who said that he only needed practice to make him a real reporter. He practiced resolutely for some weeks, writing down his exercises and then puzzling his brain to find out the meaning of his signs by appeal to the context, when that was equally unintelligible. At last he thought he felt equal to the task of reporting a Sunday sermon. He was up very early on the Sunday morning sharpening his maiden pencil, and folded several sheets of paper together for the purpose of recording the words of the preacher. With a feeling of immense importance he took his seat and waited for the commencement of the sermon. At last it began. The sermon was founded upon the twelfth chapter of Isaiah and the third verse. He managed the first four words; but Isaiah had to be satisfied with only *Is.*; and as for the words of the text, three words only would suffice. Then the sermon proper. "The remarkable words, my brethren, of this important prophecy." He never got that prophecy straight. Whether it should be written *prof* or *proph*, floundered him; while the speaker got away ahead, and at the close of the sermon he had obtained about one entire sentence, of which achievement he felt duly proud. The afternoon of the same day was spent in puzzling over the fragments; the result was a transcript of his notes, which he presented to his mother, and which she carefully locked up as a precious treasure.

Such was Mr. Reed's first attempt at reporting, and its issue, which was certainly not very encouraging. But he still persevered; and though he was yet but about thirteen years of age, was able to take the *substance* of sermons by the old complicated method of stenography; and while at school was once complimented by a lecturer for a transcript of his notes of one lecture. But with all his practice he found no practical benefit from his laborious studies; and when he entered a mercantile office in Bristol, on leaving school, his shorthand remained practically in abeyance; and it was not until he had arrived at the age of sixteen that he became acquainted with the system he now practices. Then he happened to make the acquaintance of a gentleman who was a practical phonographer, who offered to teach him the new system if he would abandon his old stenography. He did so, though he found great difficulty in the clashing of the two, and in two months was able to write faster than he ever could before, besides being able to read his notes with facility—a very valuable addition.

But what contributed to Mr. Reed's ultimate success was the habit he then had of devoting a few hours of every day to the study; and not only did he practice in English, but made use of the characters in his studies in French and German. This habit he zealously followed for many years; and at the present time he is one of the very few reporters who can make an accurate English report of a French or German speech. He had a friend

who used to read to him, at first a few chapters of the Psalms; but the reader got tired of them, and then a three-volume Cooper novel was procured, the plot of which was located in the back-woods of America; the reader would get interested in his story, and go on without regard to speed. But it was excellent practice nevertheless, and Mr. Reed never fails to recommend this method to others. "There is nothing," he says, "so conducive to satisfactory progress as the undertaking a definite task which is likely to extend over some considerable time, and resolutely going through with it. Effort put forth in a fragmentary way will always be more or less wasted; the methodical persistent pursuit of a well-marked-out course will never fail of success. I highly recommend every beginner to choose some book likely to be interesting to himself and the reader, and firmly resolve to write every syllable of it from dictation. It may be slow and wearisome work at first, but every day, or at any rate, every week, will make a sensible difference, and a considerable increase of speed will ultimately be the reward. * * I had been stimulated in my efforts by reading in the phonetic publications that some diligent students and practitioners had been able to accomplish the marvelous feat of writing one hundred and twenty words in a minute. I hardly dared to hope that I should attain this facility in execution, but I determined to do my best to approach it. The truth is, I attained that speed long before I was conscious of the effect. I had not tested my rate of writing from dictation, but took it for granted that I had not reached the object of my ambition, and when I was daily writing from dictation at least 180 or 140 words a minute, I was laboring hard to accomplish 120." So he discovered that he had really achieved success in his exertions, and a field gradually opened itself for the application of his naturally acquired power.

When he was about seventeen years of age he joined Joseph Pitman, a brother of Isaac Pitman, with whom he traveled for three years, both lecturing and spreading phonetic reform. At that time phonography was only in its infancy, and but a few had really tested its merits and capabilities. There were probably not half a dozen phonographers who could follow a rapid speaker with success; and Mr. Reed was about the first who ever made practical use of it. Mr. Pitman, in these travels, usually gave the lectures, and Mr. Reed practically demonstrated the system. He had a good ear for sounds, and was remarkably successful in accurately representing them in phonography, and afterward reading them correctly; and this had the effect of drawing the attention of a great number to the subject.

Mr. Reed's first connection with the press dates from his twentieth year, when he was engaged as reporter upon the *Norfolk News*, in Norwich, and subsequently upon the *Manchester Guardian*, one of the ablest journals in England. In 1849, he went to London. There

he settled down as an independent shorthand writer, occasionally giving lessons in the art. He established about that time, with his associates, what is now called the Metropolitan Reporting Agency, for the supply of all news relating to matters of legal interest transpiring in London, etc., and which are not generally reported in the London journals, to provincial papers. The firm is now styled Reed & Woodward, and they have five or six first-class reporters constantly employed, generally in the taking down minutes of law cases, speeches, sermons, etc., etc. Mr. Reed's well-known ability, of course, commands a great influence among those who wish for correct reporting.

Mr. Reed's first effort in the way of public reporting occurred during his itinerancy with Mr. Pitman. He was at Bolton, in Lancashire, and Mr. Bowring, now Sir John Bowring, was about to deliver an important address to his constituents; and Mr. Reed was engaged by the editor of the paper there to take down the first turn of a quarter of an hour, as he had other reporters to follow him, and the paper would be going to press in a few hours. He complied with the request of the editor, and sent in his transcript of the first part of the speech. Dr. Bowring himself, on reading over the proof, was so pleased with its correctness that he asked if the same reporter could not give the whole. Mr. Reed was applied to, and fortunately was able to supply it, and received the warm commendations of the Doctor.

As a correct reporter, Mr. Reed has no superior probably, and his speed is a marvel even to accomplished phonographers. But this has been variously and greatly exaggerated by the press, both in England and America, one paper stating that Mr. Reed had accomplished the feat of writing two hundred and seventy words per minute! Of course this is preposterous and impossible. The utmost speed Mr. Reed attained—we have it from his own lips—was one hundred and twenty and a half words in half a minute! or two hundred and forty-one words per minute! This is a lightning rate of speed; but could not be kept up for any length of time. Said Mr. Reed: "Many people, on the strength of that, say that I can write two hundred and forty words a minute. I don't remember to have taken continuously, say for an hour together, anything more rapid than 180 or 185 words per minute, on an average."

The most rapid speaker in London is a preacher named Molyneux, and Mr. Reed is in all cases called upon to report him when occasion requires, and he has found as the result of his reporting that his average is but 185. There are a great number of reporters who say they can take down 200 words per minute on the stretch, and there are others whose system will take down two hundred and thirty words in a minute; they can perform prodigious feats among words by turns and twists, and "abbreviations and contractions" and "contexts," that no one but the writers can understand; and which they themselves

sometimes can not unpuzzle. But Mr. Reed knows nothing of arbitrary rules or formations of characters, and the consequence is his reports can as easily be read by his assistants twenty years after date as on the day they were written.

One of the finest written compliments ever paid to a shorthand writer has been dedicated to Mr. Reed. It was in 1852. The noted infidelistic speaker, Holyoake, and the Rev. Mr. Grant, both of England, had a lengthy discussion on controverted religious points. Mr. Grant is a "tremendous speaker;" and Mr. Reed was engaged to report the debates between them, which lasted some six or seven days. The notice was from the pen of the celebrated Dr. Campbell, the editor of the *British Banner*. After referring to the object of the discussion, he writes: "Mr. Grant closed the discussion less by adding to the argument on the atonement than by a summary of the entire subject which he had thoroughly elaborated beforehand, which he uttered with a rapidity scarcely conceivable. This is one of the most remarkable features of this very exciting scene. Even the late Mr. Jeffrey (a notably quick speaker) was a very deliberate speaker compared with Mr. Grant, whose words came forth with the rapidity of lightning. The wonder of the performance is not diminished by the fact that every articulation is perfectly distinct, that not a word is lost in the remotest corner of the vast edifice. The lingual, the labial, and the intellectual apparatus seem so perfectly adapted to each other, that they assume the appearance of a special creation for the purpose. Without break or breath or pause, and, strange to say, sometimes without the slightest motion or gesticulation beyond a gentle extension of one or other hand, he tears along with the swiftness to which nothing in nature supplies a parallel, except, perhaps a partridge or a plover, as alarmed by the report of a fowling-piece, when the motion of the wing is from its rapidity scarcely perceptible. That even he can be reported *verbatim*, is perhaps the highest achievement of modern stenography. Such, however, is the fact. One of the writers, for there are several engaged, devotes to Mr. Grant his special attention, and defies him. Never was there a more extraordinary illustration of the power of that wonderful art to which mankind owes so much. In the case of this gentleman there is no oppressive dragging with a half dozen or more words in the memory. The pen is quite a match for the tongue, so that when the speaker ceases the writer ceases! One scarcely knows which most to admire, the man of the tongue or the man of the pen."

Prof. Huxley, in his scientific lectures, is always reported by Mr. Reed; and a few months ago he was the recipient of an editorial notice in the *Lancet*, for the correctness of his transcript. Charles Dickens, who is the most competent judge of the correctness of his reporters, also sent him a complimentary testimonial.

Mr. Reed, in spite of his arduous reportorial duties and superintendence, finds time to contribute largely to the press, mostly to the phonetic publications. He is the editor of the *Phonographic Reporter*, a monthly magazine, and a contributor to the *Shorthand Magazine*, where excellent articles from his pen appear every month. We can not close this sketch more profitably to our readers, especially to the young, than in giving a brief selection from one of his articles, entitled

REPORTING AS A MENTAL EXERCISE.

If we trace the operations of the mind which are carried on during the act of taking down the words of a speaker as they are uttered by him, we shall not be surprised that a considerable amount of practice is needed before the art of *verbatim* reporting can be acquired; the cause of our astonishment will rather be that still greater labor and skill are not necessary to the carrying on of a process so rapid and yet so complicated.

Let us suppose a speaker commencing his address. He utters two or three words, perhaps, in a deliberate manner; they fall on the reporter's ear, and are thence communicated to the brain as the organ of the mind; the writer must then recall to his memory the sign for each word he has heard; the proper sign having suggested itself to his mind, a communication is made from the brain to the fingers, which, obedient to the will, and trained perhaps to the nicest accuracy of form, rapidly trace the mystic lines on the paper. Some portion of time is of course required for each of these operations to be performed after the words have been spoken; yet see! the writer appears to stop precisely at the same time with the speaker. The orator still continues in his deliberate style, and the reporter is able to write each word he hears before the next is uttered. Now, however, the speaker warms with his subject, and changes his measured pace to one more rapid; the writer increases his speed accordingly, and, notwithstanding the many operations at work in his mind, scarcely is the last word of a sentence uttered before he lifts his pen from the paper, as if for an instant's pause, not a syllable having escaped his ear or pen. This surely is a laborious task; much more so that which follows. The speaker has finished his exordium, is in the midst of his topics of discourse, and has begun his flights of oratory. Listen to his next sentence. He begins in a low, measured tone; after a few words makes a sudden pause; then, as if startled with the brilliancy of his ideas, and fearful lest they should escape before he can give them utterance, he dashes along at an impetuous rate which he never slackens till he is out of breath with exertion. In this rapid delivery he has gained ground to the extent of five or six or more words on the writer, whom probably he has taken by surprise. The latter, nevertheless, has had to listen to the words which were, so to speak, in advance of him, recall the proper sign for each, send it from the brain to the fingers, and trace

it on his note-book; while, *at the same time*, he has had to attend to the words which follow, so as to be able to dispose of them in the same way when their turn arrives; and in this manner are his mental and bodily powers occupied for an hour, or, it may be, several hours together.

It would naturally be supposed that, with all this to attend to, it would be impossible for the writer to think at all of the sense conveyed by the words which he is at such pains to record; but, to perform his work efficiently, he must bring his mind to bear on this also, and not only endeavor to understand the general drift of what he is reporting, but to catch the meaning of every expression; for where this is neglected, literal accuracy can not be attained. The probability is that we do not distinctly hear—hear, that is, so as to be able separately to identify them—half the sounds that compose the words to which we listen; and it is only therefore by our close attention to the context that we are enabled to supply imperceptibly—for few people are conscious of this mental act—the sounds that the ear has failed to convey definitely to us. Hence the necessity for listening to the sense, as well as to the sounds of words, as they flow from a speaker's lips. A minister once told us that in a report of a sermon delivered by him, the phrase "the siege of Abimelech" was written and actually printed the siege of Limerick!" This could not have arisen from a mistake in the written characters, for the forms of Abimelech and Limerick would, in any system of shorthand, be palpably distinct: the ear must, in such a case, have been in error, and the sense should have been sufficient to correct it. Every experienced reporter must occasionally have discovered errors of this description while transcribing his notes; his inattention to the sense, while following the speaker, not having led him to correct the false impression which has been made on the ear.

As a mental exercise, then, reporting may be regarded as of the greatest utility. It is true that after a long course of practice the art becomes *apparently* a mechanical one, as far as the taking down is concerned: yet at first all the powers of the mind must be brought to bear on its attainment, and they can hardly fail to be materially strengthened by the training they must undergo. A word, however, as to reporting being a mechanical operation, as some have termed it. No effort put forth by us can be purely mechanical, since the mind is necessary to it. Walking and reading (reading aloud without attending to the sense) seem mechanical acts, but the mind is indispensable to them. After long practice, indeed, a comparatively external region of the mind is concerned in them, for we are enabled to think and plan—operations of more interior faculties—while these outward acts are being attended to; but at first both walking and reading require, in order to their attainment, a strong exercise, in one case, of all the powers of the body, and, in the other, of all the pow-



PORTRAIT OF RICHARD BAXTER.

ers of the mind; both having been, of necessity, improved and strengthened by the training. It is the same with reporting, but in this case the exercise is more severe; and if even the act of writing should, by practice, become little more than a mechanical performance, the constant employment of the mind in catching the meaning of different speakers, and the bringing before the writer all the varied styles of diction in use among them, together with the exercise in composition afforded by the transcribing of what has been written, can not fail to commend the art to all who are interested in education, and in the development of the powers of the human mind. Even where the student of shorthand has been unable to acquire sufficient manual dexterity to follow a speaker *verbatim*, the practice of reporting will still be beneficial; since increased attention to the sense will be required, in order that, when abridging a report, nothing material may be omitted. A habit is thus cultivated of separating mere verbiage from the solid material, winnowing the chaff from the wheat; and though this is not the particular benefit on account of which the cultivation of shorthand is recommended in this article, it is one whose importance ought not to be overlooked in regarding reporting as a mental exercise.

RICHARD BAXTER.

RICHARD BAXTER was born at Rowton, Shropshire, England, November 12, 1615, and was the son of poor but respectable parents. His education was but scanty; he was obliged to content himself with a course of private study, in the midst of which he was induced to try his fortune at court. This was remarkable, as he was by nature habitually serious. A month at court sufficed to convince him that he was out of his element; and a protracted illness served to deepen the earnestness of his religious convictions. At the age of twenty-three he was ordained, and shortly af-

terward became an assistant to a clergyman at Bridgenorth, where he resided two years. In 1640 he became parish clergyman of Kidderminster, where he established his reputation as one of the most remarkable preachers of the time, and succeeded in improving the social manners of the townspeople. On the breaking out of the civil war in England, his position was somewhat peculiar. Sincerely attached to monarchy, his religious sympathies were almost wholly with the Puritans, and though a Presbyterian in principle, he was far from admitting the unlawfulness of Episcopacy. These views, which, some time before the Restoration, became extremely popular, were now too liberal for the general taste, and the open respect shown by Baxter to some leading Puritans exposed him to some danger from the mob. He accordingly retired to Coventry, but returned to Kidderminster after a few years. During this period he published his "Saints' Rest," and "Call to the Unconverted," which greatly extended his fame. Baxter would never acknowledge the protectorate of Cromwell, but denounced him as a usurper. On the return of Charles to the throne of England he was appointed one of his chaplains, and he attempted to reconcile, but unsuccessfully, the contending church factions. In 1663, Baxter was driven out of the established church, and retired to Acton, in Middlesex, where he occupied himself for nearly nine years in the composition of some of his numerous works. In 1672 he was permitted to return to London, where he again preached and wrote. In 1685 he was condemned by Judge Jeffries to pay a fine of 500 marks, for alleged sedition in his "Paraphrase of the New Testament." Being unable to pay it he was imprisoned. After a confinement of eighteen months he was released and pardoned. He lived after this to see better times, and died on the 8th of December, 1692, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

Baxter is said to have preached more sermons, engaged in more controversies, and written more books than any other Nonconformist of his age. The total number of his publications exceeded 160; of these, the most popular and celebrated are his "Saints' Rest," "Call to the Unconverted," and "Dying Thoughts"—20,000 copies of which were sold in a twelvemonth, and were translated into all European languages.

Baxter's peculiar doctrines were: 1st, That though Christ died in a special sense for the elect, yet he died in a general sense for all; 2d, The rejection of the dogma of reprobation; 3d, That it is possible even for saints to fall away from saving grace.

Baxter's life was a remarkable one, and his biography is historically valuable.

Our portrait is taken from an authentic source, but is not so satisfactory in all respects as we would have it. There is an expression of meekness and resignation combined with firmness in the face. The positive Roman nose, prominent cheek-bones, and large chin indicate the man of courage, action, and physical

power. The uncomely hood or cap is anything but a pleasing addition to the face, and tends rather to deepen the shade of melancholy that lingers in the expression.

The large eyes, which appear full of emotion and tenderness, indicate the word-power which so distinguished his sermons, and which is still so eloquent in his writings. The face is full of earnestness, and of that precise character which stamped the Nonconformist of the seventeenth century.

FRIEND DAVID'S NEW SIGN.

FRIEND DAVID—now five years in his grave—was a man well known to fame, and yet he did not belong to what is called a high position. He did not own a foot of ground in the world, excepting a small lot in the village graveyard, and he lived in a small house, and in a small way, spending little or nothing—for he had little to spend—on the luxuries of life. Plain clothes and plain fare were all that the calling of a blacksmith gave him, but he was not conscious of wanting anything more.

"If I were rich," he often said, "it would trouble me sorely to take care of my riches, and I am sure I should, like all men, learn to love them so well, that it would trouble me sorely to lose them. And it is quite probable I would lose them, for they, as well as the angels, have wings, and have often been known to fly away. I am a blacksmith, and am willing to remain a blacksmith until the Lord calls me hence and sets me up in other business."

David Hall, or "Friend David," as every one called him, was remarkable for his contentment and humility—particularly for his humility—and yet he prayed for help to conquer what he called "his besetting sin, *pride*," for he belonged to the bland, peaceful, loving sect called Quakers, or Friends, and it pained him to know that it was to him a cause for pride, although it took no form that men could call pride.

Good "Friend David" was noted not only for his contentment and humility, but for another virtue, which was both a virtue and a talent. With a heart full of love, and a mind well skilled in selecting and using appropriate means for every good end, he became known as a man able to settle all quarrels. Often, while at work at his calling, he devised ways to turn enemies into friends. If he had been any other man than bland, sweet-tongued "Friend David," he might have been thought meddlesome or officious, and been told to mind his own business; but no one had the heart to think evil of him, or speak rudely to him, and so he was allowed to go undisturbed on his way, not only as a blacksmith, but a peacemaker.

Now it happened one time that "Friend David" had a heavy burden on his heart, for Robert Gordon and Richard Newman—old settlers in the village—would neither go to the same church, nor speak to each other, and their enmity touched his heart. After long thought

on the subject, he concluded to follow the promptings of his heart and the simple dictates of his conscience, and do what he could to turn their hearts. So he sent, one day, to Robert Gordon, a request that he would "come round and see him in the evening, as he had something very important to tell him," and at the same time he sent a similar message to Richard Newman.

During the day, he said to his wife, "Mary, I want thee to make a pan of thy very best doughnuts to-day, and I want thee to be sure to put raisins in them. And I want thee to have our Tommy crack up a large dish full of walnuts; there is no one can do it like him, for he brings out the meats whole, and never once pounds his finger."

"Why, what does thee mean to do with all the doughnuts and walnuts?" asked Mary.

"I want them to make merry over to-night, and there are no three things that go so well together as doughnuts, and walnuts, and cider, and I must have them all."

Mary rose at once to go and do as her David had requested, for the "stove was hot," but he said, "Wait a minute, Mary, I have not told thee all my request yet. Now thee must not be offended when I ask thee to take our Tommy and Susy to-night, and go and spend the evening with grandfather and grandmother. The children will like it well, and I will like it well to have you all gone, for Robert Gordon and Richard Newman are to be here."

"Robert Gordon and Richard Newman!" exclaimed Mary. "Why, David, thee can not be in thy right mind. I am more than glad to give thee the doughnuts, and walnuts, and cider, but thee must not have Richard Gordon and Robert Newman here together, or thee will have to witness a sad quarrel."

"No, Mary, I will be a peacemaker, and when I have told them what is on my heart, we will eat doughnuts and walnuts and drink sweet cider together, and the strife of ten years will all be forgotten."

"Very well; I am willing thee should make a trial, but I should not like to be in the shoes," replied Mary, with an incredulous smile, as she once more started for the kitchen.

The doughnuts that were made that day, by the hand of Mary, were rich and sweet, but the heart of "Friend David" was richer and sweeter.

After tea, good Mary "cleared away thy dishes," and prepared herself and Tommy and Susy to "go round to grandmother's."

Susy danced and clapped her hands, for it was the first time she had ever been out at night, and mother Mary found it difficult to make herself heard as she said, "Good success to thee, David. No one but thee would think of doing such business, and thee must not be disappointed if nothing comes of it."

"It will not come to naught, for God smiles on every good thing," replied David, as Mary closed the door and walked away with Tommy and Susy.

It was bright starlight when Robert Gordon

"came round" to see what important communication "Friend David" had for him, and he had hardly taken his seat before Richard Newman made his appearance. The two enemies, although they hated each other as cordially as ever, were ashamed not to exchange bows and a "good-evening." But the greeting was very cold, and it was evident that they were much annoyed by their accidental (for accidental they thought it) meeting.

"Friend David," however, possessed his soul in serenity, and was in no wise abashed.

"You must not be displeased with me, friend Gordon and friend Newman," he said, "if I let you know that I sent for you that I might tell you what a heavy burden I have on my heart because you have no love for each other, and because I know there is nothing but love that will serve us any good purpose in the other world. I have been reading the good book to-day, and it tells me that 'we spend our years as a tale that is told;' and as the time is so short below, and so long above, and as those who hate here can never love there, I want you both to forget the past, and be reconciled. It was a little thing made you enemies, and now, good friends, let a little thing, even this effort of a plain, humble man like me, make you friends."

"Well, Friend David," replied Richard Newman, "you needn't use any more breath on us, and we'll use what you've already spent, and shake hands. It isn't worth while for men, who are on their way to the same eternity, not to be on speaking terms, or to walk on opposite sides of the street when they can just as well as not walk on the same side."

"That's a fact," groaned out Robert Gordon, in a deep bass tone, "and we had better 'kiss and be friends,' as children say. And the next thing we had better do is to let all the villagers know that our feud is ended."

"I say Amen to that," responded Richard Newman.

"And I say Amen to what you've both said!" exclaimed Friend David; "and now let by-gones be by-gones, for the less said about disagreeable things the better. Mary has gone out with Tommy and Susy, to spend the evening, but she's left a pan of most remarkable doughnuts—a raisin in the middle of every one—for us to dispose of, and I think that, with the help of some walnuts and sweet cider, we can worry them down."

No one could have witnessed the scene that gladdened the heart of Friend David that night without being convinced of the power of a peace-loving man; and when Mary returned and heard that all was well between Robert Gordon and Richard Newman, she looked at David with astonished eyes, and said:

"Ah! David, when I was making the doughnuts, I thought what a strange notion thee had got into thy head, but I'll always believe in thee after this."

Not long afterward Friend David happened to open his front door very early in the morn-

ing, before the village people were astir, and discovered, to his surprise, that he had a new sign. On a shingle that had been fastened to the door, these words, in large letters, had been printed:

"Peace made here, to order, by Friend David."

Suspicion was at once fastened upon a noted wag in the village, but he refused to throw any light on the subject, affirming that no one had any right to suspect him of doing what any one else in the village might have done as well as he, for it was known from one end of the town to the other that Friend David had turned two sworn enemies into sworn friends.

"Indeed," added the wag, while the corners of his mouth twitched, "who knows that Robert Gordon and Richard Newman didn't do it themselves!"

"I believe thee did it, for I read the truth in thy face," said David, "but thee need fear nothing from me. I ask for no greater honor than to be numbered with peacemakers."

"I'm sure you've never had a sign that could compare with this new sign," remarked Richard Newman, who happened to be standing by, "and it's a pity to take it down, for 'blessed are the peacemakers.'"

[This little history illustrates how easily evil may be overcome with good. "Holding a grudge" against another is little else than self-punishment. True Christianity requires us to forgive our enemies. If we would be happy, we must be at peace.]

CHARLES KEAN.

THE portrait of this eminent English actor is a copy of a photograph from life, and though it appears younger than he did when last on the stage, it is regarded as a fair likeness. The head appears to be pretty well balanced. He was not so eccentric as Edmund Kean, his father. He had not so sharp and angular a nature, but was more genial



PORTRAIT OF CHARLES KEAN, THE ENGLISH ACTOR.

and symmetrical in organization. The portrait indicates a man of vigor, executiveness, breadth of imagination, force of character, ambition, talent for education, and capacity for business. His Ideality and Sublimity were amply developed, giving a sense of beauty and grandeur, while his Constructiveness being also large, gave him powers of combination and arrangement, and ability to comprehend complications and the interplay of subject and character. Human Nature, indicated by that elevation and prominence in the center of the forehead just where the hair joins it, gave him excellent insight of character, and the ability to appreciate motive and disposition, and to personate, a trait required by an actor as well as by successful public speakers and business men. He has all the signs

of social affection. His top-head is not deficient, though he would be known more for talent and force, for skill and genius, than for spirituality and religious characteristics. On the whole, he was organized on a more elevated plane than most play-actors; but he was simply an actor. The question with earnest men will be, How much better is the world in *any* respect for his having lived in it?

He was born at Waterford, Ireland, Jan. 18, 1811. Two years after, his father removed to London, and then set out on his career as an actor. Charles was sent to Eton, and was there a schoolmate of Gladstone. His father's means, however, were insufficient to maintain him long at school; and his parents having separated, Charles left Eton and went upon the stage, for the purpose of supporting his mother and himself.

In the outset of his dramatic career he did not exhibit much abil-

ity, and we may say that the position which he attained subsequently was owing to assiduous study and persevering effort.

In 1830 he came to this country and remained here about two years, during which time he reaped the results of a very successful stage career. In 1839 he made a second visit to America, and in 1842, after his return to England, he married Miss Ellen Tree, an actress of some reputation in comedy. A third visit to this country was made by Mr. Kean in company with his wife in 1842. This visit was lengthy, being nearly five years in duration. In 1850, he became the lessee of the Princess's Theater, in London, when he inaugurated a series of Shaksperian representations, with the view to elevate the standard of the English stage. Eleven years after, Mr. Kean retired from the management of that theater under the happiest auspices for a gentleman of the buskin. A banquet was given him by some of the most eminent persons in England, and a quantity of silver plate, valued at upward of ten thousand dollars, was presented to him. This ex-

pression of the public sentiment is indicative of the moral rank which he had attained in a position surrounded by so many demoralizing influences.

In 1863, Mr. and Mrs. Kean left England for a professional tour around the world. In the course of their travels they visited Australia, California, Cuba, the Atlantic seaboard in the United States, and Canada. His last appearance in this country was made at the Academy of Music, April 16, 1866. On this occasion he confirmed all the previous impressions which he had made on the public mind, by the superb character of his impersonation. His death occurred on the 23d of January, and was occasioned by that fatal derangement of the vital organism known as aneurism of the heart. He leaves a widow and one daughter.

SPRING FASHIONS.

BY MME. DEMOREST.

[A REGARD for the wishes of our lady readers induces us to "post them up" on the latest styles. We get our information from the American headquarters. We leave it for others to give the pictures, contenting ourselves with a plain and racy description. We still have the plan of a prize essay in view, and hope ere long to submit something more sensible in the way of ladies' dresses than has hitherto appeared. But here we give the present styles, written for the A. P. J.]

There is little room now for the tirades against fashion that used to be so frequent. Styles for indoor and outdoor wear have become so sensible, and, withal, so picturesque and graceful, that, for a wonder, nearly everybody is satisfied. Even professional snarlers can find little of which to disapprove.

The short dress for out-door wear belongs especially to this age, and is worthy of its practical spirit of improvement. We are glad to say that it is still in vogue, and it rests with American women to render it perpetual. It is so useful, relieves women from such a burden of skirts, and makes the exercise necessary to health so easy in all sorts of weather, that its long life is exceedingly desirable.

There are innumerable varieties of the short dress; but there are two special styles, of which all others are but modifications. These are technically called "suits" and "costumes." Suits are made in one color and material; costumes in two colors, and often of two materials.

Costumes are more dressy than suits, and are best adapted to young girls or stylish young married ladies.

The most distinguished suits are made in black, blue, or in Bismarck. The most elegant costumes in black and violet, black and green, or black and Bismarck.

Very handsome costumes are made this season of the long paletot, tied in at the back with a wide sash, and a short skirt, finished round the bottom with three narrow frills. An old black silk dress can be remodeled in this way; the frills taken from the skirt, which is cut short and gored, and only the paletot made of new silk. An old colored silk dress may be utilized in the same way, and worn with the black silk cloak, thus making, at trifling expense, both suit and costume.

Neat gray suits are made with a pelerine cape, the long rounded ends passed under the belt in front, or carried round to the back and knotted, so as to form sash ends. This style will be suitable as spring advances, and is particularly adapted to thin summer tissues.

Indoor dresses are still cut gored, though not as much so as during the past seasons. The trains of toilets of ceremony are enormous, in many instances two yards long, and the trimming is therefore principally confined to the front of the skirt. A recent novelty is a square train arranged as a *manteau de la cour*. It need hardly be said that these long trains require peculiar tact to render them graceful or becoming. A moderate length

is better suited to the generality of ladies, and especially to ordinary occasions.

Bonnets are small, but no longer flat to the head—they are raised in a sort of diadem in front, or form a succession of raised puffs, with a trimming or ornamental veil at the back.

Pique, one of the most useful and durable of materials, will be very much worn for morning and children's dresses. It goes so nicely, and trims so effectively with *soutache*, or any of the flat washing braids in vogue, that it retains a perennial freshness and popularity.

The new designs are particularly in sleeves, the "Lamballe" and *Marie Antoniette* reaching to the elbow in capes, of which the *Marie Antoniette* is the most fashionable, and in *paletots*, of which the *Polonaise*, or "Redingote," is the newest and most admired. There are many others, but these are prominent among the spring styles.

INTEMPERANCE IN THE SOUTH.

KENANSVILLE, N. C.

DEAR JOURNAL: In an article on page 17, of your January number, indorsing a very erroneous statement of the Sandusky *Register*, you declare yourself on the side of "God and humanity."

Now as the inscription on the banner of those who are "in for the fight" for God and humanity must be TRUTH, from the very nature of the warfare, will you permit a constant reader of the AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL to suggest a reconsideration of the sweeping and, as he thinks, unfair charge against the South. Your correspondent has lived nearly half a century in New Hampshire, Vermont, Canada, Virginia, and North and South Carolina, and he sincerely believes the people of the South to be far less addicted to intemperance than the inhabitants of the Northern States and British America.

Undoubtedly "whisky and tobacco" are "twin curses," blasting and blighting the fairest prospects of individuals and communities, and every lover of his race must bid all suitable efforts to disenthrall his fellow-man from their deadly influence, "God speed," yet the good work will be hindered by misrepresentation, however unintentional.

The Sandusky editor must have been peculiarly unfortunate in his field of observation. Certainly he did not gather the information on which to speak so positively and unreservedly, from acquaintance with the Atlantic Southern States. During a recent visit to Wilmington, N. C., although at the festive season of Christmas, the writer saw nothing of the treating or drinking with which the entire South is so unjustly charged. It may be thought that the stringent military orders of the commanding generals will account for this freedom from "the constant and all-pervading use of the infernal fire-water," but liquor, like love, laughs at locksmen. The truth is, the people of the South, taken as a whole, are at least as temperate as those of the North. Owing to their excitable temperament, the actions of Southerners under the influence of liquor may be more rash and violent, and in their hospitality they may more freely offer such beverages as they think their guests will relish, but that they are, as a people, so degraded by drunkenness and so depraved morally, as the *Register* and *JOURNAL* represent them, is simply a grave mistake.

TRUTH AND CANDOR.

[Our statements were strong, it must be admitted; but as they were founded on the quotation taken from the *Register*, we deemed them fully warranted. We believed that the Sandusky editor was honest in his convictions, and that his remarks were the result of personal observation. If we have been misled as regards the facts, we regret our repetition of them; but as regards our appeal to the southern portion of our country, for the sake of temperance and true morality we would make such an appeal to any community North or South, if we hoped that some good results would flow from it. Our North Carolina friend does not seem to be familiar with the whole South—he resides in one of the fairer sections. We are willing to take his word for the social condition of the Atlantic Southern States, and if the state of society elsewhere is better than the dark picture drawn by our Sandusky cotemporary, we would rejoice to know it.

In our February number we published an article on the "Poor Whites of the South," from the pen of a gentleman of extended acquaintance with, and careful observation of, Southern society. Surely his description was dark enough. He treated of one class—the lowest—but a large class, and thoroughly diffused through the Southern States. As regards the higher grades of society in the South, we are ready to believe that they are on an even footing with the Northern upper classes. We would have no objection to the former being more temperate and high-toned than the latter, were it so.]

LADIES, ATTENTION!

IN the October number of the AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL we made some allusion to American inventive enterprise in almost every department of art excepting that of fashioning ladies' costumes. We spoke of the expediency of offering a prize for some useful and proper method by which garments might be made to combine the essentials of grace and healthfulness. Unexpectedly, we have received a letter from a lady residing in Syracuse, who presents for our consideration a new plan for cutting and fitting dresses, basques, riding-habits, and other garments. It is called "Madame Thomson's Parisian Mode." Why not "American Mode?" If it was invented and perfected here, as is claimed. It is said to be easily learned from the printed instructions which accompany the diagrams, and is perfectly practical, simple, and reliable. As a device for fitting waists, it is claimed to form a graceful and easy fit, and that in only three pieces.

If all that is claimed for it is warranted by facts (and we certainly have no reason to think otherwise), the Method is indeed "every family's friend," and need only be made public to be sought and applied by all who would dress economically, sensibly, and tastefully. The price of one copy of the Method is \$2.

NEW PREMIUMS.

WE offer the following to all who may feel an interest in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL:

For 350 new subscribers, at \$3 each, we will give a Steinway or Weber Rosewood Piano, worth \$650.

For 100 subscribers, at \$3 each, we will give a Horace Waters five Octave Parlor Organ, worth \$170.

For 60 subscribers, at \$3 each, a Horace Waters five Octave Melodeon, worth \$100.

For 40 subscribers, at \$3 each, a Florence Sewing Machine, worth \$65.

For 30 subscribers, at \$3 each, a Weed Sewing Machine, new style, worth \$60.

For 25 subscribers, at \$3 each, a Wheeler & Wilson's Family Sewing Machine, worth \$55.

For 15 subscribers, at \$3 each, the Riverside Edition of Irving's "Belles Lettres Works," comprising "Knickerbocker," "Tales of a Traveler," "Wolfert's Roost," "Crayon Miscellany," "Bracebridge Hall," "Alhambra," "Oliver Goldsmith," "Sketch Book," elegantly bound, worth \$16.

For 12 subscribers, at \$3 each, a handsome Rosewood Writing Case furnished with materials, worth \$12.

For 10 subscribers, at \$3 each, a Clothes Wringer, the Universal, worth \$10.

For 7 subscribers, at \$3 each, a handsomely finished Stereoscope, a beautiful and useful article for home amusement, with 12 views, worth \$6.

Those persons desiring our own publications instead of the premiums offered, can select from our catalogue books amounting to the value of the premium for which they would have such books substituted.

Or for premiums of or under the value of \$12 we will send such book or books as may be selected from any New York publisher's catalogue, the regular price of which is that of the premium rate.

All subscriptions which have reference to premiums must commence with the January number.

UGLY MUG AND HER MAGICAL GLASS.

I.

GRANDMOTHER Grigg was a jolly old dame,
As merry as ever a grig of her name;
Her little eyes sparkled from under her cap,
And she bit off the ends of her words with a snap.
Her nose was on intimate terms with her chin,
And the things she loved most were to chatter and spin.
When she gathered her grandchildren close by her knees,
Her wheel and her tongue both were busy as bees;
The flax she used up was a sight to behold,
But more wonderful still were the stories she told.

II.

One night—'twas the night before Christmas—there came
A clamorous crowd to this jolly old dame,
Who begged her—before they were packed off to bed—
To tell them a story "all out of her head;"
Not one of the tales from her regular store,
But a story, they said, they had ne'er heard before.
"Ho! ho! something new, eh?" quoth Grandmother Grigg.
"Very well, chits! sit down, till my spindle I rig,
And I'll tell you the queer things that once came to pass
Between Miss Ugly Mug and her wonderful glass."



III.

"Ugly Mug! What a name!" all the little ones cried.
"Twas a nickname, my dears!" the old grandam replied.
"This miss, when asleep, was quite pretty to see,
But awake, she was ugly as ugly could be;
And this just because miss was subject to fits
Of the sullen, and pouts, and wry faces, my chits.
These so altered her pleasant expression, that folk
Called her Miss Ugly Mug, just by way of a joke;
And, I think, had you seen her in one of her 'queers,'
You'd have found it a very apt nickname, my dears."

IV.

"Now it happened one day—'twas the last of the year—
A strange-looking peddler the window drew near,
And saw through the pane such a face that, good lack!
He jumped, and came very near dropping his pack;
But the very next moment, he tapped at the door,
And asked madam's leave to exhibit his store.
He spread out his wares on the floor of the hall,
And said he was sure he could pleasure them all.
He could fit both the maids and the mistress, he knew,
And something would suit little Pretty Face, too."

V.

"Ugly Mug, at this flattery, smirked with delight,
And her eyes grew as large as pin-crowns in the night.
The peddler, with more provokingly slow,
Took forth a small glass, worth a sixpence or so,
And holding it up: 'Now, my sweet little friend,
If you mind my directions, you'll find in the end

'Tis a magical mirror, and dog-cheap, if sold—'
Quoth this queer-looking chap—'for its weight in pure gold.'
And when, in a twelvemonth from this, I come back,
You won't trade your mirror for all in my pack."



VI.

"You'll not think me rude now, my sweet little miss,
When I tell you your image, reflected in this,
Will grow, day by day, still more charming and clear,
If you gaze on it faithfully all the new year
In the way I direct, thus: Whene'er it appears
You have cause to inflame those soft eyelids with tears;
Whene'er by a frown you shall wrinkle that brow,
Or pout those red lips, as you're doing just now;
Whene'er to be sullen or sad you incline,
Just take a long look in this mirror of mine,
And I'll forfeit my pack, at the end of the year,
If your image don't prove you a beauty, my dear!"

VII.

Then the peddler, he shouldered his pack and went out,
And Ugly Mug looked in the glass, with a pout,
Till the image she saw seemed so funny and strange
That she laughed—and behold! what a magical change!
The cross-looking face in an instant was gone,
And a gay little visage smiled into her own—
The visage of such a bright-eyed little elf,
That Ugly Mug felt quite ashamed of herself.
So she vowed she would do as the peddler had said,
And she carried the glass, quite delighted, to bed.



VIII.

"Well," said Grandmother Grigg, "when the twelve-
month was at hand for the old year to die,

The odd-looking peddler came trudging again
By Ugly Mug's window, and glanced at the pane;
But no Ugly Mug did the peddler behold,
But a very sweet face set in ringlets of gold;
And up flew the sash, and a silvery voice
Cried, 'Come in, sir peddler, and show me the choice
Of all in your pack, for the glass that you sold
Is cheap at its weight in the purest of gold.'

IX.

"So the peddler came in, and 'I knew it!' cried he,
'You're as pretty, my dear, now, as pretty can be!
And the face that I saw, when I called here before,
Will never be seen in this glass any more!
Then he sold her a doll with magnificent curls,
And a dress of rich silk, and a necklace of pearls,
And he said he had hoped she this doll would prefer,
And so he had kept it on purpose for her.
But the glass, as no longer of use, he took back,
'It was handy,' he said, 'for to have in his pack.'

FINAL.

"Now," said Grandmother Grigg, "it is bed-time, you
know,
And I've only one word more to say ere you go.
There's a magical glass that can always be had,
To show little folks how they look when they're bad;



And when any of you, dears, feel willing to try,
Of Grandmother Grigg such a glass you may buy;
All the payment she asks, is a kiss and a hug,
And the promise to use it like Miss Ugly Mug!"

C. D. GARDETTE.

[The above amusing, but at the same time instructive,
poem for our young readers is taken from *Our Schoolday
Visitor*, a magazine for young people, published by
Messrs. J. W. Daughaday & Co., of Philadelphia.]

This periodical deserves a prominent place in the juvenile literature of America. In the quantity and quality of its monthly installment of *bonbons* it is not surpassed by any other periodical of the same nature and similar subscription terms. On its roll of contributors we find many names which have been long familiar to the youth of our land, and whose attractive stories and sketches have found appreciative readers of all ages. Among these contributors are George S. Burleigh, Jacob Abbott, Rev. Alexander Clark, and Alice Carey, of whom we need only make mention. The design of the publishers of this magazine evidently is the production of a monthly perfectly adapted to juvenile tastes and desires. The language is simple, the illustrations vivid, and the subjects generally are those which come within the notice of children and excite their interest. The cat, the dog, school scenes, vacation sports, dolls, babies, etc., are variously and humorously illustrated, while at the same time points of morality are brought out strongly and urged home. We find much pleasure ourselves in a rapid glance through the magazine whenever it comes under our eyes. Subscription, \$1 25 per annum.]

Literary Notices.

[All works noticed in THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.]

THE SOUTHERN JOURNAL OF EDUCATION. Devoted to the Educational and Literary Interests of the South and West. A monthly quarto of sixteen pages, published at \$1 a year, by John T. Hearn, Shelbyville, Ky.

Why "Southern" education? Why not National or American? Or, if it must have a local designation, call it The Kentucky Journal of Education. Considering the sectional feeling hitherto so rampant, we would do nothing to perpetuate it, but all things to allay it or abolish it. We want no arbitrary lines drawn to separate one section from the other. In future, our manners, customs, and interests are to be one and the same. State rights and sectional interests are to be merged into the Union. It is not a kingdom nor an empire. It is a NATION. And our education, literature, commerce are to be AMERICAN.

The editor says: "Appreciating the necessity that has long existed for a periodical devoted to educational matters in the section where all our interests are, we, fully conscious of the responsibility assumed, enter hopefully upon our self-imposed task. The distinctive features of the Journal are set forth in the prospectus published elsewhere. To its statements we have only to add that without prejudice, without sectarian or partisan bias, we hope to so discharge our duty as to meet the approbation of every earnest worker in the great cause of education throughout the South and West. [Why not say throughout the Union?] We know that failure has been the common lot of those who have essayed the enterprise which we now propose, but we have the temerity to presume upon gaining wisdom from the experience of our predecessors."

Whatever may be the political proclivities of this new candidate, it must concentrate upon itself the best minds of educators in the regions where it circulates, and will inevitably do a most useful and necessary work. We therefore wish it the best success.

OLIVER TWIST. By Charles Dickens. With twelve original illustrations, from designs by George Cruikshank. Price, \$1.50 in cloth.

This edition of "Oliver Twist" is the tenth volume of an entire new edition of Charles Dickens' Works, now in course of publication by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, which is called "The People's Edition, Illustrated." Each volume is printed on the finest white paper, from large, clear type that all can read. It is one of the best and cheapest editions of Charles Dickens' Works published in the world.

THE LIVING PULPIT OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. A Series of Discourses, doctrinal and practical, from representative men among the disciples of Christ; with a brief biographical sketch and steel portrait of each contributor. Arranged and edited by W. T. Moore. One large octavo volume of 590 pages, with twenty-eight portraits. Published by R. W. Carroll and Co., Cincinnati. Price, \$5. Sold only by subscription.

The publishers express a just pride in the artistic excellence of this splendid production. The type is of the old style, new and clear; the paper fine and of rich tone; the printing and binding every way creditable. Some acquaintance with the editor, and a cursory perusal of the book,

warrant us in pronouncing it every way worthy of the most liberal patronage, which it is sure to receive. It is proposed to continue the series until it shall include all the leading preachers of the Christian Church now living, and thus will furnish in itself, when completed, a library of choice religious literature, including specimen sermons on all the various subjects generally discussed. Among the topics in the present volume are the following: The Good Confession; Jesus of Nazareth is the Theanthropos; Atonement; Jesus, the First and the Last; Reconciliation; Christ's Precious Invitation; What Must I Do to be Saved? The Conditions of the Gospel Reasonable; Regeneration; Christ's Conversation with Nicodemus; Baptism Essential to Salvation; The Ministry of the Holy Spirit; The Witness of the Spirit; The Church, its Identity; Building on the One Foundation; The Safety and Security of the Christian; The Priesthood of Christ; The History of the Redemption Reproduced in the Redeemed; Death and Life; The Love of God; Glorifying in the Cross only; The Law of Progressive Development; Conscience and Christianity; The Mission of the Church of Christ; Faith and Sight; Retribution; The Judgment to Come.

ORATORY—SACRED AND SECULAR: or, The Extemporaneous Speaker. With Sketches of the most Eminent Speakers of all Ages. By William Pittenger, author of "Daring and Suffering." Introduction by Hon. John A. Bingham, and Appendix, containing a Chairman's Guide for Conducting Public Meetings According to the best Parliamentary Models. 1 vol., large 12mo, pp. 320. Tinted paper, beveled boards. Price, \$1.50. New York: Samuel R. Wells, publisher.

Instead of an elaborate description of this new work, we give in brief the table of contents. Objects of the Work stated. Introduction, by Hon. John A. Bingham, Member of Congress.

PART I.—The Written and Extempore Discourse Compared—Illustrative Examples. Prerequisites—Intellectual Competency; Strength of Body; Command of Language; Courage; Firmness; Self-Reliance. Basis of Speech—Thought and Emotion; Heart Cultivation; Earnestness. Acquirements—General Knowledge; of Bible; of Theology; of Men; Method by which such Knowledge may be obtained. Cultivation—Imagination; Language; Voice; Gesture, how acquired; Distinguished Orators and Writers.

PART II.—A Sermon. The Foundation for a Preacher—Subject; Object; Text; Hints to Young Preachers. The Plan—Gathering Thought; Arranging; Committing; Practical Suggestions; Use of Notes. Preliminaries for Preaching—Fear; Vigor; Opening Exercises; Requisites for a Successful Discourse. The Divisions—Introduction, Difficulties in Opening; Discussion, Simplicity, and Directness. After-Considerations—Success; Rest; Improvement; Practical Suggestions.

PART III.—Secular Oratory. Instructive Address—Fields of Oratory; Oral Teaching; Lecturing. Miscellaneous Address—Deliberative; Legal; Popular; Controversial; the Statesman; the Lawyer; the Lecturer; the Orator.

PART IV.—Eminent Speakers Described—St. Augustine; Luther; Lord Chatham; William Pitt; Edmund Burke; Mirabeau; Patrick Henry; Whitefield; Wesley; Sidney Smith; F. W. Robertson; Clay; Bascom; Sumner; Spurgeon; Beecher; Anna E. Dickinson; John A. Bingham; W. E. Gladstone; Matthew Simpson; Wendell Phillips; John P. Durbin; Newman Hall, and others.

APPENDIX.—The Chairman's Guide. How to Organize and Conduct Public Meetings and Debating Clubs, in a parliamentary manner. Sent by return post.

SEXOLOGY AS THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE; Implying Social Organization and Government. By Mrs. Elizabeth Osgood Goodrich Willard. Chicago: G. R. Walsh. 8vo, pp. 483. Price \$2.25.

The dissatisfaction which is felt by most intelligent thinkers at the present day with the traditional theories of life and the universe, is strikingly manifested in this remarkable volume, without the slightest tendency to the skepticism which is content to remain in barren negations. After a critical sifting of prevailing speculative systems, the author appears as the champion of a positive faith, which she is persuaded will add new triumphs to thought, and lay the foundation for a higher order of society. In the prosecution of her argument she takes no counsel of the past, pays no deference to the authority of great names, is never blinded by the prestige of popular opinion, but follows out the clue which she professes to have obtained to the mysteries of the universe, with singular consistency and courage. At the same time, she exhibits no love of audacious innovation; none of the vehemence of party spirit; her tone is uniformly reverent and gentle; but she writes with undoubting strength of conviction, and the confidence of a feminine nature, that she is authorized to announce a new development of truth.

The philosophy of which Mrs. Willard assumes to be the discoverer, is founded on universal laws. Its peculiar feature is the prevalence of the masculine and feminine elements throughout the domain of nature. The principle of sex controls both the solar and the human systems, which correspond with each other, and with the laws of social organization and government. The harmony of society depends on the elevation of woman to her natural rank and influence, as illustrated in the motions of the heavenly bodies and the general order of the universe.

The laws of our nature are identical with the laws of the spheres. The ultimate causality in each of these orders of phenomena is the all-prevailing soul, which exists by its own eternal necessity, and is revealed in the manifold forms of life. Soul must be governed by the same laws that control matter, or it could not become organized in connection with matter. We can accordingly judge of the nature of soul by its analogy with the material elements. Still, we are not to regard soul as the product of any refinement of matter. It was never made or produced at all. It is forever the same unchangeable, incorruptible element, while matter proceeds from the laws of motion in the organization of the universe. Matter is the result of action—is subject to perpetual changes; its present state is not its primitive state, and hence it can not be eternal. Its elements are eternal, but not its changeable material forms.

But as all the elements of nature move by inherent mathematical law, every law of motion is universal and unchangeable. The conditions of sex are as deep as existence itself. In the development of life, soul is the mother, and law the father of nature. Nature is a birth as well as humanity. Birth implies parentage. Soul and law are thus the bride and bridegroom of the universe? The essential attribute of the soul is power, the essential attribute of law is principle. Matter has no sex. It is neuter in all forms of organized life, since it is the passive servant of the law of motion in the soul. In the primal condition of the elements matter does not exist, but is made or produced in the processes of motion. Matter is to the soul and law what clay is to the potter. Everywhere in

nature is the masculine, feminine, and neuter.

The theory, of which we have thus given little more than the merest hints, is elaborated by the author with great fullness of detail, and skillfully applied to the explanation of the origin of the material universe and of humanity. A large portion of her work, and one which will interest a majority of readers more than her ingenious speculations, is devoted to the practical application of her views to the improvement of the political and social institutions of the world. The masculine law of physical and mental labor gives to man the right of supremacy and control in this orbit of life. His right is derived from his strength and ability in the field of labor. The central power of woman in the maternal office gives her the power of control over herself and her offspring, and also the right of control over man in the sexual relation. As a consequence, she has the right of control in the central relations of society and government. In the solar and human systems the feminine law is the controlling power. The same law must be recognized in all the relations of life before we can possess a guarantee of order and harmony. In the present condition of society there is no balance of power between man and woman. By his power of control with the sword and in the field of labor, man has usurped all the natural rights of the mother. He has taken possession of her person, her children, her property, and earnings, as well as of the earth beneath her feet. He maintains his usurpations by the power of the purse. The remedy for these evils is to be found in the readjustment of the social relations, giving a feminine as well as masculine head to the government of the state in all its branches. The feminine head should be central, directing, and controlling; the masculine, external, distributive, and executive. In the governmental orders of society woman has the power of control, because she holds the heart of the people, as the left side holds the heart of the human organism. Woman is just as necessary to the head of the governmental orders as the feminine law of reason is to the head of the human system or rotation to the solar. In the public councils she would be to man intuition, judgment, wisdom, conscience, and self-reliance, in accordance with her mental constitution.

From the brief outline which we have given of a portion of the leading ideas that are developed and illustrated in this volume, our readers will be able to form some estimate of its import and purposes. It is not probable that the views of the writer will meet with general acceptance. They are too much at war with the current systems not to challenge controversy, although they are presented in a suggestive rather than a dogmatic form. Still, they possess a curious interest as illustrative of the fermentation of thought in these days, and the original products which are often found in the foam.

THE AMERICAN ARTISAN is a first-class weekly, devoted to the interests of inventors, mechanics, manufacturers, and others. It is a high-toned journal, conducted on business principles, and aims to do good. Like its elder brother, the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, it grows larger and stronger as it grows older. It deserves the success it is sure to receive. There is a spirited but an honorable rivalry between these two weeklies; the public will support them both and be the gainer for their enterprise. We read both.

THE STRANGER IN THE TROPICS.

Being a Hand-Book for Havana and Guide-Book for Travelers in Cuba, Porto Rico, and St. Thomas; with descriptions of the principal Objects of Interest, Suggestions to Invalids, Hints for Tours, and general directions for Travelers. Illustrated. 12mo. 200 pp. Price, \$1 50. New York: American News Co.

Just the thing needed. Why has it not been done before? Every person visiting these islands needs the precise instruction given in this book, and even the islanders themselves need it. Nor are its hygienic suggestions without value to the inhabitants of the continent—Tropic, Temperate, or Arctic regions. The very capable author—well known to us—modestly withholds his name from the title. Why?

ROUTLEDGE'S ILLUSTRATED

NATURAL HISTORY OF MAN, in all Countries of the World. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.S., etc., etc. Part VIII., December. Price, 50 cents.

This elaborate and exceedingly interesting work would require a very extended notice at our hands to furnish our readers with a definite idea of its character and contents. The Kafir tribes, the Hottentots, the Bushman, the Namaquas, the Bechuana, the Damaras, the Ovambos, the Makololos, the Makobas, the Batokas, the Banyals, the Balondos, Angolese, and Wanyamuezi, all African tribes, are considered at length as to their habits, customs, costumes, intellectual capacities, and geographical position. The number of illustrations introduced into the text is very large, and of course adds much to the value of the work.

To the ethnologist, the anthropologist, the lover of natural history, the work need only be named to excite their interest. To the general public the work may be earnestly commended as affording information of a useful character, written in a very entertaining style. No gentleman's library which pretends to comprehensiveness is complete without this publication. We purpose to give some extracts from it in the course of future issues of our JOURNAL.

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF

DAVID COPPERFIELD. By Charles Dickens. With eight illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Price, \$1 50.

Another volume of the neat *Charles Dickens* Edition, and the one which has enlisted the special interest of the author's admirers, as it is generally supposed to contain passages from his own early life and his struggles in the outset of his literary career. We count David Copperfield one of the best productions of the fertile author.

GOOD STORIES. Part III.

Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Price, 50 cents.

The stories in this interesting number are not confined to English literature, but embrace translations and stories from other languages. It includes Christmas with the Baron, Stephen Yarrow, A Family Christmas in Germany, the Christmas Banquet, Three of a Trade; or, Red Little Kris Kringle, Adventures of a New Year's Eve, and several illustrations.

BRAITHWAITE'S RETROSPECT OF

Practical Medicine and Surgery. Part LVI. January. Uniform American Edition. New York: W. A. Townsend & Adams. Half yearly, per number, \$1 50; per annum, in advance, \$3 50.

This exceedingly valuable compendium of medicine and surgery is without a rival in this country. As a reporter of important cases which have received the attention of the physician or of the surgeon, it especially commands the interest of all practitioners who would keep pace with the march of scientific improvement.

WOMAN'S WRONGS; a Counter-

Irritant. By Gail Hamilton. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cloth.

This racy, cogent, and sometimes caustic New England writer directs the shafts of her satirical logic at the recent publications of a noted clergyman. She takes occasion to dissent in strong terms from his positions with reference to the social, moral, and intellectual relations of woman, and claims that he ignores some of the most important influences which tend to impair their physical and mental forces. Some pages of the book are given to a vigorous advocacy of woman's right to vote, and the pressing need of her asserting her womanhood in matters more strictly within her sphere. Miss "Gail" always writes for a purpose, and the readers of her book will deduce from it some good impressions.

THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART;

or, The Necessity of Proper Moral Culture for Human Happiness. By Hon. Schuyler Colfax. New York: Samuel R. Wells. Price, 10 cents.

This is re-printed from the *PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL*, in response to the request of some friends who deemed the essay of sufficient value to be published separately for general circulation. It will repay the reader well.

THE GOOD MAN'S LEGACY. A

Sermon by Samuel Osgood, D.D., after hearing of the death of Dr. Richard Rothe, of Heidelberg. Price 25 cents. New York: Samuel R. Wells.

This interesting discourse will commend itself to any reader if he has not heard of the cultured minister who produced it. If he is acquainted with the reputation of the author, he needs no special advice of ours to determine his purchase of the book. The title is a sufficient review of the pamphlet.

PETERSON'S CHEAP EDITION OF CHARLES DICKENS' WORKS. Of these we have lately received from the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, the following:

"David Copperfield," price 25 cents. "Hard Times," price 25 cents. "Great Expectations," price 25 cents. "No Thoroughfare." By Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins, price 10 cents.

BLEAK HOUSE.

By Charles Dickens. With twelve original illustrations, from designs by Phiz and Cruikshank. Price, \$1 50 in cloth.

LITTLE DORRIT. By Charles Dickens. With twelve original illustrations, from designs by Phiz and Cruikshank. Price, \$1 50 in cloth.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. By Charles Dickens. With illustrations by Phiz and Cruikshank. Price \$1 50 in cloth.

Three more volumes of that exceedingly cheap edition called *The People's Illustrated*, from those pushing publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. How they can make it pay we can scarcely see, unless Mr. Dickens' recent visit at Philadelphia has greatly stimulated the demands for his books.

GEMMA.

By T. A. Trollope. Price, \$2 in cloth; or, \$1 50 in paper. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This new novel relates many passages in the more private walks of Italian life. The descriptions of localized scenery, especially those of the city of Siena, Savona, and Maremma, are excellent. There is much complication, plotting, and counterplotting introduced into the narrative—a mode of treatment permitted in all novels—but in the main the book is written well, and possesses a style well adapted to please.

THE TRIBUNE ALMANAC and

Political Register for 1868. Price, 20cts. New York: The Tribune Association, Publishers.

Of all political registers, this annual is the best of its size and price. Exclude the patent medicine advertisements—of which there are several pages—and there would be nothing to disapprove; as it is, excepting this one drawback, it is the best thing of the kind.

THE GOSPEL IN THE TREES,

is the somewhat peculiar title of a new volume, by Rev. Alexander Clark, editor of "Our School-day Visitor," Philadelphia, and pastor of the First Methodist Church, Pittsburgh, now in the press of J. W. Daughaday & Co. It will contain over 300 pages, 12mo, and be very handsomely made. As soon as ready, we shall describe it more at length.

THE PRAIRIE FARMER COM-

PANY of Chicago have published a capital Annual of Agriculture and Horticulture. It contains—including useful advertisements—140 pages, and sells for 30 cents. A complete directory, arranged in alphabetical order, of all the nurserymen and fruit-growers in the United States is given; also, agricultural implement dealers, seedsmen, and stock-breeders, which must be most desirable for those interested in these subjects. Altogether, we think this a capital beginning, and commend it as worthy of a place on the table of every Western farmer.

MUSIC. Mr. C. M. Tremaine,

481 Broadway, New York, has lately published the following pieces of new music. We have examined them with much enjoyment. The Soldier's Prayer, a bass song, by John Dunbar, price 30 cents; The Smile Whose Sweetness Won Me, a ballad, 30 cents; Day by Day, words by the author of John Halifax, music by W. R. Dempster, 40 cents.

MAGAZINES.—LE PETIT

MESSAGE for February contains an assortment of finely illustrated *modes de Paris*, with paper patterns. Price, 50 cts.

DIE MODENWALT for March

is replete with matters of interest to ladies in the line of new designs and patterns for dresses, sacques, etc. Price, 30 cents.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD. A

monthly magazine of General Literature and Science, by its February number, shows itself to be in the front rank with other American periodical literature of a critical nature. It writers are eminent for culture and taste.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, of

which we have just received Number 1234, continues to furnish its readers, semi-monthly, with choice selections from the prominent foreign and domestic monthlies and weeklies.

THE REVOLUTION, is the

title of a new weekly, devoted to the new movements favoring Woman Suffrage. Eight Hours Labor, the Overthrow of Political Domogism, General Education, etc. Subscription, \$2 a year. Susan B. Anthony, proprietor and manager, New York.

THE February number of

Demorest's Monthly Magazine abounds in matters of current importance to ladies. The fashion-plates are large, numerous, and elaborate.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

though now in its 76th volume, is fresh and vigorous. The February number contains a variety of information acceptable to the social circle.

To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will try to respond in the "next number." Your "BEST THOUGHTS" solicited.

POLARIZING THE BRAIN.—

Does it make any difference in what direction the head is while one sleeps?

Ans. It is claimed by some that the head should be at the north during sleep, because there is supposed to be a magnetic current running from south to north, which, in a few years, will charge or polarize a bar of iron if placed in a north and south position. Dull heads might well sleep with heads to the north, and perhaps those who are too wide-awake and excitable should turn the other way to lower the tone of their brain. This doctrine is speculative only.

SUCCESSION OF THE YEARS.

—It is evident to our mind that but sixty-seven years of the present century have elapsed. Common parlance hath it, and correctly so, when speaking of occurrences of the past year, "in the year 1867," the signification of which is, "in the course or progress of 1867," a period of time incompleting. We speak of living in the nineteenth century, because the eighteenth is past, and it is now eighteen hundred and —, a number of years past eighteen hundred. The present century commenced January 1st, 1801.

A PERPLEXED CONSCIENCE.

—I was present when A paid B some bank notes. I saw the notes thrown on the table, and was, at the time, of the opinion that there were two of them, and so stated soon after the transaction. Two days later I had occasion to think the matter over more carefully, and, by placing other bank notes in the same position to refresh my memory, I am convinced that there were four or more of the notes. Should my having expressed the opinion that there were only two of the notes invalidate my present statement that there were four or more?

Ans. We think not. In judicial matters, the right of a witness to testify a second time with reference to the same matter unquestioned. The following illustration is in point: A witness is called to state the substance of an interview which had taken place in connection with the subject in litigation. He recites the circumstances and the character of the conversation to the best of his recollection then; a day or two afterward, it occurs to him that he omitted certain points which have a most important bearing on the case, and which he did not recall, or could not recall, in the course of his examination. His impressions are now strengthened by associated circumstances which present themselves to his mind and enable him to reason clearly on the subject; and it may be the further knowledge of which he has become thus possessed will tend to contradict or weaken the strength of his first testimony. He presents himself for a second examination, announcing that he wishes to make further statements; that, since his last deposition, he has become possessed of further information bearing on the subject of the suit. He is usually admitted to testify. Aside from this legal view, the equitable right, not to say duty, of a man to correct any statements made while entertaining, unintentionally, false views of a matter, is undisputed. We think that man who is willing to correct any erroneous statement thus made, entitled to the respect of all honest men.

ELECTRO-GALVANIC BATTERY.

—What is its use?

Ans. The medical uses of electricity, as recorded by many of the faculty, in cases of neuralgic, dyspeptic, rheumatic, and paralytic affections, are manifestly a very imperfect exhibit of what can be accomplished by the tonic effects of electrization. The *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* publishes the following, relating to the effects of the galvanic battery:

"It strengthens the organs of assimilation and very markedly affects the secretion and excretion. The appetite increases in keenness and vigor; the bowels, if constipated, become more regular, and the sleep more refreshing; as a consequence, also, there is oftentimes an increase of the muscular development. As a result of all this increased activity of the vital functions, the patient improves in capacity for endurance, and is able to use more violent and protracted exercises than before.

"It causes a temporary feeling of exhilaration, very much like that which is experienced after surf or shower bathing. Patients say that they feel at once refreshed, as though they had taken a brisk walk in the open air. This enlivenment of the sensation often lasts for hours. Sometimes, especially with nervous patients, a very agreeable drowsiness is experienced, that makes a couch or lounge very inviting. If sleep is at once indulged in on account of this, it is usually very quiet and refreshing.

TRIBES WITH NO RELIGION.

—Are any tribes of men destitute of any of the mental faculties? The Kaffirs of Africa and the Patagonians of South America are said to have no disposition to worship, or any religious feeling.

Ans. So far as we are informed, no tribe or nation of men has yet been found who did not recognize a superior intelligence, or God. Those who have made the most extended acquaintance with African tribes have, we believe, uniformly found them pagans, worshipping all sorts of idols and entertaining the most wild and extravagant superstitions. Explorers, seamen, and traders, who are not in the line of such investigations, land upon shores among savages, and without learning their language, their customs, or their institutions, may infer that they have no religion, because they do not see them congregate and go through with that which civilized men would regard as religious ceremonies. Most of these barbarous and savage tribes, unfortunately, believe in evil spirits, and they have a hundred malign spirits to one good one. But all this indicates a religious element, a blind hungering for moral truth. All men have the rudiments of all the faculties, and there is as much difference between the best and worst specimens in civilized nations as there is between a civilized and a savage nation or tribe, in respect to intellectual scope and moral appreciation.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—Some people regard the practice of the photographic art as a very unhealthy occupation. Is this so?

Ans. In the early history of photography, when daguerreotypes only were taken, and the plate must be coated with the fumes of iodine and the picture brought out by the vapor of mercury, it was a very unhealthy pursuit, because the iodine and mercury must be more or less inhaled. With the recent improvements in photography, many unhealthy processes have been obviated. The confinement and the nervous excitement generally makes photographers nervous and thin, because they have to "make hay while the sun shines." Queen

Caroline once ordered her artist to paint a likeness of herself in the open garden, where the whole sky was reflecting light upon her from every quarter. An artist would appreciate the impossibility of painting a true picture of a person under such circumstances. Sometimes sitters complain because there is a dark shadow on one side of the nose, or under the point of the nose, or under the chin. They say "they are not negroes, they have not a black neck, or a black cloud on one side of the face;" and there are ten thousand other whimsical and ignorant criticisms which sitters make, that would wear out nerves of India-rubber. If artists could have artists to sit, it would be comparatively easy, because they would appreciate merit, and be satisfied with good work.

COLLEGIAN.—The student who is given to fits of melancholy will please call at our office, and we will suggest some resolution of his difficulties.

Publisher's Department.

DOUBLE SUBSCRIPTION.—We have made arrangements with other publishers by which we can associate several magazines respectively with the *PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL*, and offer both at a reduction from the aggregate price.

We can send the *JOURNAL* and *PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE* (the subscription price of which is \$4) to new subscribers for one year for \$6. The *JOURNAL* and *HOURS* at HOME for \$5. The *JOURNAL* and *LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE* for \$6. The *JOURNAL* and *THE WEEK* for \$5. The *JOURNAL* and the *ROUND TABLE* for \$7. The *JOURNAL* and the *RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE* for \$4 50. The *JOURNAL* and *DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE* for \$5. The *JOURNAL* and the *ATLANTIC MONTHLY* for \$6.

"SHORT STORIES IN BUSINESS HOURS." is an old and sensible motto. The amount of valuable time wasted, killed, forever lost to one through inconsiderate persons who "just drop in" to say "how do you do," in business hours, is painful to contemplate. We ought all to remember that however little value we place on our own time, we have no right to consume or squander the time of others. Read what Dr. Hall says on this head in his *Journal of Health* to a correspondent. We doubt whether the experience which produced his outburst equals ours:

To C. O. H.—Can't afford to read a three-page letter from any correspondent, but gather the main drift, perhaps, from a first few lines; we can not tell all about any one thing in one article; it would be too long; nobody would read it; if you write again and want to be read, say all you want on one piece of common note-paper; enough can be said in that space to last a year. Ye long-winded folk: your blows are not worth a button; come to your subject at once; if two words express your meaning, select the one having the fewest syllables; if two monosyllables will equally convey your idea, write the one which has the fewest letters. Just imagine that every letter you want printed cost half a dime, and what wordy fellow has many! and act accordingly.

Persons often send a dollar or two for the *Journal* or for a book, and then write a letter a mile long, detailing their signs and symptoms, with insufferable diffuseness, and seem to think that an opinion or a prescription will be thrown in. When the editor opens a letter longer than a few words and in a strange hand, and has no money in it—it is turned over to another to glean the one main idea and report it. Time is money in a large city. A whole bundle of compliments would not buy a sprig of parsley for a bowl of soup. If you make a purchase at a store you do not expect to

have some other thing of equal or greater cost thrown in because you have patronized the "House." It would take us a year to answer all the letters we receive in a week from persons who seem to think that their subscribing for the *Journal*, or purchasing a book, or speaking praises entitles them to a prescription. Whoever wants a letter from us on any subject must send with it Five Dollars.

Personal.

DR. RICE, when at the head of the Theological Seminary in Prince Edwards, Va., was requested by the people of one of the out parishes to send them a minister. They wanted one who could visit a good deal, for their former minister neglected that, and they wanted to bring that up. They wanted a man of very gentlemanly deportment, for some thought a deal of that. And so they went on describing a perfect minister. The last thing they mentioned was—they gave their last minister \$350; but if the Doctor would send them such a man as they had described, they would raise another \$50, making it \$400. Dr. Rice immediately replied, advising them to send for Dr. Dwight in heaven, as he did not know any one on earth that would suit them.

THEODORE, king of Abyssinia, is a man of wit and sense if he is a tyrant. The following is told of him: He had subdued an insurrection, and issued an edict whereby he commanded that all those who had fought in the rebellion to lay down their arms and return to the employment of their fathers. Shortly after the publication of the edict he was waited on by a band of robbers, who claimed the right, in accordance with his command, to return to the calling of their fathers. "And what, then, were your fathers?" asked the king, unsuspectingly. "Robbers," was the reply. The king assured them that they would do better to raise herds and till the ground, as most of their countrymen, and offered to give them plows and oxen. But they insisted on the privilege of the edict. "Be it so," said the king, and dismissed them. But as they went their way rejoicing, a band of cavalymen overtook them, with the words: "Your fathers were robbers, and ours were engaged in hunting them; we have a right to follow their calling, and thus cut you to pieces in the name of our master the king."

PHRENOLOGY IN OHIO.

MR. D. M. KING, one of our former pupils, is laboring in the phrenological field in the State to which he belongs, Ohio. His appointments during January are in Trumbull County, Ohio; in East Cleveland, Ohio, the first half of February, and the last half in Wellsville, Ohio. March he intends to spend in Portage Co., Ohio, unless invited elsewhere. Mr. King is an earnest and honest man, fully impressed with the truth and importance of Phrenology, and anxious to promulgate it for the benefit of mankind. We wish him much success, and bespeak for him a hearing and a cordial reception by the public.

COMMODORE VANDERBILT

has been elected President of the New York Central Rail Road. He holds the same position on the Hudson River and Harlem Roads, and it is said he is negotiating for the control of the Erie Road. His enterprise raised the Harlem to profitable figures, and it is said the Hudson River was never before so prosperous as since the Commodore became its ruler. Brains tell if they are seventy-five years old.

General Items.

PRIZE TICKET SWINDLES.

The frequent warnings published in this *JOURNAL* in regard to mock auctions, lotteries, grand gift concerts, jewelry enterprises, and so forth, have saved many of our readers more than the subscription price of the *JOURNAL*. Every day we receive letters from subscribers, inclosing tickets, entitling the holder to a watch "marked" \$100, to be delivered on payment of \$5 and cost for packing. It is needless to say that none are ever sent worth more than the \$5, and none at all in any instance where the rogue can safely avoid it. We repeat, there is no such thing as getting something for nothing except by stealing. The safest way is to buy and pay for what is wanted.

MUSIC.—MR. FREDERICK

BLUME of 125 Broadway, New York, supplies everything in his line—books, instruments, sheet music, etc., at wholesale and retail. Citizens and strangers would do well to visit his establishment and examine his wares and prices before purchasing elsewhere. Persons residing at a distance should send stamp for circulars, giving full particulars.

THE YOUNG MEN'S HOME

IN NEW YORK.—We call the attention of our readers to this institution, but lately established at No. 220 East Thirteenth Street, near Third Avenue, as supplying to a limited extent a want long felt in this city, in which so many of our young men are compelled to reside without the protecting influences of home and friends. As its name implies, it offers the comforts of "a home" to all worthy young men, at cost. It is under the superintendence of a most excellent lady—Mrs. Middleton—experienced in the management of institutions of the kind, and is visited and controlled by some of our prominent ministers and citizens. The building, lately a private residence, is well heated and lighted, and the rooms and beds exceedingly comfortable and cleanly, with the conveniences of a warm and cold bath, and a well-furnished reading-room. The members of the household are trammelled by no regulated restraints, common to most benevolent and charitable institutions, but are free to come and go as they please, and being left to their good judgment to conduct themselves properly. In fact, the Young Men's Home does not wish to be looked on as a charity, as it is intended to be self-sustaining, requiring its weekly rate of board in advance; it is enabled to offer superior inducements in the way of home comforts, at a very low charge. We have gone to this length in speaking of the Young Men's Home, feeling it our duty, as it is our pleasure, to bring its advantages before our readers.

SEWING MACHINES.—Every

purchaser first inquires which is best? Having bought a good one—no matter whose make—a testimonial goes forth as to its excellence. We have seen diplomas, gold and silver medals, and numerous other evidences of approval, awarded to all the leading manufacturers. Among the rest, *THE WHEEL MACHINE*, advertised on our first page, is classed among the best. The enterprising manufacturers are bound to hold the leading position they have fairly earned, and will not allow themselves to be surpassed.

TEA AND COFFEE.—We never yet advised any one to drink these beverages; we believe the world would be the better for their total disuse. There would

be less headache; less palpitation of the heart; less sleeplessness; less nervousness; less scolding; less fault-finding; less ill temper; less mental irritability. It is quite possible that these foreign substances—stimulants—may, when taken in moderation, serve, or seem to serve, a useful purpose. But that they are generally used in excess, we do believe; we have ourselves used them, more or less, and—like toppers and smokers—can not say that they have injured us. The American Tea Company, who import all their stock direct, are said to furnish the best, and they seem to regard this JOURNAL a good advertising medium, though we can not recommend their wares to our readers. That they will deal *honorably* with all, we do believe, and hence permit them to speak for themselves in the advertising pages of the A. P. J.

THE WEBER PIANO has an excellent city reputation, though not so much advertised and puffed as some others. We commend it, not only on the testimony of experts, who pronounce it one of the very best, but also, on our own knowledge. A descriptive circular will be sent to any address by MR. WEBER, of 429 Broome Street, New York, on receipt of a postage stamp.

PLANT TREES.—All winter Nurserymen have been "busy as bees," root-grafting, trimming, and getting their stock ready for spring planting. Visit nurseries and select an assortment, and then lay out orchards, and stock them with standard apple, pear, peach, plum, and cherry trees—blackberries, raspberries, strawberries, etc. Young farmers and gardeners, and all citizens who own even a rod of ground, should at least plant a grapevine. Supposing every dwelling-house in all our cities had each one or two fine large grapevines in full bearing, think of the tons of beautiful fruit they would annually produce. It would be worth millions of dollars to health and enjoyment, and cost a mere trifle.

THE MUSICAL BOXES OF MESSRS. M. J. PILLARD AND Co., of 21 Maiden Lane, New York, are among the most interesting household ornaments and means of entertainment. Their use begets a musical taste in one and all. We believe children who listen to their sweet tunes will be better tempered and better behaved. Husbands and wives also. Try one of them.

GRAPES.—Eastern and Northern readers will be glad to know the kinds of grapes to be had and approved, and where they may be procured. Besides many well-known varieties, we take pleasure in calling attention to the following, grown by the Shakers, in South Groton, Mass., for which Elijah Myrick is agent, and who thus describes them:

THE SAGE GRAPE has a very large, handsome, deep amber-colored berry; very early, from the 10th to the 15th of September; sweet, juicy, rich, and very productive.

THE HARTFORD PROLIFIC.—Large, dark purple, ripens early, never mildews; a most excellent hardy variety and great bearer; ripens 20th of September.

THE BLACK CLUSTER.—A beautiful black grape, very compact and large clusters, sweet and delicious, vine hardy, ripens 20th of September, and is very productive. Keeps well after taken from the vine.

Farther South, other varieties, which ripen later, may be preferred.

This Society of Shakers also have the Early Amber (or the Early Northern Muscadine), equally as hardy, productive, and valuable.

They also propagate the Mountain Seedling Gooseberry, which the *New England Farmer* pronounces the very best variety within our knowledge. Dwarf pear-trees, currant and gooseberry bushes of the choicest varieties are supplied.

The following motto, adopted by this Society, indicates the rule by which the Society profess to be governed:

"This above all—to thine own self be true, And it will follow, sure as day the night, Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Gardeners will grow what they can to sell, but never enough. Now that fruits may be canned, kept, and transported any distance, by sea and land, there is no danger of a glutted market; then multiply those healthful luxuries. Do not go to extremes and plant a thousand trees when you can only care for a hundred, but let each plant a few, get an assortment, get the best; get them early in the season, get them now! Try the new varieties, prove them, and your eyes and palate shall be gladdened by these good gifts of God to man.

[COMMUNICATED.]

THE VILLAGE SEWING-CIRCLE.

BY CHRISTINE H. CARPENTER.

A DROWSY summer afternoon hung over the dainty little village of Maysville, nestling among the green Connecticut hills. The leaves of the clustering vines framing the pretty white cottages just stirred in the sunshine, while even the bees and butterflies crept to shelter in the hearts of the great red and white roses, faintly nodding to some occasional zephyr as it languished by. From the open windows of Widow May's "best room" a hum of voices stole out upon the scented air, and within, more than a score of busy hands fashioned divers fabrics into fair shapeliness. It was the weekly sewing-circle of the Maysville church, for which a fair was in prospect for autumn, a fact that formed the secret of this feminine conclave. Who ever saw a sewing-circle without its little tit-bits of gossip? This was no exception to the rule. Presently a cheery face looked up from its owner's glancing needle:

"Do you know," said she to her neighbor, "that I've quite altered my opinion of Mrs. Wells lately? Pray don't start—she has not arrived yet—there's no one here one need care for."

"How is that?" asked the re-assured little matron thus addressed; "you used to think her the most extravagant woman in the village, and I'm not sure but you were quite right. To my certain knowledge she wears the most new dresses, the most new bonnets, and so costly, to say nothing of the style in which those children of hers are primped up! You don't pretend to imagine her husband can stand it so much better than others I might mention?"

"Oh! no; Mr. Wells is not rich—only comfortable."

"Well, I should say it must tax him awfully, poor fellow! Now I've more consideration than that, although I could impose upon Ned, he's so easy and good-natured. He does sometimes say, 'How nice Mrs. Wells always looks, and how pretty she fixes up those children!' but when I tell him what a power of money it would cost him for me and my children to dress up like that, I guess he don't mind being a little tired of seeing the same old things on us. I have all I can make off the place, the garden-truck and fruit—quite a round sum, too; but I can't make much of a show of it, for all that. I can't afford four new bonnets a year, and I can't afford two new dresses to my neighbor's one;

and when I get one, it's got to be plain, because dressmakers charge so much to trim it."

"Maybe you don't know how to economize."

"Economize! Well, you do astonish me! I shouldn't say it, perhaps, but I'd like you to point out another woman in Maysville who has the principle of economy more at heart, or one that can stretch out a dollar further'n I can!"

"Yes, I can do it."

"Just tell me, and I'll take a lesson right off."

"You might profit by it, too, as I have."

"Do tell."

"It's Mrs. Wells."

"Mrs. Wells! That does beat my time—to set her up as my model! Now I dare say, if one really knew, she spends just three times as much."

"No, she doesn't, nor in fact any more than you do."

"Oh, nonsense! How do you get over the four bonnets and the dresses and fancy furbelows one always sees about her?" The little matron shook her head sagaciously. "No, no, Mrs. Brown, you can't tell me! I calculate the whole matter in plain straightforward figures. Now, for instance: There were my two bonnets last year. Ned thought as how I should have something better than the hideous things Miss Smith gets up in the village, so I went to New York. Well, there were two days lost just going and coming at the very time I was most wanted, besides the cost, which I reckoned up would have bought a new dress for the baby. When I got there, such a chase as I had! Of course I was in a hurry. Everything a body liked was dreadful dear; and then I wasn't sure but some old thing'd be palmed off on me, just like Lucy Stuart, who thought she'd a perfect bargain, and was something ahead of everybody, when it turned out it wasn't a bit like the real fashionable shape. The last time I went I tired myself almost to death looking for something reasonable, and at last had to take the nearest to my means. I thought it would do well enough till I got home, and Mrs. Wells called on me next day with the very loveliest bonnet on her head I ever saw. It never cost less than twenty-five dollars in the city. I mean that gray velvet she had last fall."

"I know all about it, and it didn't cost but six dollars, and it didn't come from the city."

"Six dollars? You must be dreaming! And where, in the name of creation, could any one get such a bonnet in Maysville? Then, again, when I was in the city, I saw a dress something like that blue merino of Susie Wells's everybody liked so much. I thought I'd enough left to buy it for Ada. I knew the stuff wasn't more than fourteen shillings a yard, and it takes just four yards—that was seven dollars; but besides, there was the making and trimming. I went in and priced it. It was eighteen dollars."

"And Susie Wells's cost her mother only about nine."

"That beats me out and out. Where does she go to get such bargains?"

"Not very often out of Maysville."

"Why, I never see them. When I go to Miss Smith for anything new, most likely it's some notion she's borrowed from the Wells's. I do believe they set the fashions of this village for dressmakers and all."

"Well, Mrs. Wells can do it if she likes, for the truth is, she has a sure guide. This is the secret."

"Do tell!" suspending her work to listen.

"Yes, and what's more, Mrs. Wells

doesn't buy half those new things ready-made; she makes them herself."

"Oh! it's all in gumption, then. I never had any."

"No, not that alone. I went down to the house yesterday to take tea, and we got chatting, and somehow we came to talk about economy, and I said I didn't see how some folks managed to make such a show when others doing quite as well in the world couldn't. 'Now, you don't mean me?' said Mrs. Wells, laughing like. 'Why, yes,' said I, bluntly; 'I do. I can tell you, Mrs. Wells, I went on, 'Maysville people do think you are awful extravagant.' 'Why?' said she. 'Because you have so many new things, and made so costly, and the children are always furbelowed enough to cost a small fortune.' 'Now, I'll warrant,' said she, 'that all mine and the children's new things together don't cost me any more than yours, or any other family in the village as large as mine.' 'Why, how is that?' said I. 'Because I know how to manage,' said she. 'I make every penny tell, and just because I've got an invaluable aid to give me the very best advice, and keep me acquainted with the newest and best fashions for every month. It furnishes patterns and ideas, and tells what to get, and how to make up, so explicitly, that a body can't help understanding. There's my bonnets.' 'You have four a year,' I remarked; 'one for every season, while I am obliged to make one serve for spring and summer, and another for fall and winter both.' 'True. Now I save all the cost and time and trouble of going to the city, for all I have to do is to consult my Mentor for shape, style, and material. Past experience has proved to me that I can rely upon it without a fear, and it is always full a month in advance, so that I have plenty of time for consideration. Send for the necessary articles, and there are the directions to make up. My gray velvet you admired only cost me six dollars, when I'd have had to pay twice as much otherwise. So you see four don't cost any more than your two, and besides, I have the pleasure of always feeling fresh and presentable. Just the same with cloaks and dresses. The rule applies all round. Then again, Miss Smith, our village oracle, never can deceive me with anything ancient. I have an incontrovertible authority from headquarters, too, that keeps me continually supplied with pretty fancies for Susie's and Maggie's clothing. I can always dress my children well and tastefully, because I spare myself one great expense, that of giving them out to be made, as I have within my reach such valuable and practically useful instructions, that it is a delight to contrive and fashion for myself. Then I'm never at a loss for the boys either. My never-failing friend has always some valuable and serviceable suggestion. If my means are limited, there is sure to occur an idea that helps to make a cheap suit come out quite jaunty and becoming. There are a hundred-and-one other notions to add effect to a toilet; how to cut and ornament dresses, aprons, sacks, jackets, or any of the indispensables in a well-regulated wardrobe, even to under-clothing. It puts to use all the odd ends of materials one may have. Nothing can go to waste when you are reminded so often of innumerable uses to turn it to.' 'I wish you would take pity on me,' said I, 'and put me on the right track, for I've got tired of pinching and screwing to no purpose.' 'With all my heart. I'm afraid you have always been, like many others, a penny wise and pound foolish. Take the cost of a journey to the city and back—to which you are forced by Miss Smith's im-

positions or the fear of them—three dollars, and purchase a year's subscription to *Demorest's Monthly Magazine*. That is the aid, counselor, and helpmate I've been telling you of."

At this juncture Mrs. Brown chanced to glance out of the window; "I have just finished my story in time," said she, her voice subsiding. "There is Mrs. Wells coming up the garden path; you shall have her own testimony."

Bonnet and mantle disposed of, and work in hand, the new comer was prepared for the consultation by an active rehearsal from Mrs. Brown of a portion of her own and her neighbor's recent discourse. Mrs. Wells's entrance had been the signal for the resolving of the several little groups of talkers into a general conversation. Not a few listened anxiously for her sentence upon Mrs. Brown's narrative.

"I am quite prepared to indorse all that I said yesterday," returned she at its conclusion, smilingly surveying her auditors, "and I can even say more. Mrs. Brown kindly complimented me yesterday upon the arrangement of my table, and more than one of you praised the trifles in the way of pastry and other refreshments I contributed to the refreshment table of our last year's fair. The household department of the Magazine was my guide in numberless instances; it is especially devoted to the discussion scientifically of edibles and items of interest to housekeepers. You have seen such practical illustrations of the value of its various receipts, that I need scarcely dwell upon it. It utterly dispenses with the extra expense of cook-books, that are but too often humbings, composed of mixtures neither wholesome nor palatable. The recipes of my reference will bear testing."

"Where did you learn of the existence of your oracle?" questioned Mrs. Hart.

"I read of it in the village paper."

"Oh we don't take that."

"Not take the Maysville Times? I'm surprised! Why, it's to every one's interest to take the local papers. You get your money's worth over and over. I should as lief be out of the world as to be without the news. My husband says he sets as much store by them as I do by my *Demorest's Monthly*. That must have been the reason Mr. Wells did so much better by his grain and hay than Mr. Hart. You see, he had the advantage of knowing how to sell, and when and where to find a good customer, and all this through the paper, while neighbor Hart, even though he's quite as shrewd at bargaining, had to trust to luck after all. Mr. Wells says he finds so many items of use to him about gardening, and then there are the quotations from the city markets. It won't do to trust to hearsay. You want a reliable source for such information, so as to know how to shape your own arrangements. We always do well off our fruit, because we don't, of necessity, need to take much risk by hurrying to get it out for sale in time when it is really too early or too late, and it must be sold at a sacrifice or be let to spoil. We watch the paper, and are generally just about right for a very good sale. Just make a trial of it, and if you don't confess that you wonder how you ever did without it, I'll pay the cost of your subscription."

Before any one could reply, there was a slight stir at the doorway, and the next moment a chorus of voices welcomed the good shepherd of the Maysville flock among his people.

"What have you there?" said Jennie Kip, the pet and belle par excellence of the village as, after the greetings were over,

the reverend gentleman sat down before the table and began divesting of its cover a small packet he had carried.

"Something that I fancied might be of use and interest to you ladies in the pursuit of your good work: *Demorest's Monthly Magazine*." There was a rapid interchange of glances among the needleworkers.

"I thought you disapproved of light reading," ventured Miss Kip, mischievously.

"So I do, except when, like the literary department of this Magazine, it is instructive, entertaining, and calculated to exert a strong moral influence over our minds. This Monthly is a great favorite at the parsonage. I am a regular subscriber, for I scarcely think we could do without it. My wife says it has taught her to love poetry, because of the little gems of verse she finds therein. Besides, there is a new piece of valuable music each month. As a work of art, it is superior to any other published. Look at its beautiful illustrations, its exquisite steel-plates; at the fineness of the paper and the clearness of type, which at once fasten the attention. Every page is smooth and fair to look at. Even in looking through its advertising columns I find nothing to offend the most fastidious. No patent medicines or other quackery. Upon several occasions my wife and I have been in want of articles, and we should have been at quite a loss whither to turn but for the notices in *Demorest's Monthly* directing us to some first-class establishment, and which, in every single instance, we found to be just as represented, reliable and trustworthy. What I presumed might be of special service now, was this department of fashions, about which I know but little, but which my wife affirms always contains the most valuable suggestions respecting wearing apparel."

"I have just been testifying to that before you came in," remarked Mrs. Wells. "And I remember a recommendation from a friend of mine in Greenfield. Her husband is a builder, and she writes me he is forever lauding the Architectural Department of the Magazine. He considers this feature alone renders it invaluable, because its plans and diagrams are all so good and adaptable. My children hail its appearance quite as gladly as I do. I read aloud to them from its literary portion, because I find its general tone so pure and elevating. I think it a desirable addition to every household in Maysville."

"And I," chimed in the minister. "My boys and girls take special delight in its engravings. It has inculcated a taste for art among them. I think its refining influence, the variety it combines, and its neat dress, render it an ornament for every parlor-table in the village."

"Any one of its peculiarities—its full-size patterns, its braid and embroidery sheets for the year, or the compilation of twelve excellent pieces of music—is worth far more than the cost of a year's subscription," suggested Mrs. Wells. "And despite all this, each subscriber receives a valuable premium."

"I shall subscribe," exclaimed Mrs. Brown.

"And I," said her neighbor.

The words were echoed from all parts of the room.

"Why not make up a club," suggested the pastor, "and give your orders to Mrs. Wells?"

"I should like that very much," resumed the latter. "I will tell you why, frankly. There are great inducements offered for this purpose. For fifteen subscriptions at three dollars each, while every individual

receives a premium, I should come into possession of a Family Sewing Machine. Such a treasure!"

"You are quite deserving of such a prize, as the first to establish the merits of the Magazine here," said several. In a few short weeks Mrs. Wells's sitting-room boasted a sewing-machine, and each member of the club a copy of the Magazine.

"How do you like it—how do you like it?" asked the various Maysvilleites, as they met after this important event. "It has all the virtues claimed for it. The fashion gossip offers really new and acceptable ideas, because they emanate from the actual depot of the metropolitan modes, and are not a revised and garbled-over rehash of old styles. It is in truth an actual 'mirror of fashions.' I have discarded the other wishy-washy counterfeits I have heretofore been taking, and find this one Magazine will do me more actual service than half a dozen others put together."

Soon so said all Maysville, except Miss Smith, who had hitherto been quite successful in palming-off her antiquated styles upon the villagers, and who now found her "occupation gone."

"What shall I do?" said she, wringing her hands in despair, to a sympathizing gentle soul who chanced to be a member of Mrs. Wells's club.

"I can not say, unless you take *Demorest's Monthly Magazine*, when you will be likely to find suggestions to help you out of your difficulty, as I almost always do in my own case. Miss Smith, you had better think of it."

The result of this counsel was that Miss Smith sent in her subscription.

Early one bright Monday morning the good people of Maysville remarked that a marked change had come over the little millinery and dressmaking establishment they had of late almost utterly ignored.

"How beautifully you have fitted up, Miss Smith," said her friend, who had been invited to take a look within.

"I've started anew as a branch of *Mme. Demorest's Emporium of Fashions*, the headquarters of *Demorest's Monthly*. I'm very thankful to you for mentioning the Magazine to me, for you see it has helped me out of my trouble."

"How do you prosper?" asked the same friend, some time later in the month. "dropping in" to see if Miss Smith's hopes had been realized.

"Oh, I never did so well! Why, I can work with so much satisfaction to myself and every one of my customers, and I have such a variety of beautiful styles, that even the ladies from the city, boarding hereabouts, find all they require."

Time flitted swiftly by, and again the sewing circle had met at Widow May's.

"What a vast improvement there has been in our village since we have taken *Demorest's Monthly*!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, during a pause in the conversation. "Mrs. Hart, did you take Mrs. Wells's advice and subscribe for the village paper?"

"Yes, and I must say, it was just as she said—Mr. Hart and I have resolved never to do without it again. He thinks it saves him a great deal more than his false notions of economy ever did."

"That is my opinion of the Magazine. Besides, we are certainly all brighter, and better, and happier, and wiser, through its influence. It is the general remark. There is now one thing for which I have a great ambition. That is, to make up a club large enough to get, as a premium, an organ for the church. I have already set about it by applying to some of my friends. I find I have only to show a copy of the Monthly to convince them of its merits. It speaks for itself, and they have been so enthusiastic in their appreciation as to set their names down upon my list immediately. Will any of you aid me?"

Every voice chimed in assent. As women always do when they have a pet project at heart, they went to work with will and energy, and found their task so easy, that in a few days the entire subscription was upon its journey to W. Jennings Demorest, Publisher of *Demorest's Monthly*, No. 473 Broadway, New York.

Business.

[Under this head we publish, for a consideration, such matters as rightfully belong to this department. We disclaim responsibility for what may herein appear. Matter will be LEADED, and charged according to the space occupied, at the rate of \$1 a line.]

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I remain, very respectfully yours,
LORENZO WESTOVER.

DEARBORNVILLE, MICH., July 6, 1867.

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Please accept our thanks for the promptness with which you responded to our order.

Respectfully yours, AMOS GAGE.

BUNSWICK, Mo., March 26, 1867.

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Yours truly, MERCHANT BEAZLEY.

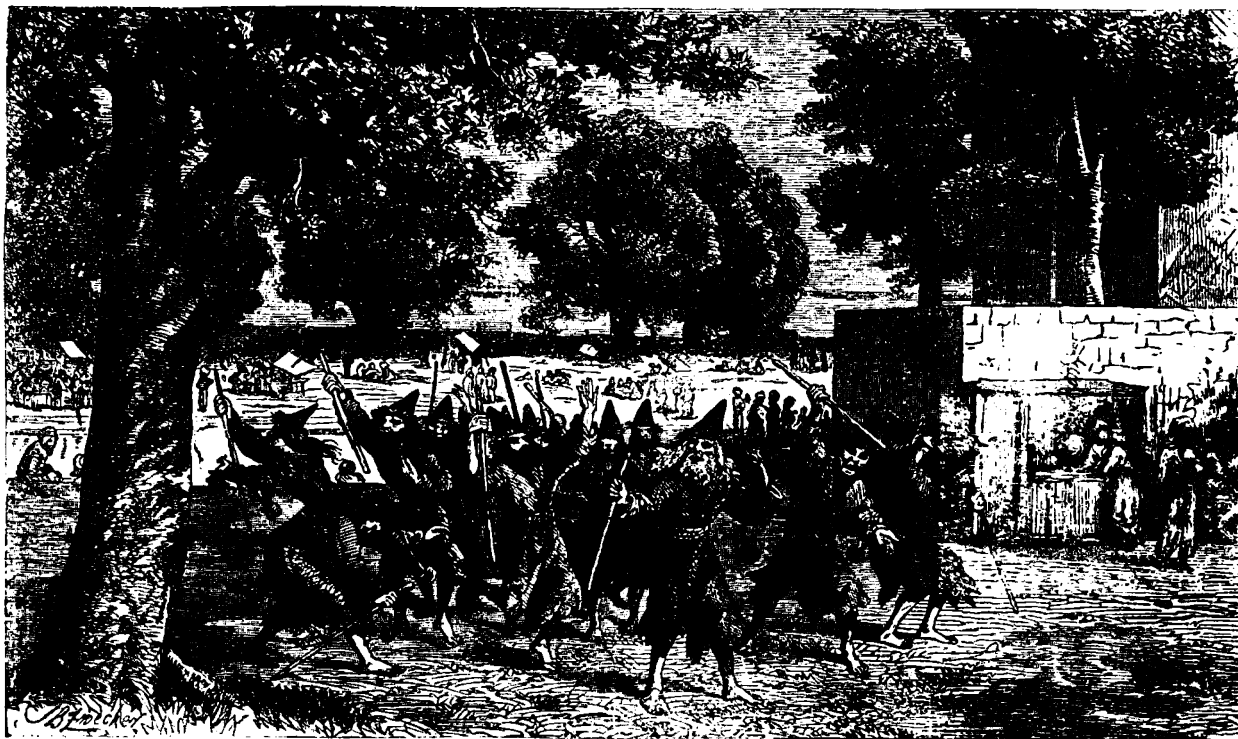
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DERVISHES IN THEIR RELIGIOUS DANCE.

DERVISHES OF THE ORIENT.

IF the *fakirs* of India and Arabia have received considerable attention from magazinists and students of racial types and peculiarities, so have the *derwishes* of the Orient. The latter, however, occupy a much higher position in the scale of intelligence than the former, and are free from the uncouth gestures and *diablerie* which generally mark the fakir order. Some writers use the terms *derwish* and *fakir* as if they were synonymous; but it would be well to observe the distinction which plainly exists. Fakirism is of very ancient origin; an attempt to trace it would be lost in the darkness of mythical ages. It has been allied chiefly with Hindu paganism, and its followers have ever been characterized by the most extravagant follies. Dervishism is more particularly allied with Mohammedanism. Formed, doubtless, on, or an outgrowth of, fakirism, it is nevertheless much superior to the latter, and resembles in some respects the monachism of Christianity. Tradition refers the origin of the order to the earliest times of Islam, and attributes the foundation of several of the brotherhoods into which dervishes are divided, to the califs *Abubekr*, *Ali*, and others.

The word *derwish* or *derwise* is Persian, and signifies poor; and poverty is one of the rules of life chiefly observed by the order. The various brotherhoods have each a convent, where in they are maintained by liberal endowments. Many Turkish sultans and Mohammedan princes have made rich gifts to these orders, and held the dervishes generally in high esteem. The people among whom they live still regard them with the utmost respect and veneration, and

contribute largely to their support. The most prominent dervish establishments, or *changah* in the Turkish, are—Bestames, founded in 874; Kadris, 1165; Rufagi, 1182; Mevelevis, 1273; Nakshibondis, 1319; Bektashis, 1357; Rushehis, 1538; Shemsiss, 1601; and Jemalis, 1750. The names of the brotherhoods or societies are those of their founders. Over each is a superior, with the title *sheik*.

By the rules of the order, dervishes are commanded to live a life of austerity, chastity, humility, charity, and general asceticism. They are not forbidden to marry, but can not bring a wife into the convent, or absent themselves more than five days in a week from their associates. Mendicity is prohibited, except in the one society of Bektashis, so that they to a great extent maintain themselves by manual labor.

Their religious exercises are frequent. On Tuesdays and Fridays ceremonies of the most striking nature are performed, when they engage in sacred dances to the sound of flutes, and whirl around and leap about with great swiftness, stopping all together at once whenever the music ceases. Our engraving represents a company of dancing dervishes very much as they actually appear.

There are many dervishes, not well reputed among the Orientals, who live a vagrant life and affect the most singular eccentricities. They dress meanly, and walk barelegged from place to place, at all times manifesting extreme indigence. Many of them, like the fakirs, perform feats of jugglery and sorcery. One class, called *Rufais*, are given to extraordinary self-torture and mortification. At their assemblies they appear to emulate each other in degrees of human endurance. Some are seen holding

red-hot iron between their teeth, and others lacerating their flesh, with an air of the most stoical indifference. Another class, called *Calenders*, are noteworthy on account of their singular dress. These wear a tiger's- or a sheep's skin; dress up their hair with feathers in a grotesque style, and go about half naked. Many weird and improbable stories are related of them, as of the fakirs, by travelers whose organ of Wonder possesses a strong degree of susceptibility, and is allied in the same brain with a good degree of imagination.

The true dervishes impute their existence to divine inspiration, and quote passages of the Koran which commend the influences of a life of retirement, contemplation, and poverty on the character and disposition of man. It is well authenticated that from the earliest times it has been held meritorious, by pious persons of the East, to separate one's self from the trammels of society and domestic life and to enter upon a course of austere meditation and seclusion. The prevalence of this theory or notion doubtless gave rise to the monastic orders of Christendom, which at times have been marked by painful self mortifications and rigorous asceticism, scarcely exceeded by the fanatical devotees of Islam.

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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—Young.

ADELINA PATTI, THE PRIMA DONNA.

WE have here a large brain on a comparatively small body. The whole is fine, compact, and strong. There is something like whalebone in her composition, and her powers of endurance are great. The temperament, in the old nomenclature, is the nervous-bilious, with less of the lymphatic and sanguine. In the new nomenclature, the mental and motive predominating, with enough of the vital to give ease and elasticity of motion and expression. There is a good degree of the recuperative functions. The head is long, high, and tolerably broad, especially through Ideality, Sublimity, Constructiveness, and Tune. Imitation is also



PORTRAIT OF ADELINA PATTI, THE PRIMA DONNA.

large. The reflective faculties are especially prominent, hence the perceptive appear less conspicuous than they really are. The whole intellect, as may be seen by the distance from the ear to the upper forehead, is decidedly large. Benevo-

lence is one of the more prominent organs of the moral group, while Veneration, Spirituality, Conscientiousness, and Hope are large. So also are Approbativeness and Cautiousness. Self-Esteem is less prominent, though not small.

The affections are fully indicated. Indeed, nearly all the phrenological organs of the brain anteriorly may be said to be considerably above the average in development, and this view is confirmed by the biographical sketch annexed.

The complexion of Patti is dark; so is that of her family and race. The eyes and the hair are nearly jet black, while the skin is soft and white, making a striking contrast. The hair is abundant, and the heavy eyebrows really meet or come together, giving her a somewhat singular appearance. The chin is full, the mouth and lips marked, and the nose prominent; and notwithstanding her *petite* figure, there is not a little of the masculine in both feature and character.

We shall, no doubt, hear more of this natural born singer, for she inherits to a large extent her remarkable gift.

BIOGRAPHY.

Miss Adelina Patti was born at Madrid, Spain, April 9, 1843. Her mother, Madame Barilli Patti, was the prima donna of the Grand Theater at Madrid; and on the evening preceding the birth of Adelina, the youngest of a large family, Madame had sung Norma, in which *role* she had a high reputation. Curiously enough, after the birth of Adelina, Madame Patti lost her voice almost entirely, and has always believed that it was given to the child.

Madame Patti left Madrid as soon as possible after Adelina's birth, and returned to Milan, the permanent residence of her family. Here the impresario Strakosch made the acquaintance of the prima donna, then only four months old.

The Patti family emigrated to this country in 1844, when Mr. Patti joined Sanquirico, the buffo, in the management of the Italian Opera, Chambers Street. There were four daughters of Madame Patti, all artists. The eldest, Clotilda Barilli, married the son of Colonel Thorne. Amalia, the next, is the wife of Mr. Strakosch. Carlotta resides in this city, and is an accomplished teacher of music; and the latest edition of this fair musical libretto is Adelina, the subject of this sketch.

Adelina was what is called a precocious child. She could sing almost before she could speak. She caught up, at the age of four, all the gems of the operas, and sang them correctly. Her first public appearance was made at the age of nine years, when Mr. Strakosch, Ole

Bull, and the infantile prima donna made a tour in the provinces, where Adelina sang all the great pieces made familiar by Jenny Lind, Sontag, Bosio, and others. The little lady created great enthusiasm, and her share of the profits amounted to twenty thousand dollars, which her father invested in a country seat, and the summer residence of the family.

Although so far advanced in Art, Adelina had not forgotten to be a child. She always took her doll to the theater or concert-room, and once refused to sing unless "Maurice" (Strakosch) would allow her to carry it on the stage. Once she had sung a very difficult cavatina in such a way as to "bring down the house" with tremendous applause. When the calm came after the storm, Adelina, having recognized on one of the front benches a child of her own age, said, in a clear, smooth voice, "Nelly, come to my room right away; I've got such a beautiful doll to show you, and we'll have such fun!" The effect of this naiveté upon the audience may be imagined.

At this time our prima donna received the highest compliments from Sontag, who told her that she would be one of the greatest singers in the world; and from Alboni, who said if she went to Paris she would make such a furor as is seldom seen there.

After the concert tour with Strakosch, Miss Patti went to the West Indies with Gottschalk, the pianist. In Havana she sang in costume the duet in the "Barber of Seville," with her brother Barilli. The enthusiastic Havaneese made such a row in recalling her that she ran away frightened, and could not be persuaded to go upon the stage again. Throughout the Indies she divided the honors with Gottschalk, and at Porto Rico had an offer of marriage (she was then fourteen) from the richest proprietor in the place. But that diamond wedding did not come off. Adelina is still unmarried, and is devoted only to Art. Afterward she visited Europe, and for some years has been the leading prima donna at all the principal cities and royal courts of Europe, amassing honors and wealth by her musical genius.

In some of the continental cities, her personal share of the receipts is said to have attained the astonishing amount of 5,000 francs—about \$1,000 gold—for a night's performance. From this we can easily infer that her income must be large, and her fortune already acquired princely. How strikingly does her success illustrate the well-known saying, that "the most beautiful music is that produced by the human voice!" Miss Patti has almost literally coined her bewitching notes into money.

She is not at all selfish; does not aim at the emolument of herself and family, but bestows liberally from her earnings for charitable purposes.

We may regard Miss Patti as American by adoption. The country seat which has been purchased by her father is located in one of the pleasantest environs of New York city, and is said to fully meet the wishes of the family in its comfort and attractiveness as a home.

CONSCIOUSNESS AND MENTAL ACTION.

[CONTINUED FROM MARCH NUMBER.]

WHENEVER the quota of any of the faculties engaged at the time of any given event, or in the acquisition of any specific knowledge, shall become visible from consciousness, then all the other faculties at that time engaged must immediately, spontaneously, and harmoniously furnish quotas; for instance, suppose a particular event is witnessed at a given locality; afterward any one of the faculties engaged in taking cognizance of what was going on, will be able to bring all them back by virtue of this linking law; the sight of one of the actors, or even his coat or his hat, may recall the event; at another time, the sight of the locality, or a single sentence uttered, or even a single word, may be sufficient to bring the whole into conscious memory.

Exactly *why* the thought was suggested again, the individual will oftentimes not be able to perceive, there being no link of association between the thought first dominant in consciousness, and the metaphysical theories have never given us any clue to the *modus operandi* of the "spontaneous suggestion." The same law comes into play not merely in reminiscence, but also in the development of new thoughts; the spirit of man, while working over the stores of its acquired knowledge into new forms of thought, may pitch upon some one particular, say, for example, from the organ of Form, then other quotas from the organs of Size, Color, etc., will spontaneously arrange themselves and appear simultaneously, so as to present a complete picture; but as the management of these particulars is allotted to the automatic department, and not to consciousness, it will not be in the power of the individual to trace the exact origin of the "spontaneous suggestion." This reworking of all the stores of acquired knowledge goes on unceasingly, the spirit of man never wearying like the flesh; and these "spontaneous suggestions" may arise whether the individual be designedly endeavoring to develop some new thought, or may accidentally be not specially engaged on any subject.

Association of Ideas in Reminiscence.—This automatic law will also unfold to us the intricacies of the "association of ideas" in reminiscence, a problem which the metaphysicians have essayed in vain, for many centuries, to solve. In fact, their speculations have served only to complicate and render mysterious the whole phenomena of memory.

It will perhaps be advisable, first, to examine the exposition of the association of ideas given by Sir William Hamilton, one of the ablest metaphysicians of the nineteenth century. In the first part of his *Metaphysics* he enunciated certain propositions concerning consciousness which he regarded as true; but as metaphysical expositions can not be made to harmonize with phenomena actually occurring, he was forced, when considering certain other phenomena, to contradict himself, and abandon his former position; nothing uncommon, however, for metaphysicians to do.

On page 123 he says: "Consciousness constitutes the mental form of *every act of knowledge*."

In the course of his elucidations he touched upon certain phenomena which could not be explained clearly in accordance with his previous enunciations, and he was "constrained" to contradict himself.

On page 244 he says: We have not yet spoken of what is called the association of ideas; and it is enough for our present purpose that you should be aware that one thought suggests another, in conformity with *certain determinate laws*—laws to which the succession of our whole mortal states are subjected. Now it sometimes happens that we find one thought rising immediately after another in consciousness, but whose consecution we can reduce to no law of association. Now, in these cases, we can generally discover, by an attentive observation, that these two thoughts, though not in themselves associated, are each associated with certain other thoughts; so the whole consecution would have been regular had those intermediate thoughts come into consciousness between the two which are not immediately associated. Suppose, for instance, that A, B, and C are three thoughts, that A and C can not immediately suggest each other, but that each is associated with B, so that A will naturally suggest B, and B naturally suggest C. Now, it may happen that we are conscious of A, and immediately thereafter of C. How is the anomaly to be explained? It can only be explained on the principle of latest modifications. A suggests C, not immediately, but through B; but as B, like half of the *minimum visible* or the *minimum audible*, does not rise into consciousness, we are apt to consider it non-existent. You are aware of the following facts in mechanics: if a number of billiard balls are placed in a straight line, and touching each other, and if a ball be made to strike in the line of the row the ball at one end of the series, what will happen? The motion of the impinging ball is not divided among the whole row; this, which we might *a priori* have expected, does not happen, but the impetus is transmitted through the intermediate balls which remain, each in its place, to the ball at the opposite end of the series, and this ball alone is impelled on. Something like this seems to occur in the train of thought. One idea immediately suggests another into consciousness, the suggestion passing through one or more ideas which do not themselves rise into consciousness. The awaking and the awakened ideas here correspond to the ball striking, and the ball struck off; while the intermediate ideas of which we are unconscious, but which carry on the suggestion, resemble the intermediate balls which remain moveless, but communicate the impulse. An instance of this occurs to me with which I was struck. Thinking of Ben Lomond, this thought was immediately followed by the Prussian system of education. Now conceivable connection between these two ideas in themselves, there was none. A little reflection, however, explained the anomaly. On my last visit to the

mountain, I had met upon the summit a German gentleman, and though I had no consciousness of the intermediate and unawakened links between Ben Lomond and the Prussian schools, they were undoubtedly these: the German, Germany, Prussia, and these media being admitted, the connection between the extremes was manifest."

But who played this wondrous game of billiards, and by what laws the game was played, Sir William Hamilton failed altogether to inform us, even though he had affirmed that one thought suggested another in conformity to certain "determinate laws."

On page 507 he says: "Thus man is made up of two substantial parts, a mind and a body." Now it is very clear if Sir William Hamilton would not admit that the brain was the material organ of the mind, he certainly would not affirm that the material body could be the player, neither could he affirm that the other substantial part, the mind, was the player, for that would be confounding the locality where the game was played with the player himself, and this would be inexcusable in such a logician as he was. And yet that some such thought may have existed in his mind, may be logically inferred from page 260, on which he says: "The mind datum under consideration is the identity of mind or person;" thus confounding mind and person.

What share consciousness took in this game of mental billiards can not be ascertained, for he contradicts himself too often.

On page 110 we read as follows: "Consciousness comprises within its sphere the whole phenomena of mind."

"Consciousness is the condition of knowledge."—P. 242.

"Consciousness constitutes the fundamental form of every act of knowledge."—P. 183.

"Let consciousness, therefore, remain one and indivisible, comprehending all the modifications, all the phenomena of the thinking subject."—P. 127.

On page 342 we read as follows: "We are thus constrained to admit as modifications of mind, what are not in themselves phenomena of mind."

"There are acts of mind so rapid and minute as to elude the ken of consciousness."—P. 250.

"On the ground of perception, it is thus demonstrably proved that latent agencies—modifications of which we are unconscious—must be admitted as the ground-work of the Phrenology of mind."—P. 255.

We might suppose from an affirmation on page 268 that he considered the soul the player. "It is the whole soul that remembers, understands, wills, or imagines." But then we are warned from that conclusion, for the context shows he considers the soul synonymous with the mind, as he is defending philosophers in general against a reproach that they regarded the faculties into which they analyzed the mind as so many distinct and independent existences, and that every page concerning the work of the soul is quoted to show that philosophers do not deserve the reproach of Dr. Brown concerning the faculties of the mind. This point is settled beyond dispute by reference to page 91. "The term Psychology is of Greek compound, its elements $\psi\chi\eta$, signifying soul and mind, and $\lambda\omicron\gamma\omicron\varsigma$, signifying discourse or doctrine. Psychology, therefore, is the discourse or doctrine treating of the human mind; and as the mind is the place where the game of mental billiards is supposed to be played, the term soul being considered synony-

mous with mind, can not be considered the place without confounding the player with the locality where the game is to be played. We can not suppose he considers the spirit the player, for he almost entirely ignores the spirit, and says "man is composed of two substantial parts, mind and body." The part that the spirit of man plays on the world's stage through life can never be ascertained by Sir William Hamilton's metaphysics. But, in truth, his hypothesis containing his latest modifications and mental billiards stands condemned by his own rules concerning a good and bad hypothesis. On page 119 he says: "The comparative excellence of an hypothesis requires in the first place that it involves nothing contrary, either internally or externally; that is either between the parts of which it is composed, or between these and any established truth." He considered it an established truth, and so enunciated it: "It is the whole soul that remembers, understands, wills, or imagines." On page 132 he says: "Is there any knowledge of which we are not conscious? There is not. There can not be."

Now if his hypothesis concerning the latest modifications be received, we have the contradictory positions assumed that the whole soul remembers, understands, wills, or imagines in consciousness, while a part is engaged in carrying on these latent modifications of mind and of consciousness. This is too unreasonable to be admitted.

We will suppose, however, that the whole soul is actually engaged in consciousness, then there must be another power in man, carrying on latent mental operations out of consciousness, different from the soul or mind, then we would have two independent souls or mental powers, carrying on operations simultaneously, which certainly can not be admitted by any one, whether metaphysician or phrenologist.

If he does not support the existence of an independent power to carry on the latent modifications out of consciousness, or, in other words, to play that game of mental billiards, then he must maintain that the ideas lie loosely in the mind, liable to be jostled by some caused motion, and thus give rise to those new modifications, just as the pieces in a child's rattle will give rise to a new sound when rattled together.

Upon the whole, we can very readily and justly conclude that Sir William Hamilton signally failed in developing "determinate laws" of our mental operations, when treating of the associations of ideas.

But the phrenological hypothesis will give us a clue to the intricacies of associative memory, and will enable us to unravel many of the perplexities which have been so puzzling to the metaphysicians.

As above-mentioned, all parts of the pictures developed in consciousness, and appropriatively secured by the faculties engaged at any time in the acquisition of any specific knowledge, are irrevocably linked together by the automatic law of control, and whenever any one of those parts is brought into consciousness, the others must necessarily follow so as to form a perfect

picture. If, however, a wrong part is presented in consciousness as belonging to a particular group, when in fact it does not, then there is at once a consciousness of the want of harmony, and the truth of the picture recalled in consciousness is at once denied. Suppose, for example, we have witnessed the performance of a certain act, and this is subsequently recalled in memory, and all the various faculties furnish their appropriate quotas of the picture then secured except one; we will suppose that the actor and the act are correctly delineated, but the faculty of locality furnishes the image of the wrong locality; consciousness immediately feels the discord and refuses to recognize the image as the proper one, and a voluntary effort is made until the proper image of the locality is obtained, and then a pleasant feeling of satisfaction from the harmonious working of this automatic linking law assures us that the right locality has been furnished. Or the proper locality with all particulars may have been furnished, except that the organ of Form furnishes the wrong face for an actor in the scene; forthwith a repulsive feeling of discord assures us it is wrong, and a voluntary effort is made to recall the right one, and when obtained, we are perfectly convinced from the accordant feelings resulting, and so on through all the endless variations of mental manifestations.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PHANTASMAGORIA.

BY JOHN NEAL.

"Come like shadows—so depart."

EARL RUSSELL—GEORGE CRUKSHANK—MRS. SARAH AUSTIN—SIR FRANCIS BURDETT—MRS. WHEELER—FRANK PLACE, THE TAILOR—LEIGH HUNT—DR. BOWRING, NOW SIR JOHN BOWRING—AND OTHERS.

FOR many years, people have been urging me to amuse them with a few outline sketches of the men and women I have met with in the course of my wanderings, "who had a name to live." At last, therefore, I consent, hoping that, although hurried and brief, like those which appeared in "Randolph," so many years ago, they may be found both sprightly and truthful; individualities that may be remembered without labor.

EARL RUSSELL:

I had the pleasure of hearing this great statesman make his maiden speech at the hustings, when he was only Sir John. It was, indeed, a very common-place affair, and given with the intonations and gesture of a school-boy, though I do not suppose it had been committed to memory, or otherwise prepared, than by diligent study. He was then a pleasant-faced, flaxen-headed young man, with nothing whatever, so far as I could see, to distinguish him from thousands of the feebler growth around him. But the phrenological developments were all in his favor, and his lineage opened the way which he has since traveled, with the step of a giant, set to music. On the whole, he did not promise much, as a speaker, and up to this hour has, I dare say, disappointed nobody, and astonished nobody. But as a minister, and

as a statesman, the very qualities which were a hindrance to him as an orator, were helps to him in the business he followed—his Caution, for example, and his Conscientiousness.

GEORGE CRUKSHANK.

This wonderful man, who, to the last, had no just idea of his own worth as an artist, used to sit hour after hour at a table, in the club of which he was a member, with newspapers rustling about him, and conversation going on, both "fast and furious," in every part of the room, without interchanging a word, or letting fall an observation for ten minutes together, although, when he did, it was oftentimes both strange and startling. He was a thin, dark man, about the average height of studious men, with clear eyes, and a lurking smile about the mouth, which not unfrequently shaded off into downright sarcasm, if he were "much enforced." After the sitting was over, the table, and sometimes the floor, would be found littered with scraps of paper, on which he had let fly some of his extravagant or whimsical thoughts.

I have now before me one of these little scraps, about four inches square, on which he has hit off, with a few scratches, a fat sleepy magistrate, leaning back in a chair, with a nightcap on, and two unmistakable Irishmen, though utterly unlike, up for a row before him. Among the crowd are two or three Greenwich pensioners and a night watchman—all indicated by a few touches, or a peculiar flourish, that would pass for penmanship—while the long shovel-hat of the former, seen both in front and rear, together with the nose and chin, are enough to make any man laugh outright, who has ever happened to see any of these monstrosities elongated. So far as I now recollect, he was a man to be overlooked in a crowd—but never in the club-room. Others have come up since, to dispute the prize with him for the grotesque and the exaggerated, but nobody that could hold a candle to him, for heartiness and humor. Hogarth himself was the only caricaturist that ever said so much, and so effectually, with a few scratches of the pen.

MRS. SARAH AUSTIN.

This magnificent woman, with her stately bearing, her queenly presence, and large lustrous eyes, though known to most of the leading Carbonari and political outcasts of Europe, seems to have been almost unheard of in this country, though her book on Germany is among the very best we have, and her accomplishments and her talents have made for her a continental reputation worth having.

She was a daughter of Mr. Taylor, of Norwich, the Platonist, and wife of the celebrated John Austin—celebrated, I mean, among those who knew him best, as a writer on jurisprudence, and not as a jurist, for he had no practice, and being a Benthamite, like Sir Samuel Romilly and half a score of other dangerous men, who had the courage to think for themselves, was rather obnoxious to the slow coaches of that day.

When I knew her, she was in her glory—the glory of established womanhood, and the ripe fullness of something tropical, that needed translation. She had a long upward reach, and being both adventurous and ambitious—without any definite object, for a long while, was in constant danger of discouragement, or shipwreck. She had but one child—now Lady Duff Gordon—whose translation of the "Amber Witch," and the "French in Algiers," have made her quite famous in that way. When I first saw her with her mother, she was not more than twelve or thirteen, lithe, spirited, and graceful, though exceedingly shy and sensitive, with large, laming eyes, like her mother's, and a step which even at that early age had a rhythm in it.

My acquaintance with her mother began in this way. We had met somewhere—I can not now remember how, nor where—and soon after she wrote me a note, in consequence of something that had happened, to say that she wanted to consult with me for a few minutes; I supposed about Mr. Bentham's doings, for I was then with him in Queen Square Place, Westminster. When I saw her, it was in the garden, where, after some hesitation, she told me that she had been writing a little book, and knowing that I was in that way myself, wanted my advice. It was the poor thing's first essay of the kind—and what do you think it was? Nothing but a phrase-book in Spanish, or Italian, I forget which. After running my eye over it, I advised her to publish it, by all means; but—and here I could not help being serious and emphatic—why not try her hand upon something worthier of her talent and education? She was afraid; she only desired to eke out the small yearly allowance they had from her father and from her husband's father, and believed a school-book would pay better than anything else in her power to get up. The little book was published, and produced something—not much—I believe hardly enough to encourage her. At my suggestion, after I had dropped a line to Mr. Jeffrey in her behalf, she wrote for the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, translating some of the admirable papers of Ugo Foscolo for that journal, and then, after a while, by little and little, doing herself more justice with original matter, until she brought forth her "Germany"—one book only—"one; but a lion."

Her familiarity with French, Italian, and German was quite remarkable. She wrote all these languages with great fluency and correctness, and talked them almost as if they were each her native tongue. Her familiarity with the best literature of the past and present, and her personal acquaintance with the eleemosynary ex-patriots of all Europe, whether soldiers or civilians, authors or conspirators, made her little reunions exceedingly attractive, and her conversation delightful.

Wanting exercise, and being rather adventurous by nature, she took lessons in small-sword of me, and really might have been somewhat dangerous had she continued; but

another friend, an Italian, by the name of Prandi, who was far from being a capital swordsman, and who had never amused himself with teaching, as I had, interfered with my arrangements, and I gave it up. After this, another pleasant freak seized her. I was heartily engaged with gymnastics at the time, having Volker, the German giant, for a teacher, whom I afterward sent to New York. Mrs. Austin was deeply interested in the subject, having understood the purpose to be revolutionary on the Continent, and being assured by our friend Dr. Franz Lieber, who had just escaped from Germany, and was on his way to this country, with letters from me to Mr. Jefferson, who was then hard at work upon the foundations of his great university, and was on the look-out for eminent professors in every branch of science, that there was a new system at work in Italy, called calisthenics, which women might venture to grapple with, she jumped at the conclusion at once, and soon after, having engaged a professor for her, we both took lessons of him upon the triangle, and she at least became quite a proficient in *flying*, and balancing on the floor, while I managed to break my arm in demonstrating some queer problem he had suggested, upon the composition of forces, with whipcord and a movable balance. Most of the exercises were both graceful and strengthening, especially those with what I called a yard-stick, though others called it a wand.

These two anecdotes may be quite enough to show the character of the woman—full of energy at first, and at last, of self-reliance, though, when I first knew her, she was more like a startled fawn, if I suggested a new enterprise to her, than like what she soon after became—a wonder among the boldest of those who knew her best. One word of her phrenological developments, as I now recollect them. She had a large head of the masculine type, though womanly in all the domestic and social affections, with large Approbativeness and large Self-Esteem, though deficient in Caution, with a bilious, nervous temperament, and great capability of endurance; in short, she was altogether fitted for a commanding station; and if circumstances had been favorable, would have been celebrated as a reformer, and as a writer and thinker, not only at home, but abroad, and especially here.

Among those whom I met with at different times at her house, or bearing a note from her, by way of a passport, were Rey, the juriconsult, author of "Institutions Judiciaires d'Angleterre;" the Canon Riego, brother of General Riego, and his daughter, Teresa; Prati; and Dr. Lieber, whom we are now so well acquainted with here, as an adopted citizen and cosmopolite. Two or three brief extracts from one of her letters may help to show how she received the hints I gave her, from time to time, of the dangers that beset her path among these illuminati.

"My dear Friend (for I think you have earned that title of me), your letter was very

kind and encouraging and very direct—*droit*—just as was to be expected from the writer."

* * * "I do not, and never did, mean to give more to this German, even had he been an angel, than just sufficient to acquit myself of the duties of hospitality and civility." * * * "You must not wonder at poor Prandi. All men who are cast from their sphere are *susceptible*, in the French sense; they are eternally seeing slights and unkindnesses, and scorns and insults, where prosperous men, at home in their station, would not; and this increases in proportion as they like the person from whom the offense is supposed to come." * * * After inviting me down to Leith Hill, in Dorking, Surrey, where she and her husband were resting and *recruiting*, she adds: "Thank you more than all for your frankness. By that I judge of the worth you have found in me, and am proportionally your obliged friend. S. A."

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.

Not long before I knew this great leader of the day, he was held up as the finest sample of an English gentleman to be found alive—not excepting the Prince Regent himself, with his magnificent bow, and the celebrated flourish to his signature; nor even Sir Stratford Canning, now Lord de Redcliffe, the most courtly gentleman I ever met with, and fullest of what we acknowledge for high-breeding. He stood six feet or six feet two in the clear, well proportioned, with a noble presence and bearing, and was beyond all question the finest parliamentary orator of his day, before Canning appeared; but in conversation, he seldom had fair play among his worshippers. The moment he opened his mouth, he would be assailed with questions, and badgered, till it seemed to me that he must spring out of his chair and sweep the tables. There they would sit, open-mouthed, and full of deferential awe, asking his opinion of this, that, and the other subject, upon which the authorities were divided, as if they might all be disposed of in syllogisms or apothegms. It was "Sir Francis" this and "Sir Francis" that, until I began to look toward the door for escape. Still, he was entertaining, liberal, and statesmanlike, when allowed to finish a sentence or explain his views. Among other pleasant things, he said to me, Aristotle to the contrary, notwithstanding, that England was a republic, and not a monarchy. And here, undoubtedly, he was more than half right, though something would depend upon the definition.

MRS. WHEELER,

The Mary Wolstoncroft of her day, "fat, fair, and forty," who stood almost alone for a long time in battling for "Woman's Rights;" exceedingly pleasant in conversation, good-humored and sprightly, no common observer would have suspected her strength, but for the influence she had over strong men. Her phrenological developments corresponded with her character, of course.

FRANK PLACE, THE TAILOR.

Since the apotheosis of Tom Paine, the stay-maker, no mere tradesman ever had so much

influence with the leaders of Parliament as this extraordinary man. A small, compact figure, about the size of Aaron Burr, and bearing no little resemblance to that dangerous, unprincipled man—in his personal appearance, I mean—there were those who saw him in conversation with orators and statesmen, who could not believe that he was "only a tailor." He had the look of a born gentleman; dressed in black, with coat buttoned up to the chin, and *tights*, instead of small-clothes, he was everywhere—even at Carlton House—received as a gentleman, and oftentimes found his most unpalatable suggestions adopted, as a *necessity*, by the leaders of Parliament.

LEIGH HUNT.

A small, slender, swarthy man, with an eye full of slumbering fire, that looked through you at a glance, abounding in quaint pleasantry and cheerful, unpretending speculation, rich and satisfying, though rather epigrammatic, upon whatever subject he touched. It had something in it of the "bottled velvet" and "golden ferment" he speaks of, in his "Feast of the Poets," when the eyes of the god were like his own,

"And a sprinkle of gold through the duskiness came,
Like the sun through the trees when he's setting in flame,"

and the talk was "loosened silver" and "twangling pearls." He was a West Indian by birth, and no man ever lived with such a delicate appreciation of epithets and adjectives, not even Spenser, nay, not even Shakspeare himself. "He played his weapon like a tongue of flame" whenever he felt touched by a kindred spirit, and wore a chaplet, like Southey, "a wreath of wild mountain-ash plucked in the wind." He rather liked the Yankees, I saw; but the blaze of the tropics had persuaded him, as it had Byron, that "the cold of clime are cold of blood," a terrible mistake for a poet;—since the fiercest flames are found in the north, and most of the volcanoes worth mentioning are always capped with snow.

"The deepest ice that ever froze
Can only o'er the surface close;
The living stream runs quick below,
And flows—and ne'er can cease to flow."

There was no pretension about the man—no stage trick—no parade. He chatted freely and naturally, and almost always anticipated your cleverest observations, with his eyes and lips, though never by speech, never by interruption.

DR. BOWRING—NOW SIR JOHN BOWRING.

The most poetical face I ever saw in my life; rather slight of build, and not over five feet seven; with large Caution, large Ideality, prodigious Approbativeness, and Self-Esteem enough, I should guess, for a great reformer, though wanting in steadfastness and comprehensiveness. Before he undertook the *Westminster Review*—and he did not overtake it—for years, he was a wine merchant, failed, and got rid of his creditors—he never knew how, himself; took to poetry, gave a series of capital translations from the great northern storehouse, and, at the last, became a power in the

state—or, rather, in that portion of the state where Benthamism prevailed. But he was a man to be misunderstood, and on the whole, would bear watching.

I remember a transaction which occurred while he was editor of the *Westminster*, and which is so characteristic of the man, that, if I knew nothing more of him, that would be enough. He was at the time Secretary of the Greek Committee, and was moving heaven and earth to raise funds for their help, just about the time when poor Byron made such a fool of himself with his pasteboard helmets, and other trumpery, and Colonel Stanhope (Leicester) and Trelawney were running riot over the land, establishing newspapers instead of *magazines*, and printing-presses instead of store-houses, full of war material, heavy ordnance, gunpowder, and provisions. At last, the Greek Committee began to murmur, and then to growl, and the question was taken up in Parliament, and Mr. Hume, the great Scotch financier—the penny wise and pound foolish statesman of the day—and Dr. Bowring, were both hauled over the coals. The substance of the charge was that both had taken advantage of the poor Greek representatives, and bought stock of them at prices far below the market value, thinking they were soon to be made rich by it, in consequence of what parliament, and the bankers, and the newspapers were doing: that after a time the stock fell, so far as to be well-nigh worthless; and then these two Hellenists obliged the Greek Committee to take it all off their hands, alleging that they had bought as decoys, only to help the sale. Being afraid to refuse, they did so, for what could be hoped in England without the co-operation of Mr. Joseph Hume, M.P., and Dr. John Bowring, if they should go to loggerheads, and the truth should come out?

I read these charges, with all the specifications, day after day, in a morning paper—the *Times* perhaps, but never gave myself a moment's uneasiness, having so much confidence in one at least of the two gentlemen. Meanwhile, Mr. Hume owned up, and offered to "leave it out;" in other words, to submit the whole question to a committee of the House, and abide the issue. And there—after he had offered to let other people say whether the watch he carried had been honorably come by or not, saying he would give it up if they said so—the matter dropped, so far as he was concerned.

Not so with our friend the Doctor. He insisted on replying through the newspapers; and he did so with phrases like these: "One story is good till another is told;" "the last triumph may be the best triumph;" "let him that putteth off his arm or rejoice;" etc., etc.—but never a word of denial or of refutation.

One day he came to see me, while the controversy was raging. He seemed wretched enough, to be sure, and after sitting awhile in silence, while I finished a paragraph I was writing, he looked up, and said, "They have been taking away my character, you see."

"Nonsense, my friend," I replied, "that they

can not do. A man's character is always in his own keeping. He is only to be patient and hopeful, and he is sure to triumph at last."

He shook his head so despondingly, that I pitied him. "You have read the papers, I suppose?" "Yes—but—" and here I came to a full stop. "Allow me to say, that I think you have not done yourself justice in replying as you have. Axioms, and proverbs, and old saws are not syllogisms—still less, are they bombshells. Either—excuse me—either you should have taken the bull by the horns, or paid no attention whatever to the story."

"And what did you think of these charges?" "Think! I thought nothing of them. But now that you are here, and have brought the question up, allow me to ask if there is *any* truth in them; and if so, how much?"

"Not a word, my dear sir, not a word, from beginning to end."

"That's enough! I am satisfied. It is just as I supposed; and I shall not take the trouble to investigate them, after this assurance."

And here we parted, never to meet again on the same terms; for all these charges turned out to be true—substantially true, that is—and after I had taken up the cudgels on his behalf, I was obliged to forego the championship, and leave the Secretary of the Greek Committee to shift for himself, or as they say a little further down east, to "skin his own skunks."

Nevertheless, the Doctor—Sir John, I should say—is a man of great cleverness and remarkable adroitness, very amiable—beyond all question, but weak, frivolous, and meddlesome, chattering where he ought to be listening, and professing statesmanship and a profound appreciation of the mysteries of political economy, and the balance of power, when, as a matter of fact, he might change places with the tailor, of whom I have just given a sketch—Frank Place—and pass the rest of his life cross-legged on the shopboard, with advantage both to himself and others, while Frank towers into the Halls of Legislation, or goes forth, lance in rest, like the barons of Runnymede,

"Who carved at their meal, with gloves of steel,
And drank the red wine through helmets barred."

But enough; Dr. J. Bowring will be remembered for his translations, and for his writings in the *Westminster*, feeble though they are, when Sir John Bowring will be forgotten beyond hope—for which he ought to be thankful, after his doings in China.

THE GROTESQUE.—Some men, phrenologist among others, are of this stamp. What they lack in common sense they try to make up in oddities. They wear long hair, oddly cut coats with singular colors, parade themselves for public view, and thus attract attention. If they secure this, their point is gained. A strutting tom turkey spreads himself to produce an effect, and so it is with these grotesque swells in human form. To all such we may apply the words, "vanity of vanities." In general, we would say to our friends, beware of eccentricity!

Our Social Relations.

*Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue. In thine arms
She smiles, appearing as in truth she is,
Heav'n-born, and destined to the skies again.—Cowper.*

"RUTH."

BY HOPE ARLINGTON.

THE light of a summer day most rare
Stole into a lowly hovel, where
Two children played at their mother's knee,
Happy as little children could be.
Blessed by her love, her care, no more
They asked or wished, to enrich their store.
For that day a new strange tenderness
Had seemed to dwell in her fond caress,
And they saw a holier light arise
From the tender depths of their mother's eyes.
But they were too young to guess the truth,
The laughing Maurice, the loving Ruth.
They had not known how her heart had bled
When she gently blessed each fair young head.
They had not heard her sad soul's deep cry,
That the cup she dreaded might pass by!

That evening the children knelt by her side,
To hear the words she would speak, ere she died.
"Ruth, you are older than Maurice, and you
Must be to your brother a sister true!
Your mother must leave you soon, for a while,"
And a shadow chased from her lips the smile
She had struggled to keep there, lest the chill
Of death the hearts of the children should fill.
"Your mother must leave you, and you, dear one,
Must care for your brother, as she has done;
And God will care for you both; little Ruth
Will always guide you, and bless you, in truth.
To His love I confide my precious trust,
And leave you with Him; He is good and just!"
A pause—a whisper; the dying mother
Said once again, "Be kind to your brother!"
And then when "God keep you!" was feebly said,
The children were sobbing—the mother dead!

The story of Ruth's sweet life will tell
That she heeded her mother's counsel well;
For oft in the crowded and busy street,
The people have gazed, when they chanced to meet
The two little forms, the one with an arm
Clasping the other, to shield him from harm,
Saying the while, though her lips never stirred,
And any one passing could hear not a word,
Saying the while in her heart, "Oh, mother,
I try to be kind to my little brother!"
And then with a gentler and closer fold,
She made him warmer, while she was so cold.
And when the crust for their supper was small,
She never would taste it, but gave him all.
And so, through the years of childhood and youth,
Such a dear, good friend was his sister Ruth,
That he did not dream at how great a price
Of toil and of pain and of sacrifice,
The treasures he so much prized had been bought,
And the bright goal reached which he long had sought;
(For he had grown great, and had seen his name
Written high up on the roll of Fame.)
But he learned it all one day, and then
He thought "how patient and kind she has been!"
And he found that a love, than his more sweet,
Long years before, had been laid at her feet.
But she, remembering the words of her mother,
Said, "Take it away—I must love my brother."
So her cheek grew pale, and her eye grew dim,
And her heart was heavy through love of him.

He wept as he said to himself that day,
 "I owe her a debt I can never pay."
 And then after musing with dreamy look,
 He cried, "I have it—I'll write a book,
 And my heroine shall be, in truth,
 No other than my dear noble Ruth."
 He wrote the book, and his love had wrought
 So many bright visions in his thought,
 That the story was clothed with such a grace,
 The world stood ready to give it a place.
 His "Ruth" was crowned with a halo of light,
 Till the writer was almost lost to sight;
 And the old true love came back to her feet,
 And the bitter of life was changed to sweet.

MRS. E. O. SMITH ON "THE FAMILY."

BY SAMUEL BARROWS.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH is a woman whose right to claim a place among the prominent lady writers of this country will not be disputed. She has shown herself deeply interested in every philanthropic movement, and has judiciously used her talents in urging many reforms of the day. In a late number of a New York monthly,* she has an article upon "The Family," which deserves some special consideration.

Mrs. Smith opens as follows: "When we consider how carelessly the foundations for the family superstructure are laid, the wonder is, not that ruin sometimes ensues, but that it is not more general than it is now found to be. Two persons from two already established families separate themselves to establish a third, whose taste, habits, and disposition are little known to each other, and may prove totally dissimilar and at variance." After referring to the "foundations of a thousand insidious diseases," which are laid in the family, which baffle the skill of the "most skillful physicians," Mrs. Smith gives from "Webster" this definition of the family: "The collective body of persons who live in one house, *subject to one head or manager*; a household, including parents and children, servants, boarders, etc." Accepting this definition, Mrs. Smith adds her own opinion, that "in every well-regulated household there must be a supreme head or umpire—one to whom all may appeal, and whose decision must be final; from whom there is no appeal; a wise, loving, judicious center, who is to be looked up to as counselor, friend, judge." Then comes the question, who shall be this head or umpire? To answer this question, Mrs. Smith consults the Apostle Paul, who, she says, "decided that question, nearly two thousand years ago, by asserting that the woman should be subject to her husband." "I know," she continues, "the masculine arrogance of the Jew denied the equality of woman, and accepted her in the aspect of sex mostly, as Paganism did entirely. The Jew excluded woman then, as now, from the main body of the tabernacle in worship, and yet in the earlier and better ages she had been recognized in the nation both as judge and prophetess."

Upon this basis of philological and ecclesi-

* *Herald of Health* for January.

astical authority, Mrs. Smith proceeds to build her argument, the corner-stone of which is, "that the man is the rightful, proper head of the family; that wife, children, and servants must, and ought to yield, not only respect, but obedience to him, as the head and ruler of the household; in his place there he should be *king and priest*, he should rule and worship in the altar-place of home."

Without disputing Dr. Webster, who is supposed to define words according to their received signification, and not as they *ought* to mean, it may be very proper to doubt whether St. Paul meant, two thousand years ago, to decide that question for all time, as against every attempt to improve the social and political status of women; whether what he said was not specially directed to the people to whom he wrote, and intended merely for the time in which he lived. Such a position is strengthened by Mrs. Smith's argument, and is well fortified by the answer of Christ to the Jews on a subject akin to this. They said unto him, "Why did Moses, then, command to give a writing of divorcement?" He answered, "Moses permitted it because of the hardness of their hearts." According to Mrs. Smith, the hard-hearted age was a *better* one than that in which St. Paul lived, when women were excluded from the worship of the tabernacle, and from priestly and judicial functions, and therefore it is not unreasonable to suppose that, in addressing the unsanctified Greeks, Paul, like Moses, wrote some things which there would have been no occasion to write if their hearts had been subdued by the gospel of love. At any rate, is it fair to presume that Paul intended by this letter to check the aspirations and bar the progress of woman in the nineteenth century? Does religion thrive on the subjection of woman? Is Christianity insulted by her elevation to equal rights with man? The whole tenor of Christ's teaching is against such an inference. In Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female; that is, the distinction of sex is made entirely subordinate to that higher nature which man and woman possess in common, and to which Christianity appeals. "The letter killeth," says Christ, "but the spirit maketh alive." We should be careful how we construe the teachings of a past age, without knowing the spirit and condition under which they were uttered. There are not wanting literalists who quote the Bible with great parade of reverence in support of human slavery, polygamy, and every stain on our social system. Such a mistaken, soul-blind reverence is a dead weight on the progress of truth.

But we must return from St. Paul to Mrs. Smith's opinion. This, written in our own language, by a capable woman of the nineteenth century, is scarcely susceptible of mistake. The most unfortunate aspect of her argument is, that a woman who accepts it must sacrifice her freedom of will, and yield her personality to the authority of a man; though this sacrifice is not required by the felicity, the sanctity, or the permanency of the marriage relation. Mrs.

Smith is confident that in every well-regulated household there must be one supreme head or umpire, discarding altogether the old maxim, that two heads are better than one. It is not to be questioned that in a well-regulated family of children, servants, and dependents there should be *at least* one "wise, loving, judicious center who should be looked up to as counselor, friend, judge;" but in Solomon's wisdom, two such counselors would be better than one. Why one only? and why that one the husband? The husband has not always the longest head, though often the longest ears; and in such cases, what is the wife to do under Mrs. Smith's philosophy—subject her wisdom to his folly, or follow her own counsel? If the former, she offends the literal Solomon; if the latter, she offends the literal Paul. Certainly, if there must be but one head and counselor, it should be the one who has the best counsel to give, and is this more usually the husband than the wife?

Neither the husband nor the wife loses in dignity or self-respect by delegating to the other, for household administration, some of the authority which inheres in each; but, according to Mrs. Smith, all the authority inheres in the husband. He is not only wise counselor, friend, and judge, but he is supreme ruler, "*priest, and king!*" True, Mrs. Smith thinks the "wife not without authority in the family," that the children and servants must obey her; but then she writes: "The woman's part is generally a subordinate one; her marriage contract involves the condition of obedience as well as chastity," so that virtually whatever authority she has in her position, must be by derivation from the "priest and king."

If our lady friend had been content to make her model husband a wise counselor, a judicious friend, certainly no one could object, for wisdom and prudence are not too common in the family circle; but why is the wife by her marriage vows condemned to be the subject of a household "priest and king" who may be totally unfit either to rule or worship? Is the husband naturally any more religious than the wife? Does it detract anything from his dignity that she wears in her turn the sacerdotal robes, and as often as he leads the family in prayer and praise? With all due respect for Mrs. Smith's opinion, it is submitted that the right of a husband to a *kingship* in the family is founded neither in the nature nor the welfare of that institution. The husband and wife should hold equal power, exercise equal authority, and command equal respect. There may be a conceded division of labor and authority for the good of both, but in all matters in which the happiness of each is directly concerned, there should be a common judgment and a common consent. Desirable peace and harmony are not secured by the subjection of the wife to any absolute husbandly authority. Her place is by his side, not at his back, or under his feet.

Mrs. Smith maintains that the first law in the household is obedience to the head and

center. That may be the case in Turkey, but it should not be the case in the United States. The first law of the household should be *love*. Each member of the family should be bound to the other by its silken chord. No unselfish husband, who truly loves his wife, as every husband ought, will ever wish to treat her as his inferior; and no woman not born in savagery ought to consent, in these days, to take a marriage vow which makes her subordinate to a co-ordinate in privilege and power. Our family system, though needing much reform, is perhaps superior to any in the world. Our best regulated families among the rich and poor are those where love is the first law, and filial obedience an adjunct; where neither husband nor wife affects supremacy, but each lovingly concedes that which belongs to the other, and the personal rights of each are sacredly maintained. Neither scorns to ask counsel of the other. If they differ as to policy, love suggests a compromise; if they can not agree, they consent to differ. The husband does not dogmatize, pervert St. Paul to bully his wife, or quote the marriage vows of the Episcopal service; but treating her with deference, he accords to her all the social right and privileges which he himself possesses.

Mrs. Smith, in speaking of wifely loyalty says: "I know of nothing more base than for a woman to take the name of a man, eat his bread, and mother his children, and then go about to abuse and vilify him." It would be bad enough if such a thing were common, or if it were any more common for a wife to vilify her husband than for a husband to vilify his wife; but look at the pronoun. "To eat *his* bread, mother *his* children!" As though *everything* belonged to the husband and nothing to the wife; as though she were a menial, a dependent, a beneficiary; as though she were obliged to thank him for the very bread she eats, the clothes she wears; whereas, by every rule of right and equity, though not of civil law, to the wife belongs one half of the husband's possessions, at least one half of all that he acquires after marriage, the wife's duties at home being a full equivalent to the husband's abroad. If Mrs. Smith insists upon obedience, she should also insist upon justice.

Commendable efforts are being made to enlarge the political and industrial sphere of women. How can we expect them to be successful so long as women are denied their rights in their own homes. The inevitable tendency of Mrs. Smith's social philosophy is to retard the genuine improvement of woman. This may be contrary to her intentions, but that does not alter the fact. The family is the foundation of society. "Equal rights" for woman should begin there. Husbands should treat their wives with consideration, and encourage them to respect themselves; then they will be more likely to respect their husbands. Subjection is opposed to growth. The loveliness and holiness of the wifely character will not be diminished by enlarging the scope of their exercise.

The real danger to domestic harmony is set

forth by Mrs. Smith in her first paragraph which is quoted above. Incompatibility of tastes, education, and mental endowment is the foundation of family disorder. Phrenology and physiology are usually ignored in marriage engagements, whereas they should be respectfully consulted and obeyed. Then no couple should marry without a mutual agreement as to the precise character of their future relations; this would avert much future difference. If a woman has genius, let her provide by stipulation for its future growth and her own mental and moral expansion; let her marry no selfish, arrogant man who will make her a drudge and a slave. When such subjects become common to courtship, instead of being excluded by affected prudery; when physiology and phrenology are employed to interpret God's law in each case, there will be less need of quoting St. Paul; less household despotism, but better husbands, better wives, better children.

[We are pleased to give our Washington friend, Mr. Barrows, a hearing on this social question. He writes in the interest of those who need encouragement, not as a champion, but as a sympathizing friend.]

REST!

BY CRAYON BLANC.

ANYBODY can work; but it takes a philosopher to rest. Given a certain amount of brain and sinew, bone and muscle, just so much to do, and just such a time to do it in, and if at the day's end the day's labor is not completed, our calculation must be very much out of joint somewhere! But when the sun is down, the banks are shut and the shipping offices closed, and our workman goes home to begin the other half of his existence—resting, in nine cases out of ten he don't know any more *how* to do it than you or I, my friend, know how to get at the secret spring of Perpetual Motion!

And, what is worse, there is no school, nor college, nor conservatory where the science is taught; and that is the reason why our men at forty grow bent and wrinkled, and our women put on spectacles at the same age, and begin to pull out the gray hairs when they brush their coiffures of a morning!

"Work! work!" says the father, and the schoolmaster, and the adviser; but nobody stands by to say, "Rest, rest!" Americans need the latter admonition, as a general thing, much more than the former.

Summer is the season when city people most need rest—the season longed for and looked forward to, for three quarters of the year. A man can endure a far heavier pressure of brain and body when he looks ahead to "drawing a long breath" by and by. But how seldom does the promised hour of relief arrive! "We'll rest for a few weeks," says the Business Man, when he rents a furnished cottage somewhere out on the railroad, or engages summer board under the shadow of patriarchal New England maples. And he rushes hither and yon, buying air-cushions, and mosquito-netting, and camp-

chairs, and patent contrivances that turn into anything from an ironing-table to a bedstead, at thirty seconds' notice, with a diabolical ingenuity which, two hundred years ago, would certainly have strung their inventor up for a wizard; and his wife lays in stores of things that "may be wanted," and "had better be taken along," and that "it wouldn't do to be without," and sews herself into a sort of fever, in order that "the children may look decent." That's the way they get ready to rest, and by the time they and their trunks and bandboxes reach the new destination, the Garden of Eden itself would present no attractions to their jaded bodies and over-wearied minds, much less an ordinary farmhouse, with ordinary green grass edging its doorstep, and ordinary leaves fluttering in the sunshine overhead!

And now the question is, how to rest! Our business man comes up Saturday night, rushed onward by express train which he catches at just the last moment, with both arms full of newspapers. Oh, why does he not leave the great world behind for one brief day, with its cares and trials, and the fall of stocks and the rise of gold? And he walks up and down the piazza with his hands behind his back, thinking—thinking—thinking! of business perils, and the risks of his last venture, and the telegrams from Europe, and all the chances and changes that hang over the "down-town" horizon! And the children don't dare to show him the empty bird's-nest in the woods, nor the misletoe growing on the old dead tree, nor the butterfly's wing they found, nor the nests in the fragrant hay of the old barn. "Papa's busy," says the mother, with warning uplifted finger; so they creep away to their woodland haunts, and feel a sensible relief when "papa" is gone back once more to the city, per express train.

Nor does the wife understand the science of rest much better. She thought she was going to have "so much leisure" in the country, and so her trunks went down, filled with rolls of work, and bundles of unmade shirts, and there they lie, like so many Juggernauts on her conscience, night and day, while the children alone thoroughly enjoy the summer sunshine and the birds and the brooks, as God meant they should be enjoyed!

Now, to rest, my good woman, you should have left your work at home, and brought only a few serviceable garments that grass will not stain, nor rain spoil, nor little clinging hands rumple! You should have gone out into the woods with the children, day after day, or with a friendly gossiping book, and dreamed away the long summer hours with that *abandon* which is to the mind what tonics are to the body. You should have shut the door of your minds resolutely on past and future, and admitted only the great, genial Present. That would have been the true meaning of the word rest!

As for your husband, he should have turned boy with his little ones, lain on the mossy banks, breathed in the spicy hay scents, brought home a hatful of wild berries, and forgotten Wall Street altogether for the twenty-four hours of reprieve he had given himself. Twenty-four hours! It should have been twenty-four *days*! But when, alas! will people leave off trying to work and play at the same time? Not in our time, we fear, nor in that of our children!

On Physiology.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—*Cicero*.

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—*Exod. iv. 6*.

TO LUCINIUS.

HORACE, ODE X., BOOK 2.

To live, Lucinius, safe and free,
Thou wilt not keep far out at sea,
Nor, fearful of the gales that sweep,
Too close along the margin creep.
The man who'd have a soul serene,
Must cultivate the golden mean,
Escaping thus the squalid cot,
And jealousies by wealth begot.
The mighty pine is ever most
By wild winds sway'd about and toss'd;
The highest towers disastrous crash
When, from the mountains, lightnings flash.
When fortune frowns, then hope for change,
And when she smiles, fear she may range;
Though haggard winters rule the land,
They disappear at Jove's command.
Though now they may be sure of this,
Things will not ever go amiss;
Not always bends Apollo's bow,
But from his lyre sweet strains bestow.
Though sorrows strike, yet still be true;
Though comrades fall, your ends pursue,
And wisely, when your speed's too great,
Take reefings ere it be too late.

DIETETICS—WHEAT BREAD.

A WRITER in the *American Farmer* writes as one learned in the chemistry of food. He says: "Our whole process of converting wheat into bread has, at almost every step, violated the laws of nature and disregarded her suggestions, and the reform must be a fundamental one. Wheat is, beyond all dispute, the most perfect article of human food, it being the only vegetable production yet discovered that contains all the elements necessary for the nourishment of the muscle, bones, fatty tissue, and brains, in just the right proportions. Beans, peas, Indian corn, and the other grains afford perfect nourishment for all the organs but the brain, by which term is included the spinal marrow and the nerves, which branch from the brain, and are identical in composition with it, the whole forming one system or set of organs. Now the pabulum of the brain is phosphorus, whose life-giving fire thrills along the nerves, and whose light illumines the chambers of the mind—for could we rightly understand the correspondence between the material and the spiritual, we might see that light in the intellectual sense was something more than a mere figure of speech. The wear of the brain by study or any mental effort throws off the phosphorus which is found with other waste matter in the urine or other secretions. To keep the brain healthy and in working order, the waste must be restored by the use of food containing phosphorus, and that food is wheat.

"It would seem as if wheat was made for brain food, and man, the only animal that works with his brain, is the only consumer of



PORTRAIT OF ISAAC JENNINGS, M.D.

it. But by a strange caprice, the promptings of his intuitions are overruled by his tastes, and in this particular instance, to his great detriment, nearly every particle of this brain-nourishing phosphorus is found in the hull or bran of the wheat, which, when separated from the flour, for the sake of merely gratifying the eye with the sight of white bread, carries with it all the superiority which wheat possesses over a dozen other kinds of cheaper vegetables. In addition to this, the mechanical action of the bran on the internal organs keeps them in a healthy state, and supersedes the necessity of pills and other cathartics, which many people are obliged to use habitually. This matter of making flour of the whole wheat is well understood, and approved by every school of physicians, and through their recommendation to their patients, and the teachings of health journals, its use is becoming somewhat common, and *wheat meal*, as it is called, is a staple article in the markets."

[We are not sure about the shucks, or skins, of wheat, any more than about the goodness of the shucks of nuts or the skins of potatoes. But we do believe in wheat meal, rather than in superfine wheat flour for bread. Nor would we object to having our bread, for at least one meal a day, made of Indian corn. If in the shape of samp, hominy, or johnny cake, it would be acceptable, as it certainly would be healthful.]

ISAAC JENNINGS, M.D., THE INDEPENDENT MEDICIST.

In figure Dr. Jennings is tall, spare, lithe, and wiry. He appears to have remarkable physical endurance, as well as great activity of body and mind, and remarkable tenacity of thought, feeling, purpose, and constitution. His head is high and long, but not very broad.

His intellect has enough of the reflective to make him theoretical; but having a superior development of the perceptive and practical organs, he has remarkable talent for acquiring knowledge in detail, and of gathering up information and reducing theoretical knowledge to practical uses. He has a remarkable memory of things, places, qualities, conditions, historical facts, and a good memory of words. The central line of the head, beginning at the root of the nose and running backward over the head to the base of the brain, is sharp and high. These qualities thus brought out give a tendency to individualism,

enabling a man to centralize himself on his own foundation. They give independence of judgment, decision of character, self-reliance, independence, persistency, and constancy. His head rises high at the crown, showing steadfastness, determination, and independence of feeling.

His Conscientiousness indicates integrity, truthfulness and justice. He is frank, has but little Secretiveness, is not inclined to hide his thoughts or to conceal his light. He has courage as well as fortitude, force as well as steadfastness. His social nature is amply developed; he is strong in his friendship, is patriotic in his attachment to home and country, is a good friend and faithful to his convictions. His distinguishing characteristic is a wiry, enduring constitution, which gives to his mind clearness, force, and persistency, and a strength to his character that is not often equaled. He has a clear mind, an excellent memory, great powers of analysis, high moral feeling, strong affection, frankness, prudence, dignity, and determination.

Dr. Jennings was born at Fairfield, Connecticut, in 1789, and is consequently now an octogenarian. His busy life commenced on his father's farm, where he remained an active co-operator, enjoying at intervals the moderate educational privileges of a district school, until his twentieth year. Then, having determined to engage in the study of medicine, he entered the office of Dr. David Hull, a practitioner in his native place. Young Jennings, in the outset of his pupillage under Dr. Hull, displayed such an aptitude for study that he took a special interest in procuring for him, through

Rev. Mr. Humphreys, afterward Dr. Humphreys, president of Amherst College, the requisite facilities for a collegiate education. In speaking of the manner in which he was induced to entertain the idea (before scarcely thought of, because of his father's moderate circumstances) of studying the ancient languages, the Doctor writes: "Mr. Humphreys gave as a reason for his advice to me that Dr. Hull had represented to him that I could master books with much greater facility and speed than any other man that he was acquainted with. I felt my need of a better foundation for my medical studies than I then had, especially for some knowledge of the Latin and Greek, and told Mr. Humphreys that if he would loan me a Latin grammar—he had previously offered to superintend my preparation for college and aid me to some extent with books—I would immediately commence a study of the languages. Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Grammar was put into my hands, and I started for home." While pursuing his professional studies, he from time to time aided his father on the farm, and at the time he thus commenced his studies in ancient literature, he had considerable to do with getting in the hay crop. Of this his clerical friend was aware, and did not expect him to make much of a figure at the first recitation. As it was, however, the indefatigable farmer-boy and student was resolved to surprise his instructor, and therefore applied himself with the greatest earnestness to his classics whenever an opportunity of retirement from the labors of the hay-field occurred, although he by no means stinted the latter. At the recitation, he gratified his friend by the perfect rendering of a certain number of pages, which Mr. Humphreys considered ample for a commencement; but when young Jennings remarked that he was prepared to recite more, the minister asked: "Have you gone further?" to which the student answered, "Yes, sir; I have seen the end of the book, and made a finish of it." Of course Mr. Humphreys was greatly surprised by this announcement and put him to a test on account of it, and found that his precocious pupil had indeed swallowed the book, nay, mastered it, verbs, nouns, pronouns, declensions, conjugations and all. This sort of rapid acquisition characterized to a great extent his extended studies in Latin and Greek, until he had proceeded as far as he thought it necessary for the purposes of his medical training. "Mr. Humphreys," he says, "urged me strongly to go forward in my preparation for college, assuring me that in a few months I could pass over the first two classes in Yale and enter the junior, and at its close reap its rewards or secure the Valedictory. But, as Hudibras says:

"Want of cash is
The obstacle to cutting dashes."

His mind being set on medicine, he was anxious to make as rapid advances as possible in the acquirement of the knowledge necessary to fit him for securing a license to practice.

He entered the office of Eli Jones, M.D., of New Haven, in 1821, and remained there until he had fitted himself to sustain the examination prescribed by the laws of Connecticut for all applicants for a license to practice medicine. At that time there was no State medical college, and candidates for admission to practice were examined by a board appointed for that purpose. Young Jennings had not studied during the entire period required by the statute before a medical student could present himself for examination. He lacked more than six months of it; but feeling abundantly able to acquit himself with credit before the examining board, of which Dr. Jones was one, he was desirous of saving the time. His case was presented to the board by Dr. Jones in so favorable a manner that the examiners consented to try him, and the result was entirely satisfactory to the examiners and the student. He soon entered upon active practice, and with much success for a young man. His previous close application to books, however, began to manifest itself in a lack of general vital vigor and a defective pulmonary condition, strongly disposing him to consumption. His powerful brain, by its unceasing exercise, too severely tested his naturally compact and vigorous constitution, and had so reduced his physical forces that for some time he was obliged to take every precaution against further mental excesses. He continued to practice medicine according to the old-school theories until about 1822, when he was induced, by many careful observations and experiments, to modify his system of practice—to relinquish ultimately the use of drug specifics in the treatment of disease and place his reliance on a conformity with the laws of nature. In the Introduction to his "Philosophy of Human Life," he has presented, at considerable length, his reasons for abandoning the old theories of medication. When it is understood that his practice was large and his reputation for success enviable at the time of his adoption of his new theory, it can be fairly inferred that his reasons for the change were weighty. In the Introduction already referred to he says: "At the time when I launched forth into the 'do-nothing' mode of treating disease, vigorous practical medicine was the vogue of the day. Popular teachers and leading medical men discarded the doctrine of 'cure by expectation,' which had been brought considerably into notice and practice in the preceding century by Van Helmont, Stahl, and others, as based upon a fanciful and visionary theory, and tending only to the use of inert and frivolous remedies, and, on the contrary, recommended bold and energetic practice; and in this common sentiment I had participated largely while a student of medicine, and in the first years of my medical life. It was no light affair, therefore, to face square about on a subject which involved human lives, and attempt to stem the long-established, broad, deep, and powerful professional current, aware, too, as I was, that such a course would

be likely to alienate from me the warm affection and sympathy of those with whom I had taken sweet counsel, and whose favor was as dear to me as the apple of my eye.

"My lancet was sheathed and active medicine proscribed, with few exceptions, which will be noticed hereafter; and for all ordinary occasions my stock of remedial agents consisted of bread, flour, and water. . . . The general results of the 'let-alone' principles, in comparison with those of the perturbing one in common use, in any and all of its multitudinous forms, were such as to convince any sober-minded and common-sense man of the superiority of their claim to soundness over that of the latter. Diseases were more uniform and regular in their progress, and shorter in duration; recoveries were proportionally greater in number, and more perfect and enduring in the end. Sudden and remarkable cures were a matter of notoriety, and the wonder was often expressed how such astonishing results could be compassed by such apparently trivial means. It came to be well known that the weapons which I used were few in number and of small dimensions; but it was conjectured that they made up in power what they lacked in number and size, and especially that their peculiar efficacy consisted in the skillful direction of them to the very seat and center of disease. On the full tide of successful experiment in 'bread-pill' practice, my patronage, large at first, continued to increase and extend, until my ride embraced a wide range of territory and a large population, besides frequent excursions into other districts as consulting physician." In 1839 he removed with his family to Oberlin, Ohio, where a Christian colony had been established, the organization of which, in most respects, elicited his approval. There he still resides. Although at an advanced age, the vigor of his intellect is evinced in the pages of his "Tree of Life, or Human Degeneracy," a work of a religious and moral character, though including some chapters on Orthopathic Medicine, published in 1867. In this work he enunciates the doctrine, that the perfect man is he who unites perfect physical health with correct moral and religious principles, based on the Christian model. The books which Dr. Jennings has written are distinguished for their vigorous and clear style, and for the extent of scientific investigation and reading indicated in the department of his profession. That he has been eminently successful as a physician is beyond question, and that he is earnest and sincere in his declarations is sufficiently attested by his well-known, consistent Christian walk and conversation.

"Be a whole man to everything," wrote J. J. Gurney to his son at school. "At Latin, be a whole man to Latin. At geometry or history, be a whole man to geometry or history. At play, be a whole man to play. At washing and dressing, be a whole man to washing and dressing. Above all, be a whole man to worship."

THE PIPE AND ITS STORY.

—o—
 "That noisome weed, Tobacco."

THE two engravings which embellish this page present no fancy sketch, no chimera of the imagination, but dread, startling reality. When the curtain has been withdrawn from

a chemically-prepared weed. How many sons of genius, who rose in the horizon of intellect, and dazzled the world with their brilliancy, have stained their otherwise glorious monuments by a profligate death! How many a noble intellect has been steeped in eternal darkness ere it had time scarcely to challenge



FIG. 1.—INFATUATION.

behind those bare and dry items of disease and death which we term "statistics of mortality," and instead of mere figures and technical terms we contemplate the fatal cause of the great aggregate, how shocking, how revolting the picture! Can it be realized that a being endowed with splendid capabilities and privileges, with that mental vision and power of judgment which constitute him the chief, the dominant energy in the universe, will subordinate, nay, prostitute, all these capabilities and privileges to an ephemeral indulgence of an animal appetite; will entirely lose sight of himself in the pursuit of objects in themselves unsightly, and ministering naught but mental or bodily disease to their infatuated votaries? Yes. The possibility is attested by the numerous asylums, hospitals, prisons, reformatories, etc., which are at once the pride and shame of civilization, by the ten thousand freshly-made graves which dot the sod of this country, and by the leering, bloated, diseased debris of humanity which we meet every day in the social round. How strange, how wonderfully strange the influence wielded by those twin agents of destruction, Alcohol and Tobacco! A few draughts of the fiery liquid, a few puffs of a cigar or a pipe, and a habit is formed which binds its victim in meshes of steel. Strong men—men whose powerful mental apprehension is equal to the loftiest thoughts or noblest conception of genius, who in their pride of intellect and potency of will scoff at restraint, are helpless as infants in their nurse's arms, the thirsty, craving subjects of a distilled fluid or

the admiration of an expectant nation! And yet, with all the dread facts staring them in the face, and urging them to exercise their judgment, their will for their best interests, how great the concourse of men who do not heed the warnings, but obedient only to appetite and propensity, clamor for the things which prove their destruction!

There is no lack of energy on the side of reformers. Societies having in view the redemp-

other be willing. A poor drunkard, or an inveterate user of tobacco, will resist the arguments and entreaties of a friend on the sole ground that he, the former, is not to be controlled in his actions by any one. He *will* do as he pleases, and questions any man's right to interfere. Poor fellow! sensitively conscious of his prerogative as a man, he nevertheless meekly surrenders himself and all his cherished rights to the absolute control of that which must ultimately work his ruin. Yet his inconsistency is not extraordinary, but the normal result of subverted organization—a dominancy of the sensual man. But we have digressed from our subject. Probably in no form is tobacco used less publicly than in "smoking the pipe." Cigar smokers and tobacco chewers are to be met with everywhere, but the pipe smoker is more retiring in the enjoyment (?) of his luxury. Perhaps the inconvenience attending the carrying of a pipe with one in his walks or travels has much to do with its comparative unpopularity. If so, we confess our gratitude that it is an inconvenient appendage out-of-doors. Let any one who appreciates refinement of all sorts, and pure air especially, walk behind a biped who may be promenading with a silver-mounted "meerschaum" dangling from his incisors, and now and then inhale the delicious odor of the foamy clouds which said biped suffers with such an air of unspeakable comfort to ooze from his lips, and our hand upon it, no further suggestions will be needed to impress that one with the extreme sweetness and healthful nature of rank tobacco smoke. An old, well-used pipe, reeking with the deadly oil distilled from the pounds of tobacco which have been so extensively burned in it, is enough to nauseate any human stomach! Faugh! it sickens, almost in imagination. *Horresco referens.**

We have heard of youthful aspirants to smoky honors (the young gentleman depicted in the engraving was one of them) who, having

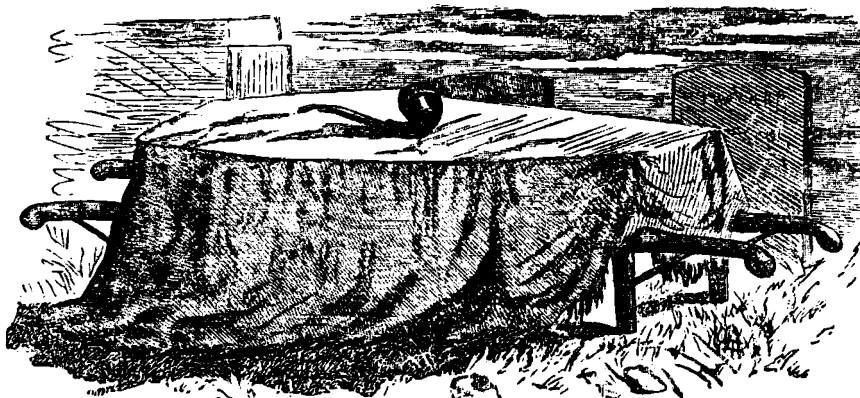


FIG. 2.—THE RESULT.

tion of man from depraved habits are abundant and vigorous. They accomplish much; but when we contemplate the long ranks of the dissolute, which seem to be filling up more and more with fresh recruits, we are obliged to confess that it doth not belong to any man to save another from sin and death unless that

come into possession of a pipe, thought it their duty to employ every available moment in cultivating its acquaintance, burning tobacco far into the night, and planting the seeds of disease and physical decay in their scarcely mature constitution.

* I shudder at the very reference.

Among the diseases engendered by the use of the noisome weed in early youth, and specifically demonstrated by the best physicians in Europe and America, are dyspepsia, organic derangement of the heart, epilepsy, partial paralysis, necrosis of the jaw, rheumatism, salt-rheum, nervous debility, consumption, insanity. One of our American medical monthlies, in a recent issue, has an extended account of the removal of a man's entire jaw, which had become diseased from the contact of tobacco with decayed teeth. Our profession brings us in contact daily with those whose only excess is the use of the poisonous plant, but whose meager frames, cadaverous faces, and abnormal excitability proclaim their suffering. Nine tenths of our youth, who are wasting their vital forces thus, attribute their weakness to everything besides their darling cigar or pipe. Surely that which they love so well can not be undermining their health! But so it is. Let the truth strike home to their intelligence, and save them from the further waste of time, money, and true bodily enjoyment.

The "last scene of all that closes" the smoker's sad, eventful history is seen in our second engraving, and needs no comment of ours to point its moral. He who, to a great extent, lives to narcotize his lungs and his faculties, must ere long succumb to the effects of his dissipation; and what more appropriate memorial of his life could we place upon his coffin than the pipe which immaturely inclosed him therein, and what more apt legend could we uprear over his grave than

"In the smoke of his pipe his life faded away!"

DIETETIC FACTS.—Here is something of which few persons who live chiefly to eat ever permit a thought to enter their hungry minds. Soup, fish, flesh, oil, vinegar, wines, pastry, ices, confectionery, fruits, and numberless minor ingredients of conflicting chemical qualities are among the materials "thrown in." Stir these things together in a vessel, and which of us would not sicken at their appearance and odor? Yet at a dinner party they are all crammed into the stomach, there to ferment and generate pernicious gases. Truly, man is "fearfully and wonderfully made." No other creature could exist on such diet. It would kill a gorilla in a month. It *does* kill, though more slowly, thousands of that high and mighty variety of the human race commonly called gentlemen. Universal temperance in eating and drinking would quadruple the general health, and add years to the average life of the race. But exercise is as essential to health as temperance. In fact, intemperate eaters and drinkers sometimes stave off disease for several years by using their muscles manfully. As a rule, however, gormandizers and guzzlers are indolent. There is a story in the Arabian Nights of a physician who cured a sultan of plethora by introducing certain medicaments into a mallet, with which the patient hammered every day until he fell into a profuse perspiration, when the virtues of the panacea

in the mallet passed through the fibers of the wood into his pores. This is merely an allegorical way of enforcing the great lesson that bodily exertion is beneficial to health—that exercise is excellent physic. Everybody who knows anything about the mechanism of the human frame, sees, of course, that it was made to work, and we may add that if it does not fulfill the conditions of its structure it is sure to corrode and drop to pieces prematurely.

TEACHERS AND SCHOLARS.

No one need think to enter the field as a teacher unless she is willing to yield herself up to her labor, for it is a labor, though a pleasant one, when undertaken in the right spirit; but it should not be a task. Not only should we, as instructors, be prepared to furnish the necessary information, but we should study how to impart it to the best advantage; how to make it available, how to sift out the knowledge, as it were, so as to make dry studies interesting. In fact, there should be no such thing as dry study.

There is a great deal of useless matter dragged into school books, and the pupil is forced to repeat the ideas, and often the exact words of the author, without getting the least glimmer of their light; they leave the class, nay, the school, destitute of the faintest idea of what they have been studying. When the book is not clear, where pages are devoted to what may be condensed into half the space, the book should be set aside, and the teacher give oral instruction. I have seen pupils who have been studying arithmetic up to the age of sixteen or seventeen years, and yet they were not able to perform an example in long division, nor make the simplest arithmetical calculation. You may say, "Oh! this is a solitary instance; she must have been very stupid." I tell you no! It is the case with a great portion of the young ladies who attend what are termed our best city schools. Our public schools are not an exception. I have found many, even there, who have not been taught correct methods of reasoning. Now what is the reason of this? If a child be passably intelligent, she should be able to give up the study of arithmetic at fourteen years of age. It surely should not be necessary for a girl to dwell on writing and grammar from the age of ten to seventeen—seven years—and many more for arithmetic. Yet it is almost without exception the case. Where does the fault lie? I do not say altogether in the teacher, for, of course, if a parent keep her daughter from school every day or two, progress can not be expected. She should then be obliged by the rules of the school to take a lower position in her classes; and thus she would be likely to learn something thoroughly, and not obtain a useless smattering without end or aim. If all teachers were conscientious and true to their high calling, the parents could not decide the matter, and the pupil would be educated in spite of difficulties.

I would have the teacher do less for the scholar than she now does. Set the child to thinking, show her the way; then let her move on, and learn to overcome difficulties.

The child should be encouraged to ask questions. I know that many will disagree with me, and say that it is impossible to make any progress with a class if one stop to answer all the questions which children may put. Many will tell me they will make idle and foolish inquiries. I answer no! If properly trained, they will ask such questions only as will awaken interest and show thinking minds. I have always encouraged the habit. The teacher should strive to prepare herself upon all subjects, and if she be not careful, she will find her pupils will steal a march on her, and make some demands which will at first seem difficult to answer.

I would here notice the sad failing that I have observed in my fellow-workers, which is this, that they think the pupil must be answered at all hazards, as it would never do for the teacher to be found wanting, so they give a wrong answer, a mere form of words or a set speech, without meaning, and let it pass. We ought to have more courage and say frankly, "I do not know. I'll try and find out." Every child should be taught to search the truth for herself, for the reasons which have given rise to a certain rule. Especially where authors differ, the subject should be presented in a new light by the teacher; then let the pupil take that method which seems most reasonable. A teacher should take a subject in hand, and spend even weeks in gathering all the information she can upon it by inquiry, by observation, and by study. This close application and research upon one subject will make a new one much easier. The English grammar should, in my opinion, be well understood; then the scholar will be fitted to study the grammar of other languages with more facility. History, mythology, and literature are closely blended, and no studies have a more elevated and refining influence than these.

Every teacher should possess a magnetic influence over her pupils; he should imbue the class with life and spirit, and should bear them along with that subtle influence which can be seen and felt, rather than described. She should aim to create an enthusiasm, so that her class may feel lifted up, and the time spent together seem all too short. School days certainly should be happy. A teacher who is one in a true sense, will not fail to make them so.

That course of study should be pursued with girls which will be most conducive to their best interests and future welfare; that they as women may be able to make their knowledge available in the cause of humanity; that they may be useful wherever they may be placed. Self-reliance should be cultivated. There is a great deficiency in this respect, and there is no better place than the school-room for the culture of this important quality. Now, if my remarks prove useful to those just commencing the education of the young, I shall be glad. The great secret is—*How to teach.* F. A. W.

ALLEN A. GRIFFITH,
THE WESTERN ELOCUTIONIST.

WE present the readers of this number of the JOURNAL with the portrait of this rising teacher and lecturer on Elocution. So far as health is concerned, we could say nothing at all deprecatory of the gentleman. Every vital function which he possesses is manifestly in excellent working order, supplying those juices in rich abundance which lubricate the machinery of the mind, and enable it to operate with facility and effect. Such an organization, ministered to as it is by a strong motive temperament, can manifest itself in its fullest capacity, and maintain a good degree of activity without irregularity and without exhaustion. It is gratifying to find occasionally opportunities like this when we can assert that

the indications of the *sanum corpus* are all that could be desired. Good lungs, excellent digestion, and a thorough circulation are the property of Mr. Griffith, and for them he is no less responsible than for other gifts which vigorous health, when properly applied, serves to develop and fortify.

He has a full eye—the expression of talking ability; a broad forehead—an indication of vivacity and sprightliness; a good degree of reflective ability, and a sufficient appreciation of method and taste to effectively manage his intellectual forces. He is by no means deficient in imagination; nor is there any lack of fervor when circumstances conspire to arouse emotion. He is ambitious—would excel in whatever he attempts, and having secured success and reputation, would be likely to stand upon them with earnestness and steadiness. In his line of activity he would be foremost, the condition precedent. He is inclined to be somewhat more theoretical than practical—more original than a follower of other men's recipes.

The social qualities are evidently influ-



ALLEN A. GRIFFITH, THE WESTERN ELOCUTIONIST.

ential with him; the comforts and privileges of a home, and the associations and sympathies of friends, are cordially responded to by such a nature. He possesses in a high degree that elasticity of temperament which conduces to buoyancy and exhilaration of spirit. He enters upon the prosecution of an acceptable enterprise with that cheerful energy which indicates enthusiasm, and which is so generally conducive to success. He is occupied, as will appear from the following biography, in a profession which requires the exercise, more or less, of all the faculties, and which especially evokes the influence of the emotive qualities of man. Taken altogether, his organization certainly appears to be in correspondence with his profession, and able to fully respond to its requisitions.

BIOGRAPHY.

Mr. Griffith is the second son of Luther Newcomb Griffith, and was born at Pike, Wyoming County, N. Y. While very young his parents removed to Elyria, Lorain County, Ohio, and here the first sixteen years of his life were passed. At Mills Academy, in Elyria, he received the first impulse in the special department of education to which he has devoted his

life. In childhood he never enjoyed good health; and at fifteen was supposed to be past help, in quick consumption; was unable to do any kind of manual labor, and was sent to school to be "out of the way." About this time he became very much interested in some exercises before the scholars of the Academy, conducted by the eminent Irish elocutionist whose brilliant and brief career in the United States will be remembered by literary men. The exercises consisted in "breathing," "utterance of the vowels with inflections and circumflex," and "readings." These exercises afforded so much pleasure, and were of so much real benefit to the health, that Mr. Griffith afterward joined a class under Prof. Kennedy's instructions, and also took private lessons. He was highly commended by his teacher, and assured of good health if he would only persevere. Shortly after this, an interview was had with Mr. James E. Murdoch, at Cleveland. Mr. Murdoch was not giving instructions at this time, but kindly suggested a course of study and practice, which was carefully carried out.

Soon after completing the course at the Academy, Mr. Griffith was thrown upon his own resources, and sought his fortune in the West. He taught successfully as principal of Union schools at Milwaukee, and Waukesha, Wis., six years, occupying his leisure in the study of law. He was admitted to the bar in Milwaukee in 1855. In 1857, by invitation of the teachers' associations of Wisconsin and Iowa, he visited institutes, and presented his methods of teaching reading and elocution, and created much interest among the people by his public recitations. In 1858 he was invited to join the distinguished teacher and elocutionist C. P. Bronson, in a series of entertainments. And this may be said to have been his introduction to the people as an elocutionist and reader. For more than ten years Mr. Griffith has been almost constantly occupied instructing classes in the different colleges and seminaries of the North and West, and in public lecturing. He has been a devoted student, and the whole range of classic literature has been explored for models in the different styles of expression and delivery. His memory is superior, enabling him to recall the principal popular selections, and to recite many of Shakespeare's plays entire. His manner upon the platform is exceedingly natural and graceful. The great benefit which he has derived from the practice of elocutionary exercises makes him an enthusiastic advocate of the study of elocution.

Our institutions give prominence to public

speaking. The people are instructed in political assemblies, church congregations, in the halls of justice, and from the lyceum platform. Correct reasoning or simple demonstration is not sufficient to secure the greatest good on these occasions. Sound logic is the basis of oratory; but logic is weak before public assemblies, even in demonstration of the truth, unless the voice is trained to winning cadences, and the charm of manner made to give weight and character to matter. The sacred literature of the Bible and the hymns read from the pulpit, throughout the land from Sabbath to Sabbath, if accompanied with the honest voice of natural feeling and the expressive face of sincerity and Christian love, varying to indicate appeal, rebuke, devotion, or praise, would add to the religious culture of the people and to the wealth of religious ideas and sensibility almost beyond computation. The impression that culture is powerless to produce the results, or that success in elocution and eloquence is only for the gifted few, has too long rested in the mind of the intelligent.

The methods of study in the schools have confined the student to mental processes, without the additional culture or preparation for magnifying ideas by a forcible utterance of them. So many of the learned in the different professions have failed to exhibit a model in elocution, that students under the discipline above referred to, have come to regard oratory as a gift, not an acquirement, and admitting the power of persuasive speech and action, consider them beyond their reach or capacity, and as a consequence the scholars are becoming eloquent as writers, but powerless as speakers. They come to the bar, pulpit, or platform with voices uncultivated, bodies reduced by the unvarying rounds of the class-room, unskilled in gesture without acquired poise and repose, unable to think upon their feet, and experience all the mortification of failure in attempting to do what they have not educated themselves to do.

Mr. Griffith is producing a great change in the minds of the professional men and teachers with whom he comes in contact, in regard to this subject. Claiming that when elocution and rhetoric are taught in harmony, or together, or when the principles pertaining to the management of the voice, and the gesture of the body and limbs which constitute the external facts of oratory, are taught in conjunction with the accepted divisions of rhetoric, invention, disposition, choice of words, and memory, pertaining to the reason and understanding, they are as certain to become a part of the personal talents of the man. This position is the correct one. It is verified by the numerous cases of individuals who have distinguished themselves as orators, who have had the greatest obstacles to overcome, who have acquired all their education independent of rhetorical training, but seeing their great need of this culture have set themselves to work in earnest with competent instructors, and have triumphed over all defects, and returned to nature's pleasant ways in the speaking. Sound and sense must harmonize in speech, and the

tone of voice may be taught to take on the modifications of thought and feeling; or, rather, the indescribable eloquence of children, "who speak as they feel," may mature and develop with their growth and mental acquirements, and we may have harmoniously developed men.

The University of Chicago, at its commencement in 1886, conferred upon Mr. Griffith the degree of A.M. for his services to the cause of learning. Up to the present time Mr. Griffith has refused to connect himself with any institution, believing that he can do more good by passing from one college to another, spending sufficient time in each to awaken a permanent interest, and for this purpose he has reduced the principles of elocution to a brief system.

1st. Physical Culture — Position, Gesture, Breathing, Management of the Vocal Organs.

2d. With Voice Culture, Alphabetical Elements, Groundwork.

3d. Expression, introducing New Combination Exercises, which are invaluable for health as well as oratorical effect.

His "Lessons in Elocution," embodying his system, with many selections analyzed, has reached a sale of ten thousand copies in two years.

By a recent arrangement Mr. Griffith is to visit regularly Georgetown College, D. C.; Columbian Law College, Washington, D. C.; Notre Dame University and Academy, Indiana, etc. He resides at Batavia, Ill., having there a family consisting of his wife, two sons and one daughter. Mr. Griffith is strictly temperate in his habits, using no tobacco or alcoholic stimulants. He enjoys robust health; and having the firmest faith in himself and the importance of his mission, he is doing a work the influence of which can not be estimated.

"VELIS ET REMIS."

Out to the sea we are sailing now,
The great, broad sea, whence none return;
On to the harbor our vessels plow,
Where lights of heaven softly burn.
Happy and gay on the dancing sea,
Forever thus shall our bold song be,
"Vells et remis."

"Vells et remis" we lightly trill,
And as our barks spring swiftly on,
The sea breezes all the white sails fill,
And oars gleam in the golden sun.
While still do our lips breathe forth the song,
As we are borne so lightly along,
"Vells et remis."

But lo! the night comes fearful and cold—
The billows leap in angry foam,
And fierce winds shriek in their language bold,
As weird forms o'er the waters roam.
And now, with our pale lips firmly pressed,
Low ring the words from each throbbing breast,
"Vells et remis."

"With sails and with oars," oh, earthly ones,
Who struggle on a restless sea,
Unfurl thy white sails and ply the oars—
Use every dormant energy,
Until, at last, on heaven's shore,
The weary words will sound no more,
"Vells et remis."

CHARLES THE FIRST OF ENGLAND.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

THE innovations of centuries, gradually but surely spreading throughout Christendom, had been working up the times and preparing Europe for great religious and political changes. In England it was not merely a grand religious struggle of the dominant Normo-Saxon race for Church reform and progress—people tearing away the veil of the dark ages and pulling down an old hierarchy which had become intolerable to the robust minds of the zealous Puritans of England and the stern Presbyterians of Scotland. This was the outside form; but there was in it a pregnancy of other issues. A religious spirit and fervor that find expression chiefly in protests and innovative faiths will soon afterward begin to work corresponding changes in the social and political states. Charles the First was born in times and surroundings when this was illustrated, and with him came Oliver Cromwell. Like his beautiful grandmother, he was the very embodiment of the assumption of the superiority of the prince to the nation, and both represented the past, and not their mighty progressive age. The consequence was, they were united in their fate.

Charles Stuart was the second son of James I. of England, by Anne of Denmark. He was born at the royal castle of Dumfermline, in Scotland, Nov. 6, 1600, three years before the death of the great queen who executed his grandmother. Elizabeth, Cromwell, and Charles were living at the same time. If the tradition of the pugilistic episode between the boys Charles and Oliver be not a fiction, then young Cromwell vanquished his elder, for the Prince was born two years before the boy who was destined when a man to meet him on the greatest issue of the world—the right divine of the nation, not of the prince—and he met him in the people's might.

The Prince was endowed with rare obstinacy, which manifested itself in his childhood. "He was noted," says Lilly, "to be very willful and obstinate by Queen Anne his mother and some others about him. * * * The old Scottish lady, his nurse, used to affirm so much that he was of a very evil nature even in his youth, and the lady who afterward took charge of him can not deny but that he was beyond measure willful and unthankful." A most unfitted prince indeed for such times as those he fell upon.

James essayed to bring about a marriage between his son and the Princess of Spain; but the voice of the English Parliament and people loudly protested against the union. This, with the obstinate king and Prince of Wales, would have been but little respected, but Charles, having paid a visit to Spain, with Buckingham, in disguise, to see his bride elect, himself broke off the match, through a quarrel between Buckingham and the Spanish minister. The Prince left Madrid suddenly, under the pretense that his father had recalled him;

and he was soon afterward engaged in marriage to Henrietta Maria of France. This brought about a war with Spain. And the match with the French princess was equally hateful to the nation as that designed between Charles and the Spanish princess.

At this period James died, and his son came to the throne in the twenty-fifth year of his age.

When Marie de Medici sent her daughter Henrietta to England she gave her at parting a letter of instruction, in which she counseled her to be a second Esther to her people, the Roman Catholics. This letter was written in the queen's own hand, bearing her name, but the politic Richelieu was its real author. The import of this counsel was for Henrietta to make herself the head of a powerful faction in her husband's kingdom. She was a zealous Romanist; and England received her with great distrust.

The temper of the times was strongly puritanic, and in the very character and earnestness of the master spirits of the age there was nascent a stern robust republicanism. The Cromwells, Hampdens, and Miltons represent the grandly-earnest men whom Charles was meeting from the opposite side. His chief advisers were the favorite Buckingham and Henrietta. The fate of his grandmother was coming to him from the same causes, and he was running against the nation and the age; and though not himself a representative of Rome, he brought his grandmother to his side in the person of his queen, Henrietta of France. She hated the Puritans as earnestly as the Puritans hated her; and inheriting from her father a love of absolute power, she urged her husband into his fatal course.

At the opening of his first parliament, June 18, 1625, the young king wore the crown on his head, contrary to the custom of the English kings previously to their coronation. This presumptuous innovation was a manifestation of Charles' assumption of right divine, which was first claimed by James his father, and against which Parliament protested vehemently in the late monarch's reign. Notwithstanding this stern protest, Charles Stuart met his first parliament wearing the crown, which the nation had not yet given him. His opening speech was brief and peremptory, demanding supplies to carry on the war with Spain.

But the Commons of England felt its own power; and woe be to that king who braves a nation when the people *feel* their might! The people's representatives were conscious of their strength, and they determined to employ it for the protection of the country against the encroachments of the king's authority on the ancient constitution of the realm. They objected to the taking up of the business of supplies first. Some of the members thought it reasonable that the king should first redress the grievances complained of in the reign of his father; others wished an account rendered of the employment of the last subsidy, granted by the Commons for the recovery of the Palatinate; some were anxious for the enforce-

ment of the laws against Popery, which laws had been suspended by the king's authority; others of the members pressed for the repeal of a duty on wines, imposed by the late king without the consent of Parliament. Charles promised fair, and professed good faith with the Protestant religion, and the Commons, though dissatisfied, granted two subsidies.

Notwithstanding the king's profession of good faith with the Protestant religion, which, from the ascension of Elizabeth to the throne to that time, had been the chief political as well as religious issue of the nation, his marriage with a Roman Catholic princess of Henrietta's character did not assure the people or their representatives. Neither was their assurance increased in view of the large establishment of ecclesiastics, including monks and a bishop, which the queen had been permitted to bring with her. She was looked upon as Charles' chief adviser. The favorite Buckingham was known also to incline toward the Romish Church, of which his mother and wife were members. Besides, there was the king's interference in favor of Popery, interrupting the action of the laws, and slights put upon the reformed Churches abroad, and the bitter hostility which he inherited from his father against the Puritans of his own kingdom. And thus, from the very stepping-place to his throne, he was challenging the issue with the religious and political fervor of his times. The majority of the Commons were Puritans, and the people were of the temper of their representatives.

Enraged with his parliament, the king dissolved it after a three weeks' sitting, and took upon himself the government of the land. He then levied taxes by his own authority, revived the old abuse of benevolences, and quartered his soldiers in private houses.

Charles called a second parliament in 1626; but its members resolving on measures of redress and the impeachment of Buckingham, they were dissolved by the king before they could pass a single act. Then followed the same illegal taxation, and many who resisted were imprisoned.

The king now involved England in a war with France. Buckingham quarreled with Cardinal Richelieu, and that famous minister forbade the duke ever to enter French dominions again. Buckingham led an expedition to the relief of the Huguenots, but lost half of his men, and returned to raise a second expedition.

In the mean time, the king, to obtain supplies to carry on his injudicious schemes, called a third parliament, in 1628. Before granting the desired supplies, the Commons drew up the famous Petition of Rights, exacting that the king should levy no taxes without the consent of Parliament, detain no one in prison without trial, and billet no soldiers in private houses. The Commons also persisted in the resolve of the nation to impeach Buckingham, but this was silenced by the assassination of the favorite while at Portsmouth, preparing to sail with

his second expedition. The king was forced to grant the just demand of his parliament, and "the Commons, rejoicing in the second great charter of English liberty, gave him five subsidies, equal to nearly £400,000."

But Charles had merely deceived the nation, and in three weeks it was conscious of the perjury of its monarch. In vain the Commons murmured; and when they sat to prepare a remonstrance, he came to the House to interfere. The members locked themselves in, but the king got a blacksmith to break open the doors, imprisoned nine of the members—one of whom died in prison, and dissolved the Parliament in great wrath, determined now to reign an absolute monarch, and govern the nation by his own arrogant assumption of right divine.

For eleven years no parliament was called, a case without a parallel in English history; and thus Charles was rushing England backward, and rapidly reducing her power and influence.

During these years of absolutism Sir Thomas Wentworth, who had first led the Commons against the king, but who was now Earl of Strafford, as prime minister governed for the tyrant Stuart; and William Laud Archbishop of Canterbury administered the affairs of the Church. Strafford played the Richelieu, and laid a deep scheme to undermine the Constitution of England, and secure for the monarch absolute power. A standing army was to be raised, and all other power in the state swept away. In 1633 he was appointed Viceroy of Ireland, where for seven years he carried out his policy, and both the native Irish and the English colonists crouched in terror under his iron despotism. On the side of the Church, Archbishop Laud was almost a Papist, and he hated the Puritans with all his heart.

The nation was now groaning under the despotism of three lawless tribunals. The Star Chamber sentenced men to fine, imprisonment, and mutilation for resisting the policy of the king; Laud, through the High Commission Court, launched vengeance upon the heads of heretic Puritans and Calvinists; and over the northern counties a Council with absolute power, directed by Strafford, sat at York.

During this despotic period arose the infamous "ship-money" tax. It was a war tax in the time of peace, and it dated back to the Danish invasion; but it was revived and levied contrary in every respect to its ancient intentions. In olden times it was levied for the equipment of a fleet to defend the shores of England, but now it was forced upon the nation to support a standing army to subjugate itself to the rule of an absolute despotism. The lion was aroused in every noble heart; and Hampden, after three years' non-resistance, boldly threw down the gauntlet against the king, and refused to pay. His mightier cousin, Cromwell, too, was fast coming to his work.

It was in this period of the reign of terror that the great emigration of the Puritans drained

England of her best blood and noblest spirits, for Laud's spies hunted them even to their closets, and the High Commission Court robbed, tortured, and mutilated them. As noted in our life of Cromwell, that hero himself, with Hampden and Pym, was on board of one of the eight ships which the mandate of the tyrant Charles stopped, arresting the flight of the Pilgrims from their native land. But for that evil stroke of the Stuarts' policy, Cromwell would have been among the founders of New England, instead of Lord Protector of the realm and the righteous executioner of a nation's justice.

Not content with the subjugation of England to an iron despotism, the king now hurried on his fate by attempting to carry out his father's darling scheme of converting Scotland to Episcopacy. He visited the land of his birth in 1633, and appointed thirteen bishops; and four years later he commanded a semi-Popish form of prayer to be read in the churches of Edinburgh.

It was a Scotch woman who opened the civil war, and her simple example of physical remonstrance illustrated the temper of the times. When the dean in St. Giles' rose to read the new liturgy, Jenny Geddes hurled a stool at his head. A great riot in the church followed, and the bishop and dean fled. The king attempted to enforce his policy, but Scotland was aroused, and within two months nearly every soul had signed the National Covenant, by which the entire nation bound itself to resist the revival of Popish institutions, and to unite for the defense of its laws and liberty. Soon afterward a General Assembly was held in Glasgow, which excommunicated the bishops and abolished prelacy. Scotland was more than ever Presbyterian.

The king would have sent an army into Scotland, but his policy was reacting upon himself; and he was forced to call his fourth parliament, in 1640. He soon dissolved it, and attempted to carry on the government by a Council of Lords alone. The Peers, however, refused to act apart from the Commons, and Charles was again forced to convene a parliament, for a Scottish army under Leslie had crossed the border and seized New-castle.

No longer was the nation disposed to allow an arrogant prince to play with his right divine, overturn the institutions of a thousand years, and crush out by an iron despotism the freedom of the land. The famous Long Parliament was sitting now, and the man of action—the mighty Cromwell—was in it, ready for his work, and equal to it. In its first session Stafford was impeached and Laud imprisoned. The charge was treason against the liberty of



PORTRAIT OF THE KING OF GREECE.

inspiration and a prophecy in the souls of the earnest men of the nation.

Civil war now began in earnest, and most of the Lords were with the Commons. The Parliament seized Hull; and on August 25, 1642, the royal standard was unfurled amid storm and rain at Nottingham. Ten thousand of the king's Cavaliers soon rallied around it; and Charles made war upon the nation and its Parliament.

Cromwell's day had now come; and he was the first of the Parliamentary leaders in the field. The king's soldiers were gentlemen, high-mettled men, who held loyalty to their king as an heroic faith. The ranks of the Parliament were filled with common men, raw and untrained; but Cromwell brought to the aid of the popular cause his Ironsides; and in time his genius organized that glorious army of God-fearing men who performed such mighty deeds. The principal thread of that great civil war we have already given in our life of Cromwell, published in the late December and January numbers of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE.

A SUBSTANTIAL-LOOKING young couple, and apparently well mated. The Dane and the Russian make a good cross, and we see nothing incompatible in the two.

The young man will be manly and the woman womanly. As to their office of king and queen, it is only a circumstance growing out of political relations. It is highly probable that there are thousands of others who, if not equally eligible, are equally capable to fill the places. They have no more of our respect because king and queen than if they were simply republicans. The term "handsome," we think, may be applied more appropriately to the man, in the present instance, than to the lady. Those are handsome features; it is a beautiful head, and there are marks of executiveness, decision, and energy in the face. The eyes almost speak, the nose is prominent and well formed, the mouth firm, and the chin will become more prominent with age. Altogether, there is little in this face to criticise, much to admire. But though we apply the term "handsome" to the man, we

the people. Pym led the impeachment. Stafford was executed by the Parliament; and Laud, after a four years' imprisonment, followed him to the block.

The reaction in Ireland, the result of Stafford's despotism, gave birth to a Romish conspiracy, and in that year (1641) forty thousand Protestants were massacred by the Romanists. Fearfully did Oliver Cromwell avenge that dark event.

On Nov. 22, 1641, the king's party and the people's leaders measured strength in Parliament upon the Bill of Remonstrance against the king. Charles for a time was awed by the grand stern spirit of the men now thoroughly aroused against him. He promised fair, but betrayed again; and early in 1642 he ordered the arrest of Pym, Hampden, Hazlerig, Hollis, and Strode for high treason. But the Commons refused to give up their champions. The next day the king went to the House with armed force to seize the five leaders, but they had escaped. The nation was outraged. All that night armed citizens crowded the streets of London. "To your tents, O Israel!" was the feeling and voice of the times. The queen fled to Holland, and Charles to York. Communication was opened between the king and Parliament; but the Stuart found that men had arisen as obstinate as himself. "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon" was ready to leap from its scabbard; and the grand assumption that God was on their side was an

may apply a still better term to the woman, viz., goodness, amiability, integrity, kindness, devotion, prudence—qualities with no lack of intellect.

The strong affections are indicated in the lips and in the chin, Conscientiousness by the breadth across the top-head, and prudence by Cautiousness.

There is also taste manifested through large Ideality, and we do not hesitate to predict that her life will warrant the best predictions which can be made of her; the more she is known, the more she will be admired, respected, and loved.

To the eye of a phrenologist her head presents a beautiful model, while her physiognomy reveals the goodness of her heart. It is a real satisfaction to contemplate characters such as these. And in all sincerity we wish them every reasonable blessing; may they grow in grace as they grow in years, shedding a beneficial influence on all who come within their sphere.

We condense the following brief sketch from a German paper:

George, or, as the Greek orthography has it, Georgios I., the present ruler of Greece, is a young man, having been born December 24th, 1845. He is the third child of King Christian IX., of Denmark. He received a thorough academic education, and entered the marine service of his nation at an early age. On the occasion of the marriage of his sister, Alexandra, to the Prince of Wales, he created a very favorable impression in England, whose ministry saw in him a fit candidate for the vacant throne of Greece. France and Russia consented to such choice, and the national convention of Greece, on the 30th of March, 1863, unanimously elected him king, under the title Georgios I.

His queen was the Imperial Princess Olga Constantirownna, of Russia, who was born September 3d, 1851, and is the daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine. Her education has been by no means neglected, and she has had the improving opportunities of visiting the different countries of Europe and making a personal acquaintance with courts and peoples. She was married to the King of Greece on the



PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN OF GREECE.

27th of October last, in St. Petersburg, amid all the pomp and festivity usually rife on the occasion of an imperial marriage ceremony. Although but sixteen years of age, Queen Olga is said to command the admiration and respect of her court and people by her amiability and accomplishments.

THE SELFISH FACULTIES.

If Phrenology has done no other good thing, it has taught us to be more tolerant to that class of faculties called "Selfish Sentiments." We have it stated—

"The good die young;
But they whose hearts are dry as summer's dust,
Burn to the sockets."

But why it was so, and especially why it ought to be so, was for a long time a matter of speculation only, in which the "care the devil has for his children," alternated with the aphorism that "the gods loved the good too well to allow them to remain long upon earth." That a philosophy will one day be founded upon the theory, that the excess of selfishness is the summit of unselfishness, is not unlikely, even if we do not consider the utilitarian argument the same in reality; for as men learn that to take care of themselves, morally, mentally, and physically, in the best manner, requires of them the care of the bodily, mental, and moral qualities of their associates, they will, from very excess of selfishness, try to make those

about them better. The man who would benefit his fellows must cultivate and improve his own nature; and to elevate himself, he must benefit his neighbors; and this circle of good works comes very near the command, "Love your neighbor as yourself." The difficulty is to make men see the real value to themselves of this care for others, since selfishness in its lower development always doubts the good of self-abnegation. While a man acts from an impulse or theory of moral excellence in himself, whether the result be for good or evil, he feels, himself, a certain satisfaction, which is not always the case with a man acting knowingly from selfish impulses, however refined. To torture a human being to death might afflict a sensitive nature, but the belief that by this he is serving God, would give him an inward content. For this reason fanatics in every age have, while endeavoring to produce a high state of religious excellence, really opposed the true moral standard of perfect human development. The

man who acts from any strong motive must be constantly on his guard that he allows not low motives to mix with his superior aims.

The selfish faculties, which lead a man to provide for himself, isolate him, to a considerable extent, from his fellows. They lead him to depend upon himself. Persons in whom the social qualities predominate, are often led to allow matters of their own personal need to be performed for them by others; as husbands grow indolent and expect their wives to perform for them many little acts which concern their own personal condition, and which they could best perform themselves; and the same is true of other members of the family circle. We call such persons selfish, but it is a weak selfishness, resulting from the perversion or want of development and right employment of the faculties which are given for each one's care. So many good men absorbed in high moral or intellectual labor are prone to forget, or to neglect, or leave to others, certain tasks as beneath their notice, which duties, it often happens, can be by no one so well performed as by themselves, whom it most intimately concerns.

The perfect action of the selfish qualities produces physical, intellectual, and moral balance, and harmonious health. These faculties stand as a mediator between the higher and the lower, and acting for the good of the world while they lead to the elevation of the individual; thus the whole species is improved, and, conversely, as the race is benefited, the individual is made better.

DAMON.

Religious Department.

Know,
Without or star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worship God shall find him. Humble love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven;
Love finds admission where proud science fails.
—Young's Night Thoughts.

INORDINATE AFFECTION.

A SERMON PREACHED IN ST. TIMOTHY'S CHURCH,
NEW YORK, BY REV. G. J. GEER, D.D.

TEXT—Mortify, therefore, your members which are upon the earth,—fornication, uncleanness, *inordinate affection*, evil concupiscence and covetousness, which is idolatry.—COL. III. 5.

It is, I imagine, apt to be forgotten that we may love, improperly, things proper to be loved. While there are overt acts of sin, specific and sharply defined, acts in themselves sinful, there are also things toward which we have affection, which affection becomes morally and religiously harmful by reason of its excess, *e. g.*, the exhortation, "Set not your affection on things which are on the earth, but set your affection on things which are above," refers to that excessive worldly affection which interferes with or takes off our affection from heavenly things. We can not live without loving earthly things. The trouble is that it is common to love them unduly, even so much as to take away the love of heavenly things. Precisely at what point earthly love becomes sinful we can not determine. It varies, unquestionably, in different cases. There are those who have set about uprooting every earthly affection. Under the theory which these adopt (that any earthly tie is sinful), bodily inflections have taken place, not to speak of bodily lacerations, from which the mind shrinks, as if there is one God of nature and another of grace, and these hostile, one to the other. We recognize the fact that the kingdom of Christ is a kingdom not of this world; that the Church is a body called out, as its name implies; that the race is fallen and sinful; that Satan has entered into our race; that our blessed Lord became incarnate that He might cast him out; that the whole world lieth in wickedness; that the heart of man is prone to evil continually. For each one of these propositions there is abundant Scriptural proof. They are facts and positions which pervade the sound devotional offices of all the ages of the Christian Church, its collects and its catechisms. They can not be safely ignored. And they must be held not merely as doctrines, but recognized as facts, living and operating, which are constantly to affect and determine the conduct. To walk in the world as if these were *not* facts, is to enact the fancy of the child who, with blindfolded eyes, imagines that he will not run against objects because he does not see them. The true theory, as I believe, of the Church and of the sacred Scriptures is, that we are here to rescue the things of God from perversion—to bring back that which He made, to a pure and holy use [for which it was created],—in short, to use everything proper to be used, as not abusing it.

EFFECT ON THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

When any earthly affection becomes inordinate—I care not what that affection is—the love of heavenly things and of God is under a paralysis. There is no action of the heart; it is perverted. Hence, we warn against excessive grief. It shows absence of the love of God, that another being or thing has been put in the place of God.

For this cause also we think the condition of the soul, when it shall have lost all upon which it leans, as will be the case when all earthly things are taken away from it, becomes evident. Hence, also, the abundant exhortations in the Scriptures respecting the enduring nature of God and the things of God. So that the fact of the eternity of God, and the fact of the immortality of the soul, being placed by the side of each other, to a thoughtful mind it becomes evident that the happiness of the soul hereafter must depend upon its love of God. Here, that love is a joy which gives back to the soul the richest rewards. There, its absence is, must be, eternal misery. "Without hope, and without God in the world," are descriptive words which have been rightly characterized as "terse and terrific." Without hope and without God *eternally* is a condition of being which it passes the power of language to express and of the human mind to conceive.

This paralysis, which "*inordinate affection*" brings upon our ability to love God, stops the other functions of the organs of the spiritual body. There may, indeed, be action in those organs, where inordinate affections exist, but it is only formal. Such a person does not love spiritual exercises, though it is possible that he goes through them from a pressure of circumstances—from a desire that he shall appear consistent, or from fear, or because his conscience may sometimes be aroused. Love, joy, life, are gone. He does not go to his prayers, his Bible, his church, with a glad heart. All those expressions of the Psalmist, such as, "I was glad when they said unto me, We will go into the house of the Lord," "My soul shall be satisfied even as it were with marrow and fatness, when my mouth praiseth Thee with joyful lips," find no verification in anything of which he has experience.

The effect of inordinate affection is further seen in the fact that it draws away to itself that which belongs to something better. If you have in your garden a plant which you are tending and cultivating (you of course remove from it all noxious weeds as soon as they appear), you keep other plants, however good they may be in themselves and in their place, at a suitable distance. This is the very point: we are called upon to place the tree of heavenly love—the love of God—in the center of the garden of our life, and then everything which can take away nourishment from it, must be kept at a proper distance.

THE PROPRIETIES OF AFFECTION.

We must have other affections. God de-

signed that we should have other affections. God blesses other affections. He disciplines us through them. Indeed, St. Paul draws an illustration from holy connubial love, to set forth more clearly the love of Christ for the Church. He draws a parallel between them: "So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies; he that loveth his wife loveth himself. For no man ever yet hated his own flesh" (the bodily lacerations to which I alluded, belong to a later day; so that St. Paul had never heard of what, in a so-called Christian Church, is familiar to us): "no man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the Church." But the love of God is to be sacred above every other affection. Without Him, no other objects of love would have been given to us, nor would they be preserved to us a single moment, nor would we have any capability whatsoever of loving. All things in the kingdom of God, in the universe, are beautiful only as proper proportion and due relation are maintained. An inordinate affection is an affection out of place—out of proportion—one which throws its betters in the shade. You may hold a very small object so near to the eye as to shut out the light of the sun; so you may bring a trifling object so very near to your heart—you may make so much of it—you may love it so intensely that the love of God will be impossible.

It is for this reason that it is often difficult to answer satisfactorily a question, not infrequently asked, respecting amusements and indulgences. St. Paul tells St. Timothy to use a little wine for his stomach's sake, and for his often infirmities. The Psalmist speaks of bread as strengthening man's heart; of oil, as giving him a cheerful countenance; and of wine, as making glad the heart of man. But who does not know that the moment the love of wine gets hold of a man, and becomes an inordinate love, he is almost beyond hope of recall—a lost man? Then rise up sternly from the same holy volume another class of texts. The very clouds of heaven seem to gather blackness as these holy texts declare, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging," "They have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way. The priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink, they err in vision, they stumble in judgment." And do we not know that we look upon that man in whom this affection has become inordinate with amazement and pity? Not only is the love of God out of the question in such a man's heart, but the love of wife and children, of virtue, of honor—nay, everything which stands in the way of this overtopping, all-absorbing, all-destroying affection, must get out of the way. Hence comes irritability. Beings, who else would cling to him, shrink from him. Children who have clung to him in love shiver and shrink away from his presence. You may talk with him; he will promise, and weep,

and pray, and in five minutes be as much a fool as ever. When we speak of inordinate affection in a definite relation, we take it for granted that there is an affection possible in the same relation which is *not* inordinate. And God forbid that I should condemn as recreant to his Christian vows, for this reason, every one who drinks wine.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

The question of total abstinence is one upon which people are not agreed (the preponderance of sentiment being against it rather than in its favor). But when this affection becomes *inordinate*, who doubts that there is no question whatsoever about the matter? Nay, who doubts, from the fact that the victim of the affection, when inordinate, seems to pass beyond his own control, that total abstinence becomes an imperative duty, the moment the tendency in the appetite is detected? Nay, who can doubt, when this vice becomes alarming in the community, that all right-minded people, and above all, *Christian people*, have a grave responsibility to meet, and should set an example of forbearance, though they feel that there would be no personal danger to themselves of inordinate affection therein?

Our Church does not discipline her members for drinking wine, nor for dancing, nor for visiting places of amusement. Why? Because it is not felt that the thing in itself is sinful, though in every instance fraught with danger. Why again? Because of the special power of fascination in every case. The Scriptures tell us that the love of money is the root of all evil. I am not aware, however, that those religious bodies which would discipline their members for indulgence in the other particulars named, prohibit the making and holding of money. We certainly do not. But yet how false should we or any preacher of righteousness be, if we did not lift our voice against the love of wealth—the hoarding of wealth—the squandering of wealth in self-indulgence—the withholding of wealth from doing good in our day and generation—the idolatry of wealth! How untrue to the holy Scriptures should we be if we did not warn all who possess it—all who hope that the true riches will be hereafter committed to them, to be faithful to the trust of what our Lord calls “the mammon of unrighteousness.” And so of wine and all it represents, of dancing and the visiting of places of amusement. How false would that pastor be to his trust who did not lift up the voice of warning respecting them! For whatever may be conceded of a thing as innocent in itself, not one word, with the Bible before us, can be said the moment the affection becomes inordinate. Then it is ruled out at once, and, for prudential reasons, total abstinence becomes the rule in any such relation. Since these which have been named are admitted to present peculiar temptations to excess, and have been so successful in reconverting Christian worshippers to worldly devotees, in whom the love of God and of holy things seems often to be utterly extinguished, so

that the life again becomes vain and foolish, Christian people must be specially watchful in these respects.

But we must not lose sight of a most important fact—that that which sweeps away one by its power of fascination is entirely stupid to another. I presume there are some who hear me who are moderate in all their enjoyments—who wisely watch against excess in all these respects—who yet can testify to the fascinating power of a worldly life in the particulars of which I have named, while there are others to whom these things severally are even without any attractiveness whatsoever. Now, if the principle upon which we are dwelling be a true one, what an idle thing it would be for such a person to infer that religion consists in abstaining from wine-drinking, dancing, and visiting places of amusement! So that abstinence from these is a test, in such a sense, that if a Christian body can effect this abstinence in its members they are therefore good Christians. This certainly has been the mistake of certain systems, and it is wrong in principle. For where such prominence is given to two or three dangers (which are undoubtedly peculiar, calling for the greatest watchfulness and often for instant excision), it is likely to be forgotten that inordinate affection, in any relation whatsoever, shuts God out of sight, and out of mind, and out of heart. Our blessed Lord says, “If thy hand, or thy foot, or thine eye offend thee, cut it off or pluck it out and cast it from thee.” It certainly is not a just view of our duty to God to be content with that state of the Christian life in which we abstain from certain things, toward which others are pointing the finger of condemnation, while we are keeping close to our hearts that which proves just as successful in driving God therefrom, owing to our inordinate affection for it. I care not whether it be household duties or the business of life, or any possible act or object. Any personal habit for which we conceive an inordinate affection must be rooted up. It matters not whether you kill the bird with a stone or a rifle ball, so long as the missile which you send kills it. And so it matters not what it is, whether it be an admitted enemy or your own hand or eye which offends. If the affection be inordinate, it must be plucked up. Hence the great propriety of our petition in the litany against “all inordinate affections,” and for those petitions which we meet with in our best books of devotion for “chaste and temperate habits and desires.”

SUGGESTIONS.

From what has been said, we learn a rule of charity—not to judge others by our own standard until we know that they have identical appetites, desires, and dangers with ourselves.

We also learn that while *sin* does not lose its character as such, yet what is possible for one person is impossible for another. Every one knows “the plague of his own heart.” “The sin which doth so easily beset us” is a

significant setting forth of something more than some one sin common to all in its attractiveness, but of weaknesses peculiar to individuals. We learn also that it is impossible to have success in the Christian life without personal, individual watchfulness; also that it is better to be watching *ourselves* than others. We need to have our eyes upon our own dangers, and our hand upon the helm of our own ship, if we would not run upon the rocks.

“Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling” is a text which has a significance beyond what I think we ordinarily give it. No one else can do it for you, for no one else can be aware of what are *your* peculiar dangers. If a man does not put his own mind and heart to the work, using his spiritual *instincts*, which correspond to natural sagacity, he must destroy the evidences of God’s presence in himself faster than he or those who love him can build. “Watch and pray,” words so solemnly uttered by our blessed Lord, impose a responsibility for individual watchfulness which these considerations make apparent. You can put nothing in the place of individual watchfulness, coupled with personal conscientiousness; it will prove to the spiritual life, by God’s blessing, what a coat of mail is to the body. It is yourself alone who can tell whether you are turning things innocent into things sinful. St. Paul places “inordinate affection” among those “members which are upon earth,” which we are to “mortify;” but that for which we may have inordinate affection is not specified. It is only the fact that the affection is inordinate to which our attention is directed. What the object of this inordinate affection is to each one of us, every one must determine in his own case. No eye but one’s own can discern quickly enough to take the alarm that an enemy is lurking in the heart under the guise of a friend.

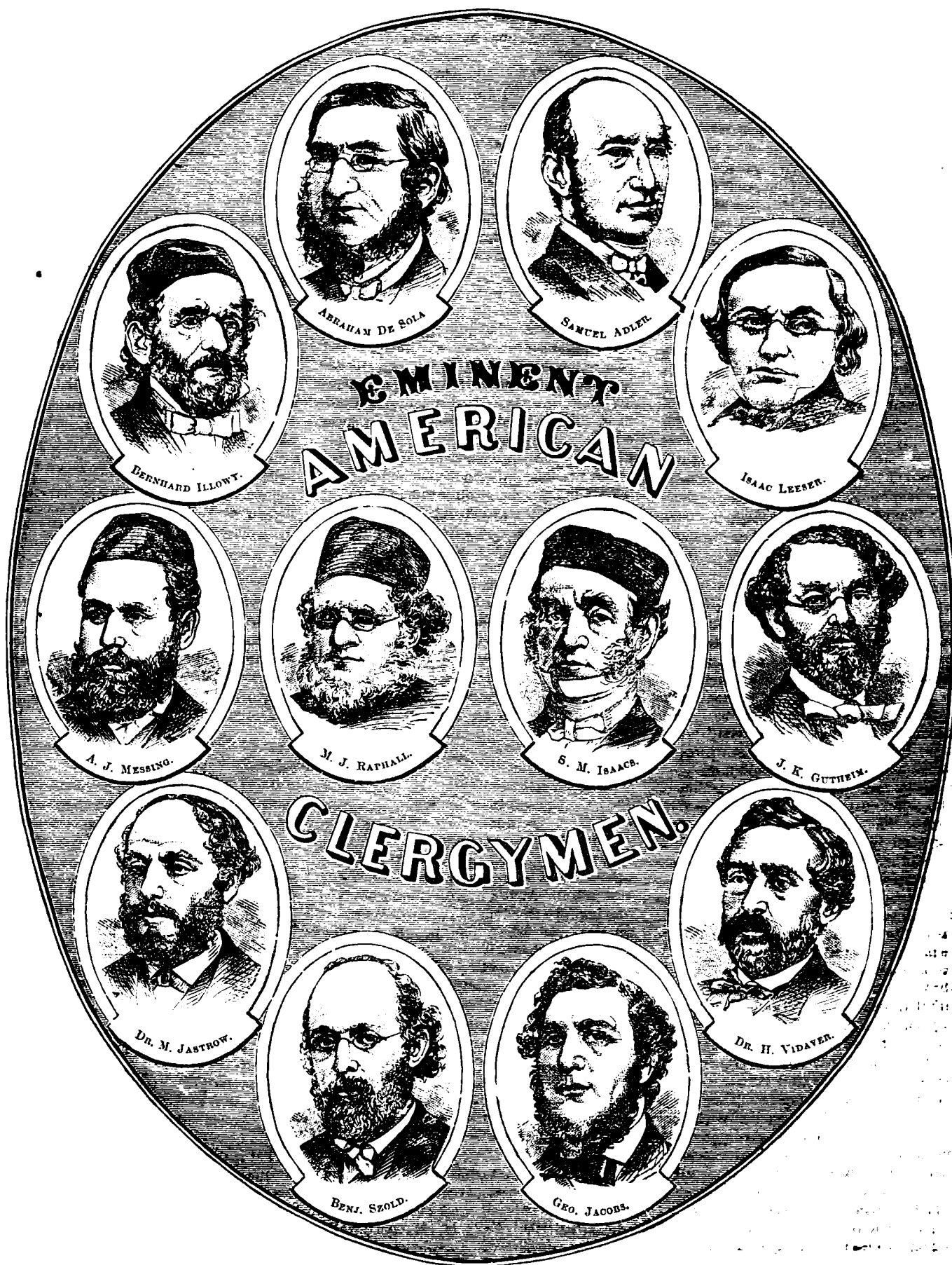
If you would not lose your hold upon God, suffer no earthly love to usurp the place of His love. Keep an open space around that love; let it be large and generous. Nay, as you draw nearer to your final departure from earth, see to it that your affections are more and more weaned from earthly things, so that when you shall go away from earth, you will not go from the things which you love, but to those things to which your heart has already been given.

“THAT’S HOW.”—After a great snow-storm, a little fellow began to shovel a path through a large snow-bank before his grandmother’s door. He had nothing but a small shovel to work with.

“How do you expect to get through that drift?” asked a man, passing along.

“By keeping at it,” said the boy, cheerfully; “that’s how!”

That is the secret of mastering almost every difficulty under the sun. If a hard task is before you, stick to it. Do not keep thinking how large or hard it is; but go at it, and little by little it will grow smaller and smaller, until it is done.



EMINENT HEBREW CLERGYMEN.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, WITH PORTRAITS.

In many respects, the Israelites are a "peculiar people." On looking over this group, several points arrest attention. The first is constitutional strength. In the twelve faces presented, there is not an indication of impaired health or physical weakness. In general, it will be seen that the base of the brain is large. From ear to ear the heads appear to be broad, and they are all amply developed across the brows. Such developments give to the possessor a very strong hold on life and its enjoyments; a regard to physical things, and their relation with mankind. Persons who have high heads, broad and expanded at the top, and contracted and weak at the base, have feeble constitutions; and live chiefly in the realm of spirituality and idealism, and lightly esteem the realm of reality. Such men are not, in a marked degree, earthly in their tastes and tendencies. The persons before us, however, are strongly developed in those organs which take hold on the present life; which give a tendency to vigorous physical action; which promote the enjoyment of the pleasures of the senses—food, drink, exercise, and sociality.

They are largely developed, also, in the lower part of the forehead; indicating superior powers of observation, practical talent, knowledge of things, adaptation to the acquisition of factitious knowledge. There is hardly a purely theoretical head in the group. One, the Rev. Samuel M. Isaacs, shows a large top-forehead. We judge him to be more of a theorist than any other man in the group.

Another trait is clearly indicated in the Jew, which is that of memory; and in every head before us, the organ of Eventuality, or historical memory, is considerably above the medium. From the beginning of their history, the Jew has been accustomed to recite God's doings with their fathers. It was specially commanded them to teach the wonderful works of God to their children, and children's children, that the generation to come might know them. This they have faithfully done; and it has exerted an influence on the development of the intellects of their posterity. Another marked characteristic is that of Language. The full eye belongs to the Hebrew; and we have never met one of either sex who was not a good talker.

The Jews are, also, good financiers. Their heads are broad at Acquisitiveness. Their large Perceptives give them good judgment of property; while their large Acquisitiveness inclines them to acquire and to save. We have heard it stated that there was not a single Jew receiving a charitable support in our public institutions. Among the marks of excellent health which these portraits evince, is broadness through the cheek-bones. This indicates lung-power; and we fancy that consumption does not afflict this people to any considerable extent. There is also a fullness of the cheek, outward from the mouth, not often witnessed in

clergymen of other denominations, indicating excellent digestion.

There are other striking characteristics evinced in these portraits. One is that of Firmness; which gives steadfastness, persistency, and unbending determination. This may have been developed in this people by contact with opposition and persecution, which they have been obliged to bear for a thousand years; and if there is one trait of character more conspicuous than another in the Jew, it is persistency, endurance, and steadfast hardihood of purpose. One other conspicuous trait is that of Veneration. Reverence for the past; a tendency to honor their venerable fathers; a disposition to recount all the vicissitudes of the children of Israel from the time they went down from Canaan into Egypt, until the present time, has strengthened and matured that feeling. These are the conservatives of the world. The organs which indicate a desire for change, reform, new ideas, invention, improvement, and discovery are not prominently indicated in them by large Causality, Constructiveness, and Imagination. They are, however, more musical and artistic than inventive. In features, they vary according to the country, climate, race, or tribe from which they came. There are dark and there are light complexioned Jews; those from Poland, Spain, and Italy are more generally dark, while those from Germany, Hungary, and Northern Europe are often light haired, and blue or gray eyed; but they are mixed—like the rest of the world—in this respect.

The nose is, perhaps, one of the most conspicuous features in the face of the Hebrew. The chin is also prominent, and the cheek-bone approaches that of the North American Indian. But we need not further particularize. Each reader may observe for himself, and come to his own conclusions in regard to these and other matters.

REV. MORRIS JACOB RAPHAEL, was born at Stockholm, in Sweden, October 3d, 1798. His father, who at that time was banker to the King of Sweden, had two sons, who, in the year 1803, both fell dangerously ill, and the old gentleman vowed that if God would spare the life of one of his sons he would rear him to the service of his Maker. The elder, Raphael, died, and the younger, Morris, survived, and was at once introduced to his profound studies. In the year 1807 he was brought to Copenhagen, where he was present during the whole of the English attack. Entered at the Hebrew Grammar-school, he evinced great mental powers, so that on his *Bar Mitzvah* he was proclaimed *Chober Socius*, or Fellow of learned men. Accompanying his father to England, he devoted himself to the study of languages, traveled in France, Germany, and Belgium, and, when he returned to England, married, and had six children, the eldest and youngest of whom died, the remaining four surviving.

After having tried his powers as a debater against the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, and as a lecturer on Hebrew poetry, he commenced the life of an author by publishing the *Hebrew Review*, or *Magazine of Jewish Literature*, of which one sheet appeared every week. This work attracted universal notice, both of Jews and Christians, and to this day has not been equaled by any subsequent Jewish publication in England. He was, however, at the end of the year 1836, forced to give it up for want of health. He had previously attracted the notice of the late Rev. Dr. Solomon Hirschell, chief rabbi of the Jews of Great Britain, as

whose honorary secretary he conducted affairs, while at the same time he published the translations of Maimonides, Rabbi Joseph Albo, Rabbi Hertz Wessely, and original papers on the Origin and Progress of Literature among the Spanish Jews, the History of the Hebrew Kingdom, the Religious Observances of the Jews, etc. In connection with the Rev. David A. De Sola he published a translation of eighteen treatises of the Mishna, and, subsequently, a translation of the Pentateuch, of which, however, only one volume was published. In the next year he was elected preacher of the synagogue and master of the school in Birmingham, where he continued eight years. At that time, and ever since, he has been considered as the most eloquent orator and the purest writer of English among the Jews. His life in Birmingham was eminently conducive to the best interests of Judaism. Taking a prominent part in the erection of the Hebrew school, he subsequently induced his talented countrywoman, Jenny Lind, to sing at a concert, by which means upward of £1,800 sterling (\$9,000) was realized, and the debt of the school entirely paid off. He also visited several of the leading towns of England, and lectured on Hebrew literature, Jewish history, and many other subjects. In the year 1849, however, he resigned the situation he held in Birmingham, and came over to New York, where he was at once elected rabbi-preacher of the congregation *B'nai Jehurun*.

As a preacher in the synagogue, he proved himself eloquent and impressive, supporting the Jewish religion in its purity and vindicating it whenever attacked. At the same time, he has visited Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and many other of the principal towns of the Republic, where he was equally admired by the Jews as a profound rabbi and by the Christians as an eminent scholar. In 1861 he was called to Washington, where he opened the House of Representatives with a prayer that was greatly admired. He has also written several works, among which we will name, "Devotional Exercises for the Daughters of Israel," the "Post-Biblical History of the Jews," and several other publications.

Of late, Rev. Dr. Raphael has retired from active service, being too enfeebled to perform regularly the duties attached to the office of rabbi-preacher. The congregation was induced to sympathize with his infirm state of health, and, consequently, while retaining him as rabbi, rendered preaching discretionary with him.

Dr. Raphael is of medium height and very corpulent. His hearing has become very much impaired.

REV. SAMUEL M. ISAACS was born in Leewarden, Holland, January, 1804. His father was a banker in that city, but losing all his property during the French war, he emigrated to England. He there assumed the position of a rabbi, instructing his five young sons to become "teachers in Israel." Four of these adopted the profession, one of whom died over thirty years ago. Another received a call to the congregation of Sydney, Australia; he died about two years since. A third, Rev. Professor D. M. Isaacs, is now minister of a large congregation in Manchester, England, and is widely esteemed for his fine talents and stirring eloquence, being the first pulpit orator—in the English language—among the English Jews.

The subject of this sketch was for a few years principal of an educational and charitable institution in London, known as the *Navy Tiedek*. In 1839 he received a call from the old Elm Street Synagogue of New York, and arrived in this city in the autumn of that year. In 1846, a new congregation having formed out of that, he was elected its minister. This was the Wooster Street Synagogue, which was erected in 1845; but giving way to the up-town movement, was sold in 1864. The congregation, known as *Shaaray Tefila*, or "Gates of Prayer," then removed to the building, corner of 36th Street and Broadway, which they are occupying temporarily until their new synagogue is ready, an edifice now in process of erection in West 44th Street, near 6th Avenue.

Rev. S. M. Isaacs might be styled the "father of the Jewish clergy" in this city, as he has been residing here longer than any other minister. His discourses in the old Elm Street Synagogue used to attract crowds of visitors—Christians in large numbers, as he lectured, of course, in the English tongue; and so little was known of the Jews and Judaism at that time that people were

delighted to be informed on those topics. Formerly reader as well as lecturer, his discourses were given at intervals of four weeks, but since the removal of the congregation he has devoted his energies to his duties as minister exclusively, and he discourses regularly every other Saturday. He is universally respected by people of his persuasion in this country, with whom no rabbi is more widely known. His long residence here, his connection with the press, and his own unblemished character, combine to give him an extensive reputation. He is now sixty-four years of age, and in excellent health, owing to his regular habits and indefatigable industry. He rises early and attends synagogue every morning before seven o'clock. He has a wife and eight children, two of whom are associated with him in the editorial management of *The Jewish Messenger*—a weekly journal of marked literary ability, which he has been editing for the past eleven years. He is connected with all the Jewish charities of this city, some of which he was active in establishing.

Rev. Mr. Isaacs is about medium height, of a very active temperament, has a clear hazel eye, hair sprinkled with gray, and white whiskers. His character denotes amiability, benevolence, piety, firmness, and a keen sense of humor.

REV. ISAAC LEESER is a native of Westphalia, Germany, and is now about sixty-two years of age. He emigrated to this country in early life, becoming very speedily acquainted with the language and customs of the States. On the death of the late Mr. Keys, reader at the Cherry Street Synagogue, Philadelphia, Mr. Leeser was chosen his successor. His talents soon made him popular among his people, and he was retained as their guide for twenty-one years, when a new congregation was formed for him—*Deih El Emeth*, worshipping on Franklin Street, a position which he still holds.

Nearly forty years ago (1828) Mr. Leeser commenced his active life in behalf of Judaism, writing at that time at the city of Richmond, where he then resided, a work entitled "The Jews and the Mosaic law, containing a Defense of the Revelation of the Pentateuch, and of the Jews for their adherence to the same." This work was published at Philadelphia in 1834, together with a series of "Essays on the Relative Importance of Judaism and Christianity."

Mr. Leeser has been eminently a public character. Besides giving his earnest attention to his own congregation, he has, whenever occasion offered, shown his identity with the Jewish cause by his exertions in their behalf—at one time, by journeying hundreds of miles to consecrate a synagogue or to perform a marriage ceremony; at another, by wielding his powerful pen in behalf of his brethren when attacked or slandered in the public press. He deserves the credit of having been the first to introduce pulpit-preaching in the vernacular, and has regularly, unless prevented by sickness, delivered sermons on Sabbaths and holydays.

As a pulpit orator, Mr. Leeser possesses every qualification. Although he has been for so many years engaged in public speaking, his discourses have lost none of their original attractiveness. With few exceptions, his sermons are *ex tempore*, without notes or manuscript. There is one peculiarity about them which we can hardly help noticing—his voice and manner, in beginning a lecture, are hurried and somewhat awkward; but when fully impressed and warmed by the spirit of his theme, his voice grows truly eloquent, his gesture imposing, and he speedily creates in the minds of his hearers a sympathy for the subject, an admiration for the speaker. His discourses are always replete with knowledge, and his general information is singularly extensive.

Mr. Leeser is justly regarded as a man of superior learning. He has written and translated a large number of works, prominent among which is his valuable translation of the Old Testament, which is universally regarded as the best in use. Besides this great work, he has prepared a series of books, embracing the Daily and Festival Prayers, the Pentateuch, and a number of religious works, Catechisms, Hebrew Primers, and the like. He is the pioneer of the Jewish press, having published the *Ocident*, a monthly magazine, twenty-four years ago, which he still edits with ability. He has probably accomplished more to promote intelligence among the

Jews of this country, and to inspire in them an attachment to their religion and ancient faith, than any other person. As to Mr. Leeser's principles, he is uncompromisingly orthodox, a system he has ever defended from innovation; and for his earnestness and consistency he is respected by both friends and opponents.

Rev. Mr. Leeser has never married. He is of medium height and slim; has a clean-shaven face and long gray hair. He is now suffering from a severe illness, which has incapacitated him from active duty for months past. His devoted congregation and his large circle of friends look fondly forward to his recovery.*

REV. ABRAHAM DE SOLA was born in London, England. His father was one of the most eminent Hebrew divines, and well known to theologians and biblical critics by the many valuable works he has produced. After finishing the usual academic course, young De Sola devoted himself almost exclusively to his favorite studies; and before his twentieth year he received several calls to fill honorable and lucrative appointments among his brethren. He accepted the call of the Montreal Hebrew congregation, and arrived in that city in 1847. He soon obtained the confidence and attachment of his flock, and has remained with them on the most cordial terms ever since. During his first year in Montreal he lectured for the Mercantile Library Association of that city on the "History of the Jews of England." He also lectured for this society and the Mechanics' Institute every succeeding winter, as long as they continued to give a course of lectures. He is the present president of the Natural History Society of Montreal. In his connection with this Society he has lectured on the zoology of the Scriptures, the cosmogony, and the botany of the Scriptures.

In 1848 he was appointed professor of Hebrew and Oriental Literature in McGill College, the duties of which office he has continued to discharge to the satisfaction of all concerned. He has contributed articles to various periodicals, one of the most notable is his learned treatise on the "Sanitary Institutions of the Hebrews." Among his other publications are "Notes on the Jews of Persia," "Hanagid's Introduction to the Talmud," "The Jewish Calendar" (conjointly with Rev. J. J. Lyons, of New York), and various educational works.

Besides his literary activity, Mr. De Sola has uniformly identified himself with every movement calculated to promote the intellectual advancement of the community in which he lives. He has been elected honorary member of various literary and scientific societies both in Europe and America, and the good-will of his friends has made him the recipient of several testimonials of a flattering and valuable character.

Rev. Mr. De Sola is a genial gentleman, with a most amiable disposition, and fond of agreeable society. He is tall, inclined to stoutness, has large, kindly features, dark eyes and hair, and is altogether a model of an educated and refined Jewish clergyman.

REV. DR. SAMUEL ADLER is the son of Jacob J. Adler, rabbi of the congregation at Worms, on the Rhine, in which city he was born in the year 1810. At an early age he commenced the study of the Hebrew language, the Bible, and the Talmud, which he diligently pursued under the kind and careful superintendence of his father. At the untimely death of the latter, however, the subject of this sketch, then a lad of fourteen, for the first time left his home and repaired to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, there to pursue his studies at the Talmudical High School. After some time he returned again to his native town to study under the Rabbi Bamberg, and also, by his own exertions, to fit himself for the university. From 1831 to 1836 he frequented the Universities of Bonn and Glessen, and devoted himself with great zeal to the study of philosophy, but more especially to that of Oriental philology. Returning to Worms in the spring of 1836, he was forthwith installed as preacher and religious instructor of the congregation, to which office that of Inspector of all Jewish schools of the district was soon added. In this position he first appeared as a champion of reform, and took the first

* Since writing the above, we have been informed that Mr. Leeser succumbed to his protracted illness, and departed this life on the 1st of February last.

steps toward the purification and improvement of public worship among the Israelites of that entire section of country. In the fall of 1848 Dr. Adler received charge of the rabbinical district of Alzei, an extensive, and as yet uncultivated, field of labor, but one which well repaid his labor, so that in a few years the small community of Alzei had obtained for itself throughout Germany a name which compared favorably with that of the richest and largest congregations. This congregation also permitted its minister to join the convocations of German rabbins of 1844-46, of which he became one of the most active members. In 1854 Dr. Adler accepted an engagement as rabbi and preacher of the Jewish congregation at Limberg, in Galicia, but which was not fulfilled on account of unforeseen and serious family disturbances. In the fall of 1855, after the death of the lamented Dr. Merzbacher, he received a call as rabbi to the Temple Emanuel of New York, to which he gladly responded, and is still discharging the duties of that office in this city, having the gratification of seeing his efforts crowned with entire success.

Dr. Adler's congregation is one of the wealthiest in the country. It belongs to the new reform school of Judaism. The magnificent structure now in process of erection at the corner of 43d Street and 5th Avenue will be occupied the coming fall by this congregation.

In appearance, Dr. Adler is thoroughly clerical, and though generally of an austere look, he has his moments of merriment and *bonhomie*. He is distinguished for his rhetorical abilities, his sermons being extemporaneous, but of a pure, elevated style. He only occasionally lectures in the English language.

REV. DR. BERNHARD ILLOWY was born in Rollin, Bohemia, in the year 1814. From his early youth his parents destined him to be a "teacher in Israel," and educated him accordingly. He completed his theological studies in the famous rabbinical college of Rabbi Moses Sopher, of Presburg, Hungary, and received the diploma of "Doctor of Philosophy" at the University of Pesth. He emigrated early to this country, in consequence of political complications, and became pastor of the synagogue in Syracuse, N. Y. He subsequently removed to New Orleans, and, a short time after the surrender of that city to the Union forces, in the late war, he accepted a call from the congregation *Shearith Israel*, of Cincinnati, O., a position which he still holds.

Rev. Mr. Illowy is noted as a learned Talmudist and a man of strict piety. He is one of the most strenuous supporters of the old orthodox school of Judaism. In person he is tall and of a venerable appearance, with a dark complexion, piercing black eyes, and black hair and beard thickly sprinkled with gray. As a speaker, he is quite eloquent in both the English and German languages, and he is also an accomplished linguist.

REV. JAMES K. GUTHEIM is a native of Westphalia, Prussia. After having completed his collegiate and theological studies, he officiated as preacher and teacher in his native country for three years. He arrived in New York in 1843. At first he acted as book-keeper in the counting-room of a brother, a merchant in this city, and wrote an occasional article for the press. He was called to Cincinnati in 1846, to act as principal in the Hebrew Institute, and there officiated likewise as preacher. In 1850 he followed a call to New Orleans, where he has resided ever since, and is now minister of one of the largest congregations in the United States. His sermons, delivered on his occasional visits to New York, have always attracted attention, being afterward published either in pamphlet form or in the columns of the Jewish and daily press.

As a speaker, Rev. Mr. Gutheim is fluent and graceful. His style is a combination of the philosophical and poetical.

REV. DR. M. JASTROW was born in Posen in the year 1829. He was educated in the *Gymnasium* of Posen, having previously studied the Talmud with the celebrated Rabbi Moses Feilenfeld. In 1853 he attended the Berlin University, and graduated with distinction three years later, owing to a dissertation he had composed on the philosophical system of Aben Ezra. He was for two years teacher in Dr. Sach's school in Berlin. In 1858 Dr. Jastrow was called to

Warsaw. In 1861 the political outbreak occurred in Poland, and Dr. Jastrow naturally took the part of the oppressed Jews and Poles. He was arrested, and obliged to spend thirteen weeks in the citadel of Warsaw, until, being a Prussian citizen, he was expelled, or rather banished, to his fatherland. After a year's stay in Prussia he accepted the situation of rabbi in Manheim, when a decree of Prince Constantine, the Governor of Poland, remitted his sentence of banishment and allowed him to return to Warsaw. The revolution again breaking out early in 1863, compelled him to leave the city a second time, and in the following year he became rabbi of the synagogue at Worms, which position he held until 1866, when he accepted a call from the congregation *Rodef Shalom*, of Philadelphia.

Rev. Dr. Jastrow is one of the most learned Jewish divines in this country, eloquent in his speech and with his pen, and active in his defense of Judaism. He is of medium height, has a mild, pleasant countenance. As soon as his acquaintance with the language of his adopted country will warrant his lecturing in that tongue, we may expect great results from his eloquence and energy.

REV. DR. HENRY VIDAVER was born in 1833 in Poland. He commenced Talmudical studies when five years of age. At thirteen he was considered quite an adept in the science of biblical philology, and was warmly commended by the principal rabbis of Warsaw. Hebrew poetry was his favorite theme, and many of his Hebrew productions in poetry, as also in prose, have been published in different periodicals. In 1859 he arrived in this country, officiating as rabbi-preacher to a congregation in Philadelphia; but, owing to illness, he returned to Europe in 1861. In 1863 he accepted a call from the large Hebrew congregation in St. Louis, Mo., and remained there until January, 1868, when he removed to New York, becoming preacher to the influential congregation *B'nai Jeshurun*, worshipping in 34th Street, succeeding the venerable Rabbi Raphael.

Dr. Vidaver, although not born here, is yet sufficiently versed in the manners and language of the country to be denominated an "American rabbi." He discourses very fluently in the English tongue, is rich in allegory and quotation, and is very earnest and forcible in his denunciation of whatever he considers antagonistic to the spirit of true Judaism. He is of medium height, dark complexioned, has black hair and beard, and small, hazel eyes.

REV. BENJAMIN SZOLD was born in Nemesberg, Hungary, on Nov. 5, 1831. As with so many of the German Jewish youth, he was early put to theological studies, learning the Talmud and kindred branches at Vienna, and graduating from the University of Breslau. In October, 1859, he became minister of the wealthy Hanover Street Synagogue in Baltimore, Md., with which he is still connected. He is well known in his adopted city as a man of learning and activity. He has published several works bearing upon Jewish subjects, among which are a revised edition of the ritual, a catechism for Jewish youth, and an English and German edition of the prayers. Dr. Szold has a noble and commanding presence, an intellectual head, and is outwardly an excellent specimen of the genuine Jewish rabbi.

REV. AARON J. MESSING was born in Posen, Russia, in the year 1839. He is consequently one of the youngest Jewish ministers in this country. His father is rabbi in Czemplin, in the district of Posen, and it is to his teachings that the subject of this sketch owes his zeal for his profession, as well as his knowledge of the duties of his post. He studied divinity at the University of Gratz, with Dr. Elias Goodmacher; became subsequently engaged as preacher in Milledge and Mecklenburg. He has been in this country but a short time, having arrived here early in 1866, on a call from the congregation *Beth Israel Bikur Cholim*, worshipping in Chrystie Street, New York city. He is much beloved by the members of his congregation, and wherever known he soon commands respect, although comparatively a stranger to the American Israelites. He delivers discourses in the German tongue, his sermons being distinguished for their earnestness and clearness. Rev. Mr. Messing is of medium height, well formed, light hair and beard, and dark eyes. By the time he is sufficiently ac-

quainted with the English language to discourse in that tongue, he will be decidedly an acquisition to the American Jewish clergy.

REV. GEORGE JACOBS, now the spiritual head of the oldest synagogue in Richmond, Va., was born in Kingston, Jamaica, Sept. 24, 1834. He emigrated to the United States in August, 1854, commenced turning his attention to the ministry in 1857, and subsequently entered it. He has ever been popular with his flock, being of a very hospitable and genial nature. During the war, he acted for some time as chaplain in the Southern regiments, proving of great service to those of his co-religionists with whom he came in contact in his official capacity. Rev. Mr. Jacobs is an able writer and lecturer. He is publishing a series of catechisms and religious works for the young. He is of a tall and commanding appearance. His complexion is dark, his hair, beard, and eyes deep black.

THE JEWS AND JUDAISM.

The practice of the Jewish religion differs so essentially from that of other denominations, that we may devote a little space to a consideration of its distinctive character.

The Jewish religion had its origin in the Mosaic revelation, which, nevertheless, was in some respects an iteration of enactments previously accepted by the Hebrew people. Noah and Abraham were recipients of laws relating to the shedding of blood, sacrifices, and the Sabbath was an institution universally respected in recognition of the creation.

The history of the origin and progress of Judaism during the successive periods of the theocracy, the judges, the kings, and the captivity, the development of the prophetic office and the priesthood, the grandeur of the temple worship, the union of state and church, culminating in the downfall of the kingdoms of Israel and Judah, the dark chapters of the dispersion relieved by occasional flashes of light and glory, as in the days of the Maccabees, and the superseding of the Jewish Church strictly by successors of limited powers and influence, the Sanhedrim and the Synagogue and the Rabbins, is more or less familiar to our readers.

Judaism in America presents sufficient points of interest to warrant us in restricting this sketch to a cursory survey of its growth and present condition.

There are fully four hundred thousand Hebrews in the United States. The first settlers emigrated from the Dutch West Indies and Guiana, and Holland itself, and established themselves at Newport, R. I., New York, Charleston, and Savannah; the earliest record dates back to 1660, when a charter was granted by the province of New Amsterdam to the Jewish community authorizing the laying out of a burial-ground. There is a synagogue standing at Newport, R. I., erected a hundred and fifty years ago. There were in 1840 three synagogues in New York, there are now thirty, and the Jewish population has increased in that period from five hundred to fifty thousand.

The mode of worship practiced among the Jews differs from that of every other system. The prayers are chanted and read in Hebrew. The ritual consists, for the most part, of the Psalms of David, and the supplications and prayers are mostly of great antiquity.

There are two rituals among the orthodox Jews, or rather three; two being branches of the same origin—the *German* and *Polish*, and the *Portuguese*. These rituals differ in minor points, the doctrines and teachings of the creed being identical. The pronunciation of the Hebrew is the test, the Portuguese being broader and more accurate.

The interior of the Jewish synagogue presents this aspect. The eastern end, opposite the entrance, is called the Mizrah, and is the locality occupied by the Ark. This Ark—the representative of the "Ark of the Covenant"—which was with the Israelites in all their wanderings, and was preserved in their Temple until its destruction—contains a number of parchment scrolls of the Pentateuch. These scrolls are guarded with great zeal, and are handsomely and richly encased, and crowned with bells, and adorned with plates of silver. Every Sabbath, and on Monday and Thursday mornings, a scroll is taken from the Ark and the lesson of the day is read by the offi-

clant. The Pentateuch is divided into fifty-four sections, one of which is read weekly, the cycle being completed every year. Some years containing less than fifty-four Sabbaths (the Jewish year is not always of the same length, varying from 354 to 356 days, according to an established calendar), two of these portions are occasionally read together.

The center of the synagogue is occupied by the reading-desk, or *Aimemor*, as it is termed. Here are seats for those engaged in the ceremonies, and here the reader stands, supported at times by the elders or *Parnassim*. The reader looks toward the east and chants the prayers in a peculiar Oriental monotone. The psalms and hymns are sung by a choir—which is sometimes in front and sometimes behind the desk—in some synagogues, while in others the congregational system is still pursued.

On either side of the desk are ranged the seats for the males, the other sex being placed in the galleries.

The service on a Saturday usually commences at nine. At ten, the scroll of the Law is taken from the Ark, the ceremonies being quite imposing. The ritual is divided into morning and additional services, in commemoration of the daily and additional sacrifices for Sabbath. It concludes usually with a discourse in English or German.

In the Jewish temples of the reform school—of which there are five in New York, and about forty in the United States—the sexes are not seated separately. The choir is accompanied by an organ or melodeon. The male worshippers, in the orthodox synagogue, wear their hats and silk "praying scarfs," or *Talleths*, during service; in the reform temples they do not.

The Israelites have participated in the freedom of religious opinion that had its greatest development in Germany, and accordingly the past decade has witnessed the growth of the "reform movement" in the United States, which departs less from the doctrines than from the ritual of orthodox Judaism, and is not as yet combined in a definite and systematic organization. The idea of independent and heterogeneous congregations is maintained accordingly; and the abandonment of the old ritual has led to the introduction of several new forms of prayer and embodiments of principles which have frequently only local acceptance. Thus there are distinct rituals at Cincinnati, Baltimore, San Francisco, Philadelphia, New York, and other cities. The tendency among the rising generation is toward union and harmony; but the Jewish community is very young and unsettled, and for some years it is unlikely that any other than the independent or congregational system will meet existing requirements and prejudices.

In their charities, the Israelites are proverbially generous and judicious, and all sections are united. The peculiar requirements of Jewish law as respects diet, etc., have rendered indispensable the establishment of hospitals, orphan asylums, and kindred institutions where the inmates may live as in Jewish households, and enjoy the ministrations of Israelite clergymen. Such public institutions exist at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans and elsewhere; and in New York they are on a grand scale, nearly two hundred children being cared for at the Orphan Asylum—a spacious and elegant edifice on Third Avenue and Seventy-seventh Street.

The Israelites, supporting by tax the institutions of their respective cities, thus maintain the double burden of special charitable societies, while scarcely a single Jew is an inmate of a general almshouse or asylum. They have, also, their own educational system to this extent: that most synagogues have schoolhouses attached; and a college (the *Maimonides*) has recently been established at Philadelphia for instruction in the higher branches of Hebrew studies.

Hebrew citizens are among the foremost in commercial circles, while also enjoying distinction among scientific and professional men. There are many eminent physicians and lawyers of the Jewish race; and not a few have attained prominence in political life. They have filled posts of honor and dignity in civil and military departments, from Major-General to privates, from Governor to councilman; and, socially, no longer exhibit the character of exclusiveness and clannishness which has in times past placed them under a ban.

The peculiar principles of the Jewish faith are expounded in the Old Testament and in the writings of biblical

commentators, rabbinical authorities, and recent Jewish literature, pre-eminently German. The Israelites have national and international committees working for the common benefit; of the former, the Board of Delegates of American Israelites, the Board of Deputies of British Jews, the Central Consistory of France are examples; of the latter, the Universal Israelite Alliance, with its headquarters at Paris, M. Cremieux, the renowned lawyer, being President. Their press has of late years visibly improved in this country; there are six Jewish weeklies and one monthly.

It is not the practice of the Jews to seek converts. They intermarry among themselves, not desiring to effect alliances with Christians. They maintain a religious exclusiveness, while the tendency is toward a breaking-down of social barriers. They are "a peculiar people" still; and it is a marvel that, in view of the persecutions and temptations of centuries, they remain so faithful to their ancestral traditions.

The Jewish creed is thus set forth in the "Confession" prepared by Maimonides, one of the most renowned of the Israelite doctors:

THE THIRTEEN ARTICLES OF THE JEWISH FAITH.

I believe with perfect faith:

1. That God is the creator and governor of all creatures. He alone is the cause of all that is, was, and ever will be.
2. He is a Unity, and there is no Unity like unto His. He alone is our God who was, is, and will be.
3. He is not material, not subject to the accidents of matter, and there is no resemblance to him whatever.
4. He is the first and last being.
5. He is the only one to whom appertains worship.
6. All the words of the Prophets are true.
7. The prophecy of Moses, our teacher, was true; and he is the father of the prophets, both before and after him.
8. The Law which is in our possession is the same which was given to Moses.
9. This Law will never be changed, nor will there exist any other law from the Creator.
10. God knows all the thoughts and actions of man.
11. God rewards those who observe his commandments, and punishes those who transgress them.
12. That the Messiah will come.
13. That there will be a resurrection of the dead, at the time appointed by the Creator.

MUSIC.

Music is the poetry of sound. It embraces harmony, concord, and melody. It moves with the succession of the same or similar sounds, and moves on velvet wings, waved so gently and gracefully that naught but onward motion is known or felt. Oh, the rapturous charm of music! What power it has to soften, melt, enchain, in its spirit-chords of subduing harmony! Truly there is power in music, an almost omnipotent power. It will tyrannize over the soul; it will force it to bow down and worship; it will wring adoration from it, and compel the heart to yield its treasures of love. Every emotion, from the most reverent devotion to the wildest gushes of frolicsome joy, it holds subject to its imperative will. Music being the voice of love, how appropriate a vehicle is it to bear up to the great home of everlasting love the incense of human affections! Sing unto the Lord, because He is love. Sing to Him, because music is the voice of love. Sing to Him, because He loves the songs of devout hearts. Sing unto Him, because a sacred song melts the heart in love to Him. Sing unto Him, because music elevates the soul to heaven. Sing to Him, because music is the type of the infinite, and enlarges the sphere of our thoughts and aspirations. Sing unto Him, because music is the

link unseen that binds all hearts in one, and all with God.

Who does not know the softening power of music, especially the music of the human voice? It is like the angel-whisperings of kind words in the hour of trouble. Who can be angry when the voice of love speaks in song? Who hears the harsh voice of selfishness and brutalizing passion when music gathers up her pearly love-notes to salute the ear with a stray song of paradise? Sing to the wicked man, sing to the disconsolate, sing to the sufferer, sing to the old, and sing to children, for music will inspire them all. When we think how much the world wants awakening, we can think of no power better calculated to do it than that which dwells in the mysterious melodies of music. Let everybody become musicians, and surely they would become loving souls. The dead would be raised, the stupid vitalized, and the enervate, mindless creature of *ennui* stirred into a breathing, active, emotional existence. Music never suggests vulgarity and baseness, never tends to the coarse and low. It not only gives an additional warmth, fervor, and vigor to the powers within, but it gives refinement. Then, let every father and mother encourage their children to learn music, both vocal and instrumental. Let singing societies abound, and let every village and town have its "band" of instrumental performers.—*Hopes and Helps.*

LABOR IN HEAVEN.

"LABOR in heaven," repeated the merchant, as he closed his ledger and turned his steps toward home; "I thought there was no labor there, no anxiety to meet notes, no solicitude about the responsibility of debtors or speculations of dishonest clerks." Still there was a thought floating in his mind, that absolute rest could not bring unalloyed happiness; and revolving this thought he proceeded on his way.

As he entered his private parlor, where Margaret, his invalid daughter, was reclining, and who looked up, with her large liquid eyes brightened by a smile of gladness at his entrance, he said, for he was in the habit of referring most spiritual questions to her, "Margaret, do you think there can be labor in heaven?"

"Father, I hope so."

"And why do you hope so, daughter?"

"There is so little I can do in this world, in my infirmity, that I hope in that world, where imperfect limbs are unknown, to find some blessed employment; do not you think so too?"

"Yes, Margaret," he replied, in a more positive tone, "there will be labor there—the labor of love; and you are doing it here, my sweet ministering spirit;" and he kissed the fair brow with evident emotion. "It will only be a difference in kind; but some exercise of our faculties, which we are not to suppose to be less in a spiritual state than in a natural one, is necessary for our happiness; nay, more, is necessary to prevent misery."

"But, father," said his wife, playfully, "you

do not expect to be selling beautiful shawls there, to more beautiful ladies, do you?"

"No, no; but will not thoughts be woven out into beautiful forms here, as here? Did you ever think of the thought necessary to produce the intricate patterns of our India shawls, and where it must have its rise? Surely wisdom and discretion, and all the powers of the mind, are from the Lord. Does it not read that, 'Them hath he filled with wisdom of heart, to work all manner of work, of the engraver, and of the cunning workman, and of the embroiderer in blue, and in purple, in scarlet, and in fine linen, and of the weaver, even of them that do any work, and of those who devise cunning work.'"

"And you think," observed Margaret, "if it descends from heaven to man, it must be in greater perfection and use there."

"Yes, daughter; was not Moses commanded to have everything made after the pattern that was showed him? And somehow it does seem to me that there can be no heaven in a state of idleness. Is not our heavenly Father always working? Did He not, when upon earth, fill every moment with some labor of love and compassion?"

"Why, you will only make heaven a change of state," said his wife.

"And what is it more?" inquired the merchant.

"He that does his Maker's will,
Bears his heaven about him still,"

says the couplet; and does it make any difference where we are, if it is within?" E. G. D. P.

"GOOD-BYE."

"FORGIVE, sweet flowers," the rain-drops said,
Kissing a dear little violet bed
Under the forest trees.

"They live! they live! their dying bloom
Left with the drops their sweet perfume,"
Whispers the passing breeze.

Like the rain-drops fell those magic words,
With a tender touch over memory's chords,
Waking a thrilling strain.

"I'll not forget you," oh! shall that last
Mysterious echo of the past
Leave but remembered pain?

Like the modest violet, I would claim
"A place in thy memory" for my name,—
Memory, mysterious power!
Some lingering spirit of a dream,
Some "guardian angel" I would seem,
In sorrow's trying hour.

Oh! say "forgive," but never "forget,"
For we shall meet each other yet;

My soul to thine was given.
Yes, they were *one* in that "long ago,"
And shall be one again I know,
If not on earth, IN HEAVEN. EMMA.

RELIGION is as necessary to reason as reason is to religion; the one can not exist without the other. A reasoning being would lose his reason in attempting to account for the phenomena of nature, had he not a Supreme Being to refer to. If there had been no God, mankind would have been obliged to imagine one.—*Washington.*

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1868.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Pte.*

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DISSIPATION—DISEASE.

CONSIDERING the "tax" on the human system, by the numerous unnatural drafts upon it, and that the frame endures so much without utterly breaking down, we are led to exclaim with Dr. Watts, when referring to the body, that it is indeed

"Strange, that a harp of a thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long."

We have come to regard man as a *perverted* being, the world over. We leave the matter of "original sin" and the "fall of man" out of this discussion; knowing the clergy, the priests, the rabbis, and other theologians, will take care of *that*, while we look at man as he is to-day, through physiological science. Dissected, we find so many bones, so many muscles, tendons, arteries, veins, and nerves, each part performing its allotted functions, and culminating in the manifestation of mind, spirit, soul! It is this—the immortal part—that makes the man. But without the bony framework, and without the filling up—the vital parts, which is the physiology—there would be no growth, no recuperation, no perpetuation of the race; and without the brain and nervous system, there would be no mental manifestation, no mind, no knowledge, no man. But with all the parts combined and in healthy action, we may well exclaim

"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God!"

This is what God intended man—ALL MEN—to be! He endowed him with reason, or powers of comprehension and analysis, powers of invention, abilities to navigate the seas; to till the ground, and grow crops; to imitate the beauties and grandeurs of nature in painting and sculp-

ture; to erect temples, cathedrals, palaces, universities, and comfortable dwellings. To construct railways, by which we may transport ourselves and effects at our pleasure where we will; to place a wire net-work—which may be likened to the nerves of the human body—throughout all parts of the world, with which we may be in constant communication! Is not this wonderful? Man alone possesses faculties and powers to do all these things. When we consider the possibilities of man's performance, his originality, versatility, powers of endurance, length of life, the magnitude and reach of his mental conceptions, his control over or ability to use the forces of nature, earth, sea air, and electricity, we can but admire and regard him as God's last, greatest, and best creation.

But there is to-day a physical curse on man throughout the world. Nor can it be charged to the Author of our being. It is clearly a wicked *perversion* of His will and His wish. That curse so palpable, so blighting, so everywhere apparent, is **INTEMPERANCE**. Few, if any, escape its effects or its ravages. Every family, near or remote, have felt its withering touch. A father, a son, or a brother has fallen a victim to the destroyer. A mother, a daughter, or a sister has suffered the pangs of a broken heart from this insidious enemy. We repeat that, though here and there may be found a specimen of the most rigid sobriety among all nations, mankind generally are included in this category and curse. We find in a late French medical journal an article, by an eminent authority, on the subject of intoxication. It is sad and humiliating to observe how wide-spread is this terrible vice. Every nation, savage or civilized, seems to have its intoxicating drug.

Siberia has its fungus; Turkey, India, and China, have their opium; Persia, India, Turkey, and Africa, from Morocco down to the Cape of Good Hope, and even the Indians of Brazil, have their hemp and hashish; India, China, and the Eastern Archipelago have their betel and betel-pepper; the islands of the Pacific have their daily hawa; Peru and Bolivia their eternal cocoa; New Granada and the chains of the Himalaya their red, thorny apple; Asia, America, and the whole world perhaps, patronize tobacco. England and Germany use immense quantities of stimulating beer or ale; Ireland and Scotland, use whisky; France, Italy, Spain, etc., use wines to intoxication. The statistics concerning the use of these drugs are really startling. The votaries of tobacco are estimated at 900,000,000; those of opium at about 400,000,000. Hashish, a drug quite as intoxicating as

opium, and even worse in its effects on mind and body, is used by 300,000,000 of people, while betel, which is a stimulant, controls the appetites of about 100,000,000. Other stimulating drugs are consumed by about 25,000,000 of the human race. How much pains reasonable creatures will take to destroy the health that God has given them!"

There is but one remedy for this curse, and that is to totally abstain. None of these substances are proper food or drink, and have no business in the human stomach. They are, one and all, only enemies, and must be so regarded and treated.

The office of the stomach is to digest food, converting it into blood, tissue, muscle, bone, nerve; and foreign substances, such as are enumerated above, only derange, degrade, destroy.

A stimulant only excites; it does not, can not strengthen, any more than a spur or the lash can strengthen a horse. But learned physicians prescribe these poisons as medicines! Sanctimonious priests pronounce them "good creatures of God," and mercenary manufacturers and merchants supply the demand created by these "miserable sinners." Great God! how can immortal man be so blind to his highest interest? Why will he continue in this physical sin? Why will he thus pervert himself, and suffer? There is no necessity for any of this. It is a downright wickedness, for which there is no palliation, no excuse. Reader, where do you stand on this question? On which side do you vote? Do you enjoy the "fragrant weed?" Then you are *perverted* already. Do you find it necessary to take a mug of ale, a cup of beer, a glass of wine or brandy with your meals? You are in an abnormal condition, *perverted*, diseased! and *not* as God made you. You are on the road which leads to premature death and perdition! Stop! You have *no right* to mar the image of God by defiling your own person. You have *no right* to transmit a tendency to disease, sensuality, or dissipation to your offspring. God has endowed you with the faculties of a man. This is a proposition which you would fearlessly maintain in theory. Why not as boldly and consistently maintain the honor of those faculties in practice? Why reduce them to a lower level than the brute's? Stand up! Look heavenward, and ask what is the will of God with regard to yourself, AND BE TEMPERATE! Be a self-denying, manly man!

IS THERE A GOD?

THE question is often asked: "Are there not tribes of human beings so low in the scale of development that they are totally without any idea of a God?" And our answer has been, and is, "No." As the eye is adapted to light, the appetite to food, Causality to reason, Benevolence to kindness, Conscientiousness to justice, so is VENERATION adapted to the worship of a God. As there is light for the eye, so there is a God to be adored. He who denies this puts himself in opposition to science, revelation, and common sense.

But we grant there are idiots and imbeciles among many highly-civilized nations who are totally benighted—totally incapable of self-control or regulation—who may not recognize a Supreme Being. So far as we know, Indians, Negroes, and even the Fijian Island cannibals recognize a God. Again, we find, here and there in our phrenological observations, moral or religious skeptics, who are fairly developed in other directions—men who are, so to speak, spiritually blind—men who ignore any intelligent power or principle above their own finite minds. Such are lacking a faculty, as much so as the one who is color blind, or he who can not distinguish the harmony of sounds. They are in this respect idiotic, and, when boasting of their skepticism, simply proclaim themselves "unfortunate."

Here are nearly fifty different languages in which the name of God is recognized. How many more there may be we do not know.

Hebrew, *Elohim* or *Eloah*.
Chaldaic, *Elah*.
Assyrian, *Ellah*.
Syriac and Turkish, *Alah*.
Malay, *Alla*.
Arabic, *Allah*.
Language of the Magi, *Ordi*.
Old Egyptian, *Teut*.
Armorican, *Tvut*.
Modern Egyptian, *Tenn*.
Greek, *Theos*.
Cretan, *Thios*.
Æolian and Doric, *Ios*.
Latin, *Deus*.
Low Latin, *Diez*.
Celtic and old Gallic, *Diu*.
French, *Dieu*.
Spanish, *Dios*.
Portuguese, *Deos*.
Old German, *Diet*.
Provencal, *Diou*.
Low Breton, *Doua*.
Italian, *Dio*.
Irish, *Dia*.

Olala tongue, *Den*.
German and Swiss, *Gott*.
Flemish, *Goed*.
Dutch, *Godt*.
English and old Saxon, *God*.
Teutonic, *Goth*.
Danish and Swedish, *Gut*.
Norwegian, *Gud*.
Slavic, *Buch*.
Polish, *Bog*.
Polacca, *Bung*.
Lapp, *Jubinal*.
Finnish, *Jumala*.
Runic, *As*.
Pannonian, *Istu*.
Zemblan, *Feltzo*.
Hindostanee, *Rain*.
Coromandel, *Brama*.
Tartar, *Migatal*.
Persian, *Sire*.
Chinese, *Pussa*.
Japanese, *Goezur*.
Madagascar, *Zannar*.
Peruvian, *Puchocama*.

All well-organized human beings are created alike in framework and in faculty. They differ in temperament, quality, condition, complexion, development. Each has two feet, two hands, two eyes, two ears; and for that matter, man may be said to be double throughout. And when one side of the body or brain becomes paralyzed, the other side may perform all the functions belonging to the whole. If one eye be destroyed, the other does the seeing for both. So with ear, arm, and so forth. But the question is: Are all men alike in structure? Yes; with the aforesaid modifications of temperament, development, etc. All have the same number of bones, muscles, nerves, and organs of body and brain. One tribe may have certain faculties more fully developed than another. Indeed, it is quite true

that there are many barbarians who seem to manifest only the rudiments of mechanism, art, poetry, philosophy, science, and religion. But they have the rudiments, and are capable of culture. Were it not so, why send missionaries among them? If not human beings, why notice them? And if human, why not educate, develop, and improve them? The line of demarkation between man and animal is as clearly drawn by Phrenology as it is between reason and instinct.* Finally, human beings, the world over, no matter what their language or color, have certain organs and faculties which lift them up above all animals, and which put them in relation with their creator, God, and incline them to worship. If enlightened by culture, they worship Him. If still in the darkness of ignorance, and undeveloped, they worship idols and images.

As in other things, many individuals there are who remain all through this life in the bud; they may attain the stature of men, with only the minds of children. Nevertheless, they have the organs of VENERATION, and manifest, however feebly or blindly, a sense of devotion. Such will be judged according to the use they make of their talents. We pity alike the poor heathen, whose ignorance is his misfortune rather than his fault, and the proud and lofty skeptic, who boasts of his indifference to sacred subjects and to God. The dark veil which almost obscures the spiritual vision of the one will ultimately be removed by the light of reason and religion; while the other, by his willful blindness, shuts out the light of heaven, which would otherwise illuminate his path and lead him on to the realms of life, light, and a full intellectual realization of glorious immortality. All men have souls. Let us try to save them alive.

PROF. AMOS DEAN.

PROFESSOR AMOS DEAN, whose death was briefly announced in our last number, was a gentleman of well-known legal ability and acknowledged moral excellence of character. He was born at Barnard, Vermont, February 16th, 1803. Aiming early at an elevated standard of intellectual culture he fitted himself for college. Graduating from Union College, in 1822 he gave his attention to the study of law, and for the promotion of that end entered the office of Jabez D. Hammond, an uncle, and Judge Alfred Conkling, in Albany, N. Y. On the completion of his apprenticeship he became the partner of Azor Taber, a prominent jurist of that city. Being constitutionally disinclined to forensic display, he was, eminently, the adviser or counselor, a department which he honored by the extent of his reading and the penetrating acumen of his judgment. In Albany he continued to reside until his death.

* For a scientific presentation of this whole subject, see *Grades of Intelligence*, in *New Physiognomy*, pp. 533 to 603.

On the opening of the Law School, by the authorities of the State University, he was appointed a professor, and year after year won from the students who flocked to his lecture-room the highest encomiums for ability and fidelity. As a lecturer on legal science he was unsurpassed for zeal and laborious activity. The extent of his investigations and preparation are evinced by his private library, which in its line is one of the largest and most diversified in the country. He aimed at furnishing those who came under his legal tutorage the most substantial and practical information. This is evidenced in the works which he has published, and which have taken rank as standard legal treatises. Fully appreciating the advantages of the association of young men for literary purposes, he inaugurated, thirty-five years ago, the Young Men's Association of Albany, which may be termed the mother of the Lyceum system in this country, and which still flourishes.

With the introduction of phrenological teachings in this country, Professor Dean was to some extent identified. Impressed by the lectures of George Combe, he gave some attention to an examination of the principles promulgated, and became a hearty advocate of the new doctrines. A series of lectures delivered by him before the Young Men's Association in 1834 have been preserved in book form—now out of print—and are distinguished by the cogency of their reasoning, the aptness of their illustrations, and the elevated though clear style of the language. Down to the present time, between Professor Dean and ourselves there subsisted the most cordial friendship. Whatever aid he could offer, consistent with his University duties, for the promotion of phrenological science, was ever cheerfully accorded. A cast of his head stands on one of the shelves of our cabinet. For several years past he had been employed on an extensive work treating of the history of Civilization. In the furtherance of this undertaking he had made researches in the history of extinct ages and nations, Egyptian and Oriental literature being thoroughly scrutinized for their contributions in behalf of his subject. It was his purpose to prepare an exhaustive treatise, comprehending the earliest known periods. In the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1866 is given a partial synopsis of his arrangement of the work. It had already grown to several volumes, but as the master hand which framed it has left it incomplete, American literature can not but regret the abrupt termination. Let not a scrap of this great work be lost. Every line will be valuable.

Professor Dean was distinguished for his retiring yet frank and cordial disposition. His ruddy face ever beamed with a genial good-humor which won the friendship and encouraged the confidence of all who approached him. He will be missed much from the professional and literary circles of Albany, where his influence was ever conducive to moral and intellectual improvements.

OUR CONGRESSMEN. THEIR AGES, OCCUPATIONS, ETC.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* gives the following personal gossip in regard to the members of the present Congress:

"In looking over a list of the members of the present House, the singularity in the names is striking. For instance, we have a Butler, a Baker, a Cook, and a Cake; an Archer, a Burr, a Cobb, and a Fox; a Loan, a Nunn, a Pike, a Pile, and a Price; a Kerr, a Kitchen, and a Knott; a Sawyer, a Stone, and a Taylor. Make your own puns on them. Stevens, of Pennsylvania; Spaulding, of Ohio; and Thomas, of Maryland (75, 69, and 68 respectively), are the three oldest men. Haight, of New Jersey; Adams, of Kentucky; and Washburn, of Indiana (29, 30, and 35 respectively), are the youngest members of the House. The following are the ages of the more prominent members, including the Illinois delegation:

Wm. B. Allison, Iowa	38
James M. Ashley, Ohio	43
John Baker, Illinois	43
N. P. Banks, Massachusetts	43
Demas Barnes, New York	51
John A. Bingham, Ohio	40
James G. Blaine, Maine	52
George S. Boutwell, Massachusetts	37
H. P. B. Brownell, Illinois	44
James Brooks, New York	57
Albert G. Brown, Illinois	38
Benj. F. Butler, Massachusetts	49
Samuel F. Cary, Ohio	49
John C. Chaswell, New York	53
Burton C. Cook, Illinois	46
John Corode, Pennsylvania	59
Schuyler Colfax, Indiana	44
Shelby M. Cullom, Illinois	38
Henry L. Dawes, Massachusetts	51
John F. Farnsworth, Illinois	47
James A. Garfield, Ohio	36
Samuel Hooper, Massachusetts	59
E. C. Ingersoll, Illinois	36
Thomas H. Jenckes, Rhode Island	49
N. B. Judd, Illinois	52
Wm. D. Kelly, Pennsylvania	53
T. M. Pomeroy, New York	43
J. V. L. Pruyn, New York	56
Samuel J. Randall, Pennsylvania	39
Wm. E. Robinson, New York	43
Abner C. Harding, Illinois	60
Robert C. Schenck, Ohio	58
Samuel Shellabarger, Ohio	50
Charles H. Van Wyck, New York	43
C. C. Washburn, Wisconsin	49
E. B. Washburn, Illinois	51
H. D. Washburn, Indiana	35
W. B. Washburn, Massachusetts	47
James F. Wilson, Iowa	39
Fernando Wood, New York	55
George W. Woodward, Pennsylvania	59
Horace Maynard, Tennessee	53

Here are some of the *Tribune* man's speculations and comments, which are frank, if not flattering.

"Schenck, of Ohio, and Tobias A. Plants, of New York, are the two ugliest men in the House; Fernando Wood is the finest-looking; while George M. Adams, of Kentucky, Thomas E. Stewart, of New York, Allison, of Iowa, and Pomeroy, of New York, are among the handsomest; Baldwin, of Massachusetts, is the fattest man, and Maynard, of Tennessee, is the leanest.

"In the Senate, James Guthrie, of Kentucky, is the oldest man, being seventy-five years of age, and Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, next, being seventy-one. Sprague, of Rhode Island, is thirty-seven, and the youngest man in the Senate, and Conkling, of New York, is the next youngest, being thirty-nine. Conkling, also, is the handsomest senator and the most

imperious. [It is probable that his Self-Esteem is large.] The following are the ages of some of the prominent senators:

Willard Saulsbury, Delaware	47
Lyman Trumbull, Illinois	54
Richard Yates, Illinois	50
Oliver P. Morton, Indiana	44
William Pitt Fessenden, Maine	61
Charles Sumner, Massachusetts	57
Henry Wilson, Massachusetts	56
John B. Henderson, Missouri	44
James W. Patterson, New Hampshire	44
Edwin D. Morgan, New York	57
Benjamin F. Wade, Ohio	67
John Sherman, Ohio	44
Simon Cameron, Pennsylvania	68

"Senator Guthrie, on account of failing health, has been unable to occupy his seat for several sessions, but a recent effort to compel him to resign that the State might be represented, obtained the promise from his friends that he would take his seat soon after the holidays. [He has since resigned.]

"In the House there are: Lawyers, 87; editors, 5, namely, Baldwin, of Massachusetts; Blaine, of Maine; Brooks, of New York; Glossbrenner, of Pennsylvania; and Getz, of Pennsylvania; manufacturers, 13; merchants, 9; farmers, 13; bankers, 5; clergyman, 1; hotel keeper, 1; physician, 1; coal operator, 1; general business, 3; civil engineer, 1; railroad manager, 1; horticulturist, 1; lumbermen, 2; real estate agent, 1; and (stand aside, ye mudsills and common men) gentleman, 1—George M. Adams, of Kentucky. The real estate agent is John Fox, of New York; lumbermen, Philetus Sawyer, Wisconsin, and Thomas W. Ferry, Michigan; horticulturist, C. A. Newcomb, Missouri; railroad manager, Ginery Twichell, Massachusetts; civil engineer, G. M. Dodge, Iowa; general business, Sidney Clark, Kansas; J. F. Driggs, Michigan; and B. F. Hopkins, Wisconsin; coal operator, Henry L. Cake, Pennsylvania; clergyman, William A. Pile, Missouri. John Morrissey, of New York, is put upon the rolls as banker—not faro banker, but simply banker."

[We think this analysis could be greatly extended, to the edification of all readers. Let us know the parentage and pedigree of each, where born and educated; and, when about it, why not give scientific sketches, based on Phrenology and Physiognomy—including height, weight, complexion, and a close description of each and all the features? But who can do all this? If our hundred thousand admirers decide to send the editor of the *PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL* to Congress, he would probably examine the heads of all the members, write out charts for each, and publish them. When this shall be done, woe be to the bad men "who sit in high places!" They could never be elected a second time.]

SPECIAL.—In our next issue, we purpose giving some account of the Abyssinians, with illustrations of their king, Theodoros, and his warriors. An account of the celebrated trial of Charles I. before the Roundhead Parliament will close the sketch, commenced in this number, of that unfortunate English king. A

portrait of the celebrated composer and musician Verdi, with some account of his life, and an excellent article on the Diversity of Gifts, may also be expected. We take great pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to the sermon on Inordinate Affection, and the continued paper on Consciousness and Mental Action, published in this number.

MY NOSE.

It was my misfortune to bring into this world of perplexities an exceedingly large nose, which appeared all the more huge standing out, as it did, from a most cadaverous-looking face. During my school days I suffered from numberless jokes from my companions, and sometimes I was tempted to exclaim, "I wish I had been born without any nose at all!" I could never play a game of ball but some one would shout, "Look out for Jones' nose!" And, in the classes, "Jones knows," became quite a proverb when any question was asked. Viewed in one way, it might be considered a compliment.

Well, time flew on, and still my misfortune followed me, or, rather, *went before*. I came out of jackets into long-tailed coats, and a few more years made me a man; but, gradually, I began to overcome my foolish sensitiveness regarding my principal feature; or, perhaps, it did not seem so conspicuous as my face grew fuller; but I have always thought that my finding a piece of a phrenological chart in the street one day, was the spring that wound up my life and set it into a steady motion of duty. These were the words that I read on that little piece of paper:

"Bonaparte chose large-nosed men for his generals, and the opinion prevails that large noses indicate long heads and strong minds."

Well, I concluded, if that's the case, then my mind was never equaled; but I kept thinking of it, and more seriously than at first, until I determined to find out whether it was true.

It wouldn't be very modest to tell you the conclusion I have arrived at, and perhaps if I should, it might not be very flattering to me; but this I will say, that my nose has long since ceased to be a misfortune. Prosperity has crowned my efforts. I have a happy home, and a wife with the smallest apology for a nose you ever saw. If it hadn't been for mine, I don't know that I should ever have obtained her. She had advertised for a husband—in a spirit of mischief—saying, "I have a great admiration for large noses; but am, myself, afflicted with an uncommonly small one. It is said we should marry our opposites, and if I can find one who is the opposite of me in that respect, I will marry him; that is, if he will have me."

Well, I concluded I was the one, and fortunately for me, I was. And so I can trace all my good fortune—my wife, money, lands, everything, to—my nose.

THE MOVEMENT CURE.*

THERE is a growing tendency among the people to release themselves from drug treatment and find out some better way to mitigate the pains and avoid the perils of disease, and to regain health when it is lost. It is but a comparatively short time since hydropathy was introduced, yet it in part or entirely has been adopted in general practice; the world has learned its advantages, and will not readily surrender them. And also within a comparatively few years past, what is denominated the Swedish Movement Cure has also been proved to be a great curative agent. The various manipulations have not been unknown from remote ages. The gymnasiums of the Greeks, and the Romans by their severe physical training, promoted health. The science of movements now known as a remedial agency was first systematized by Peter Henry Ling, a Swede, born in 1766, and died in 1839.

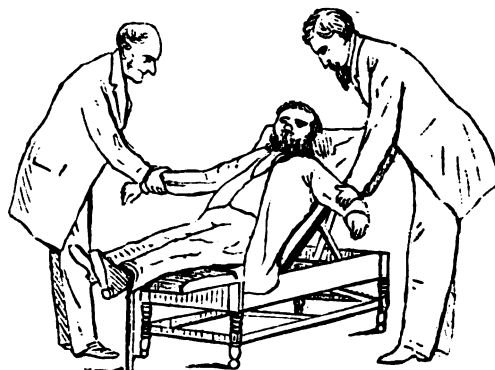
It is not our purpose to explain here the science of these movements, nor to urge their advantages. But there is not a farmer in the land who does not know that rubbing the limb of a lame horse is more effective for its cure than all the liniments that can be applied. Those who are troubled with a lame back practice rubbing for its relief; in short, movements, friction, etc., are employed as curative agencies by the people generally. If a dog has a wounded foot, or a leg which some other dog has severely bitten, he lies and licks the wound or injured part by the hour; the action of the tongue promotes circulation, and aids the parts to dispose of the morbid matter and replenish the injured structure. This process, therefore, is practically the movement cure.

Dr. Wark maintains that incipient consumption can be cured by this system, and his little work goes on to explain the manner by which it is done, and the reasons which underlie it.

The world is aware that consumption is an almost incurable disease by the old-school treatment, and the drug doctors have for years been accustomed to send their consumptive patients into the open air, and trust to sunshine and exercise to do the work.

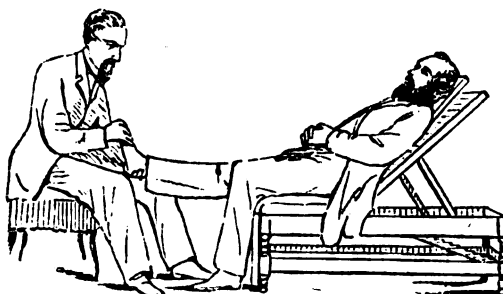
We introduce a few engravings from Dr. Wark's book, showing the methods employed; and as his treatise contains directions for the home application of movements as a cure for consumption, it must be interesting to the mass of the people. Dr. Wark writes as if he understood his subject, and had a desire to benefit mankind. His description of the different movements is concise and clear, and his work is well worth the special consideration we here give it.

* Prevention and Cure of Consumption by the Swedish Movement Cure, with Directions for its Home Application. By David Wark, M.D., Physician to the Institute for the Treatment of Chronic Diseases and Deformities, Saratoga Springs. New York, S. R. Wells, publisher; sent post free for 30cts.



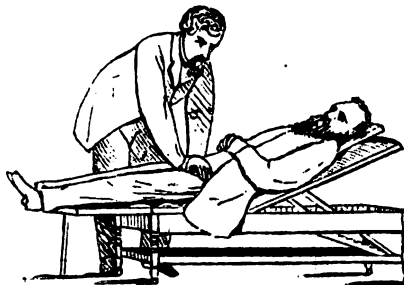
FIRST MOVEMENT—PULLING THE ARMS.

EFFECT.—The blood in the capillaries is pressed into the minutest ramifications of these vessels in greatly augmented quantities, and gently urged onward into the veins, through which it must pass to the heart, and lastly to the lungs for aeration. As soon as the pressure is removed, the capillaries are re-filled with fresh blood from the arteries supplying the part; the blood circulation thus secured in the part subjected to the pulling is so perfect, that the patient will feel the whole limb, to the finger ends, tingling with the vital current. At the same time, waste matters are made to pass by endosmosis into the venous circulation, to be removed from the body. The nutritive materials contained in the blood are brought to the parts that are also placed in the best possible condition to assimilate them.



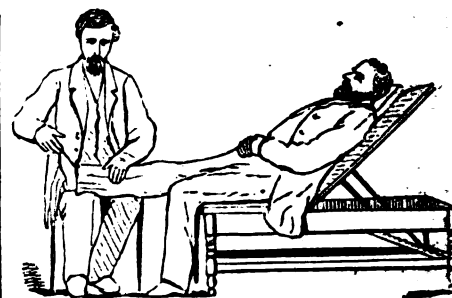
SECOND MOVEMENT—VIBRATION OF THE LEG.

EFFECT.—This movement causes attrition of the elementary fibers and cells of the muscular and other tissues, brings together waste matters seeking union, by which their ultimate removal from the body is facilitated, and increases the blood circulation and nutrition of the parts subjected to the movement.



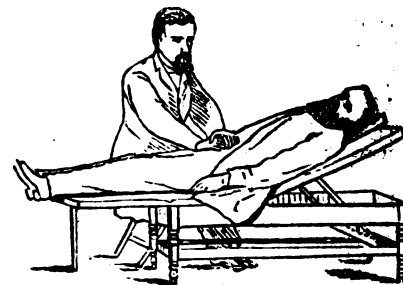
THIRD MOVEMENT—PULLING THE THIGHS.

EFFECT.—Same as that caused by movement No. 1.



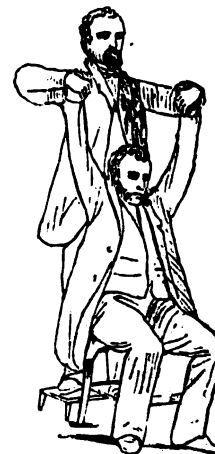
FOURTH MOVEMENT—ROTATION OF THE FOOT.

EFFECT.—This movement is actively derivative. Each time the toe describes a circle, all the muscles below the knee are alternately passively stretched and relaxed. Now, muscular contraction always increases the demand for blood in the acting muscles. When all the remainder of the body except the parts being acted on are at rest, the system is then able to respond more promptly and effectually to the call for blood at that particular point; there being, at that moment, no urgent demand for it elsewhere, the vital current is thus made to flow downward to the feet. The cold, clammy extremities of consumptives are thus rendered warmed, although the temperature would not have been increased by as much walking as the invalid had strength to take.



FIFTH MOVEMENT—KNEADING THE BOWELS.

EFFECT.—Under this treatment the muscles forming the walls of the abdomen acquire strength, etc.

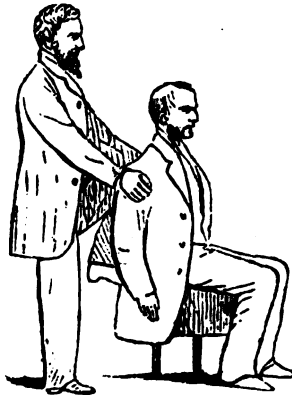


SIXTH MOVEMENT—ANGLING THE ARMS.

All the preceding operations, it will be observed, are passive; their application involves

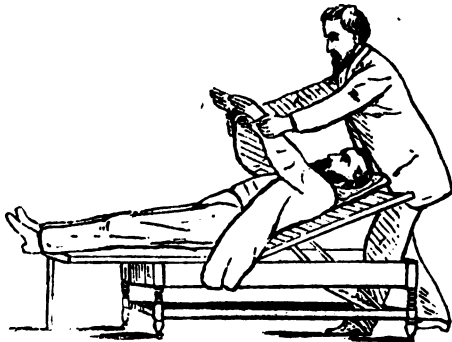
no exertion on the part of the patient. This, however, is an active movement.

EFFECT.—All the respiratory muscles on the anterior part of the body are gently but effectually stretched, the circulation in them improved, and their strength increased; rigidity of the thoracic walls is overcome; the chest vigorously but safely expanded; the air is made to penetrate and inflate collapsed portions of the lung, and dislodge the pus and mucus with which such portions are obstructed.



SEVENTH MOVEMENT—DRAWING THE SHOULDERS BACKWARD.

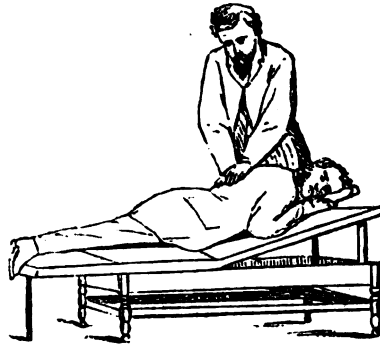
EFFECT.—With due caution, this movement may be applied to the most delicate invalid. It safely but powerfully expands the chest and invigorates the respiratory muscles. The effect on the patient's feelings is most grateful; it affords the consumptive an immediate sense of relief; he feels as if a load had been lifted from his chest.



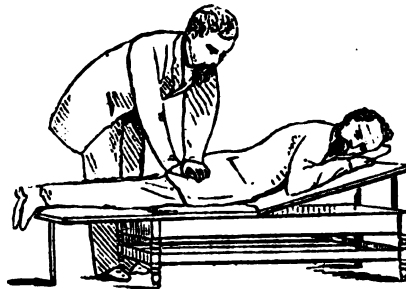
EIGHTH MOVEMENT—ARM PUMPING.



NINTH MOVEMENT—PERCUSSION ON THE BACK.



TENTH MOVEMENT—PULLING THE BACK.



ELEVENTH MOVEMENT—PULLING THE POSTERIOR PART OF THE LOWER EXTREMITIES.

[The movements are fully explained, and their peculiar benefits described in the work referred to. If anything can serve to mitigate or allay the terrible scourge to the human race, it should be widely known and practiced.]

HYDROPHOBIA.—We have, on several occasions, when consulted as to what we would do if bitten by a mad dog, answered, "we would try sweating," and we do verily believe that the Turkish bath, alternated with wet-sheet packs, would draw out the poison. We should do the same in case of snake bites. The Richmond (Va.) *Whig* publishes the following:

"A Frenchman who was bitten by a mad dog, and seized with hydrophobia, suffered so that his friends resolved to suffocate him. Four of them extended a feather bed on the floor, threw the unhappy man upon it, and covered him with a second bed, on which they placed themselves to press upon and smother him. During this time his wife was held by main force in the adjoining room by some of her relations. The unhappy woman remained at first apparently stupefied, but when a frightful silence had succeeded the tumult, she seemed to break loose from her apathy, the full horror of the scene rushed upon her mind, and with a shriek of despair she rushed into the chamber of death. With superhuman force she threw aside the men who were holding her husband down, and pulled away the bed which covered him. Life had almost departed, but respiration was soon re-established, and at last he opened his eyes. The efforts he made had covered him with so profuse a respiration that it ran in streams from the whole of his body and the disease was broken up. It is now believed that hydrophobia can be thus sweated out of the system."

Communications.

Under this head we publish such voluntary contributions as we deem sufficiently interesting or suggestive to merit a place here, but without indorsing either the opinions or the alleged facts.

ORIGIN OF MIND IN COMPOUND ANIMALS.

In union there is strength, mentally as well as physically. Here it is considered that mind, or soul (synonymous), is a high degree of subtilty, therefore material. With this view, can it be possible that minds, in compound animals, have their direct derivative from the united intelligences of all the peculiar animalcules whose bodies are sacrificed in building up all the organs and entire frame-works of the different species of animal organization? Brain, with certain known advantages of peculiar form and size, is the terminal of nerve organization, which constitutes its quality; and in proportion to the delicacy or sensitiveness of such organization, depends the capacity for use, by absorption, incorporation, or mere contact of mind; and as each animalcule sacrifices its simple organism by adding to and thus forming, with their bodies, the cell-like structures of all compound animal organizations, so may their simple intelligences likewise accumulate in, unite, and be thus transmitted or retained in the compound brain organization. Such is, probably, the origin and appointed progress of mind, from the simple to the complex, by union. Thus may incipient mind, in the infant state, be correspondingly accounted feeble, and expanding, or growing, with its animal growth; standing still (in the equilibrium of animalcule reproduction within our frames) at maturity of the compound frame, and subsiding in power, or becoming enfeebled, in proportion as animalcule force recedes from their worn-out homes and constructions, our bodies.

Cell-life, the lowest in the scale of being, and therefore, probably, the first or original sentient creation, may be thus formatively accumulated and incorporated in compound animal organizations, equally for the production of their higher capacities for intelligence as for their more highly complicated forms, by the union of these primal constructionists.

Thus would be accounted for that mysterious introduction, evidently by inheritance, of both mind and similarity of character into offspring; both in the fetal state, and just before emerging from the egg in lower animals, with a simplicity of formative derivation in harmony with the general simple principles of creation, which by time and gradual accretion form all compounds, mental as well as physical. All minds, in their origin, are simple and of a low grade of power, expanding by growth as well as use, and proportionally with the sensitiveness of nerve connections. A world is produced by accretion of atoms, so may be mind with less than microscopic sentient additions accumulated within the animal frame, and transmitted from parent to offspring, thus inheriting parental characteristics.

If such is the origin of minds in compound animals, which very many concurring circumstances render in the highest degree probable, there is no more derogation from its unity and majesty than if acquired intact, individually; as in both cases they, necessarily, come from a Great First Cause as a noble bequestment, whether directly or indirectly, as in both cases mind is at first only incipient, unknowing and unknown to finite comprehension; and, in either case, acquires knowledge only by the slow process of inductive reasoning through the use of the animal organs. Neither, by either process of acquirement of mind, is its lofty destiny here or hereafter compromised; but as only recognizing more readily by such theory, some appreciable mode of individual mental introduction, growth, or increase, as the crowning glory of an all-wise and beneficent Creator, whose fiat finds expression in the simplest modes of procedure, wherever we find opportunity to trace effects to their causes.

Our bodies grow by the gradual addition of atom to atom, and why not mind by a similar process? since everything we know of thus originates by the laws of creation, and thus are compound animals made as co-workers in the development of mind, as are animalcules in its combination by the blending of their united incipient intelligences for a harmonious unity of progression in compound organizations. CHAS. E. TOWNSEND.

THE OLD, AND THE NEW, BROOM.

BY A. A. G.

Two years ago the Rev. David McLean resigned himself to the common fate of "common ministers," and sent in his resignation, and the church and congregation unanimously declared themselves resigned to said resignation. But they thought it would be most appropriate (it would look so well) to drop a few expressive tears over the departing minister. So, dry eyes suddenly became moist, and drops which bore a striking resemblance to tears ran off the noses, and trickled down the cheeks, and trembled on the eyelids of all those who had learned how to cry in the right time and place. This wet testimonial of affection, united to a dry one in the form of a letter, full of "heartfelt regret," caused the Rev. David McLean to waver a little in his decision; but Mrs. David McLean had a woman's wit and a woman's quick perceptions, as well as a woman's "spunk," and she said: "Ah, David, don't you know that there is nothing but *water* in those tears? There is no sympathy or sincerity in them. You have been called 'the old broom' for the last two years, and the people all wish you were safe in heaven, or somewhere so far away that you could never come back here."

Mrs. McLean told the truth. If the Rev. David McLean had concluded to stay,—if the tears and the "heartfelt regrets" had made him unresigned to his resignation, there would have been crying on a magnificent scale through all the parish. Yes, there would have been such a deluge as has never been known since Noah's ark rode over the waters that covered the earth. And the most "heartfelt regrets!" oh, how they would have mounted up! There would have been ten thousand more than were put into that letter. But the Rev. David McLean did not conclude to stay. If he wavered a moment, before the tears and "heartfelt regrets," he was soon firm in his purpose to leave, and for the wise reason that the people wanted him to leave. He had written and preached barrels of sermons in the parish of —. He had, for ten winters, braved piercing winds and driving storms, on Sundays and on all days. He had baptized nearly all of the children of the church. He had married young men and maidens, and had buried, oh, how many! He had stood by their dying beds, and pointed the way to Paradise. Often, at midnight, he had answered the call and gone with the messenger, to help the dying to die, or to soothe the anguish of those who bent over the dead. Yes, wearisome days and wearisome nights had been appointed to him, and they had left their mark. He was weather-beaten, storm-beaten, life-beaten. The furrows in his cheeks were deep furrows, and his hair was growing gray.

"He is an old broom," said the people. "His sweeping days are over,—at least he can no longer sweep our *parlor*, our *city church*,

but he might answer for the *suburbs* of a city; he might sweep a while in some *kitchen*."

Poor old broom! Poor David McLean! Not all that was said about him reached his ears; but elders and deacons, and officious women, burdened with a sense of responsibility, had ventured, even before he sent in his resignation, to suggest a smaller and a *plainer* parish. They had even gone so far as to say (but of course they expressed their "heartfelt regret") that a different kind of talent was needed for a *modern church*, and a *modern pulpit*, and a *just age*. They must have some one who could draw a full house, and make church-going and religion in general both easy and popular. This the Rev. David McLean could not do, for he had learned, by the experience he had had of mankind, that it was very difficult and inconvenient for some men to be positively religious. And as to the *popularity* of religion, he had found out that the form was more popular, in certain directions, than the power. So it seemed to be best he should leave, in spite of the "heartfelt regret" of the people. And he did leave. The resignation accepted, the carpets taken up, the furniture packed, the trunks packed, there was nothing to prevent them from being gone, and no reason why the people should not have the comfort of knowing that he was clean gone forever.

At last the morning—and a *rainy morning* it was—came, when the cars were to take David McLean and his wife and children—not excepting poor little Susy, who cried because she "didn't want to go off and leave Hattie May"—with all their furniture, boxes, and trunks, to—to where? "To some place that the good Lord will show us," trustfully and humbly said Mr. McLean; but Mrs. McLean said to herself: "The good Lord often allows a minister to look around a long time for a place, and during that time the minister and his family feel decidedly unsettled. This, considering that everybody likes to feel anchored somewhere, is decidedly unpleasant."

Mrs. McLean did not, however, allow Mr. McLean to see that she for a moment doubted that "the good Lord would show them some place," although she was very much afraid he wouldn't do it until they were all tired of hanging around the world. But, whatever she feared or hoped, the morning to go had come, come with clouds and rain, mixed with little Susy's tears. When they reached the cars, many of the people, with their "heartfelt regret," were there to say good-bye. It was thought "appropriate that the church and congregation should be represented there, that the minister and his family might leave with pleasant feelings." "It wouldn't look well for no one to be there."

What the poor cast-off parson thought when he found some of his people at the depot, no one will know until the day of doom; but as he sat in the cars with his hat pulled down over his eyes, and his head bent forward on his breast, he probably had other than "pleas-

ant feelings." It is to be presumed that he was wondering what kind of a place "the good Lord would show him," and how long it would be before he would show it to him.

And Mrs. McLean, what was she thinking about? Ah, any physiognomist could have told. She was thinking that there were two things that could never be depended upon—two things that were always changing—*people* and the *weather*, and she then and there determined not to hang her happiness upon either. Occasionally, as the train moved on, she glanced at Mr. McLean with an eye that seemed to say: "Poor old broom!" What place it was that the good Lord at last showed him isn't known, or how long it was before he showed it to him isn't known. It is only known that he left the city of — because he was an *old broom*!

This old broom was, or was not, sweeping somewhere, when the old parsonage was entirely pulled down, chimneys and all, to be made over and fitted up for the *new broom*. The Rev. Theophilus Tinklebell had been called to take the place of the old broom, and, although he at first declined the call, he accepted at last, "overcome by pressing letters." "You are just the man to build us up in" —. In what? In the most holy faith? No; there was nothing said about that. "You are just the man to build us up in *numbers*!" So ran the letter, and so ran many other letters, until the Rev. Theophilus Tinklebell made up his mind, that if he yielded to the loud and pressing call, and went to the city of —, he should ring such a bell as would call all the city to his church and thin out all the other churches. And what a great thing that would be to accomplish! So the Rev. Theophilus Tinklebell told Mrs. Theophilus Tinklebell, and all the young Tinklebells, that he had decided to make a change and accept the call. Then began the preparations to leave. But as the parsonage had been demolished, and was undergoing the process of being re-created, he had been requested not to "hasten on."

"You must take time to do the work well," said one of the prominent members of the church to the carpenter who had "taken the job," "for Mr. Tinklebell sacrifices a great deal to come to us. He leaves a beautiful home, and, more than this, Mrs. Tinklebell is a very *particular* woman and a woman of unusual *taste*." The carpenter promised that the house should be all that Mr. and Mrs. Theophilus Tinklebell could desire, and he kept his promise. The parsonage, when finished, was beautiful. Then followed "the last touches," as the people called them. Great rolls of rich carpeting were taken into the house, and new furniture too—furniture of modern style. And oh, how great was the cost of it all! But the money slipped as easily as oil out of all pockets, for it was for the *new broom*!

The glory of a June morning rested on everything—on trees, and birds, and flowers, and on the new parsonage too—when the cars

came rushing into the city of —, bearing the new broom, and every one of the procession (for there was a procession there to welcome the new broom) thought, "Oh, how different he is from the old broom! What an impression he will make! How the church will fill up! No staying at home any more on stormy Sundays! No Sabbath-day headaches to keep people at home! No complaints of a cold church! No great, staring empty pews! Oh, how could we have kept the *old* broom so long!"

The first Sunday, the people (and among them were "a great many outsiders," strangers) came flocking into church, "like doves to their windows." And wasn't it pleasant, after long mourning the thinness of the congregation, to sit and see the waves of people as they came swelling into the house?

"Why," said deacon Boyle to himself, "it makes me grow in grace just to look at 'em! I came early to church to watch the progress of things, but I had no idea that the people would *pour* in as they have! What a blessed sight! My soul mounts up as on eagles' wings, for I can thank the Lord that the Church isn't running down. No, it's running up! And the blessing of Heaven is coming down upon us!" Old deacon Boyle's eyes shone that day. His heart was full of gladness and praise, for he had "never expected to see the day when that house would fill up again."

No one could have watched him, while he was watching the people, without saying that the deacon was now ready to depart in peace, because he had "seen the church packed with —worshippers!" Deacon Boyle called them "worshippers," and so they were; but he didn't say whether they were worshippers of the living God or of Mr. Theophilus Tinklebell.

For a long time all weather was alike to that *built up, spiritual* church. Come rain or shine, come wind or calm, the people were all in their places, and as they passed out of church they said to each other: "What a powerful sermon!" "What an eloquent man!" "Oh, what a difference there is between an old broom and a new broom! And some brooms always stay new. *Ours* will, I am sure. Mr. Tinklebell is a man who will wear well. He will be able to hold out as he has begun. He is not at all like Mr. McLean."

Poor Mr. McLean—poor old broom! He was gone—gone, never to return to burden the church that was made glad by being relieved of him; but the people were fond of instituting comparisons, and, with such a man as Mr. Theophilus Tinklebell in the pulpit, how could they help comparing the old and the new broom?

Mr. Tinklebell was in the habit of speaking very kindly of Mr. McLean, but these comparisons were not altogether disagreeable to him, neither were the honors conferred upon him at all unpleasant, and yet they were borne with becoming meekness. It is true, he was not entirely free from the vanity of human nature,

for the *man* was not lost in the *profession*, and he had also a fair share of ambition. He preferred a rich and prominent church to a poor and insignificant one. He preferred to be known as a big gun rather than as a little gun; but deacon Boyle said that he had "a prodigious amount of grace, and not enough human nature to hurt him." "Why," said the deacon, in one of his fits of enthusiasm, "it's a wonder to me that brother Tinklebell is so humble. He don't seem to know how smart he is, and how much everybody admires him."

But deacon Boyle was a simple-hearted man, and not at all suspicious, so he did not suspect the truth, which was, that parson Tinklebell had a secret admiration for himself,—a certain self-appreciation, a peculiar consciousness of the individuality of Mr. Theophilus Tinklebell. This was all true of the new broom, and yet it would be unjust to say that he was a selfish man, and bestowed no thought on others, for he took proper, reasonable care of the lambs and sheep of the flock, and lived for others, so far as he could consistently with the care of himself, and his fame, and his family.

As to human applause, he did not run after it, neither did he sound a trumpet before him. The most that he did was to tinkle a bell. He was never loud and noisy in self-praise, but always alluded modestly to his endowments and his popularity, and pitied—not blamed—such men as Mr. McLean, who were obliged to do good in hidden ways and retired places. Perfect Mr. Theophilus Tinklebell, will he never be an old broom? Nearly two years have gone since he received a loud call from the church of —, and answered it, and came and took possession of the made-over parsonage, and began his brilliant career in his new parish, but still he is *new*.

And yet if, before another two years are gone, he is seen flying on after poor David McLean—after the old broom—having at last become, himself, an old broom, will there be any cause for wonder? The world is growing old, but it likes *new* things, and nothing new is so delightful as a new minister—a new broom. Therefore, if it should be noised abroad, by-and-by, that the Rev. Theophilus Tinklebell has sent in his resignation, and that it has been accepted without a struggle, and without one dissenting voice—not even deacon Boyle's—let no one be surprised. Until time shall be no longer, human nature will continue to thirst for what is *new*, and nothing can long remain new, not even the Rev. Theophilus Tinklebell.

HOW TO PAY OUR NATIONAL DEBT.

OUR large national debt bids fair to be a very troublesome thing. We are glad to learn that the Secretary of the Treasury, and the majority of our public men, are in favor of paying our honorable debts. Can we not make the Pacific Railroad, indirectly, by the increase of the value of the land along its route, contribute greatly toward this purpose? At every fifty or one hundred miles throughout the country there is a large town or city; such will be the case, ere many years, along the

Pacific Railroad. By locating many of these towns, which Government has the power now to do, much profit can be realized. In that new country, people will congregate where there is a fort and garrison for better protection and security against the uncivilized tribes of Indians and ruffians who surround them and infest a new country. Let Government select good localities—localities having the best natural advantages—and there establish military headquarters for the protection of settlers, lay out the grounds, and establish post-offices, etc., sell at low prices, or even give away say three-quarters or more of the land; retain the rest, and it, being exempt from taxation, would in the course of twenty years, by the mere rise in property, contribute largely, if disposed of, to liquidate our national debt. Will not this be better policy for the Government than to be obliged, when towns and cities have grown, to pay millions for eligible positions in each town and city for the necessary government buildings? In the mean time, our taxation could be reduced, say one half, or more, as our Congress may see fit.

I. P. N.

NEW PREMIUMS.

We offer the following to all who may feel an interest in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL:

For 350 new subscribers, at \$3 each, we will give a Steinway or Weber Rosewood Piano, worth \$650.

For 100 subscribers, at \$3 each, we will give a Horace Waters five Octave Parlor Organ, worth \$170.

For 60 subscribers, at \$3 each, a Horace Waters five Octave Melodeon, for church or parlor, worth \$100.

For 40 subscribers, at \$3 each, a Florence Sewing Machine, worth \$65.

For 30 subscribers, at \$3 each, a Weed Sewing Machine, new style, worth \$60.

For 25 subscribers, at \$3 each, a Wheeler & Wilson's Family Sewing Machine, worth \$55.

For 15 subscribers, at \$3 each, the worth of \$16 in any of our own publications.

For 12 subscribers, at \$3 each, a handsome Rosewood Writing Case furnished with materials, worth \$12.

For 10 subscribers, at \$3 each, the Universal Clothes Wringer, worth \$12.

For 7 subscribers, at \$3 each, a handsomely finished Stereoscope, a beautiful and useful article for home amusement, with 12 views, worth \$6.

Those persons desiring our own publications instead of the premiums offered, can select from our catalogue books amounting to the value of the premium for which they would have such books substituted.

All subscriptions commence with January number.

PERSONAL.

HON. ANSON BURLINGAME left China for San Francisco on the 25th of February, as the Chinese minister at large to the treaty-making powers. His suite consists of thirty persons of high rank, who are to be tutored in the arts of diplomacy. His salary is \$55,000 in gold.

BISHOP COXE, of Western New York, has issued an earnest pastoral address to women, remonstrating against the tawdry fashions, the costly vulgarity, and the wicked extravagance of the times. He entreats women to begin a reformation.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT has been handsomely entertained at Florence. The Admiral deserved it.

JEFFERSON DAVIS has been nominated for the Presidency of the Texas Pacific Railroad.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER.—English papers announce the death of this eminent chemist and scientific investigator. Among his many discoveries in optics, that of the kaleidoscope is perhaps the most generally known.

Literary Notices.

[All works noticed in THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.]

EARLY EFFORTS. By Linda Warfel. 12mo, pp. 136; price \$1 25. Philadelphia: J. W. Daughaday & Co.; New York: S. R. Wells.

A young poet, with rare abilities, and the promise of fame, if not of fortune, in the not far distant future. She writes with that *naïveté* which is the soul of poetic sweetness. If her body be equal to her brain, we shall hear much more of her.

A MANUAL OF INSTRUCTION IN THE ART OF WOOD ENGRAVING. With a description of the necessary tools and apparatus, and concise directions for their use; explanation of the terms used, and the methods employed for producing the various classes of wood engravings. By S. E. Fuller. With illustrations by the Author. 12mo, pp. 48; price 50c. Published by Joseph Watson.

A useful little work for the would-be wood engraver, and should be read by every apprentice to this excellent art.

THE LITTLE CHIEF; a Monthly Visitor to the School-room and the Home circle. Indianapolis, Ind.: Dowling & Shortridge, publishers. Only 75 cents a year.

A competitor for public favor and patronage with *The Little Corporal, School-day Visitor*, and other magazines for juveniles. It is richly worth a dollar a year in every family.

AMERICAN HORTICULTURAL ANNUAL, 1863. A Year-Book of Horticultural Progress, for the professional and amateur gardener, fruit-grower, and florist. Illustrated. Price 50c. New York: Orange Judd & Co., publishers.

If the reader has a liking for luscious fruits, beautiful flowers, and a good garden, he will appreciate this excellent annual, which aims to give directions for their care and culture, such as should be known to all men and all women.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURAL ANNUAL, 1863. A Farmer's Year-Book, exhibiting recent progress in agricultural theory and practice, and a guide to present and future labors. Illustrated. Price 50c. New York: Orange Judd & Co., publishers.

It is a real luxury to peruse a well-written, nicely illustrated, and beautifully printed yearly hand-book like this. The price in money is vastly less than its real value to any one who can read the English language.

THE POETRY OF COMPLIMENT AND COURTSHIP. Selected and arranged by John Williamson Palmer, editor of "Folk Songs." 12mo, pp. 219; price \$1 50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Dr. Palmer has performed a real service for young lovers, and others, who would avail themselves of the best practical expressions in communicating their thoughts and emotions to each other. Here is a handy book full of the best complimentary sayings ever put into poetic verse.

JOHNNIE DODGE; or, the Freaks and Fortunes of an Idle Boy. By Charles D. Gardette. 12mo, pp. 274; price \$1 25. Philadelphia: J. W. Daughaday & Co.; New York: S. R. Wells.

Of the unfortunate predicaments that disobedient boys usually get into, this is the best record we have ever read. It is a capital book for boys—and girls also—with small Cautiousness, who forget their errands, and get into all sorts of trouble, on all sorts of occasions. It would be worth more than any number of floggings to any bad boy.

THE LIFTING-CURE; an Original Scientific Application of the Laws of Motion on Mechanical Action to Physical Culture and the Cure of Disease. With a discussion of true and false methods of physical training. By D. P. Butler. One octavo vol., pp. 104; price \$1 50.

This work is a candid and strong statement of the author's views, derived from experience, in respect to the curative and health-reviving agency of orderly and judicious lifting. We have examined the apparatus employed by Mr. Butler, and regard it as most excellent for the purposes for which it was designed. It is so constructed that the lifting is so equable as not to strain any part of the system.

We once tried his lifting apparatus, raising 350 lbs. the first time and 450 lbs. the second, and confidently expected to feel lame and sore the next day, but, to our surprise, did not in the slightest degree. The apparatus enables every fiber of the system to do its part, hence the person can exert his entire strength without special strain to any part. Mr. Butler argues his point well, is much in earnest, and fully believes in the merits of his system. We commend a perusal of this work to educators, physicians, and those who seek the means of building up an impaired constitution or of preserving their health and vigor.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. Illustrated with engravings and maps. Nos. 125 and 126. Price 25 cents each. Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott & Co.

This valuable work is rapidly approaching its completion. In No. 125 the last of Z is represented, and the supplement commenced.

MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.—We have received from their publishers the following:

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, which contains much pleasing matter for the household. The engraving entitled "Bird Catching" is a very good hit on that exceptionable boyish sport. \$3 a year.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—A monthly magazine of literature and fashion, with engravings, colored and plain, and miscellaneous reading. \$3 50 a year. Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia.

LE PETIT MESSAGEUR.—Containing *Modes de Paris*, literature, etc. \$5 a year, 50c. single numbers. S. T. Taylor, New York.

LA LITTÉRATURE FRANÇAISE CONTEMPORAINE. Recueil en prose et en vers de morceaux empruntés aux écrivains les plus renommés du XIXe Siècle. Avec des Notices biographiques et littéraires. Tirées des ouvrages de P. Poltevin, M. Roche, L. Granger, G. Vapereau, etc. New York: Leopold & Holt. Cloth, beveled edges. Price, \$1 50.

This book supplies a long existing vacancy in French literature on this side of the Atlantic. American students of *la belle langue*, which is spoken more extensively in European circles than any other Continental tongue, have ever felt the need of a work which would furnish them the best models of French composition in the different styles of distinguished authors, whose writings are regarded as fresh and in keeping with modern philosophy. This collection of cotemporary French authors includes the most widely known of the present century. We find creamy extracts from some of the happiest pen jottings of Joseph de Maistre, Madame de Staël, Corinne, Chateaubriand, Napoleon 1st, Cuvier, Béranger, Guizot, Lamartine, Scribe, Cousin, Thiers, Michelet, Victor Hugo, Eugene Sue, Alexander Dumas,

George Sand, Laboulaye, Réman, About, and many others of scarcely less celebrity.

The Franco-American who would preserve his knowledge of classic French, and the American student who would perfect himself in the highest graces of that polite language, should have at hand such a book. The brief biographies attached to the extracts are in themselves valuable to the reader and philologist.

WAVERLEY. By Sir Walter Scott. With a portrait of the Author. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Price 35 cents.

To a cheap edition of the works of Scotland's minstrel-novelist we can offer no objection. We understand that the above publishers intend bringing out a complete set of the "Waverley Novels" at the above-named price for each, or \$5 for the entire set of twenty-six volumes.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES. By Charles Dickens. Paper, price 25 cents. **SKETCHES BY "BOZ."** By Charles Dickens. Comprising, Our Parish, Scenes, The Last Cab-driver, A Parliamentary Sketch, Misplaced Attachment of Mr. John Bounce, A Visit to Newgate, The Boarding House, Sentiment, The Black Ball, The Great Winglebury Duel, etc., etc. Price 35 cents.

LITTLE DORRIT. By Charles Dickens. 8vo. pp. 318; price 35 cents.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. By Charles Dickens. With 40 original illustrations. Price 35 cents.

The foregoing issues of the Peterson Brothers' Cheap Edition for the Million, of Dickens' writings, assert their own merits. Buyers will at least get the worth of their money in paper and printers' ink.

DICKENS' NEW STORIES. Containing "Hard Times" and "Pictures from Italy." By Charles Dickens. With illustrations, from designs by Marcus Stone. Price \$1 50, in cloth. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

MARTIN CHuzzlewit. By Charles Dickens. With twelve original illustrations, from designs by Phiz and Cruikshank. Price \$1 50, in cloth. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. By Charles Dickens. With twelve original illustrations, from designs by George Cruikshank. Price \$1 50, in cloth. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS. By Charles Dickens. With twelve original illustrations, from designs by John McLenan. Price \$1 50, in cloth. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

We must acknowledge the high consideration which the Brothers Peterson manifest for us by sending their different editions of Charles Dickens' novels to our office. The four volumes specified above are among the most interesting, and certainly among the most diversified, of their author's literary accomplishments. The "New Stories" treat of various subjects, under the titles of "Hard Times" and "Pictures from Italy." "Martin Chuzzlewit" has much to do with American life and scenery. "Nicholas Nickleby" depicts the sad effects of family disagreements and the barbarous practices pursued in English boarding-schools twenty-five or thirty years ago. "Great Expectations," as its title implies, has much to do with that class of persons who are looking forward to the occupation of others' shoes, or "waiting for something to turn up" which will carry them on the easy tide of fortune.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE FOR THE YEAR 1866. Washington: Government Printing-office.

Treating as this excellent work does of those interests which form one of the grand-

est features in the maintenance and progress of our nation, and considering them from the unprejudiced point of view of scientific observation and experiment, the volume is eminently valuable to American agriculturists. The illustrations which adorn as well as add to the intrinsic worth of the book are numerous. It would be well if the large edition which has been printed of this report found its way into the hands of those who have the prior claim to its examination—our farmers, planters, horticulturists, and stockbreeders.

REPORTS UPON THE MINERAL RESOURCES OF THE UNITED STATES. By Special Commissioners J. Ross Brown and James W. Taylor. Washington: Government Printing-office.

This scientific contribution to our national literature, wrung from the mountains and plains, the valleys, and even the bowels of the soil we call our own, develops to the mind of the reader the astonishing mineral resources of America. The report deals chiefly with the results of investigations west of the Rocky Mountains. We have to thank our friend Hon. Schuyler Colfax for this addition to our library.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE OF EVANSVILLE, Indiana, for 1867, with a Historical Sketch of the City. Compiled by John W. Foster, of the Evansville Journal Company.

Mr. Foster has made a very interesting document, giving the history and commercial progress of Evansville, together with its geographical position, its newspapers, schools, churches, banks, dwellings, etc.; also its trade, growth of city in population, and improvements.

One interesting item is the fact that Evansville stands on an apparently inexhaustible bed of coal of superior quality, and within a short distance of abundance of iron ore, which is easily brought by water, and worked in the large iron-furnaces. They have also white and yellow pine, walnut, oak, and other timbers within easy reach and in unlimited quantities. Its manufactories include cotton and woolen mills, printing and binding, blacksmithing, wagons, carriages, and fixtures, leather and saddlery, furniture, lumber, iron in various branches, agricultural machinery, building materials, silverware, sheet iron, tin, brass, etc., which are shipped by water and rail in every direction, giving employment to many individuals, and thus attracting population as fast as dwellings can be supplied for their accommodation. Evansville promises soon to become a populous and wealthy city.

NORWOOD: A Tale of Village Life in New England. By Henry Ward Beecher. Crown 8vo. 600 pp. \$1 50.

This book needs no further recommendation than the simple announcement of the name of its author. It abounds in vivid portrayments of New England scenery, and in life-like delineations of character, from that true basis which an extensive knowledge of our science alone furnishes. Orders for the book received at this office.

NAVY REGISTER OF THE UNITED STATES for the year 1868.—Printed by order of the Secretary of the Navy, in compliance with a resolution of the Senate of the United States, December 13th, 1815. Washington: Government Printing-office. A handsome octavo pamphlet of 176 pages, containing a list of all the ships in the U. S. service and names of all the officers, etc. We are indebted to the politeness of Mr. John T. Hoover, of the U. S. Coast Survey-office, for a copy of this Register, and also for other official documents.

THE NAUTCH GIRL.—Our venerable neighbor, the N. Y. *Evening Post*, has commenced the publication of a story entitled "The Nautch Girl—a tale of the Indian Ocean." It will appear regularly, being printed from the completed manuscript of the author, in the possession of the publishers. "The Nautch Girl" is a story of American adventure in some of the obscurer parts of the East Indian seas, told by a participant in the scenes described; it has novel situations, and describes new and strange manners and customs; it is essentially a sea story, "The Nautch Girl" being the name of a clipper schooner, a smuggler. *The Post* issues three editions, as follows: daily, at \$7 a year; semi-weekly, at \$4; weekly, at \$3. Address, THE EVENING POST, New York.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL is as full of pluck, push, and patriotism as ever. He flies the old flag, and shouts "Come on, boys!" "Onward and upward" is his motto. It costs but a dollar to join the company, and every member gets lots of good reading in return. Send stamps for a sample number, to L. A. Sewell, Chicago, Illinois, and take a look at "The Little Corporal." The children are all in love with him.

New Books.

Notices under this head are of selections from the late issues of the press, and rank among the more valuable for literary merit and substantial information.

THE FRIENDSHIPS OF WOMEN. By W. R. Alger. Cloth, \$2 25.

ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS AND CULTIVATOR ALMANAC FOR 1868. By J. J. Thomas. Paper, 35 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC FOR 1868. Large 8vo. Paper, 55 cents.

THE FRANKLIN ALMANAC AND DIARY FOR 1868. 4to, pp. 32. Paper, 45 cents.

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN AND HOUSEHOLD COMPANION: being a Treatise, in Plain Language, on the Art of Preserving Health and Prolonging Life. A Description of all Diseases, with the Most Approved Treatment. For the Use of Families. By M. L. Byrn, M.D. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 377. Cloth, \$3 85.

THE WELL-SPENT HOUR. By Eliza Lee Follen. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1 15.

MANNERS; or, Happy Homes and Good Society all the Year Round. By Mrs. Hale. Cloth, \$2 85.

MEMOIR OF SWEDENBORG. By O. P. Hiller. Paper, 60 cents.

WILLOW-BEND; or, School Influences. By Luola. Cloth, 60 cents.

MABEL'S PROGRESS. By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble." Paper, 60c.

PARIS IN '67; or, the Great Exposition, its Side-Shows and Excursions. By H. Morford. Cloth, \$2.

SHORT STUDIES FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS. By C. S. Robinson, D.D. Cloth, \$1 75.

SWEDEN AND NORWAY: Sketches and Stories of their Scenery, Customs, History, Legends, etc. By M. G. Sleeper. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1 40.

THE DEMOCRATIC ALMANAC AND POLITICAL COMPENDIUM FOR 1868. Paper, 30 cents.

THE TRIBUNE ALMANAC FOR 1868. A. J. Schem, Compiler. Paper, 30 cents.

AMERICAN HORTICULTURAL ANNUAL. 1868. Illustrated. Paper, 50 cents.

ROME AND THE POPES. Translated from the German of Dr. K. Brandes, by Rev. W. J. Wiseman. Cloth, \$1 40.

THE READINGS OF MR. C. DICKENS, as condensed by Himself. Dr. Marigold, and The Trial from Pickwick. Paper, 30 cents.

AN ADDRESS ON SUCCESS IN BUSINESS. By Hon. H. Greeley. Portrait. Cloth, 55 cents.

A PARTING WORD. By Newman Hall. Cloth, 70 cents.

NEWMAN HALL IN AMERICA. Rev. Dr. Hall's Lectures, etc. Reported by William Anderson. Cloth, \$1 15.

THE NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC and Year Book of Useful Knowledge. 1868. Paper. 60 cents.

THE AMERICAN FARMER'S ALMANAC. 1868. Sq. 12mo, pp. 36. Paper. 12 cents.

THE DOMESTIC ALTAR: a Manual of Family Prayers. With Prayers, etc., for Special Occasions. By Rev. H. Crowell, D.D. Fifth Edition, Revised, Corrected, and Enlarged. Cloth, \$1 40.

THE ART OF ENGLISH COMPOSITION. By H. N. Day. 12mo, pp. xli., 356. Cloth, \$1 70.

HAND-BOOK ON COTTON MANUFACTURE; or, Guide to Machine Building, Spinning, and Weaving. For the Use of Millwrights, Managers, Operatives, etc. Illustrated. Cloth, \$2 75.

KATHERINA: Her Life and Mine, in a Poem. By J. G. Holland. 12mo, pp. 287. Cloth, \$1 75.

A POCKET-DICTIONARY OF GERMAN AND ENGLISH, with the Pronunciation of every German Word in English Characters. By Fr. Koehler and C. Witter. 1. German and English. 2. English and German. 18mo, pp. 447, 866. Cloth, \$2.

SPIRITUALISM AS IT IS; or, The Results of a Scientific Investigation of Spirit Manifestations, etc. By W. B. Potter, M.D. Second Edition. Paper, 30 cents.

LORD BACON'S ESSAYS, with a Sketch of his Life, etc. By James R. Boyd. 12mo, pp. 426. Cloth, \$2.

COMPANION TO THE BIBLE. By Rev. A. P. Barrows, D.D. Part I. Evidences of Revealed Religion. Large 12mo, pp. 139. 50 cents.

HYMNS OF FAITH AND HOPE. By H. Bonar, D.D. Third Series. Cloth, \$1 75.

GRAMMAR OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE. By M. Schele De Vere, LL.D. Half roan. \$2.

HUGO BLANC, THE ARTIST. A Tale of Practical and Ideal Life. By an Artist. Cloth, \$2.

LOUIS SINCLAIR; or, The Silver Prize Medals. By Lawrence Lancewood. 16mo, pp. 241. Boston: Graves Young. Cloth, \$1 40.

THE MIND OF JESUS. By Rev. J. R. Macduff. Cloth, 35 cents.

THE WORDS OF JESUS. By Rev. J. R. Macduff. Cloth, 35 cents.

THE MIND AND WORDS OF JESUS. In one vol. 75 cents.

NETTY AND HER SISTER; or, The Two Paths. By Mrs. Martyn. Cloth, 90 cents.

THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PURITANS. By W. C. Martyn. Cloth, \$1 40.

THE GRAPE VINE: a Practical Scientific Treatise on its Management. By F. Mohr. Translated from the German, and with Hints as to American Varieties and Management, by Horticola. Cloth, \$1 15.

REVIVAL AND CAMP-MEETING MINSTREL. Containing the best Hymns and Spiritual Songs, Original and Selected. Roan. 90 cents.

To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will respond in the earliest number practicable. As a rule, we receive more than double the number of questions per month for which we have space to answer them in; therefore it is better for all inquirers to inclose the requisite stamp to insure an early reply by letter, if the editor prefers such direct course. Your "BEST THOUGHTS" solicited.

TEA AND COFFEE.—A number of your subscribers would like to have your opinion, through the columns of the JOURNAL, upon the following subject. The people of this Territory—Utah—are making strenuous efforts to abandon the pernicious habit of drinking tea and coffee. Persons who have been in the habit of drinking those beverages twice, and sometimes three times a day, find it hard to partake of a meal on a cold winter day without the accustomed beverage.

Do you think it necessary in our cold climate that we should drink hot or warm drinks of any kind? or, in other words, does the system, when in health, require hot or warm drinks to give tone to it, or to create an artificial heat sufficient to withstand the inclemency of our cold winter season.

Ans. Tea and coffee are simply luxuries, not necessary to health or life. Hot drinks are injurious. More colds are contracted in consequence of the general habit of using them, than from almost any other one cause. The sugar and the cream used in tea and coffee are nutritious, and therefore food. But neither tea nor coffee afford anything which can prolong life. No harm can come from their total abandonment.

If one's stomach has been accustomed to hot tea or coffee for years, it may not be best to drop it at once; but lessen its strength from day to day till reduced to water with the sugar and cream. Then, instead of pouring it down hot from the pot, let it cool—and in time pure cold water will be relished as well, and to an unperverted appetite, better than any mixture. Try it.

PHONOGRAPHY.—H. W. H. Please inform me which is the best work by which to learn phonography without a teacher.

Ans. There are three principal phonographic text-books, all reaching about the same result. Persons can learn reporting from any one of them with facility. Some persons prefer Graham's, others Pitman's, and still others, Munson's, which latter is the latest. They are all good, and good reporters can be found who follow after each respectively. Each author has his partisans or his admirers, and we know some persons who understand every style, and are about equally divided as to which is best. We sometimes have three reporters, one following each of the authors named, and they serve us equally well. It is generally conceded by those who understand all the systems, that Graham's is the most extended and profound, but that the others are a little easier to learn.

NEW YORK READER.—A history of shorthand is published by Mr. Benn Pitman, in the reporting style. It is rather full in its details relating to older systems of reporting. It does not contain the most recent modifications in phono-

graphy, but it is an excellent reading and exercise book for any one who would perfect himself in phonographic shorthand. Price, \$1 25. The Complete Phonographer is founded on the eleventh edition of Isaac Pitman's Phonography, and is the most recent treatise of the kind. Our best reporters, or the majority of them, indorse the book. We would not advise any one who has attained some degree of proficiency in reporting by the old style of phonography to change, for the reason that we consider the older Pitman's system sufficient for all purposes. Its legibility is unquestionable. A description of the comparative merits of different phonographic authors would require more space than we could well devote to it. A recent trial between Mr. Graham and Mr. Pitman brought out in detail the merits of their respective systems. In the report of that trial you would find a satisfactory answer to your question—price 50 cents. The English Reporter, published in this month's edition, is one who ignores abbreviations and contractions to a great extent, and notwithstanding his very lengthy style, is acknowledged to be one of the most rapid shorthand writers in the world.

JOINT STOCK ASSOCIATIONS.—Are such associations in accordance with the organization of man?

Ans. In some sense co-partnership, co-operation, joint-stock interests are in harmony with the nature of man. United or co-ordinate effort is in harmony with man's fraternal nature. Companionship is one of the essential qualities of the human constitution. We do not believe, however, that this unitary or fraternal tendency should cover the whole ground of human nature. There is such a thing as individualism. The family, perhaps, best represents nature in its complete or co-ordinate condition. In the family we have individualism as well as co-ordination. The individual husband—the individual wife—each has a sphere which none else can fill. The children are related to the parents, not only by personal friendship, but by dependence, and when they ripen, so that dependence ceases, the friendship remains, and they go out and establish for themselves individual relationships.

Co-ordination in business ought to have a friendly as well as a financial basis.

If fifty men could co-operate in running a factory or a farm, and share a joint-stock interest; and if, again, each could be rated and paid according to his ability—and here would be the rub—association on a large scale would be useful, and perhaps desirable. It would have a tendency, we think, to raise up the common man, and make more of him. It might prevent the uncommon man from becoming relatively so high and so influential a spirit, though the best mind would take the highest place, and be looked up to, and justly so.

Some people argue that in a perfect state of society the strong and wise should spend all their strength and wisdom for the common good; that he who has only the talent necessary to guide a shovel, or an ax, or a hoe, should rank in compensation and position with the man of thought, inventive talent, and comprehensiveness of mind.

Some streams of water which we have seen are able just to turn a grindstone. Must Niagara reduce itself to such service, or must it put itself on a par with the diminutive rivulet? The world is pushed forward in civilization, in wealth, and learning, by giving the men of ability a chance to shine; room in which to grow;

and though there is a world of selfishness connected with power, we have yet to see a weak man who was not quite as selfish in trying to absorb something from another man's earnings to make up his own deficiencies, as the strong man is in drinking up the earnings of the poor.

The common multitude of men would merely keep body and soul together; would get, perhaps, three plain meals a day and a shelter from the storm; but a Franklin, a Fulton, a Whitney, a Stephenson, and a Morse, with their power of invention, would put excellent clothing upon the poor man's back instead of that which is coarse; put school-books into their hands, carpets on their floors, give the wife a clock, and a rocking-chair, and a piano. In short, lift civilization from a semi-savage condition to one of comfort and refinement. These inventors, these great thinkers, these natural kings among men do a thousand times more for the community than the community ever does for them.

In fact, most of them, for their great improvements, get poverty, buffeting, and privation, if not contempt, during their lives, and monuments to their memory from the generation that follows them and learns their value to mankind. But we believe that he who has the talent to employ a whole neighborhood; to raise every man in it from poverty to comparative independence, has a right to the larger share of the reward than simply a numerical *pro-rata* portion. Suppose he went off by himself and worked out his own success, he would accomplish four times as much as a common man would do unaided. Why should he therefore have relatively less when his efforts are combined with those of others? If the laborer is worthy of his hire, certainly he who has talent to double "five talents" should have a higher place and more authority than he who can only use "one talent," and double that.

SHAKER PRINCIPLES vs. PRINCIPLES.—In the February number, page 75, we published an article entitled "Principles," written, we suppose, by a Lebanon Shaker. We have received a communication, of about equal length, sharply reviewing it, accompanied by a desire that we publish the review. We wish it understood that theological controversy in these columns is out of the question. We have offered to the various religious denominations and sects an opportunity to make for themselves a fair statement of their belief, principles, and practice, in our columns. Various sects have availed themselves of this offer; among them Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, Swedenborgians, and Unitarians. Even the Mormon and the Communist, as well as the Shaker, have had the opportunity to make their statement; but we never expected, and can not permit controversy by opposing sects. It is well known that one party or sect, influenced by a love of their own side, does not always give a fair, candid statement of the faith, views, and principles of their opponents; indeed, this is rarely if ever done.

The offer we made, and which has been accepted by so many, contemplated giving our readers an opportunity of knowing what each sect is understood itself to believe.

The Jews shall have their say; but we do not propose to revive the Jewish controversy by admitting some Gentile rejoinder; and therefore we desire our readers to feel that the JOURNAL is not a battleground for sectarists.

The communication we have received in

reply to the article mentioned is well written, and, if we mistake not, contains many things that would be hard to dispose of or set aside; and therefore we trust that this correspondent, and any other friend who might desire to controvert the opinions he disbelieved, will feel that we proposed simply to make a record of the divers faiths, and leave the argument in support of or against these various creeds to be conducted elsewhere.

We are not supposed to believe with all who are admitted to make an exposition of their faith in our columns, or to accept or indorse each and all; hence we are not responsible for what these advocates may say of their own faith, and therefore can not open our columns for replies or counter-explanations.

MEDDLING IN DOMESTIC MATTERS.—A lady complains that her husband's relatives interfere in their concerns, and have caused estrangement between them; that they have been married two years, have one son, in whom the father feels the deepest interest, but that he treats her with indifference, if not neglect. The question is: What shall she do in the premises? Shall she remain and suffer? or return to her parents?

Ans. Get away from the meddlesome persons as soon as possible, and keep away. By the time you have lived together long enough to understand each other, you will begin to assimilate, and become alike in thought, opinion, and sentiment. Then you will be impervious to the influence of meddlers, and pursue the even tenor of your way. Be conciliating, kindly, forgiving, and show no revenge toward each other. Better not separate while there is the remotest hope of final agreement. Don't "jump out of a frying-pan into the fire."

PUBLIC LANDS IN THE WEST.—*Mr. Editor.*—Will you be so kind as to inform me, through the JOURNAL, whether there are any wild lands in Illinois? If so, whom to address for particulars.—C. R. SEWARD, Battersea P. O., Ontario, Canada.

Ans. Address "Clerk of the Land Office," Chicago, Illinois. For a description of all the Western States, including population, square miles, number of acres, location of land offices, etc., see the new book, just published at this office, entitled *LIFE IN THE WEST*. Price, post-paid, \$2.

THE HUMAN WILL.—We suppose no quality of the mind is more widely misunderstood than the will. Phrenology, we think, settles it, as it does also the innateness of Conscience or the moral sense. The following, from Combe's *Lectures*, p. 306, published at this office, says: "The will we regard as constituted by the intellectual faculties. It is very often confounded with the manifestation of the affective faculties—that desire which overcomes the others receiving this appellation. Firmness gives determination, and this is frequently called will. It would be just as proper to say that an ass or a mule manifests will strongly when it refuses to move, placing its fore feet forward and its hind feet backward, in the attitude of perfect stubbornness, whereas it merely manifests firmness in the highest degree. Will is that mental operation which appreciates the desires and chooses among them. Suppose I feel very indignant on account of an injury received, and a strong desire to wreak vengeance; but I see the consequence, and recognize the superiority of the moral sentiments. The intellect says, 'Do not strike,' and the hand is powerless; for, by an admirable provision, the nerves of motion are under the control of the intellectual organs, those being

connected with the anterior or motory tract of the spinal marrow. Will, therefore, is proportionate to the intellect. An idiot has no will. Such a man as Napoleon has a tremendous will, and is able to subject the will of others to his own."

INFORMATION WANTED.—An Indian, by the name of Yan-tan-seh, of Wyandotte, Kansas, desires the address of W. A. Payne, a phrenologist, whom he met at Calumet Station, in Illinois. The aforesaid Yan-tan-seh has become very much interested in Phrenology.

HINDOSTAN PHRENOLOGIST.—There is a phrenologist in Illinois who calls himself a Brahmin philosopher, and says he is master of forty-eight languages—ten more than Elihu Burritt—and is the best phrenologist in the world, and has traveled twice around the world. He writes his name Luximon Roy, A.M., M.D. Do you know him, and what do you think of him?

Ans. We do not know him, and guess if half he says of himself is true, he would not long need to blow his own horn. Burritt understands fifty-two languages, so the Brahmin is still four languages behind the modest Yankee.

WHAT TO DO.—I am puzzled to determine what to do, and desire your advice. How can I get an examination from likenesses, as I live at too great a distance from your office to visit you in person?

Ans. If you will send a stamp, or a stamped envelope, properly directed to yourself, and ask for the "Mirror of the Mind," you will learn by it how to have likenesses taken for examination; also the measurements, complexion, etc., which we should have, in order to do you justice. Ask for the "Mirror of the Mind," and it will give all the particulars.

CURE OF CANCER.—Some time ago I noticed an "Item" in the JOURNAL of a person cured (but the means of cure doubted by the JOURNAL) of cancer, by using common red clover tea for a wash and a beverage. And knowing an old lady friend to be afflicted for a number of years with the cancer on one eye, which threatened to end her life very soon, I thought I would send her the receipt, which she used diligently, and firmly believes it is a sure cure, for to her great relief she is almost well.

Those curious to see the original prescription may find it on page 159, October number PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1867. We have nothing to add.

TENPENNY NAILS AGAIN.—*Messrs. Editors of the JOURNAL:* Your recent explanations of the term "penny," in connection with nails, are scarcely correct. The best authorities, among which is Mr. G. P. Marsh, say that penny is a corruption for pound, and means, with the prefixes four, six, ten, etc., that a thousand nails will weigh four, six, or ten pounds.

This nomenclature is of practical utility in estimating the quantity of nails to use for a given piece of work. If 500 pales require two nails each, and eightpenny nails are used, then eight pounds must be supplied. ONUX.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, New York, is already moving in the interest of a grand fair to be held next fall. With the experience of the past, and the promise of future good management, its usefulness and success is absolutely certain. Let our enterprising New York merchants, and others, take an interest in placing the American Institute in the front rank of scientific progress and improvement.

Several Queries remain over for want of room.

Publisher's Department.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, as an Advertising Medium. While we rigidly exclude all swindling schemes, including lotteries, gift enterprises, and cheap jewelry concerns, we are open to useful and legitimate business announcements. Our very large circulation, among a thinking and active class of readers, renders it a very desirable medium. The JOURNAL is less ephemeral than common papers, every number being carefully read and preserved. Some of our advertisers have informed us that their announcements in this JOURNAL have done them more good than those in any other. Our editions being very large, printed very handsomely, the same as book work, we are compelled to go to press a month in advance of date. Therefore those who would avail themselves of our circulation must hand in their advertisements accordingly. Books, stationery, papers, trees, plants, seeds, lands, schools, machinery, inventions, and the like, would get patronage if advertised in these pages.

BACK NUMBERS.—We can supply all the numbers from the commencement of the present volume. All new subscribers may therefore complete their sets for binding.

AN EXPERIMENT.—Every-body wants a copy of that splendid work, "NEW PHRENOLOGY," the price of which is \$5. It is handsomely illustrated, beautifully printed on toned paper, and elegantly bound in one large volume. For five new subscribers to this JOURNAL, at \$3 a year, we will give a copy of NEW PHRENOLOGY. Here is a rare chance. Who will have the book? A new edition just printed. This offer shall remain in force till the 1st of June next.

THE WORKS OF JOHN RUSKIN.—Among the authors of the present day, no other has won the palm in esthetic literature so fairly as John Ruskin. With an eye, an ear, in fine, a soul, ever in sympathy with the beautiful, he portrays in gushing melodious prose the striking features of art and nature. With respect to the former, there is not a critic more genial and more appreciative. With reference to the latter, he finds therein his approximate ideal, and his heart overflows in enthusiasm. No one can read his works, one or all of them, without profit. His suggestions on social ethics are earnest, practical, and vigorous, and at once command the approval of the generous reader. In our advertising columns we print the entire series of Mr. Ruskin's works, and cordially direct our readers to their consideration.

RECIPE FOR MAKING BOOTS WATER-TIGHT.—*Messrs. Editors:* As the slushy, muddy weather of early spring is approaching, it may be of interest to many of our readers to know how to preserve their boots and make them at the same time pliable and water-proof. It can be done in this way: In a pint of the best winter-strained lard oil dissolve a piece of paraffine the size of a hickory nut, aiding the solution with a gentle heat, say 130° or 140° F. The readiest way to get pure paraffine is to take a piece of paraffine candle. Rub this solution on your boots about once a month; they can be blacked in the meantime. If the oil should make the leather too stiff, decrease the proportion of paraffine, and vice versa.

I have used this for eight years past, and

boots have lasted me two winters, the uppers always remaining soft, and never cracking. I have tried beeswax, rosin, tar, etc., but never found any other preparation half so good.

HARD TIMES IN THE SOUTH.—A correspondent, writing from Texas, says: "I regret I can not take the JOURNAL this year. Our disasters were very great here last year. Prospects are now brightening somewhat; and as soon as starvation leaves my door, you will have my name on your list again. With very high esteem, I remain, yours, etc."

[This statement is evidently true, and is applicable to tens of thousands throughout the "sunny South." But with energy, enterprise, and intelligence, that land may be made such a paradise as we read of; work, work—work will do it.

It was "No Go."—We received through a lady friend a hand-bill, of which the following is a copy:

"Phrenology False. A popular lecture on the fallacies and inconsistencies of this science will be delivered at Room No. 44, Cooper Institute, on Friday evening, Feb. 28, 1868. By T. KILLINGWORTH SLINGS. Admission, twenty-five cents. Tickets to be obtained at the store, No. 31 Seventh Street, and at the door of the lecture-room. To commence at eight o'clock."

On reading this announcement, the editor, having previous engagements, dispatched two competent shorthand writers, with instructions to bring a complete or verbatim report, that he might publish the same, with such comments as the case might seem to demand. Imagine his disappointment next morning on receiving the following:

"The lecturer arrived at the appointed hour—eight o'clock—and was favored with an audience consisting of two men and four children, one of which, a boy about twelve, acted as doorkeeper.

"Mr. Staines remarked that he would deliver the lecture if the audience wished it, but they suggested that it would hardly be advisable, probably sorry that they gave the 25 cents. So, after the money was refunded—75 cents—the meeting adjourned *sine die*.

We felt a pang of pity for the enterprising lecturer, who had incurred expenses for hall rent, show-bills, advertising, door tending, and no doubt the wear and tear of much study and anxious thought. He rang the bell, blew the horn, but few heard. He baited his hook, and cast in his line, but caught no fish. He fired his gun, but got no game. He spent his money, and got only empty benches.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN WHEELING, West Va.—We have often acknowledged our obligations for favors to Mr. A. C. Partridge, of that city, who has promptly sent us the likenesses of noted men with which to illustrate our science. His most recent favor is a *carte-de-visite* of John Shafer, *alias* Joseph Elsie, murderer of Joseph Lillenthal, Aloys Ulrick, and Rudolph Tentor, and also the would-be assassin of John White, Esq., of Parkersburg, W. Va. When we can obtain the facts as to his birthplace, age, occupation, habits, etc., we will publish him in this JOURNAL.

It is with regret that we notice the following in the photographic journals:

"Gallery for sale, at a great bargain. Partridge's gallery and stock depot, in Wheeling, West Va. For twenty years the leading gallery and the only stock house in that section of the country. Owing to the ill health of the proprietor, it will be transferred to any one who will pay for the apparatus and stock on hand. For particulars, address A. C. PARTRIDGE, Wheeling, W. Va."

We regard this a rare opportunity for

one with the necessary means and enterprise to avail himself of an established business in a beautiful art. As heretofore, it must continue to be pleasant and profitable.

DOUBLE SUBSCRIPTION.—We have made arrangements with other publishers by which we can associate several magazines respectively with the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, and offer both at a reduction from the aggregate price.

We can send the JOURNAL and PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE (the subscription price of which is \$4) to new subscribers for one year for \$6. The JOURNAL and HOURS AT HOME for \$5. The JOURNAL and LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for \$6. The JOURNAL and THE WEEK for \$5. The JOURNAL and the ROUND TABLE for \$7. The JOURNAL and the RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE for \$4 50. The JOURNAL and DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE for \$5. The JOURNAL and the ATLANTIC MONTHLY for \$6. The JOURNAL and LIVING AGE for \$9. We will send any magazine, or newspaper, or book, published in New York, at publisher's prices. Address this office.

General Items.

TENNESSEE MANUAL LABOR UNIVERSITY, incorporated December 10th, 1867. Instituted for the benefit of colored youth, etc. The circular says: "This is the first application ever made by the colored people of the South for assistance to found an institution for the improvement of their race. We take pleasure in commending this enterprise and its authors to the confidence and liberality of a generous public. We have every confidence in the capacity, zeal, and integrity of the parties to perfect the design they have in view." Signed: JOSEPH S. FOWLER, United States Senator; A. J. FLETCHER, Secretary of State; G. W. BLACKBURN, Comptroller; JOHN R. HENRY, Treasurer; W. P. CARLIN, Bvt.-Maj. Gen'l., and Asst. Com. Freedmen's Bureau; JOHN EATON, Jr., Sup't. Public Instruction.

Here is the indorsement of the Governor of Tennessee:

NASHVILLE, October 12, 1867.

HON. EUGENE CARR, Mayor of Chattanooga: *Dear Sir*—This will introduce to you Rev. Peter Lowry, of this city, who is engaged in raising funds for the purpose of endowing a Manual Labor College, for the benefit of his race. I commend him and his object to you, and all good men, as worthy of your confidence and support. By order of GOVERNOR BROWNLOW. H. H. THOMAS, Acting Private Secretary.

Here is a chance for charity. Let the rich men, North and South, come up to the help of the poor. By thoroughly educating even a limited number of colored youth, they will soon be able to educate many more. By all means let the work go on. Who knows but what this may prove the first step toward effectively educating and civilizing Africa itself?

CONANT'S BINDER. This is a device for binding magazines similar to the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, *Agricultural*, etc. Each number as it comes out can be added by the subscriber, and thus all the numbers be preserved during the year. If desired, the covers can then be removed, and they will serve for subsequent volumes, or they constitute a cheap binding to remain permanently. Price for No. 4, the size for this JOURNAL, is 75 cents prepaid.

"TALKING TURKEY." The old story has it, that a white man and an Indian went out hunting together, agreeing

to share the game equally; an owl and a turkey were secured as the product of the hunt, and they were to divide. The white man said to the Indian, "I will take the turkey, and you may take the owl; or you may take the owl, and I will take the turkey." The Indian instantly remarked, "White man no talk turkey to Indian at all." But the case reported below is by a young lady—a Friend or Quaker—who writes us from Ohio, relating how she made turkey pay for the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. She says:

"I will tell you how I got the money to pay my subscription. I raised twelve turkeys last year, and sold them, and had enough to take the JOURNAL, and a good bit besides. I could not do without it; and you may consider me a *life* subscriber. I read everything in it."

That young lady will make a good help-mate for a worthy young man.

IN THE "DORG" BUSINESS.

When we proposed to fill city orders for country friends, we did not expect so soon to be called on to visit the dog market. We have sent new milch "goats" by ship and by rail for those needing milk for very young babes, where the supply of the natural article was short at home; and we rejoice to learn, with the best results, babes and goats are doing as well as could be expected. We have also sent Shanghais, Dorkings, Polanders, Black Spanish fowl, Seabrights, and bantams, rabbits, guinea pigs—and other pigs—turkeys, geese, ducks, doves, and the like by express to the rural districts; while there is no end to the orders we receive for guns, sewing machines, melodeons, pianos, books, seeds, clothes washers, wringers, and other household objects. Indeed, we have bought and shipped a thousand barrels of apples to European markets by a single steamer. Being on the spot, we can take advantage of circumstances, and buy at wholesale rates, and give our friends the benefit of our knowledge and experience. But we do nothing on the *credit* system. Cash with the order is the rule; and when we C. O. D. we must have funds enough to cover expenses should goods be returned or damaged. Here is a copy of a letter of inquiry, which explains itself:

PETROLEUM CENTER. *Dear Sir*—As I have seen it stated in my JOURNAL that anything, except whisky and tobacco, can be ordered through you, I have taken the liberty of writing to learn whether you can ship me a black-and-tan pup. I could, of course, send to the dog-fanciers, but am afraid that might be the last I would hear of dog or money. I have ordered books twice through you, and of course I would feel perfectly secure in sending the money to you, as I am a constant reader of your JOURNAL, and know that the house is "O. K." I want a black-and-tan dog, four to six months old, full blooded, one that when fully matured will weigh about five or six pounds; and I am perfectly willing to trust your judgment for picking out a neat and intelligent animal (must have a good head, of course), so I will give you no further instruction; I will simply say I want lightness and activity. Please let me know what you can afford to place a dog of the above description at the express office for, and I will send the amount. Truly yours, etc.

For the information of others, as well as our correspondent, we may state that prices range from \$5 to \$50; depending on age, sex, size, quality, and culture. The smallest dog may bring the highest price. But fancy specimens are not generally for sale. They are taken up and nursed by very fine ladies, as substitutes for live babies.

GARDEN SEEDS AND FLOWER SEEDS. In our February and March numbers we gave a list, with prices, post-

paid. If any of our distant readers wish any of these seeds, they may be obtained prepaid, by return of the first post. If for spring planting, they should be ordered at once.

MR. W. W. WILCOX, of Middletown, Conn., has patented an invention which he calls the Galvanized Iron Trellis, intended for flower and vegetable gardens. The utility of this novelty is set forth in a circular, which the manufacturer will send on receipt of stamp.

A STRONG WORD.—An office-boy in an establishment "down town" was much annoyed by the men in the office on account of their carelessness in spilling water on the floor about the wash-stand. Accordingly he wrote an order to the effect that such carelessness can be endured no longer, etc., signed it in the name of the proprietor, and placed it in a conspicuous place. Then by way of emphasis he added, "This order is to be strictly prohibited."

A LITTLE girl possessed with the idea that "Santa Claus" really came down the chimney, to bring his gifts, said to her mother that she hoped he would bring her a doll. Her mother told her that she must ask "Santa Claus" for a doll, if she wished for one. The little girl immediately went to the fireplace and called out, "Santa Claus, I want you should bring me a doll." Her grandmother was in the room below, and hearing what the child said, answered, "Yes, I'll bring you a doll." The little girl was not prepared for this, and being very much startled, immediately left for another part of the room, probably thinking that although she did not object to "Santa Claus" bringing her a doll, she would rather he would not say anything about it.

LITTLE five-year-old Maud was seated on the floor by her mother, trying to sew. Suddenly looking up she said, "Mamma, I was thinking that God must be getting quite along in years."

HEALTH REFORM IN VIRGINIA. AN OLD APPLE TREE. FLOUR FOR SHIPPING.—Commissioners chosen by an organized society have selected, through their agents, a place called EVERGREEN HOUSE, five miles from Harper's Ferry, as the best adapted to their wants for a colony of Health Reformers. They have a farm of 230 acres on which to commence operations. It is said that the natural advantages of this region can not be surpassed in America; soil, climate, water, and scenery are all that can be desired. A correspondent writes us at length on the subject, from which we copy several extracts, viz.:

"Near us is the original London plppin apple-tree, now known to be 80 years old, and it has borne from 45 to 75 bushels ever since it can be remembered. The apples are of the largest size, and of the best quality, quite as large as a Greening; none who eat of them dare call them less than first-rate.

"The tree is about 45 feet high, and was wide across the top, until two years ago, when it was partially broken down, but is yet full of life. The oldest inhabitants can not remember when the apple crop failed. It is about 650 feet above tide water. As to the scenery here, Thomas Jefferson once said it was well worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see. This piedmont section is renowned for producing the best quality of wheat, to manufacture flour for shipping across the equator, on long voyages.

"Having been in the nursery and seed business here for twenty years, I challenge any one to find a better spot for grain, fruit, and vegetable growing. Persons wishing further information can inclose a stamp, and address OLIVER TAYLOR, Lincoln, Loudon County, Virginia."

Business.

[Under this head we publish, for a consideration, such matters as rightfully belong to this department. We disclaim responsibility for what may herein appear. Matter will be LEADED, and charged according to the space occupied, at the rate of \$1 a line.]

THE HYGEIAN HOME.—At this establishment all the Water-Cure appliances are given, with the Swedish Movements and Electricity. Send for our circular. Address A. SMITH, M.D., Wernersville, Berks County, Pa.

THE MOVEMENT-CURE.—Chronic Invalids may learn the particulars of this mode of treatment by sending for Dr. Geo. H. Taylor's illustrated sketch of the Movement-Cure, 25 cents. Address 67 West 38th Street, N. Y. City. Aug., 11.

MRS. E. DE LA VERGNE, M.D., 325 ADELPHI STREET, BROOKLYN.

HYGIENIC CURE, BUFFALO, N. Y.—Compressed Air Baths, Turkish Baths, Electric Baths, and all the appliances of a first-class Cure. Please send for a Circular. Address H. P. BURDICK, M.D., or Mrs. BRYANT BURDICK, M.D., Burdick House, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE KITTATINNY, introduced by the subscriber, is everywhere acknowledged the very BEST BLACKBERRY yet known. Having the original stock, we are enabled to furnish fruit growers and amateurs genuine plants in large or small quantities at low rates.

We have also the WILSON Blackberry, and a good stock of the BEST Raspberries, Strawberries, Currants, and Grapes.

Reader, if you want genuine plants of the best varieties that will give satisfaction, we can supply you at low rates.

For catalogues, etc., address E. & J. C. WILLIAMS, Montclair, N. J.

See JOURNAL for October, 1867.
[For five new subscribers to the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, at \$3 each, we will send one dozen first-class plants, worth \$5, post-paid by mail. Address this office.

N. B.—This offer relates strictly to NEW subscribers. Feb. 31.*

INSTITUTE of Practical Civil Engineering, Surveying, and Drawing, at Tolleston, Ind. For Circular, address A. VANDER NAILLEN.

WORKS ON MAN.—For New Illustrated Catalogue of best Books on Physiology, Anatomy, Gymnastics, Dietetics, Physiognomy, Shorthand Writing, Memory, Self-Improvement, Phrenology, and Ethnology, send two stamps to S. R. WELLS, Publisher, No. 389 Broadway, New York. Agents wanted.

JENKINS' VEST-POCKET LEXICON. An English Dictionary of all except Familiar Words; including the Principal Scientific and Technical Terms, and Foreign Monies, Weights, and Measures. Price, in Gilt Morocco, Tuck, \$1; in Leather Gilt, 75 cents. Sent post-paid by S. R. WELLS, New York.

TO PHRENOLOGISTS, LECTURERS, AND OTHERS. A Complete Set of Phrenological and Physiological Plates for sale, by one who is obliged to give up the business. It is altogether the most complete apparatus of the kind in the country. See next page, and address

S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

Advertisements.

[Announcements for this or the preceding department must reach the publishers by the 1st of the month preceding the date in which they are intended to appear. Terms for advertising, 50 cents a line, or \$50 a column.]

ELECTRO VITAL.—DR. JEROME KIDDER'S Highest Premium Electro-Medical Apparatus, warranted greater magnetic power of any called magnetic.

The patent labels of the United States, England, and France are on the machine itself, as the law requires for all genuine patentee districts.

"The best yet devised in any country for the treatment of disease."—Dr. Hammond, late Surgeon-General U. S. A.

Caution.—The latest improved bears the patent labels of 1860 and 1866.

Address DR. J. KIDDER, 478 Broadway, New York.

PACKARD'S MONTHLY—AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE devoted to the interests and adapted to the tastes of the Young Men of the Country.

Subscription Price: One Dollar a year, in advance; Single Copies, Fifteen Cents.

This magazine is designed to meet the demand for a first-class Young Men's Magazine; and without aiming to compete, in literary excellence, with any of the established monthlies, it will maintain a character for intelligent devotion to its purpose which can not fail to command the respect and co-operation of the class in whose interest it labors. Each number will contain a brief biographical sketch—with portrait—of some eminent American, living or dead, together with original articles from some of our best writers and thinkers.

The first number, commencing with April, will be issued about the 15th of March. The following is a partial list of its contents:

1.—BIOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Biography (with portrait) of HENRY DWIGHT STRATTON, founder of the International Chain of Business Colleges—Sketches of the Lives and Characters of the Four Wealthy Men of America: STEPHEN GIRARD, JOHN JACOB ASTOR, CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, and ALEXANDER T. STEWART—Commercial Anecdotes, and Reminiscences of Great Men.

2.—CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES.

"CITY AND COUNTRY: A Plain Talk with Young Men," by Horace Greeley.—"THE LESSON OF THE HOUR," by J. L. Hunt, A.M.—"OUR NATIONAL LITERATURE," by an eminent writer.

3.—EDITORIALS AND PARAGRAPHS.

Our Mission—Indecencies of Art—Responsibility of Journalists—International Copyright—Economy is Wealth—The Christening, and How it Happened—The "President's English"—English Composition—Inverted Sentences—He "Did It"—Make Friends—Words of Cheer—Answers to Correspondents, etc.

4.—NOTICES AND REVIEWS.

CLUB RATES.

The following Club Rates will hold good until the 1st of May, the subscription commencing with the first number:

1. To each single subscriber who sends us \$1, we will, in addition to the magazine for one year, send, post-paid, the Counting-House edition of Mr. Greeley's book on "Success in Business," advertised elsewhere; or

2. To such subscriber we will send, prepaid, one fifty-cent box of Williams & Packard's fine-pointed, double-elastic steel pen—the best pen for business writing ever manufactured; or

3. We will send, prepaid, five specimen pages of Williams & Packard's "Gems of Penmanship," the most artistic work on this subject ever produced, each page of which is a study in itself.

4. To the person who will send us a club of twenty-five subscribers, accompanied by the subscription price, we will (besides sending to each of the subscribers whichever of the above premiums is designated) send, prepaid, Williams & Packard's Gems of Penmanship, beautifully bound in fine cloth, and, in all respects, the most beautiful book of the kind ever published. The uniform price of this book is \$5.

We will send specimen copies of *The Monthly* after March 1, with blanks for club lists, on receipt of two three-cent stamps.

All communications should be addressed to

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387 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE NEW YORK SUN.—An Independent Daily Newspaper, giving All the News in a fresh, readable, attractive manner, condensed so that a business man can find time to read the whole. CHARLES A. DANA, Editor and Manager. Price: \$5 a year; \$1 50 for three months.

THE WEEKLY SUN.

Prepared with great care for country subscribers. Farmers' Club fully reported. Markets accurately given. Horticultural and Agricultural Department edited by ANDREW S. FELLER. Great variety of interesting miscellaneous reading, making it a first-rate

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Subscribers to the WEEKLY SUN who wish also to receive the *Rural New Yorker*—one of the best agricultural and literary journals in the country—can do so on very advantageous terms. The two papers will be sent for one year to any one remitting \$3 25.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY SUN.

Same size and character as the Weekly, but furnishing twice as much reading matter, and giving the News with greater freshness. Price: \$3 a year; 10 copies to one address, \$18; 20 copies to one address, \$35; 50 copies to one address, \$80; always in advance.

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CHEAPEST BOOKSTORE IN THE WORLD.—New Catalogue, No. 18, free. Send a stamp. 100,000 Old and New Books on hand. Immense Prices paid for Old Books. LEGGATT BROTHERS, 113 Nassau Street, New York.

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"The Freest Organ of Thought in the World." It aims to lead public opinion upon all subjects, and to represent or echo the sentiments of no party or sect. Edited by seven editors, from seven different denominations, whose names are not known even to each other.

Terms, per year, \$3 50. Terms to Agents (for each subscriber), \$1.

The CHURCH UNION is the only paper that publishes Henry Ward Beecher's Sermons, which it does each week, publishing the morning or evening Sermon of the Sunday preceding. Send for a specimen copy, including 10 cents.

Address, CHARLES ALBERTSON, Publisher, 9 Beekman Street, New York City.

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"PUBLIC SPIRIT,"—A MAGAZINE FOR THE MILLION.—The Publisher of this new and distinctively American monthly Magazine can not refrain, with the successful close of its Second Volume, from expressing his thanks for the patronage which has sustained it during the perilous first year, and secured for it an unquestionable permanence.

Inspired by this result, and enabled now clearly to see his way to more signal success, he has made arrangements for the improvement of the Magazine in all its departments, and can confidently promise for it hereafter a degree of merit equal at least to that of any contemporary.

With the commencement of the **THIRD VOLUME**, "PUBLIC SPIRIT" will be so

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED as to place it in the front rank of elegant periodical literature. Its range of topics will be increased, while it will demand for their treatment a higher grade of ability. The best attainable talent will be employed, irrespective of the reputation of the writers. Indeed, its sympathies will always be given to developing genius, and aid gladly rendered in securing for it deserved recognition.

As indicated by its name, the character of "PUBLIC SPIRIT" will be thoroughly American, but in the highest and most liberal sense. Its specific aim will be to fill a place between the best newspaper literature and the ponderous matter of more pretensions magazines. While paying due court to the Muses, and by no means disdaining the fascinations of Fiction, it will give much attention to those practical topics which closely concern our material welfare and the comfort of our daily lives. By studying brevity in treatment, it will secure increased variety in subject; and thus gratify diverse tastes while adding to the stock of useful knowledge.

LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS will receive special attention, but not at the expense of other subjects. New books of apparent merit will be carefully read; and short criticisms given of those only which deserve mention. Elaborate reviews, except for the elucidation of some important subject, will not be allowed to displace more entertaining matter. The same policy will control our criticisms on Art.

While "PUBLIC SPIRIT" will not tolerate the intrusion of partisan politics, yet it can not be indifferent to great events, or ignore the vital questions on which depend the improvement of Society and the stability of our Government. Reconstruction, Finance, Suffrage, and similar subjects will occasionally be treated in brief, well-written and reflective articles. In short, "PUBLIC SPIRIT" is to be

A MAGAZINE OF THE AGE, thoroughly alive, free from all demoralizing influence, and aiming to improve and amuse the people.

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CLUB RATES—Two Copies for Five Dollars; Three Copies for Seven Dollars; Five Copies for Ten Dollars; and each additional Copy, Two Dollars. For every Club of Twenty Subscribers, an Extra Copy will be furnished **GRATIS**. **SPECIMEN NUMBERS** sent to any Address, on receipt of Twenty Cents.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY are Agents for "PUBLIC SPIRIT," and will supply it through all newsdealers; or it can be ordered direct from the Publisher,

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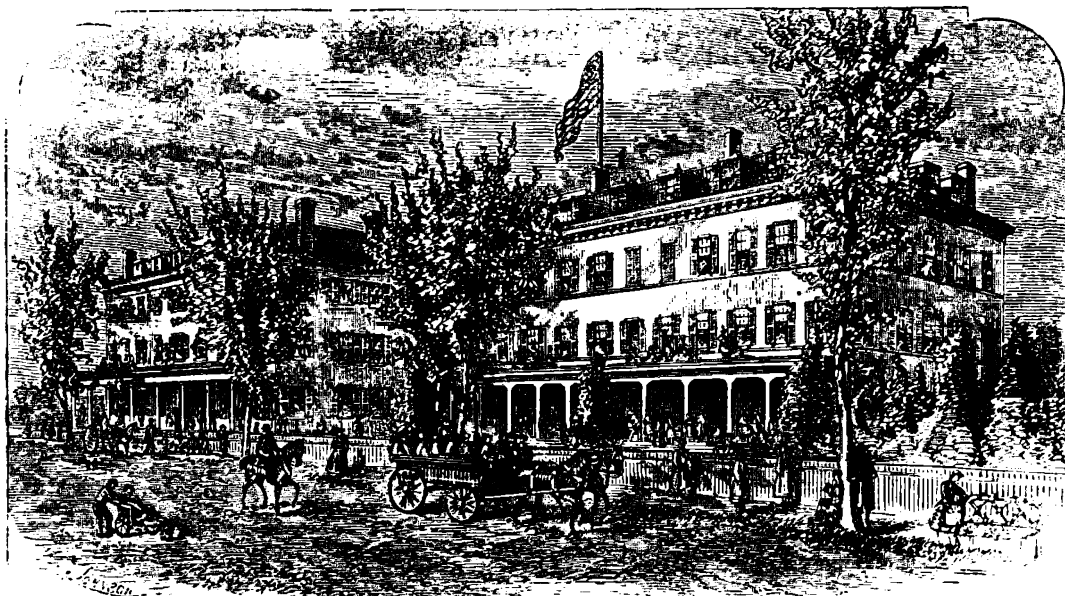
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PHYSICO-MENTAL EDUCATION.

THE above cut is an accurate representation of the Lexington House, at Lexington, Mass., in which Dr. Dio Lewis established his well-known school. The building was burned on the 7th of September, 1867. As this institution is the only young ladies' seminary in the country in which a determined and successful attempt has ever been made to combine a thorough scientific physical training with a broad and complete intellectual and moral culture, a few words relating to its history may prove interesting to our readers.

Dr. Lewis' labors on behalf of physical education are so well known to the American public that nothing more than a mere outline, necessary to the completeness of this sketch, will be given. Educated to the medical profession, and engaged during several years in its practice, Dr. Lewis was deeply impressed with the uselessness of pill peddling, and with the great value of preventive measures. Finally, abandoning the practice of his profession, he gave himself during several years to the development of a new system of gymnastics, adapted equally to both sexes, to the old and young, and to the strong and weak. When satisfied that his system had been sufficiently matured to justify the training of teachers in the new school, he removed from the West to Boston, Mass., to establish the **NORMAL INSTITUTE FOR PHYSICAL EDUCATION**. From this institution 270 ladies and gentlemen have graduated, and gone out East, West, North, and South, to act as guides in bodily training.

After several years had been given to the training of teachers in the new school of gymnastics, Dr. Lewis determined to illustrate its possibilities in combining physical and intellectual culture in a young ladies' seminary.

Seeking in New England suitable buildings,

he found them in the Lexington House. Lexington is about ten miles from Boston, and more than two hundred feet above the sea. Free from the fogs so common and unfriendly on the New England coast, and remarkably quiet and orderly, even among New England villages, its selection was found a most happy one. The buildings were fitted up at large expense, and the school began in the autumn of 1864. A large corps of experienced teachers (including Theodore D. Weld, formerly principal of the institution at Eagleswood, N. J.) was engaged. During the first year the pupils numbered 30; during the second year, about 100; and during the third year, 144.

These pupils came from far and near; from California, from Central America, from Missouri, Iowa; in brief, more or less, from every part of our country.

Girls of naturally delicate constitutions were sent to the Institution, and almost without exception they became healthy and strong. Beginning very cautiously with the practice of the mildest forms of muscular movement a few minutes each day, they soon were able to practice two or three hours a day in vigorous gymnastic exercises. Many young ladies came with the condition that they were not to go up-stairs, for they were not able to ascend a flight of stairs. Almost without exception, within a few months, these most delicate girls found themselves able to practice the more active gymnastic exercises for more than two hours a day, and on occasions walked ten or fifteen miles. Careful measurements of the size of the chest under the arms, of the waist, shoulders, and arms, were made when the pupils entered the school. It was found that the average gain in a single year's training was, about the chest, two inches and a half, and much in the same proportion about the waist, arms, and shoulders; while all learned to walk with a grace and dignity quite re-

markable. It perhaps should be remarked that the progress of the pupils in all the intellectual departments of the school, which were as broad and complete as in any institution in America, was singularly rapid.

The loss sustained by Dr. Lewis in the destruction of this building was very large. A hundred thousand dollars are required to rebuild and furnish it. As he has found it impossible to raise the necessary funds, he will at the close of this year—during which the school has been carried on in a small way in another building near the site of that which was burned—he will be obliged to abandon the school project, and engage again in training teachers in the new gymnastics, and lecturing before the lyceums on the subject of physical culture.

Fortunately for the country, the graduates of the Normal Institute for Physical Education are carrying on the work in various parts of the country. Mrs. Plumb, in New York; Mr. Ellinwood, in Brooklyn; several teachers in Philadelphia, and others elsewhere, are pushing bravely forward this most promising movement toward the combination of intellectual and physical culture.

SALLUST'S HOME IN POMPEII.

BEHOLD in Pompeii, at Sallust's home,
The relics of an orgie in a tomb!
The bosom of a dancing girl is prest
Against the bony framer of a jest;
The unbaked bread is in the oven left,
And by the froit the knife with which 'twas cleft.
The supper-table charred, the wine-jars dry,
And those who came to dance remained to die.
It hurts our huge ambition to survey
The folly death overcomes us at, the play!
Earth's humble ones, the men whom circumstance
Hath favored, all are targets for death's lance,
All low alike at last; and none can tell
If this dust was a king, that heap a belle;
What alchemist can take this time-charred bone
And say: "This served; this sat upon a throne;
This bony cheek blushed beauty's bygone bloom;
Once this head's wit rang round the rustic room."
Ah, yes! the skull, still eloquent in death—
For thought still rules beyond the bounds of breath—
Bequeaths an index to th' immortal mind,
Of those who lived to bless or curse mankind.

J. B. RAMSAY.

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CALL

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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—Young.

GEORGE HALL, FIRST MAYOR OF BROOKLYN.

THE recent death of this gentleman has left a vacancy in Brooklyn circles which few men can fill. Having long maintained a high and honorable political standing, and also having won the respect of all classes for his zeal and candor in promoting temperance and other reformatory measures, he merits a special consideration at our hands.

As long ago as 1835 he submitted his head to a public examination, and from being an obdurate skeptic became converted to an admiring believer and a warm friend of the science of Phrenology.

In form, Mr. Hall was rather short and broad, yet well proportioned; he had much power of constitution, toughness,



PORTRAIT OF GEORGE HALL, FIRST MAYOR OF BROOKLYN.

and endurance. His motions were | organism, and indicated both power and
sprightly and elastic, in keeping with his | quickness, force and elasticity.

His three most prominent characteristics resulted from predominant phrenological conditions—Benevolence, Conscientiousness, indomitable energy arising from large Firmness and Combativeness, and aspiring ambition. In very few heads have we found Benevolence as largely indicated as it was in his, and this constituted his predominant life motive. He lived and wielded the official power from time to time intrusted to him mainly to do good; selfish ends were no part of his consideration. Even his selfish faculties were under the control of philanthropy. He was ambitious, but not for mere notoriety; his zeal was very great, and sought to ameliorate the condition of others, to improve society rather than promote any selfish aim. Combativeness drove forward some good cause instead of struggling to obtain merely mercenary objects. Perseverance supplemented and stimulated by large Firmness was also a strongly marked characteristic. In whatever enterprise he embarked he was earnest and energetic. His talents for managing business, conducting any building or mechanical operation, were superior. He had very little Secretiveness, and was therefore not cunning or compromising, but plain-spoken and frank almost to a fault.

As a public man and as a private citizen, his integrity in and zeal for those measures which had in view the good of the community were unsurpassed. No man with political reputation can exhibit a more clear and unblemished record than that of George Hall. His Benevolence was his crowning characteristic. His heart was mellow toward the poor and the troubled, and his tears readily mingled with those of the afflicted. His courage made him a most marked man, as hundreds of rowdies and villains could attest, who in riots and rough crowds defied the ordinary officers of the law until the bold hand of George Hall was laid on them, and his mandatory voice bid them submit.

BIOGRAPHY.

George Hall was born in the city of New York, on the 21st September, 1795. In the following year, his father having purchased a farm in the neighborhood of Flatbush, removed with his family thither, and thence shortly after to Brooklyn, then an inconsiderable village. Educated at Erasmus Hall, a well-known

and deservedly popular institution of learning, he received a good English education, which, based on his naturally active and healthy mental organization, contributed largely to the formation of the sterling man he ever proved himself to be. Early distinguished for the benevolence as well as energy of his disposition, he became the friend and counselor of his associates, the leader in, and the advocate of, every movement promotive of the good of man. And through a long life his consistent and upright course won for him the approval and affection of the virtuous and true.

In 1832 Mr. Hall was elected trustee of the third ward of the then village of Brooklyn; in 1833 he was unanimously elected President of the village; and in 1834, when the village became a city, he was chosen first Mayor.

All who have known him will bear willing testimony to the industry, faithfulness, discretion, and fearlessness with which he devoted himself to the duties of his office. His indefatigable efforts to execute the laws—his still more praiseworthy acts of benevolence and charity to the objects of wretchedness with whom his station brought him in contact, all attest that the first Mayor of Brooklyn was no ordinary man.

Early and uncompromising in his efforts for the suppression of intemperance, and allied as this evil has ever been with political power, it is not surprising that he met with opposition and incurred obloquy from the politicians of every stamp; and indisposed as he always was to countenance or even wink at corruption in high places, it could not be expected that he would receive support from those whose only object in seeking office is their own personal aggrandizement. The despised fanatics, as temperance men were called in former years, grew in numbers and increased in influence; it became no longer safe to despise them, in entering upon a political canvass; and the Whig party, with a full knowledge of their views of Mr. Hall, in relation to the liquor traffic, again nominated him for the office of mayor, in the fall of 1854; and at the subsequent election he was triumphantly elected as the first Mayor of the consolidated city. His administration was such as won golden opinions from all good men.

Mr. Hall's connection with the Temperance Reformation is so well known, we have felt it unnecessary to say much in relation thereto. He was a faithful advocate of our principles, laboring that the blessings they bring might be felt and enjoyed by all, and by his example setting his seal to the faith that was in him, and leading others thereby to their embrace. He was the first to sign in Brooklyn the "Old Temperance Pledge," and the first also to sign the Washingtonian pledge, although he had no personal failings on the score of intemperance. In 1845 he was elected G. W. P. of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of the State of New York, and was appointed one of the representatives from

that body to the National Division of North America.

During the war Mr. Hall took a most active part in the raising of troops, sustaining the public credit, and in every possible way aiding the national cause. He was a prominent officer of the Union League of Brooklyn, and in this, as in every other field of usefulness, his voice and personal efforts were enlisted. No man in Brooklyn was so widely known as George Hall. He had been a mechanic, and was generally known to that class in the community. He had been a fireman, and everybody knew him in that sphere. He was widely known in the Temperance movement, and nearly everybody in sympathy with that knew him personally.

During his mayoralty, the cholera raged in Brooklyn. Forsaking every thought of individual security, he went personally to care for the sick and the dying. He spent his time day and night among the cholera patients, and though he took the disease, his stern will and a good constitution enabled him to triumph over it. It being rumored in the city that he had died of cholera, a great crowd of people assembled around the City Hall, and not until he had shown himself before them were they willing to go home satisfied that the public's great favorite was still living. In consideration of his great heroism and personal sacrifice on behalf of the poor cholera patients, the citizens made voluntary contributions, and bought a handsome mansion, No. 37 Livingston Street, and presented it to Mayor Hall as a testimonial of their regard. Here he lived many years, and here he died, and here did the citizens pour forth on Sunday, April 19th, 1868, to do honor to his memory and take a last look at the honest face of George Hall.

He had a tear for every poor man's sorrow, a word of encouragement for every soul struggling with poverty and hardship, and a scathing reproof for all stalwart and brazen villainy. One of his chief qualities was his personal courage. While mayor, he not unfrequently rushed into a crowd of ruffians that defied policemen, and leveling one with his fist, and taking another by the collar, brought forth his prisoner in triumph. His frankness was proverbial. He had no concealments. No man doubted George Hall's word, or believed that after he had spoken he had any sinister or concealed purposes. His generosity knew no bounds, and his benefactions were measured only by his means. We shall not soon "see his like again." We enjoyed the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with him for years, and feel assured that no man deserves more hearty encomiums, or will leave behind more personal friends than he.

INCONSISTENT MORALITY.—A distinguished divine remarked lately that, "Some men will not shave on Sunday, and yet they spend all the week in shaving their fellow-men; and many folks think it very wicked to black their boots on Sunday morning, yet they do not hesitate to black their neighbor's reputation on week-days."

BLESSINGS OF PEACE.

How beautiful the spectacle presented by that land which is habitually at peace with all the world! See the thriving cities, towns, and villages in which the hum of business, the clanking of manufactures, and the familiar sights and sounds of successful industry everywhere prevail! See the fields waving with the rich products of the soil—the garners teeming bountifully with food for man and beast—the harbors crowded with vessels, which bring their tributes of wealth and comfort from every land—the smiling homes and firesides—the farmer singing at his plow, and the mechanic at his work! See the pervading life and energy which infuses itself into every department of human effort—the arts and sciences flourishing—education more and more widely extended—men running to and fro, and knowledge increased—the sphere of Christian activity enlarged—new churches built—missions and Sabbath-schools planted in destitute places—preachers and colporteurs sent forth to possess the land for Christ—the Gospel acquiring daily new trophies to its divine power, and truth achieving new victories over error. Souls which might have been hardened and destroyed by the influences of war, are, under the mild reign of peace, rendered susceptible to the appeals of the pulpit and press, and instead of swelling the number of God's enemies, go to augment the army of his followers. Many a prodigal returns to his Father's house, and many a lost one is found. The church rejoices in an increase of her strength, and there is "joy in heaven among the angels of God" over repenting sinners. The heavenly hope finds readier access to human hearts—souls are saved, and God is glorified. Nor is this all. The abounding life and exuberant sympathy of God's people will not, in time of peace, be confined to the narrow limits of a country or a continent, but overflow all boundaries, and baptize distant nations with the waters of life. As war impedes our efforts for the spread of the Gospel, so peace encourages them, and enables the Church to extend the circling ripples of her influence far and wide, until they embrace the globe itself. Peace places in our hands the means; peace affords opportunities for employing them to advantage; peace wafts the missionary across the seas; peace casts down the walls of prejudice, and secures a ready access to the homes and hearts of the heathen; peace sustains him there, and provides the bread of life for millions of famishing souls, and with the Bibles which it prints, affords a practical and convincing commentary upon its truths; peace affords the sinews which God strengthens for the demolition of Satan's kingdom; peace supplies, sustains, and co-operates with many of those forces which, under God, are to evangelize the world and inaugurate the reign of the *Prince of Peace*.

We do not affirm that the universal prevalence of peace would, of itself alone, secure all

these blessings. No. "The Word of God only, the grace of Christ only, the work of the spirit only," are the hope of the nation, the church, and the world. Yet the very letter of that word, the character of that grace, and the known operations of that spirit assure us that if ever these blessings are to be looked for, it is in times of peace; the reign of peace will go far toward securing the reign of happiness and righteousness.

JOSEPH A. COLLIER.

RECENT observations regarding the weight of the brain have led to some curious developments. The general average of the Asiatic brain shows a diminution of more than two ounces when compared with the European. The general mean of African races is less than that of European races, although there are great differences, the Caffre rising high and the Bushman sinking low in the scale. The average of the whole of the aboriginal American races reaches 44.78 ounces, which is 2.14 ounces less than that of the European races. The Australian races show a brain weight of one-ninth less than that of the general average of Europeans.—*Daily Star*.

[Now will the *Star* condescend to enlighten the world on the temperament of the races, and show the *quality* of each. Quantity is one thing, quality quite another. American nerve and muscle must not be offset by European beer, beef, and adipose. Size and *quality* are the measure of power.]

CONSCIOUSNESS AND MENTAL ACTION.

BY B. H. WASHINGTON, M.D.

[CONCLUSION.]

In dreaming, the spirit, never sleeping like the body, amuses itself by making a kaleidoscope of its organ of consciousness; and being able to view all the treasures of memory at once, instead of there being "wild confusion worse confounded," the various images are still viewed harmoniously arranged and linked together by virtue of the above-mentioned automatic law of control, and the spirit is thus enabled to recall at once all the treasures secured in its previous passage through life, and also to re-work them over and over again in the most wonderful profusion of variety, magnificence, gorgeousness, sublimity, grandeur, fear, pain, pleasure, hope, or gloom. Though able then, while sleeping, to review the whole past life at a glance, in the same manner as my friend, and as drowning persons do, yet when the waking state is approached, or reached, only a few of the vast number inspected can be remembered and reproduced in consciousness, and *those few must then be represented in succession*, and the consequence is that enough images are recollected to produce the impression, when thus successively recalled in consciousness of a great lapse of time, while in reality the time occupied in taking the view of those images in the dreaming state was not probably more than a second.

Some writer on Intellectual Philosophy (whom we do not now recollect) mentions a singular dream of his own. He dreamed that he had left England on a long journey, and, after sailing many days, he had been shipwrecked in a violent storm and thrown on a deserted island with various other persons from the vessel; had there married, and raised a large family of children, some of them to adult age, and was rejoicing greatly at the sound of a booming cannon fired from a newly arrived vessel, which was to carry them back to England; and on awakening found that he had been awakened by a sudden noise which had created the impression of the sound of a cannon, and that he had dreamed the whole dream, occupying apparently at least the term of twenty years, in the extremely short space of time between the hearing of the noise and his awakening, and asks in vain, "whence this wonderful unconsciousness of time in dreaming?"

This truly extraordinary unconsciousness of time in dreaming no metaphysician has ever yet been able to explain (so far as known to the writer) in any age, but if we apply the phrenological exposition of man's organization, the portals of the dark chamber so long and successively concealing the much sought arcanum, quickly responds to the magical key, and opening wide yields up the treasure.

In the case of the above dreamer, at the time he heard the noise which awakened him, all the particulars of the past life were visible at once, as in the case of my friend above mentioned, from the organ of consciousness, but the images necessary to fill out the appropriate particulars of the dream happened to be those remembered, but on reaching the awakened state it was not possible for the dreamer to grasp them all at once in consciousness, and it became necessary for them to be reproduced in consciousness, successively, thus creating the impression of a great lapse of time. The ship—the departure—the voyage—the storm—the shipwreck—the island—the passengers—the woman—the infants—children—adolescents—the second ship—the noise (imagined to be that of a cannon)—were all perceptible at a single glance from consciousness, and were remembered; but on awakening and recalling them in memory, it was absolutely impossible for him to see them all at once, and of course being represented in consciousness successively, created the impression of a great lapse of time.

Thus we find the phrenological hypothesis complying with all the permissible hypotheses laid down by Sir William Hamilton himself, and also to give a clear, beautiful, and rational exposition of the puzzling phenomena of dreaming, and harmonizing most admirably with the facts of the case, and with such an exposition no metaphysician from the days of Aristotle down to the present time has ever been able to present us.

INSANITY.

Let us now turn our attention to the abnormal state, and we shall find the same light from Phrenology shining through the mental

phenomena, then developed and harmonizing remarkably with them.

We will first consider the insanity and death of Hugh Miller: from long, unremitting, and most intense application, his organ of Concentrativeness became so weakened that it broke down, and the voluntary control of his mental operations was therefore lost, and those operations became subject solely to the automatic law of control above mentioned.

In his vain endeavors to fasten his thoughts down to a given subject, the horrifying consciousness that he had lost all control of his mental operations, and that insanity was near at hand, appalled and weakened him still more; mortified Self-Esteem and Approbativeness sent their chilling feelings to Consciousness; to the anxious inquiry suggested by Consciousness, can this state be cured? Hope failed to respond with a cheering answer, and gloom as black as the darkness of Egypt suddenly settled upon him. The excitement of the moment added intensity to the vivid play of the automatic law, utterly interrupting all connected thought, and during this paroxysmal interruption of rational thought, his faculty of Destructiveness, under the automatic law, allowing an opportunity for all faculties to present their claims to Consciousness for gratification, obtained the sway in Consciousness and suggested self destruction; mortified Self-Esteem and Approbativeness seconded the motion, Hope was mute, and the consequence was, the fatal pistol was applied and his career brought to an untimely end by his disregard of the physiological law, which requires rest for the mind as well as for the body.

Thus we might analyze and trace the various phases of thousands of cases of insanity, and we should find the phrenological hypothesis always fulfilling the permissible hypothesis, clearly explaining the phenomena.

The violent and rapid play of this automatic law for the control of our faculties can be readily traced in the following description of a paroxysm in a case of mania, extracted from Wood's Practice, Vol. II., p. 3:

"The brain is now obviously laboring under great excitement, the face is often flushed, the eyes are wild and fiery, and the temples throb with the increased current of blood; the patient talks loudly, rapidly, incoherently, flies from one topic to another, and finishes none; vociferates, screams, implores, threatens, and curses; now shrieks with the anguish of despair, and then breaks out into savage laughter, gesticulates violently, breaks everything fragile about him, strikes, throws, tears his clothes, rends in pieces the covering of his bed, strips himself naked, and even bites his own flesh in his insane fury. Broken thoughts chase each other with fierce haste through his brain; every wild and evil passion, malice, fury, hatred, revenge, and despair, struggle as if for mastery in his agitated features; his hair stands on end, every trait of his meagre countenance is distorted, even his intimate friend would scarcely recognize an acquaintance in the demoniac before him."

The working of this automatic law, under a milder phase of insanity, is readily traceable in the following quotation from pp. 194 and 195:

"The patient can often follow out traits of ratiocination with considerable correctness, and sometimes with much ingenuity. But he is apt to change abruptly from one course of thought to another, before the first is completed; each idea that presents itself, however irrelevant, becomes the standing-point of a new succession, which is in its turn soon interrupted, and his intellectual action is thus broken up into disjointed fragments, which are fitted to no useful purpose."

As with the thought in mania, so it is generally with the feelings. The patient passes rapidly from one state to the opposite. The mental chords vibrate in quick succession with the whole gamut of the passions.

No one could reasonably expect any hypothesis to harmonize more admirably with facts in nature than does the phrenological with the above abnormal mental phenomena.

PHANTASMAGORIA—No. 2.

BY JOHN NEAL.

"Come like shadows—so depart."

HURRIED photographs are oftentimes the best. Dots and lines may tell a better story than a finished picture, and the merest outlines, deftly managed, may suggest better likenesses than were ever found in a labored portrait. Give the imagination fair play, and a single hint may beget a picture.

Among the remarkable, or out-of-the-way men I have met with over sea, standing almost always head and shoulders above their fellows, like Saul among the prophets, and all more or less distinguished in one way or another, are the following, of whom I catch brief glimpses now and then, as they go trooping by into the darkness beyond—some to the grave, and others into forgetfulness—revealed for a moment, as by flashes from a lighted mirror cast upon a hurrying crowd. These have to be caught flying, or they vanish forever, and their photographs, like that of a cannon-ball from the swamp-angel, are changed from a dot into a line before you have secured what you want.

JOHN A. ROEBUCK, M.P. FOR SHEFFIELD.

When I first encountered this uncomfortable man, who is never satisfied with anybody, nor anything—not even himself—he was in the flush and flower of early manhood, like generous fruit souring on the stem. A small, compactly-built, positive-looking fellow, about five-and-twenty years of age, and five feet five or six in stature, with his head thrown back, after the fashion of most undersized men, with a suspicious or troublesome temper, who are never quite sure of themselves. The impression he made on all strangers, at a first interview, was far from being favorable. Being both dictatorial and captious, passionately fond of paradox, and delighting in contradic-

tion and gladiatorial controversy, upon any and all subjects, his manners were anything but conciliatory, deferential, or attractive.

He seemed to be always at war with the world, and with everybody in it, and thoroughly dissatisfied with all the prevalent opinions of the age, all the arrangements of Providence, and all the doings of man. Evidently shy and sensitive, though unwilling to acknowledge it even to himself, he wanted to pass for a cynic. His carriage and bearing were meant for stateliness, but were in fact provincial, not to say plebeian; and as he walked slowly and emphatically, with his head thrown out of the perpendicular, he sometimes appeared to be strutting backward. He affected reserve, but his reserve was a discontented peevishness, and superciliousness, alike offensive and posterous.

According to my present recollection, his head was not large, though well proportioned and well balanced; yet he must have had a prodigious amount of Self-Esteem and Combativeness, with very moderate Caution. His temperament was a mixture of the nervous and sanguineous, with a dash of the bilious, just enough to flavor the combination and counteract a tendency to change; for, with all his noisy perseverance and blustering, both in Parliament and out, I can not believe that he was endowed by nature with more than moderate Firmness. With a pallid complexion, good eyes, brown hair, and a flexible mouth, he was a fluent and rather agreeable speaker, notwithstanding his peremptory self-assertion and rasping voice; but he seldom propounded the simplest question, without appearing to offer a challenge, or to be dashing a glove in your face.

Already, even at the age of twenty-five or thereabouts, he was believed, by those who knew him best, to have his eye upon the Lord Chancellorship. Nothing could have been more hopeless or preposterous, and I, for one, could not believe that he had any such hope, and still less, that, having such a hope, he would ever acknowledge it, or so betray himself to anybody alive. And yet, with no reputation to begin with, and no experience—a presumptuous provincial at best—he began from the first, after he reached England, to fly at the highest game, and after a few years, we find his presumption rewarded by a seat in the House of Commons, and our embryo Chancellor quarreling of course with everybody about him, whether friend or foe. And why should he not reach the woolstack at last—or the scaffold? He would be satisfied with either, so covetous of notoriety is he. At the time I knew him, he certainly seemed to stand about as good a chance for the royal succession, as for Parliament, although, like D'Israeli, he carried a fire shut up in his bones—the uplifting, inappeasable, transfiguring fire that makes people eminent sometimes, in spite of themselves.

We were both members of two different debating societies at the time I speak of; one,

which met in Jeremy Bentham's great library, having Mr. John Stuart Mill, and Mr. George Grote, the banker, and author of sundry works on Greece and Grecian history, and Walter Coulson, editor of a leading London paper, and the younger Austin, for confederates or associates; and another, made up of Oxford and Cambridge students, members of Parliament, abroad on their good behavior, with a ticket of leave, and young barristers, which met in the celebrated Freemason's Tavern, where two parties were immediately formed, through elective affinities, and we had quite a respectable opposition to balance the ministerial power. I was one of the managers, and among the questions proposed by different members for discussion, I find the following, which, it must be acknowledged, were somewhat prophetic of the career which their several authors entered upon after a few years, and have continued in, up to this hour. Run your eye over them and say if they are not amusingly characteristic. Our embryo Lord Chancellor proposed to show "that the ends of penal law can be obtained *without the punishment of death*;" Mr. John S. Mill—now Stuart Mill—"that the *French Revolution was necessary*," and that "freedom of discussion upon religious subjects should not be restricted by law;" and I myself—I—"that the intellectual powers of the sexes are equal," pointed "of the *two sexes*," just as if there were ever more than two. How thoroughly we have been working out all these great problems ever since, may be seen by tracing our varied labors from that day to this, in our writings, lectures, and speeches, though we had little idea then of what was before us, or within us, or how stupendous the task would be. Yet we were only boys—overgrown boys if you will, though boys nevertheless—when we gave out these innermost revealings of what was within us, and gnawing away like the Spartan boy's fox, or smouldering in darkness, and waiting only to be fanned into a blaze by the breath of Opportunity.

No sooner were Mr. Roebuck's guns in position, as one of the associate managers of the London Debating Society, than he undertook to show, beyond all question, that Cateline was a much-abused patriot and trustworthy citizen, and Cicero a slanderer and a sneak; and really, though there was nothing very new in the facts he brought to bear upon his theory, they were so ingeniously paraded and so cleverly urged, that the impression he made was quite favorable. He seemed so much in earnest, and so thoroughly convinced himself, that one had not the heart to disbelieve, or contradict him, though his argument was crowded with paradox and assumption, from beginning to end.

Of his temper upon trivial occasions, the following incident will furnish a fair illustration: We were together in St. Paul's Cathedral one week day, when the charity scholars and choristers of that huge establishment, by hundreds and hundreds—I might say by thou-

sands—were in full blast. Never did I hear such a tempest of musical sound. It was a church festival. Near by sat a dignified personage with a shovel hat, who took the liberty of reprimanding Roebuck, after a clerical fashion, I must acknowledge, for whispering. Never shall I forget the stinging reply of my little waspish friend, nor the portentous death-like stillness that followed a remark he made about the overbearing arrogance and insolence of churchmen, who seemed to think that wherever they were, it was always the Sabbath, and always a church. On the whole, it was more offensive than the reprimand. What one lacked in Christian courtesy, the other lacked in common sense. I intermeddled so far as to say that such language and behavior between persons of respectable appearance, claiming to be at least gentlemen, if not Christians, appeared to me rather unbecoming in such a place and at such a time. Roebuck laughed, for the first time in all his life, I dare say, under such circumstances; and there the matter ended, though I had my fears at one time that the grave, pompous-looking prebendary, for such he was at least, if nothing more, might call up a verger or beadle to remonstrate with us, or to take part in the affray. But, after all, the "wicked wasp" has got "a name to live;" and is now the bitterest enemy we have in the British Parliament, or perhaps in the British Empire, chiefly because he happened to be born in British America, where he was obliged to see the growth of our institutions, and the progress of our opinions, without being able to foresee the final issue—a man to be turned to account hereafter, when he finds it for his interest to take sides with us, and eschew paradox—for a consideration. Till then, of course, he will be both unsparing and unrelenting.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY

is one of the little giants we have heard so much of, ever since the Douglas went through our land like a thunderbolt. Picture to yourself a small, daintily fashioned, pleasant-looking, fashionably-dressed man, about forty-five, with a remarkably fine head, eyes all lighted up from within; and the bearing, not so much of a man of the world as of one who wanted to sink the shop, and not pass for "a wit among lords," but rather for "a lord among wits," and you have the living and breathing representation of that justly celebrated man the world is so much indebted to for the safety-lamp, and for numberless other great and useful discoveries in the world of science. I can see him now, carrying his hat in his hand with the air of a *petit maître*, and tilting on his toes at the *conversations* of Mr. Surgeon Pettigrew, with the Duke of Sussex listening to his delightful gossip, like a good-natured, overgrown school-boy. His conversation would always disappoint a stranger, if he were looking for the signs of greatness, or for glimpses of the lecture-room or the laboratory, though it was full of anecdote and pleasantry, whenever he forgot himself so far as to over-

look the fashionable notoriety about him, and give his whole attention to the immediate companions of his Royal Highness.

HENRY FRANCIS CAREY,

translator of Dante. A tall, dark, swarthy, silent man, about fifty-five or sixty, with deep, thoughtful, melancholy eyes, and just such a complexion as we should look for in Dante Alighieri himself, after he had been through purgatory. And yet, if one might be allowed to judge by the expression about his mouth, when he overheard some pleasantry not intended for such big men, he had perhaps a strong, deep sense of, and a hearty relish for, humor—a solemn sense of humor, I might say—which under favorable circumstances might become playfulness, though somewhat of the Johnsonian type, when that amiable gentleman was said to "laugh like a rhinoceros." It was quite impossible to look at the man, however, standing over six feet in his shoes, rigid and massive, as though built of ship timber, or cast in bronze, and hear the distant rumbling of his voice, without fancying that he must have been a fellow-traveler with Dante before he undertook the translation of that wonderful man's diary into our old-fashioned, wholesome, ponderous English; which translation, up to the appearance of Longfellow's, had come to be regarded as the *no plus ultra* of human labor in that field, and which, I should say, must continue to be regarded with reverence and bodily fear to the last, notwithstanding the graceful and free, though strong and scrupulously exact translation of our countryman. Each had a conscientious theory for his groundwork, and both have succeeded at least in vindicating themselves, however much we may be inclined to differ from them in our estimate of what are called faithful translations. Let me add that his head was large, the forehead high, and the phrenological developments well pronounced, though Ideality and Wonder were by no means what one would have expected from the translator of Dante.

JEREMY BENTHAM.

The people, for whom this great and good man labored so long and so faithfully, are but just beginning to understand his true character, and their great obligations. All our law reforms, and all our law reformers, both of English and American law, for the last fifty years, are but interpretations or interpreters of Jeremy Bentham; and of his "Theory of Rewards and Punishments," his system of jurisprudence and adjudication, or that which relates to the administration of justice, and his manifold suggestions relating to procedure, the treatment of criminals, the rights of women, the usury laws, and universal suffrage. Lord Brougham, Sir Samuel Romilly, Joseph Parkes, the solicitor, Mr. Humphries, the conveyancer, James Mill, John Stuart Mill, John Austin, the barrister and jurist, Sir John Bowring, Sir Francis Burdett, Chief Justice Appleton, of Maine, and the late Professor Hoffman, of Baltimore—to say nothing of

Aaron Burr and John Pierpont, and scores of other eminent men—were all the disciples of Jeremy Bentham. And all the great reforms in Europe, and especially in France, and Spain, and Portugal, and Belgium, are but the natural growth of Benthamism; and Mexico and Brazil, and all the South American republics owe the best part of all their laws to him. The abolition of capital punishment, the admission of parties as witnesses for themselves, the overthrow or modification of usury laws everywhere, and all the movements we see or hear of relating to universal suffrage, and prison discipline, are but so many phases of Benthamism.

In looking over some old letters, not long since, which were saved from the great Portland fire, I found the following from Mr. Bentham—the last he ever wrote me—and among the very last he ever wrote anybody. It is made up of short characteristic paragraphs, like minute-guns, or axioms, and is dated "Q. S. P.," meaning Queen Square Place, Westminster, "5th January, 1830."

"My dear J. N.," says he, "a word or two just to certify to you that I exist, and that I hold you in kind remembrance.

"The works I have sent, and am sending, speak for themselves. [He had just sent me the "Rationale of Judicial Evidence," in 5 vols., royal octavo, edited by John Stuart Mill.]

"Your prosperity rejoices me.

"The collections you made and left me are a valuable legacy; they are of very considerable use to me." [Referring to a collection of cases from Dane's Abridgment, which he wanted to work into an improved system of jurisprudence, just as he had worked the principles of certain British cases into Humphrey's Property Code, as it appears in the *Westminster Review*.]

"I feel nothing that should hinder me from living a year or two longer.

"Sight, I fear, will not last as long as life.

"I can no more. Every moment I give to individuals I regard as stolen from mankind.

"You have fought the good fight of faith. Persevere!—Yours most truly,

"JEREMY BENTHAM."

At the time when this was written, Mr. Bentham was more than four-score*— hale and hearty—the very image of Dr. Franklin, with a magnificent head, of large size, and great breadth of forehead, though deficient in Veneration, and rather low just where, with his great reasoning powers, logical aptitudes, and large Benevolence, you would look for amplitude and elevation; and withal, deficient in Ideality, as might have been expected, though he was much given to reading Richardson's novels in—I dare not say how many volumes—rather disposed to wondering, and very fond of playing Handel's best music for himself on the organ, thereby showing that he had a sense of sublimity, at least, for the Hallelujah Chorus and Messiah. All that he had ever done, he

used to say was the result of downright persevering drudgery—in other words, that he had literally made himself, and that too of the stubbornest material, without help, and with no predisposition or special aptitude for anything. And here he was right in a measure, though large Destructiveness and Self-Esteem had been his helps and motive powers from the first. Certainly he was not a genius, though a man of prodigious talent, which he turned to the best account through a long and laborious life, so that he might be ranked with Aristotle, with Lord Bacon, with Hobbes, and with D'Alembert, and Swedenborg as a seer and a soothsayer, if not as a prophet.

MAJOR CARTWRIGHT THE REFORMER.

Here is another of these old-fashioned, sturdy, uncompromising Reformers, who, but the other day, were toiling at the deepest foundations of the British empire, like so many long-imprisoned giants; and always more to be dreaded than either Lord George Gordon or Mr. Hunt, Sir Francis Burdett, or O'Connell, or Cobbett, although undemonstrative. His book on the British Constitution published in 1823, is not only a powerful and eloquent, but masterly demonstration of his theory, that the very elements which have always been supposed wanting in *Magna Carta* are, nevertheless, part and parcel of the British Constitution, whether written or unwritten.

Major Cartwright stood six feet two, I should say, with a majestic presence, and at the age of sixty-five or upward of such a dignified carriage and bearing, as to make him appear to be in the very prime of life. He was a republican I believe, in heart, and so fond of our country, that he had always some one of us about him. Hospitable, generous, and hearty, it was really a great privilege to know him well; and though, by many of his coadjutors, his notions of what he called the British Constitution were thought visionary and useless, at the best, if not clearly hurtful, the book he wrote upon the subject was both learned and plausible, if not satisfactory and conclusive. His large noble head was a demonstration of the great leading truths of Phrenology, and his temperament and personal history were capital illustrations.

JOHN DUNN HUNTER.

No man of his day was more generally believed in than this remarkable impostor. I knew him well—better than most of those who made so much fuss about him in the day of his strength. He pretended to have been kidnapped and carried off in his childhood by the savages—or Indians, rather—for he would allow no man to call them savages; to remember nothing of his father or mother, or brothers and sisters—if any he had—to have been brought up among the red men, and to have matured a prodigious plan for uniting all the northwestern tribes in a confederacy; and it is probable that many of those who believed in him over sea, and lavished their favors on him, like the Duke of Sussex and Mr. Coke of Norfolk, afterward Lord Leicester, were firmly

persuaded both of his willingness and ability to lay the foundations of another empire in the New World. We boarded together for several months, and yet I never suspected the truth, nor the man's untruthfulness, till he had left the country, after securing remittances to his "bankers" in New York, and various agricultural implements, such as were used in England, from the philanthropists who had been carried away by his modest pretensions, and felt sure that he was about entering on a great mission. Believing, from what I knew, that he had not only deceived me, but others of more experience and greater sagacity, I lost no time in exposing him through the pages of the *London Magazine*.

A letter of his, now before me, will give a good idea of his style in conversation and writing. The authorship of his book was then ascribed to somebody in New York; but my belief was, and still is, that not only were the materials furnished, lies and all, by Hunter himself, but that the whole book was written by him from beginning to end, though it may have been revised in proof, or manuscript, by somebody else.

He was a light-haired, light-complexioned fellow, with all the distinguishing features of a native Yankee; about five feet seven, and substantially put together. His head was rather small and not strongly marked. That he had never been much with the Indians, I believed, because he could neither leap nor run, was a poor shot, and a worse walker, and could not bear pain, being really afraid to have a tooth taken out by a celebrated dentist.

The last letter I received from him reads thus:

"PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 15th, 1824.

"My N—, although I have had the good fortune to hear frequently from (of?) and very particularly about you, yet I have never received a line from you. I have seen your friends generally here, and have been as much with them as I was able, from my many occupations.

"Your friend Miss W. (a natural daughter of George IV. it was believed), for she is a friend of yours indeed, has been kind enough to make frequent and friendly mention of you in all her communications. I really have not had time to write as I would have wished. It was not from want of disposition to do so. No—anything else but want of interest for you. I am on the eve of leaving this hospitable land for a land of greater simplicity and rudeness, and should ere this have been off, but for the fever which has afflicted New Orleans for months past. I find I can not cross the Alleghany Mountains to advantage. The route by sea to the mouth of the Mississippi, up that to the mouth of the Arkansas is much better, and as soon as I get information to be relied on of the health of New Orleans, I shall set sail.

"I am now engaged. I can only tell you how much I wish to hear from you. I wish I had heard more from Harding (Chester Harding) I hear he has gone to Scotland or I would have dropped him a line. When he returns I wish you would tell him, I want him to send my portrait of the Duke (Duke of Sussex) and Mr. Coke (Lord Leicester) to Philadelphia, to the care of Elliot Cresson, No. 30 Sansom Street. I want them in this country very much indeed, that is, I want to be certain that they are safely arrived. I have to-day had a long chat with Sully (Thomas Sully) about you. Is not he a

* Jeremy Bentham was born February 15, 1748.

fine fellow? I called on Mr. Secretary Watkins (Dr. Watkins), but had not time to make his acquaintance. There is too much division here to judge who will be President. I do believe, however, that the federalists are the ruling power. I have spent some time with Mr. Jefferson (Thomas). The Virginians are all for Crawford. I was across the Alleghany. I have been up the North River to Albany, and so up the canal to the *Coho Falls*—it is a stupendous work and is the admiration of all who see it. Van Buren's party seems less formidable than formerly. I trust Dewitt Clinton will yet obtain the suffrages of his country; but the election takes place for governor in a few days, and he is a candidate. You perhaps never witnessed such a scene of intrigue and circumvention as in this country. Whether we ever meet again on this side eternity, time, the arbiter of events, alone can determine—be that as it may, I shall ever be pleased to hear of your welfare and prosperity. Adieu, my dear fellow, and believe me yours truly and sincerely, JOHN D. HUNTER."

About the time of my writing that paper for the *London Magazine*, above referred to, another article appeared in the *North American Review*, founded on the testimony of General Cass, and written by Mr. Sparks, the editor. In a letter to me from that gentleman dated July 26th, 1826, he says: "I am fully convinced that the charges against him (Hunter) are substantially correct, and if so, he can hardly be treated too severely. I have read the London pamphlet in his defense," (by Mr. Norgate, who introduced him at Holkham to Mr. Coke, afterward Lord Leicester, and to the Duke of Sussex, at Kensington Palace, and who in defending Hunter was, in fact defending himself. It was written in reply to my paper in the *London Magazine*, where I had shown how the fellow had swindled Mr. Norgate after he had left the country), "but it evidently makes out no case at all, and is rather an injury than a favor to Hunter. I have other facts to substantiate the charge, which will be brought out, if necessary. He has not been heard of in this country since the article (in the *N. A. R.*) came out, though he has some defenders in Philadelphia. Mr. Walsh (Robert Walsh, Junior) is very reluctant to give him up," and so were many others in New York and Philadelphia, and some of them too among the worthiest, and least credulous of their day; but having committed themselves in his favor, how was it possible to undeceive them? How could they listen patiently to evidence which was intended to show, not only that John Dunn Hunter was a knave, but that they themselves were no better than—blockheads; for if Hunter was what some said he was, and offered to prove, then, what were they? But how happened it, you will say, that he was never questioned by anybody competent for the purpose, about the Indian languages? The fact is that nobody he met with happened to know anything about them, either in England or in this country; and all took him upon trust, and believed in him, as people buy at auction upon the judgment of others, because they saw that others who believed in him were no wiser than themselves. You remember the story told by the celebrated Oriental scholar Barthelemy, of himself and a

learned Jew, who professed to be unacquainted with our European languages, and able to talk only in Hebrew or Arabic or Persian. After much solicitation, Barthelemy consented to an interview, saying that his friends must not expect him to *talk* with the stranger, though he might be able to correspond with him in writing. The Jew appeared, and opened upon Barthelemy with part of a Hebrew Psalm, which, it so happened, strangely enough, the French savant had once learned by heart. When the Jew had finished, Barthelemy answered with the rest of the psalm—the only one he had ever committed to memory in all his life; whereupon the stranger declared that he was perfectly satisfied, that Barthelemy well deserved his reputation as a linguist, and that he was by far the most accomplished scholar he had met with anywhere. After the impostor had gone, Barthelemy acknowledged the truth, and fell of course, ninety-nine per cent. in the estimation of his brethren of the French Academy. And so it was with poor Hunter; there was a general conspiracy to uphold him, whatever appearances might say, and if there were facts in the way, *tant pis pour les faits*, until he was dethroned.

SIR STRATFORD CANNING—NOW LORD REDCLIFFE.

Most of our leading statesmen, literati, politicians, editors, and lawgivers knew this gentleman, while he was the British minister at Washington, as Sir Stratford Canning; but since he left us, and went up, and entered upon his duties at Constantinople, as Lord Redcliffe, they seem to have lost sight of him altogether, notwithstanding his great kindness to the American missionaries, in a season of special danger and discouragement.

He was a tall, slender, graceful man, with a pleasant countenance, amiable manners, and a sort of princely courtesy, very captivating to all that came near him. Without relationship to the aristocracy—without a drop of that blood which is thought to ennoble even the lowliest, he had an air of high breeding, such as may be found among the Persians who have Circassian mothers, and such as I never saw anything to compare with but once, and that was in a printer—only a printer—but a king's printer, and I might say a kingly printer, one of the London Spottiswoods.

With a beautiful head, set like those you see in Sir Thomas Lawrence's pictures of the nobility about him, but indicating in its configuration not so much greatness or strength, as refinement, sensibility, and gentleness, I must acknowledge that when I knew his lordship, as only Sir Stratford, he seemed to be the type of all that was most to be desired in the English gentleman. But enough. Even hurried sketches, however faithful and spirited, may be tiresome, if multiplied or long continued; and so I stop here.

"Why do you show favor to your enemies instead of destroying them?" said a chieftain to the Emperor Sigismund. "Do I not destroy my enemies by making them my friends?" was the Emperor's noble reply. Kindness is the best weapon with which to beat an adversary.

MR. BEECHER'S PHILOSOPHY. HOW HE BECAME A PHRENOLOGIST.

[From advance sheets of Mrs. Stowe's biographical sketch of her brother Rev. H. W. Beecher, we transcribe the following interesting paragraphs, which state freshly and spiritedly his position in regard to mental philosophy and Phrenology.]

"In the course of the sophomore year, Mr. Beecher was led, as a mere jovial frolic, to begin a course of investigation which colored his whole after-life. A tall, grave, sober fellow had been reading some articles on Phrenology, on which Spurzheim was then lecturing in Boston, and avowed himself a convert. Quick as thought, the wits of the college saw in this an occasion for glorious fun. They proposed to him with great apparent earnestness that he should deliver a course of lectures on the subject in Beecher's room.

"With all simplicity and solemnity he complied, while the ingenuous young inquirers began busily arming themselves with objections to and puzzles for him, by reading the scoffing articles in *Blackwood* and the *Edinburgh*. The fun waxed hearty, and many saw nothing in it but a new pasture-ground to be plowed and seeded down for an endless harvest of college jokes. But one day, one of the clearest-headed and most powerful thinkers of the class said to Beecher, 'What is your estimate of the real logical validity of these objections to Phrenology?' 'Why,' said Beecher, 'I was thinking that if these objections were all that could be alleged, I could knock them to pieces.' 'So I think,' said the other. In fact, the inanity of the crusade against the theory brought forth converts faster than its direct defense. Mr. Beecher and his associates formed immediately a club for physiological research. He himself commenced reading right and left, in all the works of anatomy and physiology which he could lay hands on, either in the college or village libraries. He sent and bought for his own private use Magendie's Physiology, Combe's Phrenology, and the works of Gall and Spurzheim. A phrenological union was formed to purchase together charts, models, and dissecting tests, for the study of comparative anatomy. It was even planned, in the enthusiasm of young discipleship, to establish a private dissecting-room for the club, but the difficulties attending the procuring of proper subjects prevented its being carried into effect. By correspondence with his brother Charles, however, who was then in Bowdoin College, an affiliated phrenological club was formed in that institution, and his letters of this period were all on and about phrenological subjects, and in full phrenological dialect. Mr. Beecher delivered three lectures on the subject in the village lyceum, and did an infinity of private writing and study. * * * * *

"The phrenological and physiological course thus begun in college was pursued by few of the phrenological club in after-life. With many it died out as a boyish enthusiasm; with

one or two, as Messrs. Fowler, it became a continuous source of interest and profit. With Mr. Beecher it led to a broad course of physiological study and inquiry, which, collated with metaphysics and theology, has formed his system of thought through life. From that day he has continued the reading and study of all the physiological writers in the English language. In fact, he may be said during his college life to have constructed for himself a physiological mental philosophy out of the writings of the Scotch metaphysical school and that of Combe, Spurzheim, and the other physiologists. Mr. Beecher is far from looking on Phrenology as a perfected science. He regards it in relation to real truth as an artist's study toward a completed landscape; a study on right principles and in a right direction, but not as a completed work. In his view, the phrenologists, physiologists, and mental philosophers of past days have all been partialists, giving a limited view of the great subject. The true mental philosophy, as he thinks, is yet to arise from a consideration of all the facts and principles evolved by all of them.

"This much is due for the understanding of Mr. Beecher's style, in which to a great extent he uses the phrenological terminology, a terminology so neat and descriptive, and definite in respect to human beings as they really exist, that it gives a great advantage to any speaker. The terms of Phrenology have in fact become accepted as conveniences in treating of human nature, as much as the algebraic signs in numbers."

ON "BOOKWORMS."

I ONCE owned a work on Christian Charity, written by a monk who thrived in England in 1602. The volume had its pages eaten through by a worm, a genuine ancient bookworm, which after stuffing itself with literary matter had turned to dust ages ago, adding nothing to literature.

Let me describe two youthful, modern bookworms. One, a boy slim and loosely jointed, with shoulders stooped and a slow step. The ambition of Approbativeness, the force of Combativeness or Destructiveness, the deference of Veneration, and the sentiment of Ideality he lacked. The cunning of Secretiveness (not the cunning of wisdom) and a gormandizing of food, sleep, and books he had. He ate, slept, and read like a human hog. An avidity to eat, sleep, and read summed up the activities of his organization. A volume of three hundred pages would be devoured in three hours—one and two-third pages per minute. I have watched him as he bent over the volume, with his eye racing along the lines as a colt would fly over the pasture, and as untrained as the colt to labor was he in his judgment as to what he should read. In vain were books selected to encourage the growth of good taste and reflection. It mattered not, all that offered was meat to his literary stomach. To cloy or gorge him was impossible. He could not appreciate the fact

that the mental stomach should not be overfed any more than the physical stomach; that for the health of the mind as well as for the health of the body, moderation should be observed in the amount of food taken, else disease followed. Tales, travels, anecdotes, history, biography, in fact, everything that appears in print so that "he who runs may read," he delighted in, nor drew a moral or idea from all he read. He preserved a meager skeleton in his memory of what he read—the vital parts were lost. In fact, a bookworm as useless to literature as the worm that ate my book two centuries old.

"He is so fond of reading," said a doting mother of her son. "What does he read?" "Why, everything he can lay his hands on," she replied. "Don't you disapprove his reading everything?" "Why, no; I approve my boy's reading everything, because he learns what *life* is in so doing. He reads the current literature, novels, etc., and when he becomes older he will indulge in more solid reading." After awhile this son disappeared. The mother searched for him, and then learned that her darling son had reached a depth of infamy that she had never dreamed possible. His reading had been food to him. His mind digested it as the human stomach would digest highly stimulating aliment. Consequently his mind and morals had become diseased; he went astray to return to her no more, for I believe she died not knowing what had become of him. He was a bookworm as useless to literature as the worm that ate my book two centuries old, and far more pernicious. Are there not too many bookworms of all kinds? Bookworms perhaps only for a time, but bookworms nevertheless? H. C.

UNAPPRECIATED TALENTS.—A man that hath any truth in him important to be given to his generation need not much concern himself as to *where* he shall speak it. With what twaddle about unappreciated genius are we frequently sickened. Young men part their hair in the middle, roll down their collars, indulge in excesses until they grow poetically pale, and go whining among weak school misses about the cold world. And others dream that if they had only *such* a position in such a city, *such* an editor's place, *such* a pulpit, *such* a theater of display, they would shake the world. Many a young preacher in an obscure country parish has this temptation. Many a young poet, who can not secure a publisher, goes into this fog. But it is all a mistake. It is a shrewd old world with which we have to deal, and it generally knows the price of things. There is little unappreciated genius, little worth keeping that the world allows itself to lose, and *no uttered sentence worth remembering has ever been forgotten*. The world may appreciate some things too highly for a season, but in the long run the value of all things comes to be ascertained. If you have on your slate a poem that is a live *voice*, hath appreciable articulate speech for the human heart, you may

print an edition of only one copy on brown grocer's paper, and give it to a bootblack and go your way, and live or die, but that true musical thought of yours will surely get itself repeated to the generations to come. Go, walk up and down in the wilderness, and say your say, and cry your cry, and just as sure as the truth is in it, it will empty the city and fetch the people to your voice, or else God, who has most special providence of truth, will set you and your voice and your cry down in the very heart of that city to shake it. Away with your talk about your not being appreciated. Whenever a man in any society talks about his talents being neglected, we may be sure that they deserve to be neglected.—*Dr. Deems*.

Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue. In thine arms
She smiles, appearing as in truth she is,
Heav'n-born, and destined to the skies again.—*Cooper*.

THE ABSENT.

As stars, the vigilants of night,
Resign their posts at ope of day;
As summer songsters take their flight,
When summer hours have passed away;

As fair and fragrant flow'rets fold
Their dewy cups, when day is o'er,
So, from our fond and gentle hold,
Pure spirits seek the heavenly shore.

But not as stars each even burn,
And birds come back to hill and glen,
And flow'rets ope at day's return,
Do our belov'd ones come again.

Adieu, fond hearts! the funeral pall,
The bleeding heart, the burning tear,
Are but the common lot of all
Who make their habitation here.

REV. E. R. LATTA.

HINTS FOR EVERY-DAY USE.

BY MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLIS.

FAVOR yourself! Show a little Christian charity toward the patient body that performs the behests of your will, if you haven't any toward the soul that is helping you upward. Don't expect too much of yourself!

Take trouble coolly. Do not despair when the dark hour of trial comes down upon you, as it must, sooner or later, upon us all. Nature never folds her hands in despair when the lightning strikes down the noblest oak in all the forest. Not she! She goes to work and covers the unsightly black stump with blossoming vines and velvet moss and silver-outlined lichens, until it is lovelier than it was before. Just borrow a suggestion from the mighty mother when you are inclined to despond.

Don't go round with a face a quarter of a

yard long! What right have you to inflict your woes on society at large? A man who can't look cheerful ought to be locked up somewhere until his countenance ceases to be a libel on the bright world around him. Is there no one who has ever known trial save yourself? Troubles are like rolling snowballs, they gather strength and size as they go, until some day you will be crushed beneath their weight. If you once make up your mind that you are an ill-used personage, there will be plenty of collateral evidence on hand to prove it. Nobody ever yet looked for a grievance without finding it. Be a man, and resolve to conquer yourself. Starve your trouble to death—give it nothing to feed on—no brooding thought, no morbid sympathy; and when it is dead, bury it—roll a great stone over its grave and start afresh.

Give yourself a fair chance in life. Let black draughts and patent medicines alone. A brisk walk in the open air, once a day without fail, is better than pills and potions. Be good company for yourself, too. Don't go out, sauntering along, with your hands in your pockets and your head sunk down upon your breast, imagining that you are taking excellent exercise. You might as well be traveling over the treadmill. Think of pleasant things—call up bright remembrances—freshen your mind and brain as well as your body. If you were entertaining company, you would not range all your cares and trials and tribulations before them by way of light conversation. Why should you be less considerate of yourself? Leave your afflictions at home—they need no exercise—and take a blessing with you to ponder on, as you walk. There is no man so poor that he has not at least *one* blessing to accompany him on his daily walk!

Speak pleasantly to those at home. Cross words are like the rows of dominoes we used to set up on the table in our childish games. When one fell, it drew after it ruin indescribable. One cross word seldom lacks company—it is contagious.

Do your share toward keeping the world in good-humor. Courtesy is cheap, and he who can give nothing else, certainly can afford a polite word and a pleasant look. There are enough curmudgeons to more than balance civilized society, and you certainly owe your allegiance to the latter.

Look on the bright side of things! If it rains to-day, look out for sunshine and blue sky to-morrow. Don't take it for granted that every man you meet is a villain; don't spend your time in trying to guess at "the motive" of your neighbor's kindly deeds. It takes no more breath to laugh than it does to groan, and it is an infinitely more becoming process to the face!

Take things as they come, and never say, "I would rather it had been any other sorrow!" It is never safe to open a debit and credit account with the Almighty! There is a Hand beyond the darkness that scatters blessings, if only you wait its time, patiently.



PHINEAS STAUNTON, A.M.*

This gentleman had a large head, which gave him breadth of thought, strong feelings, and a great deal of character. That which most signalized him was the unusual fineness of texture and susceptibility of his whole nature. His temperament indicated a predominance of the Mental, with enough of the Vital to give grace, ease, and smoothness to his characteristics. He had a happy combination of the qualities of the feminine nature, sustained by enough of the trellis-work of character derived from the masculine nature, to bring the gentle and refined elements into proper relief. His intellect, like the feminine, was intuitive. Volumes of fact and inference flashed upon him instantaneously, and his first judgments rarely needed modification. He was remarkable for his close observation, for his power of analysis, as well as of combination; for his memory of things, their qualities, adaptations, and uses, for his memory of facts and ability to store up knowledge. He had Language enough to give freedom of utterance; but one so highly organized as he can never give full voice to his thoughts. He had the temperament of an artist, as well as the organization adapting him to art culture. He had large Ideality and Sublimity, and a fertile imagination. He had a strong sense of the spiritual, which gave him an insight of the life to come; and in the realms of the esthetical and the spiritual he found his chief delight.

* "Reminiscences of the Life and Character of Colonel Phineas Staunton, A.M. A Memorial." November, 1867.

He had manly courage and executive force, and whenever duty called to the performance of stern service, he was capable of maintaining such a position. He had a sensitive regard for the good opinion of his friends, and a dread of the criticism of his opponents. He was firm, conscientious, hopeful, and truthful. He had respect for things sacred; was devout, sympathetic, liberal, and comprehensive in his sympathies. His social nature rendered him peculiarly awake to all the gentle influences of affection; he was a firm friend and an ardent lover. He had a tender regard for the young and helpless; and while he was able to perform the stern duties of manhood successfully, he had the gentle and motherly qualities which enabled him to appreciate the infant and awaken its affection.

Had he devoted himself to trade or mechanism or commerce, he would have made his mark. His true sphere in life was that in which the refinements of literature and art, the cultivation of the spiritual, and the enjoyment of all that belongs to the affectional, could be made available. The world needs a million such men in the room of the pugilists, tricksters, and political stock-jobbers of our times. In him was a rare combination of those qualities which are the basis of virtue, refinement, affection, and religion. May the number of such be multiplied, and the example of all such men be earnestly followed.

BIOGRAPHY.

"His noblest name deserv'd, and not derived."

It is well that good men be had in remembrance, especially when united with their integrity and virtue are acknowledged intellectual abilities and high official position. The youth of our land need to have set before them in "characters of living light" those exemplars of true nobility of soul and mind who have graced manhood and womanhood by their life. The death of Colonel Staunton—Vice-Chancellor of Ingham University—at Quito, on the 5th of September last, was the occasion of no ordinary sorrow and regret to the large circle that loved and esteemed him; and the volume which lies before us is in commemoration of no ordinary man. It deserves a wider circulation than merely among those who claimed a more or less intimate acquaintance, for its influence could not be otherwise than ameliorating and refining. We are informed in the memoir that as a lad Col. Staunton was quiet, thoughtful, affectionate, and, like all noble natures, retiring and diffident. Well organized, mentally and physically, he seemed to be destined for some

superior sphere. The refinement of his nature, the excellent quality of his temperament, and the rare unity in the grouping of his powers, made him an object of interest to all his associates. At an early age he was exposed by circumstances to those temptations which beset young men who leave a cherished home to engage in some pursuit among strangers, but such was the staunchness of his principles that he was enticed into no vicious practice, no social excess. Entertaining a strong love of Art, he pursued it with zeal, but it was for a purpose—one of true devotion—the good of Ingham University. In artist life he displayed the Christian by concentrating his efforts upon the development on canvas of some of the most vivid scenes and incidents recorded in the Scriptures. Among the productions of his pencil and palette are *Lot's Escape from Sodom*, *The Walk to Emmaus*, *Casting out Devils*, and *The Ascension*, which are considered by some connoisseurs to be equal in conception and careful handling to the best religious productions of modern art. Fidelity to the free institutions of his country and an earnest patriotism led him to engage in the war for the Union, which has so recently become historic, and whose effects still remain. He soon took a commanding position, and served his country efficiently. Having associated himself with a number of scientific gentlemen who, with the co-operation of the Government, purposed to explore certain portions of South America, he went with them, brush and palette in hand, thinking to gather fresh trophies for his studio and for the university which commanded his regard.

In the course of their investigations, the expedition made Quito, one of the finest as well as oldest of the South American cities, a halting-place. Col. Staunton entered it weak and exhausted, supported by his friends. There, amid some of the grandest mountain scenery of the western hemisphere, he breathed his last, and was sorrowfully interred in a cemetery for the first time consecrated in that region to Protestant burial. He was fifty years of age.

The Memorial contains the several addresses which were delivered on the occasion of the services commemorative of his death, at the Presbyterian Church in Le Roy, N. Y., the locale of Ingham University, and the resolutions adopted by the Board of Councilors connected with the institution.

Published with the foregoing is a sermon, on the death of Miss Marietta Ingham, one of the founders of Ingham University, preached by Rev. Wm. L. Parsons, D.D., June 6th, 1867.

ACROSTIC.

EACH name doth fold a meaning in its heart,
Like slumbering roses dreaming in the bud;
If rightly given, the meaning wakes to flower.
So yours. Elisabeth means "consecrate,
Allied to God"—or good, 'tis all the same;
But goodness hides itself in varying forms—
Enchanted eyes may see it everywhere;
To me it seemeth best revealed in that
High harmony where soul doth chord with soul.

E. OLDCHILD.

AUNT PRISCILLA.

BY VIRGINIA VARLEY.

AUNT PRISCILLA is an oddity; one of those peculiar people who attract by their good qualities and repel by their disagreeable ones, and in regard to whom you are compelled to take a neutral position, not knowing whether to extend to them the right hand of friendship or the cold shoulder of disdain.

Find her in the right mood and she seems a jewel of inestimable value, a veritable "well-spring of pleasure;" for then the household machinery moves on without a jar; and being useful rather than ornamental, the amount of work she manages to accomplish is really surprising.

But Aunt Priscilla is very much like bitter beer, which if kept too long in the house is sure to turn sour; and vinegar bears no comparison with the temper of my relative when she gets fidgety. And when she begins to fidget, you might as well try to hold a hurricane; have her blow out she will, in spite of all attempts at pacification; and you may go to bed at night with your head full of plans for the morrow, and wake in the morning to find your useful member "over the hills and far away."

There is not the least atom of patience in her composition; to "stand and wait" would be the most excruciating service in which she could ever engage, and the wages would be no compensation for the agony endured.

If she proposes going any distance, and you send John at once to harness up the team, she would be more than a mile on her way before he came round to the door. The only way to circumvent her is by taking a circuitous route; I speak metaphorically, for if you should overtake her on the road after she had started, ten chances to one if she would stop long enough to get in.

Her greatest weakness is her desire to prove that she is independent of everybody; but when she gets "on a rampage," we are pretty well convinced that she is under the control of Satan himself, and she can't leave the house too soon—if she hurries. I well remember the last visit she made us. We were aware of her antipathy to black tea; which she said was "sticks, and slops not fit to drink," so we put the favorite "Young Hyson" where she could prepare it to suit herself. Do you suppose she'd touch it? Not she. All our expostulations were in vain. "I only want a little hot water," she declared, "and that seems the hardest thing in the world to get!"

So she drank the hot water, unadulterated, for several meals, until a happy thought struck us. A tête-à-tête set, the property of a married sister, was brought out of its retirement; the green tea steeped in the little tea-pot and set under the nose, almost, of the old lady, where its delicate odor might charm away the evil spirit that sat in our midst. Well, it had the desired effect, and was such a restorer of peace and harmony that we made a memorandum of

it at the time, intending to profit by it in the future. Strange, incomprehensible being!

Here is her history, told in her own words, as nearly as I can recollect them:

"Father moved from Massachusetts to Western New York in the early part of the century, taking with him a stiff leg which he got at Yorktown, and a good amount of money with which he intended buying a farm. But the money turned out to be worthless shin-plaster, and many a time father wished himself back in New Braintree.

"The country was new, and it was hard scratching to get a decent living in those days. The boys were put to trades; and we girls had to turn in and help at the grindstone. I took a place at the tavern as hired girl, and had as much work and fun as I wanted. The landlord's son was a handsome fellow, and half the girls in Madison County were just crazy after him. I was as big a fool as any of them—girls are so carried away with good looks!—although I never put myself in the way of his attentions, for I had nothing in the world to recommend me but a fair skin.

"It hurt my pride awfully that I could not make as good an appearance as the other girls did; but when William Brown asked me to marry him, I walked in satin for awhile, I was so amazed and overjoyed. We married; and for the first year or two were supremely happy. Then William went into the distillery business, and our troubles began; it did seem as though all our happiness ran out faster than the liquor. He began to drink, and grew more and more careless every day, never minding in the least how we fared at home. There were sixteen hogs to feed; and many a time have I seen the whole sixteen standing on their hind legs, looking piteously over their pen and squealing like mad, and their distress would drive me to look after their master and drag him away from his boon companions.

"I went hungry many a day; for I was too proud to beg, and my babies kept me from doing much besides taking care of them.

"The distillery failed,—as of course anything will that isn't half attended to,—and pretty soon what little we owned the creditors were determined to have, and it was mighty little that William had left us. The constable came at night, and, finding the door locked, banged and battered at every convenient place; but I kept quiet. William had disappeared, I didn't know where, and there I lay in a chill of terror, dreading disgrace worse than poverty. Morning found me completely bewildered, and, as it always happens when you're in trouble, the children wanted more waiting on than usual, and tormented me until I was nigh about crazy.

"One of my neighbors came in and gave me some words of sympathy, and what I valued most just then, sent the children into his own kitchen, where I knew they would be warmed and fed. He heard the constable was about to seize William's property, but too late to get me word in time, and so he had lain awake all

night fearful that, being a woman, and in distress, I would open the door if only to inquire their errand. I'm sure I don't know what kept me from it.

"It was a relief to the good man to see that I had not quite lost courage; there was too much fire in me for that, and acting on his advice I gathered up a few articles I could call my own, and left the place early in the day.

"I did not go far, for I had precious little money, and I couldn't afford to waste a cent of it traveling around, so I set my face like a flint, and took in washing and plain sewing, to support myself and little ones.

"William's family were wealthy, but they never volunteered any assistance, and I wouldn't apply to them or any one else for aid so long as I had the use of my hands. William's desertion was the hardest thing I had to bear, and yet every day I felt my heart grow colder and colder, until I ceased to feel any regret at his continued absence. I buried him. Then my little Willie, the only boy, took sick and died; and warned perhaps in a dream, for Willie was always his pet,—I shall never think that love for me had anything to do with it,—William returned, and seemed to be a better man. I thought the cloud had passed over, and the sunshine would come into our house once more; but his promises so easily made, so easily broken, went for naught, and the appetite for strong drink mastered him once more, and brought him down again to the level from which he had endeavored to rise.

"He went away, or I drove him away, for I was mad enough to do anything; and when another little girl was born, I vowed I would never see his face again. He wrote occasionally, begging me to forgive him this once, only this once, but I was deaf to all entreaty; I couldn't support him and the children too, and I believe I was as happy to hear I was his widow as I was the day I became his wife. I hate the men; they are all alike!"

She does hate the wickedness of the men, and the folly of the women; and would rather follow her children to the grave than prepare them for the bridal. Feeling thus she has completely isolated herself from all sympathy with her fellow-creatures, and with a fine nature warped and scarred by the injuries done her in her youth, she has intrenched herself behind an armory of weapons whose points are tipped with most malicious venom.

Yet she is not happy; and our lips betray the feeling that is in the heart when we mournfully exclaim—"Poor Aunt Priscilla!"

"SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR"—(LIKE CURES LIKE).—A young man says he cured a severe attack of palpitation of the heart by the application of another palpitating heart to the part affected. We see no objection to this sort of treatment; and he could, no doubt, furnish any number of certificates to prove its efficacy. But look out and not take too much of a good thing.

ANTONIO CANOVA;
OR, THE GIFT OF SCULPTURE.
FROM THE GERMAN OF FERDINAND SCHMIDT.

IN the little town of Passagno, in Italy, is a beautiful castle, which, about the middle of the last century, belonged to the Nobile Faleri. Opposite the castle stood a poor little house, in which an old man, the mason Passino, lived. As the latter came home from his work one evening he saw from the distance a boy standing at his door. As soon as the child saw the old man he ran toward him, threw his arms around him, and cried,

"Grandfather, dear grandfather!"

"My boy!" said Passino, "is it really you? Is it you, my Antonio? Oh, my heart's darling, how you have grown since I saw you!" And he seized the curly head of the beautiful boy with both his hands, and kissed him, while tears of joy ran down his brown cheeks. "But now tell me," continued he, "how is it at home? Is my daughter, your mother, still well? Well; thank God! You are a brave boy to come so far to see your old grandfather! But, come in; you must be tired and hungry."

Both went into the little house, and the old man brought for his grandchild whatever kitchen and cellar were able to afford.

The next morning, when Antonio had finished his breakfast, Passino said:

"I must now go to work, my boy; how will you amuse yourself while I am gone?"

"I'll look at yonder castle," replied the boy.

"Will that give you pleasure, Antonio? Then why will you not go in?"

"May I?" asked Antonio.

"Yes, indeed!" replied his grandfather. "I am working in the castle. Come with me, and you shall see all the beautiful things in the garden. Oh, they will not refuse old Passino such a request for his grandson!"

So Antonio passed a delightful day. The colonnades and the statues awoke in him a delightful astonishment. "Oh! if I could but see the splendor of the rooms and halls!" thought he; but he dared not hope for that. In the garden he admired the flowers and the picturesque grouping of the trees. But he was attracted still more by the marble groups, of which there were many. He went from one to another, and could not be satisfied with looking at them. In the middle of the garden was a fountain, at which he stopped most frequently. On a pedestal, which was sculptured with great art, stood a colossal lion, from whose mouth a stream of water rushed into a marble bowl.

At dinner-time Antonio was called by his grandfather, who took him into the servants' room, where their dinner was set. But the boy's soul was so full of all the beautiful things he had seen that he was not hungry.

"You are not sick," said Passino, kindly; "I see that in your eyes. So you may say your prayers, and go again. When you hear the Ave, come and fetch me from the yard."

After Antonio had said his prayers he hurried out again, and the afternoon passed like a

happy dream. Shortly before the ringing of the evening bell, visitors of high rank had arrived at the castle, and the gardener had answered the old mason's question whether he would be allowed to bring his grandson again on the morrow, thus,

"No, Passino, as long as we have visitors here, the boy must stay at home."

During the evening Passino moved to and fro on his chair and rubbed his brow, not knowing how to tell Antonio that for the present he must avoid the castle garden. When he looked at the boy, whose eyes were beaming with delight, it seemed cruel to tell him, and it seemed equally cruel to let him cherish a hope which would not be fulfilled. The old man could think of nothing that in his opinion would be pleasant for Antonio to hear, and he became so angry at his own awkwardness, that he suddenly sprang up and struck the table with his fist. Antonio looked at his grandfather terrified. This man, whose old Italian blood boiled in his veins, ran up and down the room like one mad, and raged at the visit that had come so untimely. Passino had no idea that Antonio could take it to himself. At last he stopped before the table, and cried,

"Now, you dare no more go in the garden; that is what comes of it!"

Tears came into the boy's eyes, and he said:

"What have I done, dear grandfather, that you are angry with me?"

"I angry with you?" cried Passino. "My boy! how did such an idea occur to you? I am only beside myself because for the present you are not allowed to go either into the castle or in the garden!"

"Have I done anything wrong there, grandfather?"

"No, no, my darling! but a whole household of visitors are there, and no stranger is allowed to go in. That is what vexes me so."

Antonio dried his tears, for a weight had fallen from his heart when he found that his grandfather was not angry with him. The old man seized the boy and kissed him, saying that if the visitors should stay for four weeks, he would not let his heart's darling go until he had seen the castle and the garden at least ten times. So they were both cheerful again, and the grandfather told the boy many merry stories.

When Antonio awoke the next morning he found that his grandfather had already gone; and having partaken of the food which was left for him on the table, he considered what he should do. He soon decided on his favorite occupation, which consisted in forming figures of wax and clay. Wax was not to be had; but he brought a big lump of clay, put it on the bench before the little house, and began to form imitations of those figures that had pleased him the most in the castle garden. When one was finished he carried it into the room and put it on the table.

At dinner-time Passino came. Entering the house, he noticed something on the table

covered with a piece of cloth. Antonio cautiously lifted the cover.

"What is that?" cried the astonished grandfather, looking first at the figure and then at the boy.

"A pastime, grandfather," replied the boy, "that almost made me feel that I was in the castle garden again."

"Blessed boy! Did you make this?"

"Yes, grandfather."

The old mason clapped his hands together in astonishment. After a pause, he said, in a voice shaken with emotion,

"My heart's darling! I saw at the first moment that there was something in you! I was thinking last night that you should learn the mason's trade; but now I know better. You must become a confectioner. If the confectioner *Algerie*, in the city, sees that you can make such artistic figures, he will take you on the spot, and without a fee! Otherwise, it could not be done, for you are a poor boy. Or — yet! The *Nobile Falieri* will settle that with the confectioner! He is a kind gentleman, and willing to speak a good word in a good cause."

Very happy was the grandfather, and his praise stopped only when the hour called him back to his work. With a glad heart he went to the castle, and the walk was easier than ever before. From his scaffold he could look into the open kitchen windows, where they were very busy. The kitchen-master gave his orders in a thundering voice, swinging his ladle like a scepter. Suddenly *Passino* heard a terrible noise coming from the kitchen. It excited his curiosity, and made him step to the window. There he saw the kitchen-master, raving like a madman, because he had forgotten to order from the city an ornament for the central figure of the table. The *Nobile Falieri* was informed of this, and came to the kitchen. At first he was angry, but when he saw that the kitchen-master took the mistake so deeply to heart he became calmer, and said:

"Be not like a child or a fool, but consider what can be done, that the company may not notice it."

But good advice was dear. Neither one nor the other of the things proposed could be done. Then an idea suddenly flashed through the old mason's head. He leaned into the kitchen window, and said, with great gravity,

"I beg your pardon, but I have some good advice."

All looked up. *Falieri* broke out into a loud laugh as he saw the adviser hanging from the kitchen window; and even the afflicted kitchen-master was infected, and soon every one in the room was laughing. The serious face of the mason, who had the welfare of his grandchild at heart, contrasted powerfully with the merry faces in the kitchen. He was not at all disturbed by it, but screamed through the laughter,

"If I give not good advice, my gracious master may have me by the ears!"

At last *Falieri* recovered, and was able to ask what he would advise. Then the mason

began with eloquent words to praise his grandson, who was, he said, a born confectioner, and capable of forming any figure. *Falieri*, who had taken the whole thing for a good joke, now thought he would go through with it. Therefore he told the mason to go for his grandson, and ordered the confounded kitchen-master to give him the necessary dough for a figure. Then he went back to the drawing-room, and with great hilarity told the occurrence to his guests, who were all anxious for the moment when the central figure would appear. *Passino* had led his grandson to the castle, and informed him of everything, adding,

"If you do the work well, I warrant you the *Nobile* will make you apprentice to a confectioner!"

At last the central figure was brought, hung over with a white cover, and the servants put it in the middle of the table. Then the cover was removed, and, instead of the expected laughter, an exclamation of astonishment was heard through the room.

They saw before them an artistically-formed lion; and from all sides arose a loud demand to see the little artist. Upon an order from the *Nobile*, the mason appeared with his grandson, and the boy was overwhelmed with praise. Tears came into the old mason's eyes as he looked on Antonio, whose countenance beamed with delight, though his demeanor was modest. Turning his cap in his hands, *Passino* stepped toward the *Nobile*, and said,

"I would beg pardon,—but it is a poor boy; and if my gracious master would speak a good word to the confectioner in the city, Antonio might become a confectioner."

"A confectioner!" said *Falieri*. "No, *Passino*; thy grandson, Antonio, shall become a sculptor!"

And, through the favor of the *Nobile Falieri*, Antonio Canova became a sculptor whose works still excite the wonder and admiration of beholders. He first went to Bassano, and was placed with a capable artist; and when in his seventeenth year he had sculptured *Eurydice* in marble, he was sent to the Academy of Art in Venice. He soon gained a high position, and his chisel created a number of famous groups. Later, he filled high offices in institutions dedicated to art, and was honored by being made a knight. But not only his artistic power made him worthy the veneration of all times, his heart put him as high as the imperishable creations of his genius. One who knew him intimately says: "He was active, open, mild, obliging, and kind. He knew neither the pride nor the envy of an artist. He was modest, notwithstanding that his fame spread over Europe. Animated by the noblest beneficence, he supported talented young artists, and set prizes to encourage them. In short, his moral character was so excellent that even among the many who envied, there was but one voice as to his worth."

How fortunate for the world that Canova's genius was early appreciated and stimulated by the encouragement of the powerful!

DOMESTIC ECONOMY; OR, WHAT WE PAY GO-BETWEENS.

READER, did it ever occur to you how far apart are producers and consumers? Do you who live in cities know how much more you pay for what you consume than you need to pay? Do you realize how many profits are made on a pound of dried peaches before said peaches reach your table? Let us see.

The grower produces, gathers, and dries the fruit. He sells it to his country merchant in exchange for drygoods and groceries. The country merchant sells it—at a profit—to the wholesale city merchant; and he, in turn, sells it to the jobber at a profit; and the jobber to the retailer at a profit; and the retailer to the consumer at a profit. Here are *five* go-betweens and five profits, which come out of the producer and the consumer. Our example of dried peaches will apply equally to nearly everything produced in the country and consumed in the city. Is there no remedy for this? Consider the large number of useless hucksters who ought to be either producers or simply the paid agents of the producer and consumer. The remedy is in "TRADE UNIONS," and sensible people will organize them and do away with all unnecessary "go-betweens," thus greatly reducing the cost of living in towns and cities. The same plan may be adopted by artisans, manufacturers, shippers, and by others who believe in co-operation. Economy is now the watchword of the laborer, of the middle classes, and of all who earn, instead of "sponging" on others to get their living at little or no cost. Let us try to bring the producers and the consumers as near together as possible, not only for the sake of reducing the cost of the necessities of life, but also for the sake of obtaining fresher and better supplies of those perishable things, like vegetables and fruits, which are as delicious as healthful.

ON THE TRACK.—The other day I heard a mother ask her little son to do something. "In a minute," he said. She spoke again. But it was one, two, three, four, five minutes before he minded her. It makes me think of the switch-tender's boy. What if he had waited a minute before minding his father? A switch-tender in Prussia was just going to move the rail, in order to put a coming train of cars on a side track, when he caught sight of his little son playing on the track. The engine was in sight, and he had not a moment to spare. He might jump and save his child; but he could not do that and turn the switch in time; and if it were not done, the on-coming train would meet another train, and a terrible crash and smash take place. The safety of hundreds of lives depended upon his fidelity. What could he do? What did he do? "Lie down! lie down!" he called, with a loud, quick voice to the child; and seizing the switch, the train passed safely on its proper track. Did the heavy train run over the little boy? Was he killed? Was he crushed to pieces? No, for he did just as his father told him, and did it

instantly. He fell flat between the rails, and the cars went high over his head; and when the anxious father sprang to the spot, there he was alive and well—not a hair was touched. It was his quick obedience, you see, that saved his life. He did not stop a minute. Even a moment's hesitation would have been too late.

MEMORY.

A SUBLIME train of purest thought;
A wondrous, firm, mysterious band;
The ethereal cord by nature wrought;
A viewless thread; a myetic wand;
Magician in the brain confined,
To make past present to the mind.
The charmer waves his magic rod.
Life's lengthened way is but a span;
The thorny path in torture trod,
Seems paradise on earth began.
Illusion sweet! past woe is fled;
The years are filled with bliss instead.
The vision grows. Excitement warms
The frozen chambers of the heart:
Before the sense pass sainted forms,
And of the present are a part.
The dust is waked from the dark tomb,
The spirit called from its heavenly home.
Bright Memory falls as years increase.
Does death destroy this power divine?
Oblivion make the past to cease?
The soul no bliss in old-time find?
Memory expands forevermore,
And ne'er forgets aught gone before.

ISAAC MURPHY, GOVERNOR OF ARKANSAS.

To the casual observer this portrait would not be likely to offer an attractive or interesting feature. To the unscientific observer this face would only prove expressive and striking when its owner's history was known, and the part enacted by him in a most rigorous life-drama appreciated. The homely plainness of the features, which is due chiefly to the sharpness and shrivel of advanced age, would at first sight dissuade close scrutiny and prompt but common-place remark. Let us, however, analyze this countenance. First, we perceive the evidences of the blending of the mental and motive temperament, each contributing in a large measure to the mental character; the one supplying force, energy, and endurance, the other engendering susceptibility, acuteness, and penetration. Second, we notice that while the head is not by any means narrow at the base, its greatest breadth is in the region of the sentiments: the upper side-head, generally, is expanded, showing large Cautiousness, Ideality, and Constructiveness. Third, the coronal region is well marked.



PORTRAIT OF ISAAC MURPHY.

Firmness and the organs which cluster about it, especially Conscientiousness and Self-Esteem, are largely developed. Fourth, the forehead is sufficiently pronounced to impress us with the opinion that the intellectual faculties, especially those which sustain a relation to the meditative spirit, are active and controlling.

From these premises we conclude that Governor Murphy is a man of inflexible purpose, staunch principle, and earnest endeavor. With him to make choice of a principle or of an undertaking is to act upon it. He would be careful in deciding a matter, especially when antagonistic and important issues were involved in its development; but having decided, the matter, so far as he is concerned, is settled. His strong moral qualities, acted upon by a thoughtful and even speculative intellect, give an exalted character to his decisions, so that he feels drawn on, as it were, by an influence beyond himself, actuated by unaccountable impulses. The intuitional element is powerful in his disposition; he comprehends at once those who come within the sphere of his observation, and is often inclined to yield to his first impressions against the suggestions of logic and the representations of others. He would be forbearing toward others, though disagreeing in sentiment; the openness of his nature, however, would not permit him to dissimulate or deceive. As a man of

opinion and action he may be regarded as individual, and even eccentric.

In fine, sympathy, emotion, imagination, justice, and pride are the major qualities of his character, while covetousness, cunning, selfishness, and severity are relatively weak or entirely subordinated.

As a writer or a speaker, he would be brief, but smooth, agreeable, and logical. Appreciative of truth in the highest degree, he would aim to give it clear significance divested of all qualifying tautology. As a member of the domestic circle he evidently is sympathetic, kind, generous, and affectionate; willing to sacrifice his personal interests for the benefit of those who look to him for support or counsel.

BIOGRAPHY.

The war of the American Rebellion has made historic the names of many who, with all the same qualities of soul and mind, would otherwise have been forgotten. It has created for us thinkers, statesmen, and generals, on both sides, of the most wonderfully varied talents and abilities, with whose fame the world is now filled. It has associated the names of others with story and poetry, and out of materials the most ordinary there will be imaginary characters figuring in future romance, the pure creations of fancy. Ellsworth, who threw away his life and hopes of future distinction for a useless rag, will appear with poetic prominence. Booth, a weak, licentious actor, is now a Brutus with many; and even "Wild Bill," a contemptible bully and desperado of the Western border, occupies the front of a prominent magazine with a highly colored and misrepresented account of his wicked life.

There are, however, few names less known and more deserving of notice in connection with the civil war than the name of Isaac Murphy, Governor of Arkansas, who by one act of remarkable moral heroism and love of the Union, at the risk of his own life and the safety of his family, revealed his incorruptible purity and resolution to a wild and infuriated body of rebels, of which he was the sole loyal member, the Arkansas Secession Convention of 1861.

The previous life of Governor Murphy differed little from the lives of many around us. He was born at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, October 16th, 1803, and attended Jefferson College two sessions, but was obliged to abridge his collegiate course on account of ill health, most of his education being subsequently acquired at private schools. While quite young he was thrown on his own resources by the loss of both his parents. He had, however, already been thoroughly educated in the doctrines and discipline of the Scotch Covenanters, and his earliest recollections were of the West

minster Confession of Faith and the solemn League and Covenant. To the stern morality thus early instilled we may trace the lofty resolution and loyalty of his later life.

On July 30th, 1830, while teaching a small school in Montgomery County, Tennessee, he was married to Miss Angeline Lockart, daughter of William and Elizabeth Lockart. She was a lady of most estimable moral and intellectual character, by whom Governor Murphy had ten children, six girls and four sons. Mrs. Murphy died in 1856; and of the family the Governor and four daughters alone survive.

In the fall of 1834 he moved to Fayetteville, in northwestern Arkansas, where he taught school for two years, and about this time was admitted to the bar. For a time he was director of a bank at Fayetteville, and in 1840 took a contract, and was engaged for two years in surveying public lands. In 1846, and again in 1848, he served as a member of the lower house of the Arkansas Legislature from Washington County, and also represented Madison and Benton counties to fill a vacancy in the Senate during the session of 1848 and 1849.

On April 18th, 1849, he started for California. He remained there some years, during which time he worked in the mines, and accumulated some property, but, through misfortune, the most of it was lost; and he returned to his home in Arkansas in September, 1853, where he resumed his legal practice. In 1855 he removed to Madison County, and in 1856 was again elected to the State Senate to fill a vacancy caused by death.

We thus see in Governor Murphy at the commencement of the rebellion a man of local importance in northwestern Arkansas, respected and trusted by his fellow-citizens. At that time it is beyond doubt that the majority in Arkansas, and especially in the northwestern part of the State, were opposed to secession. In February, 1861, he was elected as a Union delegate to the State Convention, and it was considered a certainty that a majority of the Convention were loyal, and Arkansas would not secede. But the storm of rebellion steadily gained strength, and swept the entire South. In Arkansas secession began to be popular. As elsewhere, most of the wealthy planters and citizens were disloyal, while only the vast majority of the poorer population were loyal. The former used their powerful influence to aid their cause and terrify Unionists. The few wealthy Unionists, fearing for the safety, both of their person and property, maintained a silent course or openly avowed themselves secessionists. By such a reign of terror, notwithstanding a majority of loyal votes, Arkansas was dragged out of the Union, and the bitterness of the subsequent contest made most of her people sincerely rebellious.

The Convention assembled, and at once it was evident that members elected as Unionists had become tainted with secession. Nor was this all. Everything that the wealthy, aristocratic secession element could do, either to terrify or to purchase the votes of members, was

done. The United States arsenal at Little Rock was seized by the rebel Governor Rector. Major Sturges, commanding the United States troops at Fort Smith, was compelled to escape through the Indian Territory to Union soil. Nowhere was it safe to express a love of the Union or condemnation of the course of the Southern leaders.

Some debate ensued in the Convention, as a few Unionists still held out against the reign of terror; but one by one they were compelled to yield through the force of circumstances. It is due to many of them to say that nothing but fears for the lives of their families caused them to succumb. It is, however, due to one man alone to say that not even considerations like these could force him to abandon principle.

On the 6th of May the vote was taken on the question of secession. Unionist after Unionist voted aye with the rebels. When the vote had been taken, Isaac Murphy had alone voted in the negative. The excitement in the Convention was intense. The "Chivalry" were rampant. This old man must yield, and he would do so when he found himself alone. A motion was made that the vote be declared unanimous. Arkansas should enter the Confederacy without a dissenting voice. Again the vote was taken, and again Isaac Murphy alone voted in the negative.

Said Governor Murphy to the writer: "The scene at this time beggared description. Everywhere arose oaths, curses, and cries of 'Kill the old traitor, the infernal abolitionist!' I never expected to get out of that hall alive!"

It is not necessary to dwell on the moral heroism of this action, nor of the subsequent conduct of Governor Murphy. Let us simply ask how many of us would have had the courage to do as he did, at such enormous risks, merely for the sake of a right principle! Only those who know the savage spirit of Southwestern rebels can fully appreciate his position while in their midst. There were among them some honorable men, but the State of Arkansas was soon overrun with guerrillas. These were scoundrels of the worst stamp, who hesitated at no atrocity. The evidence before courts-martial proved that Union men were tied to trees, had their finger and toe nails extracted one at a time with bullet moulds, and were then brutally murdered. Similar and worse outrages were innumerable, and among such characters Governor Murphy, with his family, lived for months, constantly liable to every imaginable outrage.

But, notwithstanding the imminent danger to his life, he escaped, and upon the adjournment of the Convention returned to his home in Madison County. From this time until the arrival of the army of Curtis in Arkansas in March, 1862, his life was in constant danger. Remote from the Union army, all chance of escape was cut off. The country swarmed with guerrillas and rebel citizens, and from these he endured innumerable persecutions. Yet he constantly and openly avowed his Union sentiments, and denounced secession as the greatest

curse that could befall the country. A notice, said to be intended especially for him, was posted at the Court House door, warning all Union men to leave the country within ten days. The intervention of friends in his behalf was without avail, and the danger to his life became so great that on the 18th of April, 1862, he made his escape to the army of Curtis in southwestern Missouri. After his departure his family was robbed by guerrillas.

During the long march of General Curtis through southern Missouri and Arkansas to Helena on the Mississippi, where he arrived in July, 1862, Governor Murphy traveled with the army, sharing in all the hardships of the campaign. In January, 1863, he returned to his home with the army of Schofield, and remained until the departure of the army, when he removed with his family to St. Louis. Owing to the severity of the weather and the unusual exposure to which they were subjected, two of his daughters died soon after their arrival in St. Louis, and the remainder of his family was reduced to great poverty and suffering. Common soldiers in St. Louis, as well as others, who had known him as a patriot and kind companion on the march, subscribed money for his immediate relief; and partly by such means Governor Murphy was enabled to struggle through the winter of 1862-63.

During the summer and fall of 1863, movements for the capture of the capital of Arkansas were for the first time successfully carried into effect under Generals Steele and Davidson. Governor Murphy accompanied their army, and was present at the capture of Little Rock, September 10th, 1863, ever since which time he has remained in Arkansas.

The patriotism and suffering of Isaac Murphy during the war had won for him the confidence and esteem of the loyalists of Arkansas. Under a proclamation of President Lincoln, Provisional State Governments were at this time instituted in most of the seceded States. A loyal Convention was called in Arkansas, and by this Convention Isaac Murphy was appointed Provisional Governor of the State in January, 1864. Subsequently, at an election held on the 14th, 15th, and 16th days of March, 1864, his office was confirmed, and he was chosen Governor by the loyal people of Arkansas. This office he has since continued to hold, and his administration has thus far met with general approval.

Governor Murphy's own estimate of his character is given in a letter to the writer in the following words: "I was by nature a dreamer and enthusiast. My enjoyments were in thought, books, and family affections. I have been too much of a dreamer for success in life."

In the accumulation of property he has certainly not been successful. He is to-day a poor man. But he has met with far higher and nobler success in the life that he has lived—the life of a conscientious and incorruptible man.

Of a retiring and modest disposition, he has never sought that prominence in the politics

of the day which his position as a loyal Governor of a once rebel State might have given him. He has never courted the fame of being a martyr to the Union cause. Brownlow, of Tennessee, with no firmer adherence to principle, and probably having endured no greater suffering in person or in family, is probably known throughout the Union more by his talent for controversy and the prominence he has assumed as a politician than on account of the personal sufferings he endured as a Union man under rebel rule. Governor Murphy's indisposition for publicity has retired him from popular notice, as much as possible, to a quiet, private life and the happiness of the home circle. Yet are not both of these men equally deserving of consideration for true patriotism shown in the hour of danger? Certainly; there are not too many men in the nation like Governor Murphy, and history ought not to permit his example to be forgotten.

PULPIT ORATORY.

UNDER the title of Earnestness, the N. Y. *Christian Intelligencer* of recent date says: In the delivery of a sermon nothing can compensate for the lack of a becoming earnestness of manner. And as earnestness can not be counterfeited by mere noise or varied vociferation, therefore it must needs be kindled in the heart, and show itself in that inimitable grace which is described by only one name—*unction*.

An eminent advocate in Rome accused Quintus Gallius of an attempt to poison him, and came forward to produce his evidence; but the languid manner of the accuser was interpreted by Cicero into a favorable construction for his client. He exclaimed, "*Ubi dolor? ubi ardor animi? qui etiam ex infantium ingeniis elicere voces, et querelas solet.*"—Where is that grief? where that burning earnestness which is wont to draw out, even from the minds of children, both cries and lamentations?

The great Roman orator knew full well that a dull, drowsy, monotonous, and prosaic manner of delivery could neither impress nor persuade those who were compelled to give it their reluctant ears. Genuine earnestness produces a natural vivacity which shapes sentences, and throws the stress of the voice upon emphatic words. And vivacity in a preacher will kindle animation in an audience, and produce that wonderful medium of power, an intense sympathy between the one and the other.

Beecher, Spurgeon, Newman Hall, and others who might be easily named, are not superior to all other men in the grandeur of their thoughts nor in the splendor of their diction. But they are what are styled "live preachers." They carry no stilted dignity, no sanctimonious whine, no pulpit drawl, no dreary solemnity, no owl's pomp with them when they come to appear before the people with messages of truth.

What could have been more impressive than

the style of address employed by Him who spoke as never man spake, and which in his day was so novel, and in such striking opposition to the dogmatic manner of the Scribes and Pharisees? The matchless preacher abounded in figures, similes, and parables. He vocalized common things. The pearl, the twittering sparrow, the fisherman's net, the humble lamp, were converted by him into oracles of truth. Mechanical logic, formulated propositions, wire-drawn discussions, dogmatic repetitions of abstract principles, which now oppress so many very learned and very dry pulpit discourses, have no charm and no value for the average of church-going people. They want the living word presented to them in a living way. Therefore it is not too much to affirm that in a preacher everything should be made tributary to the formation of an earnest, vivacious, natural, and simple manner, both of style and of address. They who have these rare possessions are richly furnished for their great work, and never fail to enrich others.

[Young preachers, and those not young, may read with benefit to themselves and profit to their hearers, the volume just published at this office entitled "Oratory, Sacred and Secular," in which the gist of the whole subject of success in the pulpit is given. We commend this work by a clergyman to every clergyman.]

GOOD RULES FOR A TEACHER.

A NEW ENGLAND teacher keeps the following excellent rules on his desk, by which to be governed. We commend the same to all teachers, parents, preachers, editors, and others. Besides having the best influence on children, such rules will tend to greatly improve one's own physiognomy as well as his whole nature.

HERE ARE THE RULES.

1st. Sympathy with the minds and hearts of children.

2d. Energy of personal character.

WHAT I SHALL CONSTANTLY DO:

1. Keep a good temper.
2. Always be cheerful.
3. Have patience.
4. Encourage and praise.
5. Be faithful.

WHAT I SHALL CONSTANTLY AVOID:

1. Moroseness.
2. Fretfulness.
3. Anger.
4. Scolding.
5. Fault-finding.
6. A cold, unsympathetic manner.

What a volume in these few sentences! Let us analyze them. "Sympathy with the minds and hearts of children" implies *aptitude* for enlisting attention and calling out the faculties of those to be impressed and educated.

"Energy of personal character." He who would awaken or inspire energy in another must himself exhibit earnestness, energy, and enterprise.

"Keep a good temper." This means "self-control"—a condition indispensable to one who would lead or control others.

"Always be cheerful." Is this possible? Yes; if one is fit to teach, he is capable of constant cheerfulness, and he has no right to bring anything less than this into a school-room. He must keep his aches, his pains, and annoyances to himself, and not inflict them on others. Invalids, dyspeptics, and those with "jaded nerves" should be sent to the hospital, and not to the school-house, to crucify others.

"Have patience." Children are of necessity more or less impatient; but a teacher must never show a want of this admirable Christian quality. Patience is akin to peace; impatience, to disorder.

"Encouragement." No matter how self-assured a child may seem to be; no matter how presumptuous, or how indifferent apparently to praise or blame, all well-organized human beings, young and old, are susceptible to encouragement and liable to be discouraged. When one needs a word of cheer, it is folly for a teacher to withhold it. Many good people confound praise with flattery, and for fear of the latter, seldom or never use the former. Teachers should discriminate and encourage when necessary.

"Be faithful." This implies integrity; and no one who is not honest should for a moment be trusted with the high office of teacher. Faithfulness on his part will beget the same condition or spirit in children, while the lack of it will be as promptly imitated.

"Moroseness" comes of an evil spirit. It is of the passions, and a *perversion* at that. Only a low mind indulges a spirit of moroseness. So of "fretfulness," "scolding," and "fault-finding." These feelings beget resistance, turbulence, disorder, rebellion, anarchy, and the school is disturbed or broken up in consequence of an evilly-disposed or ill-tempered teacher.

To be a good teacher, one must be good. To subdue a turbulent child, or a horse, one must first be self-subduing. In short, one must have himself the qualities, the spirit, and the *knowledge* he would have in others. Inconsiderate parents and teachers look for consistency and perfection, while they themselves are nothing but inconsistencies and imperfection. This is a theme on which *all* may profitably dwell. Let us try to be in disposition and character what we would have others become. Then our efforts will be rewarded with good results. To this end let us observe the very sensible and Christian rules, in our everyday affairs, of the NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL TEACHER.

OBITUARY.—Mrs. Mary M. Braner, the mother of an esteemed correspondent of ours, died recently at Americus, Georgia. She was an affectionate wife, a devoted mother, an earnest Christian, and a kind neighbor. Her death leaves a vacancy in the large circle of her family and friends which will be long and painfully felt.

THE SEARCH.

How do we strive to find the Uncreate
In the create; in poor humanity,
Image of God! We seek for it—
That absolute perfection which our souls
Yearn for forever, and yet vainly yearn.
Through what fond, mad delusions God doth lead
The errant soul up to Himself, the One.
We worship beauty; seek it, strive for it:
Possession of it seems to be for us
The one necessity of our souls. Without,
We think we die. We find it in the flower,
The stream, the wood, the human face, the mind,
The soul; then, reaching higher up, in God.
'Tis useless thus to strive; all paths of good,
Of pleasure innocent, in innocence
Pursued lead straight to Him. You say, perhaps,
You do not see it now. Think, wait, live on;
It will appear some time to you.

Yet still,
We, finite, looking on infinity,
Draw yet finite conclusions. It takes time—
Eternity to comprehend a God,
As it takes space to hold sublimity.
One must know all things to know God; one must
Explore the heights of heaven, the depths of hell.
The great wide-circling spread of universe,
And all therein contained from small to great,
From monad up to man. Even *then* we fail.
To where this universe had being, thought
Creeps back, through the dim corridors of Time,
To step upon the precipice set down
Into unfathomable chaos where
God manifest from out its awful depths
Commanded into being all the world.
Thence how the awful mystery widening grows.
Vague speculations of the Trinity
Branch out and grow, with still new buds a-top
Of thought eternal, growing evermore
A constant miracle, from chaos sprung,
Until it reaches God. In wonderment
We children ask such questions: Who made God?
And where is heaven? content with vague replies;
Until at last we learn to comprehend
How little we *do* know, so prove our lore.
All knowledge but a line infinite—which
Begins in God and ends—who can tell *where*?

But here we stop, as out of breath, and well.
Souls do get out of breath ere they reach God,
As well as bodies; it is a long way
From earth to heaven however fast we go.
Thoughts are the wings of mind; spirit indeed,
But 'las! create, hence finite. So we make
This ratio to work out the perfect Sum:
As is the creature to Creator, so
The finite to the Infinite; and we
Must have the first three terms to find the fourth.

SPRINGFIELD.

J. G. HOLLAND.

THIS gentleman has a very finely organized body and brain. He is not large or heavily built, but of good size, well proportioned, above the medium height, and as lithe and springy as a race-horse. His whole *personnel* gives the appearance of a clear thinker, a sharp observer, a man of intense feeling, quickness, ease, and accuracy of motion, and one whose thoughts, sentiments, and susceptibilities are fine and high toned. His features are prominent and well defined, indicating positiveness of character, quickness of perception, intensity of thought and



J. G. HOLLAND ("TIMOTHY TITCOMB.")

emotion, and a practical wide-awake intellect.

His brain, of the same quality, of course, as his body, works easily and rapidly; sometimes, perhaps, too intensely for health and endurance; but for a man of his susceptibility, he is rather remarkable for toughness and endurance.

The reader will notice that the lower part of the forehead is particularly sharp and prominent, the perceptive organs, as a whole, being large. That squareness at the outer angle of the eyebrow evinces precision, method, system. That sharp ridge running up from the root of the nose to the hair, indicates memory of facts, power of analysis, criticism, discrimination, and, joined with his large Language, the power of description. He has a prominent development of the quality that reads human character; not only the ability to judge of character at sight, to form an impression favorable or adverse to the person whom he meets, but the power to enter into the intricacies and sympathies of human nature, and to describe such characteristics as he perceives in persons, or conceives to be possible, through his own consciousness; hence his graphic pictures of disposition and of thought are remarkable.

The central line of the head from the root of the nose over the top to the back of the head is high and prominent, indicating the qualities we have named, and also sympathy for suffering, reverence

for truth, goodness, and greatness; self-reliance, determination, will-power, independence, positiveness, and self-esteem, or the love of individual liberty and power. He loves children, and home, and woman. Has a passionate friendship, which enables him to win associates and hold them for life. He has a quick, polished imagination; but he does not allow it to cut loose from practical life, or from the realm of common sense, which tend to regulate and guide it. His imagination is not like a balloon that goes careering whithersoever it will. It is more like a steamer, obeying the will of the pilot; or like a locomotive, which is governed by definite laws and regulated by the will of its engineer.

There is in this organization a great deal of the historical and the descriptive; something of the didactic, and considerable of the metaphysical blended with the imaginative, sympathetical, and practical. He can write for common-sense people; is able to reach the realm of their every-day life, and of their common sympathies; and through these qualities to lead them up as high as they are able to go with him. In his writings, and especially in his lectures, there is a point-blank earnestness, vividness, and brilliancy which enables him to please while he instructs.

BIOGRAPHY.

Josiah Gilbert Holland was born in Belcher-town, Hampshire County, Mass., July 24, 1819. His father was a machinist and inventor, a man of singular simplicity and purity of character, whose virtues his son has celebrated in a poem entitled "Daniel Gray," published several years ago in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Owing to an entire failure of health while fitting for college, he was obliged to relinquish an academic course; and when twenty-one years old he entered the office of Drs. Barrett and Thompson, of Northampton, as a student of medicine. He was graduated a doctor of medicine at the Berkshire Medical College in 1844, and immediately thereafter selected Springfield as the theater of his professional practice. He associated for a time with Dr. Charles Bailey, a classmate, and afterward with Dr. Charles Robinson, also a classmate. (Dr. Robinson will be recognized as the recent Governor of Kansas.) After a three years' experience Dr. Holland gave up his profession and entered upon a more congenial line of life, literature, to which all his natural tastes led him. While preparing for this new field he became teacher in a private school in Richmond, Va., and while thus engaged, was chosen superintendent of the public

schools of the city of Vicksburg, in Mississippi. This office he accepted, and satisfactorily discharged its duties for a year and a quarter, when events of a domestic nature called him back to Massachusetts. On his arrival at his Springfield home he was induced to accept a position, then vacant, in the office of the Springfield *Republican*. Here, associated with Samuel Bowles, he entered upon his first hard work as editor. The earlier years of this connection were years of severe labor, the two young men doing the entire editorial work of the establishment.

Two years after entering the office he became joint proprietor, and continued his interest in the business throughout the entire period which was occupied in raising the concern to its present magnitude and prosperity. In 1866 Dr. Holland withdrew from the management. Besides his editorial writings and occasional contributions to prominent magazines and other periodicals, he has given to the world several volumes of superior merit. His first book was "The History of Western Massachusetts," written for his paper, and subsequently published in two volumes. This work has much local value, and involved an incredible amount of drudgery. Then followed a novel, also written for the paper, and afterward published by Putnam, entitled "The Bay Path." Subsequently he produced "Bitter Sweet," a poem which has been generally admired; "The Titcomb Letters," an exceedingly pleasant volume; "Gold Foil," a series of essays; "Miss Gilbert's Career," a novel; "Lessons in Life;" "Letters to the Joneses;" "Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects;" and "Kathrina," a poem of unusual sweetness.

All Dr. Holland's writings have been received with general favor; their refined, didactic, yet humorous character being nicely adapted to the tastes of educated American society. Of "Kathrina" the publishers sold 40,000 copies during the first six months—an extraordinary sale for an American volume of poetry. The following extracts will give our readers who have not seen the work, some idea of its character. In Part II., where Kathrina is seen confessing her faith and receiving the sacrament of baptism, it reads:

* * * * * "All this scene
I saw through blinding tears. The poetry
That like a soft aureole embraced
Within its scope those two contrasted forms;
The eager observation and the hush
That reigned through all the house; the breathless spell
Of sweet solemnity and tender awe
Which held all hearts when she, The Beautiful,
Received the sign of marriage to The Good,
O'erwhelmed me, and I wept. Shall I confess
That in the struggle to repress my tears
And hold my swelling heart, I grudged her gift,
And felt that, by the measure she had risen,
She had put space between herself and me,
And quenched my hope."

In Part III. we read:

"Strange, how a man may carry in his heart,
From year to year—through all his life, indeed—
A truth, or a conviction which shall be
No more a part of it, and no more worth
Than to his flask the cork that slips within!
Of this he learns by sourness of his wine,

Or muddle of its color; by the bits
That vex his lip while drinking; but he feels
No impulse in his hand to draw it forth,
And bid it crown and keep the draught it spoils."

The poem thus abounds in richly molded gems of sentiment and philosophy.

Dr. Holland married, at twenty-six, Elizabeth L. Chapin, of Springfield—the Elizabeth to whom he dedicates "Kathrina"—has three children, two daughters just entering upon womanhood, and a son who is but a boy. His residence, known in the Connecticut Valley as Brightwood, is located among the trees, a mile and a half north of the Springfield Railroad depot, and overlooks the river and the meadows. Here the summer finds him, and holds him; but the winter calls him to all parts of the country as a lecturer. He is now making arrangements for a residence of two or three years in Europe, whither he will shortly depart with his family. His early life was a struggle with poverty, and like all such struggles on the part of men of genius, it was marked with many and peculiar changes. His later years have been abundant with the fruitage of successes bravely and meritoriously won.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

BY A BANKER.

[The rules laid down in the following sketch are applicable, in a great measure, to every pursuit in life. It is a statement of an Englishman's experience, slightly altered to adapt it to American readers. The style is matter-of-fact, even homely, but none the less apt. We commend it to all young men who hope to rise in life and reap success.]

ONE day, early in my fifteenth year, I found myself in the High-street of Sillerton, with a very ragged coat to my back, and possessed of a capital of four cents. I did not know a soul in the town. Half a century has passed over my head since that day. I have now a professional business worth \$15,000 a year. My estate of Goldsworth Hall now yields me \$7,500 a year; and I have one or two other little investments not altogether to be despised. I am chief magistrate of Sillerton, a town which has upward of fifty thousand inhabitants. I am, I say, a professional man, and my success, such as it is, has not been achieved by lucky speculation like that of many who succeed in trade. I have run no risks. I have worked my way slowly up the hill, step by step; and my own success has as much astonished me, as their own want of it has, I see, astonished many of those who began life in advance of me. As I have always observed, that to disclose the secret machinery of success acts somehow as an anodyne to the sting of failure, I now purpose to afford this compensation to those to whom I can see that my better fortune has been the cause of some jealousy and heart-burning.

The causes of fame, one of your literary men says, are obvious, while those of fortune are hidden. Hidden, I suppose they are, from foolish, unpractical men; but, really, they are not very difficult to discover by a man of plain

common sense, who is not blinded by self-conceit.

When seventeen, I was promoted from message-boy to be clerk in the office of one of the leading attorneys in Sillerton. My salary for three years was \$150, and I lived on \$125. I am not, however, going to take up time with an account of how I fought with poverty, or of how I made myself a sound lawyer by studying while others were smoking or sleeping. I have known many men who were as diligent as I was, but who have stuck in the mud, nevertheless. You will hardly make your way in business without being industrious, and without knowing your business—and these qualifications, so far as I have seen, are ordinarily quite sufficient to keep a business which has been made for you, but not to make one.

I saw this very early in life; yet I was not what is called a smart fellow, and luckily I never thought I was. My fellow-clerk, Sam, could write a business letter in a quarter the time it took me. Then, Sam's letter was neat, sharp, and to the point, while mine was hardly respectable grammar. Conceive, then, the astonishment of Sam, of myself, and of the whole office, when the situation of corresponding clerk—the most dignified and best paid in the office—was given to me. I could not understand it at the time, but subsequently the mystery was made plain to me. Two of those above me had a mark against them for immoral conduct, while the temperament of my friend Sam was not a business one. He had an irresistible tendency, both in speech and correspondence, to let men see what he thought of them. My own letters, I can see on looking back, never fell into this error, and so never got our employer into hot water. So long as we gained our point, and did what was fair ourselves, where was the use of letting one man see that you thought him silly, and another that you thought him dishonest? I took precious good care to see as far as other people, but I took, if possible, greater care that nobody should see how much I saw. My cue was always to make a man, if possible, well pleased with himself, and, at the same time, to make him *feel* that he could not get the better of me.

Then I was always good-humored. I was not going to let a man cut me because he had done me an injury—nor, on the other hand, was I going to cut him because I saw that he suspected that I had done him one. While I strove, and I believe with success, to be good-humored and pleasant to every one, I avoided excessive intimacy with any one—having observed that this is almost always the prelude to a quarrel; first comes hot weather, then a thunder-storm, and then cold. I never was "confidential," as it is called, with any one. Was anybody ever so without repenting of it?

I had a hard fight, too, and I was on the other side of thirty before I saw my way to being anything more than a clerk. I saw a good many men get a step or two in advance of me, through luck, but I never consumed my

energy in jealous fretting on this account. Nature gave me a good digestion, and I took the affairs of life coolly and with good temper. My chance would come—and even if it did not, though I desired fortune, I was frugal and could enjoy life without it. An uncle of Sam's, I remember, who had much in his power, passed him over in a good appointment. The cause was plain. The young man to whom he gave it was the son of a man from whom the uncle expected something. Could anything have been more reasonable and natural? Yet what did the silly Sam do? He wrote an angry letter to his uncle, full of bosh about "conduct to his own brother's son—the brother who had helped him so generously when he was poor," etc. Now, how can men expect the world to reward them if they won't adapt themselves to it? Do they think that it is going out of its daily path to meet their notions of justice and generosity? No good, it was plain to me, could ever come of being out of humor with any one, and I hardly ever felt the inclination. If a man tried to cheat me, I didn't allow him, but I felt no anger with him. Men pursued their own interests, I pursued mine. I endeavored by good-humor, knowledge of business, and attention, and by scrupulous conformity to the usages of society, to merit the reward which society has to give; and by patience I got it.

I soon saw that, of all things to be avoided by those who have their position to make, is the affectation of conventional non-conformity. Who but an ass, Sam used to say, would mind your wearing a cap instead of a hat, if you find a cap more comfortable? and then Sam would glance with contempt at my well-brushed beaver, and at my neat black kid gloves, which I always wore when I had got as far up in the world as to justify the expense. But, ha, ha! Sam, my boy, I used to think, let those laugh who win. I never troubled my head much with what the world *ought* to think; I was not smart enough to put it right, and what it *did* think always seemed to me much the more important point.

Nature, I admit, has given me some outward advantages for getting on. Of these I have carefully made the most. I am tall and broad-chested, with gray hair standing erect upon an ample and commanding-looking forehead. My "presence," I have often observed, in the bank of which I am manager, is sufficient to bring guilt and confusion into the face of the man who brings me a doubtful bill for discount, while the heartiness of my laugh—the style of one's laughter is a point to be carefully attended to—and the cordial way in which I can shake hands when I choose, has brought many a strong man's account to the bank. I have always been most attentive to dress—and my costume has been nearly the same for twenty years. I wear a black frock-coat, vest of the same material, with dark-gray trowsers. Since I was made manager of the bank I have carried a gold-headed cane, with which I walk to and from the office. On the same occasion I

bought a gold repeater watch, which I wear with gold seals, in the good old fashion. I must say that I laid aside my old silver turnip with regret; it had kept me true to many a business engagement in the days of youthful struggle.

MARRIAGE.

I know of nothing which argues more against a man being possessed of a prudent business-like spirit, and is, therefore, more calculated to tell against his business prospects, than marrying on an insufficient or precarious income; but, on the other hand, when he has a certain and sufficient income, and has reached a becoming period of life, there can be no doubt that a prudent and sensible marriage adds to his weight and respectability.

As for myself, I felt the gravity of marriage to be so great that I had been in a position to marry for some years before I could fairly make up my mind to it; but when I got the bank, I began to see distinctly that the inferior social status of a single man was altogether inappropriate and unbecoming to my position.

In choosing a wife I was guided just by the same principles which have guided me in the other affairs of life, and which have led me, not altogether discreditably, I venture to hope. If I did not marry for love, as it is called, at least I did not tire of my wife at the end of three months. If I did not tell her before we were married that she was an angel, I was never uncivil to her afterward.

I chose my wife because, having known her for several years, she appeared to be prudent, sensible, and economical, and likely to manage my house creditably; and, on the whole, my expectations were reasonably well fulfilled. I may add that she was good-looking, which I frankly confess that I regard as an advantage in a woman. We were not blessed with any family; and when she was called away from me last year I did feel very queer and lonely. But when two agree to journey through life together, it is plain that one must die first. I dedicated such an amount of time to grief as the world has seen fit to require and sanction; but I did not allow myself to sink into a morbid and sentimental condition. The period of legitimate grief having expired, I resumed my attention to business, and I am not ashamed to say that I was able to resume my interest in it.

GOSSIPING.

There are, I think, few common habits more fatal to business reputation than a habit of chattering. When I hear a young man starting in life ready to deliver his opinion at a moment's notice on the questions of the day, I mark him as one whom I shall certainly not be the first to send business to. No man should presume to engage the attention of the company by talk, unless his age and position are markedly superior. No unmade man should ever talk to the company. I feel that I can not give too great weight to this important truth. By talking, you not only allow others to take note of your vanities and weak-

nesses—and we all have our share, only some are cleverer in hiding them than others—but, by the mere fact of talking, you affront men of age and position, and thus make them indisposed to help you. They think, and think rightly, that it is for age to talk and for youth to listen. But even among those of your own standing, young man, with your way to make, be advised. Nature has given you two ears; keep both fully employed. You have but one tongue; let it enjoy plenty of leisure.

RELIGION.

If conformity in details be desirable for those who wish to do well in the world, it is strictly indispensable in matters intrinsically important. For any one to talk irreverently of, or conduct himself with levity toward, any institution of church or state, is what I have never been able to tolerate; and it is a style of conduct which, I am glad to say, society is certain to visit with its severest displeasure. Busy as we used to be in the office all the week when I was a young man, I rejoice to say that I never was once willfully absent from church, either forenoon or afternoon; and, higher considerations apart, I may say that I know of no better way for a young man to show that he possesses a steady and tractable spirit, deserving advancement and encouragement, than by regular attendance at church. Nor do I know anything which tells more, or tells more justly, against a young man's prospect in business, than neglect of the ordinances of religion.

ENTERTAINMENT.

I have said that I cultivated silence in company, yet I took care not to be morosely taciturn. I listened with deference and interest to the conversation of my elders and social superiors, and was always ready to laugh at a joke, provided it was proper and harmless. And when my age and position became such as to call on me to lead the conversation, I could amuse the young fellows, too, with harmless tale and anecdote. What I have always avoided, both as junior and senior, was the delivery of views and opinions. I never, in my recollection, said a word to the prejudice of any one, or ever said a word which could hurt the feelings or prejudices of any respectable member of society. My aim was always to impress those whom I met with a feeling that I was a sound, cautious, good-tempered man of business, and of business aims.

HORSES.

If I have a taste for anything besides business, it is what I believe no man ever suspected. I am fond of horses; and what is more, I am a good judge of a horse. But no one ever heard me talk of horses. Even since my success in business became decided, I have not indulged myself in keeping a horse. The young man who wants to succeed will do well to follow my example. If he allows himself even to talk about any amusement for which he may have a taste, it is astonishing how soon he may have a reputation fixed upon him for being knowing in it. He will have plenty of rivals eager to talk of him as a good shot, a good

fisher, knowing in horses—being well aware that such a reputation is certain to be most injurious, probably fatal, to his business prospects.

DRINKING AND SMOKING.

When a young man, I was a member of a debating society in our town. I never spoke except when the business of the society was concerned. My reason for being a member was that a good many men of influence belonged to it, with whom I had thus an opportunity of becoming acquainted. My friend Sam was a distinguished member; and I recollect going to his lodgings one night out of curiosity, when he had a meeting of his choicest friends. They were drinking *toddy*—a composition which I hate; indeed, I hate all spirits; and as to smoking, it is a method of employing time which has always seemed to me suitable only for those of weak intellect. I was prevailed on, I remember, to try a pipe—laugh! It was the first time and the last. They tried to encourage me to “persevere,” by holding out the prospect that by so doing I should become a smoker in time. Dare say I might have succeeded in making myself a slave to an expensive and idiotic habit had I chosen; but that I should, by learning to smoke, be putting down the smallest item to the credit of my account with Fortune, was what I could not see; much less did I see that any balance was thereby likely to accrue to *Profit*. I thought it as well to reserve my perseverance for somewhat different objects. So much, I suppose, for not being smart. But the talk was the wonderful thing. “What was love?”—“Did men act from free-will or from necessity?”—and I fancy that they drank whisky-and-water, smoked their vile tobacco, and muddled the small modicum of brains which God had given them, two or three nights a week in this way. If there is anything for which, from my boyhood, I have found it difficult to hide my contempt, it is a man occupying himself with poetry, metaphysics, and such stuff, instead of giving himself to the honest and obvious work of life, and pocketing the honest payment for it. I well remember how my clothes smelt of tobacco next morning, and what a fright I was in lest our master should notice this. I was, however, at the office as usual half an hour before regulation time, and I can remember that I got a job to do which would have fallen to Sam had he been there in time. It put half a sovereign in my pocket—a sum not to be despised in those days.

FINALE.

Now I do not mean to say, in giving the above sketch of my own animus, that men have not arrived at fortune whose mental machinery would, if dissected, show a very different arrangement of wheels and pivots. Sheer audacity will sometimes do wonders, especially in public life. Yet I think my own plan has been about as sure and as easy a one as can be followed. If I were to name one advantage of mind which I have had over

other men, I should say it is this—I was a sensible fellow *as a young man*. By reason of pride, conceit, or being over-ambitious, you will often see a man between his twentieth and twenty-fifth year commit an error which he never has a chance of retrieving. Opportunity gone is gone forever. He is thrown off the line—shunted—so to speak, and the rest of life is embittered, not only by the consciousness of failure, but by the consciousness that he has only his own vanity to blame for the failure. Generally I have noticed that the causes of a man's failure are distinctly visible to every one but himself. I have known men with capital business heads, and with all the inclination to work, the mystery of whose lives—inscrutable to, and undreamt of by, themselves—lay in their manner; shy, retiring fellows, who never make acquaintances, but allow any man to cultivate them; hence their tendency is inevitably downward in the social scale. A shy man, whose mental cuticle is so tender that the blood comes at every scratch, may, perhaps, succeed as a clergyman, or as a doctor, or chance may put him in a safe business position, but to push his way through the rough and thorny brushwood which besets the outset of a business career, is what he need never try.

Know your business, scrupulously respect the world's conventionalities, face it boldly, receive its kicks and its cuffs—of which you will have a good allowance at starting—with invincible patience and good-humor, and it will come round to you in time. But it is a coy mistress, and one with many lovers. Unless you woo with perfect self-mastery, and with knowledge of its ways, your suit will not prosper.

SOCIAL CLUBS vs. LONGEVITY.—The organization of social clubs is becoming more and more prevalent among American youth. An old merchant related in our hearing a few evenings since, his own experience and observation in regard to this matter. When he left home to go into business in the city, he felt lonely in the evenings, and longed for some companionship. He was diffident, and had no influential friends to take him into society. A friend invited him to join a social club. They spent their time in song and jest, eating and drinking, and general jollity. He kept a list of all who belonged to the club during his connection with it, and has traced their history since. Of forty-nine, but three now remain, enjoying a green old age. Most of the others went to early graves, the victims of intemperance. Very few of them were ever successful in business, though some of them were young men of fine business capacities. Our venerable friend thinks the seeds of their ruin were sown in the club room. He said, with great emphasis, “Had I an iron voice, which I could ring through our whole country, I would say to every young man, beware of the club room, and especially the room of a drinking club. Many a young man is ruined there before he is aware of his danger.”

“BE COURTEOUS.”

THIS simple exhortation of the Christian Apostle is brimful of practical good sense. It applies to the whole of human life, and its aim is to make life more intensely and Christianly human; to make men think of and feel for each other in all the possible relations of pleasure and business and calamity. Courteousness is quite synonymous with the true idea of politeness. You may gather its full significance from these shades of meaning: be civil—be obliging—be friendly-minded—be polite.

There is a vast deal of vagueness respecting politeness. The cold mannerisms of aristocracy are known to be mere hollow pretenses. The rough boorishness of the untutored is alike defective in the real virtue of civility. Genuine politeness is from the heart. It springs spontaneously forth, and is a grace which can not be readily counterfeited. We can account for and forgive awkwardness, where there are unmistakable evidences of an honest heart. True heart-actions have always in them the virtue of elegance.

The entire system of etiquette is most beautifully epitomized in that suggestive utterance of Jesus: “Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.” Here is couched the life and spirit of politeness. When we properly respect ourselves, then, and not till then, will we show proper respect for our fellow-men.

Love that takes upon itself nothing but the mere type of profession is valueless; but that which speaks and ministers, alone causes the heart to rejoice!

Politeness is of practical use daily. How it lightens the heavy burdens of the weary! how it sweetens the bitter potions of the suffering! how it gladdens the sorrowful! It costs nothing, and yet how inestimable! Its price is above rubies. Sunshine is in its presence; and beneath its fostering care grow all the nobler graces of life in luxuriant richness.

The idea that constant politeness would render social life stiff and restrained, springs from a most false estimate of it. True politeness is the perfect ease and freedom of feeling and acting. It simply consists in treating others as you would like to be treated yourself. Happy the family where courtesy prevails! Happy they who know how to be polite.

O ye surly, uncouth, boorish ones, but for you earth would be a thousand-fold more lovely! And you, ye fretting, stewing, and scolding ones, how ye fill to the very brim the cup of the weak and suffering, who otherwise would be as happy as the morning lark! Is it your mission to make souls chant perpetually the woeful *miserere* of sorrow? No! this is the mission of *demons*, not *men*!

Go thou, and by thy kindness flash thy bright rays of sunlight across the shadowed path of thy brother. Go and be courteous.

H. C. FARRAR.

WATERFORD, N. Y.

NEW YORK, JUNE, 1868.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Poe.*

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WRITING FOR THE PRESS.

To the inexperienced it may seem a very easy matter to pen one's thoughts and then to print them. Such do not consider the necessity of previous study and careful preparation to qualify one for this particular work. When one has learned to perform the mechanical part of writing, which, unlike speaking, is altogether artificial, he has the more difficult object to attain, namely, the education of his faculties of observation, reason, analysis, and memory, in such a manner that they will serve him on call. To excel as a speaker, one must be fitted, and the fitting is a matter of training. An extemporaneous speaker draws inspiration from those he addresses. His audience magnetizes *him*, and he becomes aroused and filled with an influence which elevates and enables him, as it were, to "surpass himself." The writer, however, must proceed alone, and without external aids. If he have originality, imagination, memory, and power of description, he sets about his work like an artist, to place on paper his ideas, figures, images, or mental pictures, for the edification, instruction, or entertainment of others. At best, his pen can not keep pace with his thoughts, and many of his most brilliant and lucid impressions "take to themselves wings and fly away" before he can commit them to paper. One with small Language may write even better than he can speak; but the rule is, or should be, the other way. In writing for the press, one needs to be more particular than when merely speaking—and this particularity is another hindrance to the easy expression of thought. A careful writer may, however, become, with practice, an accurate speaker.

SCRIBES.

All writing for the press should be done by scribes or reporters, as of old. The Scriptures were so written; nor could they have been produced in the ordinary way of modern authorship. The great thinkers, poets, and prophets, had their scribes, who took down *verbatim* what they desired to have recorded. This mode leaves the whole mind—all the faculties—free to act on a subject, and we then get the thought in full. If editors, authors, lecturers, and clergymen would first study up their subjects on which they would write and speak; then dictate the matter to a phonographic reporter, who would take it down as fast as spoken; then write it out for careful revision by the author, readers and hearers would get the real life and spirit of their productions. By this means twice or thrice the labor could be performed in the same time, and it would be much better done, and with far less cost to the producer.*

WHO MAY WRITE.

Writing for the press need not be confined—as now—to a comparatively small class who do nothing else. On the contrary, every public journal ought to enlist the services of the best minds in the community. Is a magazine devoted to education? No one mind can cover the whole ground and fill its pages with the ripest and richest matter. A sensible editor will obtain the assistance of all the best educators in the State. He will thus obtain a complete knowledge of the best methods of teaching, discipline, and government, also the best books and apparatus, decide on the hours of study, and on every topic connected therewith. So in agriculture. Every good farmer is supposed to be in possession of information which it would be useful for others to know. Let him communicate the same through a spirited journal, and thus add to the value of the journal and to the sum total of agricultural knowledge. It should be the same with a paper devoted to science, art, philosophy, or mechanism. What mines of riches editors may work by inviting—inducing—these classes to reveal the secret stores of their intellectual wealth,

* This art—phonography, or shorthand writing, which is now reduced to a system—should be taught in all the schools. Those who become proficient in it are enabled to turn it to profitable account.

which would otherwise die with the inventor or discoverer.

It is not profitable for editors and publishers, or for the people, to have the same old ideas iterated and reiterated through the same blow-pipe, month after month, when new, fresh, and burning thoughts lie smouldering all unseen for want of an opportunity to give them utterance. One *new* idea often leavens the minds of many and sets them to thinking.

Political journals—mere *party* organs—are generally conducted by low, unprincipled demagogues, who have more regard for "place" and "pap" than for patriotism, the interests of the people, or the honor of the nation. These degenerate sons do all they can to debauch, pervert, and degrade all whom they reach. They are *bad*. "Can an evil tree bring forth good fruit?"

A high-toned paper, written by scholarly Christian statesmen, devoted to the best interests of the whole country, would be a power for good, and elevate politics to the high functions of just government.

Many professedly religious newspapers are simply sectarian propagandists; others are mercenary sheets stuffed with filthy quack medicine advertisements, and are simply printed for the lucre they make. Then come the pharisaical, narrow-minded, bigoted papers, that can see no good in any who do not accept *their* dogmas. All, except themselves, are at once consigned to perdition. Of course such journals can have but a very limited circulation or influence. But an honestly conducted religious journal, alive to the interests of true Christianity, aggressive and progressive, must reach the hearts and convince the minds of the most skeptical. Its conductors will confess and repent their own sins before rebuking those of others. They will be charitable, just, prudent, circumspect, and *lead* the godly lives they would have others live. What a power for good or for evil is *EXAMPLE*! A true Christian journalist has words of encouragement for *all* real workers in God's great human vineyard, without regard to your creed or my creed, your "doxy" or my "doxy;" without regard to station, color, or condition. The great God of heaven is the Father of us all. Have we, to-day, a religious journal conducted on these

comprehensive principles? a journal—like Christianity itself—which comprehends mankind? No. Mankind are yet in their religious infancy, and are pleased with their little sectarian penny whistles—which only keep alive sectarian animosities.

He is the *best* journalist who fully realizes the wants of all the mental faculties, and can properly feed them. One who is above selfishness, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness—one who is master of himself—can regulate all his impulses, and is willing to sacrifice self for the good of others.

It may be asserted that it would be no easy task to find such a writer—such a journalist. If this be true—and there is but little doubt of it—how great the necessity for reform in our great army of authors! No man should put pen to paper without a fixed and proper purpose—a purpose founded on truth, duty, and charity. In short, he must recognize the truths of Phrenology, and subordinate the lower to the higher nature—the propensities to the moral sentiments. A complete periodical must have well-filled departments answering to the several groups of organs: the SOCIAL, in which the affections, including home, the family, and all their interests shall be treated; the PROPENSITIES, furnishing advice with reference to their training, direction, and regulation; the INTELLECTUAL faculties, considered in their relations to education, memory, music, art, etc.; the MORAL SENTIMENTS, indicating our relations to the future and to God; so also our duties to the world and to each other.

FINALLY.

In the great journal of the future, a journal of a higher civilization, every pen shall have a place, every mind shall have a voice, and all interests shall be represented. Its platform will be as broad as the globe on which humanity may stand. The educator, reformer, preacher, physician, inventor, poet, philosopher, artist, composer, navigator, explorer, discoverer, merchant, manufacturer, mechanic, *all* will find in that great journal of HUMAN LIFE the best thoughts of the best minds. Then, every one who is educated and can *think*, can also write for the press.

END OF THE VOLUME.

THIS number completes the Forty-seventh Volume of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. The Forty-eighth Volume commences with the next—JULY—number. The past has spoken for itself. Each monthly part is a link in the great chain of years, connecting the past with the present, and recording, by the “art preservative of all arts,” the history and progress of this science of mind. Each reader may judge for himself whether or not the JOURNAL has profited him; whether its instructions have been followed; whether the influence of its teachings has been bad; whether he cherishes what he has acquired, or whether he would eradicate and forget it. If he has been encouraged to make the most of himself; to correct any bad habit; to overcome any besetting sin; to form and strengthen good resolutions; to elevate the standard of moral character, then he will feel satisfied that he has not been fed on literary husks, but on scientific and substantial mental pabulum—something to make him *grow*.

The past must be our guaranty for the future. We shall keep “RIGHT ON.” Our work is more a “labor of love” than a pecuniary enterprise. By the generous co-operation of warm-hearted friends to the cause, we are enjoying a comparatively large circulation, and are *not* “running in debt.” It is the aim of the editor to make the JOURNAL richly worth all it costs. He feels it a duty to aid with all the means in his power the dissemination of the truth as revealed by our God-given science and the Holy Scriptures. His *first* most anxious care shall be to discover the *truth*; and his *second*, to *apply* it. So far he has been eminently successful in securing for his work the indorsement of many of the best minds in the old and in the new countries. The press, everywhere—religious and secular—seldom speak except to praise. Opposition has subsided. Competition would be welcomed, and do us good. We rejoice in all well-directed efforts in behalf of our noble science. In proper hands it may be made most efficient in all that is worthy and ennobling. But bad men not only pervert themselves, but they prostitute both science and religion to base purposes. The people must wisely discriminate, or they will be misled and

deceived. “By their fruits ye may know them.” Look out for the counterfeits. The better the bank, the more likely it is to become the coveted prey of the wicked. But selfishness and wickedness will, in the end, defeat itself, and go down.

“Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again;
The immortal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers.”

The time is up for which many subscribed; and we await their renewals. Our terms being payable in advance, no more JOURNALS will be sent until ordered. New subscription books are opened, and names—new and old—will be welcomed, and promptly recorded. Reader, may we again be favored with your handsome autograph? It would look well when transferred to our new books. We become attached to familiar names. Will you continue the voyage of life with us? We will try to make it “pleasant and profitable” to one and all.

INSANITY.

Report of the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane, for the year 1867. By Thomas S. Kirkbride, M.D., Physician in Chief and Superintendent. Published by order of the Board of Managers. Philadelphia, 1868.

A VERY satisfactory report, showing real progress in the successful treatment of the insane. We print one of the tables showing the supposed causes of insanity in 5,064 patients in that hospital

	Males.	Females.	Total.
Ill health of various kinds.....	470	418	888
Intemperance.....	339	30	369
Loss of property.....	125	49	167
Dread of poverty.....	3	2	5
Disappointed affections.....	23	43	71
Intense study.....	35	10	45
Domestic difficulties.....	33	64	102
Fright.....	13	23	36
Grief, loss of friends, etc.....	66	192	258
Intense application to business.....	32	4	36
Religious excitement.....	68	91	159
Political excitement.....	12	—	12
Metaphysical speculations.....	1	—	1
Want of exercise.....	6	2	8
Engagement in duel.....	1	—	1
Disappointed expectations.....	6	11	17
Nostalgia.....	—	6	6
Stock speculations.....	2	—	2
Want of employment.....	37	—	37
Mortified pride.....	2	1	3
Celibacy.....	1	—	1
Anxiety for wealth.....	2	—	2
Use of opium.....	8	11	19
Use of tobacco.....	6	—	6
Use of quack medicines.....	2	1	3
Puerperal state.....	—	189	189
Lactation too long continued.....	—	10	10
Uncontrolled passion.....	5	7	12
Tight lacing.....	—	1	1
Injuries of the head.....	61	6	67
Masturbation.....	70	—	70
Mental anxiety.....	130	188	318
Exposure to cold.....	3	1	4
Exposure to direct rays of the sun.....	44	2	46
Exposure to intense heat.....	1	1	2
Exposure in army.....	5	—	5
Old age.....	—	1	1
Unascertained.....	1,068	1,022	2,090

We venture a few comments on some of these supposed causes. We think a closer classification could have been made by a careful inquiry into the history of each particular

case. Of the 883 who became insane from "ill health of various kinds," it would be interesting to know what was the *cause* of that "ill health?" Was it from fashionable dissipation; late dinners; late hours; improper diet; worldly cares; sordidness; prodigality; inordinate affection; a lack of faith; or of hopelessness? It may be one or all these combined.

"Intemperance" counts its crazy victims by hundreds. Constitutions are undermined by drink and tobacco to a fearful extent. Indeed, it is very rare to meet a middle-aged man now-a-days who has not damaged himself by one or both of these substances; nor does the evil end with him—his children inherit tendencies to excess in the same directions.

"Loss of property" is, of course, a misfortune. But one's treasures should not *all* be laid up in this world's goods. Right training as to the use and abuse of money would tend to resign one's hold on the "lucre" without producing insanity. All misers are without godliness or true Christian principle.

"Disappointed affection" is a terrible evil—and he who trifles with the affections of another is simply inhuman, or, we should say, wanting in the higher nature. One thus afflicted must look to religion for consolation, and dismiss at once and forever the unworthy object of her or his grief. Instead of "Intense study," it is more frequently bad digestion produced by bad living that causes insanity. Put away the books, and give the subject horse-back riding, with a proper diet, and the processes of recuperation will be again resumed.

"Fright." Inconsiderate persons—servants—do irreparable mischief by frightening children. When Cautiousness becomes unduly excited, it causes timidity, and tends to keep the person always in the background.

"Grief from loss of friends" is always sad, but right Christian teachings would enable all to be resigned to the inevitable, and to say, in *all* such cases, "*Thy will be done.*"

"Religious excitement" carried to extremes no doubt dethrones the reason and leaves the mind a wreck. Feeble-bodied persons should be careful and keep out of mental "whirlpools."

"Want of employment" is very likely to engender despondency, and so affect the mind and body. But "where there is a will there is a way," and no man in America need remain long idle. The trouble is, such persons are usually more "nice than wise" as to *what* they should do. If they would go on farms, off with coats and set to work, instead of waiting for a vacancy behind a counter or at a desk, they would not fail.

"Mental anxiety" is a very general term, and may mean one thing or another. The predisposing cause is what we want to know. It is probable we should find excessive Cautiousness and small Hope in all these cases. The remedy, then, is the quietness and repose of the former, and the encouragement of the latter. Let there be an effort to energize the executive nature—call out courage and self-re-

liance. In time, a better balance would be effected.

"Unascertained." We can only conjecture the possible causes of insanity in this, the largest of all the classes. It is probable that the "foundations" were undermined, and constitutions destroyed by nameless bad habits concealed from parents, and the slow processes of nature failed to repair the damages in time, and bodies and minds became wrecks together. Oh, the woeful ignorance of parents and youth in regard to their own constitutions is truly lamentable! The penalty of violated law is sure to follow sooner or later, and imbecility, insanity, disease, and premature death is the forfeit. A fearful responsibility rests on those whose duty it is to warn the unwary, and to enlighten the ignorant as to the laws of life, health, and happiness. Let us try to teach the world what it is to have "sound minds in sound bodies."

THE WORKS OF DR. GALL.

MORE than thirty years since, an English translation of Dr. Gall's great works was published. The original French edition, in large quarto, sells at something more than a hundred dollars—we paid one hundred and twelve for the last copy we imported—and the English translation, in six 12mo volumes, now sells at \$15—when they can be found. We have been importuned to re-publish the work. We hesitate. It will be expensive. It should be illustrated. To bring it out handsomely, with notes and illustrations, would cost several thousand dollars. Now, the question is—and it is a question—"Will it pay?" Who wants the work? If published, the price should be \$2 a single volume, or for the complete set, \$10. We submit the question to the public; especially to the readers of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. If one thousand subscribers be secured in advance, a publisher would be justified in undertaking the work.

We may state that this is the ground-work of the whole system or structure. One who would begin at the beginning in his study of scientific character-reading must begin with Dr. Gall. Many other writers have given the "surface indications"—as the oil-men say; but Dr. Gall went more *deeply* into the matter than all previous writers. Here is the testimony of Joseph Vimont, M.D., of Paris, an eminent physician and author: "No sooner had I read Dr. Gall's work, than I found I had made the acquaintance of one of those extraordinary men whom dark envy is always eager to exclude from the rank to which their genius calls, and against whom it employs the arms of cowardice and hypocrisy. High cerebral capacity, profound penetration, good sense, varied information were the qualities which struck me as distinguishing Dr. Gall. The indifference which I first entertained for his writings gave place to the most profound veneration. Phrenology is true. The mental faculties of men may be appreciated by an examination of their heads.

Now the question is, Who wants this great work enough to pay \$10 for it? We submit this, not as a proposition, but simply as a question, and should like to hear from those who approve and would like the work. Reader, what say you?

OUR BOOK NOTICES.

It is seldom that we can afford space to give a lengthy *review* of new books. All the ends of the public, ourselves, and the book publishers are met by our giving a full title and a suitable *description* of the work. From such description our readers are enabled to judge whether or not to buy the book, and *this* serves the publisher in obtaining the desired publicity. If newspapers generally would adopt this plan, and instead of praising or criticising new works, would give truthful descriptions of them, it would be an object for book publishers to send them their new books for notice. This would be reciprocal, and all parties be benefited.

We *commend* no questionable book; nor, indeed, books that have no other purpose than to amuse. But we may give the titles of many which are of this class.

The *public fancy fiction*. We regard *our* time too valuable to be thus thrown away. To us, "life is real; life is earnest;" and we can spend it more profitably than in hearing or in reading idle tales. Others, who are differently constituted and differently situated, whose time "hangs heavy," may enjoy the sweet mental intoxication of the exciting and ravishing romance.

There are books for every class. Our record aims to be tolerably complete. You pay your money and choose.

PHONETIC TEACHING.—This method of instructing children in the orthography of language has been introduced into many primary schools with the most satisfactory results.

At the South, since the institution of schools for the freedmen, the phonetic method has been tried by many progressive teachers, and their united testimony is that "it is the best and readiest means of acquiring a knowledge of the Romanic method," because, among other reasons, "it puts a common-place, but really inestimable privilege—the ability to read—within the reach of those who, without some such aid, would probably never possess themselves of the blessing." It would be greatly to the advantage of teachers in general to study this method, and apply it in their schools, because it is the most thorough system by which children may be taught not only to spell words analytically, but to pronounce them, as they are rarely heard, correctly and distinctly. It is the hope ardently cherished by most educationalists that the time will come when words in the English language will be spelled as they are pronounced; and it is evident that the surest way to attain such end is by the promotion of the phonetic reform.

KING THEODORE OF ABYSSINIA.

BY JOHN P. JACKSON.

[CONCLUDED.]

THEODORE, being settled quietly on his throne, gave some attention to the regulation of his people's private interests. The judges were known to be a very dishonest class, and Theodore determined to test them. So he brought a case before them in which he evidently was in the wrong, and demanded what the law decreed. "Your Majesty is the law and the code," replied they; "we can have no voice in the matter." So he took them at their word, and became the tribunal before which the meanest of his subjects might appear with safety. It was then his custom to sit before the door of his tent at certain hours during the day, surrounded by his officers, and listen to the various complaints. His judgments were generally admitted to be just; but he was equally severe. The poorest peasant could always obtain redress from the feudal chiefs, which they could not do under the judgeship régime. But Theodore's greatest pride was his army, which he always kept in the best condition. He was a friend to the soldier; and he made them trust him implicitly.

The year 1861, following six years' of comparative peace, found great changes in Theodore and his kingdom. Religious difficulties, which we have elsewhere sketched, caused him great annoyance. Theodore himself despised his corrupted priesthood, but still he did not wish foreign mission intervention. His savage pride was touched at any other hand than his own accomplishing Abyssinian regeneration. Mr. Bell was the only European that he would receive as an adviser; and as long as he lived everything prospered. His own people began to be dissatisfied—they felt disappointed in the non-fulfillment of the old tradition; the clergy were jealous; the petty feudal princes also were bitter enemies; his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, had been dead some time; he had married again, but he did not live happily with his new wife. His troubles with the missionaries and his foreign relations increased every day; famine, epidemics, and desertions reduced the army, and rebellion spread over the land, far and near. It was then that he gave way to the devilish part of his nature, and the reforms which he had accomplished were soon obliterated amid the deeds of bloodshed, more treacherous and cruel than those of any of his predecessors, that he revealed in.

The nobility fought and pillaged; the peasants feared him; and the priests excommunicated him. The Mohammedans of Egypt pressed on together with the Turks, while rebellious chiefs from Shoa to Gondar beset him at all sides. Once more, however, he placed himself at the head of his army, and marched against the Agows and Tugrayans, his most powerful enemy. The day before he issued the following proclamation: "Thus says Jan-hoi, I pardon all those who shall this night

quit the camp of Negousie [the leader of his enemies], and I assign to them three places of refuge, namely, the church at Axum, that of Adona, and my own camp; as for those I find tomorrow under arms, they may expect no mercy!" In the morning, Negousie had only a few faithful soldiers left. He fought bravely, cut his way through Theodore's ranks, and managed to gain the mountains. Finally he was captured, and with his principal officers suffered a horrible death. The next morning Theodore was received by a deputation of the clergy at Axum, and he uttered probably the most vainglorious speech ever man has dared to utter. "I have made a compact with God," he said; "He has promised not to descend to the earth to smite me, and I have promised not to ascend to heaven to strive with Him." But he was evidently getting tired of this constant warring. Plots against his life were numerous. "God," said he, "who has drawn me out of the dust to supplant legitimate princes, has not performed this miracle without having a motive. I have a mission, but what is it? At first I believed it was given me to raise this people up by means of prosperity and peace; but in spite of all the good I have done for them, more rebels rise against me than ever rose in the time of the worst tyranny. It is evident I have deceived myself. This is a stiffnecked people, and it is needful to chastise them before they are called to enjoy the blessings which Providence has intended for them. I now see my true rôle: I shall be the Flail of the Wicked—the Judgment of God upon Abyssinia!" And as the beginning of the new programme for his reign he had engraved upon his gun-carriages and howitzers these words: "The Flail of the Wicked—Theodorus."

This course has been the means of most of his later disasters. But he has always kept at the head of his army, now reduced to a very small number, perpetrating excesses which we would prefer untold. As we see him, through Dr. Blanc, with his devoted followers, we involuntarily ask, Is this not a scene of the Middle Ages?

"The black and white tents of Theodore, pitched on a high conical hill, stood out in bold relief as the setting sun made the dark background darker still. A faint, distant hum, such as one hears on approaching a large city, came now and then to us, carried by the soft evening breeze, and the smoke that arose for miles around the dark hill, crowned by its silent tents, left us no doubt that we should before long find ourselves face to face with the African despot, and that we were even then almost in the midst of his countless host. As we approached, messenger after messenger came to meet us; we had to halt several times, march on again for a while, and then halt anew; at last the chief of the escort told us that it was time to dress. A small rowtie was accordingly pitched; we put on our uniforms, and, mounting again, had hardly proceeded a hundred yards, when, coming to a sudden turn

in the road, we saw displayed before us one of those Eastern scenes which brought back to our memory the days of Lobo and of Bruce. A conical wooded hill, opposite to the one honored by the imperial tents, was covered to the very summit by the gunners and spearmen of Theodorus, all in gala dress, clad in shirts of rich-colored silks, the black, brown, or red shama falling from their shoulders; the bright iron of the lances shining like so many stars as the midday sun poured its rays through the dark foliage of the cedars. In the valley between the hills, a large body of cavalry, about ten thousand strong, formed a double line, between which we advanced. On our right, dressed in gorgeous array, almost all bearing the silver shield and the bitwa, the horses adorned with richly-plated bridles, stood the whole of the officers of his Majesty's army and household, the governors of provinces and of districts, etc. All were mounted, some on really noble-looking animals, tribute from the plateaux of Gedjars and the highlands of the Shoa. On our left, the corps of cavalry was darker, but more compact, than its aristocratic *vis-à-vis*. We could well understand how thunder-stricken the poor scattered peasants must be when Theodore, at the head of the well-armed and well-mounted band of ruthless followers, suddenly appears among their peaceful homes, and, before his very presence is suspected, has come, destroyed, and gone."

Such is Theodore, bent upon the fulfillment of his mission as the "Flail of the Wicked." "One by one," adds Mr. Blanc, "he has lost all the jewels of his crown; and at the present, the great conqueror of Abyssinia, the really remarkable man, is nothing more than a robber chief, a wholesale murderer, without country, army, or friends. Of all the Abyssinian empire, some years ago crouching and trembling at his feet, he now only retains a few ambas; his very camp is pitched in the midst of his mortal foes. Mad with rage and despair, his cruelties know no bounds; his best friends, his staunchest supporters, his slavish followers, his enemies, all alike fall victims to his fury. He destroyed by fire the sacred churches, and cast into the flames aged priests and young maidens. He killed or loaded with fetters his friends, his faithful chiefs; he tortured to death his adopted father; caroused in blood; ruined whole provinces by fire and the sword. Still the cowardly slaves trembled and obeyed; but when at last he added to all these atrocities the murder in cold blood of six hundred and seventy of his own soldiers, the men from Wadela, a cry of horror re-echoed throughout the land, the cup filled to the brim overflowed, and, driven to despair, soldiers deserted *en masse*, and the peasants armed, preferring death on the battle-field to his sway, the quiet of the grave to constant fear and misery."

We have sketched Theodore as an aspirant to power, as emperor, at the head of his army, and in his tent. We have introduced him to our readers surrounded by all the pomp and magnificence of an Eastern potentate. We

shall now close our lengthy account of him by some descriptions of his personal appearance. M. Le Jean, the French consul, says: "In appearance he is of average stature, of imposing carriage, and of an open and sympathetic physiognomy. Regardless of matters of etiquette, he is negligent himself, but never in bad taste. A simple soldier's coat, a pair of trousers, and a belt, from which hang pistols and an English sword, and over which was a *chama* or embroidered toga, was his habitual costume. The furniture of his tent is simple, while his residences at Magdala and Debra Tabor are covered with silks and satins from France and India. He is proud, violent, and inclined to pleasure. He is sober, eats little, drinks more, but never up to any marked excitement. As to women, they have never had the least influence upon his public life."

Dr. Blanc, our latest, and, in most respects, best authority, says: "Theodore is about forty-eight years of age, darker than many of his countrymen; his black eyes are slightly depressed, the nose straight, the mouth large, the lips small; he is well knit, a splendid horseman, excels in the use of the spear, and on foot will tire his hardest followers. When in good-humor the expression of his countenance is pleasing, his smile attractive, his manners courteous, really kingly; but when in anger, his aspect is really frightful, his black face acquires an ashy hue, his eyes, bloodshot and fierce, seem to shed fire, his thin lips, compressed, have but a whitish margin round the mouth, his very hair seems to stand erect, and his whole deportment is that of savage and ungovernable fury."

We have been compelled in our sketch to omit some important details in Theodore's life connected with the present difficulty with England, which, however, are more connected with the political and religious history of the country than with Theodore himself. For that reason we have deemed it best to give

THE STORY OF THE CAPTIVES.

Rev. Dr. Gobat, the present Anglican bishop of Jerusalem, a Maltese clergyman, reported to England and Germany that it was their duty to evangelize the Abyssinian Jews; that it was a practicable task; but that they would not be allowed to preach to the native members of the Coptic or Christian Church. Missionaries were accordingly sent out at different times by the Society for the Propagation of Christianity Among the Jews, and by an evangelical mission at Basle, in Switzerland. Among the missionaries who took up their residence in Abyssinia was the Rev. H. A. Stern, who had been sent from the London Society in 1860. Theodore's reception of Mr. Stern, says M. Le Jean, was very cool, adding the remark, "I am very tired of your Bible." He, it appears, wrote something not very complimentary either to Theodore or his country; and he gave him permission to leave the country. But he had the imprudence to let the opportunity of escaping pass, and when the emperor saw him again in October, 1863, he said: "You have

offended me in not using the permission I gave you to return to Massowah; as you are a stranger I pardon you, but those of my subjects who ought to have enlightened you shall be severely punished." He then ordered the two servants to be bastinadoed. Mr. Stern was compelled to witness the cruelty, and involuntarily bit the first finger of his hand. This gesture, among the Abyssinians, denotes the menace of momentary impotent anger. This did not escape Theodore's notice, as well as that of his courtiers, who clamored for the punishment to be extended to Mr. Stern. The Negus, although alleging that Mr. Stern attached no importance to the gesture, acceded to their wishes, and the missionary was cruelly extended on the floor, and received the bastinado so severely that, though he escaped the death to which one of his servants had fallen, it kept him in bed for some time after.

A search was then made in the houses of the missionaries, which brought to light a number of letters in German and English relative to the biography of the emperor, and the latest events which had transpired in Abyssinia. Theodore had these translated, and the nature of their contents threw him into a violent passion. He immediately issued orders to arrest three of the most culpable offenders, but the soldiers, not able to distinguish, put in irons all connected with the two missions, among them being two young ladies, Miss Flad and Miss Rosenthal. These were subsequently released. Theodore then summoned all the European residents in Abyssinia to a sort of high-court at the capital, Gondar, when Messrs. Flad and Rosenthal, at whose houses the irritating documents had been found, were brought in. Theodore asked what sentence a European court would inflict upon those who spoke against their sovereign. The president of the commission said, "Death." The result was, however, that the two were sentenced to confinement in irons. "The most violent wound which the condemned papers inflicted on Theodore II.," adds Le Jean, "was not the description of the useless barbarities committed during the two previous years, but the fact—although spoken of publicly, as is known to all Abyssinia—that he was the offspring of a slave who at one time was a vender of a medicinal root called *kousso*."

Soon after, Mr. Cameron, the English consul, was put in irons. The most reasonable explanation of this conduct is, that Mr. Cameron, on leaving Abyssinia in November, 1862, took with him the agent that the Negus forced upon him, and who was undoubtedly a spy, but dismissed him directly he crossed the frontier, and this had touched Theodore's pride. Besides this, Mr. Cameron had been making a long tour in the neighboring districts of Sennar and Gallabat, to promote the commercial and political interests of Great Britain. Theodore could not understand Cameron's object; he imagined that it was to consort with his mortal enemies the Egyptians, who had received the consul with every mark of sym-

pathy. Besides this, he was offended at not receiving an answer to a letter he had sent to Queen Victoria. The servants and employees of Mr. Cameron were also imprisoned and put in irons. The only Europeans who are at liberty are the workmen in Theodore's foundry or arsenal at Gaffat.

The last addition to the band of prisoners is the mission, consisting of Mr. Rassam, Dr. Blanc, and Lieutenant Prideaux, which was charged with the conveyance of the Queen's letter to Theodore.

The condition of these captives is a critical one, for, writes Dr. Blanc, "we know not in the morning what the evening may bring. The emperor daily riots in blood and murder; he lives but for one object—revenge."

It is hoped the English expedition under General Napier will speedily accomplish their rescue, although the difficulties attending an invasion of Theodore's dominions, on account of the mountainous and wild character of the country, are very great.

On Ethnology.

True Christianity will gain by every step which is made in the knowledge of man.—*Spurzheim*.

ABYSSINIA AND ITS PEOPLE.

THE mad acts of Theodore has aroused public curiosity in regard to the people whom he represents. Abyssinian history is interesting, but at the same time confused, and in great part traditional and mythological. Indeed, everything connected with Abyssinia, and especially the origin of its various races, is involved in deep mystery. The influx of European scientific men along with the English expedition will, we hope, give us more light on these subjects. All that we can do at present is to present the facts. Philosophy must follow. We expect much from the distinguished German traveler and ethnologist, Dr. Rolfs, who is now in that country, having been sent out under the auspices of the Prussian government.

The Abyssinian people themselves claim that they descended from the Hebrew race; and their manners and customs, more especially in their religious doctrines and forms (though now nearly lost), would seem to favor this view. Its kings have always claimed their descent from the line of King Solomon. Their language, too, is not far removed from the Hebrew. "So striking is this resemblance," says Mr. Pritchard in his "Natural History of Man," between the modern Abyssinians and the Hebrews of old, that we can hardly look upon them but as branches of one family; and, if we had not convincing evidence to the contrary, and knew not for certain that the Abrahamidae originated in Chaldea, and to the northward and eastward of Chaldea, we might form a very probable hypothesis, which should bring them down as a band of wandering shepherds from the mountains of Habesh (Abyssinia), and identify them with the pastor

kings, who, according to Manetho, multiplied their bands in the land of the Pharaohs, and being, after some centuries, expelled thence by the will of the gods, sought refuge in Judea, and built the walls of Jerusalem.

The ethnological problem of their origin is very difficult to solve; indeed, almost impossible at the present stage of the development of facts concerning them. We find a Caucasian groundwork, and in some tribes a Caucasian superstructure, as in Theodore himself. Occasionally are found among them Caucasian features of the noblest type, set in material of the darkest hue. Again, we find traces of resemblance to the Bedouins of Arabia; and blendings with the Greek, the Portuguese, the Jew, the Gallas, and the negro.

Jackson questions whether they must not be considered as the true Ethnic root of the old Egyptian population, who descended from the uplands by the river-route till they reached northern Nubia, where, mingling with both correlated and alien tribes—that is, Semitic and Indo-European Caucasians—they, under the leadership of these more civilized immigrants, emerged into the Egyptians of Egypt.

The presence of the elements of the Jewish language and many of their religious customs prove that they must have once had a very intimate connection with the Jews.

GEOGRAPHICAL OUTLINES.

Before advancing to the people, we shall first give the land they live in. Abyssinia embraces an extent of territory situated between 9° and 16° north latitude, 36° east longitude, and the Red Sea, or rather the low land inhabited by the lawless tribes of Shoas, Danakils, and Adals. Its other boundaries are—to the west, the Sennar; to the south, the Galla country; to the north and east, the Soudan, Mensa, Bogos, etc.

The general aspect of the country has often been compared, especially by Germans, to Switzerland. There is a barrier of hills, which at a distance ranging from ten to seventy miles from the Red Sea, is a natural rocky barrier to invaders. These hills are raised, in three terraces, to a height of over ten thousand feet, and their summits lack only the eternal snow to crown them Alpine kings. Beyond lie the highlands of Abyssinia. These hills have been split into enormous clefts, and up these is the road which the English army will have to defile. The wild torrents that rush down these in the rainy season are appalling; and time has

deepened the abysses until they exclude the sun at midday. Sometimes these narrow passes become small valleys, and there the tired traveler wishes to rest from the burning sun; but woe to him if the torrent comes. Once a whole tribe of Arabs encamped in one of these valleys, but the torrent rushed down without a moment's warning, and they were all swept away.

These valleys in the hot season transport the observer by the luxuriance of their tropical vegetation. There range the elephant and the lion; the boa lurks in the tall reedy grass; while in the narrow defiles, the eagle finds a home amid the crags, and troops of dog-faced monkeys keep up a continual clamor. Such is the Badoda Pass. At length the highlands are reached. The tropical heat is now a temperate sun; and travelers describe it as a country flowing with "milk and honey." Three harvests a year spring from the soil, and its inhabitants should, in proportion, be prosperous and happy. Abyssinia is, indeed, allowed to

be the most beautiful land of Africa, and its climate the finest that can be wished.

THE PEOPLE.

On the low lands near the Red Sea are the tribes of the Shoas and numerous Bedouins. These latter have no record of their advent on the African coast, or the causes that induced them to leave the lands of their ancestors. They have long, black, silky hair, small extremities, a straight nose, small lips and dark, bronzed complexions. These roam about on the banks of the Barka and its tributaries, seeking pasture and water for their numerous flocks. Passing up on to the highlands we find the Tigreans, who, in general appearance, may be described with the Amharas, who dwell still farther inland. Theodore is a good representative of the latter tribe. These are generally classed as Abyssinians. Mr. Crawford thinks that they are a cognate race with the Gallas, although their language differs. He describes them as follows:

"The Abyssinians are a black people, of various shades of darkness; they have prominent features; but the flat nose, thick lips, and woolly hair of the negro are all absent. In complexion, person, and appearance they have been thought to resemble dark Arabs."

The entire Abyssinian population is estimated at between three and four millions, and is divided into two classes, the tillers of the land and their parasites.

Although the ground produces three harvests a year, the poor laborers are clad in rags, and are constantly plundered. Soldiers are the curse of the land. Beggars are numerous; and thousands have no homes. "Curious to say," says Dr. Blanc, "the peasant is despised; his very name is applied as an insulting epithet. The priest is not much respected; the soldier stands higher in the social scale; but the ragged, itchy, leprous beggar is exalted above all. Beggary is the only honorable profession in Abyssinia." The merchants, as a rule, are rich, and held in pretty good repute. Their profits are enormous, but their risks are great.

The Abyssinian dress consists principally of a large piece of cloth, which is alike the garb of the menial, the peasant, and the noble; the only difference is in the quality. The priests alone wear turbans; they and the lower orders shave their heads once a month. The soldiers' hair is allowed to grow long, is besmeared with butter, and powdered with a green leaf having a fragrant smell. All wear trowsers of



ABYSSINIAN WARRIORS.

white cotton. Great men alone are allowed to wear a shirt. This is an article conferred only by the sovereign. A "shirtman" is held in high esteem. The spear, the sword, and the shield are the soldier's arms.

The women's dress consists of a long shirt, reaching down to their feet, made of common cloth, and tied round the waist by a small band of the same material. Those of higher rank have embroidered calico shirts; some are said to be very handsomely worked. When traveling, they wear *libaleas*, or trowsers, and a *shama* thrown over the head, as well as covering the body, leaving only a small aperture for their black eyes to peep through. Silver rings—ten on the small finger, four on the index, and four on the third finger—are seen on almost every female's hand. Young girls shave the crown of the head; married women and those past sixteen years of age allow all the hair to grow, and wear it braided in small or large plaits, gathered in front and allowed to fall on the neck and shoulders. Butter in abundance adorns this coiffure—the greater the amount the more it indicates wealth and rank.

The Gallas, who are now the conquering race of Abyssinia, appear to be of finer organization than the other tribes inhabiting the plateau. They have taken advantage of Theodore's decline, and have reduced already to their sway forty-two kingdoms. They are a curious, mystical people, and originally are supposed to have come from the region of the equator, on the shores of the great Nile lakes, about the year 1537. They are much fairer than the Abyssinians; their hair is longer and more silky, while their features are more delicate. They have a somewhat noble appearance; are grave, thoughtful, and eloquent; generally handsome, with the pride of a nation of warriors, but still amenable to reason. Their women are not concealed, and mix freely in society. They are often beautiful, almost always graceful, liberal of their smiles and favors to the braves, and scorning a coward. Farther south, the women are said to be more chaste. Each Galla takes as many wives as he can support. Their features, when unmixed with other races, are Caucasian.

LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

Where only the priests and physicians can, as a rule, read and write, there can be, necessarily, but little literature. The extent of the knowledge of these classes of society is exceedingly small; to recite the Psalms of David is about the most they ever attempt. The Abyssinian script is very complicated; the consonants undergoing changes when attached to different vowels, so that the complete alphabet, though composed of only thirty-three consonants, consists of about two hundred lapidary characters. The priests have made some little use of it. It has enabled them to preserve an ancient language called the Geed, which is to the Abyssinians what the Sanscrit is to the Hindus, Pali to the Buddhists, Send to the Geres, and what the Slavic once was to the Javanese. The only remarkable work in it is

a translation of the Bible, which is to the Abyssinians what the Veda is to the Hindus, but being, like it, withheld from the laity, with the exception of the Psalms. They have some other works, generally borrowed from the Greek fathers; and have native historians, or, rather, chroniclers. The old Ethiopian language, which is now only the language of the ecclesiastics and scholars, resembles the Arabic somewhat, but still more the Hebrew. The present Amharic language is, like the race itself, impure and mixed. The greater number of words can be traced to Fez, Arabic, or Hebrew. The current tongues of Amhara and Tigré are also much mixed with Arabic words, which is easily explained by the narrowness of the sea that divides Arabia from Abyssinia, and the enterprising character of the Arabs of Yemen, under the name of Sabeans. As to education, there are no schools except the monasteries.

PRESENT RELIGIOUS CONDITION.

"The parasites of Abyssinia," says Dr. Blanc, "include the priests, the soldiers, and the beggars. The thousands of priests, who live on the fat of the land, are a heavy burden to the peasants. Churches arise on all sides, and to each of them a large number of priests is attached. When Gondar was the capital of the Abyssinian empire, it boasted of no less than forty-four churches, and each of them had to support three hundred and seventeen priests or deacons—not bad for a population of from twenty to twenty-five thousand. There may be some exceptions, but as a rule the Abyssinian priest is ignorant and bigoted. Many can not read, few can write. They learn by heart a certain number of Ethiopic prayers; these are chanted, accompanied by dances, for the edification of an ignorant and superstitious people. The Virgin Mary, some saints, or certain renowned anchorites are held in much higher esteem than God himself. The several ceremonies of the Church are a curious mixture of Christianity, Judaism, and ignorance. Christianity is here but a name—an empty epithet, by which the poor are duped and impostors thrive."

The revenues of the Church are in the hands of the princes; the influence of monasticism has checked all efforts at reform. The turbulent, ignorant, fanatical monks place themselves at the bottom of all political and state affairs, and have been a great hindrance to Theodore's success. Priests play a great part in sickness; in every desperate case they are called in to read and sing psalms, and to write charms, that are affixed to the patient, his bed, the doorposts of the house, and even to his favorite horse and mule! They also act as accoucheurs in this manner. Much of the church property has lain waste for centuries because of the laziness of the clergy. The corruption of the priests has poisoned the whole land. They spend two-thirds of the year as fast days; but the remainder are generally feast days and holydays; and it is said they are often not in a state to officiate on fast

days. King Theodore has always been a scourge to these drones.

The churches are sometimes very picturesque, being always built in a commanding position, and surrounded by cedar trees. They are all built on the same pattern—a large, circular stone building, composed of three concentric circles. The smaller central room is screened from the eyes of the people, and the priests alone can enter it. It is intended to represent the Holy of Holies. It contains the tabot, or ark, a small wooden box, the receptacle of the sacred volumes. The sanctuary where the priests officiate is formed by the second circle. This is in reality the church, as the nave where the congregation assemble is but a veranda. The interior of the church, and sometimes also the veranda, are adorned with rude paintings of favorite saints, the Virgin Mary, God, the devil, and the former emperors. The chief of the Abyssinian Church is called the Abouna (Our Father); he is a Coptic bishop, is chosen by the Coptic patriarchs in Cairo, and resides at Jerusalem.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS—SOCIAL RELATIONS, ETC.

The Abyssinians can not be said to have an institution of marriage. Theodore was probably the most chaste person in all Abyssinia; and he set the example to his people in having but one wife. Polygamy exists to a fearful extent. All who can afford to do so keep several wives and concubines. Few avail themselves of the bonds of religious marriage; they prefer the more simple ceremony of marrying by the "King's death" (the usual form of oath in the country), which is as easily contracted as dissolved. The women are kept in a very degraded position; they are not allowed to sit or eat in the presence of the men, they cook the food, spin the cotton, clean the stables, and carry water and wood. Men, on the other hand, wash the clothes, go to the market, are dressmakers, embroiderers, and tailors.* As to social affection, it is almost out of the question altogether.

Marriages are consummated at a very early age. The Abyssinian youth begins to think about matrimony when he is twelve years of age, and the girl is often but nine or ten. After the terms have been agreed on, and the bargain sealed in oxen, on that day the bride is carefully washed by her female relatives—this probably being the first time for a year that she has undergone that process; her hair is plentifully besmeared with butter in the latest fashion, and a feast is prepared at the houses of both the bride and the bridegroom. During the festivities, the bride is brought in on the back of a male relative, dumped on the floor; and dances and other amusements consume the night. At daybreak, the bridegroom, who has been feasting at his own house, makes his appearance with a strong body of friends, well armed; fire a volley with their matchlocks; while he enters and claims his wife. A simple religious ceremony sometimes then

* Dr. Blanc.

takes place; kisses are exchanged, and the groom, seizing his wife, carries her out, and transfers her to the charge of a groomsman, while he himself sees to the settlement of the dowry. It is considered indispensable to the completion of this ceremony that two or three of the groomsman should occupy the same chamber as the couple for a few days. But, generally, everything in the above shape is dispensed with altogether. Burials are said to be about as revolting, for the dying are often buried before life is extinct, on the least sign of torpor. Then, sometimes, their voices are heard from the new-made graves; these are supposed to be the evil spirits claiming their prey. Boys, at birth, have the point of a spear placed in their mouths by a warrior, who stands outside the tent; and this is supposed to inspire courage.

Their social character, indeed, is dreadfully low. "Immoral, sensual, and ignorant," says Dr. Blanc, "it is impossible for Abyssinians to hold any social intercourse. Their festivals are but low and coarse orgies; they have no literature; no means of recreation; their power of conversation is most limited. It generally begins about God, and ends with lascivious talk or begging. Jealousy compels them to treat as prisoners their temporary wives; and though superstitious and bigoted, they fear more the despot than the Creator. 'There is a God in heaven, it is true,' they say, 'but there is also a Theodorus on earth; the first is far, the second near.' In short, what can be said of a people with whom prostitution is no shame; robbery, treachery, and murder are a glory; and who consider it the greatest shame to wash except once a year, on St. John's day? Better, far better, a savage race than a semi-civilized one." Let us conclude with Dr. Blanc's summary.

"I should like to find in the people among whom I have been detained so long a prisoner some good point, some redeeming virtue; to be able to extol their religious and moral life, their courage, their veracity, and not to be exposed to the charge that my judgment is prejudiced, and that my sufferings guide my pen. Alas! much as I regret it, in all honesty I must declare that, as far as I am aware, the Abyssinians have not a single good quality. They are cowards and treacherous, can not speak the truth, delight in robbery, and boast of most cruel and dastardly murders. Naturally drunkards and gluttons, they are only abstemious by necessity; of such coarse morality that the most debauched would blush at the sight of their corrupt manners; their pleasure is to bully the poor and helpless, while they humbly cringe before the rich and powerful."

Since the above was written, the news has been received of the unexpected collapse of the Anglo-Abyssinian war by a single battle at Magdala, where King Theodore and his army were completely routed. Theodore himself was found dead on the field, having, as reported, committed suicide rather than fall into the hands of the victors. The captives were found alive, and well.

CRAWFORD ON THE ORIGIN OF THE SPECIES BY NATURAL SELECTION.—The Darwinian theory of a profitable variation in every species of plants and animals, was the object of a refutation, delivered before the London Ethnological Society by the president, J. Crawford, Esq. The lecturer proceeded to show that in authenticated history, however remote, there is no trace of any variation in species; but that the mummies of the ibis and kestrel hawk, and drawings of the ox, ass, dog, and goose, which existed in ancient Egypt, declare them to be identical with the same species at the present day. The arguments of the Darwinian school are chiefly derived from the variations to be met with in animals and plants; and these seldom occur in a wild state, but only after subjection to the control of man. The disposition to variation, however, is not found in all species, the ass and the camel being notable instances. Whenever it does take place under man's influence, it results in a weakening in the animal of those qualities which render it most fit to maintain the "struggle for life." After a return to the wild state, the bird or animal loses the qualities it had acquired in domesticity, and again merges into the common stock. This, if the theory of progressive and profitable development were correct, it should not do, but should impart its own properties to its fellows. The same thing was seen in plants—the rose and pine-apple for instance—which by cultivation gained qualities agreeable to man, but lost the power of spontaneous reproduction.

On Physiolog.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—Gibbins.

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—Hosea iv. 6.

DYING AT THE TOP.

"I SHALL die first a-top," was the mournful exclamation of Dean Swift, as he gazed on a noble oak whose upper branches had been struck by lightning. "I shall be like that tree—I shall die first a-top." Afflicted for years with giddiness and pain in the head, he looked forward with prophetic dread to insanity as the probable termination of his existence, and after nine years of mental and bodily suffering, the great satirist, the mighty polemic, the wit, and the poet died, as he had feared and half predicted, "in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole."

"Dying at the top" is the disease to which a fearful number of Americans are to-day exposed. In the high-wrought state of civilization to which we have attained, hardly any complaint is so common as that of a brain overworked. The complaint is not uttered by literary men and scholars only, but is echoed by all who are striving for fame or fortune against eager and formidable competitors. The lawyer, the clergyman, the merchant, the speculator—all are suffering from overwork,

from that strain of special faculties in the direction toward special objects out of which comes nervous exhaustion, with the maladies consequent on over-stimulus and prolonged fatigue. It is in our great cities that this evil has reached the most fearful pass. A person living a quiet, leisurely life in the country can have no adequate conception of the severe and exhausting labors to which hundreds subject themselves in a second-rate city in his neighborhood, especially in the higher walks of professional life; nor can the inhabitant of such a city, groan as he may under his toils, conceive of the more burdensome duties of the corresponding classes in a great commercial center. The brain of a leading lawyer, merchant, or business man is forever on the stretch. By day and by night he can think of nothing, and dream of nothing, but the iron realities of life. Anxious, perplexing thought sits on his brow as he rubs his eyes at day-break; hurrying to the breakfast table, he swallows his steak and his coffee in a twinkling, jumps up from his chair almost immediately, and, without having spoken a pleasant word, hastens away to the high-courts of Mammon, to engage in the sharp struggle for pelf. There he spends hour after hour in calculating how to change his hundreds to thousands; dinner and supper—which he bolts, never eats—come and go almost without observation; even nightfall finds him still employed, with body and mind jaded, and eyes smarting with sleeplessness; till at length, far in the night, the toil-worn laborer seeks his couch, only to think of the struggles and anxieties of the day, or to dream of those of tomorrow. Thus things go on day after day, till the poor bond-slave of Mammon finds his constitution shattered. The doctor is summoned, and sends him to Europe; he travels listlessly—he can not leave thought behind him; the disease creeps on apace; the undertaker soon takes his dimensions in his mind's eye; paralysis seizes him; he lives a few years organically alive to enjoy the fruits of his labors; and then descends to his everlasting rest, with the glorious satisfaction, perhaps, of having gained, for his joyless days and sleepless nights, a larger "pile" than any other man on 'Change.

Who will say that such a life has been spent as God designed? Can there be a more pitiful failure than when the means of happiness thus swallow up the end? Were suffering to follow instantly upon the heels of transgression—were the account to be settled with nature daily, few persons would violate her laws. Unfortunately for such fanatical devotees of business, she runs up long accounts with her children, and, like a chancery lawyer, seldom brings in "that little bill" till the whole subject of litigation has been eaten up. The poor devotee of Mammon, who thought to outwit her, finds at last that she is a most accurate bookkeeper—that, neglecting nothing, she has set down everything to his credit, and debited him with everything—that not the eighth part of a cent

has escaped her notice; and though the items are small, yet, added up, they show a frightful balance against him, and he finds himself at forty or fifty physically bankrupt, a broken-down, prematurely old man.

This madness—this *self-killing*, for self-killing it is, as truly as if he were to cut a vein, and drain away his own life-blood, drop by drop—is less astonishing in the case of the merchant than in that of the professional man, and the scholar who makes the acquisition of knowledge the principal end of life. The latter are, or ought to be, thoroughly acquainted with the laws of physiology; and yet the facts show that they are either ignorant of its most elementary principles or lack the self-command to act upon them. Not long since an English journal related of a leading barrister, that he acquired an income of fifteen thousand pounds, but was every night so completely exhausted by his labors that, for several hours after their cessation, he could not be addressed or approached without experiencing the acutest nervous distress. How many lawyers in our own large cities break down just as they have acquired a full mastery of the intricate science of jurisprudence, and when their faculties of mind and body should be in the highest vigor! How many clergymen are physically insolvent—mere wrecks of their former selves—at forty! And the scholar—who that is familiar with literary biography does not know that half of the languages of Europe may be mastered, while the prodigy that has stuffed himself with so much learning knows not, or seems not to know, that by perpetual study, without outdoor exercise, he is committing a slow suicide? When Leyden, a Scotch enthusiast of this stamp, was warned by his physician of the consequences, if he continued, while ill with a fever and liver complaint, to study ten hours a day, he coolly replied, "Whether I am to live or die, *the wheel must go round to the last*." * * * I may perish in the attempt; but if I die without surpassing Sir William Jones a hundred-fold in Oriental learning, let never a tear for me profane the eye of a borderer." No wonder that he sank into his grave in his thirty-sixth year, the victim of self-murder. Alexander Nicolly, a professor of Hebrew at Oxford, who, it was said, could walk to the wall of China without an interpreter, died a few years ago at the same age, chiefly from the effects of intense study; and Dr. Alexander Murray, a similar prodigy, died at thirty-eight of the same cause. Sir Humphrey Davy, in the height of his fame, nearly killed himself by the excessive eagerness with which he prosecuted his inquiries into the alkaline metals—pursuing his labors in the night till three or four o'clock, and even then often rising before the servants of the laboratory. Excessive application threw Boerhaave into a delirium for six weeks; it gave a shock to the powerful frame of Newton; it cut short the days of Sir Walter Scott; and it laid in the grave the celebrated Weber, whose mournful exclamation amid his multiplied engagements is familiar to many an

admirer of his weird-like music: "Would that I were a tailor, for then I should have a Sunday's holiday."

It is related of Sir Philip Sidney, that, when at Frankfort, he was advised by the celebrated printer Languet not to neglect his health during his studies, "lest he should resemble a traveler who, during a long journey, attends to himself, but not to his horse." When will professional men, business men, and scholars act upon this homely but sensible advice? What can be more crazy than the conduct of a traveler who, having a journey of five hundred miles to perform, which he can rightly perform only at the rate of fifty miles a day, lashes his horse into a speed of a hundred, at the risk of breaking him down in mid-journey? We are aware of the excuses given for this insanity. We know very well that the poor bond-slave of business pretends that he *must* overdraw his bank account with nature—though every draft will have ultimately to be repaid with compound interest—in order to maintain his position in society or on 'Change, and that the intellectual slave, besides this reason, will plead the deep enjoyment he finds in unceasing work or study. But it is simply absurd for any man to state that he is *compelled* to maintain a particular status in society—that he *must* move in this or that circle—that he *must* challenge this or that degree of respect from those around him. The argument is just that by which the Swartwouts, the Schuylers, and the whole race of swindlers, embezzlers, and defaulters have defended and excused their crimes. There is nothing but a wretched vanity underlying all these pretenses; and he who, to gratify so low a passion, deliberately overtasks his bodily and mental energies year after, from January to December, need not be astonished if, like Swift, he suddenly finds himself himself "dying a-top," or if the verdict of the public—the coroner's jury at large—should be, after the release of his weary spirit from the more weary body—*died by his own hand*.

[The writer of the above, in the *Chicago Tribune*, covers the ground in a very general manner. He quite overlooks some of the more important causes of "dying at the top," namely, the immoderate use of stimulants and improper food. But he is not discussing the subject from a physiological point of view, and he has not, therefore, given that close analysis which the subject is entitled to receive. Had he expatiated on the effects of alcoholic stimulants; on the use of tobacco in its various forms; on the irregular hours at which meals are taken; the indifferent quality of food eaten, and its hasty and imperfect preparation; badly ventilated sleeping rooms; the almost total neglect of bathing; and last, but not least, the deplorable indifference to a religious life, so prevalent in refined society, he would have greatly added to the practical value of his truly excellent article.

He says nothing of the hot-house method in which children are now educated in the schools—the mere brain development, and the almost

total neglect of bodily training. From the child of ten up to the students in our colleges, little or no attention is given to the most essential part of one's growth and culture; all is concentrated on intellect, and we have the ill-formed, cadaverous weaklings, such as we see turned out for scholars—dyspeptic stomachs, contracted lungs, feeble voices, and feeble minds. What but alcoholic stimulants, tobacco, and the like, could get a response from such poor mental machinery? And how long can it last, under the spur? Sensible parents and sensible teachers will, it is hoped, do what they can to correct this sad state of things, and put the child in the way to become a man, and the man in the way to live a life of health, usefulness, and godliness.]

TEMPERANCE vs. INTemperance.

DURING the great rebellion the floodgates of intemperance were everywhere opened, and thousands who never before drank alcoholic liquors were induced by physicians and others to take just a little, when exposed to either heat or cold, night or day, wet or dry. Many young men thus contracted the habit of drinking. It is believed that the actual drunkenness of officers lost us thousands of men. The Confederates confess that it was this which caused the most serious disasters to certain of their generals who by drink were disqualified for doing their duty. The demoralization thus caused is perpetuated. When the appetite becomes thoroughly perverted, it is "up-hill work" to bring it again into a normal or healthy state. Just now a great national election is absorbing the minds of many, and the excitement runs high. Not a few weak men will be so carried away as to forget themselves, and be led into the temptation of drinking. Hence the necessity of extra vigilance on the part of temperance men at this time. Men, women, and children will form themselves into societies, Bands of Hope, Sons of Temperance, and Good Templars throughout the country. And while the demon of temptation will appear on every hand, these good angels will also be present, to warn and to guard. With a view to instruct, re-impress, and fortify those who are willing to be saved themselves, and to help save others, we have published a list of twenty or more of the best works yet issued on the subject, including speeches, essays, lectures, sermons, addresses, and orations. Copies of these works in every family would tend to save many of the rising generation from becoming drunkards. This catalogue will be sent free to any address, from this office, on receipt of stamp with which to prepay postage. Circulate the documents.

HIGH-HEELED SHOES, CROOKED LEGS, AND SORE TOES.—It would seem that one absurd fashion must quickly follow another the world over. One of the latest—it has been creeping on for a year or two—is high-heeled and short-toed boots and shoes. The evil resulting from

short-toed shoes is this: it causes the toe-nails to grow down into the flesh, often rendering surgical operations necessary. Read what the *Pacific Medical Journal* says of high heels: "When the heel is raised an inch above the sole of the foot, the bones of the leg, thigh, and pelvis, to say nothing of those of the foot itself, are thrown out of their normal relations to each other in standing and walking. Deformity in some degree is an inevitable result. With children the result is sooner effected, and more strongly marked. But if fashion pronounce for high heels, the question is settled. Did not doctors write libraries thirty years ago against tight lacing? And what effect had their denunciations so long as fashion prescribed lacing, and called for wasp-like waists? Quite probably the present prevalence of uterine disorders is partly the effect of this vicious practice in the present and the past generations. So fashion discards the bonnet, and women who have been accustomed to warm hoods, go forth into the wintry wind bareheaded, with the exception of a small patch of covering over the forehead, thus courting neuralgia. There is a blessing, however, in the very fickleness of fashion, and a new costume will soon be dictated. So there is hope that before a generation of girls with crooked shins shall be produced, the high heels will be banished; much more hope from this source than from respectful attention to reason and the laws of hygiene."

[Better wear the moccasins of our native squaws, who can walk miles without tiring, than the short-toed, high-heeled cripplers that *spoil* our feet. We are getting so near to China now that we shall probably ere long adopt the fashions of that Flowery Kingdom.]

THOMAS D. MCGEE.

LATE MEMBER OF CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

A VERY large brain and a very active temperament, with an excitable, impetuous nature, were prominent characteristics in this man. That he had by inheritance great *natural* capabilities could not be doubted. Add to this, high culture and great ambition, an insatiable love for fame, and we have the character he was. How much real moral principle, as compared with his brilliant intellect, he possessed, is known to those who came in contact with him. His head indicates the self-seeking, self-inspired politician. He would do all things for *his* sake, nothing for *your* sake, save to make you serve as a round in the ladder on which *he* might climb up. After attaining his ends, reaching the goal of his ambition, he would relapse into a state of repose, and enjoy the fruits of his exertions. That he would be animated by high philanthropy, that he would subordinate self to principle, we do not affirm, as we do not observe any marked indication.



PORTRAIT OF THOMAS D. MCGEE.

His social nature made him friendly and glib, and smoothed his path to success. He had energy and enterprise, and was well calculated to impress others favorably through the vigor of his mind and the impulsive and magnetic energy of his character.

As a speaker, he was earnest and free, and knew how to warm up the sympathy and affection of his auditors. His imagination was strong, and his language being copious, he possessed more than common ability as a speaker and writer.

The substance of the following biographical sketch is taken mainly from the *Montreal Gazette*.

Mr. McGee was born on the 13th April, 1825, at Carlingford, in the county of Louth, Ireland, and was the second son of the late Mr. James McGee, of Wexford. His parents were in humble circumstances, and unable to give their son all those advantages of education and position which his genius would have turned to such wonderful profit. Yet he received some education, the elements of a liberal education, at Wexford, and inherited from his mother the gift of a poetic, sensitive nature, and a love for books, particularly for poetry and belles lettres.

At the age of 17, an ambitious boy, fretting at the obstacles which bar the advancement of the young and poor man in all old and settled communities, he repaired to the New World to seek his fortune. Three years were passed in Boston. The lad, clinging to literature and readily mingling politics with it, procured employment on the Boston press, and even thus early commenced to deliver lectures! Among

those who noticed him there, and, perceiving his talents, strove at once to help and to advise him, was Mr. Grant, then British consul at Boston. Ere he had been three years at work, his writings began to be talked of, and attracted attention not only among Irishmen in America, but on the other side of the Atlantic. They were brought under O'Connell's attention, and procured for Mr. McGee, then but 20, an offer of an engagement on the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, which he accepted.

From 1842 or '43 until 1858 he chiefly depended for his daily bread upon his work for the newspaper and periodical press, eked out for many years, or down to his acceptance of office in 1862, by lecturing.

After several years of severe literary labor in Ireland, where he drew upon himself general consideration by his bold advocacy of Irish liberty, and where he suffered with the keenest sorrow and humiliation the failure of the rising of 1848, he returned to America, and made New York his residence. Here he edited successively the *Nation* and the *American Celt*. Subsequently he removed to Buffalo, N. Y., and finally fixed his abode in Canada, where the Irish residents at first generally regarded

him with feelings of the warmest consideration. His political opinions had by this time been much modified; he had become somewhat conservative, and exhibited a marked interest in the growth and prosperity of Canada. He entered Parliament, and soon won the admiration and respect of his fellow-representatives by his eloquence and ability. He labored to inspire a feeling of independent nationality in the Irish population of Canada. He desired to make their interests Canadian, like his own had become. The steadfast, unyielding pursuit of that policy cost him his life, for no other cause can be alleged for his assassination. He denounced Orangeism, Ribandism, and Fenianism, and warmly advocated the introduction of the federal principle into the government of Canada. The cause of immigration also had in him an earnest and unfailing advocate. In 1863 and 1864 Mr. McGee held important positions in the Canadian ministry, and displayed much administrative ability.

During the Fenian raids and arrests Mr. McGee was among the foremost in denouncing them. At that time he was threatened several times with personal violence if he did not desist from his active opposition to Fenianism, but he was in no wise intimidated. Feeling himself a representative man of a suspected class he took a decided course, and maintained it boldly. He also denounced the machinations of agents from the late Southern Confederacy whenever circumstances led to an avowal of his sentiments respecting the American civil war.

He was murdered at Ottawa by some person

unknown, shortly after leaving the Parliament house, where the debate had been protracted to a late hour of the night, and just as he had opened the front-door of the house where he lodged. A single pistol-shot terminated the life of a highly respected and talented man. The citizens of Montreal, his home, testified their concern at his death by closing their places of business on the day of his funeral, April 13th last.

Several rewards have been offered by the Dominion Government and chief cities of Canada for the apprehension of the assassin, which amount in the aggregate to nearly \$20,000.

His life had been somewhat stained, as his health had been much impaired, by an unfortunate tendency to intemperance, but his brilliant intellectual endowments, notwithstanding the marring influence of dissipated habits, challenged admiration whenever displayed in the halls of legislation or on the public platform.

A correspondent who has taken the trouble to send us some particulars relating to the autopsy of Mr. McGee, states that his brain was of unusually large dimensions, weighing 59 ounces, and that the skull was very thin, almost transparent. Thinness of the skull is a general indication of active mentality. The brains of Cuvier and Dupuytren are among the heaviest on record, Cuvier's weighing 59½ ounces and Dupuytren's 58. That of the great Irish O'Connell weighed 54 ounces. The medium weight of the human brain is about 45 ounces. Hence is seen the unusual size of Mr. McGee's.

LEARN TO SWIM.



Who would not know how to swim? What man or woman is there who, having once experienced the exhilaration of a roll in the sandy beach when the waves were sweeping in, can say that it is not a most delightful exercise to plunge in the foaming water! How free and joyous the sport of the good swimmer in the liquid depths of old ocean! How natural and how healthful the swimmer's movements! In some parts of the world there are tribes of which the men, women, and children all swim; they take to the water as freely and naturally as ducks; they are almost amphibious. The islands of the Pacific, especially those in equatorial latitudes, are peopled with races and tribes who seem to pass half of their lives in water.

We believe in the hygienic properties of water. Internal and external applications are conducive to cleanliness and health. We believe in bathing and swimming, and have a strong compassion for those who do not or will not bathe and swim. The warm and genial days of summer will soon be upon us, when those who appreciate the water-side will hasten thither and eagerly resume their acquaintance with the sea and sandy bank. For those who would participate in the sports of the bather, and yet are restrained from carrying their inclinations into action because they do not know how to "strike out" hand and foot, and propel themselves through the gushing element, we have a little work entitled "The Swimmer's Guide," which furnishes all the necessary instructions to those who would sport like frogs in the latter's home.

This little book has much to say on the science of swimming, as taught and practiced in civilized and savage nations, and gives numerous examples, incidents,

and illustrations of a most entertaining and instructive character. It contains those most sensible "Hints to Swimmers," by Dr. Benjamin Franklin, and remarks on the causes of drowning; how to save persons from drowning; resuscitating the drowned; and all that is necessary for a person to know, preparatory to leaping into river, lake, or sea. It is an excellent swimmer's *vade mecum*, and will repay any one more than its cost by the perusal. Price 25 cents. Published at this office.

PERSONAL.

DEATH OF DR. ELLIOTSON.—From late English papers we have tidings of the death of Dr. John Elliotson, confessedly one of the most distinguished scientists of the age. He introduced the stethoscope into England, discovered the curative properties of quinine and prussic acid, and founded the North London Hospital. He was educated at Edinburgh, and took his medical degree at Cambridge. He first became known to the profession at large by his "Lumleyan" lectures on diseases of the heart, before the College of Physicians in 1820, and was soon afterward appointed professor of the Practice of Medicine in the University of London. His greatest work was his "Translation of Blumenbach's Physiology," the original notes in which are almost encyclopedic.

Dr. Elliotson was a confirmed convert to the doctrines of Mesmer, and even resigned his professorship rather than forego his convictions in this matter. He was one of the oldest Fellows of the Royal Society, and also of the Royal College of Physicians; and had been president of the Phrenological Society (of which he was the founder), and of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London. Possessed of a large fortune and a large professional income, it is not too much to say that he sacrificed the former to his benevolence and the latter to his innate love of truth. He lived and died unmarried. In 1835 he published an elaborate treatise on Human Physiology, of which he devotes a considerable portion to the discussion of phrenological doctrines. He was an earnest disciple of Gall, and exerted a strong influence among medical men favorable for Phrenology.

DEATH OF MRS. GEORGE COMBE.—On Tuesday, March 3d, 1868, the grave closed over the remains of this estimable lady; a daughter of the great Mrs. Siddons, and widow of the author of the "Constitution of Man." Mrs. Combe has survived her husband nearly ten years, Mr. Combe having died in the autumn of 1853. They were married in 1833, and during the twenty-five years between these dates, Mrs. Combe was her husband's inseparable companion in all his journeys: spending three years with him in his tour through America, where he lectured in most of the principal towns, and collected materials for his important work on the United States. After Mr. Combe's death, his widow lived for the most part abroad, often suffering from ill health, and she died at Nice on the 19th of February. In accordance with her wish, her body was brought to Edinburgh and interred beside that of her husband. Mrs. Combe was the last survivor of her family, her brothers and sisters having predeceased her.

PARLOR READINGS.—We have had the pleasure of listening to some good recitations lately on the part of Mr. Augustus Waters at the Cooper Institute. Although quite youthful and without much stage experience, Mr. Waters is nevertheless an admirable elocutionist. In our opinion, the chief feature of his reading is

its naturalness—nay, its simplicity. He obeys no artificial rule, employs no mechanical effect. His temperament, being of the mento-sanguineous type, warmly responds to emotional influences, so that passages glowing with feeling and sentiment are fully appreciated and aptly uttered. He is delicate and subdued in his intonations—no rant. To express the harsh phases of human character is not so much his forte as the delicate and feeling. As a reader of Shakespeare, especially those selections which move the heart by their pathos, he is excellent—in fact, equal to any reader we have heard. His nervous restlessness at times somewhat impairs the effect of his intonation, but care as to *pose* may modify that.

THE LINCOLN MONUMENT was dedicated in Washington on Wednesday, April 15th, with appropriate ceremonies, President Johnson unveiling the statue.

MR. THOMAS NAST, the artist, is doing the illustrations for *Our Boys and Girls*, a pictorial magazine, published every week, by Messrs. Lee & Shepard, of Boston. Also for the new pictorial weekly published in Chicago. How could Messrs. Harper afford to dispense with his services?

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON read and revised the proofs of his "Life of Julius Cæsar" twenty-seven times—an unprecedented instance of careful authorship.

MR. GARRIT H. STRIKER, of New York, died lately in New York, at the advanced age of eighty-four. He was one of the few survivors of the old Knickerbockers, and resided at Striker's Basin, North River, below 57th Street.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ denies that he made any announcement with reference to the number of snow-storms during the past winter, as has been generally reported. He says in a letter: "I have never meddled with predictions of storms or changes of weather, well knowing that meteorology is not yet sufficiently advanced to justify such attempts."

MCCORMICK, the inventor of the well-known reaping machine, returned an income of \$202,306 for the year 1867. Pretty good reaping that for one year!

CAPTAIN RALPH FRITZ died recently in San Francisco, leaving a will in which is a bequest of \$20,000 to the United States, to be applied toward canceling the public debt. Patriotic!

DESIRABLE PREMIUMS.

We offer the following to all who may feel an interest in the circulation of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL:

For 350 new subscribers, at \$3 each, we will give a Steinway or Weber Rosewood Piano, worth \$650.

For 100 subscribers, at \$3 each, we will give a Horace Waters five Octave Parlor Organ, worth \$170.

For 60 subscribers, at \$3 each, a Horace Waters five Octave Melodeon, for church or parlor, worth \$100.

For 40 subscribers, at \$3 each, a Florence Sewing Machine, worth \$65.

For 30 subscribers, at \$3 each, a Weed Sewing Machine, new style, worth \$60.

For 25 subscribers, at \$3 each, a Wheeler & Wilson's Family Sewing Machine, worth \$55.

For 25 new subscribers, at \$3, we will give a Gentleman's Tool Chest, worth \$35; and for 18 new subscribers, at \$3, a Youth's Tool Chest, worth \$25. For 10 new subscribers, at \$3, a Boy's Tool Chest, worth \$15. See advertisement on cover.

For 15 subscribers, at \$3 each, the worth of \$16 in any of our own publications.

For 12 subscribers, at \$3 each, a handsome Rosewood Writing Case furnished with materials, worth \$12.

For 10 subscribers, at \$3 each, the Universal Clothes Winger, worth \$10.

For 7 subscribers, at \$3 each, a handsomely finished Stereoscope, a beautiful and useful article for home amusement, with 12 views, worth \$6.

Those persons desiring our own publications instead of the premiums offered, can select from our catalogue books amounting to the value of the premium for which they would have such books substituted. Subscriptions commence with January or July numbers.

"What They Say."

Here we give space for readers to express, briefly, their views on various topics not provided for in other departments. Statements and opinions—not discussions—will be in order. Be brief.

LEND YOUR BOOKS.—A book unused and idle upon our shelves is a loss. How many there are which are never looked into except by their owners, and even by them not touched from one year's end to another year's end! Why not circulate them? Why not let others who are not as fortunate as ourselves have the good of our books? Why be miserly with them? If they are a source of pleasure and profit to us, we ought to be willing that others should have the same benefit from them. The desire and aim of an author is to be read; and in no better way can we express our gratitude to him for the good we have derived from his work than by bringing it to the notice of those who need it or would appreciate it. "To read a good book and be silent about it is theft." How often have we had occasion to be thankful to some friend for calling our attention to a book that we might not otherwise have seen! and shall not we confer the same favor upon others? Hawthorne says, "We taste our intellectual pleasure twice, and with double the result when we taste it with a friend." This is true. And it is equally true that a book which has afforded comfort or gratification to a friend becomes more valuable to ourselves. The good we thus do comes back to us, for by every act of liberality we become more liberal, just as by every selfish action or want of action we become more selfish. Generosity and selfishness equally "grow by what they feed on."

Lend your JOURNALS, too. Perhaps by doing so you may induce some persons to subscribe for it. Those who can not afford to subscribe will be grateful to you for your kindness; and those who are too stingy to do it may find something in the JOURNAL to shame them for their stinginess, and influence them to correct their fault; and those who are indifferent may become interested and instructed. Solend your books and JOURNALS. It is an easy, a pleasant, and a powerful way of doing good.

But I hear some one say, "There is another side to the question—so many persons are careless about using and returning borrowed books." Yes, there are a good many such, and they can not always be avoided. Tell such persons in a gentle, polite manner to be careful of them; say that you would like the book to be returned as soon as it has been read, so that you can lend it to another; or, set a time when you would like to have it returned, and you will seldom have cause to complain. All borrowed books should be conscientiously, scrupulously taken care of and returned to their owners. A word to the wise is sufficient. But then every one is not careless. You will find many who will be prompt as well as pleased.

So, lend your books, dear reader. Cover them with stout paper, put in a ribbon that will serve for a mark, write your name on the fly-leaf, and add a motto if you please. A good sample of a motto for a book is the following, from the pen of the late Joseph P. Engles Esq., of Philadelphia:

"If thou art borrowed by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be.
To read, to study, not to lend,
But to return to me;

Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store,
But books, I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more.

Read slowly; pause frequently; think seriously; keep cleanly; return duly, with the corners of the leaves not turned down."

Let me add another motto from a number of such which the contributor of this article wrote "for the fun of it."

"Much pleased am I this book to lend
To each desirous, reading friend,
With only this one requisition—
A prompt return in good condition."

Perhaps some of the young folks may find the writing of such mottoes a good exercise in composition. They had better try it.—M. S. A., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

SOUL! BODY! LIFE!—There are three distinct entities, attributes, or essential principles in man. Take one away and the man is lost. Remove a man's soul, and what is there remaining? A mere animal, from which he can only be distinguished by his superior form, and perhaps a higher manifestation of the animal faculties. Remove the body and you must take the life also, but where is the soul? When the life is removed there is nothing left, as we can perceive, but a body.

Your correspondent, C. E. T., has told us, in the February number of the JOURNAL, how man is *not* in the image of his Maker, but he neglected to tell us how or in what manner man *is* in the image of God. I wish to advance an opinion on this important point, and shall attempt to do so with all possible brevity.

God has three attributes which your correspondent names, "infinite wisdom, power, and beneficence." Now my idea of how God made man in His own image is this: He gave man a portion of this wisdom, power, and beneficence; bestowed upon him the Supreme's own attributes, although in an infinitely less degree. There are three cardinal virtues which are collateral with and depend on the attributes. These are M. Cousin's, "True, beautiful, and good." In bestowing the attributes, the virtues were necessarily bestowed with them. We are not speaking of man as he is, but as he was. Man was therefore made like God, in the attributes and virtues. But how shall he manifest them? How make them apparent to others? A soul is given him to manifest the true, to receive and impart wisdom; a body, to make the beautiful apparent, and to bestow an individual presence; a life, to manifest the good, and so that beneficence can be exercised. Thus, we find man to be in the image of God, in having the same attributes and the same virtues. Where the Creator is omniscient, man has some knowledge; where He is omnipresent, man has an individual presence in one specific place; where He is omnipotent, we have a measure of power.

LONG PINE, CAL. A. JOHNSON.

HE LIKES IT.—When renewing his subscription, A. H. says: Your valuable JOURNAL is alike interesting and instructive, and in my estimation ought to be in the hands of every young man, especially those who are not born with a silver spoon in their mouth.

THE "MOUTHFUL OF BREAD" IN SCHOOL.—Mr. E. A. Gibbons, of the Harvard Room School, N. Y., says: "I like your recently published work by Macé, the 'History of a Mouthful of Bread,' very much, and propose to use it in my school." It is "just the thing," and should be used as a reading-book in all schools.

LIFE IS ILLUSTRATED in all its various phases in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL—a First-class Monthly Magazine—now in its Forty-eighth Volume, edited and published in the city of New York, at \$3 a year, by S. R. WELLS, at 389 Broadway.

SPECIAL OBJECTS OF THE JOURNAL.

ANTHROPOLOGY; or, the Science of Man, considered PHYSICALLY, INTELLECTUALLY, and SPIRITUALLY, forms a leading feature in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

PHRENOLOGY—the Brain and its Functions; the location of the different groups—social, selfish, perceptive, reflective, moral—and their respective organs, with the office or function of each, is given, with directions How to Cultivate the Memory, and to improve the mind.

PHYSIOLOGY—the Temperaments; Dietetics; Exercise; Bodily Growth; Hours of Study and Sleep; Laws of Life, with How to Secure and Retain "Health at Home," on strictly Hygienic principles.

PHYSIOGNOMY; or, the Science of Expression" in the Human Face, Voice, Walk, Action, with other Signs of Character, and "How to Read Them." If one may sometimes detect a rogue or an impostor without the rules of science, he can do so much more certainly with rules such as are taught in this JOURNAL.

PSYCHOLOGY; or, "the Science of the Soul." The Immortal part, in relation to the Here and the Hereafter, may be better understood and appreciated when looked at from our stand-point. We propose to give the History of All Religious Sects and Creeds, in connection with man's spiritual state, growth in grace, change of heart, the better life, etc.

"WHAT TO DO." The question "What Can I Do Best?" occurs to every one, and the choice of a life pursuit is the most important step in every man's history. Success or failure; riches or poverty; fame or infamy; happiness or misery, depend on the choice of a calling, or the occupation in which a person engages. One may shine in the law, another in medicine, another in divinity; one is inventive; another prefers agriculture, commerce, mechanism, or manufacturing. Phrenology "puts the right man in the right place."

MARRIAGE. "Be ye not unequally yoked." Temperament indicates who are and who are not adapted to each other in this relation. Phrenology discloses the natural disposition of each,

enabling the parties to know in advance what to expect, and how to conform where differences exist. Why not consult it?

CHILDREN. The right education and proper training of children is *very* important. The usual methods are faulty. Lives are often sacrificed by too close confinement to books and to brain work. Children should be *classified* by teachers according to temperament, constitution, and capacity. They should be *governed* according to organization and disposition. Our science affords the only means by which to arrive at correct conclusions concerning temperament, disposition, character, tendency, and capability.

THE CRIMINAL, the Insane, the Imbecile, the Idiotic, the Inebriate, the Pauper, and the Vagrant should be classified, employed, trained, educated, and developed according to their several characters. All may be *improved*; some, made self-supporting. Phrenology and Physiology should be understood and applied by those having charge of these classes.

FINALLY. Our public men, servants of trust, our preachers and our teachers, ought to be chosen or selected with reference to their constitutional fitness for the several posts to be filled. Neglect of this important principle gets communities into quarrels, contentions, confusion. Ignorance and corruption combine to put thieves in places of trust. We have perverted and dissipated gamblers and pot-house politicians where we should have statesmen. There are dull, narrow-minded, bigoted priests and stupid pedagogues where we need broad and liberal-minded preachers and bright, intelligent teachers. Would not a thorough knowledge of Phrenology serve to correct these evils? To disseminate such knowledge is one of the objects of THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Our writers are among the foremost in science, philosophy, literature, art, education, and religion. The editor rides no hobby; is tied to no ism, ology, party, or doxy. MAN is his theme; the world is his field, and with God for his guide, he will work for the improvement and elevation of the one, and the approval and glory of the other.

READER, this is our programme. Are you with us, against us, or are you indifferent? If you join us, it will increase our number, strength, influence, power, and usefulness. The field is almost unoccupied; at least there are but few, very few workers in it, and the demand is great and pressing. We feel almost alone. Good men oppose us; bad men revile us, and much ignorance, prejudice, and superstition must be overcome. A few choice, free, and brave spirits indorse us, commend us, sustain us. May we count you among the number? Put on a coat of mail; fortify yourself with truth and knowledge, and stand up for the right. Grace and strength will be given you according to your needs, when in the line of duty. Let every believer become a missionary. THE JOURNAL is but little known, except in its limited sphere, though gradually working its way, through the aid of its friends, into all parts of the world. We want all to share in its teachings. Lend your numbers. The best field in which to work is at home; indoctrinate your neighbors, and extend the circle till you include towns, counties, states, and nations! But begin at home. Begin at once, and may God abundantly bless with large accessions all good efforts in behalf of human improvement and human happiness!

ECHOES.—The propriety of "blowing one's own trumpet" may be questionable even when one has something good and meritorious to "blow" about. But to use the honest dicta of others in one's favor is the right of one who would extend the sphere of his influence. This is our position, and we now take the liberty to present to the notice of "all the world" a few testimonials of the general "press" relating to the character and standing of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

This widely circulated and popular JOURNAL is full of the variety of useful information that has established its reputation.—*New York Evening Post*.

Well stored with valuable and entertaining matter.—*Protestant Churchman*.

It contains a vast amount of entertaining and valuable matter; is thoroughly and ably edited, and its illustrations are well designed and well engraved.—*N. Y. Courier*.
Staunch and always welcome.—*Sun*.

It has many valuable articles and many rich suggestions as regards mental culture.—*Troy Weekly Press*.

The reading that is furnished each month in this periodical can not be met with anywhere else.—*Christian Instructor*.

Contains a vast amount of interesting and instructive matter, and is profusely illustrated.—*Springfield (Mass.) Union*.

As a family journal the PHRENOLOGICAL is unsurpassed, because it stimulates thought. It is much more important to learn to think than it is to acquire scientific knowledge or literary culture.—*Atlas*.
It is eminently moral in its tone and tendency. It advocates high and ennobling views of human nature, but it also recognizes deterioration from original purity.—*Methodist Times* (English).

The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, as usual, is a live magazine, because it has to do with living men and women. Its delineations of character are very accurate, and its moralization very just.—*Mothers' Journal*.
One of the most attractive periodicals, for a thoughtful and cultivated mind, ever published in this country.—*Decatur* (Ill.) *Exchange*.

Replete with practical erudition, and sound, healthful instructions.—*Hudson* (Mich.) *Post*.

The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL has a rich table of contents, and apart from the hobby it rides with the greatest skill and grace, is as entertaining as well can be.—*Liberal Christian*, New York.

One of the best, most sensible, and readable of American journals. * * *
No household is complete without it.—*Decorah* (Iowa) *Republican*.

Of all the journals published in America, the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL has the most valuable information, and is best calculated to aid in the great work of progression and civilization.—*Marion Co.* (Ill.) *Republican*.

Always contains valuable information.—*Jewish Messenger*.

One of the most enterprising periodicals of the day.—*Mobile Times*.

One of the most useful and beneficial works issued from the American press.—*Mystic Star*.

The JOURNAL is practical in its bearings, and is very readable and choice in every department, and is one of the live family periodicals of the country.—*Marshall Co.* (Ill.) *Republican*.

One of the most readable monthlies received at this office.—*Vir. Christian Sun*.

[Besides these "press" notices, many of our readers bear similar testimony in letters received at this office daily. Pretty good evidence of general approval.]

Literary Notices.

[All works noticed in THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.]

THE AVOIDABLE CAUSES OF DISEASE, INSANITY, AND DEFORMITY. By John Ellis, M.D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine in the Western Medical College of Cleveland, Ohio; Author of "Marriage and its Violations." A Book for the People as well as for the Profession. Fifth edition. New York: S. R. Wells. \$2.

It always gives us pleasure to announce a book which we regard of genuine utility to society. Dr. Ellis, in the above entitled work, offers the results of much serious thought and careful investigation. His advice is intelligible, plain, and practical, and not couched in professional phraseology. It is adapted to all classes and vocations, "a book for the people as well as for the profession." Taking for his text, for he discourses of the gospel of Physiology, this axiom, "the prevention of disease is more important than its cure," he proceeds, chapter after chapter, to enlighten the ignorant and reprove the careless with reference to those habits and usages which undermine and pervert the human organization. He would exalt the physical tone of society by removing the causes of disease and deformity; he would strike at the root of the maladies and ills under which so large a proportion of civilized society groan and labor, and so ameliorate their condition by a radical improvement. The elements of physical growth are discussed at length, and improprieties of diet, dress, air, education, exercise, and association are specified and their nature definitely elucidated. Beginning with the new-born infant, and advancing to the full-grown man or woman, the prevailing unnatural and injurious customs directly affecting the health are carefully described. There is no volume possessing a medical character with which we are acquainted which is more practically instructing and more interesting than this of Dr. Ellis. The metaphorical "ounce of prevention," which this book more than contains, may, in the hands of the candid inquirer, save many golden "pounds of cure."

THE TEMPERANCE DOCTOR. By Mary Dwinell Chellis, author of "Deacon Sims' Prayers," etc. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. Price \$1.25. For sale at this office.

A well-written story of the struggles of a total abstinent physician to ameliorate the condition of his neighbors and patients in a country town much given to intoxicating drink. The personal descriptions and incidents are graphic and life-like. Many temperance books are overstrained and unnatural in the portrayments of character, or at least they do not impress the reader with the force of reality, and so lose the desired effect. Temperance authors, in their worthy enthusiasm, sometimes sacrifice consistency. The "Temperance Doctor" is quite free from such criticism.

THE PUBLIC SPIRIT. A Monthly Magazine for the Million. \$3 a year. The Public Spirit Association, 37 Park Row, New York.

Vol. III., No. 2 of this blood-red (cover), wide-awake, go-ahead candidate for fame and fortune is before us. New vigor of a high intellectual order has been infused into this magazine, and despite "hard times," competition, and other drawbacks,

the *Public Spirit* is bound to shine, if young and energetic spirit can make it. It may be had of newsmen, or obtained at 25 cents a number through the post.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF EATING.

By Albert J. Bellows, M.D., late Professor of Chemistry, Physiology, and Hygiene. Second edition. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Company. Price \$2.

The industry and zeal exhibited by professional men during the past two or three years in publishing popular books on scientific subjects show an increasing interest on the part of the general public in such matters. Especially have books of a physiological nature been thus circulated. Investigators and medics, such as Ellis, Macé, Youmans, Jennings, Trall, have contributed in a great degree to instruct the unprofessional majority in those things which so intimately concern man, viz., the proper dietetic and hygienic methods. Dr. Bellows' book is a practical treatise on diet. He presents in a common-sense way the nature and quality of those articles which are generally received as food. Avoiding professional technology, he gives the composition, by analysis, of cereals, meats, and fruits, and clearly demonstrates the greater or less nutritious value of this or that article. The necessity for adapting one's food to the climate, age, employment, and physical state is discussed in a clear and convincing manner. The most approved methods for preparing the ordinary kinds of food and for preserving fruit make an important feature in the work. At the close of the volume are some excellent suggestions with reference to cleanliness, exercise, and fresh air.

THE READABLE DICTIONARY; or, Topical and Synonymic Lexicon: containing several thousands of the more useful Terms of the English Language, classified by subjects and arranged according to their affinities of meaning. By John Williams, A.M. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

This volume is an acquisition of considerable value to the student of language. The arrangement of words under topics, or according to kindred or cognate signification, is an admirable feature, and greatly relieves the study of definitions of the dryness and drudgery usually experienced in the study of an ordinary dictionary. The derivation of terms in common use is also a matter to which the author has given careful attention, so that they who diligently read the book will acquire some knowledge of Latin and Greek, at least as regards the important bearing of those languages on the English tongue. A large proportion of the words defined are illustrated also by brief sentences, and incidents in which their signification is brought out most clearly and pointedly. The completeness of the work is another meritorious feature. While most of the treatises on the derivation and philosophical relations of words embrace but a few of the many thousand terms in use, this work, by reason of its topical and synonymic arrangement, is made to comprehend all those in general use and very many besides of less frequent occurrence, but whose importance is unquestioned. The work is well worth the attention and use of teachers and private students.

THE NEW YORK COACH-MAKER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for May is handsomely illustrated and well printed. This periodical well subserves the interests of the craft of which it is the chief, if not the only representative in American literature. Price \$5 a year. Specimen numbers, 50 cents.

LECTURES ON VENTILATION: being a Course delivered in the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia during the Winter of 1866-67. By Lewis W. Leeds. New York: John Wiley & Son. Price, \$1.

These lectures possess that attractive quality, clearness, which is most desirable in the treatment of a subject eminently scientific. Their author has the testimonials of experiment and experience to sustain his reasonings, as he was during the war special agent of the Quartermaster-General for the Ventilation of Government Hospitals, and is Consulting Engineer of ventilation and heating for the U. S. Treasury Department. His lectures have received the cordial indorsement of several prominent physicians, and we trust that they will be widely circulated for the general instruction of society on a subject of such vital importance. Consumption is the chief foe which invades and reduces the sanitary condition of the American people, and its inroads are chiefly occasioned by the prevailing disregard of proper modes of ventilation.

Many apt and neatly colored illustrations illuminate the text of Mr. Leeds' book, and render the interesting details still more interesting and vivid.

HIGHLAND RAMBLES. A Poem.

By William B. Wright. Boston: Adams & Co.

At the first sight this volume is attractive because of the very neat binding and ornamentation which it displays, though only in "cloth." The author has certainly adopted a felicitous method in reciting the experiences of "three strayed spirits, Arthur, Vivian, Paul," while wandering amid the beauties of mountain scenery. Some of the passages approximate classicism, while others please by their rippling sprightliness. Metaphysical, ethical, and esthetic discussions are introduced as occurring between the three wanderers who are fresh from academic halls, and willing to enter the lists of debate whenever occasion may offer. This is a good bit, from a song of Paul's:

"He stands on the mountains,
He darts through the valleys,
From the foam of the fountains
He laughs and he sallies,
He leaps in the torrent, he speaks in the thunder,
Gaily flashing and flowing,
His fire and his passion
Lead him on, ever growing
Diviner in fashion,
Arrayed in fresh hues and new garments
of wonder."

The work evinces much thought and care in its preparation, and is infused with much genuine poetic *esprit*.

A PRACTICAL GRAMMAR OF THE HEBREW LANGUAGE, for Schools and Colleges. By B. Felsenthal, Ph. D., Minister of the Zion Congregation, Chicago. New York: L. H. Frank, Publisher.

A text-book for students in the ancient tongues should combine the elements of practicality and simplicity. So much pedantry characterizes the major portion of the grammars treating of the Greek, Hebrew, and Latin languages, that when we find one which presents the simplicity of naturalness we rejoice to give it publicity. The Hebrew Grammar above noticed is a simple presentation of the science of that tongue which was consecrated by being made the vehicle of revelation. It is progressive; giving first the principles of Orthography and Orthography with brief reading exercises; next, the principles of Etymology and Syntax with the different parts of speech, and the classifications and conjugations of the verbs. To the young student in Hebrew we cordially commend the book.

CONSEILS PRATIQUE DE SANTÉ, et Premiers Secours à donner en cas d'accident avant l'arrivée du médecin. Price, 25 cents. Office, Courrier Des Etats-Unis, New York.

An excellent little hand-book for the use of families and individuals, giving advice with reference to the treatment of sudden indispositions or injuries where immediate attention is requisite or a physician can not be readily summoned.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER. March, Adams, Blackmer & Lyon, Publishers, Chicago. Price, \$1 50 a year.

We heartily approve the arrangement of this magazine for Sunday-school teachers. It furnishes abundant suggestions for the management of a class or Sunday school. The skeletons of lessons are excellent. Every teacher should subscribe for such a periodical.

SOUTHERN SOCIETY. A Baltimore newspaper recently noticed in this JOURNAL has changed its name, and now appears under the title of the *Leader*. Besides news, stories, art, and the drama, the *Leader* will be strictly conservative in politics. It will sustain the Right of Representation, the dispensation of Impartial Justice, and the Supremacy of the Law of the Land. It will address itself particularly to the Material Interests of the South, to Local Commercial Relations, Agriculture, and Domestic Economy. It will take pains to note the newest things in Art, show how Society is refined, and the World amused, from a Southern stand-point. We wish its conductors the best success in reforming, and especially in Christianizing not only the "South," but the whole country.

THE NEW ECLECTIC; a Monthly Magazine of Select Literature, edited by Messrs. Turnbull & Murdoch, of New York and Baltimore, has, by its May number, entered upon its second volume. The selections exhibit a good degree of literary taste and critical acumen. Subscription price, \$4; specimen numbers, 40 cents.

ROUTLEDGE'S ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY OF MAN, in all countries of the world, has reached Part XII., and continues the interest excited by the initial numbers. The numerous illustrations which accompany the very entertaining text are graphic and striking. This work promises to be a most valuable addition to anthropology. Price, per number, 25 cents. George Routledge & Sons, New York.

New Books.

Notices under this head are of selections from the late issues of the press, and rank among the more valuable for literary merit and substantial information.

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. By Charles Dickens. Price, 25 cents.
MUGBY JUNCTION. By Charles Dickens. Price, 25 cents.

OLD MORTALITY. By Sir Walter Scott. Price, 20 cents.

These are among the latest volumes issued from the fertile press of T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Their cheapness is palpable. Little Nell, in the "Old Curiosity Shop," never fails to excite sympathetic interest. "Mugby Junction" is a late production. "Old Mortality" carving on the Cameronian monuments has been immortalized in the bewitching pages of the great Scotsman.

THE PRESBYTERIAN PUBLICATION COMMITTEE have recently issued the following new books:

THE SHANNONS; or, From Darkness to Light. By Martha Farquharson. 336 pp. 16mo. Five illustrations. Price, \$1 25. This book is by a favorite author. It narrates simply, but with thrilling power, the elevation of a family from the degradation and wretchedness which Intemperance entails, to sobriety, intelligence, comfort, and usefulness. For the friends of Temperance and of the Sunday-School it will have especial attractions. The illustrations are very successful.

The following books designed for readers from seven to nine years of age:

THE PET LAMB. 72 pp. 18mo. Large type—with illustrations. Price, 35 cents.

THE BIRD AND THE ARROW. 127 pp. 18mo. Large type—with illustrations. Price, 40 cents.

THE NEW YORK NEEDLE WOMAN; or, Elsie's Stars. 254 pp. 16mo. Three illustrations. Price, \$1. This is a companion volume to the "Shoe Binders of New York," and by the same popular writer. The tale is graphic, touching, lively, and shows that the poor as well as the rich may raise the fallen and bless society. Elsie Ray, the sewing girl, is a fountain of good influences.

Good Stories for little readers.

CLIFF HUT; or, the Fortunes of a Fisherman's Family. 101 pp. 18mo. Large type—with illustrations. Price, 40 cents.

WILD ROSES. By Cousin Sue. 108 pp. 18mo. Large type—with illustrations. Price, 40 cents.

ALMOST A NUN. By the author of "Shoe Binders of New York," "New York Needle Woman," etc. 398 pp. 16mo. Six superior illustrations. Price, \$1 50. A book for the times. It should be in every Sunday-School library and in every family. The tale is one of extreme interest; its style is vivid; its characters *real persons*; its chief incidents *fads*.

DOCTOR LESLIE'S BOYS. By the author of "Bessie Lane's Mistake," "Flora Morris' Choice," "George Lee," etc. 228 pp. 18mo. Three illustrations. Price, 75 cents.

CARME'S PEACHES; or, Forgive Your Enemies. By the author of "Doctor Leslie's Boys." 69 pp. 18mo. Two illustrations. Price, 35 cents. May be ordered from this office.

THE MARRIAGE VERDICT. By Alexander Dumas. Complete in one volume. Price, 50 cents. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Those who are fond of concreted sensationalism in novelistic dress can find it in Dumas' production. The above entitled work is on a par with the others. Passion, intrigue, and bloodshed being the argument.

PARTS 128 AND 129 OF CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA; or, Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People, contain much interesting matter. The changes in the political and geographical character of Europe brought about by the recent Austro-Prussian war are the subject of an engaging and instructive article. Natural history and mechanics under the heads involving such scientific consideration are attractively illustrated.

NEW MUSIC.—Messrs. Root & Cady, of Chicago, publish the following pieces of new sheet music at 30 cents each, which, having *their* imprint, *must* be good.

Do they ever publish any other kind? "Mary of Fermoy," "The Soldier's Last Request," "Loving Thee Ever," "A Little Longer," "Dreaming of Angels," "First Blossom," "White Eagle," "Ida Waltz," "Album Leaf."

GLAD TIDINGS; or, Walks with the Wonderful, etc. By a Lover of the Word. With an Introduction by Rev. Wm. L. Parsons, D.D. \$1 75.

THE LAW OF HUMAN INCREASE; or, Population based on Physiology and Psychology. By N. Allen, M.D. (Repr. from "Quarterly Journal of Psychological Medicine.") 50 cents.

ELEMENTS OF ARITHMETIC, combining Analysis and Synthesis, adapted to the best mode of instruction for beginners. By James S. Eaton, M.A. 60 cents.

HARPER'S PHRASE-BOOK; or, Handbook of Travel Talk. Being a Guide to Conversation in English, French, German, and Italian, on a New and Improved Method. By W. P. Petridge. Flex. cloth, \$1 75.

LIVES OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES, to which is prefixed a Life of John the Baptist. By F. W. P. Greenwood. Cloth, 70 cents.

THE INVALUABLE COMPANION. Containing the Celebrated \$1,000 Receipt, and 459 Valuable Receipts, with Practical Hints to Housekeepers, Mechanics, Manufacturers, etc. Paper, 45 cents.

THE WATCH: its Construction, Merits, and Defects; how to Choose it, and how to Use it. With an Essay on Clocks. By H. F. Piaget. Second Edition. Cloth, 55 cents.

ITALY, ROME, AND NAPLES. From the French of H. Taine, by J. Durand. Cloth, \$2 25.

FROM NEW YORK TO WASHINGTON. A Descriptive Guide. With Sketches of Cities, etc., on the Route. By H. F. Walling. Maps. Paper, 25 cents.

THE STAR OUT OF JACOB. By the author of "Dollars and Cents." Cloth, \$1 75.

NEW GRAMMAR OF FRENCH GRAMMARS: Comprising the substance of all the most approved French Grammars extant, but more especially of the Standard work, "Grammaire des Grammaires," sanctioned by the French Academy and the University of Paris. With numerous Exercises and Examples, Illustrative of every Rule. By Dr. V. De Fivas, M.A., F.E.I.S., Member of the Grammatical Society of Paris, etc. \$1 40.

THE NEW GYMNASTICS. By Dio Lewis, M.D. Tenth Edition, greatly enlarged. Cloth, \$1 75.

MY SON'S WIFE. 12mo. Cloth, \$2.

THE CHIMNEY CORNER. By Mrs. H. B. Stowe. Uniform with House and Home Papers. \$1 75.

THE PROGRESS OF PHILOSOPHY, in the Past and in the Future. By Samuel Tyler, LL.D. Second Edition. Enlarged. \$2.

THE READABLE DICTIONARY; or, Topical and Synonymic Lexicon; containing the more useful Terms of the English Language, Classified by Subjects, and arranged according to their Affinities and Meaning, with accompanying Etymologies, Definitions, and Illustrations. By John Williams, A.M. Cloth, \$1 50.

THE AMERICAN GENEALOGIST. Being a Catalogue of Family Histories and Publications, containing Genealogical Information issued in the United States. Arranged Chronologically. By William H. Whitmore, A.M. Cloth, \$3 50.

Go our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will respond in the earliest number practicable. As a rule, we receive more than double the number of questions per month for which we have space to answer them in; therefore it is better for all inquirers to inclose the requisite stamp to insure an early reply by letter, if the editor prefers such direct course. Your "BEST THOUGHTS" solicited.

IS PHRENOLOGY A SCIENCE?

To make answer to this question with any show of definiteness we must first understand the meaning of the term "science." Its strict interpretation, in accordance with its generally received derivation, is *knowledge*. According to Webster, science is defined, "Truth ascertained; that which is known. Hence, specifically, knowledge duly arranged and referred to general truths and principles on which it is founded and from which it is derived." Under the caption of SYN. (synonyms) we find, further, "Science is literally *knowledge*, but more usually denotes a systematic and orderly arrangement of knowledge. In a more distinctive sense, *science* embraces those branches of knowledge of which the subject-matter is either ultimate principles, or facts as explained by principles, or laws thus arranged in natural order."

Science is especially related to physical things—is founded on experience and observation—and therefore has the character of permanency. Geology, Chemistry, Anatomy, Mathematics, Natural History are denominated sciences, and appear in their general principles and detailed arrangements to respond to the requisitions of the definitions of "science" just given. We are willing to accept them as sciences. It is sufficiently notorious, however, that geologists and naturalists differ greatly among themselves with reference to matters of primary importance, and that much doubt exists in regard to the correctness of certain classifications in their respective studies. Yet no intelligent man would refuse to accord a scientific character to both geology and natural history.

Now, as to Phrenology. In how much accord is it with the dicta of the above definitions? First, it is based on natural phenomena; second, its general principles are accepted by the great majority of learned men, particularly those whose pursuits, like that of the ethnologist, are related to the phenomena, mental and physical, which it has to deal with; third, it is arranged and systematized in a manner truly beautiful. In fact, when Phrenology was yet new to the world of letters, many men of distinction, who did not altogether endorse it, expressed a frank admiration for the harmony of its arrangement and the definiteness of its nomenclature. What more is necessary to sustain the claims of Phrenology to a scientific character? A short time ago we published a brief notice of some proceedings of the French Academy of Medicine, which showed incontestably the favor which phrenological theories find among a body of the most learned anatomists and physiologists of the age. In our May number we adverted to some statements made by

Dr. Dunn, a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, which were most explicitly in demonstration of phrenological principles. We could scarcely ask more from the truly learned than such satisfactory indorsements. With such facts before us, can we do otherwise than claim that Phrenology is a science?

REMEDIES (?)—Are specific homeopathic remedies that we see advertised in the newspapers valuable remedies, or humbugs?

Ans. We have no knowledge as to their efficacy, and consequently no faith in them. They may or may not be classed with quack medicines. It will be perfectly safe to—let them all alone.

WHAT OF IT?—I have a groove running around the back of the head to within an inch of the top of the ears. Is it natural?

Ans. Yes; the cerebellum or little brain protrudes, and this groove marks the division between the organs of Amativeness, in the cerebellum, and the organs of Parental Love and Conjugality in the cerebrum above.

IMPRESSIBILITY.—Is there such a thing as silent soul communion? or can a person impress a subject on the thoughts of another by directing his own to the same subject?

Ans. That such a thing is possible with some persons, under proper conditions, is doubtless true, but not with all; nor can any reliance be placed on how or when it may be expected so to work. See "Library of Mesmerism and Psychology" for a presentation of the whole subject.

WHO IS HOPE ARLINGTON?—Where does she live? What is her name?

Ans. Ah, what would you give to know? We will tell you just a little if you will ask no more questions. She is a young lady of culture, refinement, and high moral principles. She writes both prose—not poetry—and poetry of superior excellence. She resides in a pleasant town in one of the Western States. She is unmarried. Let not all the young men propose at once, and then challenge each other to mortal combat. Her real name is—F. A. If we should tell the other letter, everybody would puzzle their brains to guess the rest, so we spare them the "puzzle." We are not surprised that all our readers are in love with her, for she is truly most lovable. She is our dear Hope Arlington, of—the West.

WOULD you advise one to join the Odd-Fellows or the Freemasons?

Ans. First join the Church; then, if you think the Saviour would advise the step you now feel inclined to take, you may do so.

MANY correspondents will please accept thanks for kind favors, which we can not print for want of room. We desire, especially, only such scientific matter as relates to our special theme. Questions will be answered at our convenience, when possible, in an early number. Advertisements must reach us a month in advance of the date of publication.

SECOND SIGHT.—"I am troubled in that way, and I suppose it to be hereditary, as my grandmother had visions often. I wish to be free from it, as it is breaking down my health, but I can not shake it off."

Ans. This is, undoubtedly, some affection of the nervous system, which perhaps proper diet, and freedom from care, and abundance of sleep, and proper surround-

ings would obviate. In the "Library of Mesmerism," published by us, price \$4, this whole subject of mesmerism, clairvoyance, psychology, sight-seeing, etc., is explained, and we can not go into an extended disquisition upon these topics in the JOURNAL. We have frequent letters on various phases of psychological peculiarities, and we can but refer to that work, which, we suppose, covers the whole ground.

FEAR OF THE DEAD.—Why is a person timid in the presence of a corpse?

Ans. It may be natural. Even animals seem terrified in the presence of one of their kind which is dead. We suppose that there is a natural feeling of dread in connection with the dead, and on that natural feeling persons who are naturally timid and superstitious have exerted an influence upon children, until half the human race starts back from contact with a corpse.

TOBACCO CHEWING.—What shall a person use in the place of tobacco, who is trying to quit it and yet hankers after it?

Ans. He should use nothing in place of it. Some resort to the use of cloves, some to chamomile blossoms, some to beer and whisky, some to tea or coffee; but in most respects such alternatives are all of a piece, acting unfavorably upon the nervous system and tending to undermine the health. If a person yearns for tobacco he may take a sip of water, just enough to wet his lips and throat, thus cooling off the fever and allaying the excitement. The best antidote for the use of tobacco is a strong moral resolution, religiously taken, and lived up to. One must not sigh for the forbidden article as the Israelites did for the flesh-pots of Egypt, for that is no way to correct the habit. It is the moral or mental force that gives a man courage under such conditions. The mere animal in man says, give, give; and if men followed the desires and impulses of their appetites and passions in other respects as they do in the use of tobacco, they would descend to the lowest animalism in everything. Some men wind off gradually from using tobacco, using a tenth less each successive week, until the amount is reduced so very low that it has very little influence upon the system; then a moral effort will enable a man to wipe out the residue and stand up free.

Is Gen. Robert Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame, deceased? *Ans.* No.

POLAR INFLUENCES.—The fact that a person subject to nervous excitement can sleep more quietly when his head is toward the north is not sufficiently substantiated to warrant us to assert it. Induction, when applied to this subject, may finally establish it, and we certainly have no objection. We think it would be well for human nature to have a principle, relating to the position of the body during sleep, which will render that sleep more thorough in its recuperative influences. If one would sleep calmly, it is necessary that he should avoid late and hearty suppers, excessive nervous excitement, and that sort of life in general which tends to derange the system.

A. M. C.—The pain that you experience on listening to music, or viewing any beautiful scenery, is caused by an over-excitement of the nervous system. We sometimes weep for joy. Why not sometimes feel pain with an excess of pleasure in any enjoyment?

WHY do preachers, nearly all of them, denounce novel reading, and at the same time give novels—Sunday-school libraries are nearly all novels—out to children to read every Sunday? I do not uphold novel reading, but I would like to have a solution to the above, which is to me a puzzle. An answer is requested in your next.—Respectfully, WM. ORINGST.

Ans. My dear William, you will find, by a more extensive experience, that many of the ministers, who don't think as you and I think, are no better than other folks. Some of them preach one thing and practice another. They should do as we do instead. But then, we should be charitable, you know. What's that about the "beam" and the "mote?" As to the propriety of novel reading, the best men differ. We were made no worse by reading "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" and—well, Sir Walter Scott wrote some very good things. William, which have been read by good Christian men and women. But of the sensation "blood-and-murder" stories, and the low, sensual French novels, there can be no two opinions among good men. Such are not used in Sunday-schools. Are you a member of any Sunday-school? We hope so.

Publisher's Department.

COMPARISONS WITH OTHER JOURNALS.—Some of our cotemporaries have taken considerable pains to show up comparative statements of reading matter as furnished to their patrons during the past year. The *Educator*, published at \$1 a year, prints about 5,000 *ems* monthly; the *New York Teacher*, published at \$1 50, prints 4,500 *ems* monthly; the *American Educational Monthly*, subscription the same as the last, about 6,300 *ems*; and *Hall's Journal of Health*, published at \$1 50, prints some 3,000 *ems*. Our present rate is \$3 a year, and proportionately we should print double the quantity of matter furnished by those three monthlies last mentioned. Taking the *American Educational* as a fair standard, we would do our readers full justice by giving them 9,500 *ems* of reading matter. What, however, is the fact? An examination of our printer's bills enables us to make the astonishing announcement, that in reading matter alone over 15,000 *ems* monthly are furnished. Verily our recent advance of the subscription price is far within bounds. Our old readers, of course, would rebel at any curtailment in the number of pages. They keep crying out for more, more. Well, kind friends, we fain would meet the demand; and should our circulation reach 50,000, we may make further improvements in accordance with such liberal support.

HALF-YEARLY CLUBS.—We shall now accept clubs for the 48th volume, running the balance of the year, at the same rates as for yearly subscriptions. For example, we will send the 48th volume—from July to January—in clubs of five, for \$6; to clubs of ten for \$10; and to fifteen for \$15, with an extra copy to the agent; twenty copies for \$20, and a copy of "New Physiognomy," worth \$5, as a premium.

"GIVE IT A TRIAL."—There are many families in which this JOURNAL would prove useful where it has not yet been seen. Will not our friends take the trouble to exhibit or lend their numbers with a view to introducing it? We believe many would cheerfully invest a dollar,

"just to try it," on the recommendation of those who can fairly present its merits. Think of it. Ten copies, from July to January, for \$10. Why not get up a club?

TWO VOLUMES A YEAR.—For the convenience of the subscribers, we divide the yearly numbers of this JOURNAL into two volumes, commencing with January and July. The title and index are published with the December number, to be bound up with the work for the year. Those who prefer can begin their subscriptions with the next July number.

WRITING IN PALE INK AND IN PENCIL.—If a writer would introduce himself favorably to an editor, make a good impression, and not be cast unread into the waste basket, let him not write with a poor pen, in pale ink, nor with a lead pencil. The eyes of an editor are sufficiently tired in his ordinary duties not to have these unnecessary nuisances inflicted on him. Good writing materials are now plentiful and cheap, and if one's thoughts are worth recording, they are worthy of being plainly written, on good paper, with good black ink, or brown French ink—which is still better—on clean white paper. It is a luxury to meet with manuscript "plain as print." We do not ask for extra fine penmanship, nor for perfumed paper, but we beg our correspondents to spare our eyes from the pain of reading letters in pale ink and in pencil.

"BEAUTIFUL WOMEN."—Besides numerous other attractions, we are now engraving for the July number a large group of European and Asiatic beauties—types of several nations, such as English, French, Austrian, Turkish, Russian, Grecian, Swiss, Polish, Chinese, Swedish, German, Dutch, and Japanese, with some account of their physiognomies, characters, dress, and style. This will interest our young gentlemen readers who are seeking life-companions. So please wait, and not commit yourselves, till after seeing these beauties. Then you can judge where to look for a wife.

P. S.—On exhibiting the drawings of these ladies to our Emma, she promptly remarked, "They are not as handsome as our American girls." Was not that an evidence of jealousy on her part? Our readers shall see, and judge for themselves.

General Items.

GENERAL GRANT AGAIN ENGRAVED.—Mr. J. H. Littlefield's portrait of General Grant has been engraved by Mr. H. Guggler, who has succeeded in producing a work of the highest order of merit. The style of engraving is very strong, bringing out the features and the expressions of the countenance with the solidity and prominence of bronze or marble. Art critics generally who have seen it, award it great praise as a work of art. That it is a correct likeness we know, and we can hardly imagine how a better representation of this representative man can be produced. It has received the cordial indorsement of Generals Meade, Howard, Sickles, and Dent, and of Senators and others. The method of line engraving, as brought out in this picture, appears to us to leave nothing to be desired in the way of producing a strong, effective, and expressive picture.

SENT GRATIS.—Our new illustrated and descriptive catalogue of standard works on the science of man

contains a complete list of our publications, with full titles and descriptions; also a complete list of works on Phrenology; a list of apparatus and books, with instruction, adapted to physical education; portraits of Longfellow, Rosa Bonheur, Theodora Burr; a group of eleven most noted poets; six portraits illustrating THE TWO PATHS OF LIFE, the upward and the downward course. These portraits teach an important lesson to the young, and to all, in regard to the results of pursuing the wrong path. It contains illustrations of the Physiognomy of Idiotism and Idiocy, of the miser and the philanthropist; also Comparative Physiognomy, with portraits, showing the resemblance between man and animals. Also two groups, illustrating Ethnology, showing the Caucasian and other races; an illustration from "Æsop's Fables"—the Frog and the Ox; also a chart of the head, with name and location of all of the faculties, with descriptions of the same. All who are interested in the study of MAN in all his relations should have this catalogue for reference; the matter it contains will be interesting to every one. We send it free on receipt of stamp with which to prepay postage. For \$1, we will send it, post-paid, to fifty different addresses. Who will have it? Address this office.

LIBRARIANS AND POLITICIANS will be glad to know that the "Tribune Almanac" has been reproduced in two volumes, covering 1838 to 1863, both inclusive. Those wanting them should order them at once, as only one thousand copies are printed. For terms, see advertisement on last page of this JOURNAL.

GOOD THREAD.—In our notice of Messrs. Brook & Brothers, manufacturers of spool-cotton, in the May number, we inadvertently styled their mills the Waltham Mills, whereas we should have said "Meltham Mills," and are located near a village of the same name.

A NEW DISCOVERY IN EMBALMING.—In compliance with an invitation from Mr. W. R. C. Clark, of New York, we were present at the autopsy of a human body, which had been preserved from decay seventy-seven days by a new process. There were present for the purpose of testing the conserving powers of this process, several of our most prominent surgeons, chemists, and medics, among whom we recognized Prof. Smith, of the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, Drs. Back, Sanda, Doremus, DeLafeld, Guernsey, and Goulay. The result of the examination was satisfactory so far as the claims of the discoverer of the process go, the subject being apparently as fresh in all respects as a corpse but twenty-four hours old. The process is simply a wash, which is easily and readily applied, no mutilation in any way being necessary. It is said that its preserving effects continue for an indefinite period. There may be occasions when it will be considered desirable to preserve above ground dead human bodies; but we think the sooner they can be disposed of the better. We are not in favor of transporting dead bodies long distances. Let them be buried near the place where death came. It is but a foolish superstition of the "Celestials" that induces them to freight ships in California with the corpses of dead Chinamen and transport them to the Flowery Kingdom. This they do after bodies have been dead for years. So, too, foolish Americans disinter decayed bodies and send them as freight for many miles,

to be buried in another place. Why? Is there any reason in it? In the sight of God, is not one resting-place for the material part as good as another?

The invention may be valuable, nevertheless.

COMPOUND SWINDLING.—One set of swindlers send out circulars, with tickets, offering to send \$50 gold watches, or other jewelry, on receipt of \$2 40, or such other small sum as the rascals think "greenhorns" will venture to invest. The swindlers receive the money, but do not send the coveted article. The numerous swindled greenhorns becoming uneasy, write to parties here, inquiring about the responsibility of Messrs. Boggs & Co., such swindlers. This suggests a new trick, and the same parties assume a new name and send out circulars, offering to collect bills for a consideration, due on tickets, which they themselves had previously sent out.

We have no sympathy for those who are selfish enough to expect the worth of \$50 for \$5. They are as bad as the original rogues, save in smartness, and are game for the more cunning.

Readers of the A. P. J. are too well informed, too sensible, and honest to be "taken in" after all the warning they have had. When they want watches or jewelry they intrust their orders and money to those of known integrity.

Look out for the quacks, the gift enterprises, the lottery swindlers, Gettysburg asylums—and Gettysburg mineral waters, too. Look out for baggage smashers, swindling hack-men, ticket swindlers, counterfeiters, hair dyes, patent medicines; all sorts of bitters, sarsaparillas, etc., which are composed of whiskey and molasses, brook schnapps, and all the vile, medicated stuff good for nothing except to make drunkards. Look out for mock anctions, pocket-book droppers, and the professional beggars, who are usually only thieves and robbers.

A CHAIR FOR INVALIDS.—Mr. THOS. McILROY, 145 Perry Street, New York, has invented a mechanical contrivance, which is used in our naval, marine, and military hospitals with the most satisfactory results. He will send a circular on receipt of stamp.

EDUCATIONAL.—A new boarding and day school has been opened by the Misses COOLEY and BOARDMAN in the rural town of West Springfield, Massachusetts. Besides all the usual English branches, Latin and French are taught, and so is music. But that which we deem of more importance than any other one subject is that of gymnastics, or thorough physical training. If this be made a prominent feature, the girls and boys will learn far more rapidly and be kept constantly growing. In too many schools there is neglect of this, and the poor children pine away for want of air and exercise. Let it not be forgotten that the business of childhood is to grow—to take on constitution as well as to be educated mentally and spiritually. We wish these ladies the best success in their useful enterprise.

LEATHER, LEATHER, NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.—Since the great tanners Zadock Pratt and General Grant came upon the public stage, those engaged in the leather business have been "looking up," and none but political opponents turn up their noses at the smell of leather. Our attention was recently called to a newly patented process for tanning all sorts of hides and skins, with hair off or

on, and in a very short space of time. We have seen leather of remarkable softness and toughness said to have been produced by this new process. Mr. GEORGE W. HAZAREY, of Greenbush, Sheboygan Co., Wisconsin, is the inventor. Those who would know more about it should write for particulars.

GENERAL GRANT.—The large bust of General Grant which is on exhibition in the window of Mr. S. R. Wells' establishment, No. 389 Broadway, New York, is, curiously enough, the first life-size bust which has been made of the General. It is by a young Italian, named J. Turini.—*Evening Mail.*

[Copies of this bust may be had for \$12. Packed for shipping \$15.]

A UTAH paper has the following advertisement, by a jolly son of St. Cripin: Jas. Keate, Professor of Snobology.* Gentlemen troubled with deficient Understandings can have them dissected, analyzed, and re-created on the shortest notice, and go on their way with their pedal extremities secure against the insinuating influence of water, mud, sand, etc. Departed soles restored.

The various labyrinthian deviations, mystical ramifications, and multitudinous malformations of the Profession have been by me thoroughly analyzed, simplified, and annihilated, and the public need no longer groan under the deleterious effects of bad fits.

"MORE FRUIT AND LESS PORK."—This is the motto of the Missouri blackberry men, Messrs. THOMPSON & MYERS, who grow the Mammoth Berry. Yes, that sort of diet is just as good for Christians as for Jews. We are in favor of "fruit, fruit, more fruit."

SOAP.—The Persian Pine Tar Soap, manufactured by our missionary friend Constantine, is really a good article, and is constantly growing in public favor. There are intelligent persons who claim for it healing properties; but we say nothing on that score. Our estimate of its merits rests on its cleansing properties, and its cheapness as a toilet soap. An advertisement calling for agents gives the best of testimonials.

FARMS FOR SALE IN MARYLAND.—An advertisement in our present number describes two farms, one, said to be very beautiful, near the Potomac River. We have the fullest confidence in the statement of the advertiser. From its geographical position, Maryland must ever continue to be one of the most mild and healthful States in the Union. It is now in a somewhat unsettled state, politically and socially. But there is the land, the water, the climate, and all other conditions the most favorable. Besides, it is very near our national capital, which is an advantage. Read the advertisement, and then, if favorably impressed, visit the premises. We may add, Maryland is not only in almost every acre good garden ground, but just the State for the finest fruit.

THOSE of our readers who have children to educate, and desire to do so on a liberal scale, may do well to secure places for them in the seminary for young ladies and misses recently opened by Miss Beecher, in Norwalk, Conn. Send for a circular.

* Snob, a journeyman shoemaker.—*Webster's Dictionary.*

THE DICKENS' MANIA.—An artist friend thus facetiously alluded to the enthusiasm manifested by the citizens of Boston over Dickens, during his recent visit at the "Hub." "The Bostonians have discovered the secret of Dickens' originality and fruitfulness as an author. Being an early riser, he is enabled to practice that kind of exercise that is best adapted to stir up ideas and promote mental and physical equilibrium. After disguising himself as a young vagrant, he rushes to the 'Common,' and turns somersets over its whole length; returning in like manner. Then rushing back to his desk, he delivers his fresh thoughts with great velocity and fluency—his ink flowing in great blots and spatters. It is said that it was some time before the early passers could divine the nature of the strange object—that 'thing of light'—that went whizzing past them on the 'Common;' but when it was discovered to be DICKENS, taking for want of time condensed exercise—a new sensation occurred to 'upper snobdom,' and from busy experiments already making in private gymnasia, the Boston public must prepare itself to be astonished next spring, by a display on its 'Common' of fair tumblers in bewitching and appropriate costumes. Prominent among these will be that rising crop of literary imitators who are determined that thereafter they will consign Dickens to oblivion, by their immediate publication of their 'PICKWEEDS.'

COMMON SCHOOLS IN WEST VIRGINIA.—A correspondent writes hopefully of the progress of events in W. Va. He says: "We are greatly in want of a competent school-teacher here. The commissioner frequently gives certificates to persons who never studied geography or grammar, and who know but very little of arithmetic, because he thinks such better than none. There are four old men over seventy years of age teaching in one township this winter. They teach in *old style*. I wish we could get some of the Connecticut girls out here to teach." Yes, but isn't there a "prejudice" against "Yankee school marmers?" Our correspondent is right as to the State from which to draw not only teachers, but also the best wives and mothers. Connecticut can spare a few thousand pretty girls, and have enough left to keep good her excellent reputation. There is a hundred years' work in the South to bring all her people up to the New England educational standard.

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Fourth. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1,000 to 2,000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

Fifth. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in the lines, at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

Sixth. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

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we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members can divide equitably among themselves.

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I remain, very respectfully yours,

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If the world is to be regenerated; if bad habits are to be overcome; and if the race is to be elevated physically, intellectually, and spiritually, the means must be used. We claim but a very moderate share in this work; but, so far as it goes, it is important. Others work well in other fields; let us work well in this. If it would be an aid to personal improvement

to have the JOURNAL read in every family; then, reader, we ask you to help place it there.

Science and religion may—should—go hand in hand, and the whole world brought into happy harmony and concord. If we ever come to know ourselves thoroughly, we shall be most thankful for the knowledge, and this will, no doubt, make us more charitable in judging others. Then let us all join in the good work of self-improvement.

THE FULAHS.

THESE people constitute one of the most important tribes of Western Africa. The region inhabited by them is that watered by the two great rivers Senegal and Gambia. The face of this large region, which extends interiorward to the distance of six or seven hundred miles, is generally flat and monotonous. The Senegal, which is under the control of the French, is navigable for small-sized vessels some five hundred miles; the Gambia is navigable for vessels of the largest size some thirty-five or forty miles, and for ordinary merchant vessels, to MacCarthy's Island, two hundred and fifty miles from the sea-coast.

Similar in many physical respects to the Abyssinians, the Fulahs differ greatly from the ordinary negro races. They have long been known to traders in Western Africa.

In 1534 commercial relations were commenced by the Spanish government through De Barros. In personal appearance and mental capacity they greatly exceed the neighboring tribes. In fact, they have attained to some degree of civilization, which is a matter of astonishment to European travelers when their rude and barbarous surroundings are

considered. They cultivate the soil, forge in iron and silver, work skillfully with leather and wood, and manufacture cloth to some extent. They also have schools in which their children are instructed according to the precepts of Mohammedanism, the prevailing religion.

The Fulahs are a warlike people, and the dominant tribe in Senegambia. In stature they are of middle size, limbs delicate in mold but well formed and graceful. As described by M. Golberry, a French traveler, they are "fine men, robust and courageous. They have a strong mind, and are mysterious and prudent; they understand commerce, and travel in the capacity of merchants, even to the extent of the Gulf of Guinea: they are formidable to their neighbors. Their women are handsome and sprightly. The color of their skin is a kind of reddish black; their countenances are regular, and their hair is longer, and not so woolly as that of the common negroes; their language is altogether different from that of the nations by whom they are surrounded—it is more elegant and sonorous."

The subject of their origin is a matter yet undetermined. Some ethnologists claim the Fulah as an offshoot from the Polynesian race, on account of the analogous sound existing between several words of the Fulah and Polynesian languages. Prichard considers them a genuine African race.

The Fulahs have a tradition that they are descended from Phut, the son of Ham. (Gen. x. 6.) The prefix of the word Futa to almost every district of any extent which they have occupied, is singular.

The recent Abyssinian difficulties which have brought that people into conspicuous notice, may stimulate African exploration to a degree which will bring to light many interesting facts related to the Fulahs and associate tribes. There is a good prospect for Ethiopia now that scientific men are becoming deeply interested in her obscurities.

A TRUE MAN.—Shakspeare's estimate of true manhood is not more definite and beautiful than suggestive:

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His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth!

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SAMUEL R. WELLS, EDITOR.]

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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there ;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—Young.

PETER VON CORNELIUS, THE EMINENT GERMAN ARTIST.

This is an imposing face. The great size of the cerebrum at once strikes the attention. The prominence of the perceptive faculties, the apparent breadth of the forehead, and the fullness of the side-head anteriorly, impress us with the strength and accuracy of his observation, the scientific compass of his analytical judgment, the force and fertility of his imagination. Appreciation of forms and proportions, the ready comprehension of mechanical relations and the laws of construction, the facile adaptation of means to proposed ends, and remarkable inventive and artistic discernment, were qualities which the great German painter and designer possessed to a surprising degree.



PORTRAIT OF PETER VON CORNELIUS.

He was by no means deficient in those organs which inspire perseverance, self-reliance, and aspiration; the elevated crown shows great Firmness and strong

Self-Esteem, while the adjacent organs, Approbateness, Conscientiousness, and Cautionness, swell grandly on the view. Although of Teutonic stock, yet the

temperament was more thoroughly infused with the forceful impulse of the motive than is usually the case with the pure Teutonic type. His nature was a practically imaginative one; not a metaphysically imaginative one. His views of a profession purely esthetic in its character were not, as is usually the case, and consistently, too, visionary or speculative, but utilitarian, objective. His wonderful capability to design allied itself with those faculties which appreciate tangible purposes and realities; and all that he wrought out has in it the elements of social utility, social culture. The world is the better off for having had such a man as Cornelius to labor in the noble realm of art, and leave behind him consummations which must refine and educate the observer.

BIOGRAPHY.

The first and greatest reformer of German painting—Peter von Cornelius—died at Berlin, on the 17th of March, 1857, in the eightieth year of a glorious and honored life. Commencing his career when German art had become degraded by foreign and frivolous elements, he sought to awaken and regenerate the slumbering art-spirit of his country; and at his death he was the recognized founder of a school which now claims as its followers the most distinguished German artists of the present day. Like the noble Goethe in literature, he sundered the bonds that held down the true spirit of art, and infused life where had before been decay and death. The great motto which inspired all that he did was comprised in that word *life*. "I despise every composition, and recognize nothing as art," he said, "that does not live; but the degrees of life in art are as infinite as in nature itself; and when I can love the meanest life with tenderness, so will I therefore not go astray in the highest and most perfect claim of human artistic ability."

Cornelius was born on the 3d of September, 1788, in Düsseldorf, the son of the inspector of the Gallery of Paintings there. He early found opportunities to become acquainted with the choicest works of art; even the play-hours of his boyhood were passed in the galleries that contained the masterpieces of Rubens and the old German school. As a mere child, he continually exercised himself in the imitation of beautiful forms, and his eminent talent soon became remarked. His father gave him the first directions in the path of his artistic destination, and also provided the means for his further improvement in the Academy; but he died suddenly. His mother, though in somewhat straitened circumstances, was advised to place her son apprentice to a goldsmith, but she had already perceived the extraordinary inclination of her son for art, and declared her willingness to suffer privation sooner than take him away from his studies. In later years, her

son often boasted of this, and confessed that the confidence of his mother had infused into his spirit a still stronger enthusiasm for his chosen pursuit.

In the Academy of his native city the young and gifted boy rapidly improved under the guidance of Langer. He was himself fully aware of his own power and aims; and became early noted for his spirit of personal freedom and independence, and for an earnest striving after truth in all that he did. His first studies were in drawings from Marc Antonio's engravings, from the antique, and from the works of Raphael, the latter of which he endeavored to copy entirely from memory. At twelve years of age he commenced upon his own compositions, and was soon able to contribute to the support of his family by illustrating almanacs, painting banners, and other general work. He received his first important commission when he was nineteen years old, to paint the cupola of the old cathedral at Neuss with colossal figures in chiaroscuro; which was necessarily a somewhat crude performance. He had now to depend entirely upon himself for support; and, with a deep religious spirit, he aimed to fulfill the highest requirements of his chosen profession.

Cornelius always looked to Rome as the proper theater for his studies; he had already become inspired with the grand idea of regenerating German art. In 1811 he reached the Eternal City from Frankfort on the Main, where he had been engaged on a series of illustrations to Goethe's "Faust," which are considered among the most original and successful of his designs. In Rome a new world enchanted him. Here he formed an intimate acquaintance with Overbeck; and these two, with other congenial spirits, formed themselves into a little brotherhood, and occupied a part of the old convent of St. Isidore as their studio. So eagerly and absorbedly did they pursue their studies, that they soon drew upon themselves the attention of other congenial souls; among whom were Goethe, Schlegel, and Niebuhr, who were in full sympathy with their well-known and settled purpose of replacing the pedantry and irksome rules of the academies by a return to the truer and nobler spirit of the old masters. The little band found abundance of employment. Among the chief works of Cornelius at this period are two frescoes, which he executed for the Prussian consul-general: "Joseph Interpreting the Dream of Pharaoh's Chief Butler," and "Joseph Recognizing his Brethren." These immediately brought him in high favor. He was also commissioned by the Marquis Massimi to decorate the walls of his palace with frescoes from the *Divina Commedia* of Dante, but he only completed the designs (which were subsequently engraved by Schoefer) for this work, having received an invitation from the Bavarian court to aid in the decoration of the Glyptothek at Munich.

Cornelius left Rome in the year 1819, and soon afterward commenced his labors in the Glyptothek, where he was employed for ten

years, with the assistance of a large number of pupils. In the mean time, in 1828, he had also reorganized the Academy of his native city of Düsseldorf, of which he was appointed director. In Munich he had two halls devoted to his own decoration. The Hall of Heroes he decorated with the history of the demi-gods and heroes who contended in the Trojan War; the other, the Hall of the Gods, with scenes representing the whole of the Grecian mythology. This work was one of the most remarkable of our times. The figures are of colossal proportions, and are as equally distinguished for their grandness of conception as for their exceeding simplicity in execution. While in Munich he also undertook the general decoration of the corridors of the Pinakothek, and commenced a series of symbolical frescoes for the ornamentation of Ludwig's Church, comprising the chief features of the contents of the Christian confession of faith, from the "Incarnation of Christ" to the "Last Judgment." The last-named picture, measuring 64 feet by 30, is the largest painting in the world, exceeding even that of Michel Angelo on the same subject. In merit, too, it is well worthy of comparison.

In 1841 Cornelius' fame had spread over Europe, and both royalty and fortune smiled upon him. He was consulted by the British Government with reference to its new Houses of Parliament. The King of Prussia also invited him to become director of the Art Gallery in Berlin; which honor he accepted. While here, he painted a portion of the frescoes in the Campo Santo, the cartoons of which are well known by the published plates. One of these, representing the "Four Horsemen" of the Apocalypse, is generally considered as his most powerful and original conception. He furnished the design for the baptismal "Shield of Faith" which King William presented to his godson, the young Prince of Wales. He also made several other beautiful designs for medals. In 1853 he commenced another remarkable painting, for the decoration of the Berlin Cathedral, entitled the "Day of Judgment," visiting Rome several times before its completion. His later works are quite as vigorous in spirit and life as the conceptions of his younger days. Indeed, he improved rather than degenerated up to the day of his death.

When Cornelius had finished the frescoes in the Ludwig's Church in Munich for King Ludwig I., king of Bavaria, the latter was displeased with some of the paintings which the great artist himself had executed. Cornelius felt deeply grieved by the manner of the king, and requested his release, so that he might leave Bavaria and find a more congenial home elsewhere. An artist relates that the king called him to his cabinet and asked him what he thought of the frescoes which Cornelius had painted in the Ludwig's Church. The artist extolled the work of Cornelius, but Ludwig interrupted him abruptly by saying: "But the painting! The painting is worth nothing! A painter must be able to paint!" The artist replied: "But Cornelius is more

than a painter,—he is an artist, and one of the greatest in the world!" "And yet he is no painter," said the king, excitedly. "He wants to go away! Let him go! I will not detain him!" "Your majesty," said the artist, "it will be a sad day for Munich and for us all, and you, your majesty, will lose in him a gem from your crown." These last words aroused Ludwig to a high degree: "What!" said he, "who is Art in Munich? Is it Cornelius? I! the king!" But Ludwig found out his loss afterward, and deeply regretted the slight that he had given him; but all his efforts to re-establish the old friendly relation between them were futile, for the noble spirit of Cornelius was as independent as it was gigantic.

Cornelius had long been the acknowledged and honored master of German art when death called him so suddenly away. His life-long enthusiasm had not been confined to his own soul, however; but by word and deed he had kindled it in the hearts of all who knew him. If his motto was, that art should represent life, he took care that his should not represent common life, but human life and human nature in its highest and noblest potencies. He himself had wandered through the whole history of man; he had studied him as he found him personified in Faust, in the Olympic paganism of the Greeks, in Homer's ideal songs, and among the wild romantic legends of his fatherland; and everywhere his lofty spirit appreciated whatever had the true ring of humanity; that represented man in his most exalted truthfulness; and these he wove into epic and dramatic scenes which are not less remarkable for their pureness of embodied thought than for their idealistic enchantment. His works are stamped throughout with the genius of originality; his spirit was full of the deepest poetic feeling, and from the fountain of his inexhaustible imagination his creations became ever newer, more elevated, and more beautiful.

Though Roman Catholic in religion, he was truly catholic in spirit; and whether in decorating the churches of the Protestant capital of North Germany, or the halls of Catholic Munich, he strove only for truth, and nothing but the truth—for a mind like his could not be bound by any narrow dogma of faith. In the annals of the history of German art his name will stand forth for all time among the greatest of German painters.

THEORY OF TRANSMISSION.—The physical characteristics, the intellectual traits, and the moral qualities and proclivities descend from sire to son. Upon seeing a man's children we instinctively begin to trace the resemblance to the father and mother, and sometimes discover a remarkable likeness to some grandparent or perhaps great-grandparent. That was the first series of observation in this line. Subsequent comparisons of phenomena established what is now generally accepted as the law of the transmission of mental and moral qualities.—*C. F. Deems, D.D.*

A FRENCH EDUCATOR ON AMERICAN FREE SCHOOLS.

THE intelligent reading classes in America are so much accustomed to seeing our systems of education censured and depreciated when reviewed in comparison with the English foundations and the French academies, and that, too, in newspapers and periodicals boasting the highest literary excellence in both the editorial and contributory departments, that they have generally become convinced that the methods in common use for training the young idea are faulty and even pernicious.

If we were to believe the strictures on American education which we recently read in a prominent New York weekly, we would denounce our prevailing system as superficial and fragmentary in its practical results. But we countenance no such view. The grand system of *free* education, which is one of the noblest outgrowths of our democratic republican policy, commands our warmest approval, and must be acknowledged by every candid mind as the surest way yet discovered to the education and improvement of an entire nation. In literature, science, and art, it must be acknowledged that old Europe is somewhat in advance of young America. Our literature, *i. e.*, the perfected expression of cultured minds, is young; it has no centuries of learned authorship to refer to as have the literatures of Germany, France, and England; yet it has already challenged the respect of foreign literati, and its vigor, boldness, ambition, and ardent hope are the earnest of future growth and excellence. The public school has proved, and will prove, a potent auxiliary to its growth, awakening to powerful endeavor, not a few scattered intellects, as in the case of schools on a private footing, but many, which are necessarily brought into conjunction and competition by a universal free system. But are American schools so faulty, so ill organized, and superficial? Let foreign testimony have its weight in answering this question, especially if such testimony be based on the only practical basis of comparative investigation. It will be scarcely necessary to remind our readers that at the Paris Exposition of 1867 there was a school building, with all the interior arrangements and apparatus generally found in American public schools of the primary grade. It was, in fact, "an exact reproduction of one of numerous free primary schools" of the West. This "curiosity" attracted no little attention, especially from the Continental educators and *savants*, and led to the publication of a very interesting paper on the American public school system in the *Manuel General de l'Instruction Primaire* of Paris, the chief French educational organ, by M. H. Ferte, late Chief of Instruction in Paris.

After a brief statistical review of the state of educational matters in Illinois, in the course of which he calls particular attention to the fact that a large portion of the teachers employed are females, "a singularity of which France

offers no example," attributing to this organization of teaching the well-known manly intellect for which the present generation of women in America are distinguished, M. Ferte proceeds to consider the general school system of the United States. The high-ceiled, commodious, and well-ventilated school-buildings, with their convenient furniture, challenge his admiration. The arrangement of the windows, so that a part of the sash can be readily opened to admit fresh air without creating a strong draft, the plan of the desks, and the adaptations of the maps, globes, books, and other apparatus are pronounced vastly superior to those in common use in France. To use his definite language: "While we have long tables, accompanied by long benches, for accommodating ten or twelve pupils, who crowd, elbow, and hinder each other, in this American school we find the desks or tables neatly arranged for either one or two scholars, with a seat having a support for the back of the pupil. The teachers who read this will understand at once the advantages of such an arrangement. Does a scholar need to leave his seat, he can do so without disturbing his neighbor, or without being obliged, to the great detriment of discipline, to pass before seven or eight of his fellow-students, who never fail to make good such an occasion for mischief. It would be highly desirable to have these American desks introduced in our schools. The discipline would be benefited by it, the children could prosecute their studies without disturbance, and be very much more comfortable. We wish the same for the introduction of the inkstand, with which each table is provided. The calculators, geometrical figures, globes, charts, and other school apparatus, resemble much those in our best schools.

"Among the books we have examined, we find many deserving of high commendation. We notice improved methods of teaching penmanship, excellent and simple spelling, reading, and drawing books, quite superior in every respect, and also conveniences for cleaning black-boards, carrying books, and methods of object-teaching, quite unknown with us."

The sheets of moral mottoes hung up on the walls are regarded as no inconsiderable feature of the school apparatus. The essence of civil virtue and integrity contained in them exerts an influence most favorable to developing in youthful minds those principles which, if practiced, can not fail to make the children good men and women and worthy citizens.

The effects of such universal education are thus grandly described:

"The free primary school in America is truly the common center whence have sprung up the greater number of the men who have shed luster upon the commonwealth. It is there that were formed those energetic nations who have developed, in such a prodigious manner, the power of the United States. It is there that were blended together the Saxon, French, German, Spanish, Italian, and other races

which people the New World. Each one, on landing on these remote shores, brought his own manners, his language, his national spirit, his opinions and tastes. All these unevennesses and differences disappear in the new educated generation, to form only one great nation—homogeneous in its patriotism, persevering and enlightened in the accomplishment of its political and other duties, audacious and powerful in the realization of its gigantic purposes and destiny.

"All these wonderful results are due in a great degree to the primary school, where the young generations are molded and where they have learned that *equality* and *liberty* can live together in perfect harmony."

M. Ferte goes on to describe the higher departments of free education as they are graded in most of the States, viz., the grammar-school, the high school, showing that not only does America aim to afford a substantial basis for the mental development of all her citizens in the way of a thorough *primary* education, but she also seeks to cultivate a general taste for a high intellectual culture by providing liberal means for "*all*, without reference to race, color, or religious opinions," who may desire to improve themselves.

The equality of the sexes in mental culture as promoted by the free system is commented upon in the following terms:

"The American system can not be blamed for keeping females in a deplorable inferiority, as is often witnessed in the Old World. Far from it; instead of having not enough knowledge, men of sense have held the opinion that the American ladies have too much, and that they neglect, for abstract sciences, those home and house duties which in a woman ought to receive the first consideration.

"Experience, however, shows that American women are excellent mothers and devoted wives, no less than the women of the Old World; indicating, in another view, that the education so free, universal, and ample, exerts its beneficial influence upon all classes of society. It is the sanctuary of the family which becomes so admirable in America, and is another school where the young girl learns by her mother's side the lessons of domestic economy which go hand in hand with her school privileges, and which secure such capable and intelligent women as reflect great honor upon the American country and its institutions."

Those things which M. Ferte thinks amenable to improvement are the privilege exercised by teachers or single schools in selecting text books for use, and the almost exclusive adoption of American works in the school libraries. The former practice he regards as conducive to irregularity and detrimental to progress, though some benefit may result from such experimenting; the latter he considers unhappy, because so many valuable foreign authors are not brought to the notice and appreciation of American youth.

The methods of discipline and order are

highly commended, and on them, it is remarked, depends in a great measure the rapid progress made by children in their studies. The closing paragraphs of M. Ferte's review, which are a summary of what has been said, are worthy of reproduction as he framed them.

"It is found that the average expenses for the education of each child in the United States amounts to about sixty-two and a half francs (or \$17 currency) per annum. Five hundred thousand teachers, male and female, spread in these vast regions the benefits of education to millions of children.

"This immense army of instructors is far from being composed, as a rule, of men. Women occupy the first rank in their number, devotion, and talent. Their salary is not large, but in return, the teachers (both male and female) enjoy a respect and esteem which adds very much to their moderate compensation. They are welcome among the wealthy and most respectable families, who extend to them every social advantage and consideration. This distinction is conferred with high satisfaction as a tribute to instruction, which is considered the basis of the social edifice. Professorships are esteemed so highly, that the most substantial families allow their sons and daughters to hold the position, and numerous persons occupy the place of teachers during preparation for college or a profession, while large numbers rise to eminence from beginning as teachers in the primary schools.

"The changes which are thus influenced among teachers must result in many abuses, which would not occur if the teachers found in their occupation an object for its permanent adoption as their definite career. But in the United States, as everywhere, teaching is, and will always be, a condition requiring great sacrifices in return for very small compensation.

The youth among this enterprising and ambitious people are more able amid the carelessness of material interests given by the hope of a long life to offer the commonwealth the ardor and abnegation which are the necessary conditions of good teaching. Everything is then for the best in this apparent disorder, and without admiring all that pertains to primary instruction in America, we can not help praising a system which from so many heterogeneous elements has been able to form such a great nation."

AMERICAN LITERATURE.—The following is an estimate of the books, pamphlets, etc., published in this country during the year 1867:

	Vols.		Vols.
Fiction.....	741	Sociology and House-	
Religion and Theology.....	357	holds.....	32
History.....	107	Amusements.....	17
Poetry.....	130	Philosophy, Morals, Tem-	
Law.....	121	perance.....	25
Medicine.....	70	Science.....	21
Travel and Geography.....	74	Government.....	38
Belles-lettres, etc.....	80	Biography and Genealo-	
Fine Arts.....	31	gy.....	103
Arts, Trades, Occupa-		Learned Literature, etc.	25
tions.....	142	New Periodicals.....	11
Education.....	75	Other Books.....	34
Total.....			2,124

THE DEVELOPMENT THEORY.

[A Lecture delivered at Washington by Dr. THEODORE GILL, of the Smithsonian Institution, and expressly reported by SAMUEL BARROWS, phonographer, for the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.]

THE TWO SCHOOLS DEFINED.

IN considering this subject, it is first necessary to take cognizance of the two different schools which exist among naturalists. One may be called the Creatory school, and the other the Development school. Of the Creatory school, the most prominent advocate is Professor Agassiz. Of the Development school, the chief, as you are well aware, is Mr. Darwin. By the Creatory party it is generally maintained that all animals, as well as plants, have been created as they now are. The Development theory requires the belief that all animals, as well as plants, have sprung from one or few primordial germs. Most of the advocates of the Creatory theory further believe that all animals and plants have sprung from a pair or a combination of sexes; but it is not by any means granted by all who oppose the Development theory that this is the case.

AGASSIZ' OPINION.

Professor Agassiz is the one who carries to the greatest extreme this Creatory theory, and, it may be added, carries it to its logical conclusion. He maintains not only that all animals and plants are descended from like ancestors, but that they have descended from communities; that, for example, man did not come into existence as a single pair; but that when the fiat of the Creator was given, he sprang upon the earth in communities such as we now find them. As Mr. Agassiz may be considered the chief representative of the Creatory theory, and has very clearly presented the alternatives of belief and non-belief thereon, I may be permitted to read his views on that subject as published in Nott and Gliddon's "Types of Mankind," for they have relation to the subject of preceding lectures. Treating of the word *species*, and accepting the definition of Dr. Morton, that species are primordial forms, he says: "I am prepared to show that the differences existing between the races of men are of the same kind as the differences observed between the different families, genera, and species of monkeys or other animals, and that these different species of animals differ in the same degree one from the other as the races of men; nay, the differences between distinct races are often greater than those distinguishing species of animals one from the other. The chimpanzee and gorilla do not differ more one from the other than the Mandingo and the Guinea negro; they together do not differ more from the orang than the Malay or white man differs from the negro."

"I maintain, distinctly, that the differences observed among the races of men are of the same kind, and even greater than those upon which the anthropoid monkeys are considered as distinct species." At another place he resumes: "The coincidence between the circumscription of the races of man and the natural limits of different zoological provinces charac-

terized by peculiar distinct species of animals, is one of the most important and unexpected features in the natural history of mankind which the study of the geographical distribution of all the organized beings now existing upon the earth has disclosed to us. It is a fact which can not fail to throw light at some future time upon the very origin of the differences existing among men, since it shows that man's physical nature is modified by the same laws as that of animals, and that any general results obtained from the animal kingdom regarding the organic differences of its various types must also apply to man."

"We find upon Borneo (an island not so extensive as Spain) one of the best known of the anthropoid monkeys, the orang-outang, and with him as well as upon the adjacent islands of Java and Sumatra, and along the coasts of the two East Indian peninsulas, not less than ten other different species of *Hylobates*, the long-armed monkeys, a genus which next to the orang and chimpanzee ranks nearest to man. One of these species is circumscribed within the island of Java, two along the coast of Coromandel, three upon that of Malacca, and four upon Borneo. Also eleven of the highest organized beings which have performed their part in the plan of the creation within tracts of land inferior in extent to the range of any of the historical nations of men! In accordance with this fact we find three distinct races within the boundaries of the East Indian realm: the Telingan race in anterior India, the Malays in posterior India and upon the islands, upon which the Negrilles occur with them."

In closing he says: "Now there are only two alternatives before us at present—1st. Either mankind originated from a common stock, and all the different races with their peculiarities in their present distribution are to be ascribed to subsequent changes, an assumption for which there is no evidence whatever, and which leads at once to the admission that the diversity among animals is not an original one, nor their distribution determined by a general plan, established in the beginning of the creation; or, 2d. We must acknowledge that the diversity among the animals is a fact determined by the will of the Creator, and their geographical distribution part of the general plan which unites all organized beings into one great organic conception; whence it follows that what are called human races, down to their specialization as nations, are distinct primordial forms of the type of man. The consequence of the first alternative, which is contrary to all the modern results of science, runs inevitably into the Lamarckian development theory, so well known in this country through the work entitled 'Vestiges of Creation,' though its premises are generally adopted by those who would shrink from the conclusion to which they necessarily lead."

THE QUESTION AT ISSUE STATED.

Such are the alternatives presented, and fairly presented, I think, to us. Whether the community of origin of man and the alleged consequence—a Development theory—or a

Creatory one is most accordant with "all the modern results of science," is the question for examination. The advocates of the Development theory, as I have before said, instead of admitting that all men descended from a single pair, or instead of supposing, like Professor Agassiz, that all animals and plants are descended from communities or aggregations of individuals, insist that all animals and plants are descended, with modifications, from few primordial types. Although there are certain gradations of belief, yet they are not held by men most eminent in science. There are those who are willing to admit that all of the equine or horse tribe, for example, may have descended from a single horse-like animal, or all the feline tribe from a single cat-like one; yet the naturalist of wider experience, conversant with the classification of organic beings, contemplating all the conditions of existence, and going back to the times of the past and recognizing the fact of development among animals and plants, is logically and almost inevitably forced to the conclusion, if he admits these variations at all, that all are descended from a few primordial types.

THE THEORY OF DEVELOPMENT.

A statement of a few arguments for this belief may now be submitted. It has been shown in previous lectures that there is an identity of plan among all animals; that the plans are few in number; that there is also a regular subordination; that we find species that agree with each other in almost all essential characteristics, but differing in different ratios; that these species are combined into genera, these genera characterized, as is generally said, by ultimate modifications of structure, and differing also in various degrees. These genera are likewise combined into other groups, into subfamilies and families, characterized in a greater or less degree by fundamental similarity of form, and these families are combined again into orders, these orders into classes, these classes into branches, of which we have admitted five. In the vegetable kingdom we find nearly the same gradation, but with different names attached to some of the groups.

In examining these groups, we find as we ascend from the simple to the more comprehensive that it becomes more and more difficult to find distinctive characteristics for them; that is, it does in the main; there are exceptions. Although these different categories, these different combinations of individuals, of species, are recognized by the naturalist, it is by no means the case that they are clearly and distinctly defined in nature. Every practical naturalist is well aware of that, and the history of science shows well what a conflict there has always been, and still is going on, as to the limits of species and the limits and variations of groups. Take, for example, man himself. It is generally admitted that man forms one species; but Professor Agassiz will maintain that there is an indefinite number of species, for he is not decided upon the number, reserving the question for further study. But though we may variously estimate the varieties or

species, calling them three, accepting the views of Blumenbach; or five, accepting the views of Cuvier; or eleven, with Pickering; or many, with Professor Agassiz, it is impossible to give to each one of those species characteristics which will differentiate them from all others. If we look at the skull, we will find in the same race in the same tomb-yard those which are characterized by both brachycephalous and dolichocephalous forms. And take what character you will and run it through a long series of skulls, and it is impossible to find any one character which will hold good as defining any race. We can call in hybridity to account for this, but the facts exist nevertheless.

Take also the monkeys of the genus *Hylobates*. We find that Professor Agassiz admits ten species, while it is generally supposed that there are not more than seven or eight. There is, however, a reason for this latitude of opinion. These species of *Hylobates* are related together in various degrees. We have one type very distinct from any of the others. We have that one group equivalent in its value, although containing only a single species, to another containing, we will say, seven species, and those seven species so related to each other that they can be variously combined. The differences existing between the most nearly related of these aggregates of individuals have in one case been considered specific, and in the other varietal or individual. There is a difference of opinion also regarding the number of species of the orang-outang, or the genus *Simia*. Some say there are two, some three, and some that all are only varieties of a single species. With regard to the chimpanzee, some say there are three species, others that there are two, and others, again, that there is only one. There is also doubt about the value of the characters differentiating this animal from the gorilla. Some say that the characters are of generic value, others that they are only of specific value. In this case, likewise, difference of opinion prevails with regard to the interpretation of value rather than to the exact form of difference. It is acknowledged by all that difference exists. There is no doubt that the chimpanzee is separated from the gorilla by its smaller size, its less robust frame, its more rounded cranium, the number of the ribs, and the relative size of the incisors. There is no doubt that these differences exist; the only difference between naturalists relates to the interpretation of their value. So, in the same way, there is no doubt of the distinctions between representatives of the groups to which the name of genera, families, orders, and classes have been given; but there are doubts as to the interpretation which is to be given of these differences. Again, we see that although the differences between certain animals are extremely wide, there is still a recurrence in these extremes of the same elements; and though it becomes difficult in extreme cases for one who has not made a thorough study of comparative anatomy, of embryology, and geology to see these similarities, yet to one who is acquainted with these sciences, and who is endowed with

a proper scientific spirit, it is easy to see the transitions from one to the other. But if we limit our studies to one homogeneous group, it becomes easy to institute a comparison. A mere tyro in anatomy can institute a comparison between the various forms of the mammalia. It will be easy for him to recognize in the lowest forms the same bones that are developed in the highest; he will be led to observe the perfect identity of type in animals most widely separated externally.

THE TYPES IN NATURE.

The great types in nature generally recognized are five. These five, as I have said, are distinguished by difference of plan from each other; but even here we find it difficult to say how great is the value of those differences. In the highest forms there is no difficulty whatever in perfectly appreciating the great distinction existing between the groups; but when we descend in the scale, when in every group or branch we go from the high to the low, from the complex to the simple, then distinguishing characteristics become one by one so diminished there is an atrophy of certain organs, or the differentiating characteristics are not manifested on account of the simplicity, that it is difficult to ascertain what are the great groups and branches to which these lower forms belong. At present there is no doubt concerning the vertebrates; that group is well defined. There is no transition between the vertebrates and any other of the branches. But there is difficulty concerning the articulates, and the mollusks, and the radiates. The manner in which the relations of the lowest forms to their respective branches is ascertained is rather by a series of consecutive inductions than by the perception of any single character.

Another matter to be taken into consideration, and which logically follows the consideration of conformity to type, is the existence of rudimentary organs. As has been shown in former lectures with reference to the different forms of the vertebrata, all the important bones are represented to a greater or less extent; but there are some of the bones which are represented in a very rudimentary condition. Take for example the horse. We find that his feet end in single hoofs. We find two small slender bones, one upon each side of the carpal and tarsal bones, that are not apparent externally, which are called the splint bones. Now these bones are nothing but rudimentary metacarpal and metatarsal bones. The single hoof is not the homologue or correspondent of the double hoof of the cow, or the double hoof of the pig. It is rather the homologue of the external of these, and it is the homologue of the third digit in the hand and foot of man; and the two splint bones on each side are respectively the homologues or the representatives of the second and fourth. Now there is no transition in living forms between that type and the type with multiplied hoofs. But let us go back into the past. We find in the early tertiary an animal which in

the general features of its skeleton almost completely resembles the horse; but on each side of the metacarpal and metatarsal bones, instead of small splint bones existing, there are larger and quite well-developed bones which are evidently metacarpal and metatarsal bones, and these are capped by phalanges with hoofs. The rhinoceros on comparison with this animal (which is called hipparion) is found to exhibit the same number of bones in the feet, but then there is a greater hypertrophy of the splint bones of the horse, for instead of being small comparatively, as in the hipparion and the related types, they are very large, so that a hoof with three well-defined toes is the result. Now there is a striking affinity between the equine race and the rhinocerotid race. But if we study the group to which these forms belong in the living world, we find only the tapir, the rhinoceros, and the horse tribe, representing compact, strongly-marked families; but when we examine the animals of the past we find that between these families—trenchant as are their differences in the living world—there exist so many intermediate types that their close affinities can not for a moment be called into question. And this is only one out of many examples. Few groups can be named which can not be taken up in the same way.

AFFINITIES OF SPECIES.

Let us take another illustrating the presence of rudimentary parts. Among the animals of the present day we find that there is a division of ungulate animals into the two groups of the Astrodactyles and the Perissodactyles; that is, those having the hoofs in even number, as the cow and pig, and those having them in odd number, like the horse, tapir, and rhinoceros. If we go back into past times, we find that these forms are not so well defined as in those of the present day. In examining those of our own day, we find that those animals having the toes in even number are again divisible into two well-defined groups, ruminants and non-ruminants. Of the ruminants, the cow is a good example; of the non-ruminants, the pig. These groups among existent animals are strongly distinguished. One of the distinguishing characters, in addition to that of the structure of the stomach and intestinal canal, is the presence or absence of teeth in the upper jaw. All those animals that have a stomach and intestinal system adapted for rumination are likewise distinguished by an atrophy of incisor teeth in the upper jaw; the camel is a partial exception, and retains the external incisors. All those that have a simple intestinal canal have incisor teeth in the upper jaw as well as in the lower. The pig is a well-known example, and to the same group belongs the hippopotamus. Now if we examine the animals of past days, we do not find that these combinations of characteristics exist. Of course we can not know the condition of the intestinal canal; it is only by analogy from comparison of the skeletons that we are able to judge. But the comparison that we are able to make

between the skeletons shows quite a regular gradation of characters from one to the other. Bearing in mind also what has been said of rudimentary organs, in examining these animals of the ruminants, we find that in the young cow or the young sheep there are front teeth developed in the upper jaw, but they do not become functionally developed, and are early absorbed in the gums.

In embryology we have another series of facts which it is important to take into consideration. We find that the animal of a high type, man for example, goes through a series of changes, and that those changes assimilate him for the time being to the various animals which are below him in the scale of nature in a certain ratio to their rank and conformity with type. We do not find, however, exact similarities, and we should not expect to find them; for if Darwinism is true, we should rather expect that there should not be a gradation through a single series, but that there should apparently be divergences from a common type, and that these divergences should increase in ratios approximate to the dissimilarities of the adult forms. Such we find to be the case. The fetus of man at one time is very similar to that of the dog, hog, or porpoise, but not to the adult animals.

COMPARATIVE ANATOMY OF BRAIN.

We compared, on a former occasion, the condition of the brain of man with those of the ape and the lower animals. We see in the marsupials that the corpus callosum is almost entirely wanting, that functionally it might be said to be insignificant; that there is, however, a great commissure which takes its place functionally. Now, if we could examine the brain of foetal man, we should find that almost the same characteristics are represented in him. The brain, instead of being connected by a well-developed corpus callosum, is similarly connected by a rudiment of the corpus callosum, as in the marsupials; and the anterior commissure, as in the marsupials, is likewise well developed. But the resemblance would be still greater between the brains of the young of both forms; the more advanced development, however, causes the likeness to be lost in the adult man. You may also observe the difference in the combinations of bones. In the lower forms the elements of the occipital bone and the elements of the temporal bone of man are separated in all periods of life and persist as true independent bones. In man these elements combine at a very early period and form single compound bones.

GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF TYPES.

Now let us take into consideration a few facts with reference to the geographical distribution of animals. In the first place there is a distinction of types in proportion to the isolation of areas. We find that in America we have one combination of animals, in Europe we have another; that as we go from the warmer regions of those countries—from this portion, for example, of America, and from England in the Old World—as we go upward

toward the northern regions, we find that the animals there become less numerous, but that there is a greater number common to the two regions, so that when we ascend into the polar regions, almost all the animals of one portion of the world are the same as those in any other portion of the same latitude; that is, in the Arctic regions animals are common to the whole areas of Europe, Asia, and America. Descending again, we find that those species that are common become very rapidly lost sight of; that the areas which they inhabit are soon passed and new species are found, in almost all cases different from those which are found in the corresponding latitudes of the other continents. As we go southward the distinction of types becomes greater and greater. In the regions that we should start from—the latitude of Washington—we find that the number of species common to the several countries was very small, but that there was at the same time a great similarity between many of the species of the two continents, that the species, although not identical, were at least representative, that they belong, in other words, to the same genera. But as we descend farther south we find that the differences become still greater and greater, and that generic differences are often lost sight of, and species become differentiated into sub-families and even into distinct families. There are, for example, in the tropical regions of the New World, monkeys of two different types (the *Cebidæ* and the *Mididæ*); the sloth, the ant-eaters, and the armadilloes among mammals; and among birds, the humming-birds (for the humming-birds form a family with all their numerous groups entirely confined to America), the toucans, and numerous others. But when we institute a comparison between these animals of the tropics, as regards the different continents, we find that although they have now become differentiated beyond the bounds of genera, and as families in many many cases, still there is analogy between them. Although the family of humming-birds is entirely peculiar to America, still it has, in one respect at least, representatives in the Old World in the group called the sun-birds.

Another fact of geographical distribution is the ratio, *ceteris paribus*, of entities in ratio to the isolation of areas. North America, in its whole extent north of Mexico, has little more than two hundred species of land shells, that is, the whole extent of America from a little south of the political boundary of the United States up to the Arctic regions. If we go to the West Indian Archipelago we shall find that that number has almost or quite trebled for single islands. We shall find that Cuba or Jamaica alone has about three times as many species as the whole of North America. In North America we find that its species are distributed over a very large portion of its area; that many of the species extend over the whole area east of the Rocky Mountains, and from the extreme north of at least the temperate region to the Gulf of Mexico. But in

examining the shells of those West Indian islands we find that not only are there great numbers of species, but that those species are not shared by the different islands. Most of the shells of the island of Cuba are peculiar to it, a very small percentage of them being found elsewhere. The same is true of Jamaica; and to a less extent the same may be said of the other islands, the number of species though not being so enormously great. The same facts also appear, but to a more limited extent, with regard to the Philippine Islands. Intermediate regions have intermediate types. If we again avail ourselves of the same shells, and examine those that are found in Texas and those found in this latitude, we find that though some of the former region are different from any found in the latter, more of the species are common to both; but between some of these different species even there are forms which show that there is a tendency to combine. And in the case of others, if a naturalist had but a few specimens from these areas only, he might consider them as very distant species; but when he began to get more, the characters used to differentiate them would be found inconstant, and they would necessarily be considered rather as varieties of the same species than as forms representing several species.

Hence follows another proposition: that the forms scattered over wide areas are variable in approximate ratio to the area.

FOSSIL REMAINS, AND THEIR TESTIMONY.

Let us go from the present world into the one immediately preceding. If we institute a comparison between our living marine shells and the Pliocene, that is, those immediately preceding the present, we find that there is a great similarity between the two. Going back into the Miocene age, we find as we compare it with our own age that the number of species common to the two is less; that the extinct species by far preponderate; and as we go back to the Cretaceous, we find that we have entirely lost all of the living species. But I must explain that although it is generally admitted that there are among Pliocene forms a number that are identical with those of the present day, still there are some naturalists who maintain that no two species have crossed the boundaries between the two formations; and that while naturalists and geologists are now almost entirely agreed that there are no cataclysms in nature, and that there have been none, such maintain that there have been cataclysms, and that there has been an entire extinction of the forms of one formation, and that they have been entirely replaced by those of a subsequent formation. By almost all, however, it is admitted that there is a transition of the animals of one formation into another, and various degrees of persistence in life of such. From the cretaceans found, it has indeed hitherto been generally agreed that there is no such transition; that all species of the Eocene formation are entirely distinct from those of the highest Cretaceous; but of the truth of this view there is great doubt. There is a gentleman in this audience (Professor

Blake) who has come from California, and who could tell us of beds found there that restore the lost link between the animals of the Eocene and the Cretaceous formations. There has lately been some dispute in regard to those beds of California, but the only effect it has upon my mind is to leave the impression that the difficulty is to find where the two formations, the Cretaceous and the Eocene, may be separated.

But from the Secondary Cretaceous, if we take a step backward into the strata of the same period, we find as we go farther back that the forms become more and more dissimilar from those of the present day; but that the transition into proximate beds is gradual. If we go into the Permian we find types of peculiar form; and the Permian was formerly regarded as a formation whose animals indicated that it belonged rather to the Secondary than to the Palaeozoic, and the Carboniferous formations were likewise associated with it in the Palaeozoic. But in this country we have been able to give most convincing proofs of the gradual transition of the Carboniferous (which is now universally admitted to belong to the Palaeozoic period) into the Permian; for when we go out to the West and examine the coal fields and superincumbent beds of Iowa and Nebraska, it is almost impossible to say where the one begins and the other ends. Any line drawn between those two systems—the Carboniferous and the Permian—is completely arbitrary. And if we visit New York or Pennsylvania we shall be convinced of the transition of the Carboniferous and Devonian. So in regard to the relation of the latter and the Silurian, and between the Upper Silurian and the Lower Silurian, until we finally come down to the base of the system. Now, if we take this lowest formation and compare the animals of that period with the animals of the present, we find that they are almost entirely dissimilar, and only have relations with each other as members of classes. But although we have this differentiation of types as we go back into the past, still we find that there are associated with forms entirely dissimilar to any now living certain forms which are like some that still exist; that is, there have been forms persistent through a long series of ages as far as we can go.

Now, if we compare the extinct animals of the different portions of the world, we shall find that they are combined in geographical areas as they now are, and that as we come upward again in point of time, the combinations assimilate themselves more and more in their mutual relations to those which now exist, till finally the element of time in differentiation becomes subordinate to area, and from this we deduce the proposition, that the relations of animals to time and to space are in inverse ratio to each other. For instance, we should find that the animals of the Tertiary of this country were more like those now living in this country than to those of the same age in Australia, but if we examined comparatively those of some older Secondary or Palaeozoic formations, the reverse would be the case; that is, there would be a greater resemblance between the organisms of the respective formations than between the extinct and living ones of the same country.

TRUE NOBLEMEN.

The noblest men I know on earth,
Are men whose hands are brown with toil;
When, backed by no ancestral graves,
Mow down the woods and till the soil,
And win thereby a prouder fame
Than follows king or warrior's name.

The working men, whate'er their task,
To carve the stone or bear the hod—
They wear upon their honest brows
The royal stamp and seal of God!
And brighter are the drops of sweat
Than diamonds in a coronet!

God bless the noble working men,
Who rear the cities of the plain—
Who dig the mines and build the ships,
And drive the commerce of the main;
God bless them! for their swarthy hands
Have wrought the glory of our lands.

ABBOTT LAWRENCE AND ZADOK PRATT;
OR, CITY SUCCESS AND COUNTRY SUCCESS.

SOME of the most thoughtful men of the country have remarked with expressions of concern and regret the growing distaste of our young men for rustic pursuits. East of the Alleghanies two thirds of the bright-minded youths have their faces set toward the cities and the large manufacturing towns. At the West there is the same drift of young manhood toward Chicago, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, and the other inland cities. And yet how often are these mistaken aspirants informed of the fearful hazards of commercial life; how frequently are they told that only one man in a hundred who enters upon a life of traffic gets rich by it; that for every millionaire, the pavements of Broadway and of Wall Street are white with the bones of bankrupts! The glittering success of a Stewart, a Vanderbilt, and a Belmont, and the princely surroundings amid which the latter years of the lives of such men flow on, blind our young men to the facts of the case and prevent their seeing the hundreds who, at the age of sixty, are still chained to the desk and counter, spending three dollars out of every four they can earn for daily subsistence. In order to add the voice of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL to this general note of warning, we have selected two characters, both alike in one respect, in that they began poor and made themselves rich; the one by legitimate commercial enterprise—the other by rural industries, equally legitimate and equally successful.

Abbott Lawrence, the most brilliant and polished of American merchants, was born in Groton, Mass., in 1792, and died in Boston at the age of sixty-three. Up to the age of forty his pursuits were strictly mercantile; for the last twenty years of his life he was a public man, statesman, and diplomatist. His ancestors were people in humble circumstances, who for a century and a half had tilled their farms in Groton, and his father, Major Samuel Lawrence, served with honor in Prescott's regiment at Bunker Hill, and in many of the severest battles of the Revolutionary war. His



PORTRAIT OF ABBOTT LAWRENCE.

educational advantages were quite limited, and in his sixteenth year he went to Boston with less than three dollars in his pocket and became an apprentice to his brother Amos, then recently established in mercantile business. When he reached majority he was taken into partnership with his brother under the firm name of A. & A. Lawrence, and for many years they conducted a prosperous business in the sale of foreign cotton and woolen goods on commission. After 1830 they became largely interested in Lowell manufacturing companies, and subsequently Abbott Lawrence participated extensively in the China trade. In 1834 he was elected to Congress from Suffolk District, embracing Boston, and as a member of the committee of ways and means showed considerable financial ability. He was prominent in adjusting the Northeastern boundary, and more is due to him than to any other member of the commission for the successful accomplishment of the negotiation. He was an active supporter of Mr. Clay in the presidential canvass of 1844; and in 1848 he came within six votes of being a candidate for the vice-presidency. He was an earnest supporter of Gen. Taylor for President, and was offered a seat in his cabinet, which he declined. From 1849 to 1852 he represented with credit the United States at the Court of St. James, but was recalled at his own request. During the rest of his life he was devoted to his private business. One of the most admirable traits in his character was his benevolence, manifesting itself in daily alms-giving and public charities. The man can be easily read from the face which heads our article. The brain is not large but very well balanced, and the harmony between the developments of the nose and the brow indicates a steady and graceful energy. Such a man is not likely to plan what he can not carry out, nor project anything impracticable. That sort of a brow signifies, in

general, a judicial turn of mind. He was adapted for forming and expressing a clear and sound opinion upon any question of justice, propriety, or expediency which was submitted to him; and during the latter part of his life such questions were being constantly revolved in his mind. This has stamped the face and made it what we see in the engraving. His character in its outline resembled his face. He was a fair, tasteful, graceful, and polished man, incapable of great or original thought, of vigorous or emphatic action, but careful of the feelings and rights of others, a person to whom every species of vulgarity was especially distasteful. He, by his original make-up, and by the habits of a lifetime, was a believer in social distinctions, and a natural aristocrat. We have produced very few persons in this country better adapted for moving in kings' courts than Mr. Lawrence. The atmosphere of St. James was to him native air. But we never look in such harmonious and handsome features for evidences of superior force, originality, or that hardy, irrepressible, masculine vigor which makes the deepest impression upon the age in which it is exercised. Such a man is the flower of the counting-room. It is the best specimen of manhood that traffic alone can produce for us. The wholesale house and the bank, the factory and the committee-room, can make the gentleman of polite exterior, graceful carriage, and faultless dress, the elegant routinist, and the successful negotiator; but the desk and the counter are incompatible with originality, freshness, and versatility.

Turn from this harmonious, bland, affable countenance to the rugged, energetic, original physiognomy facing it; one expresses talent and fine principles—the other, ideas and energy; one is the elegant representative of systematic routine and city polish—the other the embodiment of freedom from conventionality, the incarnation of boldness, of enterprise, fertility of invention. The outlines of his face are as rugged as the mountains of his native country; and the underlying granite of the hills he roamed over in boyhood is scarce firmer than the constitution he inherited from a robust and hardy ancestry. In every feature and on every line of this face is engraved as with steel upon flinty rock the action and purpose that must accomplish his ends. This man could follow in the wake of no other man's thought. He must by the force of his own vital power pioneer his way by new paths to assured success. He does not measure what can be done by any achievements of the past, but carefully surveying the field before him, he sees the possible results, and undaunted by opposition, regardless of difficulties insurmountable to weaker wills, with the goal ever in view he presses on to final victory.

Zadok Pratt was born October 30th, 1790, at Stephentown, Rensselaer County, New York. His father was a tanner, and of him Zadok learned the trade. During his leisure hours he braided whip-lashes, and thus earned quite

a sum. He was then apprenticed to a saddler, with whom he continued till his time expired, when he worked for his father for a year at ten dollars a month. He then commenced business for himself. His first project was to build a shop of his own, eighteen by twenty; and after this was completed and he had moved into it, "I felt then," said he, "half rich." He worked on an average, at this time, fifteen or sixteen hours a day. During the first year of his business life he commenced keeping an exact account of all business transactions, every year making an inventory of his possessions and calculating his profits, which system he adhered to ever afterward. The first year he made five hundred dollars, the second year twelve hundred, which continually increased till 1815. He now sold out his store and went into partnership with his brothers in the tanning business. Conducted with his fine judgment and rare energy it proved highly remunerative to all concerned. In 1820 he sold out his interest and went to Canada to traffic in furs. Only an iron constitution could have endured the cold and exposure he underwent, but he was successful in the object of his mission, and returned with a large purse full of golden "mint drops." Some years previous to this, just to test his powers of endurance, he walked forty miles without tasting food or drink. In 1825 he established among the wilds of Windham, at the foot of the Catskills, his gigantic tannery, the largest in the world. The immense fortune he accumulated, the thriving village that grew up around him, sufficiently attest the success of his enterprise. During these years he gave with unstinted hand to churches of all denominations and to charities of all sorts. His donations amounted to over twenty thousand dollars, and he paid over five hundred thousand dollars as security for friends.

In 1836 Mr. Pratt entered upon his career as a public man and a statesman, being one of the electors of the President and Vice-President of the Democratic party and Representative in Congress of the Eighth Congressional District of New York. In his new sphere he displayed the same traits that in business life were so signally rewarded. He familiarized himself with the duties of his office, and then taking a broad survey of the wants of the country, he set himself to supplying them. We give a few of the results of his labors. His record shows him to be in the best sense a public benefactor. He originated the measure for reducing the postage. He proposed the plan of encouraging and elevating agricultural pursuits, by obtaining various kinds of the best seeds and plants, and distributing them gratuitously to the farmers of the country through the Patent Office. He showed the inadequacy of the material of which the public buildings at Washington are constructed, and moved that granite or marble should be used in their stead. To Zadok Pratt we are indebted for the plan of the General Post-Office and its erection in marble. The Dry Dock in Brooklyn and the



PORTRAIT OF ZADOK PRATT.

branch of the Mint in New York were built at his suggestion. The bureau of statistics and commerce was established at his instance and under his direction. The National Monument at Washington was the conception of his brain, and constructed according to plans submitted by him. He first presented to Congress a memorial showing the importance of a national railroad to the Pacific. In 1845, at his instance, delegations were sent to Corea and Japan to remove prejudices against trading with foreigners, and to extend American commerce. To him we are indebted for the benefits conferred upon agriculture and the mechanic arts by the Smithsonian Institute. He is the author of the movement to engrave patents and distribute them all over the country, to suggest thus by different improvements and models new trains of ideas which may become the germs of future inventions. These are some of the results of Mr. Pratt's public life. All of them look toward the improvement, the enriching, and elevating the great masses of the American people.

In 1846 he closed his extensive tannery at Prattsville, after tanning nearly a million sides of sole leather, using one hundred and fifty thousand cords of bark from ten square miles of bark land, one thousand years of labor, and six millions of dollars, without a single case of litigation.

The wide area of land which had been cleared of hemlock trees by the demands of the tannery was now converted into a large dairy farm. Colonel Pratt kept eighty cows. His stock was of the common breeds of the country, and he endeavored, not so much to see what can be done, as to prove what the common farmer can do. The farm under his management was in many respects a model. On the rocks opposite the gateway he has had cut this inscription: "On the farm lying on the opposite side of the road, 224 pounds of butter

from each cow were made from eighty cows in a season."

Mr. Pratt still lives, with his faculties bright and active as ever; the keen, black, glittering eye shows no dimming of mental vision, and the same restless energy that characterized him in his prime makes him, even now that nearly four-score winters have snowed upon him, still irrepressibly active in social and private life.

There are two or three lessons of great importance that may be derived from the lives of these men. While traffic tends to the growth of cities, centralization, and aristocracy, the country is fertile with democracy and democratic ideas. The city values a man for what he has made—the country for what he can do; hence, as a great number of persons can do useful things, but can not make fortunes, the countryman's estimate of men is more just than the city man's. For that reason he makes the best natural ruler and administrator. In the past history of the United States, the North has been mainly commercial and manufacturing, while the South and West have been chiefly devoted to agriculture; and the men whose ideas and character have governed America, represented agricultural populations. Virginia was the mother of Presidents. In the West, Henry Clay, Stephen H. Douglas, Abraham Lincoln, were as strictly the products of rustic growth as a broad-spreading elm or a giant oak. Look at those statesmen who have made their mark on American society and in American history—Silas Wright, De Witt Clinton, Sam Houston, Thomas Benton, Andrew Jackson, and the public men whose names are mentioned above—none of them came from cities. They were not developed by urban society, they were not types of commercial culture.

The mistake which our young men make is in supposing that a posted man is an intelligent man, and one whose ideas are valuable. To know the precise hour and minute when trains leave their depôts; how to get from one part of the city to another in the most expeditious manner; where to find the best dinner for the least money; which is the best hotel; what tailor will give you the most fashionable cut of pantaloons; the arrival and departure of foreign steamers; the price of gold; how "Gould & Curry" is selling; the merits of the Drew and Vanderbilt controversy; the calculation of interest and percentages—this is not wisdom; ideas of this class do not make the individual strong or able, they do not make communities powerful or nations great. He is the true and permanent benefactor of society who leaves a hundred acres of land in a better condition after fifty years of tillage than they were when he took possession of them; who knows how to grow wheat rather than how to sell it; who understands the relations between supply and demand; who appreciates the value of railroads to farming communities; who would give the poor man, instead of three narrow, ill-ventilated rooms in a tenement-house, at an unrighteous rental, one hundred and sixty broad acres for his perpetual homestead; and the tendency of whose system is not toward piling wealth within the walls of five-story palaces, but sowing it broadcast like the sunshine and the rain of heaven.

On Physiolog.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—*Cabanis*.

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—*Isaiah* iv. 6.

APPETITE PERVERTED.

BY DR. BUTOLPH.

ALIMENTIVENESS is the faculty which confers the desire to take food and drink. Man is possessed of an organized animal body, which requires food and drink for its growth and sustenance. To secure the introduction of proper and sufficient nourishment to meet the needs of his system and prevent the waste and decline of his bodily powers, and through them of the mental, a portion of his brain has been endowed with the capacity of perceiving or feeling the wants of his system; and as if to make assurance of his compliance with his animal wants doubly sure, the delicious sense of taste has been superadded. So far, however, he is only on a par with animals having appetites for food and drink, and nerves of taste to enjoy them.

To enable him to judge rightly in regard to the character and extent of his wants in these respects, and to secure him against mistake in all cases, intellectual faculties have been given him, which, when enlightened, are capable of ascertaining his bodily necessities and of determining the quality and quantity of nutriment which his animal nature requires.

Now, with all these advantages and safeguards, it would seem almost impossible for him to err in a matter so unequivocally plain; and yet the history of the race of man, from the tasting of the fatal fruit by our first parents in Eden down to the present hour, is largely composed of accounts of the disorderly and excessive action of this faculty of Alimentiveness. As before stated, its primary office is to confer a desire and relish for food and drink, and thus insure attention to man's wants as an organized animal; and yet, strange as it should appear to rational beings, and would appear to brutes, could they comprehend the nature and extent of human excesses, man often makes its exercise and gratification the chief object and aim of his earthly existence. Instead of partaking moderately, like quadrupeds, of simple nourishing food from nature's storehouse, and of the clear limpid fluid from her sparkling fountains, man, in his supremacy as a biped, gorges his body with unwholesome food to the bursting, deluges it with artificial drinks to the drowning point; and then, as if his original compliance with the suggestions of that arch-fiend, the serpent, to sin through this greedy faculty did not sufficiently attest the supremacy of his tempter, he resigns the use of legs altogether, and in his debasement imitates both the posture and motion of his reptile counselor; yes, he even exceeds the brutality of the former, and marks his rolling, writhing track, with his own overflowing gore. This form

and degree of excess, however, occurring occasionally, nay, even frequently, is not usually regarded as an indication of insanity, though the loss of balance in both mind and body, through the excessive functional activity of this organ would seem to dictate some such charitable conclusion.

The perverted faculty under notice still goes on in the occasional indulgence of disorderly excesses of this kind for brief periods, permitting its possessor to simulate the character of a man, and then again prostrating him in the dust, until, finally, as if in despair at the degradation to which they are subjected, all his higher human powers yield to the sway of appetite, and he becomes a senseless, useless thing of earth, having the form of a man, the habits of a reptile, and the spirit, only, of a demon or a bottle.

Such are the abuses to which this appetite is subject; and such the sad results to which they inevitably tend in untold numbers of our race; and yet the appointment of a legal guardian to check and restrain the excesses of this body-and-soul-destroying faculty when it had become perverted, is considered a direct infringement of its freedom and vested rights! "Oh, shame, where is thy blush?"

If, however, the destruction of the possessor was the only misfortune attending the excessive functional activity of this organ, the picture of human ill, thus darkly drawn, would be much less painful and revolting; but be it remembered, that the poverty and crime induced by its disorderly action blasts the earthly prospects and deranges parts of or whole families to which such slaves of appetites belong; and thus the evils of which we speak are transmitted to and directly interfere with the health and happiness of generations yet unborn.

TOBACCO.

BY EMMA AUGUSTA THOMPSON.

Now, perhaps, some confirmed lover of the "weed" will elevate his lordly brow and wonder what we have to say about his favorite; and he fortifies himself with a fresh cigar, his way of saying he "don't care a snap." Or if he happens to be of an ill-natured turn of mind, he may grumble out something about "motes" and "beams," "women always harping about men's faults" (poor souls), "don't know that it hurts them any if men do use tobacco," etc. Now, it makes no difference to us who you happen to be—a "retired merchant," a millionaire in a "coach-and-four," an ex-Congressman, or an "ex" anybody else, we beg leave to differ from you. Nay, we *do* differ from you, sir, plainly and pointedly, without your permission, and not merely for the sake of controversy, but with good reasons. Why, we are the very half of humanity who suffer from your disgusting tobacco chewing! Do you know that you are the terror of every neat housekeeper, as well as of every feminine nose of refined sensibilities? Did it ever occur to

you that your most valued lady friend feels glad, sometimes, when you take yourself and your tobacco together out of her front door? And have you any idea how many household blessings are sent after your retreating footsteps, and how many times in an imaginary way your filthy habit is scrubbed out of you under her skillful brush, and its very back-bone snapped up, twisted around, and squeezed out of you through her relentless mop? As much as she may value your friendship, believe me, she despises your pernicious habit.

We have often watched with an amused kind of pity an inveterate tobacco chewer who has entered a neatly-furnished room. How sheepishly he looks about for a spittoon, a seat by an open window, or a convenient corner by the hearth, to empty his mouth of its disgusting contents! And it never fails to remind us of the way little boys look when they are caught in a neighbor's hen-roost. Of course we speak to an intelligent public through the JOURNAL, so we will not address any remarks to the ignorant or besotted wretch, in broadcloth or rags, who never discriminates between a Brussels carpet and a bar-room floor, a lady's dress and the pavement; whose very skin and clothes seem to be saturated with tobacco odor, whose very perspiration seems to be distilled tobacco juice, who makes a match safe of his vest pocket, and a stove pipe or a mortar of the mouth God gave him for a better purpose. We are not writing these things at random, merely for the reader's amusement or disgust, as the case may be, but because they are facts, and show the deplorable effects of this beastly habit. My dear young lady, you do not know but that your perfumed Leander, in patent leathers and lavender kids, who smokes his fragrant Havana so daintily and drinks your precious health so gracefully among his boon companions, may one day personate this fearful picture! We can offer you no assurance to the contrary, for what has happened a thousand times may happen again. The "honeymoon" may hardly get to be an old song when those marvelous preparations for "purifying and sweetening" the breath, so indispensable to the lover, will be considered a superfluous item in the domestic catalogue, and what you at first thought to be only a harmless pleasure will after a while become a source of perpetual annoyance in your household and a "skeleton in your cupboard."

Much has been said and written upon this subject, but it is not "threadbare" yet, and never will be so long as tobacco grows. Besides, we have a kind of individual right to speak of it, for among our very earliest "adventures" comes the dropping of a great coal into our baby bosom from the paternal "meerschau," balanced above our little brown, curly head resting in fancied security against the paternal vest pattern. We might be cheated into the belief that it was only an ugly dream, but the scar remains to "tell the tale!"

We would say a few words to our boys, our dear young boys, who are to be our men some day, and the husbands, fathers, and grand-

fathers of future generations; but more particularly would we address those who expect to depend upon their own exertions for support, and with their own strong right arms and brave hearts carve out a name and "make a mark." Just as soon as you begin to feel that life is to you no holiday, and that there is something for you to do, then you are beginning to individualize yourself, to form your habits, and to make of yourself what you will be in all your after-life. Then you shoulder the knapsack of your own responsibility and set out upon the great highway of life to seek your fortune.

At this very period boys are apt to think it looks "manly" to smoke a cigar or take a chew of tobacco. Manly! There never was a greater mistake. We do not like to say it looks dishonest to see a boy chew tobacco, but we will say that a cigar in a boy's mouth, or the smell of tobacco about him, is *not* a recommendation. Why, if we happened to be the noted merchant "Mr. Stewart" or "Mr." somebody else, controlling a large business, and a boy should present himself to us to obtain employment, holding up his head as though he were not ashamed of his business, and say in a tone with a ring of true coin in it, "I never use tobacco, sir," would we examine the texture of that boy's clothes, or take into account the patch on his elbow? Would we expect to find the germ of a drunkard or a thief, or a lazy, idle, good-for-nothing lout inside of that boy's jacket? No, indeed! There is the self-denial of true "manliness." There is the spirit that will rise above circumstances and privations, the germ that will unfold the strength and vigor of true manhood. We would ask no better recommendation. We would find something for that boy to do, and hold out our hand in kindness and encouragement to bid him God-speed.

It is simply disgusting to see a man chew tobacco, but it is melancholy to see a boy. We can hardly help picturing him an easy prey to other temptations, and associating his future life with other more appalling evils. It suggests nothing pure, nothing elevating. Never begin it, boys. If you have money to spend, buy books, and cultivate the higher and nobler part of your natures. If every boy can't be a lawyer or a senator, every boy can be a MAN. So when you pack up the knapsack of your future self, set tobacco in your "catalogue of negatives;" set your boy's boot upon it with a good firm stamp that will keep you free from its polluting touch, and mature age will find you a healthier, wiser, and richer man.

PRESERVING YOUTH.—Cardinal de Salis, who died 1785, aged 110 years, said: "*By being old when I was young, I find myself young now I am old.*" I led a sober and studious, but not a lazy or sedentary life. My diet was sparing, though delicate; I rode or walked every day, except in rainy weather, when I exercised within doors for a couple of hours. So far I took care of the body; and as to the mind, I endeavored to preserve it in due temper by a scrupulous obedience to divine commands."

"LIKE BEGETS LIKE."

"The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children."

BASKET in hand, I entered the store, and asked for nuts (I was buying for Christmas), without noticing a boy who sat upon a barrel near me, until he exclaimed, "Nuts! nuts! what do you want of nuts?" Poor boy! he looked as if no one ever bought nuts for his Christmas. He had a difficulty of vision painful to behold—it seemed an effort to look you in the face. It was not from shame or modesty, for the boy was a vagabond, but evidently a constitutional defect. Without raising his head, his eyes were elevated with a leer so like a drunkard's, with an expression so far beyond his years, that I was struck with the expression. Upon a slight examination of his head and physique, I could discover no such defect as would account for the eccentricity. In pity I gave him an apple, when the storekeeper told him to "cluck and crow" for it. Turning his back to me I heard an old hen's clucking as if in search for a soft, downy spot for her unlaidd egg; then, standing upon his feet, he faced me, pulled his hat down over his eyes, raised himself upon his toes, slapped his sides with his hands as a rooster would flap his wings, and crowed after the fashion of the genuine shanghai. It was done so naturally, that it were easy to fancy oneself in the barnyard. Afterward he told me his name, and that his "father and mother had turned him out doors"—one, or both, being drunk. I knew something of the family. Of eight children, half are in the "county-house," from whence this boy had run away.

What a sad life he has before him!—the curse of the drunkard's obscured mind stamped upon him at its birth. When I looked upon my own two-year old a few hours afterward, I thanked God that its father's beverage was "pure water."

A. B. C.

THE SANITARY INFLUENCE OF LAUGHTER.—"Laugh and grow fat" is an aphorism which needs little argumentation to sustain it. To be happy we must be cheerful; and to render that cheerfulness truly enjoyable, one must now and then yield to mirthful impulses. As a healthful agent, a full-chested, "hearty" laugh is unrivaled. When his patient smiles, the doctor takes hope.

A clerical friend, at a celebrated watering-place, met a lady who seemed hovering on the brink of the grave. Her cheeks were hollow and wan, her manner listless, her steps languid, and her brow wore the contraction so indicative both of mental and physical suffering, so that she was to all observers an object of sincere pity.

Some years afterward he encountered this same lady, but as bright, and fresh, and youthful—so full of healthful buoyancy and so joyous in expression—that he began to question if he had not deceived himself with regard to her identity.

"Is it possible," said he, "that I see before

me Mrs. B., who presented such a doleful appearance at the springs a few years ago?"

"The very same."

"And pray tell me, madam, the secret of your cure? What means did you use to attain to such vigor of mind and body—to such cheerfulness and rejuvenation?"

"A very simple remedy," returned she, with a beaming face. "I stopped worrying and began to laugh—that was all."

OUR HAIR.

Is it actually the truth that the elaborate foundations whereupon the women of the year 1868 build up the superstructure of their tresses are masses of loathsome torpidity—we can scarcely say of life? We are compelled to answer, yes. Seeing is believing, and we have seen—through a magnifying glass, darkly!

And what was it that we saw? The hair, magnified to resemble small ropes, each studded with clustering masses, perhaps two or three on a hair, like swarms of bees as they hang from trees, or the unsightly excrescences called "Black Knot" that deform our plum and cherry orchards. A hair plucked direct from the head of the horrified wearer of "gregarines" presented a smooth surface, perfectly free from these hideous parasites.

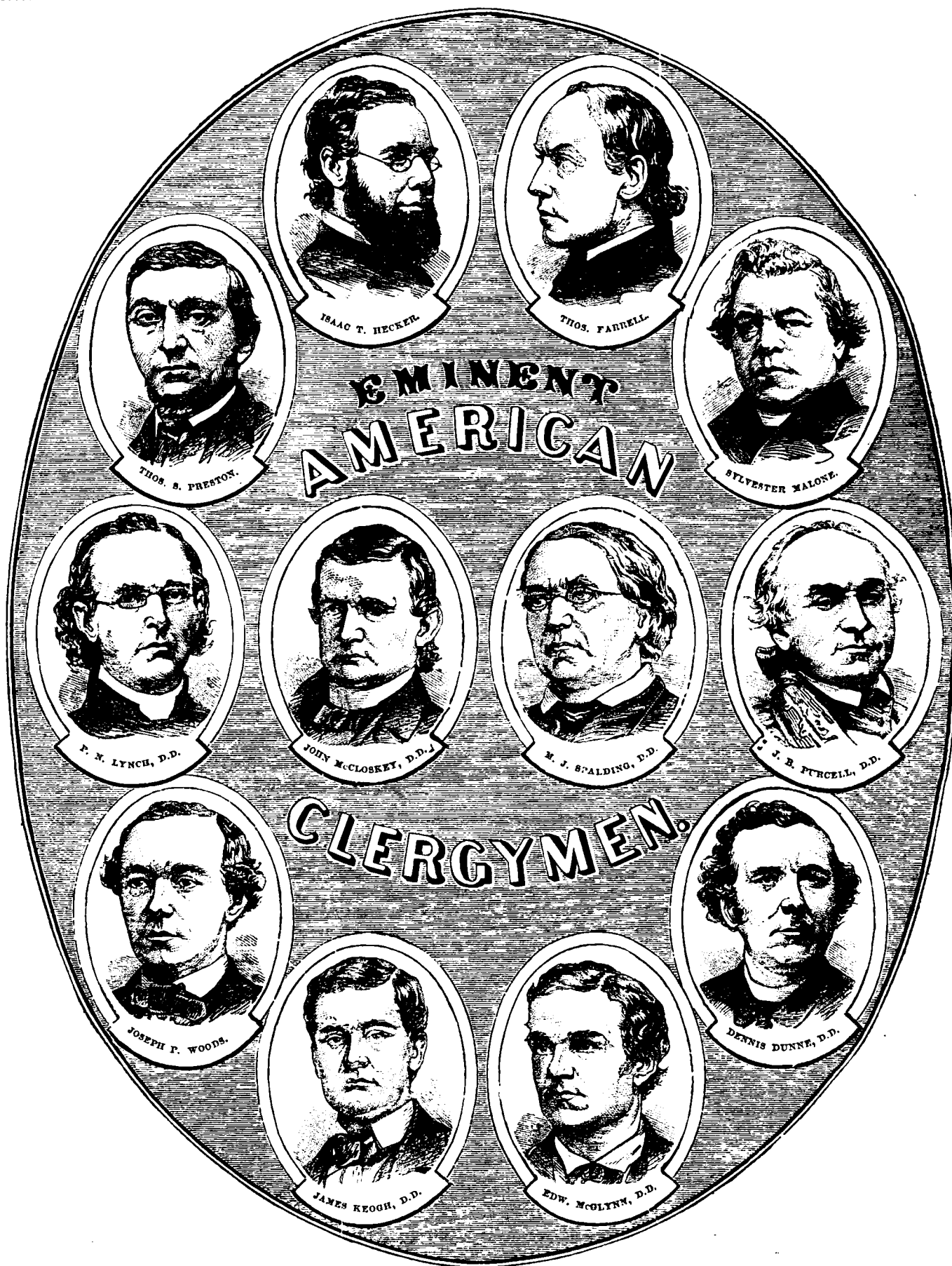
"Why?" we gasped, almost unwilling to believe the evidence of our own senses—"why is it that 'curls,' and 'switches,' and 'foundations' are all so infested?"

"Much of the imported hair is brought from graveyards," was the reply of our scientific authority. "The dead are rifled for the sake of the living, and the hair that has long lain in coffins can hardly be a healthful appendage to living cerebellums. A great deal, moreover, is cut from the heads of Circassian women, who are—well, they are certainly *not* celebrated for their personal cleanliness!"

Well, what are we to do, thus confronted with bare, indisputable facts? The fact that these insect millions—for each one of these excrescences is said to contain something like ten hundred thousand gregarines—are in a state of torpidity, requiring such heat as only is evolved from chemists' furnaces to quicken them into life, is very little comfort. Boiling will not kill them—baking only starts them into vigor—brushes are powerless upon them. The hairs which we saw magnified had previously been repeatedly rubbed and wiped upon pocket handkerchiefs without being able to remove the clinging swarms!

What are we to do? Are we to heat our brains with piled-up cushions of "Circassian" hair and graveyard spoils? Are we to make ourselves hideous, simply to be in the fashion? Forbid it, good sense, cleanliness, self-respect. Sooner would we shave our heads and go about with pates like Franciscan monks! Let us have a new state of things! let us wear our hair as Nature intended it should be worn, pure, clean, and graceful! For once, let Fashion and Reason coincide.

A LADY.



EMINENT ROMAN CATHOLIC CLERGYMEN.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, WITH PORTRAITS.

ON the opposite page we publish our ninth group of representative American clergymen. The denomination which these reverend gentlemen advocate and earnestly seek to advance in number and influence is already one of the most powerful on this continent; while in the United States proper the religion of Rome, fostered by universal toleration and disseminated by the multitudes of immigrants from countries essentially Roman Catholic, seems in a fair way to attain ere long among us a position second to no other denomination. Its rapid growth is marked by the numerous church, educational, and charitable edifices everywhere erected or being erected. Especially is its strength and extension marked in the States of the West, where the finest buildings for religious and educational purposes are in nearly every instance the property of zealous, enterprising Catholics. The Cathedral of St. Paul and St. Peter in Philadelphia is probably the largest church edifice in the United States.

According to the *Catholic Almanac* for 1865, there were in this country seven archbishops, thirty-seven bishops, five vicars apostolic, three mitred abbots, and about 2,400 priests, with a Roman Catholic population of nearly 4,500,000. At present the number can not be far from 5,000,000.

In considering the portraits composing our group, we are struck by one expression common to all—it is a deep, settled gravity. In some, to be sure, this expression is more strongly marked, and appears the outgrowth of natural or acquired asceticism. In nearly every instance the intellectual faculties are well developed, and that species of intellectual force prevails which inclines one to close study and meditation. Probably the most practical "Father" of the group is Rev. Sylvester Malone, who seems at the same time to possess an exuberant good-nature and strong social qualities. Rev. J. P. Woods exhibits considerable breadth of forehead, indicating good reasoning ability, unusual vivacity, and a strong appreciation of the humorous and comic. Tune is also large with him. We infer from the photograph that Archbishop Spalding possesses an excellent memory of details or minor facts. Benevolence is largely shown in most of the portraits, especially in those of Archbishop Spalding, Bishop Lynch, and Revs. Thomas Farrell, I. T. Hecker, Thomas Preston, and James Keogh. Among those who are distinguished for strength of will, and for those forceful elements of character which impart boldness, opposition, or aggression, we may specify the archbishops, and "Fathers" Malone, Farrell, and Hecker.

It is to be lamented that several of our portraits do not fully meet our wishes, owing to the inferior photographs which were the best we were able to procure.

THE MOST REV. MARTIN JOHN SPALDING, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore, was born in Kentucky, early in this century. He graduated at the Propaganda in Rome, and after being ordained priest, served in that capacity for several years. On the 10th of September, 1848, he was consecrated Bishop of Legone, and coadjutor to the Right Rev. Dr. Flaget, Bishop of Louisville; in 1864 he was, in accordance with a papal bull, appointed to succeed the late Archbishop Kenrick in the see of Baltimore, and on the 1st of August, 1864, he was consecrated for such position with the usual ceremonies. On the 25th of July, 1868, the Congregation of the Propaganda, by a decree which was confirmed by his holiness Pope Pius IX., granted the prerogative of place to the see of Baltimore, thus making the Archbishop of that see the Primate of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, and thus giving him the seat of honor above all other archbishops, without regard to promotion or consecration. In accordance with this decree, Archbishop Spalding presided over the Council of Catholic prelates that assembled in Baltimore last year, and delivered the opening address, which was extensively copied by the press of the country at that time; the address was a brief and remarkably lucid and able review of the Catholic Church, together with a resume of its progress in America. The Roman Catholic Church in the United States has never probably possessed a prelate of greater ability, and one more untiring in his efforts to promote the cause of his religion. An accomplished scholar and a profound theologian, he long since became widely known through his writings on religious subjects. Commencing first as a writer of reviews, he soon attracted considerable notice by the vigor with which he attacked those authors who differed from his Church, or who attacked its infallibility. His "History of the Reformation," published in two large volumes, is one of the most searching and exhaustive accounts of the great schism from the Catholic Church that has ever been written, and is ranked among the standard theological works in America. He also published "Evidences of Catholicity," "Sketches of the Early Catholic Missions in Kentucky," "Miscellanea," together with other works, all of which have commanded large circulations, and are still regarded as among the ablest defenses and expositions of the Roman Catholic religion.

THE MOST REV. JOHN McCLOSKEY, D.D., second Archbishop of New York, was born in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., in the year 1810. At an early age he studied for the priesthood, and in January, 1834, was ordained priest by Bishop Dubois. Soon after his ordination he was appointed pastor of St. Joseph's Church in New York. In 1844 he was consecrated Bishop, and appointed coadjutor to the Archbishop of New York, and in 1847 he was transferred to Albany when that city was erected into a new diocese, and on the 21st of August, 1864, was installed with the usual ceremonies Archbishop of New York, to succeed the late lamented Archbishop Hughes.

Archbishop McCloskey is considered one of the most polished orators in the Catholic Church in the United States. In his private character he is known as possessing all those virtues which endear man to his fellow-man; possessed of a kind and charitable heart, he is constantly engaged in the endeavor to alleviate suffering and to elevate the moral and social standing of those intrusted to his care.

MOST REV. JOHN BAPTIST PURCELL, D.D., Archbishop of Cincinnati, was born in Mallow, County of Cork, Ireland, about the year 1798, and came to the United States while yet a boy. After receiving a preliminary education here, he was sent to finish his studies at the famous seminary of St. Sulpice, in Paris, where he graduated with high honors; he was ordained priest, and returned to the United States about the year 1822. He was soon after appointed president of the well-known Catholic College and Seminary of Mount St. Mary's, Emmettsburg, Md. In accordance with a special bull from the Pope, he was appointed Archbishop of the see of Cincinnati, and consecrated Bishop, October 13th, 1833. About the year 1840 he became well known by his controversial letters (which were published in two volumes) with the famous Dr. Campbell, founder of the Campbellites, on "Catholicity vs. Protestantism." Dur-

ing the late war he took a prominent part in sustaining the Government, both by voice and pen; he was also among the first to urge through his official organ (the *Catholic Telegraph* of Cincinnati) the abolition of slavery in the Southern States.

THE RIGHT REV. P. N. LYNCH, D.D., Bishop of Charleston, S. C., was born in South Carolina about the year 1812. After receiving a preliminary education in the United States, he went to finish his ecclesiastical studies at the College of the Propaganda in Rome, where he was ordained priest. He then returned to the United States, and labored in South Carolina as a zealous priest. On March 14th, 1858, he was appointed and consecrated Bishop of Charleston, to succeed the late Bishop Reynolds.

At the commencement of the late war, Bishop Lynch became well known throughout the country by his correspondence with the late Archbishop Hughes, in which he championed and advocated the "justice of the Southern cause," and tried to controvert the well-known Union views of Archbishop Hughes. In private life, Bishop Lynch is beloved for his many noble traits of character, especially for that of benevolence. He showed much kindness to Union prisoners of war in Charleston. As a preacher, he is well known for his eloquence. After the close of the war he preached in nearly all the Catholic churches in New York in aid of the destitute poor of Charleston. His goodness and piety have endeared him to the Catholics of America generally.

VERY REV. DENNIS DUNNE, D.D., Vicar-General and Administrator of the Diocese of Chicago, born in Queens County, Ireland, February 24th, 1824. Early in the following year his family emigrated to Miramichi, in the northern part of the Province of New Brunswick, where, under the guidance of pious parents, he early evinced a decided disposition for the priesthood. At that time there were but few Catholic collegiate institutions even of a preparatory character, either in the United States or the British Provinces. That in Prince Edward's Island, founded by the late lamented Bishop McDonald, was the most distinguished for affording to the student a thorough knowledge of the classics, mathematics, etc., necessary to form the foundation of a sound and wholesome theological education. Under the tutelage of the celebrated John Slattery, who afterward entered the Society of Jesus, and was one of the best classical teachers and critics of his time, the young Dunne quickly acquired the knowledge necessary to fit him for the study of the higher branches. As a school-boy, he manifested those qualities of sound judgment, and that peculiar tact for conciliating his fellow-students, without offending any but attracting all, which have since been frequently applauded by the men of stronger passions and sturdier intellects whom he has been commissioned to direct.

Having finished his preparatory studies, he entered the theological department of the University of Laval at Quebec, from which in deacon's orders he went to Chicago, his family having in the mean time emigrated thither. During the vacancy in the diocese caused by the death of Bishop Quarter, he was ordained priest by Bishop Lefevre, of Detroit, and immediately entered upon the arduous duties of a missionary in the diocese of Chicago; this was in 1848, when that unexplored diocese had but few priests, and their perilous labors were almost unknown beyond their extensive sphere. After the transfer of Bishop Vandeveldt to the diocese of Natchez, his successor, Bishop O'Regan, aware of Mr. Dunne's zeal and influence among the clergy and of his administrative talents, promoted him to the position of vicar-general, which he still holds, with credit to himself and satisfaction to his superiors. His labors in the cause of Catholic charity as well as of philanthropy are visible in the institutions which for the protection of the orphan and the reformation of the juvenile delinquent he has founded and fostered in the Garden City of the great West. He was the first in the United States to reduce to practical form the idea of those peculiar institutions which have since flourished so effectively under the zealous direction of Father Haskins at Boston, and the lamented Dr. Ives at New York.

At present, during the protracted absence of Bishop Duggan, the entire burden of a large diocese comprising

106 priests according to the *Catholic Almanac*, rests upon his shoulders, and by every one his administration is acknowledged to be most satisfactory.

A most determined opponent of slavery as he is of tyranny, at the commencement of our national struggle he vigorously espoused the cause of the Union and freedom. By his own exertions he placed in the field, fully armed and equipped, the gallant 90th Illinois Infantry, so famous in our war history on every field from Vicksburg to Mission Ridge, where by companies, including their brave Colonel O'Meara, they freely poured out their life-blood to uphold and advance the flag of their adopted country.

In person, the Very Rev. Dr. Dunne is tall and dignified, with a face expressive of qualities eminently social and attractive, and withal of unmistakable firmness.

REV. THOMAS FARRELL was born in Longford, Ireland, in the year 1820, and came to the United States while yet a child. He received his ecclesiastical education and graduated at Mount St. Mary's College, Emmetsburg, Md., and was ordained priest in the year 1847. He engaged at first in missionary labor; then became pastor of St. Paul's Church, Harlem, and afterward at St. Mary's Church, Grand Street. In 1857 he was appointed pastor of his present church (St. Joseph's, corner of Sixth Avenue and West Washington Place), one of the oldest and most influential congregations in New York.

During the late war Mr. Farrell was well known for his earnest and uncompromising advocacy of the "cause of the Union," and was a consistent and steadfast opponent of human slavery, believing firmly in the rights of man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. During the dark days of the rebellion our Government had among the clergy North no more steadfast champion, and republican institutions no firmer and sincerer friend than Thomas Farrell. As a scholar and theologian, he is ranked among the foremost divines of the Catholic Church in the United States. As a preacher, he belongs more to the solid than to the brilliant order. As a great lover of truth, he is known and beloved by men of all denominations for his noble qualities of heart and mind. Among his brethren of the clergy he is looked up to with the greatest respect and affection, so much so, that it is remarkable how many go to him for counsel and advice, and what implicit faith they place in his judgment and understanding.

REV. ISAAC THOMAS HECKER was born in New York, Dec., 1819. He received his education in this city, and entered into business with his brothers in the well-known milling and baking establishment of Hecker Brothers. He passed the summer of 1843 with the Association for Agriculture and Education at Brook Farm, West Roxbury, Mass., and subsequently spent some time in a similar institution in Worcester Co., Mass. He returned to New York in 1845, and became converted to, and received into, the Roman Catholic Church. Soon after taking this step he determined on entering the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, and after making his novitiate at St. Trond, in Belgium, was admitted to the order in 1847. On the completion of his ecclesiastical studies he was sent by his superiors to England, and in 1849 was ordained priest by the late Cardinal Wiseman. He passed two years in England, engaged in missionary work. In 1851 he returned to New York, in company with several members of his order, and for the next seven years was constantly employed in missionary labors in various parts of the United States. In 1857, having visited Rome, Father Hecker with some of his colleagues were released by the Pope from their connection with the Redemptorists, and in 1858 he founded with his companions a new missionary society under the name of the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle, whose church and monastery are at the corner of Ninth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street. Father Hecker is the author of "Questions of the Son" (1855), and "Aspirations of Nature" (1857). While in Rome he published two papers on Catholicity in the United States, which were translated into several languages, and extensively read in Europe and America. About two years ago he started in this city the *Catholic World*, a monthly magazine of great literary ability, devoted to the interest of the Catholic Church. He is also well known as an able and eloquent lecturer on religious and secular subjects.

REV. SYLVESTER MALONE was born in Meath, Ireland, in the year 1821, and emigrated to the United States when but seventeen years of age. While yet a mere boy his heart yearned for God's holy sanctuary, and accordingly he entered St. John's College, Fordham, where he graduated. He was ordained priest in 1844, and sent to the eastern district of Brooklyn, then known as the city of Williamsburg. The population then was only 10,000, and there was no Catholic place of worship there. The energy and zeal of Mr. Malone soon showed itself; he had been there but a short time when he had built one of the handsomest and most substantial churches in the diocese, well known as Sts. Peter and Paul's Church. It may be here remarked that Mr. Malone was the first priest to introduce the Gothic style of architecture into the building of Catholic churches in this country, and his architect (P. C. Keely) has since designed over three hundred in that style. The Williamsburg that he knew with no Catholic church now has twelve, all grown out of his parish, to testify to his zeal and earnest work as a faithful minister. In the twenty-four years that he has resided in Brooklyn there is no name more honored and esteemed and spoken of with more affection by men of all creeds than the name of Rev. Sylvester Malone. As a pulpit orator, he is eloquent and fervid; his sermons are all extempore, and of a pure, elevated style. During the late civil war his patriotic record will long be remembered by every lover of free institutions. Perceiving at once that the dissolution of the Union would be the end of self-government everywhere, he threw all his influence, moral and social, on the side of our Government; his whole instincts yearned for freedom, and no man's heart beat gladder than his when it was announced that American slavery was at an end. When the great fair for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission took place, he was one of its most active supporters. When his ward committees were trying to raise their quota for the army, he, unsolicited, generously gave one fourth of his salary for a year for that object. It may truly be said of him that "he is more American than the Americans themselves." As a minister, he is distinguished for an intense desire to instill and disseminate the principles of Christian charity, avoiding all sectarian controversy, and illustrating the truth of his religion by a life replete with good deeds to his fellow-man.

REV. THOMAS S. PRESTON was born in the State of Connecticut in the year 1824; was educated and graduated with distinguished honors at Trinity College, Hartford, and was ordained a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1844. He became assistant minister of the Church of the Annunciation (Dr. Seabury's), of New York city, and afterward in St. Luke's Church, the well-known Rev. Dr. Forbes being at that time pastor. The great tractarian movement of Dr. Pusey, which was then in agitation, and which brought so many inquiring Protestants within the Catholic Church, had its effect on the subject of this sketch, who, with his associate, Dr. Forbes, embraced the Roman Catholic religion, and were received into its communion in 1849. In 1850 Mr. Preston was ordained a priest, and appointed an assistant pastor at the cathedral. In 1855 he was appointed Chancellor of the diocese—a position of high honor—which he still continues to hold in connection with the rectorship of St. Ann's Church, to which he was appointed in 1861. Father Preston is known as a ripe scholar and dogmatic theologian, and an eloquent divine. As an author, he has published several religious and devotional works, among them "Controversy of Reason and Revelation," "Lectures on Christian Unity," a Volume of Sermons, etc.

THE REV. JOSEPH P. WOODS was born in New York in the year 1836, educated under the Jesuit Fathers, and graduated with the highest academic honors from St. Francis Xavier College. He then entered St. Joseph's Theological Seminary, Fordham, and was elevated to the priestly office about the year 1857 by the late Archbishop Hughes, who appointed him assistant pastor of the cathedral. Here he made hosts of friends. He loved the work of the ministry, finding in it his highest and purest joys, as well as his severest trial. He showed himself the sympathizing friend of the people, studying their characters, that he might the

better know how to correct them. After four years' arduous labor in the cathedral parish he was appointed pastor of St. Augustine's parish, Morrisania, extending from Harlem bridge to Fordham, where he is the idol of his people, and ever spoken of with respect and esteem. In stern religious and moral feeling, in moral courage, in honesty, in fidelity, in charity, in patience, he holds in supreme contempt all arts to obtain popularity; independence and integrity are to him of priceless worth.

"His honor, his life both grow in one;
Take honor from him, and his life is done."

The mental qualifications of Father Woods are of a high order, and, moreover, they are under the rigid discipline of a strong understanding. He is an occasional contributor to some of our weekly and monthly magazines, and we hear that he is engaged at present preparing a religious work for publication. Kindness constitutes a prominent element of his nature. Music and the fine arts have always been cherished and cultivated by him with the greatest affection. Not only does he perform himself, but he is endowed with a rich voice. In the pulpit this gentleman is at home. His preaching is more instructive of late years than rhetorical; the ardor of poetical fire is tempered into the genial glow of a healthful enthusiasm. The fluency and beauty of his language, his earnest manner, his action, conspire to make him an effective speaker. He is all nerve—each sense, each faculty is absorbed in the great subject of his thought. His memory supplies quotations learned and to the point; his imagination calls each poetic fancy quick to his aid, and his love of music attunes itself to all the varied tones of his discourse, awakening in every breast the sentiments and impressions of his own. In delivery he is bold and commanding, and some of his best and most happy addresses have been extemporaneous flashes. Father Woods is considered one of the most promising and rising divines in the Catholic Church in this diocese.

REV. EDWARD MCGLYNN, D.D., was born in New York in the year 1837, attended the public schools of that city, and graduated from the Free Academy. He then determined to prepare himself for the priesthood, and went to finish his ecclesiastical studies at the American College of the Propaganda in Rome, where he graduated with distinguished honors, and was ordained priest in 1860. During the war he served as chaplain in one of the army hospitals for three years. In 1865 the late Rev. Dr. Cummings requested the appointment of Dr. McGlynn as his assistant, which was granted, and after the death of Dr. Cummings, Dr. McGlynn was appointed pastor of St. Stephen's Church, of this city, one of the wealthiest and largest congregations in the United States. In preaching, Dr. McGlynn belongs to the solid and persuasive school; his language is pure and elevated. He is alive to the genius of American institutions, but no less active in extending the influence of the Catholic Church in America. We might instance several of his lectures, especially one which he delivered in Cooper Institute about a year ago, advocating the progressive character of the Catholic Church, in which he displayed sound reason and good judgment. In private life Dr. McGlynn is admired and beloved for his genial and social qualities—in a word, he is the incarnation of sincerity.

REV. JAMES KEOGH, D.D., was born in Ireland, and is now about thirty-five years of age. During his infancy his parents emigrated to the United States, and when ten years old he was sent to receive his preliminary education from an aged clergyman in Pittsburg, Pa. The young student displayed unusual talent; in fact, when but fourteen years old he was considered quite a prodigy, because of his proficiency in classical studies. He was soon after sent to the College of the Propaganda in Rome, to finish his theological studies. He graduated with high honors. At the end of his theological course, when but eighteen years old, he prepared a thesis treating of mental philosophy. Being yet too young, according to canonical usage, to be ordained, he remained in Rome continuing his studies. In November, 1856, he delivered a public defense or thesis from "*Universal Theologia*" in the presence of his holiness Pope Pius IX., the cardinals, and other dignitaries of Rome. In consideration of the

manner in which he acquitted himself, Pope Pius IX., by his own hands, presented him with a valuable copy, in mosaic, of Raphael's "Madonna of the Saggiola." He was then ordained priest, and afterward returned to the United States, since which time he has chiefly been engaged as Professor of Theology in the Catholic seminaries of Pittsburg and Philadelphia. At the great Catholic Council held in Baltimore last year he was one of the chief lights. Some months previous to the meeting of the Council, by appointment of Archbishop Spalding, he, in conjunction with Rev. Dr. Corcoran, of North Carolina, was engaged in preparing the Latin volume which was the basis of the discussion of the Council. As a preacher Dr. Keogh is judicious and happy. He has a prodigious memory, and probably will be better known as a teacher than an orator. He is also editor of the *Philadelphia Standard*, the official organ of the Catholics of Philadelphia.

CARDINAL DOCTRINES.

The Catholic Church teaches that there is an all-perfect, eternal, spiritual Being, called God, who is possessed of infinite intelligence and free will, and who has of His free will created all other existences, both spiritual and material, *out of nothing*, with natures and substances totally distinct from His own, and not by any mere development or emanation from the Divine nature.

In this one God there are three persons—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit; each with one and the same divine nature.

That the human race was from the beginning elevated beyond its natural deserts to a condition of grace and communion with God, the consummation of which was to be a more perfect and everlasting communion with Him in the beatific vision which is called Heaven. That by violating the Divine law the race forfeited these gratuitous gifts, which were *supernatural*, without losing anything that its *nature* absolutely requires; so that man could have been created as he is now born; but that the individuals of the race incur, moreover, a penalty for their individual sins. Thus, those who die unregenerate, are excluded from heaven, and condemned to suffer the consequences and penalties of their personal sins, in that condition of being which is called hell, and which, as well as heaven, is, from the immortal nature of the soul, everlasting; and even the infant who dies unregenerate, no matter what degree of *natural* beatitude it may enjoy in the next life, has no right to, and will not attain to, the superior happiness of heaven.

That to restore man to the grace of God and the promise of heaven, and to atone for sin, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity became man, was born of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and suffered and died on the cross. He (Jesus Christ) is true God and true man, having two natures, the divine and human, in but one Divine Person, Christ's humanity never having had a mere human personality, as it was from the first instant of its existence made His own by the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity.

Christ is the new Adam, the Father of the order of regeneration. He came to regenerate men, in a manner adapted to their intelligence and free will, by teaching a system of truth and guiding and disciplining their affections; and hence He requires of us faith in His teachings and obedience to his ordinances. Besides the atonement, which Christ consummated on the cross, the other essential part of His mission, viz., the application of this atonement, and of His doctrine and ordinances to individual souls, He but *began* during His mortal life, and continues through a corporate Society which He has established for the purpose, and which He called His Church, and commissioned to teach, and gather into one fold, all nations, and with which He and His Holy Spirit are to abide to the end of the world; so that Christ is the Church, "His Body," as it is called by St. Paul, is living, and teaching all other ages and nations, with the same authority and explicitness with which He taught the nation and age in which He lived His mortal life. He has made His Church the depositary of His doctrine and ordinances, and has given her a well-defined constitution, power, mission, and means for its fulfillment, which she has no power to change, being the creature and not the creator of this divine constitution, which Christ has declared should last till "the consummation of the world."

The Apostles and their successors, the Bishops, are the teaching and governing body of the Church. One of the Apostles, Peter, was made by Christ chief and head of His Church (Matt. xvi.) and chief shepherd of His whole flock. (John xxi.) He (Peter) made Rome his See, and his successor, the Bishop of Rome, inheriting his authority, is the chief bishop, the center of Unity, and visible head of the Church, of which Christ is the invisible head and the Holy Ghost is the animating spirit. It is not the mission of the Church to invent or reveal new doctrines, but simply to transmit, expound, and define the original deposit of faith. This deposit of faith she does not gather from the Scriptures alone, the authenticity and inspiration of which she upholds, but from her own self-consciousness and her universal teachings, traditions, and practices; she being in her corporate capacity a cotemporary of Christ and His Apostles, as well as of every subsequent age, and an eye-witness and ear-witness, appointed for the purpose, of the teachings and ordinances of Christ. The living Church is really Christ's last will and "testament" to the world, of which the written book is on its face and by its own confession (John xxi.) but an imperfect fragmentary record. It is the mission of the Church to enforce Christ's law and apply His ordinances, chief among which are those solemn religious rights called sacraments, which are the outward visible signs and channels of the inward spiritual grace of Christ to those whose minds and hearts are properly prepared by faith and repentance to receive them.

There are seven sacraments established by Christ, viz., 1. Baptism, the sacrament of regeneration and initiation into the Christian Church. 2. Confirmation, in which a special gift of the Holy Ghost is received to perfect and confirm the Christian character in baptism. 3. The Eucharist, or sacrament of Christ's Body and Blood—the food of the spiritual life. 4. Penance (the spiritual medicine), for the forgiveness of sins committed after baptism. 5. Extreme Unction, to comfort and strengthen the dying. 6. Orders, for imparting the priestly and episcopal power. 7. Matrimony, for the confirming and sanctification of Christian marriage; the bond of which when once consummated the Church declares to be absolutely indissoluble.

The consecration, offering, and receiving by the priest of the Eucharist constitutes the Eucharistic sacrifice, which is commemorative of the sacrifice of the cross (1 Cor. xi.), and which, with the accompanying prayers and ceremonies, constitutes the solemn religious rite which is commonly called the Mass, from an old Latin word which occurs at the end of the service. The Church teaches that, by the power of the Almighty, at the word of consecration the bread and wine are changed into the Body and Blood of Christ, the forms and appearance only of bread and wine remaining as before. This change is called transubstantiation.

The ordinary condition precedent for the receiving of the sacrament of penance is, besides faith and repentance of sin, with purpose of amendment, the confession of one's sins to a priest, whose absolution constitutes the essential rite of this sacrament. (John xx.)

The Church teaches that works of self-denial, such as fasting, must be practiced, to discipline the lower appetites, and to do penance, or satisfaction, even for sins that have been absolved; and that there is a middle state of souls departed in the grace of God called purgatory, in which they are for a time excluded from heaven, either because of minor imperfections that will there be corrected or *purged* out, or because they have not yet fulfilled the measure of penance which the Divine justice exacts even of the sinner to whom the eternal guilt has been remitted. The Church teaches that not only are its members benefited by the prayers and good works of one another in this life, but that this communion extends beyond the grave, that the souls in purgatory are benefited by the prayers and good works of the living, and that the living may ask and enjoy the prayers and efficacious sympathy of those who have died in the grace of God.

The Church is partial to symbolism, and to an imposing and beautiful ritual in her worship, and believes that it is salutary to enlist in the service of religion and morality the natural instincts that make men treasure the portraits and every memorial of the departed objects of admiration or affection. It is in this spirit that she loves to adorn her churches and the homes of her members

with pictures and images of Christ, the Blessed Virgin, and other Saints, and places the relics of Christian martyrs under her altars. She believes that all the nobler capabilities of man should co-operate in fostering and giving expression to religion, which is the noblest of them all, and hence she calls to her aid in the expounding of her doctrines and the services of her ritual, philosophy, oratory, poetry, music, architecture, sculpture, and painting, the greatest masterpieces of which have been inspired of her genius.

While teaching that Christian marriage has the dignity of a sacrament, the Catholic Church enjoins absolute perpetual celibacy and chastity upon her clergy and upon others, both men and women, who dedicate themselves voluntarily by solemn vows in certain religious communities to works of charity and religion; which practice of celibacy and esteem for virginity she derives from the apostolic age, and commends by her experience of its utility in giving to her ministers a singlemindedness and devotion that were otherwise unattainable.

The highest authoritative utterances and enactments of the Church are those of her general councils of bishops, presided over by the Pope in person, or through his delegates. There have been eighteen general councils. The first was held at Nice, in Asia Minor, in the year 325, the last in Trent, 1545-1563.

The essential difference between the Roman Catholics and their separated brethren appears to be that the former believe in the indwelling of the Holy Ghost in the Church as a successor to Christ to infallibly teach the truths of faith and morals; whereas other Christian denominations profess to believe that the individual, aided by the illumination of the Holy Spirit for the searching mind, finds the truth of faith and morals in the Bible. The Catholic Church maintains in individual moral responsibility, whereby the individual who denies the authority of her teaching power is bound before God and man to leave her communion. The Catholic Church maintains the freedom of man, and his individual moral responsibility, which involves his capability of self-government and adaptability to republican institutions. She also maintains the sacredness and inviolability of conscience, and refuses to admit to her communion those who do not sincerely believe and honestly accept her teaching.

SAINT PETER.

HIS PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.

WE have lately received the following letter:

"*Editor Phrenological Journal*—In our Sunday-school class, the phrenological character of St. PETER, as shown in his life, was lately brought up as a topic for consideration. Will you please give us your opinion on the subject?"

We have always fancied that, if accustomed to drawing heads, we could portray St. Peter pretty nearly to the life. He must have had a stout, robust body, and have been broad in the shoulders, deep in the chest, brawny in the arms, broad in the back, with a plump abdomen, rather high cheek-bones, but a round, broad face notwithstanding, with a great, square manly chin, a firmly set and rather high nose with large nostrils, a square forehead, a head broad between the ears, strong in the occiput or social region; large in Approbativeness and Firmness; large in Combative-ness, and not very large in Self-Esteem. His complexion we judge to have been bordering on the florid, with dark brown or black hair and beard, the latter slightly tinged with red, with a gray eye bordering on the blue. This would give him an impulsive temperament, great ardor, earnestness, and courage, and general enthusiasm and magnanimous manliness, which in many instances are clearly defined in his character. When his Master said to him,

"Simon Peter, lovest thou me?" his answer was, "Yea, Lord." His Master replied, "Feed my sheep." He repeated the question, and the answer was repeated. It was asked a third time, and Peter's full heart was touched; his strong Friendship and Benevolence and Approbativeness were awakened as well as his faith when he responded with emotion, "Lord, thou knowest all things—thou knowest that I love thee!" The Master answered, "Feed my lambs." Such a colloquy would have been impossible with the Apostle Paul.

When Peter saw his Master walking on the sea, he was the only one who cried out, "Bid me that I come to thee." This was eminently characteristic of him. It showed his faith, his enthusiasm, his affection, and his impulsiveness; and when his large Cautiousness became excited by the novel dangers of the scene; when his reason began to teach him that he was walking on an unnatural foundation; when he began to consider the perilous condition in which he was placed, his faith wavered and he began to sink, and his impulsive, affectionate, confiding faith, as well as his fear, were instantly expressed—"Lord, save, or I perish!"

When the Master suggested that his disciples would leave him, Peter spoke up bravely and yet impulsively, "Though all forsake thee, yet will I not." When enemies offered bold and manly opposition, Peter could draw the sword and defend the cause at the expense of the ears of the high-priest's servant; he was ready to battle for his Master.

On the Mount of Transfiguration, Peter, James, and John being present, Peter's affectionate heart began to glow; his brave and enthusiastic spirit burst forth and said, "Lord, it is good for us to be here. If thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles—one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias."

At the trial of Christ, before his crucifixion, a maid of the high-priest came to Peter and said, "And thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth;" and he denied it, saying, "I know not, neither understand I what thou sayest;" and a second maid saw him, and began to say to them that stood by, "This is one of them!" And he denied it again. This was done, not so much from a want of integrity, but through excessive Approbativeness, and that kind of gallantry for woman that can not bear to have her ridicule and laugh at him. Millions of followers of Christ have denied him in various ways from excited Approbativeness, who, like Peter, have gone out and "wept bitterly" when the excitement of that feeling had subsided, and when Conscientiousness and Veneration and Benevolence had an opportunity of coming into action. There is no feeling which it is so exceedingly difficult to withstand as that of mortified Approbativeness. Shame, of all the emotions, unless it be remorse, cuts the deepest. Had Peter been endowed with larger Self-Esteem and less Approbativeness, he would not have denied his Lord, nor would his Lord have prophesied such a result. Peter has been made the subject of ungenerous

comment for many centuries; but we can well understand how, without any serious moral obliquity, even a strong, bold, courageous man like Peter, when assailed on this tender point of Approbativeness, could break down and for the moment even deny his Master. We should try to avoid doing the same thing; but if we chance to fail in our faith and courage at the trying moment, let us remember that the Apostle "went out and wept bitterly." And if we deny our Lord as did Peter, let us at least have the grace to repent of it as earnestly and as quickly.

A CONVENTION OF THE FACULTIES.*

BY S. T. SPEAR, D.D.

THE several faculties which constitute the grandeur and glory of our spiritual humanity as so many distinct and separate *persons*, held a convention. Each of these mysterious persons made a formal statement of his exploits in the kingdom of mind. I saw them, and heard them, and took brief notes of what they said.

Perception through the bodily senses—a solid and matter-of-fact-looking character—thus opened the conference: "My office is to make men acquainted with the outward world. I am a sentinel posted on the watch-tower of material nature. By me the eye sees, the ear hears, and the hand touches. I rock the cradle of the first human thoughts. With me begins all knowledge. All the physical sciences come to me for all their facts and observations. In my own sphere I am supreme; and whoever disputes my authority in that sphere is simply a fool, with whom it will be a waste of words to hold any argument."

"Yes," said *Consciousness*—a much more delicate and ethereal personage, now becoming the speaker—"this is indeed your work; but let me tell you that I have an eye that you have not. If you see matter, I see mind. I am a *soul seer*; and but for me men would know nothing about themselves. What they call mental science is simply the inscription of my pen. By me the soul works in an atmosphere of pure light, and bathes itself in the limpid stream of self-knowledge. I am the sun of the interior world, and shed my beams on all its parts."

"Very true," responded *Memory*, seeming to be loaded with an immense budget of something. "Yet bear in mind that I am the keeper of knowledge. I am the historian and antiquarian of the soul. I tread the walks of the mysterious past, and connect that past with the present. All that man acquires he trusts to my care, and I keep it safely for his future use. Without me there could be no education, no mental progress, and no well-taught experience."

Intuition next came forward, having an eye blazing with the very whitest light, and thus addressed the conference: "Wait a moment!

* Published in *The Independent*, after the manner of "A Debate in Crania," published in Our Annual for 1865.

I have not yet spoken. I have a sharper eye than all of you—I am absolute sight. All primitive ideas and necessary principles are mine. I am, after all, the ultimate authority. I hold no disputes, and I hear none. When I speak, all men believe. My opinions are laws. I depend on nothing but myself. All absolute certainties must have my indorsement."

"All right, so far!" said *Reason*, bearing the distinctive marks of being a hard worker. Yet argument is mine, syllogism is my formula; conclusions are my creations, and premises my instruments. I pass from the known to the unknown, using the former to find the latter. The Websters, the Bacons, and the Newtons of the race are my pupils. Even common people can do nothing without me. Having an end, I plan the means. Seeing an event, I find the cause. When anything is to be *proved*, my services are always in demand."

Imagination had been patiently waiting her turn; and now it came. Before uttering a word, she spread her plumes and scented the air with fragrance. Her shining countenance, her long and flowing robes, her graceful attitude, at once fixed all eyes and opened all ears. Thus she proceeded: "I am the creative faculty, reconstructing the relations of thought, gathering nectar from every flower, culling all the beauties that exist in the garden of nature, and so combining them as to delight the children of men. At my touch the passions burn. The Cowpers and the Miltons were taught in my school. The diction of the orator is the charm I have lent him. A common object in my hands shines like a gem. I know where men keep their hearts, and how to reach them. Reason, until warmed by my inspiration, is cold, passionless, and unimpressive."

And who is that grave, sedate, dignified, and imposing character, that followed the Imagination with the measured and awful tread of moral truth? Hear him: "I am *Conscience*. That is my name. I am the sense of right and wrong in human action. I enact and publish laws for the government of men. Of their duties, I judge. I am the great comforter of the good, and the un pitying tormentor of the bad. My smile is peace, and my frown is woe. Those who dispute my authority do so at their peril. Those who keep my laws are safe. Both the happiness and the virtue of the world depend on my sway. The God who made me, made a *monarch*."

At length a character, seemingly little else but bone and muscle, marched forward, and, mounting the rostrum, gave utterance to the following words: "I am the *Will*—the free, the sovereign, the choosing power. When I tell the hand to move, it moves. When I bid the reason to think, it thinks. I am the commander-in-chief of all these forces. Purposes and decisions are mine. Ends adopted and plans pursued are my choice. I say Yes and I say No. Energy is simply the steadiness of my hand. But for me these other speakers would be a mere mechanism of rigid and inelastic fate. Philosophers have long disputed

whether I am a free man or a slave; yet I have always assumed my own freedom. If there be any chains binding me, I never felt them."

Just at this point there was a general and sudden rush, as of a vast crowd in violent motion—a sort of universal buzz, that seemed for the moment very seriously to mar the good order of the conference. "Here we are!" shouted the *Feelings*, all appearing anxious to be heard at once. "Yes, here we are—all the *Desires*, all the *Propensities*, all the *Emotions*, and all the *Affections*, that figure so largely in the history of earth. True, we do not think as does the reason, or choose as does the will; yet we are the steam-power of humanity, both heating and moving its thoughts and furnishing the ultimate seat of all its joys and sorrows. We form the impulsive electricity of human life. We sing all the tunes of that life. We magnetize souls. We constitute alike the attractions and repulsions of men. We have been known by different names, and felt in every heart, ever since God made man of

the dust of the earth. We shine in the eye, and we blush on the cheek, and weep in the falling tear. We paint the purest characters of time, and adorn with our own grace all that is human. We can make a hell or a heaven in any bosom."

Is it possible that all these multiform wonders are brought together in one soul? Is each single man such a stupendous picture-gallery of marvels? Lives there in every human breast such a vast empire of powers? Is this indeed the man whom we see walking the streets—so God-like in his nature, so glorious when morally erect, and so fully showing his original stateliness even when lying in the dust? What guests, then, did earth receive when human souls came here to dwell? What a wealth of being moves with this revolving globe! What a wealth of being death is transmitting to some other sphere! Humanity is surely no cheap article to be pitched into a gutter, and left there to rot. Its powers are imperial and immortal. It took a God to make a man. Millions of material suns are not equal to one soul. The universe of souls is immeasurably grander than the universe of matter. The ruin of a soul is the greatest evil imaginable. A chaos of matter would be a sorry sight, but "a chaos of the soul is a sorrier spectacle than a chaos of worlds."

[So each and all the faculties of the mind



PORTRAIT OF GUISEPPE VERDI.

"talk." Nothing is more interesting. What can be more instructive? There is Benevolence appealing for mercy; Acquisitiveness clamoring for gain; Friendship, for the loved ones; Mirthfulness, for fun; Veneration, for worship; Spirituality, for a living faith, and Hope for glorious immortality. Listen to the language of the faculties. But see to it that the passions be not perverted, and that the moral sentiments govern.]

GUISEPPE VERDI,

THE POPULAR OPERATIC COMPOSER.

This portrait of the composer Verdi represents an excellent organization temperamentally. There are marks of physical strength and endurance here which few modern musicians can boast. The base of the brain is broad and prominent, the nose plump and large, and the whole mass of the face wide, compact, and strong. The brain is wide in the region of the temples, showing large Tune, Constructiveness, Ideality; Form and the perceptive faculties generally are largely developed, while it may be safely inferred that the back-head is well rounded, giving warmth of social feeling and much passionate impulse. His intellect adapts him to appreciate details, relations, to collect information and retain it. He has a good degree of descriptive or graphic

ability, which coupled with his strong imagination enables him to depict in romantic phrase those phases of life which as a sympathetic member of society he is disposed to admire. He is ardent and aspirational, fond of popular applause and appreciative of worldly reputation. He lives a physical, earthly life in the main, is not much worked on or influenced by religious or spiritual considerations. He is firm and determined in his purposes, rather independent in action, yet desirous of the favor of society and friends. He enjoys deeply the surprise and admiration produced by the production of a brilliant musical work, and at the same time expects such expressions of approval. Criticism and depreciation deeply wound him, but do not disturb his confidence in himself. He aims to serve and please the world, and at the same time would have the world respect and honor him.

Giuseppe Verdi, the great Italian composer, was born on the 9th of October, 1814, in the small village of Roncole, where his father kept

an inn. He received his first musical instruction from the organ-player of the church of his native village. He went to Milan in 1833, and there took lessons of Lavigna, the leader of the theater "La Scala." In 1839 his first opera was brought on the stage, with a very favorable result; it was "Oberto di San Bonifacio." The next, "Giorno di Regno," did not please the public; but his "Nabucco" carried his fame far beyond Italy, into all civilized countries. Then followed, in 1844, "Lombardi" and "Ernani," with even greater success than the others.

Verdi composed new operas in rapid succession, as "Il due Foscari," 1845; "Jeanne D'Arc," "Alzira," 1846; "Attila," 1847; and subsequently, "Macbeth," "I Masnadieri," "The Corsair," "Battle of Legnago," "Louise Miller," "Stiffelia," "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore," "La Traviata." In 1845 he brought out "Sicilian Vespers." Later appeared "Aroldo," "Simon Boccanegra," "Un Ballo in Maschera," and "Lear." His last work is "Don Carlos," which has recently been performed with great pomp at Paris, and has received the attention of all the first Continental theaters. Verdi is a modern composer in the fullest sense of the word. His music is lively, sparkling, melodiously sweet, and appeals fully to the senses, but he lacks the depth and sublimity of the great old masters. His music

is of that light, sparkling character which is adapted to represent on the operatic stage the sprightlier phases of fashionable gaiety, and for that reason is among the most popular music in common use. The operas "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore," "La Traviata," "Un Ballo in Maschera," are frequently produced in the music halls of Europe and America, and always command large audiences.

Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue. In thine arms
She smiles, appearing as in truth she is,
Heav'n-born, and destined to the skies again.—*Temper.*

SPIRIT GREETINGS.

BY SARAH E. DONMALL.

At nine o'clock, remember, the hour at eventide,
When, though unseen, I'm standing in spirit by thy side,
One hand upon thy shoulder, one clasped within thy own,
Then, dearest love, remember the hour you're not alone.

With face and eyes uplifted, I'm gazing into thine,
To read thy heart's emotion that Love reveals to mine;
To watch each thought and feeling that o'er thy features
play,

And see thee sweetly smiling, as thou dost smile alway.

You'll know just when I'm coming; for all the dark and
gloom

Will vanish in a twinkling from out your lonely room;
And if you'll listen, darling, across the fallow lea
You'll hear the spirit's greetings of hope and love to
thee.

Then through the open casement, and through the open
door,

The silent, shimmering moonbeams will play upon the
floor;

And all the stars of heaven will brighter, brighter seem,
And you perchance will think it a sweet delicious dream.

But, ah! this life is real; as you and I both know:
We can not chain the spirit here in this stern world be-
low;

But like the wind that bloweth o'er flowery mead and
dell,

It cometh and it goeth—but how, we can not tell.

Oh! holy the communion when soul to soul is drawn,
In silence, like the shadows that fall upon the lawn;
And sweet as dewy fragrance that scents the evening air,
And pure the spirit greetings, as holy angels are.

"LADY DAFFERTY"

AND THE GREAT QUESTION.

BY A. A. G.

MRS. DAFFERTY was not born low down, where *women* are born, but high up, where *ladies* are born. Her father belonged to the very top layer of society, and was known as a tip-top gentleman; for as soon as he entered on the business of life he began to make money, and made it faster than lightning can leap from one cloud to another. Fortune, who seems to have likes and dislikes, favoring some and frowning on others, called Mr. Cluff her well-beloved son, and poured her treasures into his lap. What wonder was it, then, that Alice Cluff had more suitors at her feet than she could manage? And what wonder was it that Mr. Dafferty, son of an unsuccessful

father, and grandson of a still more unsuccessful grandfather, pressed his suit with more earnestness than all the rest, knowing, as he did, that *marrying* rich is the easiest way in the world to get rich.

To say that Mr. Dafferty saw no charms in Miss Alice, and sought her only for the pile of rocks that was to be hers, would, however, be uncharitable. And yet to say that he was ambitious to marry poor would be very untruthful; for he thought that a good wife, with riches thrown in, was a very desirable possession for a man.

With this conviction, he placed himself in the forefront of the line of lovers, and wooed and won and married Miss Alice.

And no man could have desired a more beautiful bride than she was on her wedding evening, as she passed down the aisle of the crowded church, and no bride could have been more quiet in the consciousness of beauty. Neither did any one in the well-packed church fail to receive the impression that a beautiful bride always makes.

"Our city has lost its belle, and the young men will have dull times now," said one.

"Mrs. Trevalle will have a chance at last to push her plain-looking daughters forward," said another. "They won't look quite so homely as they have when Alice Cluff is fairly gone."

And another said—and she was a lady who prided herself upon being able to read character—"There is nothing plain or coarse about Miss Alice—now Mrs. Dafferty; she is the very soul of refinement and elegance, and well she may be, for not even the shadow of poverty has ever passed over her. She knows nothing whatever of the coarse associations of the poor."

Probably no one appreciated the "refinement and elegance" of Alice more than did Mr. Dafferty, and he left the church a proud as well as a happy man.

The home he had prepared for her was a home of luxury. Everything was in harmony with the "refinement and elegance" of the bride, and "the shadow of poverty" seemed farther removed than ever. Their married life, so pleasantly begun, moved pleasantly on. The years, one after another, came and went, but brought nothing and left nothing but prosperity.

Ten years had gone, and Alice Dafferty was neither a widow nor the wife of a poor man, but the petted wife of rich Judge Dafferty, for everything he had touched had turned to gold. She was ten years older than she was the night she passed out of the church, the admiration of all beholders; but she was only slightly changed, for the troubles and struggles that scar and mar so many she had known nothing of, as she had lived in all the ease and comfort that money brings. "What do you know of the world, Alice?" said her husband, one wild night of winter, as she sat in her velvet chair by the register, with her velvet-

slipped feet held out to receive the hot air. "What do I know of the world?" answered Mrs. Dafferty. "Well, I know it's not so bad a world as some would like to make it. Come, if you'll look like yourself, and not like grave Judge Dafferty, I'll sing you that song:

'This world is not so bad a world
As some would like to make it;
But whether good, or whether bad,
Depends on how we take it.'

"You can 'take it' in only one way," replied Judge Dafferty, "for your knowledge of the world is confined to its good and pleasant things."

"Of course, my grave judge, I can't have the experience of poor people, for I have never been poor, and I can assure you that I have not the slightest desire to be. It agrees with my temperament and tastes to be rich and have such a home as this. Really, I think I was never born for poverty. I am not adapted to it."

"And who do you think is 'adapted to it'?" replied Mr. Dafferty. "Judging from the struggles of people with poverty, I should say there are none in the world who perceive its adaptation to themselves."

"Well, do tell me what has stirred you up, my solemn judge. What have you been poring over in that newspaper?"

"I've been poring over an article on 'The Woman Question,' as it is called."

"'The Woman Question?' Well, I suppose it says that women are angels, and that *man-kind* ought forever to concede to them that great fact."

"No; it says that hundreds and thousands of women are dying of half-paid labor, and that *ladies—ladies* who know nothing of toil—are not in sympathy with them. It says, too, that the labor of women, whether it be the labor of the hands or the head, will never bring a just price until justice gives every woman her rights."

"Well now, Judge Dafferty, if you haven't got hold of that newspaper—*religious* newspaper they call it—that publishes so many articles on women's rights! That crazy old *progress* man, that fanatic and reformer, has lent it to you, and the first thing I know you'll be as wild on the great question as he is. Really, I for one am tired of it. A body can hardly find a *literary* article in any newspaper or magazine in these days. Everything is about women! women! women! I wonder where the great question of 'Women's Rights' started?"

"In women's wrongs, of course. No one can look deeply and candidly into this great question and not see that it has its source in wrongs."

"I'm not at all sure of that. I'm inclined to think it has its source in ambition," replied Mrs. Dafferty, dropping her embroidery and throwing herself back in her velvet chair. "The women of these days—the *women*, I mean, not the *ladies*—are very ambitious to take the places of men, and I have no sym-

pathy with them. My whole nature revolts at the idea of calling them ladies, for they have never risen above the low level of women, and they are not content with the place assigned them in the world."

"Ah, Lady Alice Dafferty," said the judge, with a smile, "you may well be content with the place assigned you in the world, for it is a very easy place—a place where no storms and tempests come, and where you sit and breathe the summer air in winter as well as in summer. The seasons and the years come and go, but bring you no discomforts, no hardships."

"Now, don't preach to me as if you were an ordained clergyman, please don't."

"I want to bring you into sympathy with women—with toiling, suffering women—and I must talk. Women do not seek power for its own sake, or because they want the places of men. Nearly all who advocate 'Women's Rights' have been led, through suffering, to do it, and their own troubles have opened their hearts to the troubles of others, of those who, like themselves, need relief. A great many of them, Alice, have no rich husband for a prop, and some have no husbands at all, but are widows, with five or six children to support; and they know that the advancement of women to a higher place than they have ever yet occupied will give them new ways and means of support, and make everything they do more profitable."

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Dafferty, tapping her pretty feet on the register, "women and negroes will be discussed in what you call the 'high-toned' newspapers until the end of the world, I suppose."

"It is to be hoped that all wrongs will be righted long before that," replied Judge Dafferty.

"Come, now, be amiable enough to drop that paper, and let's have a literary article from one of those magazines lying on the table."

"There is no such teacher as experience, you know, Alice," continued Judge Dafferty; "and if you had been compelled to toil and struggle, you would be in sympathy with women, with these very women whom you regard as ambitious to be in the places of men, and whom you denounce as no ladies. Yes, Lady Dafferty, you would feel the sufferings of women, if you had only suffered yourself. And you would appreciate the disadvantages under which they labor, if there had ever been in your life anything that could be called a disadvantage."

Mrs. Dafferty winced a little, and moved uneasily in her velvet chair, but replied, as if not yet convinced of women's wrongs, "What you say may possibly be true, but you know there is a very great difference between *women* and *ladies*."

"Yes, I know it, and I know, too, that *ladies* often fail to be *womanly*. Now, I want my wife to be a true woman as well as a true lady, and I want her to be in womanly sym-

pathy with all women who are tasked and tried, and who sigh and cry for the just reward of labor. You may depend upon it, Alice, that 'Women's Rights,' about which there is so much noise in the world, and women's wrongs are closely connected."

Judge Dafferty said no more, but, while Lady Dafferty sat thinking, took up his dropped newspaper, and was soon lost in the study of "The Woman Question."

Yes, the *woman* question. And what man, or what woman, living in the light of the nineteenth century, shall dare call the woman question an inferior question?

What *lady* shall sit at ease in her palace, and, handling her rich embroidery with jeweled fingers, laugh at the toils of women and sneer at "The Woman Question?"

"NO CARDS."

BY RHO. SIGMA.

On taking up a morning paper, the first thing I do—and does not every woman the same?—is to glance down the column of "Marriages" and "Deaths," to see if any whom I know have passed through either of these most momentous epochs in human life. Occasionally I meet with a familiar name. It may be that of an old school-mate or early friend; and many a pleasant recollection prompts the tear of regret for the departed, or the hope of happiness for the wedded.

Sometimes I find recorded here the death of one whom I but lately saw in the enjoyment of health, and surrounded by everything that serves to make life desirable; or the marriage of some young couple concerning whose courtship Mrs. Croaker declared a thousand times "that it never would come to anything." But, whether these things be so or not, the perusal of this column always furnishes food for reflection. Under the head of "Deaths" we frequently find "Curiosities of Literature," which make ridiculous the sublimity of grief; and occasionally, though far too seldom, we see appended to marriage notices the words, "No Cards."

In these days, when the reign of Fashion is almost supreme, it costs somewhat of a struggle for the generality of young people to act in defiance of her laws, especially when those laws are delightfully in accord with their own wishes. Excepting that of being born, and that of dying, marriage is the most important event in life, and this fact is usually felt by those who are about to take upon themselves its vows and responsibilities. It is a popular institution, and the majority of young people desire to make their wedding as popular an occasion as all the appliances of Fashion can render it. But the majority of young people do not belong to the "highest circles," where alone the capricious queen holds undisputed sway. Let us leave her laws for those who are bound to obey them,

while we consider whether you, young clerk or book-keeper, and you, young lady, who intend to marry a book-keeper or clerk, had not better append to your marriage notice the dissyllabic conclusion, "No Cards."

Setting aside the bare cost of the cards, which will be anywhere between fifty and three hundred dollars, according to style and quantity, look at the expense involved in a brilliant wedding and the consequent reception. Of course the time and labor spent in preparation are not taken into account, nor do I ask you to consider the sum total for the bridal tour, which, whether long or short, will be considerable. At the lowest figure, the cost is from three to five hundred dollars more than it would have been had the parties been contented with a plain ceremonial and "No Cards." To be sure, five hundred dollars isn't much when you can count your tens of thousands. But to a young couple just settling out in life it is a very considerable sum. Five years hence they can realize it better than now. At the end of that time many a young wife is broken down with care and toil, much of which might have been spared her had she been willing to forego a stylish wedding.

"But," objects some calculating young lady, "the presents one gets more than cover the cost."

Well, admitting that they do, that is just what I don't like. I never begged in my life. No kind of honest contrivance, no manner of fashionable subterfuge, no sort of pretext however plausible, can make it respectable.

Should queen Fashion decree that I stand at the street corner with my hand outstretched and a placard on my breast, or that I send out cards, saying that at such a time I would be at home to receive anything that people had a mind to give me, I would be equally as obstinate in the latter case as in the former. Look at it which way you will, it is neither more nor less than begging. Certainly, if one fancies it, the most pleasant way is to do it elegantly and politely. But fashionable beggary doesn't pay as well as genuine mendicancy. If you want to make it profitable, you had better procure a tattered gown and basket; and if you can hire a small baby at a reasonable price per day, you will succeed handsomely, no doubt.

But, seriously, the gifts seldom cover the expense. The actual and immediate cost may be returned threefold, but in the long run you are the loser. Suppose your wedding cost you five hundred dollars, and your gifts amount to as many thousands, how much will it cost you to live in a style corresponding with them? Book-keep-ing-ly and clerk-ing-ly speaking, when will you be able to do it? Five hundred dollars would help you materially on rent-day. Will wedding presents do this? A clerk on a salary of twelve hundred was married recently, and had ten thousand dollars' worth of presents. I wonder what he did with them? The presentation of gifts at a wedding is one of the most beautiful of all



NATIONAL TYPES OF FEMALE BEAUTY.

social customs. But let them be the voluntary offerings of friends and relatives who have a tender interest in the young couple, and wish to be remembered by them. Then, even the most insignificant articles will be fraught with sweet associations, and, to say nothing of the money saved, the recipients will be the better able to enjoy the gifts for not having begged them.

In conclusion, I have only to say that when you see a marriage notice with the addition of "No Cards," you may safely conclude that the parties are people of taste and culture, and in all probability, of wealth. For, I am sorry to say, it is only the rich who think that they can afford to wear patched boots, and only the wealthy who dare to be married with "No CARDS."

NATIONAL TYPES OF FEMALE BEAUTY.

In analyzing briefly the types of female beauty represented in our engraving, we must begin somewhere, and to avoid the appearance of partiality we proceed, as we used to, with a spelling lesson, beginning at the left-hand row and going downward, and next taking the second column in the same manner, and so on throughout the group. We may follow this with types of other nations at a future time.

First in the group we have a Turkish beauty, a dark, plump, inexpressive though voluptuous face, without much forehead and without much apparent vivacity. In the next we have a brisk, intelligent, well-formed French face, with pointed features and a dashing style of dress, somewhat unique and independent, showing that she belongs to that polite and facile nation which, while it gives fashions to some of the most influential nations in the world, has no fixed fashion of its own, each lady dressing according to her own figure, complexion, and taste, and always being tasteful; vivacity, emotion, and spirit are her leading traits. In the next, we have the Russian, from that growing giant nation of the North. What staid substantial features! what a neck! what a broad chin! how sedate and earnest the expression! what an ample bust! evidence of no effeminacy, but of healthfulness, vigor, and endurance. There is stamina, if not so much delicacy here.

Going to the top of the next column we find the Grecian, with her jaunty hat, classic features, tasteful habit, and symmetry of form, more artistic than utilitarian. Perhaps she would nearly realize the adage, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever;" but in the Russian we see strength, steadfastness, endurance, power, and less of the artistic and ornamental. In the next face we have the Swiss girl, with her masculine hat and short curly hair; the features indicating health, cheerfulness, physical exuberance, with not much culture. Liberty and self-helpfulness rather than sentiment are seen to be the characteristics. Next comes the Swede, with a well-formed head, strong

moral sentiments, a full, eloquent eye, and a really womanly face. Jenny Lind has taught us to respect whatever is truly Swedish, and without any knowledge to the contrary to think well of it. Next comes the Chinese, with its contracted forehead and opaque features. There is not much expression of the spiritual in her. Restricted in her education and sphere, she must content herself with dress decoration, and a diffident, submissive, subordinate life.

Next, at the top, we have the elegant Austrian. Here is a stately beauty—we are reminded of Marie Antoinette—classical in every feature, straight and dignified in person, with beautifully chiseled features, tresses abundant, exquisite taste in dress, which, though elaborate, is very appropriate. The Austrian woman is loving and lovable, and doubtless merits all the gallantry of her countrymen. The next is a Polish beauty with a square hat and a tassel. She has a good figure, a marked face, and a strong character; but we fancy there is a sadness in the expression, and we can not think of Poland without a feeling of sympathy. In looking at this sad countenance, it is perhaps made more so by looking through sad glasses. In that head, how much of ambition and bravery, how much of affection and patriotism, how much of intensity and power! and there, too, is a faultless figure, full, straight, dignified, suggestive of her noble derivation. We next have the Holland beauty, leaning on her hand. She has a quiet, motherly, loving look; the calmest, the most contented face in the group; and exhibiting a most domestic, good-tempered, and affectionate person.

The Japanese beauty doubtless looks beautiful to her countrymen, but those oblique almond eyes, that narrow forehead, and that general expression of weakness is not particularly fascinating to us. Still, there is benevolence if not bravery or beauty there. We will look further.

This English face, though beautiful, has less strength of expression than is requisite to illustrate English feminine character. It fails to do justice to the subject. An English—Anglo-Saxon—beauty has a soft silky skin, a florid complexion, fine auburn hair, blue or gray eyes, an ample chin, an aquiline nose, full rolling lips, sound, regular, and handsome teeth, and is one of the best of wives and mothers. The artist was unfortunate in the selection of his model to illustrate the typical English beauty. There is a class of ladies in England which that face might represent, but there is not enough of breadth and strength to represent the true English woman. There has been in this representative so much refining as to abolish the elements of strength, leaving only effeminate dignity.

The last in the group is the German beauty. She is plump, strong, broad, and substantial. Health, constitutional vigor, endurance, and power are seen here, rather than artistic grace or aristocratic refinement. A motherly affection is evinced in the full back-head, and is

also shown in the mouth, the luscious loving lips, and in the eyes. We see in this face, not much of aspiration, not a restless, discontented nature, but one who would love her husband, her children, her home, her friends, her pets, her duties, cares, and responsibilities, and be satisfied when she had fully met the claims of all these.

In some of these beauties we perceive wit, love of dash and display; in others, earnestness, sincerity, and a sense of duty; but in the German, in the Hollander, the English, and in the Russian we find those domestic qualities which give strength to a nation, and those constitutional developments which give power to a people. In the Grecian, and in the French and Austrian we find grace, elegance, brilliancy, sprightliness, dash, and wit; in the Swede, sincerity and tenderness; and in the Polander, power, patience, perseverance, patriotism, and a shade of melancholy. In the Asiatics, there is not much of the vital or the voluptuous, and much less of the mental and the spiritual. Take off the bands of barbarism and supply them with the light of a higher spiritual life, and they will take on expressions in accordance with the superior culture, true philosophy, and religion thus afforded.

In conclusion, we may state that the way to be BEAUTIFUL is to be HEALTHFUL, VIRTUOUS, and GOOD. To be selfish, vicious, dissipated, and bad, is to be ugly and repulsive. Vain, fashionable flirts always come to a bad end; while the temperate, the gentle, the kind, the meek, just, devotional, trusting, and self-sacrificing, no matter how plain in feature, are always reliable, lovable, good, gracious, and godly.

THE AMERICAN FACE.—Dr. Bellows writes the *Liberal Christian*, from Florence, as follows:

"Mr. Powers, the sculptor, says the American face is distinguished from the English by the little distance between the brows and the eyes, the openness of the nostrils, and the thinness of the visage. It is still more marked, I think, by a mongrel quality, in which all nationalities contribute their portion. The greatest hope of America is its mixed breed of humanity, and what now makes the irregularity of the American face is predestined to make the versatility and universality of the American character. Already, spite of a continental seclusion, America is the most cosmopolitan country on the globe. Provincial or local as manners or habits may be, ideas and sympathies in America are world-wide. And there is nowhere a city in which so many people have the complete world under their eyes and in their hearts and served up in the morning press with their breakfast, as New York!"

WHAT WE ALL SEEK.—There are those that say happiness is nothing; that one should not care or look for it. When you hear such a sentiment expressed, know that the speaker is saying what in his inmost soul he disbelieves. While nobody believes that happiness is the only object to be sought in life, there is not that human being who, while he lives, say what he may, is not seeking it either openly or unacknowledged to himself.

NEW YORK, JULY, 1868.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*The Phoenix*.

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A NEW VOLUME.

WITH this number we enter upon the FORTY-EIGHTH VOLUME of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

To disseminate a knowledge of science and philosophy, as revealed by the study of Man, physically, intellectually, and spiritually, is one of our leading objects. There are journals devoted to particular interests, such as Agriculture, Commerce, Finance, Mechanism, Art, Literature, Music, Politics, Medicine, Law, Religion, etc.; but *this* magazine occupies a field quite exclusively its own. While we take a lively interest in all reformatory, educational, and comprehensive measures for the advancement of society, we seek more especially to unfold the nature of man on scientific principles, enabling each to see himself as he is; to know his faults, and how to correct them; his virtues, and how to make the most of them.

It is believed that by a knowledge of the laws of our being, human life may be prolonged and rendered vastly more useful than at present. What other journal now published more effectually teaches these laws and conditions? Physicians have to do with patching up diseased bodies, rather than with teaching the people how to retain health or to avoid disease; the clergy look after our morals and point out the paths of virtue and the ways of vice; lawyers stir up or settle our disputes for a consideration; bankers discount notes and take care of our cash; merchants, manufacturers, and the rest practice their special vocations; but it is *ours* to expound the natural laws, and teach man how to live and turn all his talents to the best account.

The time was when even this JOURNAL was feebly edited and as feebly supported. It was almost a charity patient. Started as an experiment some years af-

ter the *Edinburgh Phrenological Journal*, which has been long since discontinued, by dint of much pushing, a good deal of begging, and with the aid of untiring and zealous friends of Phrenology, notwithstanding its glaring faults, it has outlived all its kindred, and is now firmly established.

The cause of failure on the part of other similar journals and that which sunk this so low in the estimation of many good men, was the cold, fatalistic tendencies of some of its promoters or advocates. Coupled with these repulsive doctrines was the taking on of every crazy crotchet suggested by addled brains and long-haired egotists. These small-minded noisy creatures were echoed by a still more miserable constituency, made up of blatant skeptics and pretenders. Some of these eccentrics went so far as to claim "original discovery," and sought to throw the founders, Gall and Spurzheim, overboard; but they were short-sighted, and their claims short-lived. A bad odor, however, was emitted by these creatures which tended to bring the subject into contempt—many sincere persons failing to discriminate between the counterfeit pretender and the genuine original. Besides, these egotistical popinjays mixed up with Phrenology all the current vagaries, "isms," and foolish speculations of the numerous vampires afloat in the world, for which our noble science was in no respect responsible. One class claimed that even the criminal must needs follow his bent, and commit such acts as his "bumps" inclined him to do; a doctrine not only subversive of all civil law, but entirely contrary to the true philosophy of Phrenology and Theology. Is it surprising that good men turned away in disgust from such teachings? Phrenology has also been unfortunate in other respects. It has not until within a few years commanded the highest cultured literary talent, and many of its best facts have been put forth in a rough, crude, uncouth style, so as to repel persons of taste, refinement, and culture. Some of the writers were actuated by no higher sense than that which appeals to the rabble and excites laughter in the buffoon. This class, fortunately for science, good taste, and good morals, are rapidly disappearing. They will shortly subside and be forgotten. Thus one absurdity after another will be weeded out,

and the valuable plant left in possession of the clear, rich ground.

Phrenology is now assuming a respectable position, and attracting that attention to which its merits entitle it. Good men now study it, practice it, apply it, commend it, promulgate it. Editors everywhere speak kindly of it, though they condemn its parasites. Physicians are observing how potent is the influence of the mind on the body, even to kill, or to cure! The clergy interpret truth on a broader and more comprehensive platform than hitherto. Emperors, kings, and rulers, the world over, are conceding the inalienable rights of man. Prisoners, lunatics, imbeciles, and idiots are managed, treated, and trained in accordance with their crimes, conditions, temperaments, and capacities. This is done with a view to their improvement as well as for their restraint. How much of this educational, prison, asylum, governmental and religious progress is due to PHRENOLOGY we can not pretend to say; but we do most sincerely believe that the world is greatly indebted to it for the light which it has thrown on all questions concerning MAN and his relations to life, to death, and to the future.

We can promise no more at present than to go on eliminating errors, and elaborating those truths and principles which legitimately grow out of this system of mental philosophy. Being favored with the same generous spirit on the part of readers which has hitherto been accorded us, we shall constantly aim to make the JOURNAL still more worthy the encouragement and support of its patrons.

THE DAY.

WHAT New Year's day is to New Yorkers, what Thanksgiving day is to New Englanders, what St. Patrick's day is to Irishmen, and what Christmas is to children and Christians, the FOURTH OF JULY, our National Independence day, is to every patriotic American. To lovers of political and religious freedom throughout the world, this day has a deeper significance than is realized by noisy boys, or even by young orators who delight to hear the echo of their own voices.

It means religious LIBERTY for all men

and women to worship God according to their own consciences. It means freedom from slavery, political liberty, the equal rights of all before the law. It means self-government, in contra-distinction from being governed by hereditary rulers—kings, queens, emperors, or despots. It means the inalienable right of every one to make the most of himself—to do the best he can, without the interference of any arbitrary power. It means material and spiritual progress, growth in grace, and in the means wherewith to supply the wants of body and mind.

Real Liberty means freedom from bad habits; especially liquor drinking, tobacco smoking and chewing, and the like. What species of slavery or bondage can be worse than these? The sort of Liberty we celebrate is freedom from vice, crime, and from bad habits, as well as from monarchical and despotic government. We celebrate the Fourth of July not only as the birth of a new-born Nation, but as embodying principles which must, in the nature of things, in time completely revolutionize all the kingdoms and nations of the earth.

Then let all Americans sing with gladness that ever-glorious song—

"Hail, Columbia, happy land."

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

THIS body met in Chicago on the 20th day of May, and on the 21st adopted a platform of principles, and unanimously nominated Gen. ULYSSES S. GRANT for the office of President of the United States, from the 4th of March next.

HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX was then nominated for the office of Vice-President by a very decided majority. Messrs Wade, Fenton, Wilson, Curtin, Hamlin, and Speed also received a very complimentary vote.

Mr. Colfax is one of our most popular parliamentary officers, and as such his Speakership of the House of Representatives for several sessions of Congress has made him more widely known, perhaps, than almost any other civilian of his age. He was born in the city of New York, March 23d, 1823. Gen. Grant was born April 7th, 1822, at Point Pleasant, Clermont Co., Ohio. The candidates, one being 46 and the other 45 years of age, are, we think, the youngest men who have ever been nominated for these high offices.

The Democratic Convention, to nominate candidates, will assemble on the 4th of July, after which we propose to publish the likenesses of all the candidates and the platform of principles on which they respectively go before the American people asking their suffrages.

We have only to express the hope, that every voter from the "Dominion" to the line of Mexico will inform himself as to what is his duty at the next Presidential election, and vote as a patriot and as a Christian. God speed the right!

VOTERS IN AMERICA.

VOTE.—Expression of wish, preference, or choice as to measures proposed; electing officers; the passing of laws by one having an interest in the subject or question. A vote may be by the voice, by uplifted hand, or by ballot.—*Webster.*

IMPARTIAL—if not universal—suffrage must be the rule of a republic, and it should be uniform in all the States. In the following we observe differences which are not "impartial," and we propose that the subject be submitted to the people of the nation, and a uniform impartial plan be adopted. At present each State now represented regulates the matter of voting as follows:

MAINE—Every male citizen.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—Every male inhabitant.

VERMONT—Every man.

MASSACHUSETTS—Every male citizen.

RHODE ISLAND—Every male citizen.

CONNECTICUT, INDIANA, ILLINOIS, MISSOURI, IOWA, NEW JERSEY, OHIO, CALIFORNIA, OREGON, NEVADA, WEST VIRGINIA, AND COLORADO—Every white male citizen.

NEW YORK—Every male citizen, but colored men required to own \$250 taxable property.

PENNSYLVANIA—Every white free man.

WISCONSIN—Every male person.

MINNESOTA—Every male person.

KANSAS—Every white male adult.

DELAWARE—Every free white male citizen.

MARYLAND—Every free white male citizen.

TENNESSEE—Every free white man formerly, but now negroes also vote.

In those States which were engaged in rebellion, and which are governed by the reconstruction laws, negroes are allowed to vote and hold office.

Personally, we would require the voter to be able to read and write, and to prove a good moral character. Neither aliens, criminals, drunkards, lunatics, imbeciles, or fools should ever vote. As to negroes, Indians, and Asiatics, we would require not less, in the way of qualification, than is required of native whites. But let us have impartial—though properly qualified—suffrage throughout the Union.

DAILY LECTURES ON MAN.

WE have now arranged to give daily lectures in New York on Phrenology, Physiology, and the training of the mind and the body for health, usefulness, and success. We have fitted up a handsome lecture-room at 889 Broadway, on the second floor of the building in which is located our collection of skulls, casts, busts, paintings, etc., where the lectures will be delivered.

These lectures will be plain and practical, intended to teach men how to "read character," to show mothers how to train and man-

age children; to advise young men how to select the right pursuits; to inform employers how to select servants, apprentices, clerks, and confidential agents; in a word, to "PUT THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE."

We are satisfied that the experience of a third of a century ought to make the suggestions in our lectures valuable to all but the useless class of society, and we do not see how even this class could listen to the analysis of the human mind, its powers and capabilities, the privileges and duties of life, without becoming incited to do something, and to be something worthy of humanity.

These lectures will be given for the present every day, Sundays excepted, between 8 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon. They will continue an hour, and the admission will be free. Should this proposition meet the favor of our citizens and strangers visiting the city, so that we shall have an audience each day, it will give us pleasure to minister to their instruction and profit. And it remains for the people to decide whether these lectures shall become a permanent institution.

These popular lectures will not supersede or interfere with our semi-annual professional classes for teaching thoroughly those who wish to practice Phrenology as a profession and an art.

As we have elsewhere announced, a class for ladies will be commenced on the first Monday in September, and the class for gentlemen on the first Monday in January next.

The popular daily lectures are intended for non-professional people, who need and desire information suited to daily life, self-improvement, domestic culture, choice of occupation, etc.; and we have no doubt that time will prove the utility of this method of public instruction.

SCIENCE vs. RELIGION.

ARE science and religion inimical? If not, why is it that many very religious persons oppose the study of geology, phrenology, and other sciences?

Such questions imply a want of knowledge. Truth is a unit, and there can be no conflict between religious truth and scientific truth. The fact that religious bigots oppose the real or assumed claims of science proves nothing but the ignorance of one or both of the disputants. The salvation of our souls is not dependent on the age of the world, its geological formation, nor on the dogmas of finite man. Our faculties were all given to us for use—affections, ambitions, sympathies, love of art, music, devotion, self-defense, and reason to enlighten and guide all our feelings and emotions. He who ignores the study of science or the proper exercise of reason in educational spheres might as well ignore any other class of our duties or the exercise of our God-given powers. Any religionist who attempts to enslave the minds of men by denying their personal freedom and accountability to God, or the free use of their intellects, is an enemy to his race.

The days of priestly infallibility and of persecution on account of religious opinion are past, especially in *this* country. The race has outgrown that narrow pretension; man has discovered that it is *right* for him to exercise his faculties to the fullest possible extent, to learn all that it is possible for him to know, and that what God wisely determined he should not know, he never will or can know. But it is no part of the duty of finite man to set the limits. God created us with a spirit to investigate and learn all we can of his works. Earth, air, water, and the living creatures and plants thereof, all offer themselves for man's examination and study. Nor is there any danger of our finding out any of His hidden secrets. We are finite. He is infinite. Ignorance is the parent of superstition and slavery. Education is the parent of liberty and the bulwark of freedom. Ignorance and monarchy go together. Education and self-government go together. The hope, the only hope, of our democratic republic is in our free common schools and in religious freedom. Science and religion, when rightly interpreted, will not clash, but will harmonize, support, and aid each other. Let us therefore learn all we can of the sciences, and get all the genuine religion we can, that we may develop into the perfect being our Creator intended us to become.

LORD BROUGHAM. OBITUARY.

HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM, the eminent ex-Chancellor of England, who as a legislator, reformer, and author had attained a high position forty years ago, died on the 9th of May last, at his country residence near Cannes, France. He was born in Edinburgh, September 19th, 1778, and had therefore nearly completed his ninetieth year.

His unusual longevity was due to the natural vigor and endurance of his constitution. His portrait, small as it is, shows a powerfully marked motive temperament. He was, as it were, constituted of finely tempered steel, which possessed both the qualities of elasticity and toughness. He was active, lithe, sprightly, but at the same time intense, tenacious, untiring, and persistent. His industry as a scholar, a lawyer, a statesman, is unparalleled. The fibers of his brain seemed capable of sustaining any labor, any strain, which his disposition or intellectual pursuits could impose on them. He would sometimes work day and night with scarcely an interval of repose, and when he had attained the object of his labor, he appeared as fresh and vigorous as at the commencement of his undertaking. In fact, even in advanced life he was ever active. There is nothing striking in his countenance as regards peculiar genius in a department philosophical or artistic. His temperament and practical organization, his keen observing powers and superior analytical talent, and his untiring activity formed the basis of his great executive abilities.



PORTRAIT OF LORD BROUGHAM.

Benevolence is conspicuous in his top-head, and inspired those reformatory and philanthropic measures which honor his memory. During his student career at the University of Edinburgh he exhibited marked scientific qualities, especially in the department of mathematics. Having chosen law as his profession, we find him as early as 1807 retained as counsel in suits of the highest importance.

In 1808 he settled in London, where the eloquence and ability displayed in an important commercial lawsuit attracted the attention of leading politicians, who succeeded in electing him a member of the House of Commons. There he soon took a strong position by reason of his aggressive zeal, oratorical vehemence, and pungent sarcasm. One of his first steps was to introduce measures for the suppression of the slave-trade. In their labors for this end Wilberforce and Clarkson had no more strenuous supporter than the fiery young Whig from Scotland. His efforts were not wanting in behalf of other liberal and progressive measures. The cause of Catholic emancipation, of reform in the government of India, and of the abolition of flogging in the army, received his powerful advocacy. Lord Brougham interested himself in the cause of popular education, and was mainly instrumental in the establishment of the "model schools" for the instruction of the poorer classes. The event of his life which conduced most to his popularity in England was his famous defense of Queen Caroline, on her trial before the House of Lords in 1820 and 1821. His eloquence on this occasion has seldom been equaled. On the formation of Earl Grey's ministry in 1830 he was appointed Lord Chancellor of England. In this honorable sphere he continued four years, commanding general admiration for his singular energy and promptitude in transacting the business of his onerous office. In 1839 he retired from public life to his villa in the south of France, and spent the remainder of his days in the peaceful pursuit of literature. Among his most important published works, in addition to the collection of his speeches, are a "View of Sir Isaac Newton's Principia," an annotated edition of Paley's

"Natural Theology," and "Sketches of Statesmen" and of "Men of Letters and Science" in the time of George III. Several editions of his "Political Philosophy" have been published, besides numerous minor works that are less known. See NEW PHYSIOGNOMY.

POPULAR LECTURES IN NEW YORK AND VICINITY.

In addition to our professional lectures to students, we have given, during the past winter and spring, many popular lectures on Phrenology, as applied to temperance, education, etc., in various parts of New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Harlem, and other places contiguous.

In Brooklyn there was a course given at the Park Theater, when the house was filled from pit to dome. Mr. Greeley and other eminent advocates of temperance were among the speakers. As we aim to bring Phrenology and Physiology to bear upon every question, the lecture we were invited to give was chiefly based on those subjects. Dr. Bennett, the now venerable reformer, informed us that a gentleman came to him after one of the lectures, desiring to sign the pledge, and though he then had the title of M.D. and LL.D. to his name, he heard an argument based on physiology which convinced him that it was his duty to pledge himself to use no more alcoholic spirits. He had before heard many temperance arguments, but when from a phrenological stand-point the subject was presented, he became convinced that it was his duty to lay aside the occasional glass and give his name and his influence to the temperance cause.

Early in April we gave a brief course of lectures in the National Hall in Harlem; our chief attempt there was to show parents the proper method of training the dispositions, guiding the passions, and cultivating the intellectual and moral powers of their children. Besides giving us a cordial reception and attentive hearing, many mothers brought their stubborn daughters and wayward sons to have us describe their characters and give them special instructions how to guide and regulate them. We have no doubt that the good effects of this brief course of lectures will be felt and long remembered in Harlem. We also gave a course of seven lectures in Union Hall, Brooklyn, E. D. The subjects of this course were—

First—How to read character scientifically, including the principles and proofs of Phrenology and the Temperaments.

Second—How to rise in the world, or Phrenology applied to the choice of pursuits.

Third—Physiognomy; the signs of character as indicated by form, feature, gesture, walk, laughter, eyes, nose, mouth, chin, neck, etc.

Fourth—The moral sentiments; and how to awaken, guide, and cultivate them, especially in the young.

Fifth—How to train up a child; the passions, how to understand and guide them; high-tempered boys, timid children, and how to treat them.

Sixth—Vanity, pride, ambition, appetite, juvenile thieves and liars, how to reform them; self-culture, etc.

Seventh—Intellectual culture; the practical and the theoretical; memory, and how to improve it; the natural language of the faculties, every feeling and sentiment having its gesture, attitude, and indication unconsciously evinced by the person.

We receive also invitations to lecture for societies, for teachers' conventions, and other occasions, which we accept when our professional duties will permit. Sometimes we go 150 miles to give a single lecture by invitation. If our duties at home would permit these excursions, we could make them very frequently during the lecturing season. Thus in public and in private, in temperance associations, in school-gatherings and otherwise, by writing, teaching, printing, are we trying to spread the knowledge of phrenological truth, and we believe no day passes in which some one is not largely benefited by our instructions; reformed of bad habits; taught a higher and better rule of life, and led to be more in the sight of themselves, their neighbors, and their God. Men generally know more of everything else than of themselves. The majority of well-meaning people are living in ignorance of some of the plainest principles of physiology; they wonder why they are sick, or bilious, or unhappy, or unsuccessful; perhaps it is the abuse of their Alimentiveness or some other propensity which the phrenologist could point out, and thus open to them a new and better way.

PROFESSIONAL INSTRUCTION IN PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY.

THERE are thousands who desire to know more of themselves than they do, and to learn how to read the characters of their fellow-men correctly. Some wish to follow Phrenology as a profession; to devote themselves to teaching it as a science, and to practicing it as an art. Others, connected with schools, with medicine, with the ministry, or with business, feeling that they are not able to understand mankind readily, that they are constantly making mistakes in their estimation and treatment of others, are now seeking the aid which Phrenology affords. They have also a strong desire to find out how much there is in Phrenology that will aid them in forming conclusions respecting themselves, and in guiding their judgment and conduct toward others. That some people read mind and character better than others, they are aware; that it is important that they should be able to read character better than they now can, they are also aware; hence their desire to examine the phrenological methods.

In order to meet this growing public want, we instruct classes every year in those facts and principles which thirty years of careful study and practice enable us to teach. By public lectures and publications we can do much, but we can not reach the whole community. We are attempting every year to instruct persons who shall be able to go out into the great harvest-field and instruct the public. There is, to-day, a great demand for good lecturers and examiners throughout Europe and America. Some have attempted to supply this demand, and feeling conscious of a lack of scientific information, and of that amount of practical experience necessary to success, they have become discouraged and left the field. Such persons come to us for additional information and training in this field of their love and ambition, and it gives us pleasure to state that not a few of those who have gone out from us are now doing a good and profitable work; and we receive letters almost daily from our former students thanking us for the benefits which our instruction afforded them, and for the better success which they are now enabled to secure in the promulgation of the science. In order to guard the public against being imposed upon by persons who profess to have received instruction from us, and have not, we give to each graduate who takes our course of instruction a certificate or diploma verifying the fact that he has received the necessary instruction, and that he goes forth with our approval and indorsement. While this serves the lecturer as an introduction, it assures the public that he is worthy of patronage as a phrenologist.

There is no other subject, perhaps, which more readily awakens public attention than that science which reveals human character and teaches men what they are best adapted to follow, and points out to them the pathway to success and happiness, and at the same time indicates wherein they are liable to go astray, and what faculties they can use to the best

advantage. No brighter field is open to enterprising and intelligent men and women than that of practical Phrenology.

We propose to open a summer class for ladies, the first Monday in September next. Woman, besides making the best teacher and the best nurse, may, for aught we can see, become an equally good phrenologist; and as the avenues opened to woman for usefulness and remuneration in honorable employment are not very numerous, we think she will hail this opportunity with delight, greatly to her own advantage and to the public weal. Ladies wishing to become members of this class will write us, asking for a circular entitled "Professional Instruction in Practical Phrenology, For Ladies."

On the first Monday in January next our annual class for gentlemen will be opened, and those wishing to become members will do well to address us at once, asking for a circular relative to the class of 1869, in which they will find a synopsis of the course of instruction, the books necessary to be read, together with terms and other matters of interest.

In order that proper preparations may be made for those who are to become members of either class, we desire to learn at as early a day as possible what number of students to provide for. Please address, "FOR INSTRUCTION," Office of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, 389 Broadway, New York.

"DON'T LEAVE THE FARM."

[THIS is the burden of the following neat verses, which are dedicated to those restless youths who look to the exciting theater of city life for fame and fortune, when the chances for health, wealth, and happiness are far greater in peaceful agricultural pursuits. The advice is as sound as it is pleasantly administered.]

Come, boys, I have something to tell you;

Come near, I would whisper it low:

You are thinking of leaving the homestead—

Don't be in a hurry to go.

The city has many attractions,

But think of the vices and sins;

When once in the vortex of fashion,

How soon the course downward begins!

You talk of the mines of Australia—

They've wealth in gold without doubt;

But ah! there is gold on the farm, boys,

If only you'll shovel it out:

The mercantile life is a hazard,

The goods are first high and then low;

Better risk the old farm a while longer—

Don't be in a hurry to go!

The great busy West has inducements,

And so has the busiest mart,

But wealth is not made in a day, boys—

Don't be in a hurry to start!

The bankers and brokers are wealthy,

They take in their thousands or so;

Ah! think of the frauds and deceptions—

Don't be in a hurry to go!

The farm is the safest and surest,

The orchards are loaded to-day;

You're free as the air of the mountains,

And monarch of all you survey.

Better stay on the farm a while longer;

Though profit comes in rather slow,

Remember you've nothing to risk, boys—

Don't be in a hurry to go!

MOHAMMED.

"We follow the religion of Abraham the orthodox, who was no idolater."—*The Koran.*

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

It has been the habit of Christian writers to stigmatize Mohammed as "the great false prophet" and as an anti-Christ; but in this age of liberal views, even sound believers in the divine mission of the Christ from chosen Isaac's seed can afford to do justice to the great prophet who sprang from the loins of his brother Ishmael. Heterodox philosophers, on their side, will class the whole race of prophets and apostles together, and view them simply as marvelous psychological and sociological problems. They will treat the genuine of this peculiar order as rare types of beings whose visionary and inspirative natures saw empires in their own fervid minds. Out of such as these new civilizations and empires have grown; and it has ever been found in the course of nations that when the old empires have been rapidly passing through their states of decay, and the world needed a new impulse, then human giants have risen with their peculiar dispensations.

In Mohammed and his mission there is a genuine assumption of the Abrahamic covenant claimed by a descendant of the eldest son of the "Father of the Faithful;" and unless we give due weight to this fact, and its workings in the mind of this great representative of the line of Abraham's first-born, we shall make discordant that which is in itself grandly harmonious. "In thee, and in thy seed, shall all the kindreds of the earth be blessed," was the covenant made to the "Father of the Faithful;" and Mohammed claimed his portion thereof. Yet did the Arabian prophet magnanimously give unto the seed of Isaac the principal succession in the sacred prophetic line, affirming that, though it was latent in the race of Ishmael, the gift of prophecy, with the holy apostleship, was not vouchsafed to any of his seed until he (Mohammed), the last of the Prophets, came, while from Isaac had sprung a long succession of prophets to carry on the Abrahamic dispensations.

"We follow," says the Koran, "the religion of Abraham the orthodox, who was no idolater. We believe in God and that which has been sent down to us, and that which was sent down to Abraham and Ishmael and Isaac and Jacob and the tribes, and that which was delivered unto Moses and Jesus, and that which was delivered unto the prophets from the Lord. We make no distinction between any of them, and to God we are resigned."

Mohammed was born in Mecca, the sacred city of Arabia, in 569 of the Christian era, and he came of the illustrious tribe of Koreish, of which there were two branches descended from two brothers. His ancestor Haschem, through his commercial enterprise, made Mecca a great commercial mart, notwithstanding the city was located in a barren and stony country; and the tribe of Koreish became powerful and wealthy. Haschem was looked upon as a

public benefactor, and he became guardian of the Caaba, the great shrine of Arabia, and this guardianship gave to him the control of the sacred city. His son Abd al Motâlleb succeeded him; and having by his patriotism delivered the holy city from an invading army sent by the Christian princes of Abyssinia, the guardianship of the Caaba was confirmed unto his family. Abd al Motâlleb was blessed with sons and daughters, of whom Abdallah was the youngest and best beloved. This beloved son married Amina, a maiden of his own kin, and by her came into the world the illustrious subject of this article, their only child. Moslem traditions abound with the wonders that transpired at his birth, among which we read that, at the moment of his coming into the world, he raised his eyes to heaven, exclaiming, "God is great! There is no God but God, and I am his prophet." When he was scarce two months old his father died, leaving him no other inheritance than five camels, a few sheep, and a female slave. The grief of the young mother at the loss of her beloved robbed her child of nature's nourishment; but among the peasant women who came to Mecca to offer themselves as foster-mothers for the children of the wealthy was the wife of a Saadite shepherd, who out of compassion took the helpless infant to her home in one of the pastoral valleys of the mountains.

When at the age of four years, so says Moslem tradition, while playing in the fields with a foster-brother, two angels in shining apparel appeared, and laying Mohammed on the ground, the angel Gabriel took out his heart and cleansed it, and having filled it with prophetic gifts, replaced it; "and then from his countenance began to emanate a mysterious light peculiar to the sacred line of prophets from Adam, but which now for the first time shone upon a descendant of Ishmael." The angel Gabriel also stamped between the child's shoulders the seal of prophecy, "which continued throughout life as the symbol and credential of his divine mission," though," says Washington Irving, "unbelievers saw nothing in it but a large mole the size of a pigeon's egg." When the vision was told to his nurse, she and her husband became alarmed lest these angels were evil spirits, and she carried the youthful prophet back to Mecca, and delivered him to his mother.

Stripped of their fabulous dress, these traditions indicate that very early in youth rare qualities began to manifest themselves in Mohammed. It is a marked characteristic of those endowments which we call genius to show their signs in a wonderful degree and precocity in extraordinary children. Hence, when we find it in the musical composer, we have a Mozart astonishing the courts of Europe at seven years of age, by performing at sight the most difficult compositions of Handel and Bach, and already himself a celebrated composer.

The mother of Mohammed died when he was six years of age, and left him to the

guardianship of his illustrious grandfather, who, at his death, two years later, committed him to the special care of his eldest son, Abu Taleb. Nothing further of importance occurred in his eventful life until he reached the age of twelve, when a circumstance came which greatly tended to mold his peculiar character and prepare him for his subsequent career. His ancestor Haschem had first started those merchant caravans by which Mecca had been made a city of commerce. In the ardent mind of young Mohammed these caravan enterprises were glorified with romance and marvelous incidents. At the age of twelve, with his daring imagination wrought up to the highest pitch, he clung to Abu Taleb, who was preparing to mount his camel to start with his caravan, and implored his indulgent kinsman to be permitted to go with him to Syria. "For who, O my uncle, will take care of me when thou art gone?" plead the boy. Abu Taleb granted the prayer of his nephew, and the caravan started on its route, to return in due time loaded with its merchandise, and the mind of the future prophet more abundantly laden with the superstitions of the desert, a knowledge of the sacred Hebrew writings and of the mission of Christ.

"After skirting the ancient domains of the Moabites and the Ammonites," writes Washington Irving, "the caravan arrived at Bostra, on the confines of Syria, in the country of the tribe of Manasseh, beyond the Jordan, which was once a city of the Levites, but was now inhabited by Nestorian Christians. Here they camped near a convent of Nestorian monks."

At this convent Abu Taleb and his nephew were entertained with great hospitality; and one of the monks, surprised at the precocious intellect of young Mohammed, and his astonishing capacity for a religious mission, held frequent conversations with him upon the sacred Scriptures. The subjects which engrossed the ardent mind of the future prophet were those relating to his forefather Abraham, Moses, and the new dispensation opened in the ministry of Christ. One has only to read the Koran to trace the early inception of the germs of Islamism, and how much in youth the daring and capacious mind of Mohammed became pregnant with the ideas of new dispensations in an Abrahamic succession. In that Nestorian convent, in an ancient city of the Levites, Ishmael's prophet was born for the mission, and from that hour the new dispensation was nascent in Mohammed's soul. Moslem writers say that the origin of the interest taken by the monk Sergius in the young Arabian was in consequence of his having accidentally discovered the seal of prophecy which the angel Gabriel had stamped between his shoulders; but impartial writers attribute this interest to the desire of a zealous monk to proselyte an extraordinary youth whose quality of mind and earnestness would well fit him in after-years to become a great apostle of Christianity to the Arabian nations.

Mohammed returned with his uncle to Mec-

ca, the seeds of a great religious mission deeply planted in his mind. The son of Ishmael had been to the land in which Abraham sojourned when he departed out of Chaldea and out of the house of his idolatrous father, leaving his denunciation against idolatry, and carrying with him a knowledge of the true religion.

When he reached the age of twenty-five, another important circumstance occurred, which gave him wealth and influence and helped to determine his course. There lived in Mecca a lady of the Koreish tribe. Twice had she been married; her last husband, a wealthy merchant, had recently died. The extensive business of the fair widow required an efficient manager, and her nephew recommended young Mohammed to her as a fit person to be her factor. Cadijah, the name of the lady, was so eager to secure his services that she offered him double wages to conduct her caravan to Syria. As he is extolled for his manly beauty and engaging manners, it is thought that the fair widow's heart was her counselor. Mohammed, by the advice of Abu Taleb, accepted her offer, and so well pleased was his patroness on his return that she gave him double the stipulated wages. Similar expeditions brought to him like results, and finally the lady, through a trusty maid-servant, proposed marriage to her business agent, with successful result. At his marriage Mohammed caused a camel to be killed before his door to feast the poor, and Heléma his nurse was summoned, to whom her grateful foster-son presented a flock of forty sheep.

Mohammed now ranked among the most wealthy of the city, and his excellent conduct obtained for him the name of Al Amin, or the Faithful. For several years he continued in the sphere of commerce, but his heart was not in his vocation, and his enterprises were not as successful as before. It is supposed that in his subsequent journeys into Syria after the age of twenty-five, Mohammed renewed his intercourse with those versed in the sacred writings and the history and religion of the Jews and Christians. Waraka, a cousin of Mohammed's wife, was instrumental in developing his latent energy and starting him in his great career. This Waraka himself was a remarkable character. He was a learned man, of a bold, speculative mind, who had cast off the idolatrous religion of the East and held Arian opinions. He was also progressive and innovative in his tendencies. First he was a Jew, and then he advanced to the Christian, and perhaps more fully than his pupil, he had already conceived the necessity of a new dispensation, for the Christian churches generally at that period had fallen much from their primitive apostolic state, as the old Eastern empires had into the grossest idolatry. In the Koran, which so emphatically indorses the divine missions of Moses and Jesus, the apostasy of both the Jews and Christians is repeatedly marked. It is more than probable that much of Waraka's mature views and speculations became absorbed by the inspirative and force-

ful Mohammed. The learned cousin of Cadijah was, moreover, the man who first translated parts of the Old and New Testaments into Arabic, and to him Mohammed is supposed to have been chiefly indebted for his extensive knowledge both of the Scriptures and the traditions of the Mishnu and the Talmud.

His mind stored with all the materials for his work, Mohammed retired from the world to a cavern on Mount Hara, and in solitude prepared himself for Allah's service with fasting and prayer. His whole nature was now in painful travail with his great purpose, and it so wrought upon the healthful condition of his body, and perhaps sound state of his mind, that he became subject to dreams, ecstasies, and trances. For six months successively he is said to have received a series of dreams and visions. We are told that he would often lose all consciousness of surrounding objects, and lie upon the ground as if insensible; and when his anxious wife, whose ministering presence was with him in the cave of Mount Hara, entreated to know the cause of his paroxysms, he evaded her inquiries or answered mysteriously. Moslems consider these ecstasies to have been the workings of the spirit of prophecy, and the revelations of the Most High dawning vaguely upon him.

At length (in the fortieth year of his age) came the annunciation of his apostleship by the personal administration of the angel Gabriel. The following is the substance of Washington Irving's account of this circumstance: "He was passing, as was his wont, the holy month in the cavern of Mount Hara, fasting and praying. It was the night called Al Kader, or the Divine Decree, a night in which, according to the Koran, angels descend to the earth, and Gabriel brings down the decrees of God. As Mohammed in the silent watches of the night lay wrapped in his mantle, he heard a voice calling him; uncovering his head, a flood of light broke upon him of such an intolerable splendor that he swooned away. On regaining his senses, he beheld an angel in human form, which, approaching from a distance, displayed a silken cloth covered with written characters. 'Read,' said the angel. 'I know not how to read.' 'Read!' repeated the angel, 'in the name of the Lord who has created all things, who created man from a clot of blood. Read, in the name of the Most High, who taught men the use of the pen, who sheds on his soul the ray of knowledge, and teaches him what before he knew not.' Upon this Mohammed instantly felt his understanding illumined with celestial light, and read what was written upon the cloth, which contained the decrees of God as afterward promulgated in the Koran. When he had finished the perusal, the heavenly messenger announced, 'Oh, Mohammed, of a verity thou art the prophet of God, and I am his angel Gabriel.' Mohammed came trembling and agitated to Cadijah in the morning, not knowing whether what he had seen was indeed

true, a mere vision, or a delusion of his senses, or the apparition of an evil spirit. His wife said: 'Joyful tidings dost thou bring! By Him in whose hand is the soul of Cadijah, I will henceforth regard thee as the prophet of our nation. Rejoice,' added she, seeing him cast down, 'Allah will not suffer thee to fall to shame. Hast not thou been loving to thy kinsfolk, kind to thy neighbors, charitable to the poor, hospitable to the stranger, faithful to thy word, and ever a defender of the truth. She hastened to communicate the intelligence to her cousin Waraka. 'By Him in whose hand is the soul of Waraka, thou speakest true, oh, Cadijah. The angel who has appeared to thy husband is the same who, in the days of old, was sent to Moses the son of Amram. His annunciation is true. Thy husband is a prophet.'"

Thus it will be seen that his fond wife and her learned cousin were the first to rejoice and proclaim Mohammed the Prophet of their nation.

For a time Mohammed confided his revelations to his own household, but at length the rumor got abroad that he pretended to be a prophet. This stirred up, at the very opening of his career, hostility from every side. His immediate kinsmen, of the line of Haschem, were powerful, prosperous, and identified with idolatry. They therefore considered their family disgraced in the person of Mohammed, and that he was placing them in humiliation at the feet of the rival branch of their tribe; while the rival line of Abd Schems took advantage of the opportunity, and raised the cry of heresy and impiety, to depose the line of Haschem from the guardianship of the sacred shrine of Arabia and the governorship of Mecca. Thus the matter became an issue of rival family interests, as well as one of a radical conflict between idolatry and the mission of this earnest image-smasher.

During the first three years of his prophetic career the number of Mohammed's converts did not exceed forty, and most of these were young persons, strangers, and slaves; and so thoroughly was the new sect outlawed, that its meetings were held in secret, either at the house of one of the disciples or in a cave near Mecca. Their meetings at length were discovered, a mob broke into the cavern, and a scuffle ensued, in which one of the assailants was wounded in the head by Saad, an armorer, who thenceforth became renowned as the first of the disciples who shed blood in the cause of Islam.

Mohammed afterward had a second vision, in which the angel Gabriel commanded him to arise and preach and magnify the Lord. Accordingly, in the fourth year of his religious or fanatical activity, he summoned the line of Haschem to meet him on the hill of Safa, in the vicinity of Mecca, that he might unfold to them matters of importance concerning their welfare. They assembled, and with them came his uncle Abu Lahab, a man of a proud spirit, who held his nephew in reproach for bringing disgrace upon

his family. As soon as Mohammed commenced to make known to them his revelations, Abu Lahab started up in a great rage, reviling him for calling them on so idle an errand. Catching up a stone, he would have cast it at his nephew, but the Prophet turned upon him a withering glance, cursed the hand raised against him, and predicted his doom to the fire of Jehennam, with the assurance that his scoffing wife should bear the bundle of thorns with which the fire would be kindled. This woman was the sister of Abu Sofian, the great rival of the line of Haschem, and though the son of Abu Lahab had doubly united him to his nephew by a marriage with Mohammed's youngest daughter, Abu Lahab betrayed his family, and united with its rival. Enraged by the curse pronounced upon them, they immediately compelled their son to divorce his wife, who came weeping to her father; but she was soon consoled, by becoming the wife of her father's zealous disciple Othman, who in the number of Mohammed's successors ranks as the third Caliph in the rise of the vast Mohammedan empire.

Not discouraged, the Prophet called a second meeting of the Haschemites, and at this time announced in full the revelations which he had received, and the divine command to impart them to the chosen line of Haschem. "Oh, children of Abd al Montalleb," cried the Prophet, "to you of all men has Allah vouchsafed these most precious gifts. In His name I offer you the blessings of this world, and endless joys hereafter. Who among you will share the burden of my offer? Who will be my brother, my lieutenant, my vizier?" For a space of time the assembled Haschemites were silent, some wondering, others smiling in derision, until the youthful Ali, starting up with enthusiasm, offered himself to his great cousin, who caught the generous youth in his arms, and pressing him to his bosom, cried out to the assembly, "Behold my brother, my vizier, my vicegerent! Let all listen to his words and obey him." The outburst of the stripling Ali was received with a shout of derision, and the Haschemites scoffingly told Abu Taleb that he must now pay obedience to his son; but notwithstanding their scorn, the youthful Ali afterward became one of the mightiest of men, and fourth Caliph of the Mohammedan empire.

Mohammed now began to preach in public. The hills of Safa and Kubeis were his chosen audience chambers, from which he thundered against the reign of idolatry. These places were well chosen, for they were sanctified in the minds of the children of Abraham's first-born, by traditions of Ishmael and his mother Hagar; and from these holy hills he sent forth a mighty proclamation that God had sent him to restore "the religion of Abraham." The Koreishites, enraged by his denunciation of their idolatry and the stiffneckedness of themselves and their fathers in "the days of ignorance"—as the period prior to the Islam era is denominated—and, moreover, much alarmed by the spread of the new faith, urged Abu

Taleb to silence his nephew, and at length threatened to exterminate Mohammed and his disciples. Abu Taleb hastened to entreat his nephew to forego his work. "Oh, my uncle," exclaimed this grand fanatic or prophet, "though they should array the sun against me on my right hand and the moon on my left, yet until God shall command me, or shall take me hence, would I not depart from my purpose." Mohammed was retiring from the presence of his uncle with a dejected countenance, when Abu Taleb, struck with admiration, called him back, and declared that, preach what he might, he would never abandon him to his enemies; and Abu Taleb, as the representative of his line, forthwith bound the descendants of Haschem and Abd al Montálleb to aid him in protecting Mohammed against the rest of the tribe of Koreish. They considered the new religion of their kinsman a dangerous heresy, but the strong family instinct of the Arabs prevailed, and the descendants—excepting his uncle Abu Lahab—of Haschem and Abd al Montálleb consented to protect him.

About this time Mohammed was assailed and nearly strangled in the Caaba, but he was rescued by Abu Beker. He therefore deemed it wisdom to counsel those of his disciples who were not protected by powerful friends to fly from Mecca, for their lives were now in danger. He advised such to take refuge among the Nestorian Christians, and Othman Ibu Affan led a little band of the persecuted out of Mecca. The refugees were kindly received by the Nestorians, and others soon followed them. Meantime the Koreishites, finding Mohammed persistent in his work and daily making converts, passed a law of banishment against all who should embrace his faith, while he himself was forced to take refuge in the house of one of his disciples. Here he remained for a month. But his fame had spread abroad, and men from all parts of Arabia sought him in his retreat.

His powerful enemy Abu Jahl sought him and insulted and outraged him by personal violence. This was, however, avenged, and the circumstance was the indirect cause of bringing into the faith of Islam two of its mightiest champions. This outrage was told to his uncle Hamza, as he was returning from hunting, whereupon, in great ire, he marched with his bow unstrung into an assembly of Koreishites, where he found Abu Jahl boasting of his exploit; and Hamza smote him with a blow, wounding him in his head. The friends of the smitten man were in their turn about to avenge him, but Abu Jahl, fearing the warlike Hamza, himself pacified them, and apologized for his conduct, urging as his excuse the apostasy of his nephew. "Well," retorted Hamza, fiercely, "I also do not believe in your gods of stone; can you compel me?" Forthwith he declared himself a believer in his nephew's mission, and took the oath of allegiance. Yet more important a convert even than the warlike Hamza was Abu

Jahl's own nephew Omar, whose very walking-stick, it is said, struck more terror into beholders than any other man's sword. Omar, instigated by his uncle to avenge the blow dealt him by Hamza, promised to penetrate to the retreat of the Prophet and strike a poniard to his heart. He was on the way to execute his purpose, when he met a Koreishite friend, to whom he imparted his design. "Before you slay Mohammed, and draw upon yourself the vengeance of his relatives, see that your own are free from heresy," cautioned his friend, who had himself secretly embraced the faith. "Are any of mine guilty of backsliding?" demanded Omar. "Even so," was the reply. "Thy sister and her husband Seid." Omar, overwhelmed with astonishment, and beside himself with wrath, hastened to his sister's house, and surprised her and her husband reading the Koran. In his rage he struck Seid to the earth, and would have plunged his sword into his heart, but the wife interposed, and received a fierce blow in her face, which bathed it in blood. "Enemy of Allah," sobbed his sister, "dost thou strike me thus for believing in the only true God? In spite of thee and thy violence, I will persevere in the true faith. Yes, there is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet. And now, Omar, finish thy work." But Omar, struck by his sister's spirit, relented, and took his foot from her husband's breast. "Show me the writing," he said; but his sister refused to let him touch the sacred scroll until he had washed his hands. He opened the 20th chapter of the Koran, and read: "In the name of the most merciful God! We have not sent down the Koran to inflict misery on mankind, but as a monitor, to teach him to believe in the true God, the creator of the earth and the lofty heavens.

"The All-Merciful is enthroned on high; to Him belongeth whatsoever is in the heavens above and in the regions under the earth.

"Dost thou utter thy prayers with a loud voice? Know that there is no need. God knoweth the secrets of thy heart; yea, and that which is most hidden.

"Verily I am God; and there is none besides Me. Serve Me; serve none other. Offer up thy prayers to none but Me."

Omar, greatly moved by the new revelations, continued to read, and before he left his sister's house, this fierce man of war was a penitent and firm believer in the Prophet, to whose retreat he hastened, and knocking, humbly craved admittance. "Come in, son of Khat-tah," answered the Prophet. "What bringest thee hither?" "I come to enroll my name among the believers of God and His prophet," reverently replied the new convert.

No half-hearted manifestation of faith satisfied this proselyte. He desired to make his conversion most public, and prevailed on Mohammed to accompany him to the Caaba to perform openly the rites of Islamism. A procession of the faithful forthwith paraded the streets of Mecca, Hamza walking on the right

hand and Omar on the left hand of the Prophet, to protect him from violence; and though the Koreishites viewed this demonstration with astonishment and dismay, none dared to interrupt it, for Hamza and Omar glared upon their enemies "like two lions that had been robbed of their young." Next day, also, the fierce nephew of Abu Jahl went up to the holy shrine to pray, in defiance of the Koreishites, who, though they dared not to interfere in his worship, fell upon another of the disciples who also went up to worship. Wrathful at this, Omar immediately sought his powerful uncle. "I renounce," said he, "thy protection. I will not be better off than my fellow-believers." This terrible military apostle of the Arabian prophet became the second successor of Mohammed, and under him the conquests of Egypt, Syria, and Persia were added to that of all Arabia.

In the seventh year of Mohammed's mission a schism was produced in the Koreish tribe, and the rival branch entered into a solemn league against the Haschemites and the family of Al Montálleb, engaging themselves to contract no marriages and to have no commerce with them until they gave up the person of Mohammed, who had taken refuge in Abu Taleb's castle in Mount Safa. The families continued at variance for three years, when Mohammed told his uncle that God had manifested to him His displeasure of the league, by sending a worm to eat out every word of the instrument except the name of God. Abu Taleb went immediately to the Koreish, and offered, if it proved false, to give up his nephew, but exacted in turn that if it proved true the league should be declared void. To their great astonishment, they found it even as the Prophet had said, and he was allowed to return to Mecca.

In the same year Mohammed sustained a great loss in the death of his uncle Abu Taleb, and three days afterward in that of his wife Cadijah. This year is called the Year of Mourning. Left now without the protection of his uncle, in the midst of his merciless enemies, headed by Abu Sofian, into whose hands at the death of Abu Taleb had passed the guardianship of the sacred city, the Prophet, nevertheless lost nothing of that grand fanaticism that ever sustained him in his darkest hours. In the twelfth year of his prophethood he published the revelation of his famous night journey to the seven heavens. At first, it was too much even for the credulity of his disciples, and some of them left him; but Abu Beker timely vouched for the Prophet's veracity; and his prompt testimony to the truth of the night vision turned again the wavering faith, and raised the credit of Mohammed as the favorite Apostle of God to a towering pinnacle. It is thought that this hit of the Prophet was a bold stroke of policy. Says Mr. Sale, in his preliminary discourse to his translation of the Koran, "I am apt to think this fiction, notwithstanding its extravagance, was one of the most artful contrivances Mohammed ever put in practice, and what chiefly contributed to the raising of his reputation to that great height to which it afterward attained."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MISS ELIZA A. PITTSINGER,
THE CALIFORNIA POETESS.

In the great West we from time to time meet with authors, poets, orators, teachers, who have impressed themselves upon the Western mind, because in sentiment, thought, and expression they adapt themselves to the tone of thought and feeling current there. The portraits, biographies, or effusions of true Western poets, representing different States, have appeared in our JOURNAL from time to time, and now California presents one to us as worthy of consideration.

This lady has two marked mental peculiarities: one is activity; the other intensity, originating in a nervous, wiry, physical condition. She can walk or work with a kind of elasticity and spring that is very effective, and at the same time easy. She is sensitive, susceptible, and enduring, yet likely to wear herself out. She has abundant breathing power, muscular power, and mental power, but hardly enough digestive power to furnish the requisite support for brain and body. We would suggest that a hygienic mode of life should be her first study; that is to say, her exercise, her sleep, as well as her diet, should be in harmony with hygienic law. There has come to be a technical meaning to the word "Hygienic," and some people think it means to refrain from meat, butter, tea, and coffee, and to live on a very spare vegetable diet; but we do not mean all this when we say Hygienic. In this climate a piece of nice beef is not a bad article of food; but the oily matter, the pastry, the condiments, the stimulants, these we would repudiate.

Miss Pittsinger has a strong emotional nature; the middle portion of her head is large and wide between the ears, indicating that the force elements are strong, giving vigor, earnestness, and thoroughness. She has courage, fortitude, positiveness, and power; is not easily discouraged, not easily repelled. She is qualified to elbow her way through difficulties, and make herself master of the situation.

She is strongly social, and believes in friends, society; in affection and love; and as a wife would be very devoted to one who was adapted to her.

She has a strong love of life, and the



MISS ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

word immortality receives as much of a heart-gush as anything she can speak; the thought that we are to live forever—as long as God himself exists, is a great thought to her.

She is ambitious; very fond of the good opinion of her friends. She is, perhaps, too sensitive to the censure and disapproval of others. When assailed directly, and when it is proper to respond and defend herself, she can meet the attack very well; but a leer, a laugh, a shrug of the shoulders, or a shake of the head cuts her keenly.

She is cautious, always on the watch for danger and difficulty; is not easily circumvented by treachery and policy; generally has an eye and an ear open to all such things; and when people are playing a double game, fair to the face, but with a sinister purpose, she generally appreciates the deception, and withdraws from the influence and power of such persons.

She has Constructiveness, which makes her ingenious; large Ideality and Sublimity, which give her a sense of the poetical, the beautiful, and the sublime in art and nature. Her integrity is more strongly marked than her Hope; she inclines to live an upright, just life, but not having large Hope, does not expect favorable results unless she can help to work out these results herself.

She sympathizes deeply with those who suffer, and has reverence for things sacred. Her intellect is sharp, clear, and practical; she picks up knowledge by the wayside, everywhere; her observation is quick, clear, and accurate. Her

Language is sufficient to qualify her for talking, teaching, writing, and explaining; she would do well in any literary pursuit that demands a quick, clear, analytical mind.

Though she has taste and refinement of feeling, she is more known for strength than for smoothness, for earnestness than for Secretiveness, and impresses people and wins their approval more by the earnestness and strength of her statements than by their plausibility and mellow persuasiveness. Having inherited her father's temperament, and much of his disposition, she inclines to take a higher rank in life than if she resembled her mother, even though they were equal. She is brave to meet and master difficulties and oppositions; has a feeling of self-trust that does not wince at trouble and give up at discouragements. She never has felt so much the necessity for protection as she has for elbow-room, and a chance to use her power; and all she asks of the world is to give her a clear track; she asks no help, but simply justice, room, and opportunity.

BIOGRAPHY.

The subject of this sketch was born at West Hampton, Mass. Her father, whom she resembles in feature and temperament, was of German descent, and a most humane and benevolent man. Her mother was of Anglo-Saxon birth, and blended unusual personal attraction with an amiable disposition and a spirit naturally bold and aspiring. Her death occurred at the early age of thirty-two, leaving Eliza with two brothers and two sisters to the care and guidance of an older sister, a girl of fourteen, who thus acted in the double capacity of mother and sister. Mr. Pittsinger deeply suffering from his bereavement, became negligent of his business matters, so that his circumstances and means of supporting his family were greatly reduced. Eliza early exhibited a disposition impulsive, daring, precocious; she cherished an unusual desire for knowledge of all kinds, and availed herself of all improving opportunities.

At the age of fourteen she took charge of the house for her father, two brothers, and a sister, and walked a mile (through the snow in winter) to teach a school; and at the same time instructed at home a younger brother and sister. At sixteen she was teacher of a school in Western New York, composed mostly of boys much older than herself. During the three following years her time was spent in teaching through the summer, and attending the Northampton high school in winter, from which she graduated with what is generally considered a thorough New England education.

Subsequently she was engaged for several

years at Rogers' stereotype institution in Boston as proof-reader and reviewer. In the spring of 1854 she sailed for California; and four years later her stirring songs and lyrics began to appear in the California journals. In the Golden State she has created many admirers and warm friends by her fervent patriotism and devoted enthusiasm to the zealous efforts in the cause of social and moral reforms. In the mining districts she was most enthusiastically received and appreciated.

In 1866 and 1867, at Nevada City, Grass Valley, at the lakes and among the Sierra Nevada, at St. Francisco and elsewhere, she has read her own poems to enthusiastic audiences, and at the same time wrote letters of travel for San Francisco papers. A farewell benefit was tendered her by the influential people of that city on the eve of her departure for a visit north.

Miss Pittsinger is now writing an extended "Poem on California," to be compiled with others, ere she returns to her adopted State, and will probably give some readings after more important duties are attended to. We close this brief sketch with a specimen quotation of her poetic muse. The verses are from a poem written in 1867, entitled "Ode to the Moon." Their style is smooth and flowing, yet tender and thoughtful.

All human life, perchance, is hushed in sleep!
Ah, who can rend the veil of night, and scan
The shattered hopes and broken threads that keep
Their silent councils in the soul of man?
Ah, who can rend the mystic shroud, and link
To joy and life those severed chords again,
That coldly tremble from the silent brink
Of past ambitions, planned and reared in vain?

'Tis almost midnight! and my soul is wrapt
Within the glory of thy subtle beams;
Far hence I watch the hills with grandeur capt,
While Nature lulls me in her softest dreams!
'Tis almost midnight! and I linger still
Beneath the glory of thy subtle spell,
Like one enchanted with new joys, until
My very thought in songs of rapture swell.

'Tis almost midnight! and they call me hence!
Those dreamy graces, with their waving wand;
But wrapt within a vision most intense,
To their soft charms will I not yet respond!
They call me hence! in vain their witching spells!
'Neath thy magnetic rays I have no thought
Save that which upward soars, and fondly dwells
On those grand laws with hidden glories fraught!

Thou midnight moon! most soothing, calm, and bland!
Oh, tell to me what silent mysteries lie
Between thy beams and that directing hand
That shapes thy course along the pathless sky!
Thy sister orbs, securely in their train,
What power upholds them in that world of light?
From what unbidden wisdom may we gain
A key to its vast depth, its magnitude and might?

The distant bells now cease their varied chimes,
The lesser orbs no longer greet mine eyes,
Thought after thought to azure summit climbs,
And revels in the grandeur of the skies!
On speeds the spirit in its wingéd car;
But, ah, what music thrills its quickened ear!
What name now trembles from that dome afar,
But His alone who rules the starry sphere!

It is an evidence of littleness of mind to rejoice over the errors of genius.

Communications.

THE INDIANS AND MOUNTAINS OF OREGON.

FORT KLAMATH, OREGON, Feb. 17, 1868.

EDITOR OF PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—*My dear Sir:* In October last I reached this beautiful Indian Valley of Klamath, which is to be my home for a few months. The valley is near the Californian boundary of Oregon, two hundred miles from the coast, and seems made and stocked for Indians, nine hundred of whom are scattered along the border of the lake and river.

During my travels, since I left New York in July, I have been many times reminded of pleasant and valuable experience under your wise guidance and generous kindness. Your bust of Phrenology was the first friend to greet me in Aspinwall, Panama, and San Francisco; then at Portland, and Salem in the Willametta Valley; and then at an old hunter's cabin, at the foot of the great mountains covered with cloud and snow—a day's journey from any other cabin. Imagine, my surprise to find, on the table of rough hewn timber, a Bible, an almanac, and a "*Self-Instructor in Phrenology!*" Isn't this fame?^{*}

Ascending the mountains by a narrow way that leads toward heaven, with strong forebodings but stronger mules; surrounded by a dense and dreary forest of firs and pines, noon finds us six thousand feet above the sea, where Old Winter has full sway, while the seasons we love make earth beautiful below. The snow, already quite deep, was then falling, and the trees as heavily loaded as they could bear—the beautiful snow, like the rest of the world, bearing down most heavily upon the weak ones which had just commenced to bend; the cliffs of snow away up and up, seeming ready to fall and bury us; and below us the great canyons, nearly two thousand feet down, altogether made a glorious picture of dreary, wintry solitude!

We reached this valley at night, and with its clear, mild climate, its pure water, its fish and game, it is a pleasant, happy home to us. My desires and duties as physician have brought me into daily intercourse with the Indians here, who, like the animals, have made little or no improvement upon their original customs. The different tribes on this coast bear a strong general resemblance, physically and mentally, but they are far inferior to those of the Plains in all respects. I am still looking for the "noble red man."

They are an example for us in nothing, unless it be their frequent use of the Turkish bath. Their baths are not quite like Dr. Shepherd's, of Brooklyn, but are made close to the bank of the river, of boughs driven into the ground, their tops meeting together, and then covered by skins or blankets. In this two or three are huddled together; boiling water is poured upon heated stones for fifteen or twenty minutes, and when in a profuse perspiration they throw themselves into the river.

The Indian babe, when a week old, is wrapped in a wolf-skin, and fastened to a board, partly dug out and having a hole in its upper end, by which it is hung upon a hook or peg. Thus the little infant, early accustomed to "hanging," seems to enjoy it—a wonderful illustration of the power of habit—and is at once the Indian's only substitute for furniture, pictures, and statuary.

Their winter houses are constructed of logs, covered with bark and dirt; the only door is an opening at the top, through which all the smoke and family must pass. In the cold nights of winter even this opening is closed, keeping out the cold air so effectually, that according to the most accurate physiological and mathematical calculations, allowing so many square feet of air to each person, the family ought to die each morning between two and three o'clock! But these irregular red men seem resolved to neither live properly nor die scientifically.

Having no guns, they are able to get but very little game. Fish, "wookus," and "camus" is their entire

^{*} Our publications may be found not only in the cabins of our Western pioneers, but also in other countries—in Japan, China, and in the islands of the seas.—ED.

bill of fare. The dried salmon are eaten in the winter. The "wookus" (of which I inclose sample) is the baked and ground seeds taken from the pericarp of a yellow water-lily, quite similar to that so common on the Atlantic coast. Each seed vessel contains nearly half an ounce, which, when baked, is nutritious and palatable, tasting like parched wheat. The "camus" is a species of onion, gathered in June, steamed for two days, then dried in the sun, when it is ready to be eaten or preserved for winter's use.

When I said that the Indians were like the animals for some reasons, I should have made an exception of the men, or asked pardon of the birds and beasts; for from the time the boy is born, to old age, he does nothing for himself, but looks upon his mother, sister, or wife as a slave and drudge. When he is about twenty years old, he buys a wife from her parents, paying from three to five of his woolly horses, this "swap" being the only marriage ceremony; and from that time forward she is expected to build the houses, gather and prepare the "wookus," "camus," and often the fish, care for his horses—in fact, do everything, while he sits by the fire he is too indolent to keep, smokes his "kinikinick" (of which I send sample), sleeps, eats, and like Punch's "gentleman," is "a man who has no business in the world."

Under such treatment his wife grows old rapidly, and in a few years, surrounded by a family of children, she would often be taken for their grandmother. And then how is she treated? In her premature old age she and her children are turned out of doors, in the winter or summer, as it pleases him, and he buys another and younger wife. This is the custom, and I have yet to see an exception. The fact that two thirds of the men have been killed in wars with other tribes makes this practice possible.

Their natures and lives are peculiarly free from romance or sentiment, and the only exhibitions I have seen of a feeling deserving the name of love have been between mother and child. They are good, kind, and loving mothers. On horseback a few days ago, I stopped at the hut of a young chief and wife, and was surprised and pleased to find what appeared to be real conjugal love, and noticed little sacrifices made by each for the happiness of the other, which I told them was the custom among civilized people. I fear they saw doubt on my face; I did on theirs. But just as I was leaving, the chief, attracted by my horse, wished to buy it and a ride, offering in return the wife I had shown so much interest in. For once, a Yankee refused to trade on any terms.

If I could send you one of their heads, with its low forehead, high, full back-head, and wide middle-head, you would have a clearer insight into their social and spiritual life than I could possibly give.

At death, they are almost immediately burned, with all their earthly possessions, slaves, their prisoners of war, horses, etc. The body is supported about six feet from the ground by long green boughs, the ends of which rest upon two piles of stones. Under it a huge fire is made, and the body indeed returns to dust. Their property is burned in the same fire. No worthless sons here, idly waiting for the "old man" to die! When the owner of a few slaves is seriously ill, they are most attentive, sympathetic, and patient nurses. Disinterested friendship!

Their religion, as an old lady replied, "is nothing to speak of." If they have been brave and good during life, especially toward their doctor, whose duties, by the way, are not confined to a physical realm; and if then their property is properly burned, so that there is nothing left to draw their spirits again to this world, they are rewarded by an eternal rest or sleep. But if during life they have committed many sins; if they have degraded themselves by working like (their) women, or spoken ill or falsely of others often, as these ignorant, wicked savages do sometimes; or if one of their slaves or horses lives after them, their spirits can know no rest, but, floating in the shadowy air of the densest forest and darkest valleys, through which they infuse a feeling of sacred sadness, they live alone in sorrow for many years, only coming to their living friends in the winds of winter, so full of their moaning.

When we consider the close intermingling of physi-

cal and spiritual conditions and feelings, we see a certain appropriateness in their having but one doctor for both. In your great city it would be a little too much for the poor "medicine man" to soothe and cure, or even to prevent the suffering and agony of its million head and heart aches, or to modify and regulate the diet of both hungry bodies and souls. But wouldn't it be as well if our spiritual doctors would give a little more thought and care to the dwelling-house of the spirit? sometimes so feverishly hot and dry, so damp and cold. Thus the sick spirit which they would teach to soar toward heaven, seeking a life and world to come, by the use of the *tonics* joy, hope, and confidence, would be more effectually restored to health and strength.

In this tribe of Indians, two or three hundred have their foreheads flattened artificially, though it would seem nature had done quite enough in this direction. The babe, when a week old, fastened to its hanging cradle, has its forehead pressed and flattened by a thin board, which is padded and fastened by one end to the top of the cradle, the other to a curved stick passing over its body, and secured to the cradle. The board is kept on three weeks, and then permanently removed. This pressure upon the soft, yielding cartilage, before its development into bone, seems to cause no pain. I can not see that this practice, directly or indirectly, has any influence upon their health, nor of course upon their disposition or character.

After much inquiry and searching for the true reason for this custom, I now believe that in this tribe it is more a desire to promote the usefulness of the child in future years than to increase its comeliness. It may safely be said that *nine tenths of the infants whose heads are so made flat are females!* The girls and women, you remember, do all the work, carrying heavy loads long distances. And these heavy loads are so arranged in a basket on their backs, that a great portion of the burden comes upon their flat foreheads, by a strap passing over it and secured to the basket. In carrying their loads, often as heavy as themselves, their heads are necessarily bent downward slightly, and unless they were quite flat it would be impossible to keep the strap in place. Then the males have more pride and vanity than the females—as in New York—yet it is seldom we find one flat-headed. As one or two companies of soldiers have been stationed here four years, several of the Indians have shaved their foreheads, naturally so low, to improve their appearance, and thus make themselves like the "great Boston men," as they call all white men. But though their standard of beauty is changing in this respect, the female infants have their heads flattened as before. [See casts and skulls of Flat-headed Indians at our Phrenological Museum in New York.]

If you could examine the portraits of many of these Indians, you would doubtless be perplexed to account for their well-shaped Grecian noses, according to the teachings of "Signs of Character," as they lead a low, degraded, savage life. The reason is this: from ten to twelve years of age, both boys and girls have the septum of their nose cut or punctured, and wear in this wound a small round shell during the rest of their lives usually. This draws down the apex, and gives the nose its peculiar shape. Ridiculing an intelligent Indian for wearing this ornament—the same as a *chignon* is—I learned, to my discomfiture, that he had seen one white woman with her earrings, and of course my argument was lost, as no one away out here can say one word against white women; for if the few we have the pleasure of seeing are not all like angels, their visits are.

Wishing you the success you have so fully earned in a life-long pursuit of truth and in helping humanity, I am, sincerely and affectionately yours,
X. S. B., M.D.

IMPOSTORS.

This class is not confined to phrenology, medicine, and astrology, but they may be met everywhere. The "press" is largely infested by impostors and pretenders, and so is the pulpit. Free Masons and Odd Fellows complain that these creatures continually impose upon them. Here is what the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* of Chicago says of religious impostors:

There are no small number of gentlemen of leisure afloat, living upon their wits at the expense of an innocent public. Some of them personate families to which they have no claim by blood nor marriage. One young man staid a few days with a venerable retired minister of Central Illinois, as the son of Dr. Crary, and the nephew of Dr. Eddy. Now if the first, by no possibility known to heraldry, ancient or modern, could he have been the second? And he was not the first. However, he secured his board and some money. Almost weekly we receive notices of fellows playing the pious confidence dodge—preaching and borrowing, or otherwise victimizing good brethren—with a request to publish. We do not print a *Police Gazette*, nor are we fond of giving the pedigree or portraiture of scoundrels. If a pastor puts a stranger into his pulpit of whose capacity to instruct the people he is ignorant, he deserves to be mortified. There is no law of courtesy which requires a pastor to surrender his pulpit to another, and he is not justified in so doing unless he is certain that he will cause no injury to the congregation for whose instruction in righteousness he is accountable to God and the Church. The fact that a man brings credentials as a preacher, gives him no claim to another man's place and pulpit.

The Aminadab Sleeks are numerous, and try various plans of deception. We will give one specimen. We copy a letter from Rev. W. B. Farrah, of Hannibal, Mo.

"A man of clerical appearance and pretensions, about five feet six inches high, rather heavy set, with smooth face, rather light hair combed back, with a large head and forehead inclined to baldness, of honeyed words, neat and well dressed, with a black cloth suit, strait collar, and single-breasted coat, professing to be from Virginia originally, from Canada latterly, now just on his way to visit a very dear friend at Evanston, Ill., who is sick, presented himself in my study last Sabbath morning with a handful of letters of recommendation, and among others one purporting to be from you, recommending him to the favorable attention of railroad and steamboat men generally, by which with others he was procuring half fares, free passes, and seems to be getting on in the world economically. He becomes all things to all men that he may gain something.

"He is Episcopalian, Methodist, Christian, rebel or Union, just as occasion may require. He claims you as a very dear friend indeed; but Dr. McClintock is still nearer and dearer. Addresses persons as dear—'yes, dear,' 'no, dear,' 'thank you, dear,' etc. Seems to be sharp and well informed, and gave his name as M. H. Livingston, and his address, Evanston, Ill.

"He is evidently an impostor, and is either a grand rascal or an educated fool. He was exceedingly annoyed by extravagant charges at the hotel; was sick and ate but little, but they had the audacity to extort full price, which left him without means to get to Keokuk; wanted just enough money to take him there, which, to get rid of him, we gave him; received many good promises, but never expect to see the man or money again."

The *Advocate* adds: We do not know him. We don't give letters to any such men. We could not endure such fawning long enough to write a letter.

Bro. A. B. Kendig, of Davenport, writes us that A. G. Fletcher has left that city under sore censure; that he claims to be a local preacher, but that any Church letter he may present from Davenport is spurious. Bro. Kendig asserts he has signed none such.

To all we say, "Beware of confidence men and women." Deal kindly with strangers and aid the deserving, but scrutinize very closely the claims of any who come asking money and hospitality on Church letters, especially scrutinize such as come without them, and yet ask for aid on Church grounds.

[Why not examine their heads, and thus learn if they have Conscientiousness, Veneration, etc.? A good physiognomist can read a rogue the moment he sees him. Why not apply it? It would be good economy.]

PERSONAL.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, in his eloquent lecture, "Quotation and Originality," thus epitomizes the essential features of literary success. "You can not overstate our debt to the Past, but the moment has the supreme claim. The Past is for us; but the sole terms on which it can become ours are its subordination to the Present. Only an inventor knows how to borrow, and every man is, or should be, an inventor. We must not tamper with the organic motion of the soul. 'Tis certain that thought has its own proper motion, and the hints which flash from it, the words overheard at unawares by the free mind, are trustworthy and fertile, when obeyed, and not perverted to low and selfish account. This vast memory is only raw material. The divine gift is ever the instant life, which receives, and uses and creates, and can well bury the old in the omnipotency with which Nature decomposes all her harvest for recombination."

REV. N. STACY, the oldest Universalist preacher in this country, lately died at his residence in Columbus, Pa., aged 90 years.

MR. IRA ALDRIDGE, a son of the late colored tragedian, a sketch of whom appeared not long since in the columns of the *PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL*, was lately announced as a prominent feature in the "cast" of the Melbourne Theater Royal.

ORVILLE GARDNER.—A well-known gentleman, in a recently published letter, in substance said he was riding between Ithaca and Waterloo, when he saw a small cabin standing on the bank of Cayuga Lake. A grave-faced working-man was chopping wood near by. This was Orville Gardner, the converted prize-fighter. It is now twelve years since he was touched by the inspired goodness of some missionary exhorter in New York, and he has since been struggling worthily to help others into the path of reform, preaching and praying, working and striving, in his earnest, rough way, while many of his former companions are in jail, or in the grave-yard and poor-house. Orville Gardner, matched against the wilderness, strengthened by faith, is fighting the good fight, hoping at last to receive an imperishable crown. Truly, he is the greatest champion who conquers himself.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

BY NATHAN UPHAM.

Timid and shy as a frightened hare,
Who knoweth her heart or her secret thought?
Is it love? or a fancy lingering there?—
Dearest of Jewels are the slowest bought!
"Coy as a maiden"—the adage is old—
Far better be coy than a maiden too bold!
Finally won! Is the wife like the maid?
Read here the answer, plain as a book:
Trusting, in thine, a soft hand is laid;
Boldly, in thine, the loving eyes look!
Ah! it is well; and we need not be told,
"The love of my wife is more precious than gold!"

DESIRABLE PREMIUMS.

OPEN TO ALL.

We offer the following to all who may feel an interest in the circulation of the *PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL*:

For 350 new subscribers, at \$3 each, we will give a Steinway or Weber Rosewood piano, worth \$650.

For 100 subscribers, at \$3 each, we will give a handsome five Octave Parlor Organ of Berry & Thompson's or Horace Waters' manufacture, worth \$170.

For 75 subscribers, at \$3 each, a ticket for one winter course of Professional Lectures on Phrenology, Physiology, and Anatomy, price \$100.

For 60 subscribers, at \$3 each, a five Octave Melodeon, for church or parlor, worth \$100.

For 40 subscribers, at \$3 each, a Florence Sewing Machine, worth \$65.

For 30 subscribers, at \$3 each, a Weed Sewing Machine, new style, worth \$60.

For 25 subscribers, at \$3 each, a Wheeler & Wilson's Family Sewing Machine, worth \$55.

For 25 new subscribers, at \$3, we will give a Gentleman's Tool Chest, worth \$35; and for 18 new subscribers, at \$3, a Youth's Tool Chest, worth \$25. For 10 new subscribers, at \$3, a Boy's Tool Chest, worth \$15. See advertisement on cover.

For 15 subscribers, at \$3 each, the worth of \$16 in any of our own publications.

For 12 subscribers, at \$3 each, a handsome Rosewood Writing Case furnished with materials, worth \$12.

For 10 subscribers, at \$3 each, Webster's Quarto Dictionary, Unabridged, Illustrated Edition, price \$12.

For 10 subscribers, at \$3 each, the Universal Clothes Wringer, worth \$10.

For 7 subscribers, at \$3 each, a handsomely finished Rosewood Stereoscope, a beautiful and useful article for home amusement, with 13 views, worth \$6.

Those persons desiring our own publications instead of the premiums offered, can select from catalogue books amounting to the value of the premium for which they would have such books substituted. Subscriptions commence with January or July numbers.

"What They Say."

Here we give space for readers to express, briefly, their views on various topics not provided for in other departments. Statements and opinions—not discussions—will be in order. Be brief.

TESTIMONY.—In a letter from Stanton, W. V. B. says: "It does me good to see such articles as Pauperism, Dissipation, and Hard Times in the March, April, and May numbers of the A. P. J.; and I think if our religious monthlies and weeklies would publish such articles, and use as much effort to reform men and society as you do, we would have a better world than we have. Let them try it."

"I repeat, I am much pleased with your article on Hard Times. But I think you lay too much blame on the poor, weak, ignorant, and vicious, and not enough on the rich, strong, intelligent, and professedly good. Are there not thousands of honest poor men, women, and children in New York city, as well as all over the United States, who are willing and anxious to be industrious, honest, good people, willing to pay their way in life, but can not, because oppressed, wronged, and neglected by the rich and strong? Is not all this true? Does not the Bible abound with curses against the rich and intelligent for oppressing and neglecting the poor and weak. See Matthew, chapter xxv., verse 45, as well as hundreds of other passages."

DRINK.—Here is a letter from Georgia, giving the views of the writer on the subject of the drinking of intoxicating liquors.

Ed. Phrenological Journal. You are a firm believer in human progress; so am I—and so is every reader of your progressive JOURNAL. There is nothing that would please me better than to see our country rid of every evil with which it is filled; and it is filled with evils of all descriptions. But there is one evil which in magnitude is greater than all others; and there will never be much real progress until we are rid of it entirely. It is the traffic in and drinking of intoxicating liquors. What can be done to arrest this evil? I propose that Congress take the matter in hand and abolish the liquor business entirely out of the land, and make it a penitentiary crime to manufacture it; also have government officers in every town whose business it shall be to seize liquor and empty it out wherever found; also to arrest the person found dealing in it, and let him be punished as the law may direct. I also propose that our Temperance people—"Sons of Temperance," "Knights of Jericho," "Good Templars," "Friends of Temperance," "Health Reformers," and all of our churches unite and petition Congress to act on this matter; and let us have a "United States Liquor Law" which shall banish this vile curse out of our land. What say the readers of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL?

Truly yours, ALEXANDER KING.

Literary Notices.

[All works noticed in THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.]

THE EDUCATION OF THE FEELINGS ON AFFECTIONS. By Charles Bray. Third Edition. London: Longman & Co. New York: S. R. Wells. 8vo. Cloth, \$1 75.

This excellent work is best epitomized by reciting the contents. Chapter I. Mental Constitution. Chapter II. Education of each Feeling Considered Separately. The Self-Protecting Feelings: Appetite, Combativeness, Destructiveness, Secretiveness, etc. The Self-Regarding Feelings: Self-Esteem, Love of Approbation. The

Social Affections. The Moral Feelings. The Esthetic Feelings. The Religious Feelings. Feelings which give concentration, power, or permanence to the others, Authority and Obedience, Temper, Punishment, Manners, Example. Chapter III. The connection of Mind with Organization, the Subjective and the Objective. Chapter IV. The Intellectual Faculties. Conclusion.

THE PRINCIPLES OF MEDICINE.

By John M. Scudder, M.D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine in the Eclectic Medical Institute of Cincinnati, Ohio, Author of "A Treatise on the Diseases of Women," etc., etc. 8vo. Sheep, pp. xv., 361. \$3.

The volume is intended as an introduction to the study of medicine, and presents certain important basilar principles, which if mastered by the student will prove of invaluable service to him in subsequent examination and practice. Dr. Scudder embodies in this work the results of many years of professional observation and close thought. He ventures no favorite theories, no pet notions, no suppositions, but aims to furnish serious substantial fact. Appreciating the importance of a correct understanding of the *laws* which govern in practical medicine, he aims to present those definite principles which are comprehended in such *laws*. A cursory glance at the arrangement of the work must conclude our brief notice. The Introduction considers the nature, symptoms, analysis, and classification of disease. Chapter I. treats of Life, with a review of the opinions of leading medics thereon; Formative Force, and the other forces of vital power. Chapter II. considers Cellular Pathology. Chapter III. Nutrition of Texture. "Food is valuable as it is easy of appropriation." Digestion, Hypertrophy, Atrophy, Perverted Nutrition, Deposits, Repair of Injuries, Morbid Growths. Chapter IV. Of Secretions. Chapter V. Death and Life—how associated. Chapter VI. Of the Blood. Chapter VII. The Lymph and its Circulation. Chapter VIII. Lesions of the Circulation of the Blood. Chapter IX. Inflammation. Chapter X. Of Innervation. A very interesting chapter on the brain and nervous system. Appendix. Rational Medicine, with numerous practical suggestions on disputed subjects.

MAN'S ORIGIN AND DESTINY.

Sketched from the platform of the Sciences. In a course of Lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute in Boston, in the winter of 1855-6. By J. P. Lesley, member of the National Academy of the United States, Secretary of the American Philosophical Society. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 8vo. Cloth, \$4.

One thing which strikes us in the outset of an examination of this work is the chaste and beautiful language with which Mr. Lesley has clothed his scientific expositions. There is no want of technicality; no lack of that precision of statement which is usually a characteristic of the descriptions of the well-versed scientist, but the terms and style are highly polished and rhetorical.

The first lecture is introductory, furnishing a general view of physical science and its classification. The second lecture treats of the "genius" of the ancient and modern sciences, ascribing fancy and hypothesis to the former, practicality and consistency to the latter. In the third lecture the subject of the course is fairly entered upon, and the "geological antiquity of man" considered. This lecture is rendered especially interesting by the dispassionate reasoning on the theories advanced by theological science and the science of the anthropologist. The balance of the lectures have for their

subjects respectively the "Dignity of Man," the "Unity of Mankind," the "Early Social Life of Man," "Language as a Test of Race," the "Origin of Architecture," the "Growth of the Alphabet," the "Four Types of Religious Worship," and "Arkite Symbolism," the interesting nature of which are obvious in the very titles. The appendix published with the volume is a valuable glossary for the reader who is but little versed in archæology.

ALCOHOL: its Nature and Effects. Ten Lectures. By Dr. C. A. Story, of Chicago. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. Price, 90 cents.

These lectures are clear and convincing in detail, vigorous, forcible, and spirited (not using the term in any malicious sense) in style. The topic, Alcohol, is discussed in a liberal and comprehensive manner, as only a cultivated scientific lecturer could discuss it. The nature, source, and utility of this subtle fluid are first considered; next, its effects upon the human system, and what organs are chiefly liable to injury by its action; next, the influence it exerts upon the brain and, of consequence, the mind; next, the mode of manufacture, with statistical accounts of the numbers employed in its preparation; how many drink it in one form or another; how many die from its use; what its use as a beverage costs the nation; how it is adulterated, counterfeited, and imitated; and, what is the duty of a free people with reference to it.

THE HOLLY-TREE INN; and other Stories. By Charles Dickens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Cloth. Price, \$1 50.

This volume closes the so-called "People's Edition" of Dickens' works, issued by the Petersons. In quality of "composition" and manufacture it is equal to the first of the edition. Nineteen volumes constitute this edition, which is sold entire for \$23.

COLORADO. The Rocky Mountain Gem, as it is in 1858. Paper. 12mo, pp. 70. With small map. By Ned E. Farrell. Price, 25 cents. Chicago: Western News Co.

A compact gazetteer or hand-book of Colorado, describing each county in brief, with notes on the mineral and agricultural resources, climate, scenery, and such general information as the emigrant or tourist would be glad to have. This little book is warmly commended by Western editors and railway men.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. New York: S. R. Wells, Editor and Publisher, 389 Broadway. \$3 per annum.

We have heard objections urged in some quarters against this admirably edited monthly, but we have as yet discovered no trace in the JOURNAL itself of grounds for such objections. It is natural that we should dissent from it on some few points, but as our friend Wells does not profess to edit the *Protestant Churchman*, we do not expect to find our paper mirrored in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. It certainly has a vast amount of curious and useful information, and the articles are of a very high order in the line of literary composition. The monthly descriptions of character, whether accepted by readers or rejected, are certainly highly suggestive. —*The Protestant Churchman*.

[We thank the *Protestant Churchman* for its candor and courage in discountenancing what is a very prevalent belief in many minds, viz., that the teachings of the JOURNAL are materialistic, fatalistic, and infidel. We do not forget that the author

of our Christian religion, while on earth, encountered many "objections" to his teachings, and that ever since Christianity has been more or less subject to opposition and detraction. The JOURNAL can not hope to escape criticism, nor will it try to do so at the sacrifice of truth or principle. It will aim to be right on all questions, sacred and secular. But to err is human. Again, we say, thanks.]

THE BUTTERFLY HUNTERS. By Helen S. Conant. With illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. \$1 50.

Science presented in this pleasing way should not fail to make some permanent impressions on youthful minds. One of the chief diversions of innocent, frisking childhood, one which has furnished the argument for many a poem, is "chasing the butterfly;" and Mrs. Conant has caught the happy vein and given us and our children a pretty book on the natural history of the butterfly. In this volume we find the germs of the right mode of imparting scientific instruction to the young. Children must take real pleasure in reading such books, and at the same time imperceptibly gather the seeds of scientific knowledge, which will prompt them to further study and investigation in after-years.

UNITED STATES MUSICAL REVIEW. Price, \$3 a year; 25 cents per number.

PETERS' PARLOR COMPANION. For the Flute, Violin, and Piano. Price, \$3 a year; 30 cents a number.

PETERS' MONTHLY GLEE HIVE. Price, \$3 a year; 30 cents a number.

The above publications exhibit an unusual degree of musical ability and enterprise, and are well adapted to their respective departments. Publisher, J. L. Peters, New York.

THE OLD BROWN PITCHER. By the author of "Suey's Six Birthdays," etc., and other Tales. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. \$1.

Besides this very interesting and practical account of the experiences of an old brown pitcher, we have in the same volume very readable stories entitled as follows: "The Sleigh Ride," "John Saunders' Little Guide," "Just for the Fun of It," "The Butterfly Turned Bee," "Christmas Day," "The Bundle in the Doorway," "Derby Colt," "The Snow-storm," "Katy Whitefoot," "Nothing but Water to Drink," "Baby May's Work," "My Aunt Fanny," all by popular writers.

THE TEMPERANCE REFORMATION: Its History from the First Temperance Society in the United States to the Adoption of the Maine Liquor Law. By Rev. J. Armstrong. Post-paid, \$1 50. New York: S. R. Wells, publisher, 389 Broadway.

A new edition of this interesting historical work is now printing, and will be ready before this notice reaches the reader. We have only space at present to announce the fact. Copies may be ordered by post from this office, and received by return. Temperance men will find it full of truth and encouragement. See our new list of Temperance publications, sent on receipt of stamp to prepay postage.

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, continues to merit the highest commendation. It is supplied by Messrs. POTT & AMERY, No. 5 Cooper Union, New York, at \$3 a year, or 30 cents a number, postage prepaid. Try a number.

THE FREEBOOTERS; a Story of the Texan War. By Gustave Aimard, author of "The Prairie Flower," etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Price 50 cents.

This novel abounds in vigorous portraits of frontier life as experienced among the Indians and Mexicans of Texas. The writer, a Frenchman, in early life lived among the Indians of the Southwest, and acquired a practical knowledge of their customs and language, so that the descriptions are more real than imaginative.

FOOTPRINTS OF LIFE; OR, Faith and Nature Reconciled. By Philip Harvey, M.D. New York: Samuel E. Wells. 12mo, cloth, pp. 140. \$1 25.

We offer to the public the above work with the utmost reliance on its worth. It is a poem written in the heroic measure, and in easiness of diction and gracefulness of style will compare favorably with many of the best modern productions in verse. It is no verbose or pedantic jingle, but a calm, somewhat profound and philosophical, yet engaging and instructive lyric. Nature, man and the Creator, God, and their relations with each other, form the burden of the song. The poem is divided into three parts. First, the Body, comprising the introduction, the origin, progressive development, and end of animal life. Second, the Soul, including exordium, soul, instinct, reason, faith, the laws of nature. Third, the Deity, including retrospect, the love of God, His worship, prayer, forms of faith, universal prayer. Conclusion.

No one can read this volume carefully without deriving much substantial instruction.

OUR PARISH. A Temperance Tale. By Emily C. Pearson. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. 75 cents.

Another stirring story of the workings of alcohol. In this neatly-written volume we have portrayed the ruin wrought in the house of the dispenser of the poisonous drink. The "dignitaries" of the religious society play a prominent part in the tale, and enliven it much. The book is adapted to accomplish good results if circulated.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS, and Sketches by Boz, illustrative of Every-day Life and Every-day People. By Charles Dickens. With sixteen illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Price \$1 50.

This volume contains those irresistibly funny sketches for which "Boz" was distinguished in the outset of his career of authorship. The illustrations are the old ones by Cruikshank and Leech, but no better have since been produced. The volume belongs to the graceful "Charles Dickens'" edition.

NEW POEMS. By Owen Meredith. In two volumes. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 16mo, fancy cloth. \$4.

Owen Meredith has won a poetic reputation which no encomiums of ours would heighten. The neat and graceful edition of his productions noticed above will serve to popularize him more than any chance remarks of approval. Volume I. contains "Chronicles and Characters," or poems of a historic or descriptive character, relating to the progress of events from the earliest Grecian periods to modern eras. The era of Grecian legend, the Roman empire, the opening of the Christian dispensation, the Mohammedan era, the important events from the twelfth to the eighteenth centuries, are discussed in flowing measure and with all the grace of cultivated classicism. Volume II. contains a continuation

of chronicles and characters, and "Orval," and other poems. Many of the poems abound in humorous allusions to the inconsistencies of church, state, and society, while their general moral influence is healthful. Some of the imitations and paraphrases of celebrated European authors are excellent, especially those of Dante and Lucretius.

THE WORKSHOP. A Monthly Journal, devoted to Progress of the Useful Arts. Edited by Prof. W. Baumer, J. Schnorr, and others.

We have received the first three numbers of this new monthly from Mr. E. Steiger, of 17 North William St., New York, and must confess our pleasure in examining so richly illustrated a work devoted to the mechanical arts. Its application seems general; architects, builders, cabinet-makers, carpenters, sculptors, plasterers, decorators, engravers, workers in metal, painters, weavers, potters, etc., etc., may all find something of value in its pages. There is no periodical work issued by the American press that can surpass it in richness of illustration.

Price, \$5 40 a year. Specimen numbers, 50 cents.

STEVEN LAWRENCE, YEOMAN. A novel. By Mrs. Edwards; author of "Archie Lovell," etc. Elegantly illustrated. Author's edition—printed from advance sheets. New York: Sheldon & Co. 8vo, cloth, \$2.

For neatness of style and delicacy of characterization, Mrs. Edwards' novels are conspicuous in the modern whirl of sensationalism. We will not say that this volume is a paragon of excellence in the realm of fictitious literature, but we do say that it were better for those who *will* read novels to read something of this kind, and avoid the extravagance and sensationalism of the common miscellaneous literature of the day.

FARMING FOR BOYS. What

They Have Done, and What Others May Do, in the Cultivation of Farm and Garden; How to Begin, How to Proceed, and What to Aim At. By the Author of "Ten Acres Enough." With illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. \$1 50.

The reading of "Ten Acres Enough" afforded us much pleasure and instruction, as it doubtless has thousands of others; and the present work, bearing as it does the evidence of like authorship, can not fail to interest and instruct all who read it. To boys—and girls, too—who enjoy the luxuries of farm or rural life, with opportunities for garden or field cultivation, this book will not only be found as entertaining as a story, but as instructive as a school manual on agricultural subjects. It furnishes many practical hints by which children may be enabled to make profitable use of a waste garden corner or an untilled acre. It, besides, has such an air of reality, that we have little doubt of the book's being based upon facts.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from Mr. C. M. TREMANS (successor to Horace Waters), 481 Broadway, the following pieces of Music, just published: "La Belle Hélène," Polka. Arranged by Cull. 30 cents. "La Belle Danseuse," Mazourka Élégante. Cull. 40 cents. "Think of Me," Nocturne. T. N. Pattison. 60 cents. "The Bridge O'er the River." W. C. Baker. 40 cents. "Captain Jinks." T. MacLagan. 30 cents. "Day by Day." W. R. Dempster. 40 cents. "My own Elleen Bawn." Malméne. 30 cents. "Mother's Little One." G. F. Sargent, Esq. 30 cents.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY, now in its twenty-eighth volume, though always an excellent family magazine, seems to improve with each succeeding year. It is now one of the best serial publications of a religious character—in which every member of the family would find profitable reading—produced in America. Terms, \$3 50 a year. Cincinnati: Messrs. Poe & Hitchcock.

The following volumes of their "Cheap Editions" of Charles Dickens' and Sir Walter Scott's works have been received from T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia. Each volume mentioned contains a novel complete.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE. By Charles Dickens. Price 25 cents.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA. By Charles Dickens. Price 25 cents.

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE. His leaving it till called for; his boots, umbrella, dressing-case, brown paper parcel, etc. By Charles Dickens. Price 25 cents.

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MRS. LIRRIPIER'S LODGINGS, and Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy. By Charles Dickens. Price 25 cents.

LIFE OF JOSEPH GRIMALDI, the noted English clown. Written out from Grimaldi's own Manuscript and Notes. By Charles Dickens. Price 50 cents.

HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN. By Sir Walter Scott. Price 20 cents.

THE BLACK DWARF, and the Legend of Montrose. By Sir Walter Scott. Price 20 cents.

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR. By Sir Walter Scott. Price 20 cents.

THE MONASTERY. By Sir Walter Scott. Price 20 cents.

THE ABBOT. By Sir Walter Scott. Price 20 cents.

THE PIRATE. By Sir Walter Scott. Price 20 cents.

To our Correspondents.

SPECIAL INFLUENCE.—How can one organ gain control over the whole body contrary to the force of common sense, the person being intelligent?

Ans. That question to a phrenologist or physiologist answers itself; still it may need a formal answer. Sometimes the musical faculty will lead one, contrary to common sense, to devote that time to the practice of music which ought to be employed in earning food or clothing. Sometimes the love of fun leads men into jolly company, to the neglect of their business. Sometimes Alimentiveness leads men to use liquor, tobacco, or opium. The habit becomes formed, and though they struggle intellectually and morally to rid themselves of it, they find it next to impossible to do so. One is inflated with ambition, another with pride; another is depressed, contrary to common sense, and although he knows he is not surrounded by danger, yet the feeling of Cautiousness is feverish, and he can not help thinking himself in imminent peril. Another becomes a slave to lust, and against his own better judgment and every other restraining element rushes onward to ruin. It is the indulgence of appetites and passions unduly which makes them assume such control over men. A normal appetite or passion may become one's master through abuse and perversion. One takes opium, as prescribed by a physician, for neuralgia, and becomes ultimately a slave to it, and

he would take it if he had to steal the funds with which to buy it. All such dispositions are opposed to common sense.

CONTINUITY SMALL.—I have a good memory and but little Continuity. I have often wondered why I should not secure as good a standing in my classes as others, my memory being good. I never could study or place my mind in the least upon my books, especially when others were talking or there was any noise. The question is, can I improve Continuity, and how?

Ans. You can improve this organ by using it. It is, in fact, the only way to improve any organ; and having a good memory, if you can learn to hold the mind to its work, you can attain a good standing in your class.

BEST WORKS ON BOTANY.—Gray's Botanical Series now forms the most complete set of works on the subject. They are extensively used both in this and in the old country. They consist of: GRAY'S "HOW PLANTS GROW." A Botany for Young People, \$1 25. GRAY'S LESSONS IN BOTANY, \$1 75. GRAY'S MANUAL OF BOTANY, \$3. GRAY'S MANUAL AND LESSONS. In 1 vol. \$3 75. GRAY'S MANUAL, WITH MORSES, ETC., \$4 50. GRAY'S STRUCTURAL AND SYSTEMATIC BOTANY. (Revised and improved edition of the Botanical Text-Book.) \$4. GRAY'S GENERA OF THE PLANTS OF THE UNITED STATES. Illustrated. 2 vols. \$20. FLORA OF THE SOUTHERN UNITED STATES. By A. W. Chapman, M.D. \$4 50. May be ordered from this office.

IS PHRENOLOGY FATALISTIC?

Ans. The parties who base their opposition to phrenological teachings on the assertion or assumption that those teachings declare man to be a congeries of certain talents, dispositions, and peculiarities by virtue of certain fixed physical conditions; that he is what he is in consequence of an unalterable organization, and therefore thinks and acts not from choice but from an unavoidable necessity, are much in error. Does any candid, intelligent man impute fatalism to anatomy and physiology because those systems declare in the most positive terms the constitution of man physically, how he is organized, what is requisite for healthy and symmetrical bodily functions, how those functions may be disturbed by external or internal means, how the whole human economy may be promoted or depreciated, how intimately mind—thought and emotion—is related with body, the condition of one affecting the condition of the other? By no means; and yet Phrenology can not scarcely be said to go further in its prescriptions than those two sciences.

Again, why impute tendencies to a system dependent upon, and explanatory of, physical phenomena, if those tendencies appear in the methodical presentation of such phenomena? The system can not be made responsible for what it discerns in the field of inquiry which is chosen for its sphere. We must not be understood here as admitting the fatalistic tendencies of Phrenology, but as discussing the question affirmatively. Phrenology did not make man, any more than the sciences of geology or chemistry made the rocks and the various substances composing the soil. Phrenology has created nothing, it has only discovered the properties and functions of things already existing. If to ascertain by analysis that water is composed of hydrogen and oxygen in certain proportions, or that atmospheric air is made up of oxygen and nitrogen in certain proportions, is to impute a fatalistic tendency to chemistry,

the science which has determined merely that water and atmospheric air, things supposed to have existed thousands of years, are so constituted, we will admit that Phrenology must succumb to the "soft impeachment."

If to state that Geology has discovered and classified the rocks and strata of the earth's crust, and thus simplified, or, rather, methodized, the labor of those men who excavate and analyze the various formations in their search for truth, is to accuse geology with enunciating fatalistic heresies, Phrenology must plead equal guilt.

If to assert the established truths of Physiology, to declare that by it are determined what may and what may not be eaten with healthful results, what is poison to the blood and death to the man, how the functions of mastication, deglutition, digestion, and assimilation are conducted, is to convict Physiology of fatalism, then Phrenology is as heretical and as fatalistic. The absurdity of such imputations is palpable. No inductive method or system can be affected by moral or ethical postulates. It is not responsible for the simple facts it gathers and arranges into a definite and convenient form. If inevitable conclusions drawn from the facts contradict certain premises generally received by religious people as *orthodox*, then the best way to dispose of the matter is for those people to relinquish those premises and stand by the facts. That which will not bear inspection, though it may be very pleasant to believe, should not be maintained. Fact, and *fact only*, should be our basis in thought and action where important consequences are involved. Such is the reasoning of common-sense; and yet, in one sense, there may be a fatalistic bearing implied in such reasoning. Thus, given certain facts which sustain certain relations with each other; the conclusions growing out of such relations being inevitable, therefore absolute, are substantially fatalistic; in other words, all established causes for certain effects are, so far as moral considerations are concerned, fatalistic. However, for Phrenology we claim that while it has for a basis certain well-established principles, it recognizes fully the influences of position and association as modifying mental conditions. Organization, temperament, and culture are considered when science would determine character, just as the navigator consults the barometer, the sky, and the wind when he would determine the character of the weather; and if the phrenologist discovers defects in the organization, he indicates their nature, and explains the method to be pursued to remedy such defects. He prescribes for the sick mind just as the physician prescribes for the sick body. Were the organization unchangeable, then were man indeed fatally constituted, and incapable of applying the beneficial suggestions of the true phrenologist. Hundreds, yea, thousands, of improved and enlightened minds are willing to stand up now and testify in grateful accents to the good wrought in them mentally and physically by the appreciation and application of Phrenology. Can fatalism stand such testimony? We trow not.

But there is one important consideration which we have disregarded in our purely logical discussion of the question, and that is the influence of grace, and that, in our opinion, lifts the whole matter beyond the reach of fatalism. The regenerating and ameliorating influence of God's spirit on the heart can not be estimated, hence the Scriptural precept, "My grace is suf-

ficient." And we believe that no man is so badly constituted that he can not be improved and refined.

RICH WIFE AND POOR HUSBAND.—Do you think it dangerous for a young man without property to marry a young woman who has suddenly become wealthy?

Ans. That depends very much on who the woman is, and somewhat on who the man is. If she loves him, and is sensible, it will be a good thing that she has the money. It will give her a kind of independence which will raise her above the mean dictation and petty control which some men unthinkingly and meanly exercise over woman because she is dependent. If we were in the market, we would not hesitate to marry under the circumstances referred to.

Publisher's Department.

OUR ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHNOMONY FOR 1869 is now "in the works," and will be published early in the autumn. It will be handsomely illustrated, containing eighty or more 12mo pages, printed on fine paper, and be sold for 25 cents per copy. The Annual for the year 1868 had a very large circulation. We expect a still larger demand for that of 1869—say from seventy-five to a hundred thousand. A few pages will be allotted to appropriate announcements, including the titles of excellent books on natural science and education. To secure insertion, advertisements must reach this office before the 1st of September. The rates will be made known on application.

PHRENOLOGY IN MICHIGAN.—We are in receipt of a large club of subscribers from Ridgeway, Mich., obtained by Mr. J. C. Schreder, resulting from lectures recently given by Mr. R. C. Barrett, of Ohio. This gentleman is said to have given a course of lectures in the M. E. church at Ridgeway, with great acceptance, and to have taught a class of more than sixty persons in that town. We hope to hear more of this promising lecturer, and of those benefited by his teachings.

IN ADVANCE, OR DISCONTINUED.—It is from no feeling discourteous that we discontinue sending the JOURNAL when the time for which it has been paid for expires. It is painful to feel that we must part company at any time; but *we have no right* to continue sending the JOURNAL and to hold a subscriber responsible for future payment. It is every way better to have pay in advance, and stop when the time expires. In this case the accounts are easily kept, and each knows exactly how the matter stands.

PATTERSON VS. PHRENOLOGY.—Several vigilant correspondents in the West have notified us of an attack, by one Patterson, on Phrenology and phrenologists, which they deem worthy of notice. We have seen the spleen articles referred to, and will reply to them shortly. Without having seen the writer, we venture the opinion that he is a cold, dyspeptic, negative, combative spirit; that he is worse than a doubting Thomas, and delights in criticism. But, in opposing Phrenology, he is "kicking against the pricks," as we shall show and as he will feel. Those who have favored us with information concerning the obscure "professor" have our thanks.

COMPARISONS WITH OTHER JOURNALS.—Our remarks under this head, published in the June number, were unaccountably inaccurate. Each of the amounts in figures should have had a cipher added to indicate the true amount. We reproduce the statements with corrections:

"Some of our cotemporaries have taken considerable pains to show up comparative statements of reading matter as furnished to their patrons during the past year. The *Educator*, published at \$1 a year, prints about 50,000 *ems* monthly; the *New York Teacher*, published at \$1 50, prints 45,000 *ems* monthly; the *American Educational Monthly*, subscription the same as the last, about 63,000 *ems*; and *Hall's Journal of Health*, published at \$1 50, prints some 30,000 *ems*. Our present rate is \$3 a year, and proportionately we should print double the quantity of matter furnished by those three monthlies last mentioned. Taking the *American Educational* as a fair standard, we would do our readers full justice by giving them 126,000 *ems* of reading matter. What, however, is the fact? An examination of our printer's bills enables us to make the astonishing announcement, that in reading matter alone over 150,000 *ems* monthly are furnished. Verily our recent advance of the subscription price is far within bounds. Our old readers, of course, would rebel at any curtailment in the number of pages. They keep crying out for more, more. Well, kind friends, we fain would meet the demand; and should our circulation reach 50,000, we may make further improvements in accordance with such liberal support."

REGISTER YOUR LETTERS.—When it is not convenient to procure post-office orders to remit in payment for publications, it is well to have letters registered. More care is taken of such letters by the post-office authorities, and there is less danger of losses.

LETTER POSTAGE between Uncle Sam and Cousin Canada is reduced to six cents, when prepaid. The old rate—ten cents—is exacted when not prepaid. Everybody should, of course, prepay.

A NEW PICTORIAL POSTER, for lectures on Phrenology, Physiology, and Physiognomy.—We have just issued a very fine illustrated mammoth pictorial sheet (39 by 41 inches), printed in colors, with a blank space for name and place, thus adapting it to the use of all those who may desire to have it. It contains upward of fifty engraved heads and faces of men, women, and animals, illustrating nearly every imaginable phase of character. Those wishing a sample by post may send us 25 cents, and it will be forwarded. Lecturers will find this the most attractive and conspicuous means by which to get attention. They will be furnished by the quantity at the cost.

NATURAL HISTORY OF MAN.—In our advertising columns of this number may be found a list of works on ETHNOLOGY. Owing to the increasing interest in this interesting subject, we believe many of our readers will be glad to draw from this list.

GYMNASTICS AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.—We give in the present number a complete list of works on this very important subject. We also have the accompanying apparatus, a list of which, with prices, is given in our new ILLUSTRATED AND DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE, 40 pages. Sent to any address on receipt of two red stamps.

INFORMATION WANTED of "Dr. E. B. De la Matre," who was at Belvidere, Ill., about 20th January last. Should this meet his eye he will know what it means. Any of our Illinois friends will confer a favor by letting us know the "Dr.'s" whereabouts.

WHERE IS HE?—Inquiries reach us as to the whereabouts of one JOHN JONES, a Welshman, formerly of Pittston, Pa. It appears that he left home without leaving any clew to his destination. A few friends and many creditors will be glad to hear from him. Should he report himself promptly it may save his reputation.

General Items.

CHEAP SEWING MACHINES.—There is a little thumb-and-finger concern, largely advertised, to be sold for \$5. It is worthless. There are other machines offered for \$25, and less. Of their merits we know very little, but enough to satisfy us that the Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Singer, Florence, Wood, Wilcox & Gibbs, etc., which sell at \$55 to \$75, are every way the best; and we have never recommended any low-priced machine, for the simple reason that we do not believe they will prove satisfactory to purchasers, whatever inducements may be offered to agents. We think the best none too good for us.

STILL IT ADVANCES.—Six hundred miles of railroad completed! Verily the managers of the Union Pacific are progressive. The summit of the Rocky Mountains, 8,363 feet above tide-water, has been crossed, and left fifty miles behind. At the present rate of progression, by the end of this year 900 miles will be in full operation; and it is confidently expected that the year 1870 will witness a continuous line of rail from the Missouri to the Pacific; nay, from Maine to California. Let the work go forward.

A GOOD INSTRUMENT.—One who loves the concord of sweet sounds could not fail to be pleased with a choral organ recently procured by our assistant editor from Messrs. Berry & Thompson, of this city. It is certainly a little gem in its way. If the manufacturers turn out all their instruments as good as this one they deserve a liberal trade.

LECTURES ON THE THERAPEUTICAL USES OF THE TURKISH BATH, by E. C. ANGELL, M.D.—A late number of the *New York Medical Gazette* contains one of the best descriptions of this bath and its uses yet given to the public. We hope soon to give the substance of the same to the readers of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, for which we shall expect to deserve their thanks.

THE "ANNUAL" APPROVED.—A prominent religious weekly of New York highly commends our combined "Annals of Phrenology and Physiognomy" as "a capital book for all believers and disbelievers" in the doctrines set forth therein. Its comprehensiveness and clearness have created a considerable demand for it. Price 60 cents, postage prepaid.

WATER-CURE IN KANSAS.—Dr. Thomas W. Organ, from Illinois, has settled in the beautiful town of Emporia, Kansas, where he will try to teach the laws of health and practice the healing art on hygienic principles. Dr. Organ will deliver courses of lectures when and where circumstances favor.

Business.

[Under this head we publish, for a consideration, such matters as rightfully belong to this department. We disclaim responsibility for what may herein appear. Matter will be LEADED, and charged according to the space occupied, at the rate of \$1 a line.]

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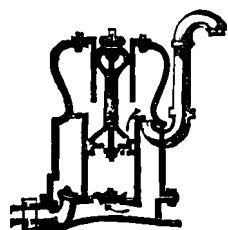
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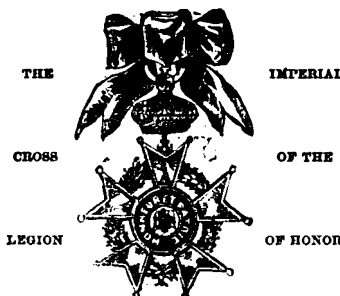
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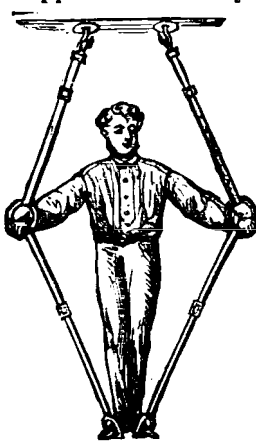
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Third. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent in many cases.

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Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price-List, as published in the paper, or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on the list, as seen in the club-order published below, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and

we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members can divide equitably among themselves.

Parties sending club or other orders for less than thirty dollars, had better send Post-office draft or money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for clubs of less than \$30.

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COMPLIMENTARY LETTERS FROM CLUBS.

MANHATTAN, KANSAS, July 25, 1867.

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 31 and 33 Vessey Street, New York.

Your "Advocate" is received and circulated. Please accept my thanks. You are extending a blessing to us old tea drinkers in the West.

My profession keeps me in my office, but the limited opportunities I have shall be devoted to the extension of your trade. The orders I have sent have been purely from private families. I have recommended your house to our merchants, with what success you know, not I. They might not like to have their customers see the profits they make.

I remain, very respectfully yours,
 LORENZO WESTOVER.

DEARBORNVILLE, MICH., July 6, 1867.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
 31 and 33 Vessey Street, New York.

Gentle: This day I forward you, by M. U. Express Company, \$107 50, being amount due you on one box of tea.

It may be proper here to state that the tea received gives entire satisfaction. This makes two orders from this place. Your patrons are so well pleased with the tea that you may expect to furnish us our tea and coffee. I have sent your papers to Linden, Genesee County, in this State, and other places, from whence you may expect to receive orders.

Please accept our thanks for the promptness with which you responded to our order.

Respectfully yours,
 AMOS GAGE.

BRUNSWICK, MO., March 26, 1867.

TO THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
 31 and 33 Vessey Street, New York.

The order we sent you last month reached us in due time, and with which we are well pleased. We think there is, at least, 50 to 75 cents difference in your favor, compared with the prices of St. Louis, where we have been buying our teas for several years past. You may expect to receive our future orders.

Yours truly,
 MERCHANT BEAZLEY.

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name, either wholly or in part, as they are *dogus* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

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THE COAL-MINES OF ENGLAND.

THE coal-fields of England are very extensive, and excepting her manufactures, constitute the richest source of profit to the nation. The product of the English mines alone annually exceeds seventy million tons, of which a large quantity is exported to America and the continent of Europe. English coal is used almost exclusively on ocean steamers. The most important coal districts lie in the northern counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, York, Lancaster, Durham, Derby, and Stafford; and the major part of the peasant population there is employed in the mines. In some of the deeper mines, whole families, men, women, and children, live and delve, breathing the noxious exhalations, exposed to imminent peril from explosions and falling rock, and rarely ascend to the surface of the ground and enjoy the genial sunlight. As a necessary result, these wretched victims of the meanest toil are dwarfed and blunted in intellect and semi-savage in manner and habit. Some of the mines, owing to the thickness and multiplicity of the veins of coals, or their inclination, are upward of two thousand feet in depth. It is said that very young children are taken into the damp and filthy pits by their parents, and compelled to labor with them. The destitution, misery, and ignorance which would permit such unnaturalness must be extreme. In a report presented before the House of Commons we read the following confirmation of the above revolting statement:

"In the smaller collieries of the Oldham district, which has only thin strata, varying in thickness from eighteen inches to twenty-four, children are employed so early as six, five, and even four years of age."

Comment is unnecessary when it is remembered that this occurs in a land where Christianity is upheld by governmental vigilance.

Our cut represents an English miner of the better class—a sort of upper workman or boss; yet in the heavy features, thick, blunt nose, and general slouchiness we find no indications of intellectual force or manly aspiration. Such is the low rate of wages paid by the coal companies to the laborers, that the great mass of them can scarcely earn more than the pittance necessary for daily sustenance; the education of their children in the lowest branches of learning being entirely out of the question. Hence by such a system of oppression it can not be wondered at that the mining population should be so low, so brutish, as it has again and again been declared to be by prominent English educators and philanthropists.

There has been legislation with a view to a remedy for the flagrant evils of the collieries, and some improvement has been the result; but British statesman must give more attention to so important an interest as the physical and moral state of their own countrymen. They should see to it that while they boast of the wealth poured into their nation's treasury from coal-mines the richest in the world, it



AN ENGLISH COAL-MINER.

may not be cast in their teeth that the production of such wealth is at the cost of English servitude, misery, and degradation.

A TEXAS EDITOR ON PHRENOLOGY. — The *Galveston Daily News* publishes the following editorial correspondence in a late number of that paper: "Strolling up Broadway the other day, I accidentally stopped in front of the store of our old friends the phrenologists, who used to advertise extensively in the '*News*' before the war, and whose works had a large circulation and a liberal patronage in Texas. After examining the numerous curiosities in the window, which always attract a crowd outside, I stepped in and found Mr. S. R. Wells at his accustomed post in the office, though they have changed their quarters to the opposite side of the way, and are now near Canal Street, in a much larger establishment, with increased facilities for conducting their business. I also found Prof. Sizer in the examination-room, where he is kept constantly employed, delineating the various characters of those who present themselves every hour in the day to ascertain what they are best fitted for, and to gain some knowledge of self, which ought to form a portion of every man's education in this enlightened age.

"Although the science of Phrenology has been much ridiculed, it has been gradually working its way wherever it has been introduced by those capable of grasping the subject.

"Owing to the great changes that have occurred in the South since the war, and the number of young men that have now to seek employment, who had before no necessity to put forth any exertion for a living, I can not but think much benefit might be derived from paying some attention to this subject, as many doubtless possess dormant capabilities of which they are wholly unconscious, which might, by cultivation, enable them to shine in the world; while others have proclivities, which almost amount to besetting sins, of which, as well as the means of correcting them, they are wholly

ignorant. Much valuable information may be obtained from the *PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED*, a most interesting monthly magazine edited by Mr. S. R. Wells, which had before the war quite a large circulation in Texas. The subscription price per annum is only \$3, and a single number of it is alone worth the money. Mr. Wells is also the publisher of a long list of works on phrenology, physiology, hydropathy, and other scientific works, as well as a number of miscellaneous books. Any of our Texas friends who may be in New York during the spring and summer, who can spare an hour or two, would be well repaid by dropping in at this popular resort on Broadway, No. 389, where they will be sure to see much to interest them."

A MAN HIS OWN GRANDFATHER.—The following remarkable coincidences will be read with interest: Some time since it was announced that a man at Titusville, Pennsylvania, committed suicide for the strange reason that he had discovered that he was his own grandfather. Leaving a dying statement explaining this singular circumstance, we will not attempt to unravel it, but give his own explanation of the mixed-up condition of his kinsfolk in his own words. He says: "I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. My father visited our house very often, fell in love with my step-daughter, and married her. So my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. Some time afterward my wife gave birth to a son; he was my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother. My father's wife—i. e., my step-daughter—had also a son; he was, of course, my brother, and in the mean time my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and the grandchild at the same time. And as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather." After this logical conclusion we are not surprised that the unfortunate man should have taken refuge in oblivion.

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AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

SAMUEL R. WELLS, EDITOR.]

NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1868.

[Vol. 48.—No. 2. WHOLE No. 356.]

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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—Young.

HENRY DWIGHT STRATTON.

This gentleman certainly deserves some mention in our pages, for he belonged to the front rank of those earnest and zealous educators who have so stimulated the mental growth of American youth. He was a leader in the enterprises of commercial education; the founder of forty-four separate institutions for the instruction of young men in the principles, theoretical and practical, of business life. How many thousands owe advanced and lucrative positions in the counting-room or in the warehouse to their pupilage at those academies it would be difficult to estimate, for they are to be met with in almost every city or town where mercantile enterprise has



PORTRAIT OF HENRY DWIGHT STRATTON.

any marked prominence. Predicated of his portrait we find several conspicuous characteristics by which he was known to friends and associates. First, a temperament of fine quality, delicate, intense, and exceedingly active, yet possessed of much endurance and elasticity. Second, a strong perceptive intellect, imparting clearness of understanding and keenness of penetration. Third, a ready judgment, amounting to intuitional impres-

sion. Fourth, a progressive earnestness which knew little of hesitation, yet was deferential and forbearing. Fifth, a warm sympathy which was quickly aroused by genuine sorrow or distress. He possessed, too, a strong imaginative element, but it was adapted to his practical and energetic intellect, suggesting projects of utility and ministering to the cravings of an incessant activity. He was organized to have "many irons in

the fire," and he could keep them all hot. There was not sufficient vitality, however, to sustain so active a nervous system. Though wiry and tough, though powerful in will and strong in spirit, such an organization would at length wear itself out for lack of bodily support—the wick, so large and perpetually burning, would exhaust the reservoir of oil. His failings lay chiefly in not caring enough for himself, for physical repose and comfort; in working too diligently; and in seeking to accomplish too much. In his line of life he was in every sense of the word a "driver."

For the accompanying portrait and the following biographical account of Mr. Stratton we are indebted to *Packard's Monthly*, a magazine which is "devoted to the interests and adapted to the tastes of the young men of the country."

BIOGRAPHY.

"Mr. Stratton was born at Amherst, Lorain County, Ohio, August, 9, 1824. His father, Jonas Stratton, was one of the first settlers of the town; and, in fact, gave it its name, after Amherst, New Hampshire, his native place. He was the second of four children, and was never a rugged boy, but grew up rapidly and with a slender constitution. His father being a cabinet-maker by trade, he took up that occupation as soon as he was old enough to be of service. His education, until he was some eighteen or nineteen years of age, was such as falls to the usual lot of boys in the country. He then spent a couple of years in the English department of Oberlin College, which is situated but six miles from his home.

"While at Oberlin he became deeply interested in the art of penmanship; and he prepared himself to enter upon this field as a teacher. His first effort as a 'Professor of Penmanship' was at Charlestown, Mass., in the suburbs of Boston. He afterward visited various portions of the New England States, paying his way in teaching; and, after an absence of two years, returned to his native town, a traveled gentleman and a full-fledged writing-master. He was wont, in after-years, to make humorous allusions to his 'Boston' professorship, and to illustrate, for the amusement of others, his original system of inculcating art. A peculiar method he had of making the letter X was so ridiculed by the veteran Spencer, and so humorously defended by its author, that the style has ever since been known, among professional writers, as 'Stratton's Boston X.' He afterward improved somewhat upon his original style, under the able instruction of the author of Spencerian penmanship, but did not again attempt to teach the art.

"For a number of years he devoted himself to such opportunities of making money as occur in country places. He took a contract to

furnish timber for the railroad, in which—although many predicted loss—he was quite successful. With the little capital thus acquired he engaged in the purchase of sheep—a very important business in northern Ohio—and in this, also, was successful. With his accumulations he purchased land, until he became the owner of some 300 to 400 acres of good farming and grazing lands. This gave him enlarged opportunity to prosecute his live-stock business, which he did with fair success.

"In the winter of 1851-2 he took a course of mercantile training at Folsom's Commercial College, Cleveland, in which Mr. H. B. Bryant was chief instructor in book-keeping.

"While here, he conceived the project of establishing a series of institutions in the various commercial cities of the country; and uniting with Mr. Bryant and James W. Lusk—the latter a favorite pupil of P. R. Spencer, and an acknowledged master of the science and art of writing—the plan was perfected, and the first institution started in Cleveland, under the style of 'Bryant, Lusk & Stratton's Mercantile College.' This was in the spring of 1853. During the following winter the second college of the series was commenced, under the same style, in Buffalo, as a successor of Spencer and Rice's institution, which had been in vogue for a year or more. These institutions became at once prosperous and remunerative, owing, in the first place, to a generous administration of their internal affairs, but more particularly to the attractive way in which their claims were presented to the public. Mr. Stratton was the outside manager, and his thorough appreciation of the opinions of good men, as well as his utter confidence in printer's ink, so shaped his course of procedure, that before the colleges had been in operation one year, they were thoroughly well known to all persons who read the papers. One great secret in Mr. Stratton's success as a business manager lay in his thorough self-consecration to whatever he had in hand. He always believed in his work; and was neither afraid nor ashamed to proclaim it upon all occasions, and to all classes of people. He never stopped to inquire whether the presentment of his affairs was appropriate or acceptable, but took it for granted that everybody *must* be interested in what seemed so important to him. He was not remarkable for reticence, and never believed in letting slip a good opportunity to make acquaintances and friends. Notwithstanding this constant pre-ferment of his own affairs, he never, in any sense, became what is termed a 'bore.' His great good-humor, and his intuitive knowledge of what to say, and how to say it, always put him on the best terms with those with whom he came in contact.

"He never believed in doing business with a subordinate, if the principal were accessible—not that he ignored the authority of agents, but because he desired contact with the superior party, both as an incidental aid to his business, and to assure himself that whatever arrangements he entered into were the most

favorable to himself that could be effected. So, in making his way in a new community, he always first secured the good-will and co-operation of the *first* citizens in point of social and political standing, while he was not the less considerate of the friendship and aid of the most humble.

"In the spring of 1856 Mr. Lusk withdrew from the firm. In the following autumn Mr. Stratton opened the Chicago College, which at once entered upon a successful career. The college in Albany was opened in January, '57; the one in Detroit in the fall of the same year. Then followed Philadelphia and New York. In connection with the New York College, the firm commenced the publication of a monthly magazine—the *American Merchant*—which was continued for three years. The severe financial depression which followed the panic of 1857 was not conducive to prosperity in this direction.

"The New York College, which was opened in the Cooper Institute Building on the 1st of October, 1858, gradually grew in favor, and soon exhibited the germ of future success. Soon after its establishment, Mr. Stratton began to investigate the feasibility of having prepared a series of text-books in the several departments of science embraced in the college course; the result of which was the publication within two years of a work on book-keeping, one on commercial arithmetic, and one on commercial law. These works, prepared by competent authors, became at once the text-books of the colleges, and have steadily won the best opinions of teachers and practical men.

"In 1860, Mr. Stratton removed, with his family, to New York, which was thenceforth his home; although, until his last sickness, the greater portion of his time was spent in journeyings between the 'links' of the great international 'chain'—which were being gradually forged, and welded, in the important cities of the continent—and in arranging the financial basis for their successful operation.

"In the early part of his career as an educator, it became necessary for him, at times, to borrow money. He had *one* friend upon whom he relied in such contingencies, and although he was always prepared to give ample security, and never failed to pay his demands promptly—with a good round percentage for the accommodation—the gratitude he ever felt and manifested toward this individual afforded a most positive and pleasing illustration of his unswerving fidelity.

"During the embarrassments of 1857 he found great difficulty in making good his financial engagements, and was often put to straits that would have discouraged a less resolute man. One rule which he adopted and acted upon under such embarrassments is well worthy of mention: 'Never avoid a man you owe.' If he found that it would be difficult to meet an engagement, he went at once to the person who would be discommoded, in case of failure, and without reserve laid the

matter before him in its true light. The inevitable result of this was to inspire confidence in his integrity, and to obtain extension, if necessary. And whenever he had thus tested the kindness and forbearance of a person, he was particularly careful to give him no cause to repent it. The result was that he had no trouble to get whatever terms of credit he desired; and to this fact more than any other is attributable the steady progress of the great enterprise he had in hand.

"In the fall of 1865, while attending the New York State Fair at Utica, he took a severe cold, which settled on his lungs, and put a brief limit to his days. To his friends it was evident, almost at the beginning, that he had entered upon a decline; but he would not permit himself to think so. His interest and energy in his business was unabated; although he was unable to travel and attend personally to its requirements. He was very exacting of the local managers of the several institutions, as to the prompt rendering of the monthly statements of their business affairs; and kept himself constantly posted in all that was transpiring throughout the extended field of his labors. But he could not long hide from himself the fact that labor fatigued him, and that he was growing less and less able to meet the constant demands upon his strength. He was persuaded, too late, to give up business, and devote himself to the re-establishment of his health. Upon the recommendation of his physician he went to Nassau, New Providence, where he spent the months of March, April, and a portion of May, but returned home not at all improved in health.

"He died on the 20th of February, 1867. His remains were placed in a private vault in Greenwood Cemetery, and finally removed to a beautiful lot on 'Battle Hill,' where a suitable monument will be erected to his memory—the affectionate offering of the young men who have been and are members of the institutions which he planted. But a better and nobler monument than can be shaped from marble or granite, will be the memory of his virtuous deeds, which will live in the hearts of his friends."

HIDDEN POWER.—In a building, the outer superstructure attracts the eye; the foundation is hidden. A tree's leaf makes more noise than its trunk; and its roots are all concealed beneath the ground. Yet the tree shakes off its leaves each autumn. But it holds its roots forever; and it even bares itself of foliage when winter comes, in order that the roots may be covered and nurtured below, and thus glorify its Maker and itself in the future spring. So in society. It is not the apparently great men, doing public things, who bless the world. Not many succeed in attracting attention and winning applause. Men do not all run to leaf, merely to get up to that green thinness which rustles for a summer, and then crisps and falls to the ground as a mere nurturer of the strong but modest roots below that live and grow through all the years.—*The Gospel in the Trees*, by Alex. Clark.

PATTERSON ON PHRENOLOGY.

A REVIEWER REVIEWED.

In *The Family Treasure*, a religious monthly magazine published at Cincinnati, there appeared, in February and March of the present year, one of those sweeping denunciations of Phrenology which are every now and then put forth by its opponents with a show of argument. Like the rest of its class, it is only a repetition of the attacks that were made forty years ago upon the first teachers of Phrenology in Great Britain, and which were effectually met and answered then as they have been hundreds of times since. It neither indicates nor claims any original investigation or knowledge by Dr. Patterson. Yet the truth can bear to be repeated as well as error can. It is with scarcely a feeling of impatience that we proceed to confer with the Reverend Robert Patterson, D.D., who comes against us with handles displayed at both ends of his name—as if in this country a "degree" could help either the wrong or the right.

We shall quote the final paragraph of this Reverend Doctor's article, to show what are his ideas of courtesy, and to give in brief the sum of his charges. He says:

"Phrenology, then, is merely a blundering attempt to apply the dogmas of materialism for the discovery of the character of mind; as if one should measure melody in a corn-bushel, or weigh an argument on a steel-yard, or photograph the sun with a pitchfork. It is a kind of monkey physiology, aping the science of mind as nearly as is possible by men who have lost their own souls, and it will continue popular with all who are desirous of a place among the herd. There is an evident propriety that all such should receive the mark of the beast in their forehead, but surely no necessity of public safety demands that they should plaster every half inch of their miserable skulls with a separate lie. Philosophic materialists accordingly now resign Phrenology to its own appropriate professors."

And he elsewhere calls Phrenology "a very lucrative infidel quackery."

It will be seen that this Reverend Doctor asserts that phrenologists "have lost their own souls;" that those who approve it are deliberately beastly, and ought to receive an open and notorious brand of shame; and that they deliberately and systematically lie. These things we merely point out. It is unnecessary to remark upon the state of mind, and the capability for giving fair and charitable judgments, and for pursuing a train of sound reasoning which such language implies.

Aside from these courteous and ornamental phrases, the sum and substance of the Reverend Doctor's charges is simply this: that Phrenology is a form of materialism; that it seeks to apply the "dogmas" of materialism to the investigation of mind; and that it does this in a blundering manner. Our present duty is, therefore, to deal with this charge, and with the specifications under it.

Dr. Patterson's first argument is, that there have been varying conjectures about "the seat of the soul and the mode of its operation

in the body;" and he says, "a glance at the various and discordant guesses of these speculators will . . . demonstrate their imaginative character." This means, if it is an argument at all, that because opinions have differed about the seat of the soul, the phrenological opinion must be wrong. But the learned Doctor would never allow any such mode of arguing about his own kind of theology. For instance, he believes (we presume) that the wicked are damned eternally. Now, there have been "various and discordant guesses" about eternal damnation. But does it therefore follow that Dr. Patterson is necessarily wrong?—a "blunderer," to use his own elegant expression, a liar, or, if he prefers it, that he has "lost his own soul?" We do not believe that is right reasoning, yet it is his. However, after many words on these obsolete notions, the Reverend Doctor—though he is very shy of risking any direct opinions of his own, except of the denunciatory kind—seems to imply that the special seat of the intellect (which he confounds with the whole soul) is the brain, after all, so that thus far he is a phrenologist.

Having thus yielded the fundamental position of Phrenology, that the brain is the seat of the soul, the Doctor quotes various considerations which he seems to suppose have a bearing on his main question. He says that Dr. Morton's tables of the comparative size of brains are unreliable; that physiologists differ about the amount of phosphorus in the brain; that opinions differ about the growth of the brain, its size at different periods of life, etc. Suppose they do. As before, let us try this mode of reasoning on theology. Opinions differ most hopelessly on the doctrine of the Atonement; on the doctrine of Ability; on the doctrines of Perfectibility and of Perseverance; on the importance of the rite of Baptism; on the importance of Bishops and of Apostolical Succession. By the Doctor's mode of reasoning, this would prove that all theology is "a lucrative quackery," and that its professors are "blunderers." We think he does injustice to his order. Phrenology explains how men may differ very widely upon very important points, and yet be perfectly sincere and thorough in thinking and arguing—an idea which the Reverend Doctor Patterson seems as far from admitting as the Emperor Domitian, or the inquisitors of Philip III. of Spain; and it is very true that no mental philosophy, except Phrenology, allows for honest differences of opinion. The Doctor observes: "Mr. Lewis has demonstrated that memory, intelligence, will, and judgment, and the power of exciting voluntary action, are by no means confined to the brain, by the experiment of touching a newt with acid, allowing it to rub the sore place against a box, then cutting off its head and allowing it to touch the box again, when it rubbed as vigorously as before and in precisely the same manner. This is conclusive against the assumption of the brain being the exclusive seat of thought and sensation."

In newts, no doubt—not in men. No man with his head thus cut off would rub any such sore place; therefore, by the Doctor's own reasoning, the brain in man is the sole seat of thought and sensation. We believe that "Mr. Lewis" and Doctor Patterson are the first to discover that newts have "memory, intelligence, will, and judgment" enough to make them fit to classify with men as subjects of philosophical experiment.

The next position taken by the Doctor is his main one; it is, that "materialistic philosophers have laid hold of these alleged facts" (namely, those of the organs of the brain and their indication of the faculties of the mind) "and published theories as conclusive against the spirituality of the soul, and on the strength of them have tried even to discard the investigation of the science of mind by the aid of consciousness as mere childishness." In illustrating this assertion, he principally quotes Dr. Draper's "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe" to support his charge of materialism, and Sir William Hamilton to refute materialism, and thus Phrenology.

Now, Phrenology is not a materialistic doctrine. Materialism denies the existence of spiritual beings, and considers that which we call the soul as a result of physical organization. Phrenology, however, recognizes the existence of spiritual beings, and considers the soul as something other than the body, but which in embodied life uses the body as its vehicle of action. This use is what Dr. Patterson himself will admit; so that the only difference on this point between him and Phrenology is on the question of the particular way in which the soul makes use of the body. Dr. Patterson is exactly as much a materialist as the phrenologists. As for Professor Draper's views, they really have nothing whatever to do with the question, and it is entirely aside of the argument for Dr. Patterson to charge them or to credit them to Phrenology, whether they are an honor or a disgrace.

As a matter of fact, Prof. Draper is not a believer in Phrenology, except in an eclectic sense, and subject to the general results of his own physiological studies.

But again, the history of Christianity is thickset with the stories of heretics and fanatics and knaves who perverted and misused its truths from folly or selfishness. But the cases of the Manicheans, Gnostics, Muggletonians, Familists, John of Leyden, the Rogerines, the Agapemones, Matthias the Impostor, of the hundreds of false Christs that have arisen—all these abuses and perversions of Christianity have no weight as disproving it or disgracing it. In like manner, if pretended conclusions, materialist or any other, are drawn from Phrenology that it does not warrant, the fact is no argument against it.

But the assertion of Sir William Hamilton is quoted by Dr. Patterson, that "no assistance is afforded to mental philosophy by the examination of the nervous system, and the doc-

trines which rest upon the supposed parallelism of brain and mind are, as far as observation extends, groundless." This means simply that Hamilton did not believe in Phrenology, a fact which proves nothing. Voltaire did not believe in Christianity. Comte, the French philosopher, did not believe in Hamilton. There are those who believe in and those who disbelieve in every system. To bring systems to the test of a majority vote would be an absolute exclusion of all new truth, and is substantially the method of persecutors.

Dr. Patterson proceeds next to turn his back upon himself, and admits that the most authoritative expositor of Phrenology, Dr. Spurzheim, denied the charge of materialism. He then expressly admits, further, that this doctrine does not follow from Phrenology; and having performed this extraordinary maneuver, he takes new ground, by plainly asserting that the lecturers on and advocates of Phrenology "support the brutish dogma that 'man is the creature of circumstances.'"

It is sufficiently brazen in this reverend man to assert so square and broad an untruth as this, in the face of the express teachings of Phrenology to the contrary admitted by him, and of its clear demonstration of the only philosophical method for enabling man to rise superior to his circumstances. What Christianity was in religions, Phrenology is among philosophies, the first to lay a sure foundation and erect a stable superstructure; and true religion and true philosophy, Christianity and Phrenology, move hand-in-hand, and with a closer union and more perfect harmony than the world ever saw before between any two systems.

Dr. Patterson further argues against Phrenology, from the fact that Dr. Gall, its first advocate, only came by gradual degrees, after a long time, and through many weaknesses and mistakes, to his ultimate fullness of conclusions; that is, a system must be false because improvements have been made in it!

Next, the Doctor gives a list of people who have had theories of Phrenology that differed from each other; from which he concludes that there is no truth at all in the doctrine. To admit this method of arguing, as we have already shown, would not only make it easy to refute the Doctor's own system of theology, but Christianity itself, and indeed every system whatever.

Then comes the old story of Sir William Hamilton's assertions about the frontal sinus. This sinus is a space between the inner and outer tables, or layers, of the skull, as if they had diverged away a little from each other, just above the root of the nose, and on either side just behind the eyebrows. This separation is just at the base of the brain, but in almost all cases is below the line along which the lower perceptive faculties are indicated. This line is not that of the "superciliary ridge," or eyebrows, but is about half an inch above them. It is very uncommon for this

sinus to obscure materially the indications of the organs; and it is still more uncommon for it to interfere at all with those indications in any other organs than those of Form, Size, Weight, Individuality, and Locality. And the practical phrenologist will find himself able to judge in almost every case, by the peculiar prominence and surface characteristics of that part of the forehead, whether a considerable sinus is to be allowed for. If it is, he makes the allowance accordingly. Moreover, the frontal sinus does not exist at all, or does not rise so high as the base of the brain, until the twelfth or fourteenth year, so that it can not offer any obstacle to correct phrenological observation up to that time, the most important season of life for the study, guidance, training, and education of the dispositions and faculties of the human being. In the female head this sinus is very small, and frequently it is scarcely perceptible.

The assertions of Dr. Patterson, however, which are repeated from Hamilton and others, that these spaces average two and four tenths inches wide, one and a half high, and eight tenths of an inch in depth; that they cover the place of nineteen of the most important organs, including the whole forehead from eyebrows to hair, and even farther—these assertions are simply untrue, and for the proof we appeal to all the skulls in our own collection indifferently, so far as they have been sawn open; and to all the skulls that any one who will take the trouble shall be able to examine.

Having exploited the objection of the sinus, Dr. Patterson next parades another equally ancient and equally weak-kneed objection, viz., Hamilton's statements about the cerebellum and its office. These statements constitute the following argument:

1. The size of the cerebellum located at the lower part of the backhead has no relation to the passion of amateness.

2. On the other hand, the cerebellum is "the intracranial organ of the nutritive faculty," and also "the condition of voluntary or systematic motion."

3. Therefore, since the office attributed to the cerebellum by Phrenology does not belong to it, and these other offices do, the whole of Phrenology is false.

In reply.

First: as to amateness. Whoever will investigate the facts for himself will find that, as a rule, a full lower backhead is accompanied by strong amative tendencies. Therefore there is a relation between the size of the cerebellum and that passion. The facts prove it; and all the arguing in the world will not extirpate a fact.

Second: we specifically admit, without the least hesitation, that there is a good deal of reason to believe that the cerebellum has to do with the energizing and regulation of voluntary or systematic motion. There is nothing in Phrenology that opposes this, and nothing in this that opposes Phrenology. That part of the brain will be admitted to be set apart for

this purpose just so far as experiment and observation indicate it. Whatever there may be in Sir William Hamilton's tables and reasonings that would any farther vary or refute the facts of Phrenology is abundantly contradicted and disproved by the tables and reasonings of other investigators, exactly as competent and as honest as he.

Now comes a statement—also from Sir William Hamilton—so utterly at variance with facts as to prove that whatever was Hamilton's merit as a logician, he was altogether untrustworthy as an experimenter and observer, phrenologically; that is, he had Individuality, Form, and Size very feeble. This statement is, that the skulls of murderers, taken indifferently in numbers, have been found to indicate, on phrenological principles, better moral and intellectual characters than those of respectable citizens taken in the same way. Here, as repeatedly before, we simply appeal to observation and experiment, rightly made. We need not doubt Hamilton's honesty, but these assertions are entirely inconsistent with facts; and of course wholly erroneous.

The Reverend Robert Patterson, D.D., though professing to be a servant of Christ—a man of God—is not ashamed to insult phrenologists by basing upon these mistakes of Hamilton's the following inference: "Phrenology may challenge the whole range of quackery for an equal display of false facts and unblushing fictions, philosophical fallacies and vulgar veneration." This is not a creditable or decent style of discussion. If it were, we should turn it about and fire it at Dr. Patterson and Sir William Hamilton. But Phrenology is under no necessity of using insulting language.

Dr. Patterson next asserts that artificial distortions of the brain, as practiced by Flat-Head Indians, do not affect its volume, nor the intellect; and this, he says, "destroys the whole craniological argument which rests on the shape and size of the skull." In reply to this, it need only be mentioned that the effects of this artificial distortion have never been accurately investigated. Whenever they are, it will doubtless be found that, as in other cases of distortion, the forces of nature have done much to counteract the violence thus applied, and to enable the brain to perform its old duties under its new conditions. Such is the order of things in deformities of the limbs or body, and in displacements or curtailments of members or of interior organs; and it would be strange if it were not so in the case of the brain. Fruits and vegetables sometimes grow between rocks or other hard substances, and the matter is displaced, but its character is not essentially changed. The head of the Flat-Head Indian is by pressure made much broader as well as shorter, and while the brain is displaced and its essential characteristics are maintained, it is not claimed that the brain is at all improved by the distortion, or that fruits or vegetables are improved by deformity.

If Dr. Patterson could show any cases of in-

tellect without brain, or after the intellectual lobe had been cut away instead of being simply distorted, he would refute Phrenology; but he can not.

Lastly, he asserts with a considerable show of statistics, "The size of the brain is no test of intellectual capacity." To this he adds a further specification, that the proviso "all other things being equal," is of no force or significance, for the reason that no two brains are ever exactly alike! Now try this mode of reasoning in another case. A large leaf transpires more water and carbonic acid in an hour than a small one, all other things being equal. Some leaves are more vascular than others, and therefore do their office more rapidly. But is this statement about leaves false by reason of the undoubted fact that no two leaves are exactly alike? Not at all. This unfailing dissimilarity only makes it the more probable that no two leaves do exactly the same total amount of work. In like manner with brains. No two are ever exactly alike in composition, character of fiber, distribution of proportions, and relation to the rest of the body. This, however, does not destroy the truth, that size is the measure of power, all other things being equal. It merely adds to the improbability of any two brains being found totally similar in all respects.

In thus considering the successive points made by Dr. Patterson in support of his main position, we have omitted some minor points, such as his citing of books that do not exist, his misquotation, etc. We have in good faith met squarely the arguments he used, and have refuted them. As for his main position, we have shown that while in one place he charges Phrenology with being materialistic, in another he admits that it is not so, and shifts his ground to an assertion that its upholders argue from it as if it were so. Here we meet him again by showing, first, that this new assertion is not correct; and, second, that if it were, the perversion of a system is no argument against it.

We have not put forth this reply with any expectation of convincing Dr. Patterson. His mind is not of the sort to be convinced. He is deficient in Order, Constructiveness, and Comparison, which would enable him to frame together a systematic argument depending upon resemblances and differences of many parts, or to appreciate one so framed; his method being the merely verbally logical or scholastic one, which has become famous for barrenness in philosophy. He has large Firmness, Self-Esteem, and Combativeness; so that having taken his side he sticks to it, would be very reluctant to change even if convinced that he was wrong, and fights to win, as well as to get at the truth. Besides, he is without Ideality, and is rather slow of apprehension, his percepts not being very prominent or active; so that it takes a long time to make him understand anything. Therefore we have not taken the Doctor into the account, but have set forth the right side of the questions he has raised, for the sake of the cause. We shall very soon have

to do it again, and again. We shall patiently, and with the intention of being entirely fair in matter, and courteous in manner, continue to set forth the truth.

On Psychology.

The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes infinite,
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless tender night;
Lovely, but solemn it arose,
Unfolding what no more might close.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

THE DEW-DROP.

THERE lies a pearly drop of dew
Within a flower's tiny cup,
And glistening while it greets the view,
The sun comes down to drink it up.

From yonder cool and crystal spring,
That gleams so brightly from the rock
Which woos the wild bird on the wing,
And proves the haunt of all the flock,

From thence it rose, perhaps, in mist,
And slowly drifting to the skies,
The sad and somber clouds it kissed,
Then fell to earth—and here it lies.

The blue flower of the flax took up
The little drop, and now it shines,
Refreshed with this one little sup
Of nature's pure renewing wines.

MARIE S. L.

INTELLECT, AND MORAL SENTIMENT.

In all the universe, man perceives a no more fit subject for contemplation than his intellectual faculties. When he considers their wonderful power, their exquisite adaptation to all the uses for which they were designed; when he comprehends that these are what fit him to subject to his control all the animate and inanimate creation; when he understands that to their legitimate exercise and development there is no apparent limit; when he realizes all this, if he does not feel his greatness as a work of God, and his great responsibility for using these powers aright, he has lost that perception and appreciation of truth which makes him not only an intellectual but a moral being. It is a fact resting upon as broad a basis as mind itself, that if these intellectual powers are not exercised in the manner and direction for which they were intended, their influence is as great for evil as was their capability for good when exercised in accordance with the laws of mental organization. We may well inquire where we shall find a director—a great balance-wheel—for intellect. It is found in the moral sentiments—the greatest gift of God to man. What are the grandest strides of human thought, what the magnificent creations of fancy, when they are not prompted by good influences! What is culture when it reflects not the spirit of morality! Of what use or purpose is any achievement of intellect when it does not influence humanity for good?

God declares to every one, "Thy powers of mind are made for use, and 'highest use.'" Thus man's intellect must be exercised not merely for pleasure or fancy, but for the high

purposes of elevating and adorning his whole nature, considered in relation to himself, to his fellow-beings, and to his Maker.

We may all see that when the intellect is not controlled by moral sentiment, it is the servant of the propensities; abandoned to the gratification of blind passion, which leaves no means untried, spares no labor of invention in its persistent service. The supremacy of the moral sentiment which we advocate is not that of a bigoted, uninformed feeling, but that refined principle of which the soul is the motor and reflection the informing principle. Should we expect a judge to give a just decision without being acquainted with all the circumstances of the case to be decided, or after having heard the argument for but one side? Equally foolish would be the expectation for the moral sentiment to draw just conclusions unless intellect informed it of all the circumstances bearing upon a matter. "The sad and sublime privilege of reflection is error; but reflection is the remedy for the evil it produces."

It is the privilege of man to worship, and to worship foolishly; to have faith, and to believe blindly; to be benevolent, and to be such after benevolence may have ceased to be a virtue; to be very conscientious, and at the same time very wicked; to be righteously hopeful, and to hope recklessly for the visionary and improbable. The inharmonious co-operation of the moral sentiments and the intellect will produce such unhappy results. The former without the latter becomes mystified and walks in the path of error; and intellect without the influence of moral sentiment leads into all excess, without fear or restraint, and serves but to sink man deep in degradation. Every art and appliance of reason is often used to gratify a man's propensities. He becomes worse than a brute, simply because of his superior intellectual capacity. How important it is, then, that each has its proper influence on the character!

We apprehend that the apparent conflict between science and revelation will dispel like mist in the morning sun, as future investigations shall teach the absolute harmony of all God's accomplishments. The evil of philosophy has ever been that it was not sufficiently willing to acknowledge the existence of necessary and self-evident principles, but would question even the authenticity of the Author of principles Himself.

Phrenology announces that man must confide as well as doubt, that he must exercise faith as well as investigate. The spirit of doubt must not drive faith from her legitimate foothold in the human mind. An undue skepticism must not blast the most glorious hopes of mankind.

One of the greatest safeguards of an harmonious action of the faculties is an understanding of the laws and character of mental organization. For instance, we hear of a man, a respectable member of society and of the church, whose conscience tells him that all things that are simply for ornamentation, or

that are intended to please us by their beauty, are wicked; and as such can but be disapproved by God; and in pursuance of his doctrine clothes his children in one somber, unvarying color, and even directs them to paste paper over the engravings in their spelling-books, lest they should be contaminated by looking thereon!

Such is one effect of an inexcusable ignorance of the nature of mind. A correct knowledge of mental organization would have shown this person that God has implanted in the human mind a love and appreciation of the beautiful, and that it can no more be disregarded without violating his high law than if we were to ignore the existence of the faculty of Veneration.

James Parton, in speaking of "Our Roman Catholic Brethren," comments upon their unbounded faith in their Church doctrines, and their easy, credulous belief, tending toward superstition. He says a Catholic never doubts his religion. When he doubts, he ceases to be a Catholic. They cultivate every faculty but the inquiring, doubting one—the one which desires to know the why and the wherefore, and is satisfied with nothing less than a good reason for everything.

In all this is plainly seen a disproportionate action of religious sentiment over the enlightening influence of intellect.

George Combe, in his "Moral Philosophy," says: "I consider the virtue of an action to consist in its being in harmony with the dictates of all the faculties acting in harmonious combination and duly enlightened." According to this view, the peculiar *quality* which makes an action right or wrong is the fact that it is approved or disapproved by all the faculties acting harmoniously. "In all harmonious actions," adds the author, "the moral sentiments and intellect being superior in kind must direct the propensities."

We think that the foundations of right and wrong are deeper than this; and that Combe here mistakes the effect for the cause. We can conceive of no time when there was not right and wrong; we know that they existed before man was created; or, as Burke has said, they "existed before the world itself;" so we apprehend that it is not the fact that all our faculties approve of it that makes an action right, but because of a peculiar and inseparable quality, fixed by God in the nature of things, existing separate and apart from any necessity of approval by man's faculties. Moral truths are independent of man's capability of perceiving them, as objects are independent of the eye which notices them.

When we judge an action to be evil, indignation is aroused against the perpetrator of the action. This emotion is spontaneous, and disconnected from any self-interest, and of necessity presupposes *liberty* in the individual. Therefore the existence of right and wrong proves man to be a *free agent*. How strange is it that intellect should ever attempt to prove such a self-evident proposition to be an error!

The fact that God in His infinite wisdom and benevolence has endowed man with a multiplicity of faculties, each of which is perfectly adapted to make him happy if he but use them aright; that He has given him moral sentiment to furnish him just and pure motives to action, and intellect to devise the means; and that to all these He has added the "perfect law of liberty," is a thought in which every well-wisher of the human race may exult; for it shows that man may be, if he will, all that is noble in thought or action.

It is the unwavering, earnest devotion to moral principle which makes a man truly respectable. Riches, rank, or any other condition, are but dross compared with this. They yield no pleasure so enduring, nor can they produce results half so beneficial to society. It is the conviction of the heart fearlessly stated, the simple expression of honest purpose, which moves men to action.

But, it may be asked, is this supremacy of moral sentiment calculated to insure to the intellectual powers the highest scope for culture and advancement? Will it not fetter genius and clip the wings of fancy? Man's happiness is never found outside of nature's laws. His obedience is his happiness. In viewing the effect we must never be regardless of the cause. It must be happiness through virtue, and pleasure through *principle*, or not at all. No matter how free man's spirit, or how animated his aspirations, he is still man, governed and controlled by the laws of his organization, dependent even for his existence upon his obedience to them. It has been truthfully said that true "liberty does not consist in doing what we *will*, but in doing what we have a *right* to do." The highest state of intellectual excellence can only be obtained through the inspiring aid of moral sentiment. Cousin eloquently says, "We think with Quintillian and Vauvenorgues that the nobility of sentiment makes the nobility of thought. * * * But it is especially in ethics that sentiment shines forth. Sentiment, as we have already said, is, as it were, a divine grace that aids us in the fulfillment of the serious and austere law of duty. How often does it happen that in delicate, complicated, difficult situations we know not how to ascertain wherein is the true, wherein is the good! Sentiment comes to the aid of reasoning which wavers; it speaks, and all uncertainties are dissipated. In listening to its inspirations we may act imprudently, but we rarely act ill: the voice of the heart is the voice of God."

When moral sentiment shall have obtained the station that it should have, in literature, in society, and in government, then shall be realized the hope of the good—the *moral grandeur of humanity*. J. A. R.

GREAT truths are dearly bought. The common truth,

Such as men give and take from day to day,
Comes in the common walk of easy life,
Blown by the careless wind across our way.

Religious Department.

Know,
Without or star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worship God shall find him. Humble love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven;
Love finds admission where proud science falls.
—Young's Night Thoughts.

SUNBEAMS.

BY BELLA C. BARROWS.

It's the sunbeams, not the shadows,
That remind me of those friends
Whom I hope to meet in heaven,
Where the sunlight never ends.

Shall I tell you *when* the memory
Of the dear ones "gone before"
Comes on rays of God's own sunshine,
Arching sorrow's dark gulf o'er?

It is when the morning sunbeams
Chase the shadows from the earth,
And the whole creation waketh
To a new and glorious birth—

It is when the ardent sunbeams
Kiss the dew from lily leaves,
As a mother tear-drops kisses
From her little one who grieves—

It is when the dancing sunbeams
Play upon the quiet stream
That, unconscious, smiles in answer,
Like an infant in its dream!—

It is when the mellow sunbeams
Fall athwart the woodland shade,
And the birds list to the echo
Which their own sweet notes have made—

It is when the golden sunbeams
Richly paint the western sky,
And the changing tints of cloud-land
Quickly burn, then quickly die—

It is when the fading sunbeams
Mark the hour of closing day,
And the shadows, dark and darker,
Fall upon my lonely way—

That the thoughts of those I cherish,
And whose absence I deplore,
Come into my soul like sunlight,
And I see the clouds no more.

FAITH IN GOD;

OR, CULTIVATION OF THE HEART.

BY A. A. G.

THE most beautiful of all truths, the great and crowning truth of all truths, is that there is a God, a God whose power and love perfectly adapt him to man. Man is a needy being, and God alone can meet his need. In other words, God is exactly what every man wants. It is of more importance to have a clear perception of this truth than to see and clearly apprehend all other truths. Indeed, it underlies all others, and all others will, one day, sink into insignificance before it. Art and science may make it their boast that they can raise man to a great height, that they can develop and cultivate, to a wonderful degree, his intellectual nature, and so they can. But when art has done all it can, when science has done all it can, man still has nothing worth possessing if he has not a God of power and love to meet his highest need. A human

being divorced by his own willfulness from God, and trying to take the long and perilous journey from the cradle to the grave, without Him, is one of the most pitiful of objects. A human being trying to remodel and reconstruct himself and bring himself up from a wreck to a perfect man; a rational, intelligent existence trying to make headway in this world, and hoping to keep clear of rocks and quicksands, and make a prosperous voyage, and sail safely and triumphantly into port, simply by the use of his own powers, and without faith in God, shows most amazing folly.

But it seems to be a great, and not fully answered, question in these days, what it is that God does for a man, and how much he does for him, and what is really the result of his faith in God?

If faith in God brings nothing whatever to needy men, then it is only a fanciful idea, a chimera, a delusion, a something to talk about and write about, if we choose, but of no earthly use to anybody. We, however, are of those who believe that faith in God brings something to the needy, and that its results are glorious and everlasting. We believe that, in answer to this faith, God walks with man, walks by his side, and works in him and for him most powerfully and wonderfully. And therefore we would say to every man: Have faith in God. But let us not for a moment dream that because we have faith in God, we may leave God to do everything for us while we do nothing for ourselves.

No. God works for no man who can, and yet will not, work for himself. This is freely admitted by everybody to a certain extent. It is acknowledged that God does not give to any one the luxuries, or even the necessary things of life, such as shelter, food, and raiment, unless he *works* for them. If a man, grown weary and impatient of toil, should conclude to spend the rest of his days in idleness and ease, and live by faith in God, he would probably have pretty poor living, and a pretty sore experience of poverty. Comfortable homes, fine palaces, fine equipages, rare gardens, and rich fields, all things that men desire and enjoy, come only through toil, and not God's toil, but man's toil. What people want in this world, they must *work* for. They must enter heartily and energetically into some field of *labor*, and work in it patiently and perseveringly if they want what nothing but money can buy. This is God's law. Toil and the fruits of toil are inseparably connected, and it is only those who help themselves whose faith in God as a helper is worth anything. Probably no one will say that this is unsound doctrine. No man in his right mind expects ease or even ordinary comforts, however great may be his faith in God, without working for it. And human, as well as divine, effort is necessary in education, whether of the head or the heart. Let a man pray: "Oh, God, make me a scholar. Reveal unto me all the beauties and mysteries of art and science, and teach me all languages, and spare me the

trouble of study"—let him offer such a prayer, and the sum of his learning and the amount of his education would soon be told. But let him ask God to bless his efforts and to help him grow in that patience and perseverance so necessary to the pursuit of all knowledge, and let him have faith that God will answer, and he will then see exactly when and where faith in God comes in to help a man. He will see how beautifully and perfectly this faith chimes with human effort.

Now, in nothing is human effort so much needed as in the education of the heart, and it is the duty of all who want to be made better, not only to believe in God, but to work with him in the greatest of all labor, the cultivation of the heart. Here, as in all other things to be gained, faith in God will avail nothing if a man does not use all possible means for the cultivation of the heart, and reach out eager hands after all helps, and open his eyes wide, that he may see whatever tends to pull him down or raise him up. And yet it is taught by many, in these last days (we hope they are the last days of ignorance and folly), that men may see anything but themselves, that they must not know their own mental and moral constitution, that if they want to grow better, in other words, want to "grow in grace," all they have to do is to have faith in the God of all grace. But if men knowingly and willingly reject any knowledge that would help to make them better, we can not see how they can consistently ask God to make them better, or how they can expect Him to do it, any more than they can expect Him, without their own effort, to build their houses for them, and lay out the grounds, and cultivate the choice flowers, and rich fruits. God helps men, not by doing for them what they can do for themselves, but by directing them to all the help that is within their reach. And here Phrenology comes in with a strong helping hand, commissioned by God to show men their mental and moral constitutions, that they may know what dangers lie within themselves, and also what helps are hidden in their own being. But too many of them lift up holy hands, and exclaim: "Away with that dangerous ology, Phrenology!" They cry out: "Educate the heart; that's the grand secret; educate the heart, and the head will take care of itself." "Educate the heart!" Why, this is precisely what Phrenology aims to do. But it knows very well that the head is next-door neighbor to the heart, and a very influential neighbor too. Once make the head what it ought to be, get every faculty into its proper place, and get all the faculties to work harmoniously, and there will be no discord between the head and the heart, but both will blend and send sweet music up to God.

The full development and perfect harmony of the whole being is the aim of Phrenology. To bring man into harmony with himself and with God is its blessed work. And in all this work, the phrenologist has faith in God. The science of Phrenology, to which he gives his

life, is too often denounced, but he toils on, and while he toils, has faith in God.

Men and women of the nineteenth century should all work together to advance this great science, this science which, more than any other, educates the heart. And we believe—yes, we have faith in God that the day is not far distant when Phrenology will be everywhere recognized as one of the greatest and best educators of the race.

LIVING FOR A PURPOSE.

Has there ever come floating over your soul in the solemn midnight, or in the hush of solitude, a still, soft echo chanting these words, "For what are you living?" Have not its weird tones followed you to the crowded street?—have they not rang out in the evening bell?—the fearful storm? The voice of the winds has borne them to you; the gushing of the waters as they rush onward to old Ocean, has joined in the murmur, "For what are you living?" And what was your soul's reply to the gentle voice? Was it like the calm music that the sweet-toned harp gives forth to the hand of the musician? or were the strings mute and broken? Do not bid this voice be silent, but think of it—listen to its murmur, and remember that on the answer it receives hangs your future destiny—yes, your *future destiny*; for if your purpose is high and noble, your life will be noble; also, if your purpose is aimless and low, then your life will be likewise, and you will sink into the grave, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

There was once a man whose chief aim from boyhood had been to gain riches. For these he sacrificed love, friendship—everything; but when his object was accomplished, and he could count his millions, life became a dreary blank to the miser. In the darkness of night he fancied he saw gaunt forms of men dividing his gold among themselves; and by day the weird face of starvation looked upon him from every side, for he would rather starve than part with the smallest fraction of his hoarded treasure. Do you wonder that he determined to die? Softly he crept from his gloomy cellar, and clutching his idol, bent his steps toward the river. The flowers looked up as he passed, and the sunbeams smiled sweetly, but he saw them not, and shuddered as the winds murmured, fancying that robbers lay concealed amid the trees.

Now he stands by the rushing, shivering river; one moment more, and the fate of the miser will be sealed forever; but suddenly he pauses, for there before him a woman kneels praying for one penny to buy bread for her children. With a half whisper that he would "never need it again," he fills her scrawny hand with money—for the first time in his life gives to the poor—and the woman, little dreaming that she has done an angel's work, prays with uplifted hands that God will bless her preserver.

It is a strange position for the miser, and

with streaming eyes he turns from the dark water. His icy heart is melted, and while he returns along the winding path, the recording angel writes in the book of life,

"LIVING FOR A NEW PURPOSE!"

With the simple words, "Living for a Purpose," how many a heart-history passes before us! grand lives that cause our souls to burn with enthusiasm. You all know them; they are like brilliant stars upon which you love to gaze and wonder. Yet, amid them all, there shines one Star—the Star of Bethlehem—guiding our weary souls to Jesus, enveloping His life, His purpose, with a shining halo. Is there one that can not admire His character? Is there one that can not love Him who breathed out His life upon the cross? Oh, wondrous life! Oh, mysterious death!

And now by the memory of the Savior's suffering; by the memory of the glorious purposes for which he lived; by the memory of His death and resurrection, let us decide upon our purpose in life. With His example before us, our aim can not but be noble.

Let us clasp His outstretched hand,
Looking forward to the land
Where the sunbeams ever quiver,
And there singeth many a river
Softly there.

Let us clasp His hand all tightly.
And He'll lead us, oh, so lightly,
Over rocks and briars, piercing,
To pure happiness unceasing—
No more care!

S. A. K.

Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only hilos
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue. In thine arms
She smiles, appearing as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again.—*Corper.*

AMUSEMENTS.

BY FRÉDÉRIC W. SAWYER.

We learn from nature that everything in her economy is formed upon the principle of variety and change; that nothing, except the great laws by which matter and mind are governed, is unchangeably fixed. Nature has its successive seasons and its alternations in everything, from wet to dry, from heat to cold, from light to darkness. All the vegetable creation has its alternations, its budding, its blossoming, its fruit season, and its apparent decay, again to revive, and bud, and blossom as before. All the animal kingdom has its alternations, more or less mysterious and strange, always changing, never at rest. There is nothing in nature that seems calculated for, or destined to, an unalterable state of repose. So far from that, everything seems predisposed to change. Such is peculiarly the condition of man. A state of rest with him is a state of death. As long as life is in him, there is continual alternation. Man is a harp of "a thousand strings;" and perhaps throughout his whole life those finely toned chords are never tasked twice precisely alike. The changes in nature

keep her bosom always warm and bursting with blessings; and to the never-ending changes of the human mechanism we are indebted for its keeping in tune so long. He who attempts to hold his arm, or even his finger, in one position for any length of time, will soon learn that continued change is the law of nature.

Everything in nature requires, at stated periods, a certain degree of repose. This is as apparent in the economy of the vegetable as in the animal kingdom. From the tenderest shrub to the mightiest oak, each has its season, when, as it were, the tide of life ceases, and seems for a while to slumber. Everything living has its point beyond which its powers can not be taxed with impunity.

Those who give themselves up to one pursuit, either of body or mind, wear out much sooner than those whose pursuits task every day, more or less, all their faculties. The same system of alternations is required to keep the mind healthy as to keep the body so; in fact, they are so intimately connected that the one can not be diseased and the other not sympathize with it. Man needs at times to be gay as well as grave, and sometimes to be sad as well as joyous. The mind is as capable of stagnation as a pool of water. It gathers noxious vapors as truly as does the air. It needs, as they do, its correctives. The mind is always active, whether sleeping [?] or waking; but it can not always be intent on the same subject. When jaded over the pages of Euclid, it finds relaxation in Plutarch, Livy, or Hume; and when spent on history, replenishes its wasted strength in perusing the pages of the poet or the romancer. Each change tasks new powers and new susceptibilities, and gives the others opportunity to rest.

It is to meet the wants of beings thus constituted that we are given a taste for amusements—those that are corporeal, to task otherwise unemployed and dormant powers of the body, and thus make us healthier; those that are intellectual, to task otherwise unemployed and dormant powers of the mind, and thus improve, strengthen, and regenerate it; those that are social, to task otherwise unemployed and dormant sensibilities of the heart, and thus make it warmer and more alive to generous impressions. In a word, we are given a taste for amusements, and we are given capacities to amuse, that we may gratify the one and use the others for the improvement of our health generally, both of body, mind, and heart; and if we do not gain those advantages from them, we pervert them, just as much as we do the fruits of the earth when we overload our stomachs with them, or distill from them noxious liquors to injure and destroy us; and the amusements are no more in fault in the one case than the fruits in the other. In both cases, the fault is in the *abuse*, not in the *use*, of them.

A MAN of genius is inexhaustible only in proportion as he is always nourishing his genius. Both in mind and body, when nourishment ceases, vitality fails.—*Bulwer.*

RETROSPECT.

BY MRS. HELEN RICH.

You will think of this, my darling
In some evening yet to be,
How the charmed hours in blessing
Brought sweet love to you and me;
How reclining so before me,
Reading in mine eyes the sign
Of the peace and joy thy spirit
Saw reflected fair from thine;

Of the pure and perfect passion
Making beautiful the earth,
Of the tender silence breathing
Unto each the other's worth;
All the bliss of touch and presence,
Memory of our cherished past,
Glory of the Sometime Coming,
All too glad, too bright to last—

You will say, in some sad hour,
(With a sigh of wild unrest,)
"If *she* could but kneel beside me,
With her head upon my breast;
If her eyes and lips together
Could say Darling, I could go
Nobly armed for life's stern conflicts,
Bravely meeting joy or woe."

You will close those eyes in dreaming,
That have lit the world for me,
And in poet fancy's seeming
My poor beauty thrill to see
What was gracious lingering over
The unlovely, veiled, and dim,
As a manly, gentle lover
Prays his *fate* to think of him.

Oh, beloved one! more precious
To this woman's heart than life,
I have given thee a safeguard
From the world of sin and strife.
Like a mantle, I have folded
My true love about thy heart;
That shall bless and shield and save thee,
If together—or apart.

CANTON, N. Y.

THE MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS.

BY CRAYON BLANC.

If a man keep his eyes and ears open in a city like New York, he is pretty sure to see something to grumble at; at least, that is our experience. Now, there is great philosophy in holding one's tongue sometimes; but there are also times when it becomes a duty to speak out. And this is one of the exceptional times.

The other day, happening in at one of our gigantic temples of the *beau monde*, where money and health and common-sense are thoughtlessly sacrificed to the relentless Moloch of "being in the latest fashion," we saw two ladies giving orders for a complete wardrobe of the richest material and most expensive manufacture. Now, if it had been for their own behoof and benefit, we should not have ventured a remonstrance. They were probably quite able to take care of themselves; and if they chose to commit "satin suicide," we knew of nobody who had the least disposition to interfere. But the victim was a beautiful, rose-cheeked, dimple-chinned baby, who sat on the counter, and was bribed into a reluctant good behavior by a paper of pink and yellow candies judiciously administered at brief intervals by "aunty," while "mamma"

gave directions about the number of tucks and the rows of Valenciennes insertion, and the pattern of the embroidery on the little frocks and skirts.

"Let the dresses all be low-necked, of course," went on the lady; "his shoulders are so beautiful, and I always like to see them uncovered, summer or winter!"

Poor baby! it had evidently had a hard time under the hands of the *modiste*! The little scarlet lip was yet quivering, and the tears still hung, wet and sparkling, on the eyelashes! Evidently it didn't relish being fashionable. It clutched fiercely at the shell of lace and embroidery that was being "tried on" upon its downy head, and pushed the officious shopwoman away with all the might of its small energy.

Now, what was the use of all that nonsense? A baby is pretty enough at any time, according to our standard of beauty, without a flimsy garniture of lace and ribbon and French work, at so many dollars per yard! We should as soon think of attempting to ornament a fresh crimson rose, or of "dressing up" a diamond! Children have a royal right to enjoy themselves. Surely it is time enough to trammel and distort them with fashionable follies when they become "young gentlemen" and "young ladies." Let them roll in the grass, and pull double handfuls of buttercups and clover-heads, and throw their tiny arms, round and white as carved pearl, into the sunshiny air just as much as they like! These breezes are so many draughts of fresh life—sunburn is healthy!

It seems to us a very King-Herod-like business to initiate babies of six months and a year old into the murderous observances of fashion—to dress them so richly that they are not to be allowed to move for fear of spoiling their fineries—to leave their little shoulders and knees bare to winter winds and raw air, "because it looks so sweet." If mothers will persist in this course, they must leave off wondering why the little victims cry and fret incessantly—they must not be astonished at pale cheeks and fading eyes. And when "the baby" has become only a word to be spoken with tears, and the waxen eyelids are closed forever, they must not blame prudence—only their own infatuated folly!

THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.—The following purports to be a copy of a letter written by a fashionable young English lady while visiting Paris during the Paris Exhibition. In versatility it could hardly be equaled by any specimen of "young American" epistolary writing. The national idioms and slang phrases are decidedly refreshing. Altogether, it is an insight of English social life which a thousand made-to-order novels would not furnish.

PARIS, ST. CRISPIN.

"MY DEAREST BEATRICE: We arrived here on Monday all serene, our scheme having been well carried out. Paris is awfully jolly. The scarcity of lodgings is all bosh. It is out of my power to give you a graphic description of the Exposition, which is something marvelous

and a decided success. Our country is not well represented in pictures, few being noteworthy. How idiotic not to have sent better! However, our prestige in water-colors is sustained. The pet utterance, 'They do these things better in France,' frequently crops up with us, but is not applicable to artistic matters. The French landscapes are less effective than ours, and their portraits are not so realistic. Such lots of lovely china, for which you know my weakness! On my return I am going in for Wedgwood, although my taste will be pooh-poohed. On leaving the 'Palatial labyrinth' the first day we were completely sold. It was indeed hard lines, for not a cab was to be found, and we had to trudge in the rain and through the mud for miles. What a sell it was! How I longed for our little trap! We pounced upon our new curate in the act of scrutinizing the copes, chasubles, and church ornaments. Notwithstanding his antecedents and reticence, his proclivities are obvious—not that there is anything yet abnormal in his proceedings. By-the-way, ritual is not likely to be stamped out. Think of our traveling with the Crofts on their wedding tour! They were spooning awfully. How strange that a fast girl should marry such a muff! It seems she has made a mull of it. They were great fun. We fell in also with the Gordon girls with their aunt, in splendid get-ups; their bonnets were stunning. A man of the party was sweet upon Clara. What gushing girls they are! We have almost done Paris already; for the governor, who knows a thing or two, has a specialty for lionizing. He has many a good dodge, and has forked out well; so we have enjoyed ourselves immensely, and are indeed intensely happy. We are not due till Saturday week, but he has elected to return, *via* Dover, sooner; so we may put in an appearance on the Friday. We spied poor Benson one day at a distance, looking seedy. He has long been going to the bad, and I fear has come to grief. Short dresses are now an institution. Thanks many for your sensational letter. Your affectionate ZILLAH.

YOUNG AUTHOR'S SOLILOQUY.

To write, or not to write? that is the question,
Whether 'tis better for a man to endure
The slang and croakings of unfeeling critics,
Or to pass through life in dark obscurity,
And by being naught, shun them.

To read; to write;
Ay, more; for by that life we ever bring
The head-ache, the heart-ache, and other aches
That active men incur. 'Tis indeed very hard
To think of such a course. To read; to write;
To write! perchance succeed. Ay, there's the rub;
For if one falls in this, when once begun,
The world will madly cry aloud
In mockery. That's the reason
An author's life seems so forbidding;
For who would bear the editor's dissent,
The printer's errors, discouraging advice,
The replies of opponents, slander of men,
The publisher's delay, and other ills
That must be borne in the world of letters,
When he himself might destroy his pen,
And thus his pleasure gain? Who would bear reproofs
To groan and work under a weary life,
But that the hope of some good yet to come,
When many articles have been written,
To solace his last days and bring him peace;
And makes us rather bear the ills that are,
Than leave forever the world of letters?
Thus public gaze makes cowards of us all,
And thus native desire of elevation
Is intermingled with fears of failure,
And worthy literary achievements
Which might have rendered the world much better
Are lost in oblivion. C. T. LEONARD.

WE DO NOT KNOW.

BY FRANCES L. KEELER.

We do not know, when the rose is fair,
That a hidden worm lies sleeping
Beneath the folds of beauty, where
Decay is surely creeping.

We do not know that sunniest smiles
Are masks for hearts all broken;
Lips tell not where the life-grief lies—
Deep sorrow is unspoken.

We do not know how many lives,
Lured downward by temptation,
Might be reclaimed by winning words,
And saved from degradation.

We do not know, when the thin lip curls,
How much the soul is yearning
For sympathy from some true life,
Where love is brightly burning.

Nor do we know what woes have rent
The hearts we deem unruined;
So let us do what good we can,
And leave the rest with Heaven.

SELF-CULTURE.

BY MRS. JOSEPH B. LYMAN.

NOTWITHSTANDING the number of colleges and academies in our country, and the facilities afforded our youth by common schools for acquiring at small cost a good education, yet there are a large number of aspiring young men and women who, by the force of adverse fortune, must, to a great extent, educate themselves. Many there are who claim that self-education is, after all, nobler and finer in its results than academic culture. Whether or not this be true, one thing is certain: college education does not create brain power. That is born with man. There are many instances of splendid men in American history who have submitted to established courses of academic culture, as well as of those who have fought their own way up to greatness.

George Washington and Abraham Lincoln wrote their names deeper in the hearts of their countrymen and higher on the arch of history than any other men in the Western World, but they as students never saw the inside of a college. Benjamin Franklin, our greatest philosopher and savant, graduated in a printing-office. Patrick Henry—God only knows the source of his glorious powers—but no alma mater save great Nature lays claim to him. Horace Greeley owes nothing to Cicero or Virgil, to Plato or Aristotle, for his eminence at the head of journalism in this country. And so we might swell the list with many a noble name from our roll of great men, who may thank God and themselves for the positions they have won.

But, on the other hand, there are brilliant testimonials to the advantages of classic culture. Jonathan Edwards, Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Rufus Choate, William Prescott, and the bright array of men eminent in science and scholarship, who stand at the head of our colleges and universities, the Sillmans, Woolseys, Henrys, and their compeers, show, by both what they are and what they

teach, what prescribed courses of study can do to discipline and polish the human intellect, to aid in the investigation of the mysteries of nature, and bring to bear on the great questions of the present age all the learning and wisdom of the past.

The object of this paper, however, is not to discuss the comparative merits of the two systems, but to throw out some hints for the guidance of those who have no one to direct them in courses of study and thought. Many young aspirants for liberal learning, who have the rudiments and something more of a good education, long to drink deeper at the fountain of knowledge; to become acquainted with the mysteries of science; to understand the profounder truths of philosophy, and develop the resources of their own intellectual and moral natures. They are willing to study, and the world is full of books; but where and how shall they begin? What clew shall guide them through the labyrinthine mazes of libraries to the fountains of truth at their center?

The first conquest to be made is the mastery of language. By this we mean the accurate knowledge of the signification of words, and the ability to use them correctly. The study of Latin and Greek in our schools and colleges is designed to meet this prime demand; but those who have not the time or the means to spend in such long and laborious courses may by the diligent study of two or three books know more of their native English than do the majority of graduates from colleges. In Webster's Unabridged Dictionary may be found the derivation of words so far as scholars can give it, and their various significations. In Crabbe's Synonyms, a book which every student of style and language, unversed in the ancient tongues, will find invaluable, the different shades of words of nearly the same meaning are given, with examples showing their proper use. With these two, and Roget's Thesaurus of English words and phrases, classified and arranged so as to facilitate the expression of ideas, one may acquire as good a knowledge of English as will be of practical utility. All the valuable works of antiquity are translated into our language, and though many felicities of style are necessarily lost in the translation, the intrinsic thought is preserved, so that what is really of most worth in ancient writings, we may enjoy without spending years in the study of dead languages. The habit of knowing with exactness the meaning, the correct spelling and pronunciation of the words we use in ordinary conversation is one of the most important we can acquire. Let the student, then, when he sits down to read or write, have the first of these books, certainly, and all of them if he can, at his elbow, and turn their leaves again and again till the full meaning of the author he reads stands distinctly out in the words he uses, or the written page expresses perfectly the thought he wishes to utter. This course, diligently pursued, will, in a short time, give him clearness of ideas and facility in expressing them. We think in words, and

thoughts which we can not embody in words are practically useless to ourselves, and certainly to everybody else.

But to what department of knowledge shall the unguided student turn?—where shall he begin to quench his thirst? *Pleni sunt omnes libri*—full are all the books. Let him begin at the bottom of the ladder and climb upward, round by round, making every step sure as he goes. Reading, writing, grammar, arithmetic, geography lie at the foundation of common school education, and most everybody is supposed to understand these. But take the first one—reading. What constitutes a good reader? Is it the knowledge of the meaning of the words on a page and the ability to call them over in succession without hesitation? Take any company you please, of people commonly well educated, and call upon some one to read aloud Dickens' speech, for instance, at the Delmonico dinner, for the entertainment of the rest;—how few will be found willing to respond! And yet is there any excuse for inability to comply with such a request?

So with arithmetic. How many go through the arithmetic and into algebra and geometry who are yet puzzled to apply the simple rule of three in cases that come up in every-day life, and are totally unable to calculate interest, either simple or compound. And you shall find those who have passed through Pope's Essay on Man, Cowper's Task, and Milton's Paradise Lost, who can not, or do not, utter three sentences in common unstudied conversation without murdering Lindley Murray in the most savage manner. So in geography. Ask the young person who has finished Mitchell the direction and extent of the principal mountain chains in the world, and the natural effects springing therefrom, how few will answer intelligently!

But to go back to reading. How shall one cultivate himself in this high art? for such most assuredly it is. In the first place he must perfectly grasp the idea of the writer, and in the next, by his tones and emphasis, properly interpret it to his hearers. This accomplishment can be acquired only by practice. Select a fine passage from some author, and read it again and again aloud, giving each word such intonation and emphasis as brings most meaning from the whole passage. If it is descriptive, the picture must be vivid and complete in your own mind before you can fully paint it in the minds of your hearers. One passage of Shakspeare or Milton, or the sublime parts of the Bible, studied in this manner, will do more to make one a good reader than a whole book carelessly read through aloud.

The same system may be pursued with regard to writing. It is a reproach and stigma to any one in this country to be obliged to make "his + mark," and yet for all practical purposes how many can do no more! Look at a great many of the letters addressed to editors and public men. Though the contents of most of them may be guessed at, yet it is impossible in many instances to decipher the signature

and post-office address, and how many mistakes arise in consequence! If penmanship is illegible, it might as well be in Sanscrit or Hebrew as in English. It is a reproach and a dishonor to a person to write a careless, scrawly hand, though many of the literary men of the country, and the journalists with Horace Greeley at their head, should be guilty of it. The handwriting of an individual is in his absence what dress and manners are to the same person when present; non-essential, to be sure, in some respects, but vastly significant, and by no means to be disregarded. Let the student cultivate a round, clear, open hand, legible at least, and beautiful if he can. With the same patient painstaking, let the other branches of common school education be gone over, making haste slowly, doing nothing mechanically or carelessly, and the habits thus formed of thorough culture will be found of inestimable value in later studies.

While the student is polishing these foundation stones, he may at the same time enter upon higher courses of acquisition. The broad fields of literature, science, philosophy lie invitingly open. But let him remember

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:"

which translated into prose means simply this: a half truth is dangerous. If you lay hold upon truth, study it in all its relations, not in a part of them only; know all about it that can be known; master it; make it your own. Such knowledge only will make one truly wise. Such knowledge never puffs up. For instance, you take up a history of England and read it through. Unless at the close of the book you can give some of the lessons which that history teaches, what good will it do you to have read it, even though you may be able to repeat the names of every English sovereign, from Egbert down, with the principal events occurring in each reign. Such knowledge by itself is valueless. History is philosophy teaching by example; not a mere list of names and dates. The time of Richard Cœur de Lion, for instance, will take you into the Crusades. Do not pass on into the next reign without finding out all you can about the Crusades, their origin, their history, their effect upon Europe and the East. So the reign of Henry the Eighth will bring you to the era of the Reformation. You must go over into Spanish, German, Swedish history to get anything like a full knowledge of English affairs at this time. The relations of the European states are so intermingled that a knowledge of the history of one will lead you to an acquaintance more or less intimate with all the rest. Be engaged a year, two years, five years in such a course of historical reading, but be thorough if it takes a lifetime. A little garden patch well cultivated will yield more in fruitage and in satisfaction than an acre carelessly tilled. The great fault with many students in college and out is that they take education as they do the measles or the whooping-cough. It comes but once in a lifetime, and is something to be got-

ten through with. Better be "in glory and in joy behind the plow upon the mountain side," better be breaking rocks upon the turnpike, than wasting time in such profitless, mechanical study. Not the number of books one has read, or the years spent in reading them, but the manner in which they have been read, the valuable lessons learned from them, the intellectual power acquired in their mastery is the true test of scholarship.

There are a couple of errors into which the self-educated are prone to run, and with a brief mention of them we close this article. First: Those who have picked up their information in an irregular way, finding themselves by the natural force and strength of their minds superior to college-educated men, are prone to underrate regular systems of culture. This is unfair. Benjamin Franklin, it is true, graduated in a printing-office; but if his education had been thorough, he would have left a still deeper mark upon his generation. His political writings would have been profound as well as witty, and he would have been the Goethe of his generation. Second: The self-educated are apt to overrate, or at least to overstate, modern achievement. It is true that the Greeks had no printing-press, nor the locomotive, and the Roman supremacy in arms was won without gunpowder; but in poetry, in art, in oratory, in philosophy, in jurisprudence, in pure mathematics, in theology there has been no essential progress since the time of Christ. No military leader ever surpassed Julius Cæsar; no law-giver was ever equal to Moses; no modern poet can outstep the

"Blind old bard of Scio's rocky isle."

The modern intellect, baptized by Christianity and guided by the genius of Francis Bacon, has turned itself upon the philosophy of uses, and the whole brood of modern sciences has been called into being. But these practical knowledges evince no greater exertion of faculty, and were produced by no finer thinking than illuminate the pages of Plato and glow in the utterances of Demosthenes; so that while we feel a natural pride in the achievements of modern philosophy, we should say with the poet-laureate of England,

"Ancient founts of inspiration
Well through all my fancy yet."

WAR vs. NON-RESISTANCE.

DURING the progress of the war the Shaker societies passed through a peculiar experience. Those of them located in the State of Kentucky (Pleasant Hill and South Union) were for years in the power of the Union and Rebel armies alternately. And, although they fed the hungry, and clothed the naked, and nursed the sick of both the contending forces, thus "giving aid and comfort to enemies," yet the officers of either army restrained, as far as possible, the depredations of the rank and file.

They suffered and lost immensely in person and property, but not unto death, or entire destruction of the temporal or community organization.

The frequent communications to the more favorably situated societies of the East, graphically detailing the scenes through which they were constantly passing, ex-

cited one continued state of fear and alarm among the brethren and sisters, leading to the most fervent prayers to the *God of Christians* for their protection and safety. The following lines, just written to those long-trying Western Shakers, will be understood when it is stated that Morgan, the guerrilla chief, was especially friendly and protective to them.

F. W. EVANS,

Mt. Lebanon, Columbia County, N. Y.

WRITTEN BY CECILIA DEYER FOR BR. URBAN JOHNS,
SOUTH UNION, KY.

When traitors to their country's cause
In fraud and treachery grew bold;
When sacred bonds were snapp'd like straws,
And Judas bargained, as of old,
We pray'd your little stricken band
Might firmly for the Gospel stand.

And in the hour when war's dread storm
Bullt round your home a wall of fire;
When wild reports of ev'ry form
Rush'd forth like phantoms filled with fire,
We turn'd our hearts to God in prayer,
That He would keep you in his care.

We watch'd the showers of shot and shell,
'Mid lightning's flash and cannon's roar,
And thought there must be peace in hell,
For earth her own confusion bore;
And humbly bent our hearts to pray
That God the fearful scourge would stay.

When neither friendly man nor law
Could yield protection or relief,
The Lord, who all your peril saw,
Raised up the fierce guerrilla chief.*
Thus human wrath, in our own days,
Was turned, by miracle, to praise.

When clouds and sorrows deepened fast,
Doubt spread a curtain o'er the land:
As fold on fold was thickly cast,
We saw through it the Lord's own hand,
And pray'd that, in that hour of night,
Your dwellings might be filled with light.

And when the bondmen's smother'd cries
Came like the voice of moaning waves;
When earth's red bosom burst with sighs
And gave her bleeding children graves,
We pray'd that, in that matchless woe,
The Lord would ev'ry wrong o'erthrow.

And ever and anon there came,
From you, brave words of faith unmoved;
We knew the Lord the hearts would claim
Whose true dependence he had proved;
With tears we bow'd to God in prayer,
To give you strength to do and bear.

Though still the hour is wild and dark,†
And persecutions lash your home,
The guarding hosts your sorrows mark,
And they will turn the waves to foam;
While earnestly our spirits pray
That God may speed the better day.

As from the fount unceasing streams
Flow to the valleys far away,
As through the gloom the morning's beams
Tunnel and gild the path of day,
Our anxious hearts o'erflow to bless
Our Gospel kindred in distress.

Thus, thus is Christ united found;
His life-blood all true members feel;
In joy or sorrow they are bound,
And stamp'd with love—the heav'nly seal.
So, join'd, we ever will move on,
And watch and pray to still be one.

* Morgan.

† The South Union Society is now threatened by the *Ku Klux Klan* for employing freedmen.

FOOTPRINTS OF LIFE;

OR, FAITH AND NATURE RECONCILED. By Philip Harvey, M.D. New York: Samuel R. Wells, Publisher. 12mo. Fancy cloth, beveled boards, gilt. Price, \$1 25.

THIS volume, if perused with care and candor, will abundantly compensate the reader. It is a poem in blank verse, hexameter measure, and as such displays an acquaintance with the literature of classic times which few authors can claim. The author is a Western physician, a gentleman of extensive reading and much practical research. In his work he has condensed the fruits of long-continued thought and patient examination, and yet presents his views of nature, man, and God in easy flowing numbers which weary not while they deeply instruct.

The Poem is divided naturally into three parts.

First. The Body, comprising the Introduction; the Origin; Progressive Development and End of Animal Life.

Second. The Soul, including Exordium: Soul; Instinct; Reason; Faith; the Laws of Nature.

Third. The Deity, comprehending Retrospect; the Love of God; His Worship; Prayer; Forms of Faith; Universal Prayer; Conclusion.

In his Introduction the author thus defines his undertaking:

Of Nature's deepest mysteries profound,
And secrets that in ancient days she kept
Behind a veil, from mortal view concealed,
And even yet reluctantly allows
The searching eye of science to explore;
Of life, its origin, its course and end,
And the position relative we hold
To other things of life, the world and God,
I fain would sing. * * *

Part First contains an exceedingly interesting, and, considering the difficult nature of the task, a most skillfully managed dissertation on the origin and progressive stages of organic life as indicated by geology and natural history. The beautiful and rapid manner in which the scientific learning of the *savants* is introduced is well illustrated in the following extract:

The next advance was to the reptile class:
The forms that first on land inhaled the air
By means of lungs. Of these, some sought their food
Amid the world of waters; some sought theirs
Upon the marshy surface of the shores,
Yet moist and newly risen from the sea;
And some, again, on leathern wings in air.
Enormous lizard-fishes, swiftly urged
By giant oars, their finny prey pursued
In farthest depths of ocean's blue domain;
Fierce, hungry monsters of capacious maw
And hideous aspect, tyrants of the deep;
The predecessors of true reptiles these.
Then saurian tribes for land or water made—
Two natures linked amphibiously in one—
Wherein, in form and attribute, the fish,
The quadruped, and bird were strangely joined,
In rivers and primeval swamps appeared
And took possession of the double realm,
O'er which their stronger members reigned supreme,
Until the scepter of reptilian sway
Passed to terrestrial tribes of higher grade.

The treatment of the themes embodied in the volume is, as may be seen in the extracts already given, entirely original. The reader is impressed with a deep interest at the very

commencement, and yet becomes more and more interested as he advances. Although the style is facile and agreeable and the imagery in the highest degree poetical, yet the substance of the work is no superficial coruscation of the fancy, no fevered growth of the imagination. It is a rich argument, a feast for the mind, a substantial imaginative repast.

In Part Second the author has given a very fine treatise on the comparative features of instinct and reason. His views, of course, are his own, but they throw no little suggestive light on those much-vexed topics. We have not the space in which to give the whole of his remarks, and risk some loss of connection by the following brief extracts:

If mind must be immortal, as is said
By almost every creed, and I believe,
All mind must share this quality divine.
A ray immortal 'tis, wherever placed,
In kind the same, though different in degree,
And nowhere showing more diversity
Than in the opposites of human kind,
The highest and the lowest intellects.
To some the light of reason is denied;
No seeming import in their form and mark,
They stand as blots upon the page of life;
In some the animal preponderates,
And these by instincts low are hurried on;
And some, more godlike in their faculties,
Weigh well the consequences of their acts,
And pick their way by reason's higher aid.

* * * * *
Reason and instinct both, to some extent,
In all the higher genera are found;
In animals the latter most is seen,
The former most adorns the brow of man;
While instinct only on the narrow walk
Of lower kinds bestows a feeble ray.
Archangel and chief messenger benign,
Fraught with the high behests of Heaven to man,
Reason sublime its brightest halo spreads
Around his head and marks him lord of all.
As different lamps these faculties divine;
One bright, one faint.

There is much wholesome instruction imparted by the vigorous yet graceful exposition of the Laws of Life. It is here the experienced medicist shines forth. This is a specimen:

Ye pallid worshippers at Fashion's shrine,
Whom Indigestion and *Dyspepsia* pursue
Around, like Furies armed with scorpion whips,
Repent in time, turn ere it be too late!
Your superflux to those in need resign,
And taste the luxury refined and true,
That only they, thrice happy, can enjoy,
Who live within the simple, genial bounds
Of Nature, and with wise economy
Her temperate, frugal wants supply, no more;
Her rites administer with hearts sincere.

Part Third, the finest portion of the work, is reserved for the grandest of themes, the Deity. The spirit in which the ascriptions are offered, and the love of the Almighty Father descended upon, is most reverential and pathetic. It may be said in this place that the author does not claim to accord in all respects with the tenets of strict orthodoxy, but pursues his chosen line of discussion unfettered by the *formule* of any special theological, ethical, or metaphysical school. That he bows in humble adoration to the great First Cause and "Parent of all good," is again and again evidenced in the progress of his verse. In the entire range of sectarian

doctrines can we discover anything that seems of a sounder spirituality than this?

Poor dying mass of dust and vanity!
Art thou essential to the universe?
Or needful more to Him who reigns supreme
Than is the humblest creature of His hand?
True, 'tis thy happiness to hold a place
Among the very foremost ranks of life,
For which all gratitude and praise are due;
But art thou therefore all and all to God?
Or does He need thy service or thy praise?
Thou and thy race extinct, He from the stones
Could raise up issue to obey His will,
Without an effort, or the heed of time.
Eternal and Almighty, not for Him
Exists or labor or the lapse of time;
To Him past, present, and to come are now.
Know well thyself, proud offspring of the dust,
Thy true condition see; repent, and ask
For mercy and forgiveness of thy sins,
And try to mend; for by humility
Must all be justified, and not by pride;
We can not mend unless we see our faults.

Dr. Harvey most appropriately and beautifully closes his work with a prayer, which though similar in many respects to the grand Universal Prayer of Pope is so essentially different as to mark the writer's individuality. From first to last it appears to be the earnest outburst of a heart filled to overflowing with reverence, gratitude, and love. A few lines will exhibit its general tenor:

Sinful and weak, before Thee I approach
With wants and imperfections numberless.
Be Thou my strength, O Lord, and comforter!
Into my heart Thy Holy Spirit pour,
The Source of wisdom and of every bliss!
Then shall I falter not, nor go astray,
Nor at Thy dispensations just repine,
Though they incomprehensible may be
To minds unclouded with the mists of earth!
Life at the best is but a mingled scene,
Where joy and grief by turns divide the hour,
And then the curtain falls and all is still.
Mysterious shroud! what eye can penetrate
Its gloomy folds and see what lies beyond?
But Thine alone, Eternal God! Enough
For us to know we live and die in Thee.
With proofs around, so ample, of Thy love,
Why should we fear to sleep within Thy arms?
Now and forever may we trust in Thee,
Whose eyes are never sealed in sleep, but keep
Eternal vigils over all thy works!

This volume to be truly understood and appreciated must be read entire; a few isolated extracts can convey but an idea of its construction and sentiment. The frank, liberal, broad-principled reader will dwell on its pages with pleasure, while all who read it will find abundant material for thought and much genuine instruction.

A TRUE LADY.—I was once walking a short distance behind a very handsomely dressed young girl, and thinking as I looked at her beautiful clothes, I wondered if she took half as much pains with her mind?
A poor old man was coming up the walk, with a loaded wheelbarrow, and just before he reached us, he made two attempts to go into the yard of a small house; but the gate was heavy, and would swing back before he could get through.

"Wait," said the young girl, springing lightly forward, "I'll hold the gate open."

And she held the gate open until he passed in, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile as she went on.

"She deserves to have beautiful clothes," I thought, "for a beautiful spirit dwells in her breast."—*LEX—Little Corporal.*

JAMES D. B. DE BOW,
THE SOUTHERN JOURNALIST.

We have here a comparatively large brain on a somewhat fragile though tough and wiry body. There was a lack of constitutional vigor and power; the nervous temperament greatly predominated; consequently there was more mental activity than vitality and physical strength. The brain was long and high rather than broad, corresponding with his slender body, and in volume it was considerably above the average.

That is a very angular and striking physiognomy. The prominent nose, the large eye, the ample forehead, and the thin cheeks with their deep lines indicate rather a lack of vitality than any special mental peculiarities. As a whole, it would be pronounced a hungry, Cassius-like-looking visage; and his mind was clearly of this stamp. He was ambitious, active, restless, impatient, and impulsive. He was in every sense an agitator; such a nature would not be so much inclined to pour oil on the troubled waters as to stir them up. As a partisan he would almost inevitably become a man of mark and a leader; no matter what the interest, whether political, religious, or scientific, in which he should engage, it would be "agitation" in the beginning, in the middle, and all the time. There was nothing of the calm, quiet, and serene in this nature, but far more of the tart than of the sweet. There was kindness, undoubtedly, so also a fair sense of justice, with considerable dignity and pride of character. He had a strong will, as evinced by large Firmness. Observe that long upper lip! He was not over-cautious; indeed, was somewhat lacking in this quality; and he failed to fully appreciate or anticipate all the difficulties to be overcome. The affections were strong, and he would become much attached to persons and pets and places; still these feelings would be subordinate to his philosophy and his ambition. Acquisitiveness was small; and he would make money far better than he could keep it. See how narrow the head just back of the temples and above the ears! He would be but an indifferent financier.

To him property would simply be a means of gratifying other much stronger desires; nor is this surprising when we consider the improvident nature of those by whom he was surrounded. In the sunny South, where nature produces her vegetable treasures in such rich abundance, where her winters are mild and balmy, there is less occasion to lay up or store away for future use, as in the cold, rigorous North. Economy is not the growth of a tropical climate, and the want of it is seen not only in the white but in the black as well. There was more prose than poetry in this organiza-



PORTRAIT OF JAMES D. B. DE BOW.

tion. Compare this head with that of Poe, Longfellow, Halleck, or Whittier, and note the difference in Ideality and Sublimity as well as in the entire contour. This is a man for facts, dry, hard facts, and not of fancy and imagination. There was something of the Calhoun in him, though, of course, not on so high a plan, nor so highly cultured, but the temperament and form of the brain were similar, and so were their characters. The following sketch reveals the rest.

BIOGRAPHY.

The subject of our sketch was born in Charleston, S. C., July 10th, 1820. He was descended, on his mother's side, from the Norton family, who were among the earliest settlers in that State. His father, Garret De Bow, was

a native of New Jersey, and was a merchant in Charleston, and had been in quite affluent circumstances, but at the time of his death was reduced to poverty. Thus J. D. B. De Bow found himself an orphan in very early life, and with little or no pecuniary means by which to get an education. He obtained a situation in a mercantile house in Charleston, and after seven years' clerkship he had saved money enough to carry him through college. He graduated with distinction from Charleston College in 1843, and immediately devoted himself to the study of the law. At the expiration of one year of intense application, during which time he was obliged to have recourse to a painful variety of ingenious shifts to support himself, he was admitted to the Charleston bar.

Here, however, he soon discovered that he was out of his place—that nature had fitted him for other spheres. He became a contributor to the *Southern Quarterly Review*, then published in Charleston, and subsequently became the editor of that periodical. Under his able direction the *Quarterly* advanced in public estimation and acquired an extended notoriety. In 1845 an article from his pen on "Oregon, and the Oregon Question" produced a considerable sensation in the United States, and excited the attention of some of the statesmen of Europe, so much so that it became the occasion of a debate in the French Chamber of Deputies. That year he was prominent as a delegate in the great Southern commercial convention which was held at Memphis, of which John C. Calhoun was president, and in which nearly all the Western States were represented. The enthusiasm which was kindled in him at that convention, with reference to the internal improvements and future growth and importance of the great West and the Mississippi Valley, never ceased; from that time forward he was always one of the most active members of every Southern commercial convention, and in 1857 was president of the Knoxville Convention.

In 1846, in order to devote his energies more effectually to his future course, he withdrew from the *Southern Quarterly* and removed to New Orleans, where he established a commercial monthly periodical under the name of *De Bow's Review*, devoted to the "Agricultural, Commercial, Industrial Progress and Resources of the United States, and more particularly of the Southern and Western States."

The patronage to this work was so small that Mr. De Bow soon sank his small means, and its publication was suspended. A wealthy sugar-planter by the name of Maunsel White shortly afterward advanced a sum of money sufficient to give the *Review* a new start, and pledged additional support, if necessary, to carry on the enterprise. Mr. De Bow renewed his work with his characteristic zeal and in-

dustry, and was soon so successful as to fully cancel his obligation to Mr. White. The circulation of *De Bow's Review* became large, and its influence was very great in all the Southern States. He was appointed to the professorship of Political Economy and Commercial Statistics in the University of Louisiana—a position of honor, yet of little direct pecuniary value. A bureau of statistics was established by the State, and the charge of it was given to Mr. De Bow, who went zealously to work, as usual, and made a very comprehensive report to the Legislature in the year following his appointment; but the appropriations necessary to carry out the designs for which this bureau had been created were not voted, and it soon ceased to exist for want of support. The time had not then come when the full value of such a department in aiding the improvement of society could be popularly appreciated.

Mr. De Bow was also one of the founders of the "Louisiana Historical Society," which also, from want of sufficient public interest in its promotion, lost a distinctive character, was merged into the "Academy of Sciences" of New Orleans.

He took great interest and a very active part in the attempt to construct a railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean, and was foremost of the committee of seven who were appointed by the National Convention which assembled at Memphis, in 1849, "to collect and publish information and to prepare a memorial to Congress" on that proposed great national improvement. The address to the people of the United States on that subject was mostly prepared by him, and its arguments were sustained and illustrated in his usual forcible style. The success which the enterprise of a railroad to the Pacific has already attained—although the route is farther north than was contemplated by the original projectors of the plan—is owing in part to his efforts for a southern route to the Pacific.

He was appointed superintendent of the United States (seventh) census of 1850, which was, with us, the beginning of a new era in census-taking, being the most elaborate and complete that had ever been made in any nation. The previous enumerations in the United States were narrow, and confined to but few subjects; they were published within one, two, or three years from the time when they were severally made, but in such a manner as unfitted them for general understanding, reference, or use, and with very little tabular system and accuracy. A complete set of them did not exist in the public departments at Washington, and some of them were entirely out of print. Mr. De Bow suggested to Congress that all the previous enumerations which had been made could be condensed, with that of 1850, into a single volume, and be of great value for general circulation. A resolution of Congress ordered the work prepared under the direction of Mr. De Bow, and also ordered 100,000 copies of the book; afterward this order was increased to 150,000 copies, and

issued under the title of "Compendium of the Seventh Census." It contained the result of every previous census, beginning with 1790, in comparative tables, with explanatory and illustrative notes, etc. It remains to this day the most valuable and comprehensive work of the kind in existence.

In speaking of the national census Mr. De Bow says: "The importance of correct information regarding the age, sex, condition, occupation, and numbers of a people, their moral and social state, their education and industry, is now universally recognized among the enlightened of all civilized nations. Where this information can be had for periods running back very far, and for many countries, it furnishes the material for contrasts and comparisons the most instructive, and for deducing the soundest rules in the administration of government, or in promoting the general welfare of society. Statistics are far from being the barren array of figures ingeniously and laboriously combined into columns and tables, which many persons are apt to suppose them. They constitute, rather, the *ledger of a nation*, in which, like the merchant in his books, the citizen can read at one view all of the results of a year, or of a period of years, as compared with other periods, and deduce the profit or the loss which has been made in morals, education, wealth, or power."

He possessed to an eminent degree that capacity which in art is called "grouping," and in statistics is known as compiling and arranging results in a clear and concise manner; but at the same time he lived, as it would appear, inconsistently with his known statistical accuracy, in a little chaos of his own. He seemed to abhor what was systematic, and to act without much premeditation. He appeared never to have a place for anything, or if he had, that the thing was not kept in its place. It was a wonder to those who knew him intimately how much he could accomplish with such apparent carelessness. The secret of it was, that he understood the state of confusion which would have perplexed others. In this fact we have a very striking instance of his peculiar genius. As the cultured musician can detect the slightest difference in sound—when and where one note differs from another, and as a skilled painter can distinguish a shade and a variation of a shade where a less cultured eye could mark no distinction—so with De Bow, all his apparent disorder was order to him, though not perceived by others.

The publication of the *Review* under his editorial charge continued monthly, from January, 1846, without much interruption, until April, 1862; only a few numbers were issued during the war, and its regular publication was resumed in January, 1866.

Mr. De Bow was also the author of several articles on American subjects in the new edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," and amid all his other engagements delivered numerous addresses before various literary,

agricultural, and commercial associations in various parts of the United States.

Shortly after the Southern Confederacy was formed, he was appointed by the secretary of the Confederate treasury the chief agent for the purchase and sale of cotton on behalf of the Confederate government. This agency he held to the end of the Confederate government. Soon after the cessation of hostilities he accepted the presidency of the Tennessee and Pacific Railroad Company, an enterprise which seeks to connect the valleys of the Mississippi, Ohio, Cumberland, and Tennessee with the Southern Atlantic, and ultimately to constitute a link in the chain of railroad connection with the Pacific by a Southern route.

Since the war up to the time of his death, which suddenly occurred February 26th, 1867, at Elizabeth, N. J., where he was on a visit to his brother, Mr. De Bow had been one of the most active and useful of men, devoted to the welfare and interests of the South, striving to adapt the new order of things which the war had brought about, to the best advantage and prosperity of his section.

On Physiology.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—*Cubensis*.

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—*Isaiah lv. 6*.

BRAIN OR MUSCLE.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

G. WELL, John, I'm glad to meet you; tell me, pray,
How the world's used you for this many a day,
Since we were boys and went to school together?

I s'pose you've had some rather stormy weather,

And buffeted with billows of vexation.

J. 'Tis true, I've had but little recreation;
My mind is so absorbed in studies vast,
Digging among the records of the past,
Upon the future speculating too,
Treading the fields that have been trod by few,
And pressing on to that mysterious goal
Where intellect shall have supreme control,
Where mind shall rise—

G. Hold! hold! we've had enough!
You'll drive me crazy with such wretched stuff;
You surely don't intend to have me think
That sort of aliment's your meat and drink?

J. I do, indeed. Why, George, I'd rather far
Read a good book than smoke a prime cigar!
A "bon vivant" I never cared to be,
And what I'll have to eat scarce troubles me.

G. Oh! bosh and nonsense! why, you're
mad this minute,
And worse than all, mad with no method in it;
For here you have each day grown thin and thinner,

All for the want of a good wholesome dinner.

J. I feed on glorious viands!

G. But the question
Is, do they serve to help along digestion?
J. There's *Bacon*, now—
G. Ah! *bacon*'s very good,
But only paupers eat such kind of food.
J. You will misunderstand me; but you know
Those master-minds that flourished long ago—
G. Before the flood?—but pray don't stop
to note
All the wise things that those "old fogies"
wrote.
A literary dish, say now and then,
Is very good among a class of men
Who puff their brain up with the vain idea
That they are moving in a different sphere
From ordinary mortals. As for me,
I do not covet their society.
J. Now, George, you're wrong; your notions
are but crude,
And, though I hope you will not think me rude,
I would advise you to break through your plan,
And cultivate the *intellectual man*.
Even association with these men,
Who dash their thoughts off from a diamond
pen,
Whose rays go flashing with scintillant spark,
Through all the ages error made so dark—
Gives to our minds a new and healthy tone;
Part of their wealth we gather as our own.
G. Ah, when you speak of money, that suits
me!
On that score you and I are sure t' agree;
But then I wish it plainly understood
I do not relish intellectual food.
For all you put on such a doleful face,
I'm sure my palate isn't out of place,
And rather than sit down to dry old fare,
That makes one look as though he fed on air,
I, being less ethereal, can't abstain
From food that gives me muscle—if not brain.
To good roast beef, or capon, I'm inclined,
And turtle-soup's exactly to my mind.
Then, some nice *paté* with mysterious name,
The "*bonne bouche*" after you have dined on
game!
My mouth begins to water! I propose
The board, adjourned, meets at Delmonico's,
Where I am very sure you won't refuse
To test the merits of his oyster stews.
J. I beg your pardon, I must read to-night.
G. Reject my offer, most Quixotic knight!
And go among those cobweb-covered shelves,
Where men in parchment have entombed
themselves!
Forego the classics—spinsters so divine—
And let your will, for once, be swayed by mine.
J. No, no; I care not for those dishes rare,
Then why persuade me?
G. Here's the bill of fare,
Far more attractive, as you must acknowledge,
Than the long list of dishes kept at college,
Or those old saw-dust boxes bound in calf
Which never yet provoked a hearty laugh.
J. Truce to your nonsense; hither comes a
friend;
Let us bid him this controversy end,
By giving us advice which course to pursue,
Whether you go with me, or I with you.

R. Well, what's the matter? what's the row
about?

In a dilemma? Can I help you out?

G. Yes; John persists in stuffing up his brain.

J. No, you are wrong; I pray let me explain;
George has an appetite that's most pernicious,
And tempts his palate with unnumbered dishes,
And has a notion the chief end of man
Is to eat just as often as he can.

He may by this improve his fair physique,
But his are not the pleasures that I seek.

G. No; John, to less substantial food inclined,
Forever crams the storehouse of his mind,
Until his body, kept on scanty rations,
Shows the effect of daily meditations,
And, ere the summer's over, I suppose
He'll grace some field convenient to the crows.

R. Well, as I take it, both are much to blame,
With different tastes, indulging them the same;
Take my advice—since my advice you've
sought—

And while you live enjoy life as you ought;
For he who lives according to no rule,
Is less a madman than a silly fool.
If fond of books, read with a mind intent
On culling flowers of truth and sentiment;
But never till the persecuted brain
Reels with the weight it scarcely can contain;
Mingle your studies with those purifiers,
Sleeping and eating, as the case requires,
For nature in ambition's service pressed,
Must have, when'er she craves it, food and
rest.

Let *moderation* ever be your guide;
She, once enlisted, always should preside.
(To John.) Your face, your form, much better
health will show,

And your eyes bright with animation glow.
While you (to George), who claim good living
to enjoy,

Would find it quite delightful to employ
One half your time in some sort of vocation
Where you'd have food for serious contempla-
tion.

G. That sounds like truth, I'm sure I can't
deny it,

And for the novelty of the thing I'll try it.
I see my fault.

J. And mine.

G. A friend in need,
Has proved himself to be a friend in deed;
And, as a vote of thanks we can not proffer
All written out to-day, accept my offer;
If moderation guides my steps aright,
We'll dine on savory meats before 'tis night;
For who the safe or wise pursuit can plan,
If unrefreshed he keeps the inner man?

A QUAKER gentleman, riding in a carriage
with a fashionable lady decked with a profusion
of jewelry, heard her complain of the cold.
Shivering in her lace bonnet and shawl as light
as a cobweb she exclaimed:

"What *shall* I do to get warm?"

"I really don't know," replied the Quaker,
solemnly, "unless thee should put on *another*
breastpin!"

THE TURKISH BATH.

THE *N. Y. Medical Record* reports the trans-
actions of the Medical Journal Association on
this topic, as follows:

Dr. E. C. Angell read a paper upon the thera-
peutic uses of this agent. The Turkish bath,
as most of our readers know, is that in which
hot air, and not vapor, is employed to produce
free perspiration, the patient drinking water
freely; this is followed by the shampooing
process, and this by the application of water,
in spray or otherwise, at a graduated tempera-
ture; after which the bather is cooled off,
and, perhaps, takes a nap. The paper gave
the history of the bath; and spoke of its great
value to persons of sedentary habits, as supply-
ing the place of exercise, affording its benefits
without its fatigue. The air-bath could be
used at a much higher temperature than the
water or the vapor bath without impeding per-
spiration, accelerating the pulse, or producing
debility. Water could not be used advanta-
geously much above 100° F., nor vapor much
above 115°, while air at 250° might produce no
bad effect. Its value in the treatment of the
effects of alcohol, and in overcoming the desire
for it, was dwelt upon and illustrated by cases.
Heat was the best substitute for the customary
stimulus. Its prompt cure of a case of severe
eruption from poisonous food showed its effi-
cacy in purifying the system from noxious ele-
ments. The poison of rheumatism, and even
of malaria, could thus be completely eradica-
ted; and nearly all fevers could be aborted,
abridged, or greatly palliated. The diseased
body was treated as a soiled sponge. The
water first passed through it was much dis-
colored, the perspiration being commonly
offensive to the smell, acrid to the taste, and
stinging to the eyes; but after a time it became
perfectly clear and pure. The bath had pro-
duced the happiest effect in a case of diphtheria,
which was related. It was very efficient in
inducing sleep, probably by calling the blood
from the brain to the surface, in accordance
with Dr. Hammond's view. The perfect safety
of the bath was shown by reports from the
large establishments in London and Dublin,
where, in an aggregate of two million bathers,
not a single authenticated case of injury could
be produced. In 1861 these baths were intro-
duced into the insane asylum at Cork, more
than doubling the percentage of cures, and
diminishing the death-rate more than one half.
Dr. Robertson of the Asylum at Hayward's
Heath, highly extols the baths in the treatment
of insanity, and of the menstrual irregularities
often found associated with mania. Dr. Angell
had seen several cases in which supposed ster-
ility had, after a few baths, given place to
fruitfulness. The baths might be frequently
used, in some cases as often as twice a day,
with excellent tonic effect.

In response to questions by Dr. Buck, Dr.
Foster, and other gentlemen, Dr. Angell said
that a bath commonly occupied about an hour;
that it should not be taken sooner than three
hours after eating; and that for business men

the evening was commonly the most convenient time. No danger was to be apprehended from exposure to cold after the bath; the skin was stimulated to withstand it; and the habitual bather could wear thinner clothing than others. There was little or no oppression on first entering the bath. The hot air, being dry, could be breathed with perfect ease. The head was commonly kept wet, and the hot foot-bath almost invariably used, to call the blood from the brain. At the Jermyn Street bath, in London, a heat of 250° was sometimes employed. Low and moderate temperatures were used in England to prevent the night sweats of phthisis. In cardiac affections the bath was used to relieve the heart, by stimulating the surface-circulation. The doctor had seen no tendency to syncope in these cases. In acute rheumatism he had gained the happiest results. A patient had been sent him—who had been unable to turn in bed for several days. He was put into the bath for one hour, at 175°, and that was the last of his rheumatism.

Dr. C. F. Taylor thought it important that it should be generally known that air could be borne at a much higher temperature than water. He always used hot air for paralyzed extremities, a child easily bearing this at 150°, where water could not be borne at 95°.

Dr. Carroll said that this had been settled more than fifty years ago, by the experiments in ovens. If the air were perfectly dry, a temperature of 400° could be sustained. As to the therapeutic value of the hot-air bath, although Dr. Angell had not claimed it as a specific in any disease, he thought it might be so considered in desquamative nephritis. In the case of his own child, dangerously, and it was thought fatally, ill with this affection, following scarlatina, he had used only hot air and tonics with decided benefit from the first, and complete ultimate success.

Dr. Angell called attention to a new system of heating, by passing the furnace flame through pipes composed mainly of sand, an excellent radiator. He had introduced it into his own establishment, and been gratified by its working. It was quite cheap, and could be introduced, at moderate cost, into the residences of those wishing to avail themselves of the bath at home.

TO KEEP OFF MOSQUITOES.—As the mosquito plague is to be upon us soon again, it may be convenient to many persons to know how to conduct a successful defense against their intolerable attacks.

Of the various remedies proposed, none are so efficacious as the use of mosquito netting in the windows and around the beds at night. But as this is not always practicable or convenient, we must resort to other means for bidding defiance to our enemies. Of these the best is the smoke produced by burning a small quantity of what is technically called "Persian Insect Powder." This consists of the powdered flowers, and perhaps young stems and leaves, of a plant known to botanists as *Pyrethrum carneum*, a kind of chamomile cultivated largely

in Germany, resembling the common garden chamomile in many of its properties, and of which all the various "insect," "magnetic," "fly" powders are in part or entirely composed. For use against mosquitoes, a small quantity—about what could be heaped upon an old-fashioned silver dollar—if any of our readers remember the size of that coin—is placed at bedtime on a plate, and the top of the heap touched with a lighted match until it shows a red coal. The mass will then smolder gradually away, filling the room with a light smoke, which narcotizes the mosquitoes and keeps them quiet for several hours, after which it may be necessary to repeat the operation.

OLE BULL, THE GREAT VIOLINIST.

OLE BORNEMANN BULL was born at Bergen, in Norway, February 5th, 1810. His father endeavored to induce him to study for the church, but his fondness for music, displayed early in youth, was so great, that opposition only stimulated him to the more assiduous study of his favorite instrument—the violin. In 1828 a performance at a concert obtained



PORTRAIT OF OLE BULL.

for him the position of music director of the city of Christiania, where for a short time he attended the University. In 1829 he went to Cassel, to study under Spohr; but not being favorably received, he posted to Göttingen and commenced the study of the law. His musical inclinations, however, were too strong to permit him to pursue a tedious course of study; he soon restrung his violin, and gave a concert at Minden, with encouraging success. An unfortunate duel with a fellow-artist compelled him to leave Germany; he betook himself to Paris, where he met with such disheartening vicissitudes that he attempted to commit suicide. A lady hereupon befriended him, and enabled him to appear respectably before a public audience. The proceeds of the first concert given in Paris enabled him to start on a musical tour. Having spent several years in traveling and giving public entertainments, he returned to his native town with a considerable fortune, earned by his violin. In 1843 he

visited the United States, and remained here about two years. During the next seven years he gave concerts in the chief cities of Europe, and promoted by well-considered efforts the artistic and literary affairs of his home.

By introducing political sentiments into the performances of a theater which he had founded in Bergen he brought himself into conflict with the Government. The result of this trouble was the loss of a great part of his fortune. In 1852 he again visited America, and with the view to establishing a Norwegian colony he purchased a tract of 125,000 acres of land in Pennsylvania. The scheme failed, and to repair his heavy losses Ole Bull resumed his concerts. His first operations proved disastrous, his returns from the management of the New York Academy of Music not by any means meeting his expenses. Soon afterward he went to Europe, where for some years he pursued his old plan of giving concerts. In December of last year he stepped on the shores of America for the third time, and has been diligently engaged since in performing in his inimitable style before large audiences throughout the country.

Although nearly sixty years of age, Ole Bull is still looking young; his form is tall and erect; his pose firm yet graceful; his step elastic, and his countenance beaming with intelligence.

He belongs to the sanguineous-nervous type temperamentally; is impassible, and very strongly emotional. His organization as a whole is exceedingly sensitive, like the strings of his wonderful violin, responsive to the slightest breath of feeling or sentiment. Our engraving is a very inadequate representation of him, yet in the full, broad forehead, earnest eyes, and serene countenance we see much of the man's character.

THE VIOLIN.

Of all musical instruments that have ever been invented by the genius of man, the violin is the most complete, and the inventor deserves to have his name handed down to posterity as a benefactor to his race. Go where you will, into the most remote portions of the earth, and wherever you find civilization, you will hear the sweet and consoling tones of the violin. It is alike the favorite of the rich and the poor, and may be heard in the palace and the cabin throughout the civilized world. There is no estimating the influence for good which has been exerted by this magical instrument. Every father ought to have his sons taught to play on this or some other musical instrument; for music is a great civilizer, and ought to be cultivated in every family. How delightful it is to hear a family of half a dozen children performing on different instruments and executing all the parts of the music! It is calculated to give us a foretaste of the joys of the "better land," and will add materially to the joys of this "vale of tears." Then let this be an "essential part

of education, and be cultivated with numbers, with science, with literature, and poetry; for it is intimately blended with all these—is the spiritual expression of them all. It should begin ere words are lisped by the infant tongue, and be continued through the whole educational course, yea, through life.” A. K.

WATER-CURES.

MANY of those institutions once so popular and so useful in this country have disappeared, or degenerated into mere cheap boarding-houses, summer resorts, private hospitals, or mere money-getting concerns. Some, professedly water-cure, now administer a mixed treatment, hydropathic, homeopathic, eclectic, Thompsonian, and allopathic, according to the notions of the patient. There are few, very few, in which the pure water-cure or hygienic treatment is exclusively given.

There is altogether too much tinkering and experimenting in *all* modes of treatment. What is most needed by the invalid is (1) rest—perfect rest; (2) freedom from care and anxiety; (3) plain and simple food—not stimulants, condiments, confectionery, nor other poisonous compounds; (4) plenty of sleep and plenty of pure air; (5) systematic bodily exercise taken moderately, as may be agreeable—not fatiguing; (6) right social relations and agreeable surroundings; (7) rational entertainments and healthful recreations; (8) faith, hope, and perfect trust; (9) gratitude to God for sins forgiven, and that even the blessing of life is left to us. These are some of the conditions necessary to a cure. One who is peevish, cross, selfish, and desponding can not hope to improve very rapidly, let the treatment be what it may. One who eats too much or too little; one who is continually dosing, stimulating, or narcotizing; one who dissipates in any way, will mend but slowly, if at all.

The thing to be done is to put the patient in right relations to himself physically and spiritually, and to the natural laws, then wait on good old dame Nature to restore him. If there be recuperative power enough in the system, he will steadily improve. Or, if too far exhausted, then he must patiently bide his time. Neither worry nor hurry can do any good. In any event, the patient must keep clear of the quacks who promise to cure *all* diseases with a single nostrum for so much money. But enough. We could write volumes—we have written and published volumes—on these and kindred themes, somewhat, we trust, to the edification of readers. Still, the world is full of invalids; of doctors, quacks, pretenders, swindlers, and impostors. Beware of them! Among the more creditable water-cures now in operation, we may name those of—

DR. VON KUCZKOWSKI, formerly of Prussia, late of New York city, who has taken charge of the Brattleboro (Vt.) Water-Cure for the season—the same that was once so popular under the management of Dr. Wesselhoeft.

Dr. Von Kuczowski was for many years at the head of a hydropathic institution near Constantinople, and has brought letters of recommendation from Minister Bismarck and other distinguished persons.

There are water-cure establishments at Florence, N. J.; Wernersville, Pa.; Brooklyn, Clifton Springs, Birmingham, Elmira, Danville, Buffalo, and Saratoga, N. Y.; Cleveland, O.; St. Anthony, Minn.; Northampton, West-boro, and Florence, Mass.; Hill, N. H.; Danbury, Ct., etc. Our list is necessarily incomplete, but this will serve for the present.

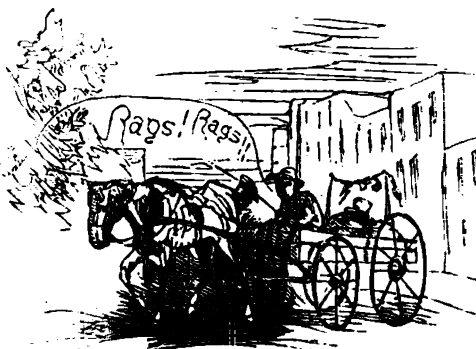
Well-conducted water-cures would prove of inestimable value to the numerous cases of chronic disease; and to broken-down merchants, preachers, physicians, politicians, and a large class of poor dyspeptics who can get no relief from drugs.

The next best thing to a season at a water-cure is the study of physiology, gymnastics, the movement-cure, etc., by which one may learn how to treat himself, or to direct his own treatment at home. Everybody is supposed to know *something* of his organization and of its wants, in health and disease. Less ignorance and more knowledge would prevent much suffering and premature decay. Read the books.

“HOW I CHANGED COACHES.”

“THE top of the morning to you, Master William. I see you are on your way to school, with your satchel of books. So you’ve changed your mind, it seems. Well, come into my office, this afternoon, on your way home, and I’ll tell you how I changed coaches.”

This salutation from Mr. Dana greeted the ears of “Billy Stokes,” as he passed the lawyer’s office on his way to school, and it was most refreshing to him, so seldom was he call-



ed anything but “Billy Stokes,” or spoken to in the language of kindness.

Blushing and stammering most painfully, he replied: “Yes, sir, I’ve concluded to try my hand at study once more, but I don’t much think anything will come of it, there’s so many things against me.”

“Well, drop in, my lad, this afternoon, and we’ll talk about these ‘so many things.’ Will you come?”

“Yes, sir, if you are willing to be plagued with such an awful greenhorn.”



“I haven’t time to contradict you, Master William, for I hear the second bell; but give me a call this afternoon, and we’ll talk about greenhorns, among other things.”

“Well, I declare,” said Billy Stokes to himself, as he hurried on to school, “I’ve always took that man for a tremendous great gentleman because he drove such a splendid team, and had such a grand-looking driver, but I hadn’t no thought he was so good. Inviting me, Billy Stokes, cowboy, to give him a call! Did I ever hear the like? Well, I’ll go anyway,

for it’ll be better than a show to hear him tell ‘how he changed coaches.’ I reckon, though, if he ever expects to see me change coaches, he’ll have to wait a while.”

When Billy Stokes entered Mr. Dana’s office in the afternoon, his first greeting was:

“So you’ve come, Master William, to hear how ‘Old Ragbag’ changed coaches, have you?”

“Well, I’d like to know,” replied Billy, with an embarrassed manner and awkward smile. “It must be a good story.”

“That it is, my boy; but I can’t tell you the whole of it this afternoon, for it is too long. I can tell you enough, however, to satisfy you that just as good a story may be told about you, some time or other. Well, the first thing I want to tell you is, that I came to prosperity *step by step*. I didn’t wake up, on a fine morning, and find myself grown up and riding round in a coach, but I *worked my way*—and that’s another thing I want you to notice—up to prosperity and into my coach. It was a long time before I ceased to be ‘Old Ragbag,’ and gave up my cart. And now do you want to know what was the first turn in my fortune? Well, it was this: I was riding along in my rag cart one day, when I saw an unruly cow chasing a young lady, and she was running as fast as she could run, while the boys in the street stood and laughed, for they thought it was great fun. As soon as I saw what was the trouble, I jumped out of the cart and pursued the cow, calling out to the young lady not to be afraid, for I was used to cows and could manage a dozen.

“Look back at your cart and see the rags flying,” called out one of the boys. ‘Look! Old Ragbag.’

“Never mind about the rags flying,” I answered coolly, as I returned and took my seat in the cart. ‘I’ve sent that cow flying, and that’s enough.’

“Off I drove, with as independent and kingly an air as if I were in a triumphal car; and I think I held my head a little higher than usual because I had refused to take the young lady’s money that she offered me. She was determined to pay me; but although I was ‘Old Ragbag,’ and drove a cart, I had quite an idea of *gallantry*, and a great aversion to being *paid* for it. Not a penny of her three dollars had I taken, and I drove off, much more satisfied with myself than I should have been if I had had the three dollars in my pocket. But the young lady was not so satisfied, and it wasn’t long before she gave my mother a new spring calico dress, and me, half a dozen fine white pocket-handkerchiefs. I went home one day to dinner, and my mother said to me, pointing to the open package on the table, ‘Why didn’t you ever tell me that you drove off a cow that was running after Miss Fanny Barber?’

“Oh, it wasn’t worth telling,” I said.

“But this dress and those handkerchiefs are worth having,” she answered, ‘and nothing has pleased me so much in a long time.’

“Well, they pleased me too, Master William, and I had a chance that summer to be pleased

over and over again, for there was no end to Miss Fanny's kindnesses. She gave my mother, and me too, a great many presents, and furnished my mother with sewing, and paid her the highest price for it.

"We lived near Mr. Barber's, fortunately, and I was never out of profitable employment after I sent that ugly cow flying. Miss Fanny was always wanting me to do something for her in her flower-garden, and Mr. Barber wanted me to take care of his strawberry-bed, and do many other things which, he said, he knew I would do faithfully. Oh, how happy 'I' was under such treatment and with such confidence placed in me. Well, the good Lord at length gave me such favor in the eyes of Mr. Barber as I never expected. Miss Fanny told me, one evening, when I was poring over a book, that her father was going to send me to school and give me as good a chance for an education as if I were his own son. And he did that very thing, and, in a few years, I was known as Mr. Robert Dana, and the name of 'Old Ragbag' was forgotten. You see, my boy, how I rose, and yet, may-be, you don't exactly see it—so let me give you a few rules to help you up in the world—rules that, I think, fully explain *how I changed coaches*.

"Honor your position in life, whatever it is, and then it can't dishonor you.

"Whatever work is put into your hands to do, do it *well*. 'Be faithful in that which is *least*.'

"Don't let your circumstances get the better of you and pull you down, but do you get the better of circumstances, and the first thing you know, they'll carry you on to fortune, and you'll find you've changed coaches.

"Make the most of your opportunities. Study bravely and faithfully, for there's nothing like education to give a man place and power in the world.

"There is one more rule I want to give you, for I think it is of great importance. Never fail to do a kindness whenever you have a chance, for it will give you the favor of the good, as it gave me the favor of Miss Fanny and her father."

Billy Stokes' eyes filled to overflowing, and they were just on the point of running over, when he made a dash out of the office; but he went out wiser than when he came in.

MOHAMMED.

[CONCLUDED.]

THE star of Mohammed's mission was now rising; his enemies, by their very warfare against the faithful, were fast rolling the wheel of empire toward him; and their rejection of the new revelation was but preparing the way for the epoch of his military apostleship! He had reached the period of his prophetic career most famous for its results. It is called the "Accepted Year," in which, among other notable events, stands foremost the immortalized "Hegira," or the Flight, whence dates the Mohammedan era. First, in the order of re-

markable events, came twelve citizens of Medina on pilgrimage to Mecca, who, hearing the Prophet preach, received the word and swore allegiance and obedience to him. These were honored with the title of "The Defenders." Returning to Medina, they brought others into the faith, and soon after seventy-three more converts from that city came to enroll themselves under his banner; and these on Mount Akaba took the oath pertaining to the gospel of the sword. "If," said they, "we be slain in thy cause, what shall be our reward?" "Paradise!" answered the Prophet. "Then," said they, "stretch forth thy right hand," and he did so. Then they took the oath, and swore that they would uphold and defend the Prophet and his cause. Thus began that mighty military organization which in its growth built up a vast empire, and for centuries, against the chivalry of Christendom, contended even for the dominion of the world.

Up to this important period the "kingdom of God," as represented in Mohammed's mission, had not received its perfect organization, for, according to the very genius of Islamism, the apostleship is the power of God ordained to bear off the kingdom. Notwithstanding, therefore, that unto the Christ of Ishmael's seed it was given to build it up by the might of the sword, he, like the Christ from the chosen seed of Isaac, now called twelve apostles; and thus endowed, Mohammed's dispensation was fairly opened.

Mohammed's "kingdom of God" being now once more perfectly set up upon the earth, by the choosing of twelve apostles, the Prophet sent away "The Defenders," and counseled the residue of his disciples to take their flight to Medina; but the Prophet, with Abu Beker and Ali, remained behind in his beloved native city, not having, he said, as yet divine permission to leave Mecca. This exodus of his followers alarmed the rival branch of the Koreishites; for since the day that the twelve pilgrims took the oath on Mount Akaba, so great had been the success of Islamism in Medina, that this chosen city was now ready to welcome the Prophet as its divine lawgiver and sovereign. His enemies in Mecca, fearful lest his new allies should proselyte other powerful tribes, and return to avenge the cause of their prophet, resolved to interrupt the flight of Mohammed and at once put him to death. They accordingly held a council, in which his assassination was formally arranged by the chief men of the city; but scarcely was the conspiracy against him conceived ere it was known to the Prophet, professedly revealed to him by the angel Gabriel, who now ordered him to take his flight to Medina.

Thereupon, "to amuse his enemies," he directed Ali to lie down in his place, and wrap himself in his green cloak, which he did; and Mohammed escaped miraculously, as they pretend, to Abu Beker's house, unperceived by the conspirators, who had already assembled at the Prophet's door. They, in the meantime, looking through the crevice, and seeing

Ali, whom they took to be the Prophet himself, asleep, continued watching there all morning, thus giving Mohammed the advantage of escape. At length, bursting in the door, they rushed toward the sleeper, when Ali started up and confronted them. Amazed they demanded "Where is Mohammed?" "I know not," replied Ali, sternly, and walked forth, none venturing to molest him.

Abu Beker and the Prophet took refuge in a cave at Mount Thor, where they arrived at dawn of day. Scarce were they in when they heard the sound of pursuit. "Our pursuers," said the apprehensive Abu Beker, "are many, and we are but two." "Be not grieved," replied the grand enthusiast, "there is a third, even God himself. He will defend us." In this cave they remained three days, according to tradition, preserved by another miracle, after which they set out for Medina, taking a by-road. But they had not journeyed far before they were overtaken by a troop of horse, and Abu Beker was again dismayed. The comforting word was still, "Be not troubled; God is with us!" As the Koreishite leader overtook Mohammed, his horse fell, and the Prophet taking advantage of the incident, spoke to him with such words of power and authority that the stern warrior was awed, and entreating forgiveness turned back his troop. The fugitives continued their journey until they arrived at a little village two miles from Medina, where they remained four days, in which time they gathered to him the refugees of Mecca, and a little host of the auxiliaries, among whom was a warrior chief with seventy followers of the tribe of Salram, who forthwith made profession of faith.

On the morning of the Moslem Sabbath, after the service of prayers and a sermon from the Prophet, he mounted his camel and set forth for the chosen city, the troop of horse attending him as guards, and his disciples from Mecca took turns in holding a canopy of palm leaves over his head. By his side rode Abu Beker. "Oh, apostle of God!" cried the Salram chief, "thou shalt not enter Medina without a standard." So he unfolded his turban, and, tying it to the point of his lance, bore it aloft before the Prophet. "Thus," says Washington Irving, "did Mohammed enter Medina more as a conqueror than an exile seeking an asylum."

New dispensations have ever found their crowning opportunities made by the force of the action against them, as though an overruling power worked in harmony from opposite sides. The Egyptian bondage brought forth the exodus of the chosen people—the exodus the nationality of Israel. So also from the flight of the Arabian fanatic grew up the Mohammedan empire.

He now boldly proclaimed his military apostleship, and empowered his followers to make war upon the idolaters, and build up the kingdom of God by the sword. There was a new revelation—a second seal of his dispensation opened. "The sword," exclaim-

ed the Prophet, "is the key of heaven and of hell; a drop of blood shed in the cause of God, a night spent under arms, is of more avail than two months of fasting and prayer. Whosoever falls in battle, his sins are forgiven; at the day of judgment his wounds shall be resplendent as vermillion and odoriferous as musk; the loss of his limbs shall be replaced by the wings of angels and of cherubim."

The first of Mohammed's victories was won in the second year of the Hegira, in the Valley of Beder, over the idolatrous Meccans, headed by his great enemy, Abu Sofian. The forces of the Prophet consisted of only 319 men, while that of the enemy numbered nearly 1,000; notwithstanding, he put them to flight, killing seventy of the principal Koreish, and taking as many prisoners, with the loss of only fourteen of his own men.

In the Koran this battle is immortalized, and the victory of the little band of the faithful ascribed to the presence of the angel Gabriel. Nor less fortunate was the spoil taken from the enemy of the whole caravan, consisting of 6,000 camels, richly laden, from Syria. With this spoil he possessed the means of present reward for his followers, while to the warlike tribes of Arabia the promise of the future was most fascinating, and soon a formidable host flocked to his standard.

The career of Mohammed was thenceforth one of conquest. The pagan tribes, who would not peacefully be converted from their idolatry, he subdued with the sword, and they in their turn became valiant in the "cause of the Lord," proving that the military gospel was the one most adapted to the character of the children of Ishmael, and even consonant with the patriarchal blessing and covenant pertaining to Abraham's firstborn.

In the seventh year of the Hegira, Mohammed assumed the state of a sovereign, and sent embassies to the monarchs around. The emperor of Persia treated the embassy sent to him with supreme contempt, for which the Prophet launched against him the divine wrath, predicting the overthrow of the haughty Persian empire by the conquering arms of the faithful. In the next year, Mohammed appeared suddenly at the gates of Mecca with 10,000 men, before the troops of that city had even been apprised of his departure from Medina. They had no choice left but immediate surrender or destruction; and thus at length was humbled the powerful race from whence the Prophet himself had sprang, and the city of his nativity, which had rejected his message and cast him out. The capture of Mecca, and the submission of the great tribe of the Koreish, was rapidly followed by the conversion to Islamism of most of the remote tribes, until he became master of all Arabia. Having brought all the tribes into one powerful union, and given birth to an Arabian empire, he made gigantic preparations for the conquest of Syria and Persia; but his vast purposes were destined to be fulfilled by his successors, for his own life was now drawing to a close.

In the tenth year of the Hegira, Mohammed set forth on a solemn pilgrimage to Mecca, as the last act of his life and ministry upon earth. He was accompanied by all his wives, and 90,000 pilgrims. With his own hands he sacrificed sixty-three victims, and liberated sixty-three slaves, in thanksgiving for each year of his life. He also shaved his head and scattered the hair among the multitude, which they piously gathered up, to the smallest hair, and treasured as holy relics. He closed the solemnity with his last revelation, pronounced by the "Spirit of the Lord" through the medium of his prophet. "Henceforth, wretched and miserable shall they be who deny your religion. Fear not them, but fear me; this day I have perfected your religion, and completed my grace toward you. I have willed that Islamism be your religion." Finally, as supreme pontiff or Imam, Mohammed dismissed the people with a farewell, the last, as he declared, that he should give them; whence this pilgrimage is called "The Farewell."

Mohammed returned to Medina, and died, in the eleventh year of the Hegira, and in the sixty-first year of his age, having accomplished during his lifetime, in the work of religious empire-founding, more than any before him; and in less than ten years after his death, under Omar, his second successor, was completed the conquest of Egypt, Syria, and Persia, the vast Mohammedan empire established, and Islamism dominant over nearly all the Eastern Hemisphere.

What shall we say of this wonderful man and his mission? This: if there be a God, then must that God, of necessity, be in all the world's great issues. Surely, then, into the hands of Mohammed Providence committed one of the greatest of those issues.

Mr. Carlyle's philosophy of the life of the man utterly rejects the popular notions of Mohammed. He believes that "the rude message he delivered was a real one withal—an earnest, confused voice from the unknown deep. The man's words were not false, nor his workings here below; no inanity and simulacrum; a fiery mass of life cast up from the great bosom of nature herself." He discerns in him a rugged, deep-hearted son of the wilderness—"one of those who can not but be in earnest—whom nature herself has appointed to be sincere." "From of old a thousand thoughts, in his pilgrimings and wanderings, had been in this man: What am I? What is this unfathomable thing I live in, which men name universe? What is life—what is death? What am I to believe? What am I to do? The grim rocks of Mount Hara, of Mount Sinai, the stern, sandy solitudes answered not. The great heaven, rolling silent overhead, with its blue, glancing stars, answered not. There was no answer. The man's soul, and what of God's inspiration dwelt there, had to answer." At length, Carlyle thinks, the answer came in his own grand conception, that "there is one God in and over all."

With this annunciation, made by his own soul, he became possessed with the spirit of a mission to establish in Arabia the truth that there is but one God. That there was a deity in Mohammed's life working out one of the world-issues seems to be Mr. Carlyle's opinion. "Are we to suppose," he asks, "that it was a miserable piece of spiritual

legerdemain, this which so many creatures of the Almighty have lived by and died? I, for my part, can not form any such supposition. I will believe most things sooner than that. One would be entirely at a loss what to think of this great world at all, if quackery so grew and were sanctioned here." Accordingly, he holds that Mahommed's dispensation was legitimate and successful, advancing the nations which received it from their state of idolatry to a higher stage of civilization, and to the faith of One God.

We will close our article with a description of the Prophet, from Washington Irving:

"Mohammed, according to accounts handed down by tradition from his cotemporaries, was of middle stature, square built, and sinewy, with large hands and feet. In his youth he was uncommonly strong and vigorous; in the latter part of his life he inclined to corpulency. His head was capacious, well shaped, and well set on a neck which rose like a pillar from his ample chest. His forehead was high, broad at the temples, and crossed by veins extending down to the eyebrows, which swelled whenever he was angry or excited. He had an oval face, marked and expressive features, an aquiline nose, black eyes, arched eyebrows which nearly met, a mouth large and flexible, indicating eloquence; very white teeth, somewhat parted and irregular; black hair, which waved without a curl on his shoulders, and a long and very full beard.

"His deportment in general was calm and equable; he sometimes indulged in pleasantry, but more commonly was grave and dignified, though he is said to have possessed a smile of captivating sweetness. His complexion was more ruddy than is usual with Arabs, and in his excited and enthusiastic moments there was a glow and radiance in his countenance which his disciples magnified into the supernatural light of prophecy.

"His intellectual qualities were undoubtedly of an extraordinary kind. He had a quick apprehension, a retentive memory, a vivid imagination, and an inventive genius. Owing but little to education, he had quickened and informed his mind by close observation, and stored it with a great variety of knowledge concerning the systems of religion current in his day or handed down by tradition from antiquity. His ordinary discourse was grave and sententious, abounding with those aphorisms and apologies so popular among the Arabs; at times he was excited and eloquent, and his eloquence was aided by a voice musical and sonorous. He was sober and abstemious in his diet, and a rigorous observer of fasts. He indulged in no magnificence of apparel, the ostentation of a petty mind, neither was his simplicity affected, but the result of a real disregard to distinction from so trivial a source. His garments were sometimes of wool, sometimes of the striped cotton of Yemen, and were often patched. He wore a turban, for he said turbans were worn by the angels, and in arranging it he let one end hang down his shoulders, which he said was the way they wore it. * * * He wore a seal ring of silver, the engraved part under his finger close to the palm of his hand, bearing the inscription, 'Mohammed the messenger of God.' He was scrupulous as to personal cleanliness, and observed frequent ablutions. * * * 'There are two things in this world,' he would say, 'which delight me, women and perfumes. These two things delight my eyes and render me more fervent in devotion. It is said that when in the presence of a beautiful female, he was continually smoothing his brow and adjusting his hair as if anxious to appear to advantage. In his private dealings he was just. He treated friends and strangers, the rich and the poor, the powerful and the weak with equity, and was beloved by the common people.'

NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1868.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous practice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Pua*.

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IDEALITY AND SUBLIMITY.

IDEALITY.—Perception and admiration of the beautiful, and perfect in art, painting, and sculpture; love of poetry; refinement; good taste; imagination. *Excess:* Fastidiousness; romantic imagination. *Deficiency:* Want of taste and refinement, with strong passions and a coarse temperament, roughness and vulgarity.

I clothed thee with broidered work, and covered thee with silk; I decked thee with ornaments; I put bracelets upon thine hands, a chain on thy neck, a jewel on thy forehead, earrings in thine ears, and a beautiful crown on thine head, and thou wast exceedingly beautiful; for it was perfect through my comeliness, which I had put upon thee, saith the Lord.—*Ezek. xvi. 10-14.* O Tyrus, thou hast said, I am of perfect beauty. Thy borders are in the midst of the seas, thy builders have perfected thy beauty.—*Ezek. xxvii. 3, 4.* Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined.—*Psa. l. 2.*

SUBLIMITY.—Fondness for the grand, sublime, and majestic in nature; the wild and romantic, as Niagara Falls; rugged mountain scenery, ocean storms, thunder, lightning, etc. *Excess:* Extravagant representations; passionate fondness for the terrific. *Deficiency:* Inability to appreciate grandeur.

And God said, Let there be light, and there was light.—*Gen. i. 3.* The Lord reigneth; he is clothed with majesty. The floods have lifted up their voice, the floods lift up their waves. The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters; than the mighty waves of the sea.—*Psa. xciii. 1, 3, 4.* And the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll.—*Isa. xxiv. 4.* Thus saith the Lord of hosts, I will shake the heavens, and the earth, and the sea; and I will shake all nations, and I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of hosts.—*Hag. ii. 6, 7.* The earth shook and trembled; he bowed the heavens also, and came down, and he rode upon a cherub, and did fly upon the wings of the wind; he made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies; the Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice.—*Psa. xviii. 7-13.*

WITHOUT these faculties the earth would present but a tame, indifferent aspect. Mountain, plain, and glen would seem alike. Without them there would be no poetry, no art, no sense of the beautiful. These are purely *human* faculties—denied to all animals. They are developed by civilization. We find but their rudiments in the savage. Contrast the rude hut and the simple wigwam with the commodious dwelling and the gorgeous temple. He who ignores the office of the faculties denies himself the exquisite pleasure which their right exercise would give. As sensible human beings we are to recognize both the *useful* and the *beautiful*, and we should not underrate the one nor exalt the other. The "Friends"—a very excellent body of sincere religionists—may pronounce

curses on MUSIC, but they can not annihilate the God-given faculty of TUNE. The Methodists—a devout and zealous people—may prefer to worship in a plain edifice and oppose all architectural ornamentation. They may denounce the folly of foolish fashions—but they can not repress a love for grand and graceful structures, nor for artistic and becoming attire. Excess of a good thing in one does not require its total disuse by another.

Ideality and Sublimity, as well as Acquisitiveness, Approbativeness, and all the rest, are to be subordinated to Conscientiousness, Benevolence, and Veneration. The moral sentiments are the highest in location and in function, and must rule. That we are to be godly, does not imply that we are to be indifferent to the beauties of art or the sublimities of nature. It is our privilege and our duty to exercise *all* the faculties to their fullest normal capacity.

Our attention has recently been called to this subject by the proceedings of the American Congress respecting one of the most sublime portions of this continent. We refer to the

YO SEMITE VALLEY, in California. Here is where the "big trees" grow, and where one's Sublimity may feast to its fullest, and *grow* by what it feeds upon.

The New York *Evening Post* is justly indignant at what it deems sacrilegious selfishness, in a few ambitious persons who would "bottle up" these blessings, and then peddle out the privilege of a visit for a consideration. In an editorial it says:

An extraordinary impudent proposition is now urged upon Congress, which is asked to repeal or disregard a law passed by itself in 1865 to prevent the Yo Semite Valley from falling into the hands of private speculators.

In passing that law Congress acted upon the understanding that there are certain things in every large country which may with justice and propriety be held and guarded by its government as crown jewels are held and guarded by empires and kingdoms—things the safe keeping and proper management of which may be considered a matter of greater moment than that of common property, and the disposition of which should under no circumstances be given over to the chances of private caprice or cupidity. There are those who think it would have been well had Congress fifty years ago been thus wisely conservative of the banks of the Niagara. Our artists and most intelligent travelers tell us that the Yo Semite even more imperatively demands such an exercise of prudence, and the wonderful photographs of Mr. Watkins serve to confirm their report.

When the law of 1865 was passed, the nation

still held the fee of the Yo Semite in all its parts, as well as of all the land for many miles about it. It had no special value for agricultural, mining, or any industrial purposes. It was inaccessible except by difficult trails.

It appears, nevertheless, that even before Congress had taken precautions to prevent its falling into private hands, speculators had already squatted upon the choicest ground, and although the district had never been opened to pre-emption claims, two of these men now have the effrontery to demand that the whole object of the law shall be subverted by a free gift to them of the land they have occupied. The only shadow of reason they offer is to be found in the statement that they would, in all probability, after a time, have acquired pre-emption claims, had Congress not determined that this land should be treated exceptionally. That is to say, had Congress chosen to surrender this ground to anybody who was willing to put himself to the trouble of building a cabin there and living over winter in it, these two men might have established a claim to it; and as the refusal of Congress to do so has disappointed them, therefore, they assert, Congress is bound to recede and prevent the failure of their speculation.

A more absurd proposition never came before a legislative body; and yet we find that the bill has slipped through the House without attention, and has been read twice and gravely referred to a Committee of the Senate.

The commissioners appointed by the State of California, in accordance with the suggestion of Congress, to protect the reservation, had already, it appears, very generously offered to allow these men to occupy each his one hundred and sixty acres of land, rent free, for a period of ten years, on condition that they should preserve the trees, and refrain from damming the streams or seriously defacing the scenery, and should allow the public free passage-way.

It is asserted that this concession would not be sufficient to justify the squatters in building suitable houses for the accommodation of visitors.

If there is a question as to the proper length of the lease, it is obviously one which Congress intended should be considered and settled by the commissioners, who are themselves Californians of high character, chosen from regard to their special qualifications to reach sound conclusions in the premises, and who have been on the ground and carefully studied it. But even if there were reason to suppose that a free lease might be judiciously granted for a somewhat longer period, this would be no justification of the demand for a free gift for all time.

Here is a description of the Yo Semite, by Frederic Law Olmstead, written to that paper. It is very graphic, and will be enjoyed by all who have any love for the grandeurs of nature.

With the early completion of the Pacific Railroad there can be no doubt that the Park established by act of Congress as a place of free recreation for the people of the United States and their guests forever, will be resorted to from all parts of the civilized world. Many intelligent men, nevertheless, have hardly yet heard of it, and hence an effort to give an account of the leading qualities of its scenery may be pardoned, however inadequate it is sure to be.

The main feature of the Yo Semite is best indicated in one word as a chasm. It is a chasm nearly a mile in average width, however, and more than ten miles in length. The central and broader part of this chasm is

occupied at the bottom by a series of groves of magnificent trees, and meadows of the most varied, luxuriant and exquisite herbage, through which meanders a broad stream of the clearest water, rippling over a pebbly bottom, and eddying among banks of ferns and rushes; sometimes narrowed into sparkling rapids and sometimes expanding into placid pools which reflect the wondrous heights on either side. The walls of the chasm are generally half a mile, sometimes nearly a mile in height above these meadows, and where most lofty are nearly perpendicular, sometimes over-jutting. At frequent intervals, however, they are cleft, broken, terraced, and sloped, and in these places, as well as everywhere upon the summit, they are overgrown by thick clusters of trees.

There is nothing strange or exotic in the character of the vegetation; most of the trees and plants, especially those of the meadows and waterside, are closely allied to and are not readily distinguished from those most common in the landscapes of the Eastern States or the midland counties of England. The stream is such a one as Shakspeare delighted in, and brings pleasing reminiscences to the traveler of the Avon or the upper Thames.

Banks of heartsease and beds of cowslips and daisies are frequent, and thickets of alder, dogwood, and willow often fringe the shores. At several points streams of water flow into the chasm, descending at one leap from five hundred to fourteen hundred feet. One small stream falls, in three closely consecutive pitches, a distance of two thousand six hundred feet, which is more than fifteen times the height of the Falls of the Niagara. In the spray of these falls superb rainbows are seen.

At certain points the walls of rock are plowed in polished horizontal furrows, at others moraines of boulders and pebbles are found; both evincing the terrific force with which in past ages of the earth's history a glacier has moved down the chasm from among the adjoining peaks of the Sierras. Beyond the lofty walls still loftier mountains rise, some crowned by forests, others in simple rounded cones of light gray granite. The climate of the region is never dry like that of the lower parts of the State of California; even when, for several months, not a drop of rain has fallen twenty miles to the westward, and the country there is parched, and all vegetation withered, the Yo Semite continues to receive frequent soft showers, and to be dressed throughout in living green.

After midsummer a light, transparent haze generally pervades the atmosphere, giving an indescribable softness and exquisite dreamy charm to the scenery, like that produced by the Indian summer of the East. Clouds gathering at this season upon the snowy peaks which rise within forty miles on each side of the chasm to a height of over twelve thousand feet, sometimes roll down over the cliffs in the afternoon, and, under the influence of the rays of the setting sun, form the most gorgeous and magnificent thunder heads. The average elevation of the ground is greater than that of the highest peak of the White Mountains or the Alleghanies, and the air is rare and bracing; yet its temperature is never uncomfortably cool in summer, nor severe in winter.

Flowering shrubs of sweet fragrance and balmy herbs abound in the meadows, and there is everywhere a delicate odor of the prevailing foliage in the pines and cedars. The water of the streams is soft and limpid, as clear as crystal, abounds with trout, and, except near its sources, is, during the heat of the summer, of an agreeable temperature for bathing. In the lower part of the valley there are copious mineral springs, the water of one of which is regarded by the aboriginal inhabitants as having remarkable curative properties. A basin

still exists to which weak and sickly persons were brought for bathing. The water has not been analyzed, but that it possesses highly tonic as well as other medical qualities can be readily seen. In the neighboring mountains there are also springs strongly charged with carbonic acid gas, and said to resemble in taste the Empire Springs of Saratoga.

The other district, associated with this by the act of Congress, consists of four sections of land, about thirty miles distant from it, on which stand in the midst of a forest composed of the usual trees and shrubs of the western slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, about six hundred mature trees of the giant Sequoia. Among them is one known through numerous paintings and photographs as the Grizzly Giant, which probably is the noblest tree in the world. Besides this, there are hundreds of such beauty and stateliness that, to one who moves among them in the reverent mood to which they so strongly incite the mind, it will not seem strange that intelligent travelers have declared that they would rather have passed by Niagara itself than have missed visiting this grove.

In the region intermediate between the two districts the scenery generally is of a grand character, consisting of granite mountains and a forest composed mainly of coniferous trees of great size, yet often more perfect, vigorous, and luxuriant than trees of half the size are ever found on the Atlantic side of the continent. It is not, however, in its grandeur or in its forest beauty that the attraction of this intermediate region consists, so much as in the more secluded charms of some of its glens, formed by mountain torrents, fed from the snow banks of the higher Sierras.

These have worn deep and picturesque channels in the granite rocks, and in the moist shadows of their recesses grow tender plants of rare and peculiar loveliness. The broad parachute-like leaves of the peltate saxifrage, delicate ferns, soft mosses, and the most brilliant lichens abound, and in following up the ravines, cabinet pictures open at every turn, which, while composed of materials mainly new to the artist, constantly recall the most valued sketches of Calame in the Alps and Apennines.

The difference in the elevation of different parts of the district amounts to considerably more than a mile. Owing to this difference, and the great variety of exposure and other circumstances, there is a larger number of species of plants within the district than probably can be found within a similar space anywhere else on the continent. Professor Torrey, who has given the received botanical names to several hundred plants of California, states that on the space of a few acres of meadow land he found about three hundred species, and that within sight of the trail usually followed by visitors, at least six hundred may be observed, most of them being small and delicate flowering plants.

By no statement of the elements of the scenery can any idea of that scenery be given, any more than a true impression can be conveyed of a human face by a measured account of its features. It is conceivable that any one or all of the cliffs of the Yo Semite might be changed in form and color, without lessening the enjoyment which is now obtained from the scenery. Nor is this enjoyment any more essentially derived from its meadows, its trees, streams, least of all can it be attributed to the cascades. These, indeed, are scarcely to be named among the elements of the scenery. They are mere incidents, of far less consequence any day of the summer than the imperceptible humidity of the atmosphere and the soil. The chasm remains when they are dry, and the scenery may be, and often is, more effective, by reason of some temporary condition of the

air, of clouds, of moonlight, or of sunlight through mist or smoke, in the season when the cascades attract the least attention, than when their volume of water is largest and their roar like constant thunder.

There are falls of water elsewhere finer; there are more stupendous rocks, more beetling cliffs; there are deeper and more awful chasms; there may be as beautiful streams, as lovely meadows; there are larger trees. It is in no scene or scenes the charm consists, but in the miles of scenery where cliffs of awful height and rocks of vast magnitude and of varied and exquisite coloring, and banked and fringed and draped and shadowed by the tender foliage of noble and lovely trees and bushes, reflected from the most placid pools, and associated with the most tranquil meadows, the most playful streams, and every variety of soft and peaceful pastoral beauty.

The union of the deepest sublimity with the deepest beauty of nature, not in one feature or another, not in one part or one scene or another, not any landscape that can be framed by itself, but all around and wherever the visitor goes, constitutes the Yo Semite the greatest glory of nature. No photograph or series of photographs, no paintings ever prepare a visitor so that he is not taken by surprise, for could the scenes be faithfully represented, the visitor is affected not only by that upon which his eye is at any moment fixed, but by all that with which on every side it is associated, and of which it is seen only as an inherent part. For the same reason no description, no measurements, no comparisons are of much value. Indeed, the attention called by these to points in some definite way remarkable, by fixing the mind on mere matters of wonder or curiosity, prevent the true and far more extraordinary character of the scenery from being appreciated.

When the great Atlantic and Pacific Railway shall be finished across the Rocky Mountains, we propose to visit the Yo Semite and look on those grandeurs so eloquently described above. Let no American boast of sight-seeing in foreign lands till he has seen the Yo Semite. Hurry up the railway, Californians! get things ready. There will be a "big crowd" to see the big things you have for exhibition!

PARTY SPIRIT.

It was religious "sectarianism run mad," that caused the so-called "Holy Wars," in which millions of human beings were put to death. It is religious sectarianism, to-day, that causes endless little animosities and persecutions all over the world. But, thank God, man is growing up out of his passions and prejudices into the moral sentiments, and is taking on a broad and more liberal Christianity, which begets a larger charity and a higher humanity.

To-day we meet on every hand the most intense *political* sectarianism. We divide on questions of policy; a high

tariff or a low tariff; on a specie or a paper currency; on partial or impartial suffrage; and the nation is in an uproar, the people forming themselves into parties which go for one or more and against the residue of these measures. So violent do inconsiderate persons become in the discussion, that they resort to any means to carry their point. One denounces the other as being all that is bad; and the other proclaims his opponent the immediate offspring of his satanic majesty.

Now, all this is weak and childish. Slight differences in opinion, where moral principle is not involved, are not to be construed into intentional wickedness. High-minded statesmen are above party, as high-minded Christians are above the creed which they themselves make.

When such questions as "liberty or slavery" are up for discussion or action, the *hearts* of men enter into them, and there can be no compromise, no concession, no submission. *Then* it is property and pride on one side, with moral principle and patriotism on the other.

Politicians may be so astute as to thwart the right and perpetuate a great wrong for years. But God is great, and truth is the grand underlying principle of his government; appreciating this, we may confidently declare that the *right* will *finally* prevail. When one honestly seeks the good of his fellow-men; when he favors the dissemination of intelligence, temperance, and true religion, he may be safely trusted. But if he oppose these leading features of social progress and a true civilization; if he identify himself with dishonest men, with low demagogues, gamblers, boxers, bullies, libertines, and other vagabonds, why, we may readily infer where he naturally belongs, for

"Birds of a feather flock together."

But honest men may honestly differ without being open to the charges of corruption or venality. The differences of opinion entertained by honest men with reference to the same thing, leads to the discovery of its essential character, discloses its value.

The golden rule, "To do as we would be done by," is as applicable here as elsewhere. We should seek moderation, counsel self-restraint, and rise above party into the realms of truth, justice, kindness, and godliness.

EVERY AFTERNOON LECTURES.

ON the 8th of last June we commenced a series of every afternoon lectures, at our "NEW CLASS-ROOM," 389 Broadway, New York, over the Phrenological Museum, which were fully attended by ladies and gentlemen of intelligence and influence; and though the weather was warm, and sometimes very rainy, there seemed to be no abatement of interest.

The subjects of the lectures may be understood by the following general titles:

How to read character on scientific principles.

How to choose a pursuit to which one is best adapted.

How to choose clerks for buying, selling, and keeping accounts.

How to improve the intellectual faculties, including the memory.

How to regulate, restrain, and direct the passions.

How to rise in the world, and make the most of our opportunities.

Peculiarities of notable men. Self-reliance, perseverance, genius.

How to train up a child in accordance with principles of nature and revelation.

How to think and how to speak. Philosophy and oratory.

Tact and talent. The available and the more profound mind and character.

Moral culture and integrity, the foundations of society and all good government.

The social relations. Who are and who are not adapted to wedlock.

Why study Phrenology? Is it true? What is its use?

Energy of character, will, enterprise, zeal, force, executiveness, efficiency.

Influence of temperament on character, disposition, capability.

The moral faculties. Man a religious being by organization.

Brain *versus* physique. The symmetrical development of mind and body.

What large or small foreheads indicate.

"Habits" of mind and body; how changed.

Culture of soul, or spirit, while related to the body.

What is intemperance, in its broadest sense? explained by Phrenology and Physiology.

"Signs of character," as indicated by physiognomy, complexion, action, etc.

Instinct and reason. The line of demarcation drawn by science.

It gives us pleasure to say that this experiment of daily afternoon lectures has proved a decided success. Strangers in the city, merchants borrowing an hour from business, and ladies who can not so conveniently leave their homes during the evening, can attend a lecture every afternoon from three to four o'clock, and it affords them agreeable recreation in going and coming, and profitable entertainment while listening to the lectures. Moreover, it enables them to store up matter worthy of their notice, respecting the proper training, management, and discipline of themselves, their children, their servants, and the development of their

own minds. During the sultry mid-summer, or "heated term," these lectures may be suspended, but will be resumed again in the autumn, and the public duly notified of the time.

Thus, instead of "*itinerating*," and repeating a few lectures, all our life long, we are now enabled, by the aid of our extensive cabinet or museum, and by anatomical dissections, to furnish fresh and original materials, daily, month after month, to ever-changing and appreciative audiences, who assemble here from all parts of the wide world.

Hitherto we have been without the facilities for presenting this whole subject in a manner so thoroughly satisfactory to ourselves.

Daily scientific lectures in the metropolis, on all our duties and relations of life from this standpoint, will be a new feature in New York, and an example to other cities, both in the New and in the Old World. Rejoice with us in this new hope for present and future usefulness. The next step will probably be to secure a larger and more commodious hall; but the new "Class-room" will answer for the present.

A NEIGHBOR'S OPINION.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL contains portraits and sketches of several noted personages, with other articles on a variety of topics, besides the matter pertaining to its specialty. There is no periodical that comes to our office which displays more ability in its "make up" than this. Its views, however, on many subjects, are often in direct opposition to our own.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

WE like the *Christian Intelligencer*, for it is a fresh, frank, honest, out-spoken, reformatory paper. It denounces wickedness in and out of the church; condemns error, and commends right. Furthermore, though strictly orthodox it is not bigoted or illiberal; still, "we have a little bone to pick" with the *C. I.* Re-read the above "notice" of the *A. P. J.* We cheerfully accept what it says about "ability," etc., but demur to the words, "Its views on many subjects are in direct opposition to our own." What can the editor mean? Are not all our teachings tending to one end? and in the same direction? Are we not agreed as to the common vices of drunkenness, gambling, and every species of dissipation? Are we not equally the advocates of education, temperance, reforms, and religion? Do we not acknowledge alike the same God and Saviour? Then wherein are our views opposed? We seek to teach the truth as we find it revealed in nature and in books. Are we in error?

POLITICAL SLANG AND SLANDER.—It is unfortunate that any others than gentlemen have to do with conducting that great educator of the people, "THE PRESS." When low, dissipated, pot-house politicians get hold of it, they only disgust decent people with their vulgarity, obscenity, and profanity. Respectable families will not have the nasty trash in their houses. Why do not the law-makers prescribe a code for the better regulation of these things? We suppose there is no remedy, except for those who have a regard for public morals to frown down *all* coarse vulgarity.

FOREIGN CELEBRITIES.

NAPOLEON—THE NEGRO—BISMARCK—ROBERT MÜLLER—LUDWIG II.—MARIA SCHMIDT—GEN. MOLTKE—VISCHER—GARIBALDI.

IN the engraving opposite are presented the portraits of several distinguished European and also some representative national types. They are taken from a German phrenological publication edited by Mr. Gustave Scheve, to whom the larger part of the descriptive remarks on character, in the following sketches, must be credited.

NAPOLEON III.

The study of the head and character of Louis Napoleon, the first in the series of engravings, is interesting, from both the standpoints of phrenology and biography. Indeed, without taking into account these, and the surrounding circumstances of his life, he would be almost an enigma to us. We can understand Bismarck in his every word and deed, because his large Firmness and his conscience work for a united Germany; but how difficult it is to reconcile the first promise of Louis Napoleon, "to act always in the interest of the masses, the source of all right and of all wealth, although destitute of the one, and without guaranty for the other," with his subsequent course! Following in the steps of his uncle, Napoleon I., his chief feature of character seems to be an unprincipled imitatorial ambition, which, unchecked by any large development of Conscientiousness, and constantly fed by an uncontrolled imagination, underlies the greater part of his political acts.

Gustave Scheve, in his little work entitled *Phrenologischen Reisenbilder* (Phrenological Pictures of Travels), gives us an interesting sketch of Napoleon's character, the results of a personal inspection. "His head is very broad at the upper part. It is probably an inch and a half broader at the top than the head of the first Napoleon. His forehead is strongly arched or long. The organs of the sense of Ideality and the sense for what is new and wonderful are very large in Napoleon III. as compared with Napoleon I. While, therefore, the two men are men of understanding, Napoleon III. is in a high degree a man of imagination, which Napoleon I. was not. His deeds, therefore, are not merely directed by the understanding, and are not merely steps of comprehension and shrewdness, suggested and controlled by circumstances, but his whole soul lives in his own creations, and is inspired by them. And this imagination in his character explains two things which we have earlier found inexplicable in him. First, his earlier adventurous actions, which occurred even as late as manhood.

Great as the power of thinking was in him, it was nevertheless controlled by a strong imagination. And it is by his imagination that the great and principal error of his government is explained, which contradicts his usual prudence, and has become dangerous to him—we mean his defective financial administration. In men of very strong imagination

this failure in financial calculations always prevails. This imagination of Louis Napoleon is, at the same time, a security against certain acts that many fear from him. Not merely his understanding, but also his imagination declares against a war for the obtaining of the Rhenish countries. For in such a war there lies nothing which can satisfy his imagination, but only the contrary, a chaos. The imagination seeks images; lives in pictures; it is afraid of chaos. Napoleon I. went down because his power of thinking did not stand beside any power of imagination; or at least, phrenologically speaking, not the imagination of ideality, but the blind and empty imagination of ambition. The opinions on the plans of Louis Napoleon with reference to Germany would be quite different if he had the possibility of acquiring or controlling the Rhenish frontier in a peaceful way. Savoy and Nizza are bad examples, but he knows that this possibility does not exist." In drawing a comparison between Napoleon and Bismarck, Scheve says: "During a number of years Napoleon III. was the most interesting person of his time. In the last few years, however, he has found in Bismarck a worthy rival. The world was deceived in both these men at first. Napoleon III., at the beginning of his reign, was considered of not much importance; and little more was thought of Bismarck (especially of his speeches advocating the late war). The present unusual interest in both is greatly intensified by their position as rivals and adversaries—let us hope never as enemies—and by the fact that the fate of Europe, to a great extent, depends upon their talents or their wisdom. The head of Napoleon III., in the region of the ears, appears to be broader than that of Bismarck, indicating stronger Secretiveness and Cautiousness; while Bismarck's head is relatively long, and the top high; Firmness and Self-Esteem, in his case, are stronger than Caution and Secretiveness.

THE NEGRO. (*German, Neger.*)

From Mr. Jackson's* comprehensive view of the Negro's condition and capabilities we gather the following.

Contemplated through the medium of comparative anatomy, the Negro (African) is but the embryonic, and the Mongol the infantile, form of the Caucasian or perfect man. Their differences, structural and mental, according to this view, only mark successive stages of growth, and, in reality, melt almost imperceptibly into each other. The radical defect of the Negro is want of due nervous development. His brain is less in proportion to his body than that of any other grand division of humanity, and as a result, the involuntary and animal functions altogether preponderate. Passion and affection rule principle and faculty, the basilar and posterior developments being predominant over the coronal and anterior. The African Negro is the improvable type of his race; he belongs to the redeemable families of human-

ity. Hence a study of his character and capabilities is of the utmost importance. From temperament he is slow, but from organization he is persistent, his lymphatic nature being sustained by a considerable amount of Firmness and Self-Esteem. His perceptive faculties are stronger than his reflective or imaginative, and he dwells in the real rather than in the ideal. He has but little reverence for the past, and no very brilliant anticipations of the future, being, from the overwhelming strength of his sensuous nature, swallowed up in the present. It is not that the basilar region of his brain, with his Alimentiveness and Amativeness, is so inordinately powerful, but that the counterpoising elements are so pitifully weak that he gives way to his passing appetites. Simple yet affectionate, fond of his domestic relations, his Love of Approbation would have more influence than force. His elevated Veneration would indicate that he is by no means devoid of the religious sentiment; and creeds in passing through his mind become impressed with the infantile simplicity of the mold in which they have thus been recast. Altogether, he is interesting and promising, but utterly helpless. He must be taught everything. To him slavery has been of providential purport. As a slave alone could the Negro have passed in sufficient numbers to insure his efficiency. Liberia is now the fair promise of his future. He will return laden with the intellectual wealth and highly developed civilization of his tutors, bringing to Africa the rich dower of her future greatness and prosperity. What Africa and all tropical countries want is the Negro constitution as a basis on which any amount of Caucasian superstructure may be reared by subsequent development and admixture.

His hopeless immutability in the past has arisen from his unaltered circumstances. His development has been arrested. His features and head and hair are the same as those represented upon the tombs of the Pharaohs, because his environment has been identical with that of his ancestors. Change the influences, give him new wants, and he is stimulated to fresh exertions for their supply; give him more enlarged ideas, and they will ultimately eventuate in a grander course of action. With his bodily necessities easily supplied, and cut off by geographical isolation from the intellectual culture and social refinement of more advanced races, he has stagnated on in contented immobility through countless ages of well-fed animalism, constituting in that far-off corner of the Old World the great rearguard of the human army. But the days of this isolation are ended. He stands now face to face with the Caucasian, and he must move onward or perish. Africa has yet to reveal her wealth and the splendor of an African civilization.

COUNT BISMARCK.

Carl Otto von Bismarck-Schonhausen was born at Schonhausen, near the Elbe, April 1, 1814. His family claimed their descent, it is said, from the ancient chiefs of a Slavonian

* "Ethnology and Phrenology as an Aid to the Historian." By J. W. Jackson, London, 1863.



1. NAPOLEON III.



2. NEGRO



3. BISMARCK.



4. ROBERT MÜLLER.



5. LUDWIG II. VON BAYERN.



6. MINNA SCHMIDT.



7. MOLTKE.

E.H.XA.



8. VISCHER.



9. GARIBALDI.

FOREIGN CELEBRITIES.

tribe; and from that source he inherits his fine bodily development, characteristic of that branch of the ethnological family. Broad and thick-set, with great amplitude of chest, accompanied by shortness yet muscularity of limb, he has been well able to sustain and to execute, what in most Germans has only been a dreamy idealism, namely, the grand idea of a united Germany under the leadership of Prussia.

He studied at the universities of Göttingen, Berlin, and Greifswald, and immediately afterward entered the military service as a volunteer in the Prussian light infantry, and subsequently became lieutenant in the Landwehr. In 1846 he was a member of the assembly of the province of Saxony, and of the general assembly in 1847. There he was distinguished by the boldness of his address. At that time, he is said to have advocated the extinction of all the large cities, because they were the great centers of democracy. The events of 1848 did not modify these tendencies. In 1851 he commenced his diplomatic career. In his course in the Second Chamber he had attracted the attention of King Frederick William IV., who intrusted him with the settlement of exceptional difficulties in Frankfurt. In 1853 he was made envoy to Vienna; hitherto he had been a warm admirer of Austria, but he saw the danger that she engendered to the life of Germany. Austria had already a very decided influence on Germany; an enemy to union, and therefore of Bismarck. In 1858 appeared an anonymous pamphlet in Germany, entitled "Prussia and the Italian Question," discussing with great earnestness the conduct of Austria toward Italy. In that pamphlet was predicted, in the event of war, the inevitable supremacy of Prussia. Subsequent events have proved the truth of this prophecy. In 1859 he was appointed ambassador to St. Petersburg, where he remained until 1862. He gained the esteem and confidence of the Czar, who conferred upon him the order of St. Nicholas Newski. In 1862 he filled the same post in Paris, his nomination being very favorably received, and on his quitting Paris, the Emperor conferred upon him the grand cross of the Legion of Honor. The stormy conflict on the Prussian army reorganization brought Bismarck to Berlin, and on the 23d of September, 1862, he was appointed president of the council of ministers, and given the post of minister of foreign affairs. He was an earnest advocate of the reorganization of the Prussian military system, but the Chamber of Deputies were opposed to any measure that should weaken the existing Landwehr, and the royal message closed upon a very stormy session. His administration became distinguished for very lively struggles, for conflicts of power, and the strictness of the *regime* against the press.

Indeed, the Prussian newspapers were, and are now, under as strict an oversight as those of France. His course in the Denmark affair, which ended in the duchies of Schleswig-Holstein being divided by Austria and Prussia,

did not succeed in modifying the relations between the minister and the Chamber of Deputies. In the late Austrian war, which arose partly from a quarrel about the division of the spoils of Schleswig-Holstein, Bismarck acted, through the king, quickly and successfully. His motto was then, as it had long been: "The controversies of nations are not settled with words and speeches, but with steel and gunpowder." The result of that short war has placed Prussia the foremost of European nations, and Bismarck the foremost of statesmen. He has become the guiding head of united Germany through her difficult period of union, and his word alone carries more weight with it than even the self-created Napoleon's. A curious circumstance, representing as it does the popular feeling of Germany, may be here cited. It occurred during the recent difficulties between Prussia and France about the possession of the fortress of Luxemburg:

"At the Victoria Theater in Berlin, a *piece de circonstance* was being performed in the presence of King William, in which one of the actors recited the following sacrilegious couplet: 'God, fatigued with governing the world, found a man to whom he could confide that heavy task—that is, Count von Bismarck.' 'Thou art worthy of it,' said God: 'for thy device is: Firm and Forward! Apply it always, especially to Luxemburg!'"

The applause was frantic. The king complimented the manager, and added: "Three years ago these words would have been hissed. Circumstances have changed." Certainly, now he does represent Germany; but he is, as an English statesman lately remarked, "but the foam on the crest of the wave, which catches the eye and diverts the attention from the mass of the wave beneath." Behind him is an army of citizen soldiery, which can only be compared to that one seen lately in the United States, called out only on the necessities of the hour. How mighty is the fact that Germany, which had for so many years assiduously cultivated the arts of peace and commerce, of learning and science, could so soon call up her army of Protestant youth, and beat back the strongest enemy that she had in Europe!

Bismarck is thought by many to represent the Cromwell of the present age. In his unflinching firmness and strong will he is, but he lacks the religious fervor of the Great Dissolver. His character, as seen from a phrenological point of view, has been well drawn by Mr. Scheve: "Bismarck's character, in Germany, has been judged very differently. One places him very high, loves and admires him, while another hates him. Could these conflicting views be reconciled, it is very possible that the political parties of Germany would be brought nearer to each other. If the reader will permit me a little digression, I will briefly denote the difference which Phrenology, in this strife of opinions, indicates.

"Every decided characteristic, every very strong or very weak development of a faculty,

may be an excellence and a defect at the same time, or in the one case an indication of an excellence, and in the other of a defect. Large Secretiveness is an excellence when a man is faithful and discreet, but a defect when he is blunt. Strong Destructiveness is an excellence as the foundation of energy; a defect in so far as it becomes used for passion and violence. In this way, Bismarck's excellences of character, inverted, become his defects. Through his high talent and inflexible, dauntless courage he has secured a united Germany, a work which, however, is not yet unendangered, and which for its completion may still need a master-touch. It is evident that the unification of Germany is at the same time synonymous with the maintenance of peace. We Germans would therefore rejoice in the strong genius of Bismarck; we hope everything from it against the menaces of foreign nations, and we would hope everything for it for ourselves, for we feel that we have grown with him into a great and intelligent nation, and enjoying the same privileges as he, we will not fear him."

ROBERT MULLER.

The portrait of Robert Muller is the type of many thousands who, like him, are engaged during their whole lives in commercial pursuits. The original of our portrait is a native of Germany, where he was born about the year 1833, and is now a prominent manufacturer. To present his biography would be to give merely a mass of dry, routine life, whose greatest ambition has been honest wealth, undiverted by any particular genius.

The German merchant—unlike his American prototype, who generally has "as many irons in the fire" as he can well attend to, and who aims to sprinkle in with his dull business life something of literature—pursues but one steady course, generally the same as his father and his grandfather did before him. There is no change with him; he does not imitate, but steadily works on in the position in which he finds himself.

Germans, generally, devote all their energy to their particular pursuit or calling; and, in many parts of Germany, especially in the manufactories, ~~seven~~ days in the week—with the exception of two hours of public service in the morning of Sunday—and three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, are given to trade. Strange as this may seem to Americans, with their well-kept Sabbath, it is nevertheless a fact, attested by all observant travelers. A stranger passing through the best streets of a city on Sunday morning would not perceive any difference between that and other days. He would find the stores, the churches, and the beer-gardens all with open doors, the first and last being the better patronized. At early morning, too, on that day, the German peasant and his wife go regularly to the field or the garden, remaining there during the day; their boys may be found in the beer saloons, and in the afternoon the young women may be found in the dancing halls.

Mr. Scheve, in his exposition of Herr Muller's character says: "The breadth of Robert Muller's head over the ears indicates a very strong development of the faculty of Destructiveness, while the converging forehead and tophead a very weak sense of Ideality. Muller was an extraordinary wild boy, and it was only after he had expended all his force and rage that he could be prudent and obedient. Now, as a man, he possesses endless activity, he knows no fatigue, accomplishes an amount of work that is almost incredible, and is unhappy and ill-humored when he must be inactive. He is very impatient; for him nothing can go quick enough; what he has to do must either bend or break—and sometimes it breaks. He is very violent, and gets quickly into a passion. But we can not say that he is vicious, for he *can* be very good; but he becomes too often bad through his passion. His whole spirit is energetic; he is extremely sober and practical; and no other thought can draw him away from his business. Poetry and art are to him incomprehensible things; he recognizes them only because other people do so, but in himself he despises them. Still, he is not miserly; he lives according to what he believes to be his position, and lets his children, of whom he has a great number, acquire a good foundation for their studies, because he knows that industry, and energy, and education are the true ways to wealth."

LUDWIG II.

Ludwig II., Otto Friederich Wilhelm, the young king of Bavaria, was born at Nymphenberg, on the 25th of August, 1845, and succeeded his father, Maximilian II., on the 10th of March, 1864. His mother was Queen Friederike Franzisca Auguste Maria Hedwig (born 15th October, 1825), the daughter of Prince William of Prussia. The grandfather of our subject, Ludwig I., lately deceased, did more for Bavaria than any preceding ruler. He was passionately fond of art, and cultivated it at an enormous expense. The Painting Academy, the School of Sculpture, and the Architectural Academy of Munich, all owe their existence to him. At the late Paris Exposition, Bavaria had a large building entirely to herself in the grounds of the Exposition, where she exhibited a magnificent collection of paintings—in fact, one of the best in the whole series. It is from this progenitor that the young king appears to inherit his extraordinary love of the ideal and the beautiful. He has had as yet but little opportunity to show his practical ability as a ruler; but it is said that his passion for music is so strong that in its pursuit he neglects the most important affairs of state. His subjects number nearly five millions, three millions and a half of whom are Catholics, a million and a third Protestants, sixty thousand Jews, and the rest of various denominations. The greater portion of these are descended from three original Germanic tribes, the Boiodrians or Bavarians, the Franks, and the Swabians. Of these, the Bavarians, though least gifted, are

the stimulators of the country's industry. The young king has many improvements to make ere his country can be called perfect. The system of education is far from good; beggary and intemperance are very common; the children of illegitimacy number a third of the whole births, and in the city of Munich reaches one half.

In 1732 there was a large emigration of the Bavarian Protestant element to America, where they settled in the Carolinas, in Georgia, and Virginia. Bavaria was the southernmost stronghold of Protestantism at the time of the Reformation. Many of the great battles of the Thirty Years' War raged in this part of Bavaria, as those of Augsburg, 1631, Furth, 1632. Bavaria has produced many eminent men. The Franconian school of painters produced men of the rank of Albert Durer, Lucas Cranach, and Holbein, and many others equally celebrated.

"The king of Bavaria has a strongly developed head in its upper portion; it is somewhat stronger than the lower. The king is more subjective than objective; he thinks more than he observes. But above all, his Ideality denotes an unusual development. The sense for the ideal is the leading feature in the king's whole character, and it will remain through his whole life. The king will feel happy in his fancy for what is good, honorable, and beautiful; doubly happy as a prince, because he can do so much toward the fulfillment of his ideals; and unhappy if he can not, in comparison with his wishes and hopes, obtain their fulfillment. He will never condescend to the bad, the low, and the vulgar, but will always battle against them. He will belong to the few mortals who remain young even down to old age."

MINNA SCHMIDT.

Miss Schmidt, though a German young lady, is not a fair specimen of that robust, healthy organization peculiar to the Teutonic family. We can not do her better justice, perhaps, than present her to our readers in the words of Scheve.

"I introduce Minna Schmidt, a polite young lady, to our company, in order to say a few words upon her head, which to many is inexplicable. Judgment must be based, not so much on whether it is high or low, as if it is full or flat; that is, whether more or less brain is contained in it. Her forehead is high—as high as Vischer's even; but against this we must take into account its extreme narrowness [seen in the picture by the small space between the eyes]. Minna is not without gifts; when she was in school she learned remarkably quick, but the trouble with her was, that she could not always understand what she learned. She spoke willingly, and much, about everything and nothing, and one heard her all day long with pleasure. Among her friends she is said to be clever [in the English sense of the word], and readily acquires all the knowledge and skill which are necessary for the well performance of house-

hold duties. But deep and profound thinking, or what we call the spirit of genius, is not found with her. If Robert Muller and Minna Schmidt were to attend Vischer's lecture upon the Theory of the Beautiful, the former could, if he would, and saw the necessity of it, understand the sense of the lecture, though he might not comprehend the full meaning and exact value of every word; but it would not be possible for Minna Schmidt to understand the sense of the words."

But it is not just, however, to compare the capacity of a school-girl with the fully-developed powers of a German lingual and esthetic professor. There is one point which Herr Scheve fails to speak of, which is undoubtedly her crowning excellence and beauty, as it is of all women—namely, her well-rounded and fully developed tophead, indicating a high order of the moral and devotional faculties. Her whole training from infancy has been moral and religious, and not intellectual. The greatest pride of a German mother, of Minna's station, is to see her daughter some day settled comfortably down in her household duties. She never dreams that her daughter will fill any other position than the one which she had always occupied; and thus we can not expect to find the intellectual development of Vischer in a mere school-girl. But in the social qualities that belong to her, she is far ahead of Vischer.

GENERAL FREIHERR VON MOLTKE.

The chief of the Prussian military staff is probably the most skillful general of the present time. To him belongs the credit of having so successfully carried through the late Prussian war against Austria. He, however, with modest piety, does not claim all the honor. "I did my duty at the time, in my position," he says, "just as my comrades did theirs, but no more. The almighty power of God led the Prussian eagle forward in its victorious flight. The bravery of our army and skill of its leaders were (equally with my own plans) only the instruments of His will; and when I hear the unbounded and fulsome praise which the public lavishes on me, this thought is always uppermost in my mind."

The failure of any of his plans, upon which that short, decisive war was based, might have resulted in inevitable ruin to Prussia, but by the aid of his large Causality, Constructiveness, and Ideality he worked out results which had been foregone conclusions in his own mind for weeks. He not only baffled the Austrian general, Benedek, by his intricate plans, but his own friends were at a loss as to his intentions.

He had under his command nine *corps d'armée*, numbering 285,000 men, who were distributed over the different theaters of war; but as they could only be used effectively together, the ultimate object and centralization of his plans was their *union* on the battle-field. The different divisions reached their frontier boundaries at Zeitz, Halle, Herzberg, Gorlitz, and Freiburg, but as they were then fifty miles

apart, even good judges of military affairs became alarmed. But when the king of Prussia had decided to strike the first blow, by dint of forced marches, the army was brought together at Koniggratz, the crowning point of his scheme. "On the morning of that day," he says himself, "our army presented a line of four miles in length. In so extended a line, we dare not await the attack, but by an aggressive movement onward we were enabled to concentrate all our divisions on the battle-field itself, and thus to convert the disadvantages of our strategical dispersion into this advantage, viz., we were enabled entirely to surround the enemy." Moltke never lost confidence in the success of his own plans. His motto was to act quickly and forcibly, believing that "a line of conduct which almost always secures the advantages missed by lingerers." The result of the battle of Koniggratz is too well known to our readers to need repetition here in detail.

General Moltke was born Oct. 26th, 1800, in the city of Mecklenburg, Germany, but passed his youth in Holstein. His father served in the regiment Mollendorf, and intended his son for the army. When he was twelve years of age he was sent, with his elder brother, to the military school for cadets in Copenhagen. In 1822 he entered the service of Prussia, and, after a strict examination, was accepted as second-lieutenant in the 8th regiment of Foot. He then entered the military school of Berlin, and was shortly afterward intrusted with the superintendence of the then somewhat insubordinate School of Division. This task was most satisfactorily performed, and he was then attached to a commission for topographical surveys in Silesia and the Grand Duchy of Posen, at the head of which was General von Muffling. He was promoted to the rank of captain, and, two years afterward, received an appointment on the General's staff. In this position he remained seven years, four of which were spent in Turkey; and a journey through Roumelia, under Sultan Mahmoud, resulted in the issue of a historical work entitled "The Russian-Turkish Expedition, 1828-29." Afterward, with four Prussian comrades, he proceeded to organize the Turkish army. While in Asia Minor, he took the opportunity to revise the maps of that region, of which the celebrated Professor Ritter has subsequently availed himself to declare their accuracy.

When he returned to Europe he was appointed to the command of the 4th Corps d'Armée, with the rank of major. In 1859 he became lieutenant-general, and in the same year was appointed aid-de-camp to the Crown Prince of Prussia. When the Schleswig-Holstein affair occurred he did not take an important part, being much restricted by political considerations. It is the late war which has developed his peculiar genius, namely, his planning ability. His course during that period we have already faintly sketched.

General Moltke has a very finely developed form. This, taken together with his countenance, produces on strangers an impression of

extreme sternness and gravity. His figure is tall and erect, and the expression of his features is as firm as iron. A marble statue could not give any better idea of fixedness; and every line seems as if old Time had chiseled it out bit by bit. But he possesses with his power a good and generous heart. His benevolence is as large as his bravery is eminent.

He was an old and esteemed friend of Benedek, the Austrian commander, and probably, by his praise of him, secured him to that position. Moltke's victory at Koniggratz—or, rather, the king's under his plans—was not unmixed with sorrow for his old friend. "A defeated commander!" he said afterward, as an expression of sadness passed over his manly face. "No civilian can have the faintest idea of what those words convey! The Austrian headquarters on the evening of Koniggratz! Ah! when I picture that scene to myself! And such a deserving, brave, circumspect general as Benedek!"

Americans owe General Moltke for many expressions of good-will and interest. To Mr. Bancroft, when engaged upon his "History of the United States," he furnished copies of many important state documents from Berlin, which otherwise would have been inaccessible.

VISCHER.

Frederick Vischer, Professor of Esthetics and German Literature in the University of Tubingen, and in the Polytechnic Institute in Stuttgart, was born in Ludwigsburg, Germany, June 30, 1807. His father was a pastor in that city, and died in 1814. In 1821 he entered the seminary at Blanbeuren, and, four years later, the University of Tubingen, to prepare himself for the theological office. Among the young men with whom he studied were David Strauss, Wilhelm Zimmerman the historian, Gustav Pfizer, who afterwards became distinguished as a lyric poet, and others who have risen to eminence in the German literary world. In the autumn of 1830 he passed his theological examination, was assistant pastor for a year in a small village, and then private tutor in the seminary of Maulbronn. In 1832 he visited the Universities of Berlin and Gottingen. While here he studied closely, but was fully absorbed in the words that fell from his great teachers, Hegel and Schleiermacher. During an excursion which he made to Prague and Vienna, he was surprised by the Oriental physiognomies and dresses that he saw in the streets. The beautiful drives, the grand equipages, the beautiful women, the plays in the theater, and, after leaving these, a summer sojourn amid the beauties and magnificence of the Tyrol, made him forget the teachings of Hegel and Schleiermacher; and when he returned to his studies in Tubingen he found they had become uncongenial to him, and he gradually gave himself to the study of poetry and art. At this time, too, he read Goethe's Faust and his Esthetics; and led into intimate companionship with the skeptical Strauss, he took a sympathizing interest in the work of his friend, "The Life of Jesus,"

which appeared in 1835. For this work Strauss was compelled to leave his position. Vischer then renounced his theological studies and became private tutor of the German Language and Esthetics in the University. In 1838 he was appointed extraordinary Professor in the same institution.

He contributed a series of articles to the "Halle Year Book for Science and Art," and to the "Year Book of the Present Time." In 1839 he visited Italy, Rome, and Greece; and after his return he published the "Critical Walk," being the essays contributed to the year books mentioned above. The first article is on "Strauss and the Wurttembergers." The second essay is on the "General Perplexity in the Occupation of a Doctrinal Chair at the Present Time;" there is also an essay on "The Triumph of Religion in Art," in which he criticises the picture of Frederic Overbeck. The critic opposes, with all the aids of science and of humor, the painting of myths and allegories. He desires to impress art with the spirit of reality. Among other works by him is a criticism of the literature of Goethe's Faust, which first appeared in 1839, in the "Halle Year Book." Soon after the publication of the "Critical Walk," Vischer was nominated regular Professor of German Literature and Esthetics in the University of Tubingen (1845), and at that time delivered his famous academical installation oration, which gave such great offense to the Orthodox and Pietistic party. His numerous opponents succeeded in delaying the commencement of his labors for two years, during which time he carried out his long-designed plan of writing a "Text-Book of Esthetics," which appeared in 1846-1857, in 4 vols. This work constitutes the climax of Vischer's influence upon the German science of the beautiful in nature and art. His influence to-day is very extraordinary; chiefly through the many students and scholars who make use of the work. Vischer devotes a part of his time to lectures in the University of Tubingen, and a part in the Polytechnic Institute at Stuttgart.

"The head of Vischer denotes high intellectual qualities. The organs of Causality and Comparison, together with Ideality, are very strongly developed. Also the whole of the perceptive faculties are pretty strongly developed. In comparison with his high intellect, Vischer's weakness lies in his defective development of the faculty of Language. If Vischer is an orator, it is through the strength and fullness of his thoughts, not through the grace of words."

GARIBALDI.

Garibaldi, the last of our group of interesting public characters, commends himself, in many ways, and more to the hearts of the American people than any of the others. His good, honest heart only beats for one object—united Italy. The assertion that he is an "enthusiast" is true in every sense of the word; because he has pledged his heart, his soul, his life—all to one great, consuming

cause; and this is the best assurance of his final success. The unity of the Italian people, like the Germans through Bismarck, must be accomplished ere they can become a mighty nation. But this can not be while they are still deprived of their legitimate capital, Rome. This is the center around which the future Italian prosperity will depend.

Guiseppe Garibaldi was born at Nice, on the 4th of July, 1807. His father was a mariner, and intended his son to follow that calling. At home, young Garibaldi was distinguished for his remarkable affection for his parents, and his sincerity toward his companions. A voyage led him to Rome, where the condition of the city made a very deep impression upon his mind, an impression which, in 1834, led him to those revolutionary views which exiled him from Italy and compelled him to seek refuge in France. For a time he taught mathematics in Marseilles; but having a distaste for inactivity, he soon afterward entered into the service of the Bey of Tunis, and was made an officer in his fleet. In 1836 he offered his services to the republic of Uruguay, received the command of a squadron to operate against Buenos Ayres, and afterward joined a land expedition wherein he greatly distinguished himself. While in South America he married his wife, a woman of extraordinary energy and of rare devotion, who was his constant companion in all his perils until her death by his side. The reveille of Italian liberty, in 1848, called him again to his native land. He sailed from Montevideo with one hundred compatriots in the *Speranza*, under the Italian tri-color; and though his offer was coldly received by Charles Albert, the king of Sardinia, he played a very important part against the Austrians. In 1849, when the republic was established in Rome, Garibaldi was sent with 1,200 men to take possession of the city, after the flight of the Pope, which he did until April 30, 1849, when the French army, nearly 10,000 strong, appeared outside the gates. With a reinforcement of 1,500 he made a desperate sally, drove the French with the bayonet for several miles, and returned with 300 prisoners. Then he was threatened by the Neapolitans, and the French being strongly reinforced, he was compelled to evacuate Rome and sought safety in the open country, when he issued his proclamation to his volunteers. "In recompense for the love you may show your country, I offer you hunger, thirst, cold, war, and death; whoever accepts these terms let him follow me." He had left Rome with barely 4,000 men, 800 of whom were mounted, intending to reach Venice. But at every step he met the immensely superior forces of the Austrians and the French. The people remained passive, and when he reached San Marino his small army was reduced to 1,800, when he found a fresh Austrian army in front, and 13,000 pressing on his rear. Terms were offered; half of his small force surrendered; but a stipulation to deliver up some French soldiers to Rome led to an immediate rejection by Garibaldi and

the rest of his followers. Garibaldi and about 200 men managed to gain the Adriatic, and embarked for Genoa, but they were perceived by the Austrian fleet; some were captured, others run ashore, among the latter of which were Garibaldi, his wife, and his chief officers. Two days afterward, worn out by fatigue and exposure, died Anna Garibaldi, who would never consent to leave her husband. Then the decree of death was issued to whoever should give him bread, water, or shelter; but his indomitable courage, and his love for the cause of Italian liberty sustained him. He made his way along the west coast of Italy. From Tuscany he embarked for Spezzia; and at Chiavari, in the States of Sardinia, he was arrested and conducted to Genoa, and finally banished from Sardinia.

Garibaldi then turned westward, landed at New York, declined a public reception, and was for a time engaged in the manufacture of candles on Staten Island. He made several voyages to the Pacific, and returned to New York in command of a Peruvian bark. Then came the new war for Italian independence; Garibaldi returned to Nice; and in May, 1859, was appointed major-general, and organized a corps, since celebrated as the "Hunters of the Alps." This war served to bring out Garibaldi's true character before the Italian people, and the peace of Villafranca left him the object of immense enthusiasm. Having delivered over to Victor Immanuel, king of Sardinia, the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, Nov. 26, 1860, that monarch was declared king of Italy in the following year—a title not at that time recognized by Austria.

Since that time Italy has seen an almost constant succession of risings, but as yet ineffectual. In August, 1862, Garibaldi, who had become impatient of the delays of a deceitful ministry, moved on to Rome once more, the watchword being "Rome or Death." But at the battle of Aspromonte he was wounded in the foot by a musket-ball, and with his son Menotti was imprisoned for a time by order of the Italian Government, and afterward he retired to his island home at Caprera. In 1864 Garibaldi visited England, where he met with the most intense enthusiasm. On his return home he took an active part in the politics of the nation. In September, 1864, a treaty for the preservation of the temporal power of the Pope was made between France and Italy, in which each was pledged to prevent any invasion of his Holiness' territory. In spite of the Italian troops, however, the fall of last year found Garibaldi again moving forward, with his two sons and his half-armed followers, to Rome. Italy did not support him, however; the people lost the only chance they had of asserting their independence, and the entrance of the French troops into Rome, and the murderous work of the French chassepot rifle at Mentana and Monte Rotondo closed the short revolution. Garibaldi was once more made a prisoner, with his two sons; now, however, they are once more

living at Caprera, but closely watched at every hand. When the dream of all Italian statesmen is fulfilled—when Italy owns but the sway of a single ruler, and is united under a free and liberal government, with its capital on the banks of the Tiber—then, and not till then, will the great mission of Garibaldi be accomplished.

POETS AND POETRY,

WITH EXAMPLES.

In one respect it may be said that to write poetry is an easy undertaking. In another sense it can be confidently asserted that the production of true poetry is a difficult and laborious undertaking.

Although the saying of the Roman author, *Poeta nascitur, non fit* ("the poet is born, not made"), is substantially true, it must not be inferred that the person so nobly endowed has but to open his mouth to give utterance to the streams of melodious verse which without intermission will be supplied by the exhaustless fountain of his imagination. No. There are but two or three instances on record of poets, who, at a very early age, like Pope,

"Lisped in numbers, for the numbers came;"

while there are many whose names are inscribed in immortal characters upon the tablets of literature, who won their reputation by patient and laborious thought. The organ cadences of Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Milton were not the hasty coruscations thrown off in showers by a fervid muse, but the products of earnest, protracted, and mature deliberation. They wrote,

"Not for a day, but for all time."

The most cultivated intellect of the nineteenth century finds instruction in the flowing verse of the majestic Greek and of the grand Roman.

The proverb, "no excellence without labor," applies as well to the productions of the scholar, the author, the poet, as to those of the artisan or the artist. If one would put such words on paper that they who read may be impressed with noble thoughts, and inspired with higher purposes, he will find his endeavor far from easy. He who writes with a true intent to benefit the world must, with a careful hand, cull from the flowers of his imagination the ripest, the sweetest, the loveliest.

No gaudy blossoms of a prurient fancy must be interwoven with the gems of taste and beauty, else their noxious odors will neutralize and destroy the pleasant perfume of the better blossoms and render vain the object of the writer.

It is easy for one who possesses a fervid fancy and a readiness in adapting words to thoughts to produce a jingle of phrases. His lines may be musical enough as they flow along, but when analyzed for idea and sentiment, they are likely to exhibit the tameness of weak imitation, or the barrenness of abortive originality. Most modern poetry is written "off-hand," or under the influence of a temporary excitement which gives full play to the faculty of Ideality; but how very little of modern poetry is worth pres-

ervation! Even of those who are recognized as leaders in the sphere of poesy, and whose names lend luster to the nineteenth century, but a score have really impressed their genius upon the literature of the times. How few of the pathetic compositions of Mrs. Hemans have fastened themselves upon the minds and hearts of men! "The Homes of England," "Casabianca," and two or three others are all that are remembered with enthusiasm by the masses. Eliza Cook's "Old Arm-chair," Southey's "Battle of Blenheim," Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore," Wordsworth's "We are Seven," "Ruth," and "Lucy Gray," Moore's "Last Rose of Summer," Scott's "Hail to the Chief" and "Lochinvar," Hood's "Song of the Shirt," Byron's "Battle of Waterloo," Campbell's "Exile of Erin," Drake's "American Flag," Bryant's "Thanatopsis," Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" and "Excelsior," Morris's "Woodman, Spare that Tree," and Poe's "Raven," are among the few effusions which have awakened that deep and lasting interest which cherishes the memory of a writer.

True poetry possesses the power of lifting the earnest reader out of himself. He is borne on the same breeze of inspiration which filled the soul of the writer when the "burning words" were penned; and in accordance with the excellence of the sentiment and the fervor of the inspiration is the soul of the reader exalted.

It is not, however, our intention at this time to discuss the philosophy of poetry, but with these few remarks introduce some selections from a huge conglomerate of contributed verses, on almost every conceivable topic, which have accumulated on our hands. All the sentiments, emotions, passions, propensities and faculties, phrenological and non-phrenological, are abundantly celebrated in gushing strains. Themes mournful and gloomy, tainted with odors fresh from the charnel house; themes buoyant and cheerful, as if watered by the frequent showers of springtime; themes heavy and dull, as if ground out under a pressure of difficulties too great for computation; and themes remarkable for their concentrated stupidity, compose in great part this promiscuous collection. We purpose, however, presenting the choicer gleanings from the mass. Here is a passable little thing entitled "The Water Side," and subscribed M. S. L.

The winding beach that binds the bight,
The willow drooping o'er the way,
The water lilies gleaming white,
That softly floating away.

Bright star-flowers are peeping there,
And paler ones lift up their eyes
Upon the light the clear waves wear,
And on the cloudless skies.

The pearly shell fills at the brink
From limpid waters waving nigh,
And shining fish arise and sink,
As sounds the lake-bird's cry.

Near where the rocks like bulwarks stand,
A-ling'ring with a sweet delay,
Upon the smooth and shining strand
Two lovers idly stray.

At morn or eve, a charm is here,
When waters foam or lie at rest,
When clouds in gleaming gold appear,
Or in more somber garb are drest.

Somewhat in keeping with the above are stanzas from an ode entitled "A Spring Song." Criticism is not solicited on the "quantity" of the verse.

There's a laugh on the hilltops,
There's a song in the vale,
While up among the dead leaves
Spring the May-flowers pale—

Flash of the old earth's morning,
Soft pink-tint of her skies—
Winter's night on snow-crowned hills
Now quickly fades and dies.

And Spring's white feet come dancing
Among the reeds and rushes;
The sod breaks into flowers,
Where her foot softly crushes.

Next we find a doleful strain, from which one might infer that the author sorrowed o'er some "blighted hope," some treasure "lost for aye."

Alas! alas! how sad this world!
How bitter and how cold!
E'en Love—that glowing, brilliant dream—
Is soon a tale that's told;
And after that brief glimpse of heaven,
The rest seems faded, bare,
And death in life we wander here,
Till we are called up there.

No species of original composition so well exhibits the disposition of the writer as verse. "Through the Storm" indicates tendencies of mental exaltation on the part of its author. Behold how he leaps and soars in fancy's frenzy!

Adrift! adrift
On the waters strange and wide,
On the waters madly white,
And never a rift
In the dark and solemn night,
And never a star to guide!
Oh! to ride
High o'er the mountain waves,
To leap, to plunge, to whirl, to hide
In their sounding caves!
Ah! to be
Shattered and tempest-torn,
Wretched, forlorn,
Adrift on the angry sea!

Grandiloquence also hath its prominence in our poetic aggregation. Consider how comprehensively the flaming orb of day is addressed:

Central source of fire—ever-shining mark,
By thy glowing ire kindling chaos dark—
Undiminished orb—scintillating sun—
In thy track serene above the cloudy dun,
Who shall sing a regal song for the royal sun?

Dynasties decay—kingdoms rise and set;
Undisputed wear thy crown-burning coronet.
Powers come to naught; empires pass away;
Wear thy diadem unsought—monarch of the day.

For the crestfallen and despondent, now and then there comes a word of encouragement. One whose Christian appellation is Byron has indited these:

Awake! ye who sorrow
In midnight of sadness,
There yet comes a morrow
With sunshine of gladness.

Ye worn ones and weary,
Arise to your duty,
Life is not all dreary,
It still has some beauty.

Hope on, and hope ever;
Spread brightness around you;
And thus shall ye sever
The ills that have bound you.

May they be effectual in dispelling the gloom that shrouds the heart of the lugubrious reader! D. F. P. is evidently a "peace man." Thus he vents his joyful emotion on the return of quiet and peace to the land not long since rent by the throes of sectional strife:

The storm of war is past; gone the dark cloud of night;
Again bright dawns the morning with silver rays of light.

Gone is the cannon's sullen roar from valley, hill, and glen;
No more the strong earth quivers 'neath the tread of armed men—
Contenting hosts no more shall shed the purple flood,
The winter's snow, the summer's bloom, no more be stained with blood;
No more the news of battle shall tender bosoms thrill
With fear, lest its dread carnage has wrought their loved ones ill.
Drawn by the soul's deep terror, pale fear a specter sees,
A soldier bleeding, dying, beneath the forest trees;
A face too well remembered in that dark hour of gloom,
Shall they never more behold it on earth this side the tomb?
And oft that vision proved but true; but time has yet a balm
That yet the wounded spirit shall gently sooth and calm,
When they with pride remember the brave ones who have died
In the cause of truth and freedom borne down by war's fierce tide.

Of course we all echo his hopes, and take comfort from his very sanguine assurances. Some men there are who can not stomach the advance of public opinion with reference to the rights of that sweet morsel of humanity—woman. The writer of our next selection apparently is "on the fence" on this subject; yet take his *dicta* one way, *i. e.*, by reading the first and third lines of each verse together, he seems an earnest champion of the "softer" sex; while by reading him direct, he would appear the "perversest" of celibates.

That man must lead a happy life
Who's free from matrimonial charms;
Who is directed by a wife,
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

Adam could find no solid peace
When Eve was given for a mate;
Until he saw a woman's face,
Adam enjoyed a happy state.

In every female face appear
Hypocrisy, deceit, and pride;
Truth, trust, and confidence sincere
Aren't known in woman to reside.

What tongue is able to unfold
The falsehoods that in woman dwell;
The worth in woman we behold
Is almost imperceptible.

A scrap headed "Mutabile Semper," which, literally rendered into scientific parlance, would mean Continuity very small, evinces the reign of frenzy ecstatic in the author's soul.

Ruled by passion, not by reason,
Is this fev'rish heart of mine;
All she wraps in fire consuming,
I within my heart enshrine.

Changing, changing, ever changing;
I am like the restless sea,
Tossing, tossing, never ceasing,
In my struggle to be free.

Hopes I cherish now so fondly,
Friends the dearest of the dear,
Soon are lost, yes, lost, forgotten,
In my wild and mad career.

Certainly from this confession there is not much "method in his madness." We would recommend a strait-jacket and a little sorrel grass.

Thought! oh, thou mysterious essence, if such thou be,
Who hath comprehended thy mine? or examined thee literally?

Surely none of the sages who have gone before,
Or we would have seen their record.
If I put forth my hand to take thee, thou wilt elude the grasp.

Prehension is not adapted to thy nature.
The hand, however well educated, can not take hold of thee;

Or if I attempt by gentler means the sense of touch to try, I feel in vain.

Surely by this no knowledge of thee can we ever gain;
Mine eye hath never seen thee.

Thou hast never come within the range of my vision (only thy effects);

Thou canst not be magnified, though the most powerful optical instruments be used.

The telescope for thee might as well not be;
With all the acuteness of my nasal organs, no knowledge of thy odor hath been revealed.

To taste thee my palate hath never tried,

For this would fall, as others have done, to test thy qualities.
The ear is quick and powerful to receive impressions from without,
But upon my auditory thou hast never played.
Then if through the five senses I gain no knowledge of thee,
How do I know thou hast a being?

Thus soars M. M. amid the misty heights of metaphysical inspiration. How sublime his figure! how profound his logic! especially the nos(c)ological part! Strange he did not "smell a mice!"

E. J. waxes eloquent on "Home," and doubtless enjoys a good share of Inhabiteness and of the social organs generally:

Our "Home" is all the world to us,
No matter where it lies—
If under Afric's burning sun,
Or Greenland's clouded skies.

We love our Home, our native land;
Where'er we chance to roam,
We think upon our youthful hopes,
We look toward our Home.

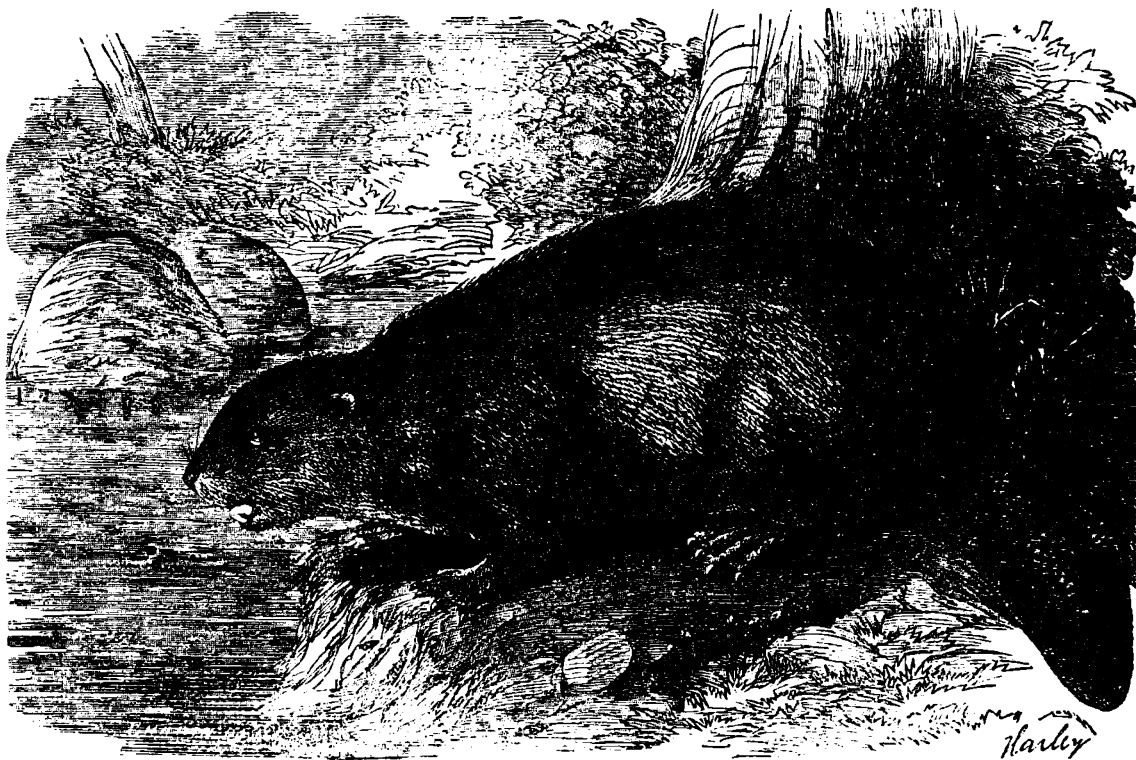
We would fain give more selections from the still replete "treasury," but the JOURNAL's columns are already crowded. However, before we consign the unnoticed to the oblivion of our waste basket, we would ask their authors' pardon, and would also humbly express the hope that by this overt act of destruction we do not withhold from the world of thought and action any element or influence which might conduce to its intellectual illumination.

THE BEAVER ILLUSTRATED.*

THE Beaver belongs to the same family with the muskrat, and, like the latter, is amphibious. Indeed, these two species are so nearly alike, that a beaver seems to be only a muskrat enormously enlarged. The body of the Beaver is thick, heavy, and squat; about two feet and a half long; weighing, when full grown, from sixty to eighty pounds. The tail is the most notable part of the animal. It measures from ten to twelve inches in length, and from three to four and a half inches in breadth. It is oval in shape, but flattened on the upper and under sides, and is covered with a species of hairy scales, which are set upon a thick, dusky skin. It is believed by trappers who have diligently watched the ways of this animal that it uses its tail as a spade or trowel in working mud and sand. This member also answers the purpose of a prop, to help the animal stand erect while at work. It serves as both rudder and oar in swimming, being turned under the body at a right angle, and swung from side to side with great rapidity and power, the operation being like the sculling of a boat.

Beavers are not gregarious in summer, but become so at the approach of winter, when they build their huts and dams and gather their stores of food. Their huts are built first, generally in September, and are much like those of the muskrat, but larger and stronger. They

* From "The Trapper's Guide," a Manual of Instructions for Capturing all kinds of Fur-Bearing Animals, and Curing their Skins. By S. Newhouse. A new edition, published by the Oneida Community and by Oakley & Mason. Octavo, pp. 215, with many engraved illustrations. Price, \$1 50. May be had at this office.



THE BEAVER.

rise out of the water, and have their entrances at the bottom. They are made to hold ten or twelve animals each. Some Beavers live on the banks of large rivers and lakes, and, having of course plenty of water, do not build dams, but have their holes in the banks, with their entrances under water, and their huts in front of them. These are called Bank Beavers, though they differ in nothing from their dam-building brethren. Those that live on small streams, where there is not water enough to surround their huts and protect their stores from freezing in winter, build dams to raise the water and create ponds suitable for their purpose. They commence by cutting down with their teeth trees of all sizes, from those of ten inches in diameter to the smallest brushwood. These are cut into pieces suitable for transportation by a single animal, and then are conveyed to the place chosen for a dam, the Beaver laying one paw over the timber, as he drags it along with his teeth. The smaller materials, such as mud, sticks, and stones, are carried between one of the fore-paws and the chin. The dams differ in shape according to the nature of the stream where they are built. In streams where the current is rapid or powerful, the dams are built with a convex curve up-stream, which strengthens them against the floods and the ordinary constant pressure of the stream. In streams where the water has but little motion, the dams are built straight across; and sometimes they have been observed with a curve down-stream. No special order or method is observed in building the dams, except that the work is carried on with a regular sweep, and all the parts are made of equal strength. They are frequently six or eight feet high, and from ten to thirty rods in length. The trees, resting on the bottom, are so mixed and filled in with mud, sticks, stones, leaves, and grass, that very little water escapes, except by running over the top; and the height is so uniform that the water drips evenly from one end to the other. After the dams are built, but before they are frozen over, the Beavers lay in their winter stores, which consist of the bark of the willow, aspen, poplar, birch, and alder. They fell these trees with their teeth, cut them up into short sections, and sink them in the water near their huts. In the winter, when their ponds are frozen over, they enter the water by the holes at the bottom of their huts, collect these sunken trees and take them to their dwellings, as they require them for food. The breeding season of the Beaver commences in April or May, and

they have from two to four young ones at a birth. The young remain with their parents for three years. In the fourth year they start a new colony, and commence breeding, the parents assisting in building the new dam. This is probably the reason why so many dams are built one above another on the same stream. Several can frequently be seen from a single point, and they are generally so arranged that the water from one dam sets back to the next above.

The houses of the Beaver are built of the same materials as their dams. They are proportioned in size to the number of their inhabitants, which seldom exceed four old and six or eight young ones, though more than double that number have sometimes been found. Hearne, in his narrative of explorations in the Hudson's Bay country nearly a hundred years ago, relates an instance where the Indians of his party killed twelve old Beaver and twenty-five young and half-grown ones out of one house; and it was found, on examination, that several others had escaped. This house, however, was a very large one, and had near a dozen apartments under one roof, which, with two or three exceptions, had no communication with each other, except by water, and were probably occupied by separate families. In the spring, Beavers leave their houses and roam about during the summer. On their return in the autumn, they repair their habitations for winter use. This is done by covering the outside with fresh mud. This operation is not finished until the frost has become pretty severe, as by this means the surface soon freezes as hard as stone, and prevents their great enemy, the wolverine, from disturbing them during the winter.

The food of the Beaver, besides the bark of the several kinds of trees I have mentioned, consists chiefly, in winter, of a large kind of root, somewhat resembling a cabbage-stalk, that grows at the bottom of lakes and rivers. In summer, they vary their diet by eating various kinds of herbage, and such berries as grow near their haunts.

Beavers are found in the northern parts of America, Europe, and Asia. They are generally supposed to belong to one species. They are most abundant on this continent. Within a recent period, Beavers were abundant in all the Northern, Middle, and Western States of the Union, as the large number of their dams, and the beautiful "beaver meadows" caused by the filling up of their ponds with alluvial matter, sufficiently indicate.

But they retire at the approach of man; and the gradual clearing up and cultivation of the soil has driven them nearly all from the country. In the upper and lower provinces of Canada, however, they are still found in abundance.

There are several methods of taking Beaver in steel-traps. A few of the most successful I will endeavor to describe.

A full-grown family of Beavers, as I have said before, consists of the parents (male and female), their three-year-old offspring, the two-year-olds, and the yearlings,—four generations of four different sizes, occupying one hut, and doing business in one pond. When a trapper comes upon such a pond, or one that he has reason to believe is inhabited by a large number of Beavers, his object should be to take them all; and, in order to do this, he must conduct his operations so that when one Beaver is caught, it will not have opportunity to alarm the rest; for otherwise the whole family may leave for parts unknown. His care should be directed therefore to two points, namely, first, to the setting of his traps in such a way as to take each Beaver while alone; and, secondly, to arrangements for drowning them as speedily as possible after they are taken. To secure the first point, he should not set his traps very near the dwelling of the Beavers, but should select places at some distance up the pond on some point or neck of land projecting into the stream, where the animals will pass and repass, but where each will be most likely to be alone. The trap should be set close to the shore, about three inches under water, and should be carefully secreted by a covering of some soft substance that will not interfere with its springing. For bait, a small portion of beaver-castor (a milky secretion found in glands near the testicles of the male Beaver) may be left on the bank, near the trap.

If the trapper's approach was made by land, all foot-prints should be erased by drenching with water. To secure the second point, the chain of the trap should be attached to a sliding-pole, which will lead the captured Beaver into deep water and drown him.

Beavers are sometimes taken by breaking away their dam, two inches below the surface, in one or two places, and setting traps in the breaches. They keep sentinels who examine their dams every night, and the least break is soon detected and put under repair; so that, with traps properly set, some of the Beavers will be likely to be taken while at work at this business. But, as the whole family is summoned out when a breach is considered dangerous, and as in any case several Beavers are likely to be engaged in a work of repair, the capture of one is almost sure to frighten away the rest, for which reason this method of capture should be generally discarded as impolitic.

The surest way of taking Beaver is by trapping in winter, in the following manner: When their ponds are frozen over, make a hole in the ice about three feet across, near the shore and near a hut. Cut a tree of birch, poplar, or alder, about two inches in diameter; press the top together and shove the whole under the ice in such a direction that the Beavers will be likely to pass and repass it in going to and from their house. The butt of the tree should be fastened at the shore under the ice. Directly under the butt, about ten or twelve inches below, a platform should be prepared by driving stakes, or by any other means that is convenient, on which the trap should be set. The chain ring should be attached as before to a dry sliding-pole. After the trap is set and secured, the hole in the ice should be filled up with snow and allowed to freeze. The Beaver, passing the newly-cut tree and discovering its freshness, will proceed toward the butt for the purpose of securing the whole for food, and, in gnawing it off near the shore over the trap, will be likely to be taken. The reason why the sliding-pole should be dry is, that if it is green, the remaining Beavers will be likely to gnaw it off and take it home with them, trap, Beaver, and all, for the sake of the bark.

A LESSON FOR GRUMBLERS.—"I never complained of my condition," said Sadi, a Persian poet, "but once, when my feet were bare and I had not money to buy shoes; but shortly after I met a man without feet, and I became contented with my lot."

FROM THE WEST.

OUR ST. LOUIS CORRESPONDENCE.

I HAVE been reading a capital number of the *AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL*.

I wish your *JOURNAL* was read in every family in the United States. It is the science of common sense applied to the conduct of human life. Without being technically a phrenologist, I have often wished that the broad principles, the practical deductions, and plain teachings of phrenological publications might be taught more frequently in our educational establishments and in our pulpits.

If the sermons that we hear had less intangible talk in them and more substantial and practical instruction, I think men's souls and bodies would be better off. If one sermon a Sabbath, where two are preached, could be given to plain, common-sense teaching, on the principles which your *JOURNAL* and books have made popular for the last quarter of a century, there would be more morality and obedience to moral and physical laws in the nation, and more happiness in our homes. Without professing to be a religious publication, I have thought that the *JOURNAL* has contributed not a little to teaching obedience to the physical and spiritual laws of our nature. I most heartily wish you success in the great work which all academic and collegiate studies propose, but do not always accomplish, of teaching man something of himself.

Ever since I was a student at Cambridge, and strolled into your rooms in New York many years ago, I have kept an interest in, and a sort of acquaintance with, your movements; and here, in the Far West, beyond the Mississippi, I send you a word of greeting and fellowship, and hope that you will show "Life Illustrated" in many of our homes on the prairies. But I must tell you something about St. Louis and Missouri. It will interest a vast number of your readers who live on the Atlantic slopes, and who may think of following the course of empire that westward takes its way. A native of New England, I long to have New England men come to the fair and fertile fields of Missouri and help us to develop the unequalled wealth and resources of this most magnificent country. Let Eastern people recall the fertile valleys of their own States, the Connecticut, Hudson, Mohawk, Susquehanna, and Ohio, and think how rich they are, and teeming with wealth and population! Let them remember that much of that wealth, those fine cities, and all the arts of civilization and science are the fruits of efforts made chiefly in the last half century. Then let them consider the vast valley of the Missouri, which lies between the Mississippi and the Missouri, and contemplate that magnificent region through which the H. and St. Jo. R.R. runs, and think what it will be in a few years, when the land has the culture of free men—how it will grow in value, and make fortunes, as well as homes, towns, and cities!

Let Eastern populations think of these things, and now enter at the right time into this splendid domain. Land is cheap here now, and is offered on most advantageous terms. Now is the time to get cheap homes and secure a fortune for yourselves and children. Nothing in the historical progress of other nations in population and wealth can compare with the just anticipations which are certain to be realized in respect to this magnificent region. It will be netted all over with a vast system of railways. It has thousands of miles of river navigation. Its capacity of sustaining a great population cheaply must attract to it not only those from Europe but also from Eastern States.

The political power of the Union will center in this great valley. The very magnitude of the features of the country, its magnificent lakes, and rivers, and broad prairies, give a noble tone and character to the people, which, with the dash and energy of Western life, will result in the production of a splendid future, such as no other portion of our country can hope to have. Where, now, land is cheap, thriving cities and large towns in a few years will stand.

SAINT LOUIS MATTERS.

The growth of St. Louis is really wonderful. It seems but a few years ago since it had only the population of some of your larger towns in New York, or some 15,000

inhabitants; but now it has a population of 235,000. It is a solid city, built of brick and stone. My business recently led me to investigate the statistics of the city, and as a matter of interest I will give you some of the items. There are over 100 churches in the city, 22 of which are Catholic. There are about 100 educational establishments, from the primary school to the higher departments of the university, including collegiate, medical, and law schools. At the Washington University of St. Louis as thorough a classical education may be obtained by the student as at Harvard College. This institution has cost, with its polytechnic department and buildings, nearly a million of dollars. It is liberal, and free from sectarian prejudice; and when it is two centuries old, it will be one of the grandest institutions of the nation. There are 18,242 structures, with an assessed valuation of some \$28,000,000 dollars, but whose real valuation is probably nearer \$75,000,000. There were over 1,200 new buildings erected in St. Louis in 1867. There are 311 mills and manufactories here, to say nothing of the 40 breweries, which last year made a barrel of beer for every man, woman, and child in St. Louis.

Among the manufactured products we notice those of sixteen million pounds of soap, four million pounds of candy, and eighteen million pounds of sugar, besides 581,180 gallons of syrup—treacle—and 160,400 gallons of castor oil. We manufactured about fifty million dollars' worth of goods last year, all told, and bought and sold between two and three hundred million dollars' worth. St. Louis covers an area of sixteen square miles.

Like the man who thanked the Lord that religion was cheap, we offer the same thanks for horse-car conveniences, for we can travel seven miles for 5 cents. Indeed, we have one line that extends twelve or thirteen miles north and south, running a long way through streets filled with blocks of buildings.

Untraveled Eastern people have no idea of the growth of this region west of the Mississippi. Towns and cities rise almost as if by magic. An emigration of the enterprising, self-reliant, and strong every year is passing the Mississippi, and spreading over this fertile region. "Westward the course of empire takes its way."

LET THEM COME.

There are thousands of people fighting the battle of life in your Eastern cities and in Europe who ought to come West. If all things favor, they manage to worry through the winter without actual pauperism and suffering. There are a hundred thousand in the city of New York who have no business to be there at all, because they could do so much better for themselves out here in this new country. I do not own an acre of land, and have nothing to sell, but I would like to tell the thousands that read your *JOURNAL* of the several hundred thousand acres of choice and fertile lands open for settlement in this State of Missouri. The Hannibal and St. Jo. R.R. Co. has, for example, on each side of their road, all the way from Quincy and Hannibal to St. Joseph, crossing the entire State for 200 miles, about half a million acres of excellent lands in a charming climate, on the purchase of which they willingly grant to the settler a credit of two or ten years. Those desiring to know more about them might write to the Land Commissioner, Geo. S. Harris, Hannibal, Mo.

Slavery, that cursed the State, is removed. Freedom sings her songs upon our prairies. Missouri now ranks, with all her mineral wealth and possibilities, as one of the leading States of the great valley of the Mississippi.

MARTIN W. WILLIS.

RENTS in New York have reached a height which is little else than "excruciating." The Bostonians complain grievously of the exorbitant demands of landlords in their city. If the following announcements, clipped from a Boston paper, are to be credited, things there have reached "a pretty pass."

"TO LET—One room on the rail recently put up at Bantamville, in the building formerly occupied by Henry Fowle. Price \$300 per annum, and taxes. Apply to A. Ruhster, on the premises.

"RARE CHANCE.—The subscriber, having recently introduced steam-heating apparatus into his house, has no further need for his splendid and commodious ash-hole, which has been cleared out utterly regardless of dirt and expense, and will now be leased to a few single gentlemen, who desire lodgings in a quiet and retired situation. Terms made known on application. Geo. Gripe, 34 Bullion Avenue."

"What They Say."

Here we give space for readers to express, briefly, their views on various topics not provided for in other departments. Statements and opinions—not discussions—will be in order. Be brief.

ARE YOU A ROMANIST?—

A "subscriber" objects to our publishing Roman Catholics and others, not of his or our own faith. He inquires if we are "wavering" in our convictions, or if we are already committed to the Pope? Why not charge us with Judaism, Mormonism, or Paganism? We simply propose to show up, in a proper spirit—i. e., truthfully—all the principal creeds and religions in this country. Does this imply that we indorse them? May we not describe a heathen without ourselves becoming one? Why not credit us with the design of trying to convert them to our faith? If we are right and they in error, is it not our duty to try to bring them to the truth as we understand it? Aye, verily. And who knows how much may be accomplished by these religious exhibitions? Let us have "light, light, more light." There is no cause for fear in knowledge and truth; we would first enlighten, and then bring all mankind to the worship of the true God. But we foresaw this; we know how bigoted, narrow-minded, and prejudiced some folks are. We have been charged with political partisanship, after publishing sketches of politicians, as though we were not above party—and we expected to be classed with Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Unitarians, Universalists, Swedenborgians, Hebrews, and Roman Catholics. But we can stand it. Calling us Jews or Gentiles does not make us one or the other, any more than calling us a Mohammedan would make us a Turk.

A boy put this puzzling question to his wise progenitor: "Grandpa, calling the tail a leg, how many legs would the calf have?" Five, was the unscientific answer, which the more philosophical boy instantly corrected by replying: "No, sir, calling the tail a leg don't make it a leg." So, calling us this, that, or the other don't make us what we are not.

Our object is to let all the world see just exactly where they stand, not only on the question of religion, but on all questions. When we know each other better—as we may—we shall be able to account for personal peculiarities, and not crucify each other for differences in opinion. We look at mankind from a scientific standpoint. With Christ for our example, the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer for our guide, we hope to prove useful to our fellows, and acceptable to Him who judges all men.

There is one God, but many worshippers. The principles of Christianity are as broad and as comprehensive as the globe. Indeed, they may be likened to an orange in their wholeness and oneness. But we finite beings divide the orange into little sections, and claim perfection for our particular piece; we know it is good—we know it is orange; but we are not willing to concede that our neighbor's piece, section, or creed is as good as our own. Our particular mode of worship is simply a matter of education. And if one mode is better than another—having more vital truth in it—that is the sort which will in time absorb others. If Christianity is an improvement on Judaism, it will prevail. If Protestantism is better than Roman Catholicism, it will prevail. If

Paganism has in it more of truth than other systems, that will prevail.

We see, or think we see, a steady progress in knowledge, in science, and in human development from the beginning of the race. And we now look for a steady—and more rapid than ever before—dissemination and acceptance of Christianity. So far it answers every desire or need in the moral nature of man. It is in perfect keeping with all we know of science. It reaches, in its comprehensiveness, into the realms of faith and spirituality, vastly beyond the reach of reason or sense. It reconciles us to all the duties and trials of life; it resigns us to death. There is nothing in life or death, nothing present or to come, that it does not recognize and prepare us to meet. In a word, it is the culmination of all knowledge, all science, all philosophy, all that is human and divine. Let us accept it. Let us live and die by it.

VEGETARIANS.—The following explains itself.

S. R. WELLS, EDITOR.—*Dear Sir:* A few vegetarians have formed a colony at this place, and desire to receive additions to their number. If you will give the few accompanying lines a place in your PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, you will greatly oblige us, and we hope benefit others. Very respectfully yours, MRS. E. L. BONNELL.

[Here are the "lines," which tell the story. We are not advised as to the price of lots, how to reach the place, etc., but all this will be communicated on application to the lady.—ED.]

HEALTH COLONIZATION.

Would any reader like to know Where vegetarians may go, That mind and body sound may be? Let all such join our colony.

The water here is soft and pure, The soil is good, the fruit crops sure; A healthy climate, all will say: Pray come and buy without delay.

Come, if to only make a call; Here's land for sale, enough for all; In quantities both large and small, And near the "Tract" of Dr. Trail.

To Waller, then, you all must come, Who'd make with us, your future home; Or if you choose to write a line, An answer back you'll get in time.

MRS. E. L. BONNELL, Waller, Ross Co., Ohio.

Literary Notices.

[All works noticed in THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.]

MAN: WHERE, WHENCE, AND WHITHER? Being a Glance at Man in his Natural History Relations. By David Page, LL.D. First American Edition. New York: Moorhead, Simpson & Bond. Cloth, \$1 50. Address this office.

The important questions which constitute the title of this volume receive from the author the cool consideration of an earnest laborer in purely scientific realms. What natural history has to offer in the way of presumptive testimony to the origin of man, he briefly sets before the reader. He would stimulate the movement of inquiry which now has assumed a somewhat definite character in the minds of the thoughtful. "Man's Where, Whence, and Whither," he says in the Preface, "are inseparably linked together, and there can be no intelligent appreciation of the one without a competent knowledge of the others; no successful dealing with one problem unless studied in connection with the other problems that arise from a philosophical consideration of the whole question of man's place in nature." A sum-

mary of the table of contents must suffice our readers. First comes the Introduction, considering the nature and importance of the inquiry. Next, Man: Where? his zoological, geographical, ethnological, and functional relations. Next, Man: Whence? comprising his historical, geological, and genetic relations, and lastly, Man: Whither? his progressive relations, and the practical bearings of the inferences drawn from the argument.

CHRISTIAN SEPARATION FROM THE WORLD: its Philosophy, Obligation, and Extent, considered with special reference to Popular Amusements. By Rev. S. H. Platt. With introductory letter by Rev. T. L. Cuyler. 12mo, pp. 52. Price, paper, 25 cents; muslin, 35 cents. Address the author, 39 Fleet Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

An earnest appeal in behalf of wayward young men who see no wrong in games of chance and in worldly amusements. According to Mr. Platt, the Christian separation from the world, which is enjoined by the Gospel, excludes, first, all forms of business or pleasure that involve a perpetration of moral wrong, such as smuggling, selling liquor as a beverage, gambling, lottery-dealing, cock, dog, and prize-fighting; selling confectionery, soda-water, and tobacco on the Sabbath (even from drug stores), and all games of chance of whatever description. From the above, it will be inferred that the author has drawn the lines sharply, and gives no license to the wayward. A perusal of the book will strengthen the weak and confirm the strong. It will also serve as a warning to the wicked. Read it.

THE GOSPEL IN THE TREES: with Pulpit Opinions on Common Things. By Alexander Clark. Philadelphia: J. W. Daughaday & Co. Cloth. Price, \$1 50.

This professedly religious book—a volume of sermons certainly must be religious—is something unique in its way. It is replete with the sap of a healthy theology, and as vigorous as the well-grown cedar of Libanus. Here are moral truths extracted from trees, as refreshing as the shady grove in midsummer, and as agreeable to the unperverted appetite as the fruit of the apple or the olive. We will confess to a little general prejudice to volumes of sermons, and we fear this feeling is shared by many reviewers of books, but Mr. Clark's "Gospel in the Trees" disarms our prejudice in the outset. We are fond of the apple; we revere that noble growth of our American soil, and what is said in the first discourse on the apple-tree commands our approval. So, too, the cedar, the olive, the myrtle, the willow, and the palm, each are the subjects of separate discourses which contain much practical religious and scientific instruction.

Besides, in "Pulpit Opinions on Common Things," those familiar enough incidents, Rain, Snow, and Hail, receive such interesting consideration as leads us to respect and admire them more than we have been accustomed to admire them hitherto.

The Dress is the subject of another most impressive discourse; and in those which close the volume, "Every-Day Glory," "One and Forever," "Two Worlds Made One," there is food for the earnest religious heart which will cheer and invigorate it. Mr. Clark has seized a most felicitous series of subjects for religious analysis, and his book deserves a liberal sale. It is spirited and vivacious, yet candid, earnest, and admonitory; instructive and even entertaining, yet fervent with spiritual truth.

FOUL PLAY. A NOVEL. By Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault, with illustrations by George Du Maurier. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Price, 75 cents.

The interest with which this production of the combined brains of two well-known writers has been received while published in a serial form, has induced its appearance in the present complete volume. It is romance with some sprinklings of probability.

LINDA TRESSSELL. A Tale. By the author of "Nina Balatka, the Story of a Maiden of Prague." Price in paper, 38 cents.

ALL FOR GREED. A Novel. By the Baroness Blaze de Berry. Price, 38 cents.

The above works from the press of Messrs. Little & Gay, of Boston, formerly ran through the pages of that excellent eclectic, *Little's Living Age*. They are esteemed worthy of separate covers.

DOUBLY FALSE. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Author of "Fashion and Famine," etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Price, \$1 75.

Mrs. Stephens is an expert novelist. She knows much of the inner and outer life of humanity. In reading her works one would think her experience had been involved in the meshes she so ingeniously weaves. "Doubly False" is deeply criminal, yet not too deeply so for real life. The spoiler and the spoiled are the themes she has chosen to describe, and her vivid pen has done the work with a forceful emphasis.

THE ADVENTURES OF OLIVER TWIST; also "Pictures from Italy," and "American Notes" for General Circulation. By Charles Dickens. With Ten Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Price, \$1 50.

This is a cheap volume of the tasteful Charles Dickens' Edition. The publishers certainly do the liberal thing for the reading public in this edition. The fearful scenes of Oliver Twist, the sprightly delineations of Italian life, and the semi-splenetic sketches of America, constitute a plethoric little volume, yet printed in good type and on excellent paper.

HOLIDAYS AT ROSELANDS.—A Sequel to Elsie Dinsmore. New York: M. W. Dodd. Price, \$1 25.

The carefully-written story of Elsie Dinsmore has its counterpart in "Holidays at Roselands." No book can be more acceptable to the healthy juvenile mind. The moral principles inculcated are excellent and the style exceedingly attractive. Elsie's joys and sorrows, excepting a little exaggeration, are described with life-like accuracy; besides, the story loses nothing by its connection with the sunny South and slavery.

GOING TO JERICHO; or, Sketches of Travel in Spain and the East. By John Franklin Swift. New York and San Francisco: A. Roman & Co. Price, \$1 75.

An exceedingly pleasant book this for one to read; having enough of detail to stamp it with the character of a volume of travels, and enough of sprightly incident to render it agreeable.

The portraiture of Spanish and Egyptian life are frank and natural; there is evidently no attempt on the part of the writer to tickle the credulity of his readers with the creations of his imagination. The wonders of the grand old lands in the East are recited in an appreciative and impressive style, yet without any attempt at grandiloquence. Mr. Swift's book is adapted to instruct as well as entertain the general reader.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE OF FOREIGN LITERATURE. Monthly, \$5 a year. W. H. Bidwell & Co., Publishers, 108 Fulton Street, New York.

The value of this standard monthly may be inferred when we state that it has reached its sixty-third volume without a break! Besides the best current English serial literature, the *Eclectic* gives frequent fine steel-plate engravings, of a high order of merit.

THE FARM AND GARDEN is an unpretending monthly of 32 octavo pages, at \$1 a year, published by James R. Jacobs & Co., in Clinton, S. C.

We are glad to notice every attempt to improve the agriculture of the South. Hitherto, journals of this class have not been largely patronized, but now, more than formerly, they will be needed. The agricultural resources of the South have scarcely been touched. Let knowledge go forth; then let the plow and the hoe do their work.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY: a Universalist Monthly Magazine for the Home Circle. Large octavo. Terms, \$2 50 a year. Universalist Publishing House, 37 Cornhill, Boston.

This magazine now enters upon its fortieth volume. It occupies the same relation to the religious society it represents that the *Ladies' Repository* of Cincinnati occupies in relation to the Methodist Church in America. It has been edited—we think is still edited—by Mrs. Hanford, a lady of high natural ability and liberal education. Among its contributors are some of the best writers of the Universalist denomination.

ALDEANE. A Novel. By Laura Preston, author of "In Bonds," etc. New York and San Francisco: A. Roman & Co. Price, \$1 75.

This is a strong story of Southern life as it was before the extinction of slavery. What a fruitful topic for the novelist is offered in the late dispensation of American slavery! The acme of sensationalism in literature can be approximated without exhausting it.

THE SPANISH GIPSY. A Poem. By George Eliot, author of "Adam Bede." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. Price, \$1 50.

This is a very successful attempt to produce in English the cadence of Spanish verse. The plot is most romantic, becoming the scene of its supposed action; and the time—most fertile of pathetic tale—when the Moors were being exterminated from the peninsula. A Spanish grandee loves a beautiful maiden; their marriage-day is fixed; but just before it dawns, a gipsy chief escaped from the captivity which the Spanish law imposed upon his race, appears before the lady and claims her as his child, many years before lost from his hand. She yields to his authority and leaves the palace of the Spaniard to share her wandering father's lot.

On his return from an expedition against the Moors, expecting to take his bride, the nobleman is deeply grieved by her flight. A few loving words, written in the hurry of Fedalma's departure, explain all. He follows the gipsy band, discovers Fedalma, and having no other alternative in his great passion, he joins the company, relinquishing his titles and name. Soon afterward, discovering that the Zincalo chief had pledged his men to aid the Moors, and had in a sudden attack slain several Spanish noblemen, the new proselyte in anger stabs the chief to the heart and abjures his new relation. He is permitted to leave the camp, and afterward expiates his brief

apostasy by a pilgrimage to Rome. On his way thither he visits the African coast, where Fedalma, as successor of her father, has retired with her band. Their meeting and farewell is depicted in affecting terms, and closes the poem. This work merits the approval of the most critical for its true poetic sentiment and excellence of metrical construction.

THE BOOK OF EVERGREENS.

A Practical Treatise on the Conifers, or Cone-bearing Plants. By Josiah Hoopes, Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. New York: Orange Judd & Co. Cloth. Price, \$3.

So important a plan has the evergreen family held in the estimation of horticulturists for its ornamental uses, that we wonder that no special treatise had not long ago been written on it. However, the niche is filled at last by Mr. Hoopes' work. Though more particularly adapted to the instruction of American gardeners, it is fruitful in suggestion to those of other nations where ornamental horticulture is practiced.

The volume is equally adapted to the experienced man and the novice, such terms being used as render the different species of Conifers easily understood by all. A work of 435 pages, it covers about all the known species of evergreens, giving practical directions on the propagation and growth of each. To the botanist it offers an extensive field for investigation in one of the most interesting of the vegetable families. The illustrations are numerous and beautiful.

BOOK OF SUMMER RESORTS,

explaining Where to Find Them, How to Find Them, and their special advantages, with details of Time-Tables and Prices. A complete Guide for the Summer Tourist, with maps and illustrations. Compiled by Charles H. Sweetser, Author of the "Guide to the Northwest," and Editor of the New York *Evening Mail*. New York: *Evening Mail* office.

Now that we are in the high tide of summer, when our cities smoke, fume, and swelter under the fiery sun, the very mention of a book like the above is refreshing. A summer resort at this season means retirement from the dust and sweat of business, rambles by the cool water side, or in the grateful forest shade, delightful baths in the crested sea-waves, noontide dreams on the vine-embowered veranda. Mr. Sweetser's book supplies a want experienced by all tourists who would visit those places which offer the strongest rural attractions. He has appreciated the practical "issues" of summer trips and "stays," and furnished those important items which touch the pocket as well as the eyes and palate. All the important places within ready reach of New York are described with reference to hotel accommodations, scenery, and general advantages. The advice with respect to round trips is valuable, as well as the interesting items of geographical and historical information given in connection with many places that are as famed for their past as for their present. The volume is conveniently bound for the pocket, and should meet with the approbation of the traveling public.

BARNABY RUDGE AND HARD TIMES. By Charles Dickens. With Ten Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. Price, \$1 50.

"Here's variety enough for any man." Two of Dickens' stories in one volume!—The Charles Dickens' Edition, too! In the first, low, rough life is depicted in all its vividness; in the second, want, sorrow, and suffering form the plot.

THE ELEMENTS OF AGRICULTURE: A Book for Young Farmers. By George E. Waring, Jr. Second and revised edition. 12mo, pp. 254. Price, post-paid, by return mail, \$1 25. May be had at this office.

We have here one of the best works yet published on agriculture in America. It is simple, yet scientific; it is practical, though profound. All the different soils and fertilizers are described, and their constituents plainly stated. The varieties of farm crops, together with their cultivation, are described at some length. All the processes and advantages of thorough under-draining are given. Various agricultural implements are also described, and almost everything the young farmer needs to know in regard to the treatment of soils, the uses of fertilizers, the nature of seeds and plants, are given in the plainest language. We think a universal distribution of this work throughout our country would be a great public benefit. Our only object in recommending it so highly and urging it upon our people, is for the good it is well calculated to do in the line of agriculture.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT? A

Manual for Housekeepers, comprising a "Bill of Fare for Breakfast, Dinner, and Tea" for every day in the year, with an Appendix containing Recipes for Pickles and Sauces. 12mo, pp. 134, fancy muslin. Price, \$1. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.

We are not favored with the name of the author, but the names of the publishers are a guarantee that this new cookery book is not all trash. Not being experimental cooks, and wife not having tested the merits of the work, we can say little more than to express our belief that young housekeepers all, and some elderly ones, may find it to their interest to read this book. It is not like the one we ourselves publish, devoted to the herbivorous, granivorous, and vegetarian interests; but this recommends a mixed diet of fish, flesh, and fowl; or we should say, gives explicit directions for their preparation for the table, rather than recommends any particular diet.

We copy a single paragraph. In reference to a good breakfast the author says: "In a chilly climate like America, wine is a mistake, even with French cookery; if strong, it diminishes business quickness; if weak, it imparts no warmth," etc. Farther on: "Fruit is a good digester, so is cranberry jam." But if we were to commence making quotations, we should not know where to stop. The book is handsomely gotten up, as are all those with the Messrs. Putnam's imprint.

EXCELSIOR MONTHLY MAGAZINE, devoted to the Elevation of the Race. Large 8vo, pp. 40. Terms, \$2 50 a year. New York: Olmsted & Welwood.

A handsome initial number, on good type, clean white paper, and very well printed. What amount of talent and enterprise may be put into the work we have no means of judging; but if kept up to the standard of this first number, it will be both cheap and good.

THE WORKSHOP. A Monthly Journal devoted to Progress of the Useful Arts. Edited by Prof. W. Baumer, J. Schnorr, and others. E. Steiger, New York, Publisher. \$5 40 a year; 50 cents specimen numbers.

No. 4 of this richly illustrated monthly is before us, and well maintains the high excellence exhibited by the first issue. The designs for carving are both practical and beautiful, and the accompanying letterpress is instructive.

FIVE HUNDRED AND SEVEN

MECHANICAL MOVEMENTS, embracing all those which are most important * * * and including many Movements never before published, and several which have only recently come into use. By Henry T. Brown, Editor of the "American Artisan." New York: Published by Brown, Coombs & Co. Cloth. Price, \$1 15.

A most suggestive and useful little book. The desire its perusal begets in us is to try our hand—mind—at invention; and we verily believe this interesting work will stimulate many readers, young and old, to the study of mechanical principles, and serve to set the world ahead in this direction. Give a copy to your boys; set them to whittling, boring, drilling, hammering, and inventing. It will prove most interesting and useful. We commend the enterprising publishers for the very handsome manner in which they have brought out the book.

ILLUMINATED TEMPERANCE

CARDS. A new series of Ten Lithograph Temperance Cards, with Short Verses, beautifully illustrated, and printed in gold, admirably adapted to Children, Sunday Schools, Bands of Hope, and other Juvenile Temperance Organizations. They are the most attractive little Cards of the kind ever published, and should be placed in the hands of every child in the land. Price, 40 cents per pack of ten cards, in neat envelope; \$4 per dozen packs. Address, J. N. Stearns, 172 William St., New York, or this office.

These beautiful little "tokens" will encourage the recipients to keep their pledges and live temperate lives. Circulate them.

THE USE OF TOBACCO, and

the Evil, Physical, Mental, Moral, and Social, resulting therefrom. By John H. Griscom, M.D. 18mo, pp. 37. Muslin, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.

Another blast against the weed. Dr. Griscom is an old practitioner of many years' standing in New York—twenty years in the New York Hospital—and his large practice among the victims of the habit enables him to speak understandingly on this subject. Our own views are already well known, having published, a few years ago, prize essays, for which hundreds of dollars were paid to the writers, and of which many thousands of copies were circulated. Still, the habit seems to be increasing; and though not discouraged, knowing ourselves to be in the right, we rejoice at every new effort in the direction of enlightening the public mind on the subject. The little book may be wisely placed in the hands of those not yet contaminated, who will inevitably be more or less tempted. When, for instance, many of the clergy and prominent statesmen, and nearly all politicians, and certain distinguished generals indulge in the weed, it is not surprising that green boys, who are ambitious to become men, should fall into the same nasty ways. Buy the little book, and distribute it where it may do good, and save the otherwise poor weak "perverts."

"THE GOOD MAN'S LEGACY," a sermon by Dr. Samuel Osgood, occasioned by the death of Dr. Richard Rothe, of Heidelberg, has been published by S. R. Wells, of this city. Of Dr. Rothe some account was given not long since in this Journal. He was one of the most able thinkers of modern Germany, and such was the geniality of his spirit and the beauty of his life, that he was, like Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, beloved and revered by men of all varieties of religious belief. His great work, "Theological Ethics," is made by Dr. Osgood the subject of a brief but satisfactory analysis.—*Evening Post*.

THE LAW OF HUMAN INCREASE: or, Population based on Physiology and Psychology. By Nathan Allen, A.M., M.D., Lowell, Mass. New York: supplied by S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway.

This pamphlet is ably written, and must attract a good deal of attention among thinkers. The author attempts to show why the native population of some portions of the United States is falling off, and why the descendants of large families have comparatively few children. The law of temperament is also explained as affecting this question. Evidently a change must take place in the physical training and condition of the American people, if they would not be supplanted by the fresh importations from abroad. The treatise may be ordered from this office. Price, 50 cts.

THE RESOURCES OF MISSOURI. By Sylvester Waterhouse, of St. Louis, Mo. Octavo pamphlet. Pp. 64. Price, 50 cents. Address the author.

A brief statement of the agricultural, mineral, and other resources of one of the most promising States in the Union.

Messrs. Santee & Wheat, of Rolla, Mo., have also published a small pamphlet with map, all about Missouri, sent gratis, on receipt of stamps.

NEW MUSIC.—Messrs. Root & Cady, of Chicago, send us the following: "L'Opera dans le Salon," a brilliant series of fantasias for the piano, by Robert Goldbeck, of which "Un Ballo in Maschera" and "Ernani" are delightful exponents. Price, 60 cents each. "The Spring at the Foot of the Hill," song and chorus, by J. P. Webster. 50 cents.

TO MR. FREDERICK BLUME, of New York, we make acknowledgment for, "The Excelsior Music Book," for all single instruments, No. 22. Price, 15 cents. "Vivian's Silver Trumpets," a march. Price, 40 cents. "Champagne Charlie," a galop, from the Musical Casket. 20 cents. "Say to Him," from Offenbach's La Grande Duchesse. 40 cents. "Viennese Sugar-Plums," by Johann Strauss. 40 cents.

GOOD NEWS. "A CHEERFUL CHRISTIANITY" and a "ROBUST FAITH."—The prospectus for a new monthly magazine is issued by Messrs. WYNKOOP & SON, 108 Fulton Street, New York, announcing a new magazine with these features, a "Cheerful Christianity" and a "Robust Faith." We like this. It evinces life, vigor, and spiritual virility. The world will have no more long-faced, down-cast, desponding, dyspeptic, cold, repulsive, dead religion. It wants, demands, and must have the kind which animates, encourages, lifts up, and begets hope, courage, and a spirit to do the will of God. The Church is to be made radiant with joyous godliness, and not sepulchral with fear, sadness, and sorrow. The new magazine will represent the Reformed (the word "Dutch" is omitted) Church, and will be published at \$2 50 a year. Specimen numbers supplied at 20 cents. We predict—as we heartily wish—the best success for "GOOD NEWS."

THE AMERICAN STOCK JOURNAL, one of the most enterprising of our rural monthlies, has been removed from Gum Tree to Parkersburg, Chester County, Pa. Persons interested in the improvement of our domestic animals should read this excellent journal. Messrs. BOYER & Co. are the publishers, and the terms are only \$1 a year.

A PRACTICAL GRAMMAR OF THE HEBREW LANGUAGE, for Schools and Colleges. By B. Felsenthal, Ph. D. Cloth, \$1 15.

The following publications have been recently received from Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia:

WRECK OF THE GOLDEN MARY. By Charles Dickens. Paper. Price, 25 cts.

THE PIC-NIC PAPERS. Complete. By Charles Dickens. Paper. Price, 50 cts.

PERILS OF ENGLISH PRISONERS. By Charles Dickens. Price, 25 cts.

A HOUSE TO LET. By Charles Dickens. Price, 25 cts.

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK. By Sir Walter Scott. Complete in one volume. Price, 20 cts.

QUENTIN DURWARD. By Sir Walter Scott. Price, 20 cts.

FORTUNES OF NIGEL. By Sir Walter Scott. Price, 20 cts.

ST. ROMAN'S WELL. By Sir Walter Scott. Price, 20 cts.

THE GREAT IMPEACHMENT and Trial of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States. Illustrated with portraits of the principal personages interested in its management. Price, 50 cents.

TOURISTS' GUIDE TO THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI RIVER. By J. Disturnell.—A very handy pocket compilation, with maps, railways, tables of distances, hotels, etc.; is handsomely got up, in flexible covers, and sells at 75 cents. It is the promise or outline of something great, which must speedily follow, to supply the wants of tourists in that enchanting country.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS OF FREEER'S GLEN, at Watkins, N. Y. Mr. G. F. Gates publishes a series of the most remarkable views of this wonderfully romantic place, consisting of rocky arcades, galleries, and grottoes; amphitheatres, and subterranean passages; the grandness and magnificence of which are said to be beyond description. There are twenty-four mounted views, and they sell at \$5 for the set.

GRANT AND COLFAX. Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brother, Philadelphia, are publishing in several styles of binding the lives of these candidates for Presidential honors. Of course, many sweet words are said—as in all partisan biographies—and must prove encouraging to young Americans who aspire to positions of usefulness and honor. Paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1. For sale here and everywhere.

PART XIII. (May) of "ROUTLEDGE'S ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF MAN, in all Countries of the World," is at hand. The Camma, the Mpongivé, the Fans, with very interesting narratives of elephant and gorilla hunting, the Krumen, and the Fanti, are among the African tribes described and illustrated. This elaborate work is indispensable to the ethnologist.

NEW MUSIC.—We acknowledge the receipt of the following pieces of new music from Mr. FREDERICK BLUME, No. 1125 Broadway, New York: "Champagne Charlie," Galop; "La Grande Duchesse," Waltz; "Sword of my Father," song from the Grande Duchesse. 30 cents each. Send stamp to Mr. Blume for catalogue of popular music, with prices.

FAMILY PRAYERS FOR FOUR WEEKS. Edited by John Hall, D.D. Cloth, \$1 15.

THE MECHANICS' TOOL-BOOK; with Practical Directions for the Use of Machinists, Iron-Workers, etc. By W. B. Harrison. Illustrated. Cloth, \$2 75.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL HANDBOOK: a Compendium for Pastors, Superintendents, Teachers, etc. By E. House. Cloth, \$1 50.

To our Correspondents.

A CHANGE OF HEART.—Can a child be so brought up and trained by virtuous parents as to make its change of heart or conversion unnecessary? or, in other words, is that the religion of nature?

Ans. Man is endowed by the Creator with faculties which render him a religious being; he may, therefore, be said to inherit a disposition to worship. Aside from our phrenological deductions, we find all mankind, no matter how barbarous or how low in the scale of development, with some form of religion. Indeed, there are no tribes on the face of the earth without it. Even the South Sea Island cannibals, the Hottentots, and the Esquimaux are religious. Is not this evidence enough? Looked at from a phrenological point of view, we find all men—save idiots—with the organs of Veneration, Hope, Spirituality, and Conscientiousness—organs not to be found in any other created being. Nor are there any other beings on earth who recognize a God. Man alone is blessed with faculties which take cognizance of a supreme creative power. So far, then, it must be conceded that man is religious by nature. But natural religion, which may be the miserable superstition of the heathen, or the cold, lifeless philosophy of the skeptic, is very different from the revealed religion of the Scriptures and the living, spiritual religion of Christ. And now to the question. No; a child may be ever so perfect in organization, have all the organs of body and faculties of mind, and yet need the regenerating influences of the Holy Ghost—a change of heart—in order to become a child of grace, "joint heir with Christ," who lived and died as an example for us. Man has a threefold nature, namely, the animal, the intellectual, and the spiritual. Without conversion or a "change of heart" he remains on a plane below the highest. By a "change of heart" he becomes, as it were, spiritually illuminated, and awakened to a higher sense than intellect or reason can ever reach. He becomes *en rapport* with angels and with God. Yet this conversion or spiritual illumination is not abnormal or miraculous; it is simply the earnest aspiration of the soul for its Father and its God, and the reception of the truth by the spiritual faculty; it is the coming home of the soul to its spiritual fountain, the triumph of the religious feelings over the sensual and animal. It is natural, and yet supernatural. It is the thing man was made to do, yet which he is too strongly inclined not to do, without the illuminating grace of God and his truth. Yet this grace and truth are his by birthright as a son of God; and when, like the prodigal, he resolves to "arise and go to his Father," lo! He meets him half way and gives him the "renewing of his mind" by the Divine Spirit, and then he is "born again," "created anew in Christ Jesus."

SPIRITUALISM.—Is modern Spiritualism in harmony with the Bible?

Ans. There are several kinds of Spiritualists. Some claim to be religious, and to accept Christ in an orthodox way; others—and we think the majority—regard the Bible as of less authority than their own teachings and philosophy; and the religious world regards them as heterodox, if not infidel. Suppose you examine both the Bible and Spiritualism, and so find out for yourself whether or not they harmonize.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE-BOOKS.

In Europe, travelers are furnished with guide-books for city and country, with every species of detailed information needed by a stranger. What can be more complete than the plump and portable volumes, Guide-Books of Scotland, of Ireland, of England, etc., and so of the German States? In America we have nothing so perfect. Here are the titles, with prices, of the best we have. And they all need revising every year, to keep pace with the changes and improvements constantly taking place.

HAND-BOOK OF AMERICAN TRAVEL; being a Guide, by Railway, Steamboat, and Stage, to the Cities, Towns, Battle-Fields, Waterfalls, Mountains, Rivers, Lakes, Hunting and Fishing Grounds, Watering Places, Summer Resorts, and all Scenes and Objects of Importance and Interest in the United States and British Provinces. Edited by Edward H. Hall. Accompanied by Maps of all parts of the country, and the principal Rivers. Limp cloth. \$4.

HAND-BOOK OF NORTHERN TRAVEL; containing an account of the principal Watering Places and Summer Resorts, including Niagara, Trenton Falls, White Mountains, Lake Superior, etc. Illustrated with Maps. 1 vol., 12mo. Limp cloth. \$3.

SOUTHERN HAND-BOOK OF TRAVEL; containing a complete account of all the Cities and Towns in the Southern States. Illustrated with Maps. 1 vol., 12mo. Limp cloth. \$2.

BACON'S DESCRIPTIVE HAND-BOOK OF AMERICA, containing valuable Historical, Geographical, and Statistical information. With colored Maps. London Edition. 12mo. \$3 25.

Beside these, which we can send by post, there are Railway Guides, which may be obtained at all the stations. What we really need is a series of handy guide-books for the East, the West, the North, and the South. Who will get them up?

ADVICE AND LONG LIFE

WANTED.—For the stamps inclosed will you please send two of your illustrated catalogues; also, some good advice that would insure a long, happy, and healthful life in this world and an eternal life in the world to come? I am only fifteen, and from the surrounding circumstances am apt to think impure thoughts. I sometimes feel so wicked that I feel almost like giving up in despair; then, at other times, I am encouraged. May God help you to give me good advice from your abundant knowledge and experience.

Have the parents of this youth performed their whole duty to him in the way of fitting him to resist the temptations that beset all boys and girls? If so, would he come to us with appeals for help? Alas! we fear too many parents permit their children to grow up in such total ignorance that they fall an easy prey to passion, appetite, avarice, the quacks, and other "besetting sins." Let them consider their duty and do it. We wrote the young man after inferring what were his needs.

MAY WOMEN TALK IN PUBLIC?

PUBLIC.—Do you think it proper for a young woman to speak publicly in evening meetings? I am tremblingly trusting in my heavenly Father; I attend the Congregationalist Church, and I have a few times stood up for Jesus; and since some of the world's people have told me that they do not think it is proper, and I do think that some professed Christians have that opinion, I should be very happy to hear your opinion. I know of no greater cross than to speak in public, but I do think it strengthens me. It makes me feel, in my heart, nearer to God.

Ans. This is simply a matter of church etiquette. In Methodist, Baptist, and Quaker meetings, women speak when the spirit moves them to do so. But it is not customary in Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and some other bodies. Each must judge as to what is best or right in the matter, and act in accordance with the will of Him to whom all must give account. We think in this case you are right.

Publisher's Department.

730—OUR POST-OFFICE BOX
—730.—In future it will be safer for us, and more convenient for the postmaster here, if correspondents will add our Post-Office Box to our address, thus:

S. R. WELLS,
P. O. Box 730,
389 Broadway, New York.

By observing this request it will expedite the delivery of letters and prevent accidents. If "private," say so.

We have occupied the same box many years, and hope to occupy it many more.

It is curious to notice the numerous errors committed by our fifty thousand correspondents, who write from all over the world. For example, letters continue to reach us addressed to Fowler & Wells, Phrenologists, Clinton Hall, 131 Nassau Street, New York, where we held forth twenty years ago; Fowler & Wells, Phrenologists, at 308 Broadway, New York, which we vacated several years ago. Others address us, Wells & Fowler, Phrenologists, New York; S. R. Fowler & Wells, PHRENOLOGY JOURNAL; L. S. Wells & Fowler, PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL Office, New York; Wells & Co., New York, Phrenology Publishers, Broadway, U. S. A.; Office Phrenological Cabinet, New York; PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL Office, New York; Publishers of "New Phrenology," New York; and so to an indefinite extent in variation. But if the words Phrenology or Physiognomy appear on the envelope, there is little doubt as to where the letter is to be sent. We are addressed in this way to Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, London, Liverpool, etc., and after weeks' and months' delay the letters are finally sent to 389 Broadway, New York. One letter, posted for us at Mexico, Oswego County, N. Y., was first sent to Mexico, thence to China, India, England, and, after nearly two years' pilgrimage around the world, was safely delivered to us in New York, with its inclosure, subscription money for the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. This error was caused by the post-office clerk putting the letter into the wrong bag.

Box 730, New York, will, we trust, catch all letters intended for this office.

"WILL IT PAY?"—There are several persons engaged in selling "New Physiognomy"—\$5—who do nothing else. Others sell the "Hand Book—How to Write, How to Talk, How to Behave, and How to do Business"—\$2 25—exclusively. Still others confine their efforts to our People's Pictorial Edition of "Esop's Fables"—\$1—and its companion volume, Pope's "Essay on Man"—\$1. Others take a general assortment, comprising all the books in our list, and sell without restriction as to territory. Each of these do well. One can do better with one thing; another, with something different, according to taste or inclination.

"New Physiognomy" is regarded by many as a *luxury*, and is prized according-

ly, while the Hand Book is looked upon as a *necessity*. And they go well together. But all our publications have "utility" for their motto, hence their popularity among the self-relying and self-helpful people. Encouragement is a prominent characteristic in our books, and the reader is "fired up" with energy to do something in the world worthy of himself.

Yes, it will "pay" to sell good books—it will pay the seller, and the buyer. Hence we advise men and women, not now profitably occupied, to try this new work. Teachers and students, during vacations, may make a good thing of it. The harvest will soon be over, and "something to do" will be sought by many. This is an open, an available field to the active, enterprising, reformatory men and women. "It will pay."

"ON TRIAL" SHORT TERM CLUBS.—We are now giving ten copies of the JOURNAL six months for \$10. The object is to permit the friends of the cause to place the JOURNAL in the hands of many who have not hitherto been readers. Volume 48 commenced with the July number, and terminates with the December number, running half a year, in clubs of ten, at only a dollar each! Quite a number of short term, "trial" clubs are coming in. It is believed that these trial subscribers, when once interested in the study, will continue it. Friends may greatly advance the good work by getting their neighbors, shop-mates, or fellow-students to join them even in a half year's club.

BACK NUMBERS.—To those who wish, we can furnish a few complete sets of this JOURNAL, in numbers, from January to July—Volume 47—at the regular subscription price, viz., \$1 50. New subscribers who care to have the JOURNAL nicely bound in yearly volumes will be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity.

"NEWSMEN HAVE IT"—Not.—Several correspondents write us complaining that they can not procure the JOURNAL from newsmen; that the answer is of late, "All sold!" Now this is not our fault—nor is the newsmen "to blame." He orders as many as he expects to sell. When the demand increases—sensibly—he orders more. If it falls off, he "cuts down his orders. He can not afford to carry a quantity of "dead stock." We may suggest a remedy, namely, that the "would-be constant reader" subscribe. He may do it direct to this office, or he may request the newsmen to serve him regularly. In either case there would be no disappointment.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.—It was our wish to present all the candidates, with the platforms of each, in this month's number. But we were obliged to go to press before the Democratic Convention had been held. We shall try to serve them all up in the September number, with portraits and succinct sketches, phrenological and biographical.

We are not *partisan*, further than great principles require; nor do we open this journal to mere party politics. We believe in freedom and self-government; in liberty for all; education for all; equal rights for all. But our readers know this already. Let us wait and take a look at the candidates—those who would be our servants, or our rulers, and choose whom we'll have.

ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF GRANT.—The new lithograph of General Grant, published by Messrs. Fabronius, Gurney & Son, is an admirable monochrome

portrait. The pose is easy, and the expression much softer than most of the many lithographs now on sale of the popular candidate for the Presidency. Mr. Fabronius' rendering on the stone is faithful to the fine imperial photograph from which he copied. The portrait is for sale at this office. Price, \$2.

General Items.

GOOD PUMPS.—We do not now refer to those human "pumps" who exhaust their patience by their pertinacious and inexhaustible mental suction—who ask more questions in a moment than you can answer in an hour—who are human "vampires," and as difficult to shake off as a "horse leech;" but we refer to the excellent water pump—one of which we have in use—and will easily throw water four stories high by a little hand-work, which gives one the best bodily exercise, and is double acting; said to be anti-freezing, and is manufactured by Messrs. J. D. West & Co., of this city. It is claimed to be one of the best in use. The makers have received medals and testimonials from various sources.

THE MISSOURI MAMMOTH BLACKBERRY.—Messrs. Thompson & Myers, of Brookfield, Linn County, Mo., announce the largest variety yet produced. They sell plants at \$40 a hundred. They send descriptive circulars on receipt of stamp.

A COLLEGE FOR BOTH SEXES.—In our advertising department will be found a brief circular of Urbana (Ohio) University—an institution in which a liberal education may be obtained by American youth of both sexes. A regular college course can there be pursued by young ladies as well as by young gentlemen, with equal advantages as to graduating. The standard of scholarship aimed at is high and meritorious.

GIVE GOOD BOOKS TO BAD MEN.—A worthy New Yorker, on looking into one of our State prisons, found the inmates in a worse condition than is generally supposed. Besides being overworked—earning for the State several thousands of dollars more than their entire expenses—they are kept on poor food, are poorly clad, and not properly bathed, aired, or instructed. Indeed, this visitor was most profoundly impressed that the poor criminals were being fitted for a life lower than ever by the treatment received while in prison. He found the prisoners almost destitute of good books, with mind and morals sluggish and low. Little or no attention is given to their education, and in years of confinement they lose what little they had previously acquired. We will not now specify the particular prison referred to, but shall venture to call the attention of the proper authorities to this inexcusable, nay, this wicked neglect.

To correct the evil, in at least one respect, this generous citizen gave an order at once for the worth of one hundred and fifty dollars in good books, to be carefully selected for the use of the prison-bound unfortunates—a donation, we might say, to the State, which we filed.

One object of imprisonment is *correction*, and "correction" implies improvement. It is possible to work, whip, and punish one's life out of him when we have him within high walls and iron grates. But is it humane? Is it wise? Is it Christian? Would it not be every way better

to put the prisoner in the way of penitence and pardon? If he be so changed, so educated, and so improved as to become self-regulating and self-supporting, we have made a citizen instead of developing a demon. In short, is it not the duty of the more fortunate to render such aid as they may to improve the criminal? Let us see to it that our prisons, asylums, hospitals, and reformatories are made what they profess to be—schools and training academies instead of places of methodical torture.

COPY YOUR LETTERS.—In all commercial houses large and expensive copying presses are used. Indeed, they are considered indispensable. But many persons not so situated that they can have the use of such a "press," may, nevertheless, wish to retain copies of their MS., and yet not be able to afford time to write out a duplicate copy. For the use of this class, and for those who are on the wing, traveling much of the time, a most convenient invention has been made for the purpose. It is called *Hoe's Patent Portable India Rubber Copying Press*, and it is advertised on one of the margins of the JOURNAL cover. We have seen the work it performs, and believe it will prove a real convenience to those using it.

SOMETHING SWEET.—This term—sweet—is often applied to flowers, fruits, babies, kisses, sweethearts, and so forth. We use the term according to its proper meaning when we apply it to the article sent us by our friend and patron, Mr. H. E. Simon, of Bloom, Ohio. It came in a nice little box, all the way by express, and it was real, *sweet* MAPLE SUGAR. Wife and the girls speak well of that young man, and one of them wonders if he is married!

STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM.—We had our annual present in the joyous month of June, namely, a basket of the most beautiful, and, at the same time, the most delicious, strawberries we have ever seen, from the grounds of our excellent friend, Mr. George H. Hite, of Morrisania, Westchester Co., New York.

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C. O. D. COLLECT ON DELIVERY.—The plan usually adopted by our book agents, who buy to sell again, is to remit a P. O. order or a bank check, say 25 per cent. of the amount in advance, and then, on receipt of the books, pay the balance to the express company, taking their receipt for the same. By this mode both the agent and the principal are sure of immediate attention and no risks. We now send out packages every day by all the express companies connecting with New York.

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N. B.—The offer in the July number is withdrawn, and this is substituted. Address this office.

Business.

[Under this head we publish, for a consideration, such matters as rightfully belong to this department. We disclaim responsibility for what may herein appear. Matter will be LEADED, and charged according to the space occupied, at the rate of \$1 a line.]

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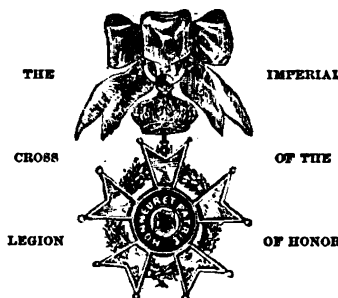
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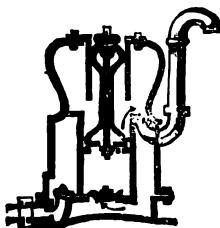
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But it is not living, simply, to be alive; there must be visible growth, an effort to attain to the full stature of a man; and this is not to be accomplished by standing still. It is through intercourse with each other that we obtain a knowledge of human nature, and not by close application to books; and practical Christianity is the surest evidence of a "growth in grace."

Going in the right way, a man becomes daily stronger, better, more like his Master. The mind also is enlarged and improved by travel. Take a man out of his study, and start him off where his books are the "running brooks," and if there is anything in him he will



FIG. 1.

develop more in one month, and feel himself altogether stronger, than if he had digested all the books that were published during that time. Let a farmer leave his agricultural pursuits for awhile, and mingle in scenes outside his own territorial possessions, and he will begin growing at a rate very far in advance of his corn or potatoes, and in a different way from onions or cabbages. His neighbor may be just as good a farmer, his corn and potatoes and grain may yield as large a profit, but if he does not move out of his place, he grows only like a vegetable, and is a poor, tasteless affair at the best.

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It so naturally follows, that the more we

know, the more we want to know, that you have only to give some people a start in life, and they are bound to keep on going. Planets that give out any luster are the planets that are in motion; and it is a pleasant thought that



FIG. 2.

even in a mundane sphere it is possible to attain to a splendor of growth that shall illuminate the pathway of those who shall come after us.

One day in winter a little fellow started from the corner of the street with a small-



FIG. 3.

sized snowball; he rolled it over and over, and before he got to the next corner it was more than he could manage, and he had to leave it. I am sure he learned a valuable lesson just there, that will be in his mind long after that mammoth snowball has melted away.



FIG. 4.

There's nothing like travel for taking the "warp" out of a man, and letting light into dark places; so if you are depressed in mind or body, sick of yourself and everybody else, "stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once."

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THE NILLSON—Fig. 2.—Is of white English Milan, the



FIG. 5.

brim rolled and set close to the crown near the top, on the left side, the crown tapering very much, and small, flat top. The trimmings of white velvet, roll band and sprigs of daisies. White ribbon bow and streamers.

THE WHITE FAWN—Fig. 3.—Is of drab dunstable, taper crown, and long curled brim, faced with satin of same shade as hat. A gathering of raspberries vining around the crown completes the trimming.

THE UNION SQUARE HAT—Fig. 4.—Of English dunstable, brim faced with silk. Silk band and streamers. This hat is the gem of the season. It is in white drab and brown straw, and trimmed in the different colors according.

THE CAPE MAY—Fig. 5.—A straw of China pearl with an apology of a crown, and broad, sloping brim, trimmed with black velvet and streamers. Daisies are appointed in the squares.

Now, Mr. Terry, please let us have something seemly and sensible for the masculine gender. You fix up the hats, and we will fix up the heads!

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

Is devoted to *The Sciences of Man*, in all its branches, including PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY, PSYCHOLOGY, ETHNOLOGY, SOCIOLOGY, etc. It furnishes a guide in choosing a Pursuit, and in judging of the dispositions of those around us, by all the known external "Signs of Character."

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SAMUEL R. WELLS, EDITOR, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

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SAMUEL R. WELLS, EDITOR.]

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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—Young.

ANSON BURLINGAME, THE CHINESE MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY.

THE interest displayed in the remarkable mission which this distinguished American has undertaken in behalf of the Chinese Government is universal; and it would therefore be no slight omission did we not present his portrait to our widely disseminated readers.

Mr. Burlingame exhibits temperamentally a combination of the Vital and Mental, a condition which produces much ardor of feeling and unusual sprightliness of mind. He is harmoniously developed in body, the recuperative organs furnishing abundant material for the use of his mechanical and nervous forces, so



PORTRAIT OF ANSON BURLINGAME.

that his different powers work with vigor, efficiency, and but little friction.

His social feelings are strong, rendering him genial and friendly, affectionate

and accommodating. The head rises high in the moral region, showing considerable interest in truth, justice, and religion, while at the same time he evidently possesses much pride and staunchness of character, which serve to strengthen and ennoble his manhood.

He has a sharp and practical intellect; readily appreciates the point and utility of whatever is proposed to his judgment, and quickly decides on the merits or demerits of questions. He possesses considerable executive ability by cerebral organization, which his sprightly temperament and positive intellect stimulate to active and prompt demonstration. He is industrious naturally, and at the same time ambitious to accomplish much more than what lies within the province of mediocrity. A good development of Hope inspires much enthusiasm in his nature, and renders him sanguine in expectation and influential with others.

Without the abstract philosophical profundity of the mere theorist, he possesses the practical energy and readiness of the utilitarian, and is the man to appreciate the real character of men and things, and adapt substantial means to the attainment of valuable ends.

He should, in fine, be known for his ambition, independence, resolution, promptness, cheerfulness, industry, warmth of social feeling, practical ability, manliness, and integrity.

BIOGRAPHY.

Hon. Anson Burlingame, Minister Plenipotentiary from China, was born at New Berlin, New York, November 14, 1822. While a mere child his father moved to the "Western Reserve," Ohio, and not long afterward to the (then) Territory of Michigan. At the Detroit Academy, and at the branch University of Michigan established in Detroit, young Burlingame found good opportunities for intellectual culture. After completing the collegiate course he entered the Law-school of Harvard, then enriched by the presence and instruction of Judge Story. Having received the Baccalaureate there, he opened an office in Boston in company with Mr. Briggs, and commenced the practice of law.

From the first he displayed much interest in politics; and soon after he had attached himself to the Boston bar, he was sent to the Massachusetts Senate, and subsequently was elected a member of the State Constitutional Convention by the town of Northboro'.

In 1853, being but thirty-one years old, he was elected to represent the district comprising Boston and Cambridge in Congress, and served in that capacity six years. He early acquired

prominence for oratorical ability, and, though one of the youngest members, exercised no little influence in the House of Representatives. He did not speak often; but when he did rise to address the chair, his language was emphatic and directly to the point. Probably his most memorable speech was that made on the occasion of the cowardly assault on Charles Sumner by Preston S. Brooks. Smarting under the wrongs of Massachusetts, he threw down the glove to the pro-slavery men of the South, and declared himself ready to defend freedom of speech and the State he represented on any field they might be assailed. Brooks sent a challenge. Mr. Burlingame accepted, and named a rifle. His father, a pioneer of the Daniel Boone type, though a stern old Puritan, had taught his son to be a "dead shot." The "fire-eater" Brooks was probably aware of this unpleasant fact, and failed to respond.

During the exciting political campaigns of 1856 to 1860 he canvassed the whole country, speaking in almost every State, and addressed many literary societies on the great topics of the day. Mr. Lincoln, shortly after his inaugural, tendered him the mission to Austria. Austria refused to receive him, because he was instrumental in raising the mission to Sardinia from the second to the first class, thus recognizing that great idea of Count Cavour's, "the unification of Italy." This act of Austria might have been questioned; but as the United States had a war at home to settle, it was thought better to transfer Mr. B. to China, and attend to Austria at a more convenient time.

Mr. Burlingame's career as Minister to China is well known. With Sir Frederick Bruce, Mr. Berthene, now at Washington, Mr. Balzerzech, the former, and Mr. Vlangally, the present Russian Minister, he laid the foundations of the "co-operative policy" now adopted by the chief Treaty Powers, and sustained by their present representatives at Peking. This policy substitutes fair diplomatic action for the old doctrine of force, guarantees the autonomy of China, and proposes co-operation on all material matters in that empire. He made the draft of this co-operative policy, which received the assent of his colleagues as an authoritative history and exposition of it. He drew up an elaborate paper giving a construction of the different treaties upon a great number of hitherto doubtful points. This received the approval of his colleagues.

He was conspicuous for his opposition to the "Concession Doctrine," under which it was proposed by different civilized powers to take concessions of land at the Treaty ports, and which would have led to the disruption of China. Interesting himself in the development of the resources of the Chinese empire, Mr. Burlingame prevailed upon that Government to employ an American geologist, who has demonstrated the existence of vast coal deposits in the northern districts of China. He has been instrumental, also, in furthering the cause of education among the Chinese, so that a college has been opened. The first grant of

a submarine telegraph connecting the Treaty ports from Canton to Tien Tsin was made to Mr. Burlingame; and pursuant to his suggestion, "Wheaton's Elements of International Law" have been translated into Chinese at the expense of the Imperial Government, and has become a national text-book.

Mr. Burlingame has contributed much toward aiding mission effort among the "Celestials," where not many years ago no such enterprise found the slightest sympathy, but rather malicious opposition. Stations are now established on the plains of Mongolia, and are doing a good work with encouraging success.

The most important measure, probably, for the advancement of China in the interests of civilization, and that which has brought our fellow-countryman most conspicuously into notice, is the authoritative mission with which he is now invested, to represent the Chinese Government at the courts of all the Treaty Powers. Sir Rutherford Alcock said: "It is the greatest compliment ever paid to any man, and Mr. Burlingame deserves it."

Mr. Burlingame was on the point of visiting the thirteen Treaty ports, and then returning to the United States. Prince Kung had invited him to a farewell banquet, and during the ceremonies said: "Will your Excellency represent us officially as well as non-officially at the courts of the Treaty Powers?" Mr. Burlingame, supposing it was a graceful Chinese compliment, said that he would represent them unofficially as a friend, and the conversation passed into other channels. He was very much surprised when Mr. Brown, the Chinese secretary of the English Legation, called on him a few days after with a formal proposition from the Prince Regent Kung tendering him the mission. Mr. Burlingame, after very serious consideration and grave consultation with his friends, determined to accept it. He instantly communicated all the facts to his colleagues. They very kindly approved and rejoiced at this progressive step taken by China. Prince Kung came in solemn state to the United States Legation and presented the imperial decree, which bears date November 26, 1867, and is written on heavy yellow parchment, wrapped in yellow brocade satin, the imperial color, and encased in a yellow box. He has given him the title of Ambassador, and clothed him with the most ample powers.

The following interesting paragraphs, taken from a New York paper of June 25th last, are well worth a place in our sketch. They serve to show that China, after all, is not the slow and pent-up nation which she has been so long represented to be.

"Fourteen hundred years ago—it is the recorded evidence of written history—the Buddhist priests of China, representing a civilization and religion young enough to be aggressive, and led by missionary zeal, forced their way into our continent through its northwestern gate—Alaska—and explored intelligently and with tolerable thoroughness the Pacific slope.

"This is history, although Mr. Sumner has not embodied it in his exhaustive oration. Professor Carl Neuman, of Munich, whose name accredits all his statements, while in China, where he spent many years in a study of Chinese antiquities and bibliography, having collected, perhaps, the best China library extant, out of that kingdom, found in the year-books of the empire this fact well established. Those famous volumes have been preserved in that conservative country with marvelous care and accuracy, second only, perhaps, to that with which they were written. This distinguished scholar from these learned the story of the wonderful travels of the fifth century. Impelled by the laudable desire to carry their faith to the ends of the world, the priests of that day ventured the snows of the north and the stormy passage of the Aleutian isles, gained our western shore, and penetrated into Mexico. This was the country which struck them with especial admiration, and of which they have left flowing and impassioned descriptions. They called it the land of Fusung,—fusung being the Chinese name for the maguey or Mexican aloe, the fecund and wondrous tree which furnished the indolent and sensuous natives with shelter, clothing, and drink.

"This marvelous episode of history has passed out of memory, out of common tradition, and had almost been buried in the *debris* of forgotten records,—the pub. docs. of fourteen centuries ago. The time had not yet come,—the religion of the East was broad enough for all the lands. The heart and conscience of the world had not been awakened to the duties and responsibilities of the common brotherhood of race, and the bravery, and devotion, and learning of the old Buddhist priests went for nothing, or at least served only to point an ephemeral tale.

"The intercourse between continent and continent, which the long years have buried in oblivion, is to-day strangely renewed. The embassy headed by Mr. Burlingame is only another page of the bewildering romance, grander than the wildest flights of Oriental fancy, that crowds our swiftly advancing decade. No one can read the report of the banquet just given to the embassy, and the speeches made, as related yesterday, without emotions of intense intellectual excitement. The whole scene is a grand and impressive tribute to our advancing civilization. It tells of a latent strength in our undeveloped catholicity, which is working out for us a future we could not perhaps now even comprehend. And our country leads the van, "foremost in the files of time," and our radical, aggressive, moving party leads the country. *Gloria tibi, Domine.*"

PHRENOLOGY IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.—A teacher in Pennsylvania says: "During the last five years the science of Phrenology has been of vast service to me. It has rendered the school-room one of the most pleasant of places, and its inmates among the happiest of persons." Every earnest teacher who tests Phrenology thus, will confirm this testimony.

PHRENO-ANTHROPOLOGY.

THE possible union of the English Phrenological and Ethnological bodies is now quite a prominent subject of discussion both in London and Edinburgh. In Germany, the "modern" ethnologists have pretty generally accepted the doctrines of Phrenology; but still "that citadel of bigoted prejudices," as a German ethnologist styled the English ethnological world, holds out. Dr. Hunt, a member of the London Anthropological Society, at the last session of that body in 1867, chose to attack the phrenological axiom, that "the brain is the organ of the mind," which he designated as a "gigantic assumption, because we know nothing of mind," and added: "We only know of mental phenomena in connection with the nervous system." In the course of his remarks he also made use of the expression of "the bastard science of Phrenology." His absurdities have, however, been pretty severely refuted by other members of the same body. J. W. Jackson, F.A.S.L., the author of several works on ethno-phrenological subjects—a long-tried, and one of the ablest defenders of Phrenology in the United Kingdom—took up the subject, and at the annual social meeting of the Edinburgh Phrenological Society, on the 21st of October, 1867, delivered a lecture from which we extract the following remarks:

"It is one of the most important events in the history of Phrenology, that it had thus been introduced to the notice of the Anthropological Society of London. He trusted to remove the adverse impression which appeared to exist on this subject. He would not, however, derange the order of the remarks he intended to make on the history and prospects of Phrenology. He would proceed to make a few observations on the errors of their predecessors, and on the manner in which their deficiencies may be supplemented, and add to the list of their discoveries by employment of clearer views and renewed energy. First, it was to be admitted that from the absolutely inductive method in which the several organs now constituting the phrenological chart were discovered, by a most careful comparison of character with cranial contours, extending over many hundred individual instances, it was almost unavoidable that Gall and his immediate followers should be organologists, thus exaggerating the importance of particular organs, regarded separately, and proportionately undervaluing the grander outlines of cranial contour. In accordance with the materialistic spirit of the age in which they lived, they assigned too much importance to quantity while disregarding quality. They continually rang changes on the size of organs and volume of brain, while temperament was spoken of rather incidentally, till at length it came to pass that large heads were regarded practically as the test of superior endowment. Cerebral development was also regarded as almost the sole index of character, and consequently they underestimated the significance of the remaining portions of the organism.

They were but imperfectly aware of the importance of respiration, alimentation, and locomotion to effective cerebration, and hence were not sufficiently careful in their observations on the chest, the abdomen, and the limbs and the extremities. They did not sufficiently understand that the organism is a structure integer, and not a mere congeries of isolated organs and independent functions. These errors marked the progress from ignorance to knowledge. After a pause of nearly a quarter of a century, Phrenology has entered upon its second phase of development, and the original founders of the science have lost much of their hold upon the reverence of the men of the present age. It is now necessary to look to the future rather than to the past, so as to prepare for the demands modern science is likely to make upon the professors of Phrenology. It was necessary to cease being only cerebral physiologists. Physiognomy must be studied, a bipolar relation between head and face being admitted, the functional activity of the former being often predicable from the predominant expression of the latter. Temperament should be studied in connection with anatomy and physiology, to learn their reaction on cerebration. The brain must also be studied pathologically as to quantity, quality, and contour. This would supply a new chapter to medical science, supply the physician with data hitherto unknown, for estimating constitutional tendencies. It was desirable to advance from human to comparative Phrenology by a careful comparison of the brains of brutes with their known habits and instincts. This should extend from the simplest radiate, through the mollusca, articulata, and vertebrata, up to man. The vertebrata would probably be found the most interesting, and among these the mammalia, as nearest to man; but the lower divisions should not be neglected, as in the articulata, for instance, we find the ant and the bee, with whom blind instinct assumes the form of a high intelligence. In such an inquiry it is most important to take into consideration the racial diversities of man, and by a careful comparison of these different types to endeavor to ascertain the conditions which determine their respective places in the scale of rational being. In this phrenologists would be aided by a study of those grander divisions of the nearly allied mammalia, termed by Prof. Owen *Lyncephala* (small brain), such as kangaroo; *Lisencephala* (smooth brain), such as sloth; *Gyrencephala* (convoluted brain), such as the ape, lion, dog, elephant—approaching so nearly, yet differing so from the *Archencephala* (governing brain), whereof the only existing example are the various races of men.

"Without insisting on the truth of a suggestion already familiar to some present, that man, as the aerial type of these quadrupedal mammalia, must ultimately produce profoundly correlative orders, species, and genera, whereof existing races and varieties are the germinal beginning; and contemplating the mammal brutes as simply the type of sentient being most nearly allied to man, we may feel sure

that a carefully conducted study of their habits and instincts, as compared with the simplicity or complexity of their cerebral structures, can not fail to throw considerable light on the capabilities of the various races of man. The speaker specially commended for study those animals susceptible of domestication. Their anatomical and physiological specialities should be compared with those of the wild and irreclaimable varieties and species; and do these specialities throw any light on corresponding aptitude and inaptitude in their human correlates? From this it would at once be seen what a vast province of inquiry and weighty investigation lies beyond that narrow bound of recognized organology and temperament which phrenologists have been so contentedly studying for the last quarter of a century; that is, since he, whose labors we have now met to commemorate, had passed the meridian of his powers. And here—were George Combe once more among us—clear-headed, vigorous, expansive, and receptive as he was at five-and-thirty, he would be more dissatisfied than any man in this assembly with the fossilized condition of existing Phrenology, and would apply himself with all the vigor, force, and unwearied assiduity of the olden time to enlarge the boundary of this investigation, and to place it abreast with the wide areas and profound views of cotemporary science. And this brings me to our present position and the duties arising from it, more immediately in relation to the recent discussion on physio-anthropology during the last session of the London Anthropological Society of London. This discussion, as already remarked, inaugurates a new era in the history of Phrenology. It places it once more in the list of living sciences, and as a necessary accompaniment of this new position, our time-honored conclusions are questioned and our traditional ideas are disturbed. Some here are very indignant at the intimation that Phrenology is based on unfounded assumptions, derived from the older systems of mental philosophy which preceded it. But contemplated from the stand-point of positivism, such a conclusion is unavoidable. So viewed, Phrenology is still very largely in its metaphysical stage, and would be defined by a rigid follower of Comte as a philosophy rather than a science. Now, it is not necessary to be angry at this. Positivism, which may be defined as induction in its ultimates, was unknown in the earlier days of Mr. Combe, and was, of course, never dreamed of by Gall and Spurzheim. Its severity would have astonished Newton, and probably appalled Bacon himself. It inaugurates the reign of facts as opposed to that of ideas; and, left to itself, would probably enthrone the concrete on the ruins of the abstract. In the logic of events, its advent was unavoidable. Its apostles are worthy of all honor, for it is their vocation to work at the foundation of knowledge, to see that these are trustworthy and secure. Their business is to look to the stability of the edifice of science, by the exclusion of all unsound blocks from its struc-

ture, and by insisting on the most rigid adherence to the plan of induction in the process of its edification. Phrenology, subjected to their ordeal, will emerge with its facts confirmed and its hypotheses destroyed.

"Again; some are astonished that our anthropological friends speak of reinvestigating the entire subject of cerebral structure and functions *de novo*, as if nothing certain had yet been ascertained as to the relation of the latter to the former. But why should we be offended at such a proposition which, if honestly carried out, can only eventuate in the establishment, on a still firmer basis, of all those great truths whereof we have been for so many years the despised witnesses? Would any astronomer object to a society of distinguished men determining to repeat the observations and verify the calculations on which his science professes to be based? It is the same with the chemist and the electrician. These gentlemen know that a reinvestigation of their accepted facts could only eventuate in their confirmation. And is there any reason why we should be animated by less confidence, or more alarmed by such iconoclastic zeal on the part of our new converts? If I have interpreted our attitude aright, during the many long years of patient expectation in which we have waited for such an event as the present, we have desired and courted rather than feared a thorough and searching investigation of the facts and principles of Phrenology, feeling assured that in all its main facts and grander conclusions it would emerge unscathed from the process.

"And lastly, some of you seem offended at the contemplated change of terminology, more especially the disuse of the term Phrenology. But on this subject I think we may remain comparatively easy, as, unless our friends the anthropologists succeed in founding an entirely new claim of cerebral physiology, it is not likely they will prevail in imposing a new nomenclature on a province of inquiry where they are as yet utter strangers, and wherein their labors will, as we apprehend, eventuate, not in the discovery of fundamental laws, but in the addition of corroborative and supplementary facts. This, however, is a question the consideration of which may well be postponed to a future occasion, when we as phrenologists shall doubtless be parties to the settlement.

"This brings me to the conclusion of my remarks, and to the object which I consider of more importance than anything else yet touched upon. I allude to the possible union of the phrenologists and anthropologists, if not in one society, then at least as closely allied and intimately associated bodies, avowedly devoted to the same grand object, namely, the Science of Man; pursued, not in the subjection to traditional ideas, but in strict obedience to the teachings of nature. With this science, Phrenology constitutes a most important province; and I trust, therefore, that the day is not far distant when every anthropologist will also be a student of Phrenology, and when, conversely,

every phrenologist will feel an enlightened interest in the progress of anthropology. But it is a step in this direction that we should rejoice at the recent discussion in London, inaugurated by the manly and fearless address of Dr. Hunt, who has doubtless initiated a movement which can not fail to be productive of the most important results to the Science of Man."

WHO ARE THE YANKEES? AND WHAT?

BY ONE OF THEM.

ABROAD, we are all Yankees. Here, unless we happen to be of the New England type—or rooted and grounded among the granite hills of New Hampshire, a capital place to emigrate from, according to Webster—Daniel Webster—or among the icebergs of Massachusetts, or the lumbering population of Maine, or the natives of Connecticut, Rhode Island or Vermont, we plead not guilty, and vow and protest, if we do not swear outright, that we are not Yankees, no matter what people may say abroad; and that the Yankees—the real genuine Yankees—dyed in the wool, double twilled, with two knocks in the weaving, are always lying to the North and East of us, wherever we may happen to be found, whether in the Middle, or Southern, or Western States; and generally, wherever you find what passes for a *homogeneous* people—a people, that is, who, if they are not absolutely English, are at least British; being compounded of the English, and Scotch and Welsh and Irish, to begin with, and having scarcely a taint of Italian, or French, or Spanish blood, or a drop of the Swedish, or German or Dutch blood, outside of the larger cities; while, if you but step over the line, into New York, or New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, or Maryland, you find the Dutch, the Swedish, the German, or the Irish, not only abounding, but predominating; with intermixture, from every nation, kindred, and tongue, not only in the larger cities, and manufacturing towns and marts of trade, but all through the country; and if you wander away to the North, or to the extreme South, you have the French or Spanish populations, and sometimes both, swarming about your way. And yet, we are a homogeneous people. And why? Because we are like no other people on earth, being made up from the odds and ends of all creation—out of New England. Everywhere, from the Canadas to Louisiana and Florida, from far away Down-East to California, we talk the same language, so as to be understood by everybody belonging to us, which can not be said of any other people; while the stranger who speaks only good English, will find himself all at sea, twenty or thirty miles out of London, whether he journey toward Lancashire and Wales, or into Yorkshire and Northumberland, or along the sea-coast. We read the same books, and have substantially the same religious and political

views and social habits; and the same fixed, unchangeable, self-reliant spirit.

But the *National Yankee* is one thing; the *Sectional Yankee* another. As Americans, we have a character abroad, which does not belong to the *Sectional Yankee*, or *New Englander*. All our great historical achievements are credited to the *Yankees*, or to *Brother Jonathan*, which is the same thing to the multitude. All our doings in science and literature, all our discoveries in government, finance and legislation, all our improvements in war and peace, and all our victories by sea and land, are ascribed to the *Yankees*. If Mr. Teneyck's horse wins against the field at Newmarket, and he carries off a hundred thousand pounds, more or less, Mr. Teneyck is called a *Yankee*, and his horse another. If an American yacht outsails a whole fleet, so that some of the most renowned crafts are "*nowhere*," the credit is given, not to America, or Americans, not even to the United States, or New York, but to *Yankee-land*. This is all wrong, and must be put a stop to. New England has enough to brag of, and enough to justify her imperturbable self-complacency, without being allowed to arrogate for herself the national reputation.

If Powers launches a Greek slave, or Tilton, or Bierstadt, or Church a magnificent picture; if Hackett amazes all our ancient play-goers with his Falstaff, or Miss Cushman, with her Meg Merriles; or if Miss Kellogg astonishes in opera, or a prodigious outcry follows the exhibition of our sewing-machines and reapers and pianos; or if Prescott, or Motley, or Irving or Holmes, or Longfellow, or Whittier, are mentioned, they are always mentioned, not as Americans, except by the reviewers and magazines and newspapers, but as *Yankees*. Shall this be allowed to continue?

But the real *Yankee*, the unadulterate live *Yankee* is a creature by himself, and like no other upon the face of the earth. You find him nowhere out of New England, unless he may have been dislocated by some social convulsion, or driven abroad for awhile by the unappeasable restlessness of his nature, to "seek his fortune," here by hunting whales, and there by chasing buffaloes, here by digging gold in Australia or California, or by opening refreshment rooms on the way to Cairo, or among the Pyramids, or by dipping for oil, far below the deepest foundations of our strength.

Go to the Great West—you know where that is, I hope—and you will see much to remind you of the native *Yankee*, the drawling and loose-jointed, though active, shrewd, watchful, and quick-witted *New Englander*; but all these are counterfeit *Yankees*, *Yankees* at second-hand, with all their homely proverbs, quaint forms of speech, and whimsical extravagancies, exaggerated and caricatured. Out of New England, but among the diluted *New Englanders*, you may hear about "greased lightning," and about a politician or a stump orator "slopping over," or "drying up;" but

never within the boundaries of New England, *never*.

When Edward Everett spoke of scattering opinions "broadcast," and the phrase became forthwith a part of our common speech; and when somebody else of a like temper in the North said something about the logic of history, and the logic of events, and all our newspapers and orators and preachers took up the phrase, until they could hardly work out a long paragraph, upon any subject, without introducing their logic of this, and their logic of that, our Western brother would characterize a candidate for public office whom he was "going for"—"first, last, and all the way through"—as "all sorts of a man," and would say of a horse that lagged behind another, that he couldn't *begin* to run with him, or that, like the English yacht already referred to, he was *nowhere*.

"And so," said a Western traveler to one of our long, slab-sided, shiftless-looking lumbermen from Down-East, after they had been talking together awhile, "and so—you are from the East?"

"Rather guess, I am."

"*Why!*—I thought the wise men came from the East."

"*Wal*—an' the further you go west, the more you'll think so, I kind o' consate," said the Down-Easter.

Charles Matthews, although he caricatured our Brother Jonathan without remorse or compunction, and called him, not an American, but a *Yankee*, had capital notions of the truth, so far as dialect is concerned, or intonation, and his "Uncle Ben," and "I'll thank ye for that air trifle," both adopted from Jarvis, the painter, certainly one of the best story-tellers that ever breathed, were among the richest representations ever offered upon the stage; and yet, when he clothes that *Yankee* in "striped trousers" and a seal-skin waistcoat, and sets him running about, and shaking hands with everybody he meets on board a crowded steamboat, and makes him say, "I reck'n," "I guess," "I calc-late," he confounds all distinctions, and grossly caricatures. And so with our friend Hackett. Although his *Yankee* laugh is inimitable—so fat and unctuous—when he draws in a long breath after it, and most of his phraseology is unmatchable, where he gives a Western type of the translated *Yankee*, in the representation of "Nimrod Wildfire," and "puts it to you, like a gentleman," still, taken as a whole, as the embodiment of character, it is neither national nor sectional, but a gross idealism, like the Englishman's Johnny Crapeau in Hogarth's picture of Calais, or a Frenchman's notion of John Bull, with a monstrous paunch and a red waistcoat, stuffed with *ross-bef*.

And then, too, just call to mind the language that passes current on the stage, or in story books and newspapers, for *Yankee* speech. He is made to say *haouse*, *raound*, *paound*, etc., etc., as if that were characteristic of a *New Englander*; when you may traverse the whole

of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Vermont, and Maine without hearing the sound referred to, except now and then along the borders of Canada, or among the aboriginal *Yankees*, who preserve the dialect of their English fathers, from Devonshire and Yorkshire.

And yet, if you will but step over into New York, or into Maryland, even among the fastidious and highly cultivated *Baltimorians*, or into New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, you will hear cows called *caows*, pound-cake, *paound-cake*, and as the settled pronunciation of the country. And so too, among the President-makers. Much of their language is pure *Yankee*, the *Yankee* of our Revolutionary fathers—*naow* for now, and *haow* for how. So common is this in England, that even Mr. John Stuart Mill never pronounces these and other like words in any other way.

"I all'ys ride with a *trottin'rein*," said a fashionable young *Baltimorian* to me one day, at Cambridge, and with such a decidedly nasal twang, that I had no idea what he meant, and supposed, at first, that he was trying his hand upon our provincial *Yankee*, until he had repeated the phrase two or three times, when I found that he was talking *Baltimore*, instead of *Boston*, and only meant that he rode with a trotting rein.

Another peculiarity supposed to be characteristic of the *New Englander*, or genuine *Yankee*, is that of dropping the final *g* in such words as going, pudding, moving, etc. Yet, if you wander through Virginia, or Maryland, or parts of New York, including the city itself, or New Jersey or Delaware, you will find the habit almost universal, even among the well bred, the well educated, and the fashionable. Are they all *Yankees*? They say "good-mornin'," "will you try the puddin'?" and seem to regard it as a downright vulgarity, or at least as pedantry, to sound the *g*. Fifty or sixty years ago, the *New Englanders* were in that way; but it was never a characteristic—never a distinguishing ear-mark of that people; and is only to be heard now among our backwoodsmen, or the old-fashioned of a past generation. But on the stage, and off, and not only over sea, but among ourselves, in the Middle, Southern, and Western States, all these are held to be unquestionable *Yankee*.

Most of the clumsy, blundering misrepresentations which prevail, however, about our *Yankee* speech, may be traced to "Sam Slick" and Judge Halliburton, who give us for *New Englandisms*, the adulterated, or corrupt *Yankee* of the British Provinces, compounded with extravagant stage *Yankee*. For example: you never heard a native *New Englander*—hardly ever a native American—say, I thought as *how*—unless, to be sure, he was a native American, born 'tother side o' the line. Nor will you ever, under any circumstances, hear a native American—a native I mean of the United States, to say nothing of *New England*—say "I eats," or "I drinks," or

"they eats or drinks," or "I sees," or "they knows," language constantly put into the mouth of a newspaper Yankee, and sometimes of a stage Yankee, though the habit is almost universal in the mother country, among what are called the laboring, or lower classes, and among her expatriated provincials. At the bar of New England you will often hear, and from educated lawyers too, in the examination of witnesses, atrocious barbarisms, like "you was," and "they was," or "was you?" and "was they?" a habit acquired in their youth perhaps, and never entirely overcome by a collegiate education. To be sure, if hard pushed, these gentlemen might plead the example of Duncan's Cicero, or Leland's Demosthenes, for the grammatical propriety of "you was." And by the way—our "Conneticut Yankee," the blue light shingle-weaver, and manufacturer of wooden nutmegs, horn gun-flints, and cuckoo-clocks, with one single exception, that which the late General Humphreys, of merino celebrity, published in a capital farce fifty or sixty years ago, is a monstrous caricature, alike absurd, offensive, and preposterous. Generally speaking, he is made up from the English clown, the Yorkshire peasant, and the Western Buckeye or Hoosier.

Though a close observer, and a faithful delineator on ordinary occasions, and where the subject is familiar, and he is not betrayed into overdoing for the green-room or the omnibus, even Charles Dickens gives for genuine Yankee such forms of speech as the following:

"If you are an Englishman," says he, in his "American Notes," "he *expects* that that railroad is pretty much like an English railroad. If you say no, he says *yes* (interrogatively), and asks in what respects they differ. You enumerate the heads of difference one by one, and he says *yes?* still interrogatively, to each. Then he *guesses* that you don't travel faster in England, and on your replying that you do, says *yes*, still interrogatively, and it is quite evident don't believe you."

Now here is the strangest jumble, worse than anything I had to take Mr. Charles Matthews over my knee for, in a London magazine, ever so long ago. The man that *guesses* never *expects* in the way mentioned; and the man that *expects* would consider it as a personal affront, if you should charge him with *guessing*. The native New Englander—the real Yankee—*guesses*; but the Southerner *reckons*, and therefore *expects*. All through Virginia, Ohio, and the West, everybody *reckons*—and all through New England, almost everybody *guesses* or *suspects*.

As well might our friend Boz have put into the mouth of a *natyve* such a phrase as the following—a phrase that no native American, born within the territory of the United States, ever used, except perhaps on a late occasion, when Mr. N. P. Willis, who had been Anglicised by his first marriage, ventured to introduce it, in the hope, may be, of its running like his "upper tendom"—"Robert is a good fellow—is Robert."

And as for the interrogative answer *yes?* which Mr. Dickens has made such account of, not only did he never hear it from the mouth of a New Englander, but never, we may be very sure, from a native American belonging to this great Commonwealth of Empires. It is in fact essentially and characteristically English—and altogether English—like their saying "different *to*" for "different *from*," and so piteously exaggerated by the colonists and provincials of the mother country; like the stammering of their public speakers, a—a—a—and their parliamentary hesitation, aw—aw—aw—that you are generally sure of a running accompaniment from the well bred and fashionable, of *yes? yes, yes?* to everything you say among the Blue-noses, alternating with "*you know*," at every hitch and, with every answer, until you know not what to say, nor which way to look.

Yet more. In Chapter VI. we have the details of a conversation, held by Mr. Dickens with some subordinate of a prison, about the rules of the establishment. "When do the prisoners take exercise?" he asks. "Well, they do without it *pretty much*," is the answer, which would be anything but characteristic, admitting the answer to be faithfully reported. "Do they never walk in the yard?" says Mr. Dickens. "*Considerable seldom*," he would have us believe was the reply. "Sometimes, I suppose?" "Well, it's rare they do." And these are a part of the "American Notes, intended for general circulation," deliberately revised and corrected by the author, after the experience of twenty or twenty-five years. The incidents are undoubtedly American, and the object of the author eminently generous and just, but the language is not, nor in any sense, characteristic of our people. On the contrary, it would seem to have been made up for effect, as funny farces are compounded in the closet.

And again: here we have a sample of what the author heard with his own ears, twenty or twenty-five years ago, and then published to the world, not as a magazine story, not as an allowable romance, but as truthful and characteristic of a people he wanted his fellow-countrymen to be acquainted with; not as the tale of a traveler, but as the conscientious testimony of a witness on his good behavior, if not actually on oath, all which he now reaffirms without misgiving or compunction.

"There is a *clever* town in a *smart* lo'-cation," he says, "where he *expects* you *conclude* to stop;" as if any mortal man ever employed such a collocation of words, in all his life, anywhere, as *clever*, *smart*, *expects*, and *conclude* in a single sentence, and after such a fashion—off the stage, I mean, or out of a newspaper. "*Clever*," when used in the sense referred to, is pure Yankee. "I thank you, sir, I'm *cleverly*," says "Mr. Richard Beverly," of Marblehead, according to Paul Allen; *smart* is pure Virginia, though used throughout the Carolinas, and over much of the West; a "right smart chance," they say

there, even the best educated, when they desire to recommend a tobacco plantation or a country store; "*expects*," you constantly hear in the South and Southwest, and nowhere else, employed in the sense mentioned, and "*conclude*," only among the native Yankees.

Yet all these ear-marks are crowded together, and sent abroad as so many distinguishing peculiarities of the New Englander. Why, even Yankee Hill, whose representations of the native Yankee are often masterly, though sometimes extravagant, was never guilty of such atrocious antitheses.

Nor is he altogether trustworthy in matters of more importance. He takes too much for granted, and jumps at conclusions, while portraying the "natyves." For example, speaking of the factory girls at Lowell, and of their handsome dresses and general appearance, he says they are "not *above* clogs and pattens"—not meaning a pleasantry, but that they wear such encumbrances, and of course are *above* them, at such times. And yet the probability is, that not one girl in a thousand throughout New England ever saw or heard of a clog or patten. For myself, I can safely say that I never saw but one pair in all my life on this side of the Atlantic. English dairy-maids and Scotch lassies may sometimes bring over a pair, being unacquainted with the usages here, but they are soon cast aside, or go into the ash-hole, with dilapidated hoopskirts and unacknowledged brogans.

Let it be understood then, once for all, that the Yankees are New Englanders, and New Englanders only; that their dialect, intonation, and habits of speech are both incommunicable and inimitable—though capable of being counterfeited by such craftsmen as Jarvis, Matthews, Hackett, Hill, and Valentine, so as to deceive the unwary; and that they are as truly characteristic as are the peculiarities of the Scotchman, the Englishman, the Welshman, the Irishman, or the Frenchman; being, moreover, not *national*, but *sectional* or provincial, like those of the Yorkshireman, the Northumbrian, or the Cockney.

That the Yankees are wonderfully "cute"—sagacious, and crafty; honest, as the world goes, though not always overscrupulous in a bargain—and not much more given to stuffing turkeys and geese with pebbles, or leaving the crops in, than the Southern chivalry are to selling heavy logs and large "rocks" for the market price of Sea Island cotton, may as well be acknowledged at once. Their wooden nutmegs, horn gun-flints, and shoe-pegs which they are supposed to sell for the most precious of seeds by the dozen, do not find customers at home—the people are "too far north," as the Yorkshiremen say; and so they are sent South.

Thousands of stories are in circulation, both abroad and at home, about their unprincipled cunning and craftiness; but most of them are extravagant falsehoods, the "weak invention of the enemy." Yet many are true, and sometimes transcendently characteristic. For

example: one story, well authenticated, runs after this fashion: A "Connecticut" peddler was on his way through northern Virginia, jolting and rattling so that his approach was heralded far and near, as with the sound of trumpets or steam-whistles. On reaching the tavern at Madison Court-House, he lost no time in displaying his "notions," having what he called an assortment of "most everything under the sun." After night-fall, the bar-room and piazza were crowded with planters and politicians and lawyers and statesmen—all President-makers, or embryo Presidents. They soon set upon our peddler, badgering and bantering him by turns. But he kept his temper, and sometimes managed to turn the laugh upon his tormentors. At last, one of them took up a handful of dirty cards and asked him what he would charge for one of his Yankee tricks. "Wal! he had 'em of all sizes and for different prices—from two dollars up to five—best of 'em cheap enough at five." Tickled with the idea, they held a consultation, and finally agreed to "go in for a five," with most uproarious laughter.

"Agreed," said the Yankee, holding out his hat, and laughing as loud as the best of them; "but please pony up—shell out—we never trust in our business; all cash down."

The money was paid up, and pocketed, and buttoned in, with all seriousness, and after shuffling the cards a few minutes, the Yankee got up, and stretched himself, and gaped, and then he took a light and disappeared. After waiting awhile, the company began to grow impatient, and asked the landlord to let him know that he'd better hurry up. It was dark and muddy, and some of them had a long way to go. The landlord went up stairs and found the fellow asleep, or pretending to be asleep, with his door locked and the bed pulled up against it. The landlord being indignant, and the company in what they called a *fix*, they sung out all together for him to put in an appearance, and show them the trick they had bargained for "right away." "The *trick*," shouted the Yankee from underneath the bed-clothes—"don't want another, do ye? Ha! int I showed you the best I know?" This the fiery young men thought was too bad; but inasmuch as the laugh was against them, and all the gray-headed planters too, they determined at last to let the fellow off, instead of lynching him on the spot, or barbecuing him like a runaway slave.

Another story they tell in the region where it was said to have happened, runs thus: Another "Connecticut" Yankee—he must have been of the Connecticuts—where babies are born with their eye-teeth cut, went away off into the back parts of Pennsylvania, among the honest, credulous, thriving German population, with a wagon load of cuckoo-clocks, which he got rid of at fifteen dollars a-piece, taking a part of his pay in "truck." He warranted the clocks to go for ten years—declaring if they didn't turn out good after trial, he would make them *good for nothin'*. But all

of them stopped, and gave up the ghost within a week or two at farthest.

Next year, having run himself out, and being unable to replenish his stock on tick, he started off with the odds and ends of what he had left, and one cuckoo-clock—one only—and went over the same route, and saw the same people. But how? On reaching the log cabin of the first man he had "shaved," he professed great sorrow for the trouble he had given him, and for the disappointment he had caused; but he had been grossly cheated by the manufacturer, who had fobbed him off with a very inferior article, not worth five dollars; that as soon as he discovered the cheat, he meant to be off without losing a day; but, the weather was bad, the fall rains had set in, and he wanted to have certain improvements introduced, whereby the clocks would be sure to run for a week without winding up, and would be worth at least twenty-five dollars a-piece. Having had enough made to supply his customers along the last year's route, he had now come to take the old affair off their hands, and "seein' 'twas you," would say twenty dollars for the new clock, and take the old one at the price he had sold it for, in part pay. "Vell now, datsh vat ich call vair, *und ich danke Ihnen*," said the honest German, and the bargain was clenched.

With that old clock, the unprincipled scamp started off to play the same trick on the second customer—and so on with the third and fourth, until he had gone through the whole—taking care not to return by the same road; pocketing five dollars with every exchange, and getting rid of his haberdashery at his own prices on the way. This story, allowing somewhat for exaggeration, is probably true—true in substance, I mean; but occasionally we get something a little too extravagant for belief, though verified by affidavits. For example, a certain peddler, who had become the pest of a neighborhood, which he had visited year after year, called at the door of a log cabin, where he had always managed to get rid of somethin', and to carry away somethin', however determined the old corncracker and his family might be, never to have anything more to do with the 'tarnal Yankee or his plaguy wares.

"Anything wanted to-day?" he screams, through an open window, at which he sees a great bouncing girl. "Nothin' to-day," was the reply. But the Yankee persisted, and so did the girl, who finished at last by saying that "Dad was determined never to buy nothin' more—not a copper's worth—of any o' them good-for-nothin', thievin' Yankees," imitating the nasal symphony she supposed to be their characteristic. Still he persisted, offering to show her his treasures, and vowing that he never had such an assortment before, and never such bargains—in fact, he'd got about everything she could ask for.

"Any tin side-saddles?" squeaked a voice from the dark interior.

"Tin side-saddles! O, git aout!" said the Yankee, nodding to a white-haired old man, he had just got a glimpse of—as he sat rubbing

his knees and chuckling to himself near the window—"come to think on't," he added, after a moment's consideration, "I rather guess I've got one left," lugging forth a voluminous tin kitchen as he spoke, which it is said, though I can't quite believe that part of the story, he bought for a side-saddle, and gave to Bouncing Bet for a marriage gift.

Once more—at Norfolk, Virginia, they believe that many years ago, when the yellow fever was raging there, a Yankee sloop arrived with a cargo of coffins—in *nests*—the inside ones stuffed with onions. That such a story should be told of any people, whether true or false, shows, at least, what they are supposed to be.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Religious Department.

Know,
Without or star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worship God shall find him. Humble love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven;
Love finds admission where proud science fails.
—Young's Night Thoughts.

THE VIOLET IN THE SNOW. AN EMBLEM OF FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

BY REV. T. S. W. NOTT.

'Twas in the spring-time's early day,
When suns begin to beam
With fitful warmth, I took my way
Along a valley stream;
And as I passed sweet scenes among,
With pensive steps and slow,
I saw, where winter lingered long,
A violet in the snow.

"Sweet, fragile flower! what dost thou there?"
—'Twas thus my thoughts arose—
"Why to this cold and biting air
Thy tender frame expose?
Why com'st thou thus untimely forth,
Like smile of joy in woe?
Thou little spark of life in death!
Thou violet in the snow!"

The modest flower made no reply,
But firm upbore her head
'Midst wind and cold, while in her eye
I marked a smile which said:
"Go, ask fair Virtue how she's bright
Where tears in darkness flow;
And then thou'lt learn to read aright
A violet in the snow."

And then I saw the moral here:
'Tis thus where all is gloom,
Where naught is left in light to cheer
Our passage to the tomb;
Where saddest seem their hearth and home,
To mortals here below,
The angel-form of Hope will come,
Like violets in the snow—

To say a fairer, happier day
In the dim future lies—
Our March is passing into May,
Our April's cloudy skies
Will soon receive a warmer sun,
Nor cold winds longer blow,
Nor streams be seen with ice to run,
Nor violets in the snow.

The moral yet is clearer now,
'Tis thus where sorrows fall;
Where gath'ring anguish knits the brow,
And life's worst ills appall;

Where even Hope itself hath fled,
Sweet Charity will go
To soothe the heart, and rear the head,
And dry the tears that flow.

The moral yet is clearer still:
'Tis thus where darkness lowers
'Round the tried soul, and doubting ill
Benumbs her nobler powers,
That Faith new born will point above,
And peace serene bestow,
Speaking of coming life and love,
Though all around be snow.

Eternal Source of all that's bright,
And pure, and fair, and brings
Thy nobler, holier truth to light,
By means of humbler things!
Oh, teach my heart to see Thy love,
Instruct my soul to know
Thy hand alike in stars above,
And violets in the snow!

And as I pass life's vale along,
Oh, lend me still Thy light;
Still give me grace to flee the wrong,
And aye pursue the right;
To read some lesson in each flower,
Each scene where'er I go;
In every leaf that decks the bower,
And violets in the snow!

Long years have passed since then away,
And joy and grief been mine;
I've seen life's fairest flowers decay,
Youth's warm, bright sun decline;
I've wandered on with weary foot,
Through toil, and pain, and woe;
I've loved and lost, but ne'er forgot
That violet in the snow!

INDIVIDUALITY IN RELIGION.

THE Gospel was never designed to be unbibled and made into lettered catalogues of *musts* and *must not's*. "The letter killeth—the spirit giveth life." The restraints of religion do not lie along the Christian's pathway as so many roseless thorns to pierce and pain us at every step. Christianity does not require us to be forever looking after the faults and failures of others, in order that we may know exactly what things *not* to do. It is not a list of uneasy negatives. It is not a system arranged to push or drive by rearward forces. No man, since grace and truth were revealed in Jesus Christ, was ever scolded or scared any nearer heaven. The thunder of Sinai threatened and made men tremble; but there is another mount, though not so high and dark and awful, whose summit held a cross, and He who was lifted up thereon *draws* all men unto Him! The blood of Calvary is greater than the lightning of Sinai. Henceforth love is mightier than precept. Henceforth religious life is not so much a form as a service—a service which is the highest liberty, because it is emancipation in Christ Jesus who makes his followers free indeed.

We are not obliged to pass on in our discipleship with book in hand, or mortal confessor in sight, reading a ceremony, or listening to a sound, or ruminating on the published sins of other people, else we should commit new ones ourselves so rapidly and unexpectedly that the most orthodox creed-arranger would become bewildered in the attempt to classify them. The religion of Christ does not annoy us with

mere formal technicalities. There are no chronometer-gauged exactions to goad us to duty as a miserly creditor's constables dun a poor debtor for dues. No books of faith and service outside the Bible are worthy the permanence of stereotype plates to be printed from. No true man who recognizes his own individual accountability for *deeds done in the body* (not for words pronounced or unpronounced from the creed)—no true man can live in these grand republican years with any ecclesiasticism ahold of him, drilling and driving as a machine. The Scriptures of divine truth do not require that my soul's worship shall be a strict duplicate of the worship of somebody else's soul. Neither is my work to be estimated by the number of chips and shavings at the bench of the robust brother who has double the muscle that God has given to me.

Christianity gets deeper into a man than his clothes or his skin. It does a nobler thing to a man than bow and bend, and halt and turn, and shove him hither and thither in the crooked grooves of some blunderer who lived in the dim ages long before the wood of the cross began to grow. It has a grander mission than merely to take charge of the *seen* and *heard* of a man; it lodges deep in the inmost soul, and works out from that center, until the world not only sees and hears, but knows and feels, that he "has been with Jesus and learned of Him."

I may subscribe to a system of rules, and be as exact in my observance of them as a clock is in ticking its swinging monotonies all day long and all night through; and, just like the clock, be only running down the while. The Gospel is a marvel in its freedom from all non-essential sectarianisms which any mimic of a man might observe to the very shadow of a letter without being a spark the brighter or a degree the better for his trouble. It is time the Church had grown out of the childhood ages of the world—time that she waked up in the new morning this side the long night of ritualistic shades and symbols to the light and liberty of the Saviour come and risen. The Christian system, simple but sublime, infused by the impulses of the promised Spirit of all Truth, lifts men out of deep-worn channels, and places them on elevations of light and glory from whence vast and beautiful horizons sweep around, and glowing with living workers for God and man. There is growth from minority to manhood in the Gospel, and equal suffrage for all and forever. ALEXANDER CLARK.

SMILES.—Nothing on earth can smile but human beings. Gems may flash reflected light; but what is a diamond flash compared with an eye-flash and mirth-flash! A face that can not smile is like a bud that can not blossom. Laughter is day, and sobriety is night; a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both, and is more bewitching than either. It is possible for us all to wear a smile or a frown, at our own option. Either becomes habitual from frequent repetition.

LOVE.

Love, transcendent and divine,
Gleams sweetly in the bread and wine,
That speak of Christ the crucified,
Who once for wretched sinners died!

Love, born of God, eternal, true,
Stands sweetly forth to wondrous view,
In God the Spirit's work of grace,
To cleanse, exalt, and save our race!

Love, higher still, beyond degree,
In God the Father we may see,
Who gave his Son and Spirit too,
Rebellious sinners to renew!

Love kindles in the Christian heart,
And takes a brother's kindly part,
In every time of sorest need,
His soul to soothe, his form to feed.

Love, like the gently beaming sun,
Imparts his grace to every one,
Producing life and beauty, where,
Else, all were death and blank despair.

Love bridges o'er the stream of death,
And makes its passage but a breath,
To which succeed the choral lays,
Of bliss on bliss through endless days.

Love shall ascend with Christ the Lord,
Takes His exceeding great reward;
For saints redeemed, a crown of light,
Celestial brilliant, dazzling bright.

C. WELLINGTON.

ABBE FRANZ LISZT, THE CONFESSOR-MUSICIAN.

THIS countenance is indicative of unusual temperamental intensity. The sharp, nervous features are, to be sure, a little modified by their association with the broad cheek-bones and strong jaw of the Hungarian physique, but the extreme delicacy of organization and the fineness of the brain quality are marked. He is in the highest respect sensitive and susceptible to the influences of feeling and emotion. The high and ample forehead denotes intellectual discernment; the capacious top-head exhibits moral and religious strength; the side-head, so far as it can be seen, shows a deep sense of the beautiful and awful; and the social tendencies, apparently, are by no means deficient. If the great breadth of the forehead, just over the superciliary ridge, evinces anything, it certainly shows Tune very large, and developed backward and upward toward Constructiveness and Ideality.

Spirituality is well marked by the broad arch of the top-head. This organ has doubtless exercised a most potent influence on his life,—an influence seemingly antagonistic to the great longings of his ambitious musical and ideal nature;

and by it may be explained many of his extraordinary acts.

The mouth is an impressive feature in our portrait, indicating force of will and earnestness of purpose, while the symmetrical nose evinces unusual fullness of cerebral development. The Abbé must be a genial, winning priest as he is a fascinating musician.

BIOGRAPHY.

Though the Abbé Liszt now lives in the gloom and solitude of a Roman cloister, his genius still pervades the world, and his influence upon the musical life of the present day is probably as great as that of any other living master. "A strange star shone on his birth," says a German biographer, "the comet, which in that year of the world attracted all eyes upward," and disappeared. And such has been Franz Liszt's life. Like a resplendent meteor, he passed on his triumphal musical career, and to-day, as if tired of the world's applause, he seeks the retirement of a monk.

He was born on the 22d of October, 1811, at the little village of Raiding, near Oedenburg, Hungary, a few hours' ride from the Austrian capital of Vienna. At the age of five years, he manifested a remarkable aptitude for music, and his father, who was a musician of some repute, carefully instructed his son on the piano-forte. In his ninth year he was taken to play at a public concert in Presburg, where his astonishing musical talent attracted the notice of some Hungarian noblemen, who procured for him the instructions of Karl Czerny and Salieri. For nearly two years he studied very earnestly under these distinguished tutors, and then again made his appearance before a public audience. A German journal thus describes this occasion:

"Franz Liszt was only eleven years of age when, in 1822, his father introduced him, a slender, blonde-haired boy, into one of the most brilliant circles in Vienna, already acquainted with a Mozart. Karl Czerny and Salieri were there; they sat with the boy's father, Adam Liszt, the friend of Haydn, in the neighborhood of the piano-forte, and watched the boy's graceful movements with deepest interest. From the farthest corner of the great hall a lady watched the young



PORTRAIT OF ABBÉ FRANZ LISZT.

musician eagerly as he now advanced to the instrument, and a sad smile flitted over her pale face as she heard the first notes vibrating through the hall. It was a concert piece of Hummel's, wonderfully spirited and vigorously executed; the player was not confused by the brilliant company, but appeared as calm and self-possessed as a pilot on a troubled sea. Not so the lady. She heard the rapturous applause which was given to the young pianist; she noticed the smile that settled upon his countenance as he rested for a moment by his father's side, and felt a conscious pride as she heard the admiration of the audience. * * * Again the boy advanced to the piano; a short childlike bow, and the slender fingers glided in Hummel's H minor concert; the audience was delighted; and that womanly countenance became suffused with a deep blush of joy. For the last time he took his place for a free fantasia. The great hall was as still as a church during prayer, and one scarcely dared even to breathe. The themes were from Mozart and Beethoven, and his fingers moved in a magical, wondrous manner. Over Salieri's

countenance reigned now a proud smile; but the head of the blonde lady had sunk upon her breast, the hot tear-drops rolled down her cheeks, and she wished that no one might see her; her hands were clasped, and a silent, fervent prayer went up from that pure and pious soul for the young musician. So absorbed was she that she did not hear the voice which now startled her: "Madam, your son has played bravely. I am satisfied with him. You will live to delight in him, and may well feel proud of your boy. We will go to him!" The mother of Franz Liszt, for she it was, now arose, placed her hand in the arm of the gloomy-looking man who stood before her, and both walked toward the piano. The assembled people everywhere gave place to them; they did not speak; but every now and then the mother raised her tearful eyes to her conductor in wonder and almost in fear. Finally they came to the young musician.

"Mamma! — you really here—Beethoven!" cried he, blushing and agitated. A moment later the 'star of the evening' was hanging upon the neck of his mother; and the friendly smile of Ludwig van Beethoven was the first genuine laurel which the young musician ever gained."

This was Liszt's first real success. His first musical excursion was made in the following year, accompanied by both his parents. They gave concerts in many of the principal cities of Germany; and in Munich young Franz was greeted as "a second Mozart." These were the words, too, that greeted the slender, boyish form in the gilded salons of the aristocracy of Paris. There he was the subject of the most flattering attention. The Parisian press, without exception, were loud in their praise and prophecies. The concerts which Adam Liszt gave ended in a perfect ovation. But the boy did not become intoxicated by the overwhelming applause; his pious-hearted mother was his constant guardian. The *élite* of Paris could not draw from Franz Liszt his full powers; it was only when he was in his own room, with his own loved mother, that he was seen to perfection. Then his cheeks would glow, his eyes be lit up with joy, the hour and the time would be forgotten, until at last his fingers would drop tired and helpless, and his burning forehead would lay soothed on the shoulders of his mother. She was his idol, and he poured

out his young soul to her. The sudden illness of an only sister called the mother away, and father and son now traveled in the Departments, and crossed over to England, where Franz received the greatest attention.

In 1825 we meet Liszt again in Paris. A short opera, "Don Sancho," was being represented in the theater of the Royal Academy, and met with the greatest applause. The audience cried out the name of the composer, and Franz Liszt, scarcely fifteen years of age, was led forward to make his acknowledgments at the public tribunal.

Soon after this performance new sentiments were awakened; he became gloomy, melancholy, and solitary; he plunged deeply into religious books; the lives of the martyrs and the Confessions of St. Augustine were his constant study. But he still had one friend to whom he wrote out his scruples, his doubts, and his reveries, and she thanked the Lord for such an early transformation, and felt that her prayers were answered when she saw her beloved son resting in the deep shade of a religious establishment.

But even this silent life soon grew irksome, as it did also to her who had first wished it. His still life was suddenly broken. Paganini, the violin-king, was to give his first concert in Paris (1831), and at his first performance young Liszt sat in the far corner of the hall, drinking in the inspiration that he felt; and he returned home with the fixed idea of becoming the Paganini of the piano-forte. Day and night he never wearied in his endeavor to attain his goal.

When he again made his appearance in Paris, it was in a far different style from his former performances. Instead of the aristocratic *salon*, it was now merely a parlor. But it was graced by the ornament of bright intellects. By her own fireside sat the charming Madame Aurora Dudevant (George Sand); in the flickering light could also be seen Alfred de Musset, Jules Sandeau, Alfred de Vigny, the talented painter Delacroix, and sometimes even Victor Hugo was there.

In the company of Madame Dudevant and Adolph Pictet, Liszt, in the following year, spent the most delightful and untroubled portion of his life. Without plan or object they wandered wherever fancy led them, and were everywhere enthusiastically received. Of this period George Sand has written her charming Letters of Travel, and Pictet's Journey to Chamounix is simply an apotheosis of Liszt. Liszt himself has related the impressions of these treasured hours in his Years of Pilgrimage. In the cathedral of Freiburg, the most beautiful women and intellectual men listened to the world-renowned organ controlled by his master hand.

Thalberg appeared in Paris, and broke up the entrancing "dolce far niente" of Liszt, who felt jealous of the new rival whose concerts excited the wonder and praise of all Paris. Liszt presented himself before a public audience, and the *éclat* with which the Parisians received

him, showed that his long absence had not diminished their enthusiasm over his music. Mendelssohn himself went to hear him, and wrote: "I have never seen a musician who has the musical sense so entirely at his finger's ends as Liszt has. * * * He possesses a through-and-through musical feeling, the like of which is nowhere to be found." The judgment of the Paris world between the elegant Thalberg and the brilliant Liszt was charmingly expressed by a lady, who, when asked which was the greatest man, said, "Thalberg is the first, but Liszt is the only one."

It was ever a strange feature in Liszt's character that the moment the storm of rapturous applause began to ring about him, his soul would ardently long for solitude. He loved then to disappear suddenly from the theater of his success, and bury himself for months in unbroken stillness. This is the reason that we find him, in 1837, wandering through Italy, to Venice, Genoa, Florence, Rome, and Naples, without any definite object. It was only in the following year that he again appeared in public, at Vienna, when he gave a series of concerts in aid of the sufferers by the great inundation at Pesth. No wonder that his Hungarian countrymen could sing: "Franz Liszt, the people are proud of thee." In the same year he received a deputation of Hungarian noblemen, who invited him to Pesth, where he was received with extraordinary enthusiasm, and presented by the inhabitants with the sword of honor and the right of citizenship. The next few years was a succession of fresh triumphs, and probably no musician in the same space of time received so warm and flattering a welcome wherever he went; and nowhere was his reception warmer than to his own native village of Raiding, whose every inhabitant turned out to greet their "son;" for Franz Liszt never forgot the home of his childhood.

This wandering and apparently restless life may appear strange to us; but in that land of music, the poorest itinerant can travel from one end of the continent to the other with both ease and pleasure, giving his rude concerts at every little village. In a higher degree was this life of Liszt's. The language of Bach, of Handel, of Beethoven could be understood in every land; and it had never found a more eloquent expositor. Franz Liszt gave concerts in Vienna and Prague in 1840, and in St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Riga, in Russia, in the same year. In the summer of 1841 he visited England, returned through Holland and Belgium to Berlin, where he was received as "only his own fatherland" could receive him.

The following year he wandered over nearly the whole of Europe—Russia, France, Spain, Portugal, and Germany. In August, 1845, in company with Spohr, he directed the Beethoven Festival, held in Bonn, on the occasion of the inauguration of a monument to the great master. He visited also Hungary,

Transylvania, Moldavia, Wallachia, Constantinople, and Odessa, and tired of glory, voluntarily closed his career as a performer in the zenith of his fame. Then he commenced the second great mission of his life, that of director and composer, and in 1848, accepted an invitation from the Duke of Weimar to assume the conduct of the court concerts there. Henceforth Weimar became the chief musical center for all Europe.

"Who has ever seen Liszt as a conductor must have noticed the enthusiastic power with which he rules the whole orchestral strength as a totality. The accompanying orchestra is an animated body which he permeates and inflames with the inspiration of his own soul," said a critic who had seen him at Weimar. From 1848 to 1861 Weimar was continually crowded during the season by the nobility and talent of Europe. Many took up their residence there permanently. He was the means of bringing many promising young composers to public notice. Richard Wagner owes the success of his chief operas to Liszt's friendship. He taught many young and promising pianists gratuitously, for whose benefit he gave private performances. Here he wrote, in 1852, his "work of love"—a biography of Chopin, the famed Polish pianist and composer (born, 1810, at Zelazowa, near Warsaw; died at Paris, Oct. 14, 1849); the "Gipsies and their Music," in 1859; and contributed many articles on the operas of Wagner and other subjects in the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik." His compositions, transcriptions, paraphrases, symphonies, organ and piano-forte pieces, sonatas, fantasias, capriccios, reminiscences, concertos, etc., mostly belong to this period of his life, and are very numerous. His most genial beauties are probably found in his "Hungarian Rhapsodies," in the melodies of his home, the songs, the dances and the marches of the Hungarians and the gipsies. The joys and sorrows of his own people, all their feelings and emotions, find echo therein.

Yet Franz Liszt was never happy even amid his most glorious successes. The early impressions fostered by his mother had taken deep root. She was in Paris, but their correspondence was as constant and loving as ever.

Great was the sorrow when, in 1861, Franz Liszt departed from the theater of his grandest success and took his course toward the "Eternal City," to re-enter the cloister.

Four years later, on the 26th of April, 1865, was consecrated, in the chapel of the Vatican, Abbé Liszt. His compositions now partook more of his religious character. He had in earlier years composed several smaller hymns, psalms, and sacred piano-forte and organ pieces. In the summer of 1862 he finished his celebrated opera of the "Holy Elizabeth." Under the roof of the Vatican he completed his opera of "Christ," which was first performed in the service of the mass there. His "Holy Elizabeth" has been performed in most of the chief cities of Europe; and at the Lu-

ther Festival in the Wartburg, in 1867, the composer himself was present as the conductor. That was a grand day for the German musical world.

This was the last appearance of Liszt outside of Rome in his professional capacity. In 1864, he had visited Weimar and Munich, and his own mother in Paris. This was his last visit to her; she died in 1866. Liszt lives now in the cloister of Monte Mario, which he chose as his residence soon after his entry into Rome. Before we close this sketch, let us take a glimpse at the life of the great musician there.

"Forty-four years (1866) have flown since Franz Liszt, the blonde-haired boy, began his brilliant career in Vienna. Again is a concert given by Franz Liszt; again we see him seated at the piano-forte. But instead of a crowded hall, this time there is only a single hearer, an aged countenance—Pio Nono, the Pope of Rome. In an apartment of the Vatican the Abbé Liszt plays before the Pope, and the melancholy eyes of the aged man brighten at the sounds which the earnest man in the dark robes evokes from the strings. * * * In general, Liszt still lives in the cloister of Monte Mario. His intercourse is confined to a few friends, chiefly the high dignitaries of the Church. A near relationship binds him foremost to Cardinal Hohenlohe, with whom he lived, after his consecration, for nearly a year in the Vatican. The Pope himself has shown him many fatherly favors and numerous distinctions, which in former years were mostly given to him only by worldly princes, and as a mark of his highest grace added the brilliancy of his own order to the dark priestly robes of the musician. Sometimes he also visits him in his solitude, in order to listen to the charming productions of his genius, and Liszt usually remains then a long while in the presence of the Pope, who calls him 'his true son,' 'his Palestrina.'"

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."

THIS old saying, repeated so often by good people, and gaining thereby a kind of sanctity, is, nevertheless, a mischievous one to be floating so freely through the world.

That honesty and policy can have any connection whatever, can hardly be thought of by a right-minded, true-hearted person; and it seems to me a misfortune that the two words were ever linked together. The moment one stops to think of *policy* before doing what seems to him a duty, that moment his *honesty* becomes of a doubtful character.

It is sad to see how people are coaxed into "doing right" and "being good;" sad to hear so many appeals to the selfishness of our nature; sad to know that *policy*, after all, is the secret of much seeming honesty.

I heard a mother say to her little boy one day, "Now, do be a good boy, and you shall have a large piece of maple-sugar." The same

day I heard a minister say to his people, "Follow the course I have marked out to you, and you will not only gain much in this world, but eternal life in the next."

It was policy for the child to put on the appearance of goodness, and he understood it. Many may have thought it policy to be Christians when such inducements were offered.

Dangerous teachers are they, whether mothers or ministers, who teach those under their charge to look out for the gain, the result, of whatever they do. Is it right? is followed too often by that other question, "Is it expedient?" betraying an entire want of confidence in the providence of a loving Father who will ask nothing of His child that is not best for him to do—setting up weak human judgment against His all-wise and just demands. We can not know what is expedient, for the greatest seeming failure has often proved to be the most glorious success. But we *can* know what is *right*; at least we can know our highest conviction of right, and following that we shall be *true*, and a *true* man is to be honored, though he come far short of absolute truth, for he proves that he is striving after it, and is on the right road toward it.

Oh, mothers, do not offer rewards to your children for being hypocrites! Childhood should be glad and bright and beautiful, and it can never be when so unnatural.

Give to them, abundantly, tender words of sympathy and encouragement. Place in their hands gifts of love and appreciation, but never teach them to think that right doing deserves reward; for they will soon learn to value it according to the pay they get. Let goodness and truth be as natural to them as fragrance is to the flower, just as it ought to be. Do not send them out into the world with such miserable, unreliable guides as "Honesty is the best policy," "The *safest* way is to do right;" but rather teach them to cast policy away altogether, to forget reward, to feel that

"'Tis perdition to be *safe*,
When for the truth we ought to die."

"Is it right?" My brother and my sister, when this question comes to you, for it often comes to all, and what is truest and best in you answers, "It is," let no forebodings of the result, no whispers of policy, detain you from obeying unhesitatingly this command of God. Though sacrifice and pain be the result, it will only show that they are needed.

"Is it truth?" If from the deepest consciousness of your soul the decision come, too plain to be misunderstood, that it is truth, then accept and advocate it, though it bear you into places new and strange, though it lead you into the most unpopular church and party, though it take from you friends and bring you enemies; though reproach and poverty and pain come upon you, still be true for the *truth's* sake, and like the noble Luther be too brave to "speak or act against your conscience."

HOPE ARLINGTON.

IN VAIN.

O'er the golden prime of morning time,
To brood in sullen sorrow;
From coward fears of future years,
A stream of trouble borrow,
When the sunny shine of present time
Foretells a bright to-morrow.

The speeding noon comes all too soon
To those whose hearts are lightest;
Soon follow cares, and silver hairs
O'er heads that now are brightest;
But youth well sped, rich blessings shed,
When bright locks change to whitest.

In vain to sigh for days gone by;
Youth's mantle fits the wearer;
But work and pray that ev'ry day
May be to you the bearer
Of something good of mental food,
To make the soul grow fairer.

For all the harms of winter sterned,
If we're prepared to greet them
With strength of nerve that does not swerve,
But bravely, boldly meet them,
Will strengthen roots to bear the fruits,
And he who works shall eat them.

Then look aloft, and see the soft
Gray light of dawn is nearing,
And gleaming through the ether blue,
The promised land appearing,
When days of youth return in truth,
In triple brightness cheering.

For God is just, and you may trust,
Though ne'er his law divining,
That though dark clouds the sunlight shrouds,
Each has its silver lining,
And 'round the wreath of cypress leaf
The amaranth is twining.

SCIENCE AND SKEPTICISM.—The revelations of science may, and in the nature of things must, often be at variance with popular preconceptions; but variances of this kind need not give rise to hostility, nor preclude conviction. Theologians may be startled by new discoveries in science, just as their predecessors were by the assertions of astronomy; but they are not on that account entitled to accuse men of science of skepticism and infidelity; nor, on the other hand, have men of science any right to retort on theologians the charge of dogmatism and bigotry, because they are not prepared all at once to accept the new deductions. The skeptic and infidel is he who refuses facts and rejects the conclusions of enlightened reason; the dogmatist and bigot is he who, overestimating his own opinions, undervalues those of others and obstinately resists all conviction. What may be accepted by one mind under the bias of early training, may be insufficient to induce belief in another differently trained but equally earnest to arrive at the truth. "To faith," says Bunsen, "it is immaterial whether science discover truth in a spirit of skepticism or belief; and truth has been really found by both courses, but never by dishonesty or sloth." Arguments may prevail; abuse never wins over converts. Bad words never make good arguments; and we may rest assured that he who is in the habit of using them is by no means in a fitting spirit to enter as a worshiper into the great temple of truth.
—*Man: Where, Whence, and Whither?*



VAMBERY IN HIS DERVISH DISGUISE.

ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY,
THE HUNGARIAN ORIENTALIST.

THE Magyar or Hungarian race has long been a subject of profound investigation by the ethnologists of Europe. Its origin has not yet been exactly ascertained, although it is the generally received opinion that the Magyar is an offshoot from the Turanian stock. Differing in blood from nearly all the rest of Europe, this people exhibit marked peculiarities of mind and mode of life, which indicate both an Asiatic and a nomadic ancestry. The subject of this sketch is considered a good representative of the Magyar type, with some Teutonic elements infused. He early became interested in the endeavor to solve the intricate problem of the original derivation of his race, and he wished, as he said himself, by a practical study of the living languages of the related grades between the Magyars and the Turkish-Tartar tribes of Middle Asia, to trace out this origin. This was the star which led him to the Orient, from Hungary to Constantinople and Mecca; from Teheran, in Persia, across the Turkomanian desert to Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarkand, and even to Afghanistan. The accounts which he has given of his researches while on this journey are treasures of ethnographical facts in relation to the Middle Asiatic tribes, some of which had never been visited by a European since the days of Marco Polo. Our sketch of himself and his travels must necessarily be very brief.

Arminius Vambéry (Vamberger) was born, in the year 1832, at Duna Szerdahely, a Danubian island belonging to the province of Presburg, Hungary. His ancestors appear originally to have emigrated from Germany, though they had been settled for some time in Hungary. His father, who died when Vambéry was very young, was a common Hungarian peasant, and his mother, a pious Protestant woman, early sent her son to the village school. When fifteen years of age he attended a school in the city of Presburg, where he studied industriously, though in great poverty, and managed to support himself by teaching the Slavic cooks and servants the Hungarian language. His own talent for languages developed very early, and by the time he was seventeen he had acquired, without a teacher, the Latin, Greek, French, Italian, English, Servian, and Croatian languages. He not only acquired them theoretically, but could speak them quite fluently and correctly; and his memory was so retentive that he daily committed six hundred words.

A testimony to his correctness of speech is thus recorded: he had been studying for a short time in a school at Vienna, where he was in very great poverty, when he was obliged to return to Presburg. He had no money with which to pay his fare, but while standing in the railroad depot he courageously spoke to two gentlemen, respecting his situation and need, in such excellent Latin, that

they immediately gave him a sum of money which more than sufficed to procure his passage ticket. His remarkable talent gained for him many friends after this, and in 1854 an office was procured for him in Posego, in Slavonia, whither he traveled on foot; but he did not hold his appointment any longer than consisted with the purpose he had in view of visiting the East.

In order to complete himself for this work, it was necessary that he should become acquainted with the languages, literature, and customs of the Mohammedans, and for that purpose he went to Constantinople. In an incredibly short space of time, his whole stay being little over four years, he had acquired twenty Oriental languages perfectly to his command, even exciting the attention of the sluggish Turks themselves, to whom he could talk like a native. He gained in position among them until he was made private secretary of Fuad Pasha, who gave him a good salary. In this office he had access to the archives of the country, received and answered all the state papers, and copied at his leisure hundreds of the most important historical documents. He forwarded important contributions of these labors to Hungarian, Austrian, and German journals, with which he was in constant correspondence. He called the attention of the Hungarian Academy to the existence of the remainder of the library of King Korrian, and for this and other service he was elected one of its members in 1860. It was through the influence of this Academy that he was enabled to consummate his long-projected travels.

Vambéry left Constantinople mysteriously in the year 1861, and, joining a party of Beggar Monks, proceeded first to Mecca, the shrine of the pilgrim monks, and thence to Teheran, the chief city of Persia. Here he gave himself out to be a pious Mohammedan, calling himself Reschid Effendi, and was soon known as a good friend of the poor and ragged Mecca pilgrims. He introduced many of these to the Turkish consul, procured them assistance, and even kept some at his own expense in order that he might thus more perfectly learn their language. In this manner he became acquainted with a party of pilgrims who were on their homeward journey to Bokhara, and to them he communicated his genuine Islam wish to visit the holy people of Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarkand. The Tartar pilgrims answered, "We are resolved not only to be thy friends, but also thy servants;" and he was received into the caravansary as a fellow-traveler, though they did not know him except as a holy dervish like themselves, for he, too, had been to Mecca the holy.

This caravan was a motley collection. "Some," says he, "rode on mules or camels, but the poor, foot-sore worshipers were very ragged. In my wretched clothing I had considered myself a beggar, but among these people I was a king." The head of the caravan was Hadschi Valal, of Aksu, in Chinese Tar-

tary, priest to the Chinese-Mussulman Government of the same province.

The time occupied in the journey was occasionally enlivened by the pilgrims singing pleasant songs, by relating to each other their adventures. The Hungarian dervish soon made himself friends by his conversations; he understood his audience intuitively, and realized now that he was fairly in the midst of Asiatic life.

The route from Teheran taken by the caravan was eastward, across the borders of Persia, across the Turkomanian Desert to Khiva, the chief city of the Turkomans, known even amid the lawless tribes of that portion of the country as the very seat of cruelty. He relates several appalling instances of judicial cruelty which he himself there witnessed. The present Khan of the province would procure for himself the name of a defender of his religion, and believes that he will acquire it by punishing the smallest offense with the most rigorous severity. The casting of a single glance upon a deeply-veiled woman is enough to bring upon the offender terrible punishment. A man who has committed adultery is hanged, while the woman is buried to the waist, in the neighborhood of the gallows, and then stoned to death by the mob. Scarce a day passed, during Vambéry's stay, that did not witness some poor victim hurried off to the scaffold. "But amid these rough scenes and customs," he remarks, "I have spent in Khiva and its provinces, in my dervish incognito, many of the most beautiful days of my travels."

From Khiva, which lies to the south of the Aral Sea, in Turkistan, the caravan proceeded in a southeasterly direction to Bokhara. Vambéry's mode of traveling was about as our engraving represents him. He had for his own use an ass, upon which he sometimes rode, and also half of a camel, which carried his traveling bag.

The heat, when they were fairly upon the desert, was intense, for it was July. They were obliged to travel six hours every day, besides at night, and the nomad Turkoman robbers constantly annoyed them.

Vambéry mentions a caravan station which they reached on the 4th of July, which bore the very attractive name of Adamkyrylgan, that is, the place where people die. And truly it was a lifeless waste. As far as the eye could reach, extended an apparently boundless sea of sand, now whirled by the wind into huge rolling waves, and now reflecting the rays of the sun like the zephyr-stirred mirage of a still sea. No bird in the air, no worm or beetle upon the earth, was to be seen, but only traces of extinct life; the whitened bones of men and animals, in great accumulation, served as way-marks to the pilgrim travelers. This desert is very wide, and not a drop of water upon it. Vambéry's party soon felt the need of drink, and the languishing cry, "Water, water," was repeatedly uttered in vain by parched lips. On July 8th, Vambéry had only eight glasses of water in his store, and half of this was de-

voted to a dying fellow-traveler. The caravan can not wait for those to recover who fall sick, else the whole caravan would be lost. As soon as one's strength fails, he is placed on the way-side, a leathern bottle of water and some food are left him; he sees the long lines of the caravan gradually disappear in the far distance, and is left alone to his fate.

The leader of the caravan saw in the distance the signs of an approaching sand-storm, and having announced it, the pilgrims immediately threw themselves upon the sand; the camels instinctively laid themselves down upon their knees, stretched out their long necks, and buried their heads in the sand, while the travelers found what shelter they could behind them. The sand was driven over them with terrific force by the gale, and when it had subsided, the hot sand covered them to the depth of many inches. Toward evening of that day they were gladdened by the sight of a well in the distance; but, to their disappointment, it was found that the water was totally unfit to drink. Vambéry was now quite exhausted; he could not even alight from the camel upon which he had been placed, and his companions laid him down upon the sand. His inside burnt with insufferable heat, and his dizziness completely stupefied him. "I thought," says he, "that the last evening of my life had come." Fortunately, however, his fellow-pilgrims did not desert him. They did not forget his kindness in Teheran.

When he awoke on the morning of the 12th of July, he found himself in the miserable hut of a Persian slave, who refreshed him with milk, while his dark-bearded dervish companions stood around his bed, anxiously awaiting his recovery. Soon he was well again, and all the hardships of the past were forgotten, when, on the next day, they passed across the borders of Bokhara, and two days later entered the city of that name. This was the destination of his fellow-pilgrims, and it was a sad parting to him, for they had been his constant companions for nearly six months, and had stood faithfully by him in his need. "My heart would break," he says, "as the thought came to me that to these, my best friends in the world, whom I had to thank for the preservation of my life, I could not trust the secret of my incognito, but must constantly deceive them."

We have not the space to give in detail his arduous wanderings among the nomad tribes of Middle Asia. He everywhere maintained his dervish disguise, though he was often compelled to change his traveling companions. From Bokhara he first went to Samarkand, once a famous seat of Mohammedan learning, visiting the many and various native tribes on his way. The wandering, plundering Turkomen are set very vividly before our eyes in his descriptions of them; we see them fastening their solitary Persian prisoners to stakes in the lonely desert, and leaving them there to die; or, again, taking them in gangs across the dreary waste, and goading them by the sharp-

pointed spikes of the camel-drivers. Vambéry spent above a year among these people, and thence proceeding south and southwest to Afghanistan, which he describes as being an immense battle-field, ruled by various robber princes, who extorted money from the traveler under every pretext whatever. One stopping-place, Andschi, is thus characteristically described by the proverb: "Andschi has bitter, salt water, burning sand, poisonous flies, and scorpions; commend it not, since it is a picture of the real hell!" Some parts, however, especially the neighborhood of the city of Herat, the capital of a state of that name in Afghanistan, is described as being beautiful naturally, and is compared with a paradise. Herat itself is considered as the "gate of India and Central Asia," and is a place of great political importance. Its narrow, dirty streets are full of ruin, but among its bazaars, its mosques, its caravansaries, and its citadel, Vambéry found opportunities to carefully study the many different races that daily assemble there, from Khiva, Russia, India, Tartary, Turkestan, and Persia.

In this city Vambéry was in absolute want; his money was almost exhausted, and he must sell his faithful ass to get bread, or starve. His attendant, a native of Khiva, named Mollah Sochak, who now lives in Pesth, even went into the street and begged nourishment and materials for fire. In this extremity Vambéry went to the ruling prince, who was a mere boy, being only sixteen years of age, and who had been placed by his father over the conquered province. The young prince reclined upon a chair at the window, and continually amused himself by watching the evolutions of his soldiers in the court-yard, who were drilled after the European fashion, and were even under the command of an English officer. It was here that the following scene occurred as Vambéry made his appearance, showing at the same time the completeness of his disguise and the keenness of the young prince. The latter was surrounded, as usual, by the dignitaries of his court, and his vizier occupied a seat by his side. The dervish uttered the usual form of greeting as he entered, and then seated himself in front of the young prince. "God, our Lord," said Vambéry, uttering the customary prayer on taking a seat, "let us receive a blessed place, for, truly, Thou art the best giver of quarters." The young prince looked eagerly into the face of the supposed dervish, and ere the latter had uttered "Amen," and composed his beard, sprang up from his seat, and pointing with his finger at Vambéry, half laughingly and half in wonder, exclaimed, "By God, I swear thou art an Englishman!" A loud laugh followed this singular fancy of the young ruler, who now stood by the stranger's side, amused as a child who has made a lucky discovery. "Tell me, he continued, 'is it not true thou art an Ingles in disguise?' The dervish replied: "Stop! Thou knowest well the proverb, 'He who declares, even in jest, that a believer is an unbeliever, is himself an unbeliever.' Give me, rather, some-

thing for a fatika, wherewith I may continue my journey." The young prince sat down, remarking that he had never seen a Hadschi of Bokhara with such a face, whereupon Vambéry interposed that he was from Stamboul, showed him his passes, and was successful in getting his temporary wants supplied. Vambéry did not forget to write to this clever young Persian after he had returned home, and wished him success on account of his acuteness, and told him that though he was not an Englishman he *was* at least a European.

On the 10th of October, 1863, Vambéry left Herat in the company of a caravan nearly two thousand strong, and soon reached Mesched, in Persian Chorassan, where he could, now that all his dangers were past, bid farewell to his dervish dress, and once more appear as a European. But he could not part with his ragged old cloak, which had protected him so long; for it contained the results of all his wanderings, had protected him not only from the intense heat of a burning sun, but also from the observation of his companions, for if they had seen him engaged in writing they would have at once suspected his object. He wrote with lead pencil, in the Mongolian language; and when he made out plans and maps of the cities and states through which he passed, he secretly sewed them, together with his notes, into the lining of his cloak, which finally became so heavy that it was almost impossible to walk under its weight, and he constantly feared that its bulk would betray him. He limped, too, in his walk, slightly; but this apparent misfortune was a fortunate thing for him, as the Mohammedans reverence all men who are afflicted with any bodily infirmity.

In the month of June, 1864, Vambéry entered Constantinople, as unexpectedly as he had disappeared. He had long been given up as lost, for he had never dared to write. But his fame had gone long before him, and he was honored with marked attention from the learned and the great of every city through which he passed. In Vienna, the Emperor of Austria was personally introduced to his now distinguished subject, and the chair of the Professorship of Oriental Languages in the University of Pesth was immediately offered to him. This position he accepted, and still holds. He delivered his report before Sir Roderick Murchison and the London Geographical Society, and received marked attention while in England from Palmerston, Russell, and the most eminent scientific men.

The account of his journeyings appeared in the English language in London, in 1864, under the title of "Travels in Central Asia; being the Account of a Journey from Teheran Across the Turkoman Desert on the Eastern Shore of the Caspian, to Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarkand." This was followed by "Sketches of Central Asia; being Additional Chapters of Travels and Adventures, and on the Ethnology of Central Asia." Both these works were written by their author in the English language. We have before us a letter from him ourselves,

and can hardly detect a flaw either in the orthography or in the grammatical construction.

These works have found a warm reception in both England and America. They are thoroughly practical, and full of observations of the greatest value, now that the Eastern question excites so much interest. Among the topics discussed, the following are well worthy of attention: the productive power of the oases of Turkestan; the Turkoman and the slave trade; the inner life of the people of Central Asia; the Mohammedanism of Persia, etc. He tells us that these people are beginning to feel the pressure of the Western world; and their old organization must be broken up by the constant tide of emigration. His sketch of the literature of Bokhara proves that the Asiatic states have experienced a partial civilization.

The most interesting and entertaining part of his works is—a subject which no one is so well qualified to speak as Mr. Vambéry—the ethnography of the various races—the Turanian and Iranian—of Central Asia. There are two other races which he does not fail to discuss—the Anglo-Saxon and the Muscovite, the Briton and the Russian; the one extending its territory northward from the boundaries of India, and the other pushing forward its Oosack hordes across the steppes of Northern Asia southward. Soon they must meet, and the conflict, commenced in the Crimea, will probably have to be settled upon the sandy deserts of Central Asia. Mr. Vambéry says that Russia's progress needs watching.

Mr. Vambéry's last work is published in German, under the title of "Cägataische Sprachstudien" (Leipsic, Brockhaus, 1868). This is a work for which few possess equal qualifications, being a grammar of the language of Turkestan. The work is prefaced with an interesting essay on the distinctive peculiarities of the various dialects of the Turkish language, followed by copious notes and illustrative passages, including selections from the chief Uzbeg writers. The work is receiving great attention at the hands of the German scholars.

"By FITS AND STARTS."—Spasmodic efforts amount to little or nothing. It is steady application that accomplishes. One may be easily "fired up" to do something, and as suddenly cooled off. The team—of men or horses—that pull together, and pull steadily, will do the work. But those who are always beginning, and never finishing, have more of the spasmodic than of the persevering. Moral: Teach your children to do one thing at a time, and to *finish* what they begin.

LET our laws and our institutions speak not of white men, not of red men, not of black men, not of men of any complexion; but, like the laws of God, the Ten Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer—let them speak of the people.
—Horace Mann.

Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue. In thine arms
She smiles, appearing as in truth she is,
Heav'n-born, and destined to the skies again.—Cooper.

WHO AM I?

BY MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

Who am I?

What does the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL reading public want to know for? What difference does it make who cooks the intellectual omelette down in the editorial kitchen, as long as it is served up hot, smoking, and satisfactory?

There are some people who can't be satisfied unless they know all that there is to be known about everybody and everything. They are perpetually tormenting themselves with trying to ascertain the "reason why" of every occurrence. They never travel without establishing an immediate *rapprochement* with the machinery on steamboat and locomotive engine; they can not enjoy a new book unless they know the author's Christian, middle, and surname, and why he wrote it; and exactly how much money he got for it; and why he didn't get a little more; and why it was published by Press & Company, instead of Type & Sons! They pounce, the first thing, on the "Personal" column of the newspaper, and gloat with delight over the impertinent (and too often imaginary) little items that sensational reporters nowadays steal from the very edge of the domestic hearthstone—in short, they go through life one continual interrogation point. You avoid them by instinct, and yet they follow you like your shadow. If you add fuel to the fire of their curiosity by answering their questions, they are only stimulated to fresh investigations. Nobody but a policeman and a "First Lessons in Geography" has any business to ask so many questions.

What are you to do with such people? How can you satisfy them? You may tell a child that it has "two ears and but one mouth," and that its vocation in life is "to be seen and not to be heard;" but it won't do to apply the same charmingly repressive method to the grown-up babies who are unreasonably inquisitive. They are quick to take offense, and eager to imagine slights; and if you once begin to indulge their propensities, you will find your communications gradually enlarging and complicating themselves, after the fashion of that ancient and well-authenticated legend "The House that Jack Built!" When you have told them who you are, what security have you that they won't want to know how old you are, what your complexion is, whether you are tall or short, what church you are in the habit of attending, and what school of medicine you are partial to? Where is the catechism to end? Haven't I as good a right to turn round and ask who *they* are? And don't you think

they would very speedily intimate to me the propriety of minding my own business?

"They like me!" I am much obliged to them, and I fully appreciate their kindness; but just imagine me walking up to the first person on Broadway whose *tout ensemble* impressed me favorably, with "Excuse me, madam, but I like you—who are you?"

Perhaps it's the other way, and they *don't* like me, a circumstance that has been known to happen, improbable as it may seem. All the more reason that I should have the advantages pertaining to the anonymous state. Borrowing yet a second illustration from the practical aspect of every-day life, what sane individual would walk up to his neighbor and begin, "Sir, I do not like your appearance at all—the cut of your coat and the shape of your whiskers are quite intolerable to me, consequently I insist on knowing who you are, at once, and definitely!"

Don't you see that this delightful frankness wouldn't work well at all in general practice?

Some of my unknown friends want my photograph, too!

Now, of all things stiff, unmeaning, and inflexible, a photograph is the stiffest, most unmeaning, and least flexible. It may look like me, just as a marble statue looks like warm, glowing, living humanity—just as the artificial sparkle of a diamond resembles the free sunshine; but who ever knew the photograph that really gave any correct idea of a person, unless you have beforehand some personal association to vitalize its cold lines and formal, unthinking stare.

No, you can't have my picture, friends! When I am dead and gone, then is quite time to fall back upon photographs. But as long as there is a living, breathing, existing Me, just so long will I protest against being misrepresented by any such painfully correct libels. I am not a celebrity, and don't want to be, and don't pretend to be. And, consequently, I don't fancy the idea of my photograph in an album between Tom Thumb and Ex-President Jefferson Davis. It would certainly take unto itself wings and speed away. That is, it would, if it were anything like me; for I have always had a preference for choosing my own company!

I haven't told you who I am yet, have I? No, I thought not. A woman *can* keep a secret sometimes, even when she is discoursing upon that most delightful and attractive of subjects—herself.

Yes,—wouldn't you like to know? Wouldn't you enjoy canvassing me, and pulling me to pieces, figuratively speaking? Not that you are all so destructively inclined; there are some of you to whose gentle keeping one might safely trust name, fortune, and almost soul! who would be ready to palliate faults, excuse failings, and spread the comprehensive mantle of the sweetest charity over all backslidings. What would young writers do—aye, and old ones, too—if there were not such kindly spirits in the great audience of the public? But there are people enough to whom

the mere fact of authorship is sufficient to rouse all that is belligerent and fault-finding—people who think they *must* criticise every woman who is audacious enough to take up the pen. I can imagine their verdict quite vividly enough without giving it the advantage of reality: "Yes, an old maid, of course; nobody but an old maid would ever write in so exceedingly bitter and prejudiced a vein! A failure, socially speaking, in the great end and aim of a woman's life—matrimony—scarcely ever improves the temper. Bluestockings are almost always old maids!" "Married, is she? Well, they should think that a married woman might have enough to do without turning literary, that is, if she kept her home in decent order and looked after her husband's shirts!" "Old, eh? that juvenility of style is seldom acquired without years of practice!" "Young—what business has *she* to express herself so dogmatically?" "A country girl can certainly have had no great experience; it is the height of impertinence in her to attempt to discuss such social topics!" "A city lady necessarily moves in an artificial atmosphere, and has no means of judging society from an impartial standpoint!"

You see I have read my Esop's Fables—S. R. Wells' Illustrated Edition, page 70, "The Miller, his Son, and their Ass," with six pictures! I know very well that I couldn't please, any more than that respectable old piece of antiquity the Miller, even if I were to try—therefore I don't mean to try!

Here's my platform, since platforms are the fashion just now. I am going to mind my own business, and do the very best I can to instruct, amuse, and perhaps improve a little. If you want to become acquainted with me, why, here I am, most happy to spend a few minutes with you, once a month, under the protecting wing of my good friend the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. But you mustn't ask too many questions. It is so much easier to express one's mind from behind theegis of the little sanctum in No. 389 Broadway! And every reader of the JOURNAL is my special and confidential friend; taken individually, I'm ready to shake hands with him or her in spirit, at any time they please. I have much kindness and indulgence to thank them for. Nor do I forget the patience with which they have heard me. Now, what else could the most unreasonable and exacting of publics ask for?

Dear me! what a lot of I's there is in this article! but how else can a body excuse a body for not telling everybody else who a body is? (Not an uningenious way of avoiding the obtrusive personal pronoun that!) Egotism can not always be avoided.

Who am I? A faithful reader of the AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL; a believer, not in *isms*, but in reforms; one who can sew on buttons and hold a pen with equal dexterity; a devotee of nature, and a *woman*, with all a woman's instincts and impulses. Don't you think you ought to be satisfied with this answer?

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOMES.

AMERICANS are necessarily utilitarians. In a new country, "use," before ornament, is the order. The various steel traps to catch wolf, bear, and fox are not inlaid with gold, silver, and pearl; nor is the ax, the hoe, or the plow ornamented. The frontiersman wants a rifle that is steady, strong, and true—that will put a bullet where he wants it put; while the more fashionable sportsmen of old settlements uses a polished or gilded gun. So the pioneer wears plain, strong "homespun" instead of silks, satins, and fine laces. But even the trapper, the hunter, and the pioneer farmer may do *something* toward cultivating a taste for the beauties of art and of nature. When locating his humble cabin he may have reference to the landscape, and so placing it that he can have a beautiful view of earth, trees, and sky. He may have evergreens, wild flowers, cascades, and other interesting natural objects. A patch of ground may be set with shrubs and vines, as well as with corn and cabbage; very soon the fragrance of sweet flowers, the charm of hill and dale, and the song of birds will beget a love even for the new home, though it be far, far from the haunts of early childhood. Later, when all the *necessaries* of life have been supplied, when the wants of the body no longer press, *then* we may look still higher for sources of improvement and enjoyment.

Now we come up into the region of ART. We think of architecture, music, painting, sculpture, and such accompaniments as tend to refine, elevate, and beget a higher civilization. Now we patronize those most skilled in the art of beautifying our lawns, our parks, our public buildings, and our private dwellings. Now, such works as were produced by the old masters are readily reproduced by newly invented processes at a very moderate cost—one-tenth of the original—and find their way into our drawing-rooms, libraries, and bed chambers.

Look at those marvels of beauty and cheapness produced by Messrs. Prang & Company of Boston, called "*chromos*." What can be more attractive, what more refining, than to have the walls of our rooms hung with these beautiful pictures? Money expended in this way will be invested in the means of a higher and constantly growing culture. What more appropriate birth-day present, by a father or mother, to son or daughter, than a choice picture, which would be a joy forever?

We should give more time and means to the cultivation of flowers. Every church—every school-house, seminary, college, hospital, and prison, as well as every dwelling-house, should have a flower garden. The humanizing influence of this could not be computed. It would soften the temper of the hardened, subdue and humanize even the brutal and criminal, and chasten and spiritualize those most favorably organized. Husband, wife, son, or daughter can not more surely win the esteem, the admiration or love of others than by doing all they can to beautify and render home attractive.

THE VAGABOND-SAGE.

AN old man of very active physiognomy, answering to the name of Jacob Wilnot, was brought before the police court. His clothes looked as though they might have been bought second-handed in his youthful prime, for they had suffered more from the rubs of the world than the proprietor himself.

"What business?"

"None; I'm a traveler."

"A vagabond, perhaps?"

"You are not far wrong. Travelers and vagabonds are about the same thing. The difference is that the latter travel without money, the former without brains."

"Where have you traveled?"

"All over the continent."

"For what purpose?"

"Observation?"

"What have you observed?"

"A little to commend, much to censure, and a great deal to laugh at."

"Humph! what did you commend?"

"A handsome woman who will stay at home; an eloquent preacher that will preach short sermons; a good writer that will not write too much; and a fool that has sense enough to hold his tongue."

"What do you censure?"

"A man that marries a girl for her fine clothing; a youth who studies medicine while he has the use of his hands; and the people who will elect a drunkard to office."

"What do you laugh at?"

"I laugh at a man who expects his position to command that respect which his personal qualifications and qualities do not merit."

He was dismissed.

FUN AT HOME.—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! Don't shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without, when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling-houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought at other and perhaps less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirit of your children. Half an hour of merriment, round the lamp and firelight of home, blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day; and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

A home with mirth and cheerfulness is one of the dearest of earth's possessions.

JOHN H. LITTLEFIELD, THE PORTRAIT PAINTER.

THIS gentleman possesses a brain of fine quality, allied with a good degree of the Motive-Mental temperament. It is owing to his inheritance of many constitutional qualities from his mother that we find so much of clearness and delicacy pervading the features. In those traits of character which appertain to social life, to sensitiveness, emotion, and intuition, he, doubtless, represents the feminine more than the masculine. In intellectual apprehension and practical ability he is masculine. The forehead is high and projecting at the eyebrows, indicating a predominance of the perceptive faculties. He appreciates the characteristics, qualities, and peculiarities of substances; is a clear and sharp judge of things, and would be a first-rate critic of property and whatever pertains to art.

His Language is not indicative of much fertility in the expression of thought, but is free and fluent enough to convey his opinions on any subject with which he is acquainted, in a clear and definite manner. He is careful in the selection of words, and very specific in the use of terms. Were he educated or trained for authorship he would exhibit much delicacy of expression and considerable descriptive power, and weave in with the current of his thought many figures of speech and metaphorical allusions. He is by organization adapted to a pursuit at once delicate, artistic, graphic, and practical. He is not philosophical enough to find satisfaction in mere ideas or speculations. His imagination is based upon the real, and finds enjoyment in its refinement and exaltation. Constructiveness is apparently well marked, and allied with Ideality, so that he would be inclined to modify or improve upon his model; for his invention would be exhibited in the alteration or improvement of the designs of others rather than in the production of entirely new devices. In a mechanical line, as an artisan, he would be known for his "finishing touches," for the extra polish, the extra decoration he would give to his work, as well as for the closeness of his imitation of a pattern.



PORTRAIT OF JOHN H. LITTLEFIELD.

He has an ambitious nature; is fond of popularity, but at the same time would shrink from conspicuous undertakings in which there were chances of failure. A slight loss of reputation would be most acutely felt by such an organization as his. He is a little lacking in physical vigor, and should avoid all those exciting and irritating circumstances which wear upon and exhaust the nervous system.

We rarely see one having so sensitive a nature who is so firm, stanch, and steadfast. He is also executive, thorough, and forcible, and with his strong perceptive talent he will bring to bear upon whatever he undertakes the full force of his power in a concentrated manner.

BIOGRAPHY.

Mr. Littlefield was born at Cicero, a small town in Onondaga County, N. Y., on the 20th of March, 1835. His father was a native of Vermont, but had settled in Cicero, where he pursued the calling of carriage-making, and into his shop, at the early age of ten years, the subject of our sketch was taken and set to painting work as it came from the wheelwright's hand. In early childhood he had exhibited an aptitude for drawing and coloring, and this aptitude, doubtless, influenced his father in selecting the painting-room for John's sphere of industry. Here he remained steadily employed several years, excepting the winters, during which he attended the village school. These winter intervals of study were appreciated and turned to excellent account in the culture of his intellect. Besides being very fond of reading, he at other seasons devoted much of his leisure to such books as his limit-

ed opportunities brought him in contact with. By the time he was sixteen years of age he had attained to a good degree of skill as a carriage painter, commanding the wages of advanced workmen, and ornamenting and finishing fine vehicles. Thus early he was able to support himself and carry into execution his purposes of self-improvement.

In 1858 he commenced the study of law at Grand Rapids, Michigan, whither his father had removed a few years previous, and after one year's preparation he went to Springfield, Illinois, where he entered the office of "Lincoln and Herndon," the lamented President Lincoln being the senior partner of the firm. In this connection he remained two years; was admitted to practice at the bar, and launched forth into what he conceived would prove his life's business.

Taking some part in political affairs, he felt so much interest in the cause of his late legal principal, that in 1860 we find him "stumping" the State in behalf of the Republican candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin. During this campaign, which was sustained by the Illinois State Executive Committee, Mr. Littlefield is said to have made sixty speeches, the last being delivered in the Springfield "wigwam" on the night before that memorable election which ushered in the great crisis of our national history.

The general depression in business circles which ensued on the breaking out of the war was nowhere more seriously felt than in the legal profession. In the Western States the dearth of clients, especially to young members of the bar, was extreme, so that nearly all who depended on the returns from active practice for their maintenance were obliged to look for employment in other spheres. A large number of young lawyers enlisted and performed good service in the field, as the military records evidence. Mr. Littlefield went to Washington in 1862, and through the influence of President Lincoln obtained a position in the Treasury Department. There he continued until shortly after the lamentable death of his friend. Moved by strong emotions of friendship and regret, and by the prompting of the old aptitude, Mr. Littlefield conceived the idea of representing on canvas the murdered President's death-bed scene. The idea was well carried out; for the "Death-bed of Lincoln" in the original painting, and in the very many engraved copies which have been extensively sold, has been warmly commended for the excellence of the portraiture, the grouping of the figures, and the artistic handling of the whole. When, however, it is known that the artist had never received any instructions in painting, and had never before attempted a work of the kind, his success can not be regarded less than remarkable. Having completed the publication of this picture, he di-

rected his attention to the "coming man," as sagacious politicians term him, General Grant, and produced a portrait which connoisseurs pronounce a most faithful and finely executed likeness. This portrait has been engraved on steel by one of the best artists in America, and though but lately published is commanding a large sale.

Mr. Littlefield has also painted a portrait of President Lincoln, which is now being engraved in pure line, the size of life. Although we have not seen the production, we may infer from the recognized merits of his "Grant," that it will sustain the artist's reputation. Those who have seen the portrait pronounce it a superb work of art. We understand that Mr. Littlefield is now engaged on a full-length portrait of General Grant, which, when completed, will probably be exhibited throughout the country. At a time when so much attention is given by the American mind to politics of a national character, and when the name inscribed on the banner of the dominant party is Grant, the artist, whose career has been briefly sketched, may "stump" as efficiently for that party through the proposed exhibition of his portrait of Grant, as he did in 1860 by personal efforts.

On Physiognomy.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—*Cubaensis.*

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—*Hosea IV. 6.*

USE LEGS AND HAVE LEGS.

[We think the following excellent article on "Legs" is by Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool. If not mistaken, it is out of one of his practical week-day evening discourses, such as he delivers before the people. We insert remarks in brackets.—*ED.*]

"Practice makes perfect." "The used key is always bright." "Drawn wells are seldom dry." The principle expressed by all these maxims is, that the healthy exercise of our faculties of mind and organs of body increases their power. This is true; and it is equally true that if we do not exercise them, their power will decline; for, as "to him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance," so "from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath"—[i. e., we are to make the most of what advantages we have, for personal improvement and for the increase of means, etc.]

"Use legs and have legs." This is a maxim in regard to the muscular system; and without regarding it, no one can increase much in strength and activity. One can lift three hundred pounds with ease, another can scarcely move one hundred; one can run a mile in a few minutes, or walk forty miles a day without fatigue; another is dead beat with a run of a hundred yards, or with a walk of five miles. And, very often, the older man is stronger and more active than the younger,

the smaller than the larger, the heavier than the lighter. Whence this difference in strength and activity, a difference that often amounts to 800 per cent.? Of course, in many cases, and to a great extent, it is to be accounted for by the fact that one man is born with a much better constitution than another; but it is really astonishing to observe in how many instances, and to how great an extent, the difference is explained by the principle of using legs and having legs. Exercise often reverses the original relationship of two men, in the matter of muscular power. He who was originally the weaker becomes the stronger. The disadvantage of a feeble constitution is overcome by exercise, and the advantage of a strong constitution is lost by the neglect of exercise. All do not come into the world with the same physical capacities; but all do not, through life, continue in the same ratio of inequality; and it is the use, or non-use of our powers that effects such alterations in their ratios.

We often speak, with profound pity, of those who have lost the use of their limbs; and by such persons we mean poor creatures who have been paralyzed, so that they can neither run, nor walk, nor stand. But such unfortunate beings are not the only people who have not the use of their limbs. The use of our limbs, their full, perfect use, is what very few of us possess. The probability is that most of us have not more than about one half the use of our limbs. [This is equally true in regard to our mental faculties. If used and educated, we should occupy a much higher plane in the scale of human existence.] Those who are not practiced gymnasts would do well to visit a gymnasium, and witness the feats that are performed there. In the running, the leaping, the jumping, the wrestling, the fencing, the climbing, the lifting of great weights, and throwing of heavy bodies, our non-athletic friends would see what the full use of legs really is; and the sight, without any attempt to perform such wonders, would convince them that, although, happily, not paralyzed, it is absurd to say that they have more than one half the use of their limbs—if, indeed, they have that. [Indolence is the parent of weakness and effeminacy; while energy, resolution, and perseverance build up the one who puts them to use.]

Most persons think that they are what God made them; and they will be startled and shocked to be told that this notion is decidedly doubtful. But it is more than doubtful, it is altogether erroneous; we are not, many of us, what God made us, but what we have made ourselves, through the use, or the non-use of the faculties which He bestowed upon us. It is surely very desirable that we should be, even physically, all that our Creator has rendered us capable of being; therefore let us, by careful culture, make the best use of what power remains to us, and, as far as possible, recover what we have lost. Upon young people especially, let us urge the duty of using legs as the only means of having legs.

LONGEVITY AND INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS.

Dr. J. V. C. SMITH read the following interesting paper before the American Institute Farmers' Club at a recent meeting. He said:

With a considerable degree of accuracy, naturalists have determined the ages of horses, oxen, sheep, goats, asses, mules, cats, dogs, and many others, so long ago, that it would be difficult to refer to those who are entitled to the most distinction for their industrious researches in that relation; and, further, experience of ages has proven the fact that their lives can not be much prolonged beyond the ordinary limit assigned by the laws of nature, with the utmost effort of human ingenuity.

Among men there are individuals whose vital strength carries them further forward in age than others. It is not so frequently the case, however, with the lower animals. Occasionally horses have attained 50 or 60 years. But such instances are extremely rare, and depend more on some original endowment in their organization than from any particular care bestowed upon them with a view to their greater longevity. A white mule in Virginia, belonging to Gen. Leighton, was 85 years old; it lived through three generations, and knew more about the work on the plantation than anybody else.

Dogs can not be kept alive much more than 20 years in any tolerable condition of health. Their vigor wanes; vision becomes exceedingly imperfect; and although the sense of smell is the last of the special senses to fail, if it ever does before death, they are reluctant to move from comfortable quarters, where they sleep most of the time. Dogs understand several languages, such as French, Italian, and Spanish.

A dog on Fifth Avenue, in this city, understands only Italian. It is related that a yoke of oxen was killed in crossing a railroad, because one of them was French and did not understand his English driver. Poultry understand no language disconnected with feeding. Fish will come to feed at the ringing of a dinner-bell.

When the domestic animals become aged—which, with some of them, may be at 20 or 30 years—they lose flesh and strength. It is almost impossible to fatten them thus, as the food seems to be imperfectly digested. At least nutrition is defective, and gradually they have a lethargic appearance, and finally die without the indications of disease. This is a decay of life with them. In all the intermediate periods between youth and middle age, they may fall victims to infectious maladies, injuries from combats, or excesses in gorging themselves after protracted fasts. No other excesses can be laid to the charge of dumb beasts, as they are controlled in other respects by instincts and by times and seasons which do not reduce their physical energies. They violate no laws of organic life, without the exercise of reason, that intellectual man does with all the consequences before him, and reason for a guide.

With this accumulated knowledge respecting animals intimately associated with man, which has the merit of being pretty accurate, it is rather surprising that more exact data have not been established in regard to man himself. If the greatest study of mankind, in Pope's day, was man, it is no less so now, when institutions have grown into public favor that ought to be able to decide upon the probable limits of life with more certainty than has hitherto characterized tables of expectancy, probable longevity, and some other guess-work assumptions in the department of vital statistics.

With the records of centuries, and the collected observations of careful students who have earnestly interrogated nature with a hope of ascertaining how she gauges the lives of males and females, and by what signs the secret may be brought to light that will invariably point to the positive day of death, it is still too much left to conjecture and theoretical speculating.

By referring to Goldsmith's *Natural History*, a work quite obsolete and perhaps out of print, but which, nevertheless, abounds with curious statements, a pretty correct mortuary table may be found which chronicles the life-period of animals with which we are most familiar. It is quite evident, in the very constitution of things, long life was never intended for those which multiply rapidly and mature in one, two, or three years. Were they to exist as long as man, the surface of the earth would not accommodate the irresponsible myriads, nor food be produced in sufficient abundance to meet their necessities. It is therefore in accordance with a Divine arrangement, which contemplates the greatest amount of happiness for all, that a law of limitation fixes unalterable boundaries for life in all races, types, and forms of organized beings. To this decree man must submit. With such facts before us—and they have been recognized by learned naturalists for ages—it is strange indeed that it has not yet been ascertained to what length of life our own race may attain. Thomas Parr married at 80 for the first time, and lived to 152 years—left a grandson who died at 124. This demonstrates an actual transmission of vitality; but Henry Jenkins—a still more remarkable example of longevity in modern times—reached the patriarchal age of 169. But this by no means determines the duration of human life. It seems to have been a received opinion in the time of King David, that 70 years was the ordinary measure of human existence. Any years beyond are poetically represented as unsatisfactory and burdened with infirmities. The difference, therefore, between the ages of the patriarchs of the Jewish nation and of men in the most flourishing period of Jewish nationality was very striking. Moses died at 110, and his natural forces, says the chronicle, were not abated.

Hufeland believed the duration of human life might be about 200 years. With an experience of 6,000 years, the problem is still an unsolved one; it has not been determined how long we could live.

We have settled the question respecting the length of life with domestic animals associated with man. Their days are specifically limited. They are quickly developed, and almost as rapidly fall into decay. Man's mission and ultimate destiny are so widely different, the laws governing his organic structure operate in conformity to a higher nature; the corporal lasts longer, that his intellect may be exercised for directing and controlling the mineral, vegetable, and animal kindoms—he being truly lord of all he surveys.

DOES HE DRINK?

WHEN riding in Central Park, New York, not long ago, two gentlemen were thrown from a carriage, and one of them—a distinguished politician—was instantly killed! A sensible and sympathizing lady, on hearing of the unfortunate event, instantly inquired, "Had they been drinking?" Yea, verily. They had been "dining and wining." They were imprudent enough to attempt, when in a state of partial inebriation, to drive a span of spirited horses! The wonder is that both horses and men had not been killed.

"DOES HE DRINK?" Then, no matter what accident happens, nobody is surprised. He was expected to come to a bad end. ACCIDENTS are, nine times in ten, the results of drink. The man was tired, or sleepy,—he took a glass, and was run over by a railway train; or he lost his money, his hat, his coat, his boots, or his life.

"He was a promising boy; but, like his father, he took to drink, and was ruined."

He graduated at the head of his class, was an excellent scholar, but, in an evil hour, gave way to his appetite and is now a public pauper.

He was an only son; all the hopes of his fond parents were centered on him; but he became a drunkard, and is lost! lost!! lost!!!

Charlie was a handsome fellow,—popular with all the lads and lasses; but—ah, that fatal "but"—DRINK sent him to an untimely grave, and bowed the heads of his bereaved parents with unutterable sorrow for his heartless conduct and his impenitent folly and sin.

Reader, cast about for a moment, and in your own experience recount the human wrecks which lie stranded on the coast of time! There was handsome William, stately Henry, plucky John, benevolent Jonathan, magnanimous James, noble Abraham, wise Daniel, the kindly Oliver, and numerous others, cut off prematurely by "drink." O God! save us from this destroyer. Frequent accidents must inevitably happen to all who drink alcoholic stimulants. Misfortunes will surely and swiftly follow in the track of dissipation. Calamity awaits the transgressor. "God is not mocked." Little sins of body or mind grow daily, as the weeds, and if not checked in time will choke down the better plant and prevent its maturing. Young man, do you drink?

Ships are lost at sea; steamboats are blown up, or collide on river and lake; horses are killed or crippled; carriages smashed; railway trains thrown off the track; public buildings and private dwellings are burned, and the lives of thousands are sacrificed or jeopardized. Why? By what? Because men give way to a perverted appetite and indulge in that which is an enemy, and *only* an enemy to their bodies and souls. Young man, do you drink?

THE EDUCATION OF CRIMINALS.

"EVERYWHERE education produces its inevitable effects. One, however, is astonished when it is considered that although thousands of years have passed, man has yet to understand that the discontinuance of prisons depends upon the improvement of schools and the general diffusion of education among people. We know only what we understand. How will you become upright if you have no idea of uprightness; if you are not made to appreciate its graces; if you are not early taught to practice it? It certainly is necessary to take into account the impetuosity of natural propensities. But, indeed, is not this necessity a reason for the better organization of the contest against them, so as to bend them, and to oppose them by the counter-balance of the better sentiments and feelings carefully directed?

"In the houses of detention, in the convict prisons (*bagnes*), how many persons there are who, without a definite character, only owe their fatal errors to lack of instruction, to want of restraint, and to bad examples! The fiercest (*farouches*) prisoners are perhaps more approachable than it is believed. So far as the little which one may have acquired, that would be always something; but he has disregarded intellectual culture too much. And in such a case what could a few pastoral exhortations do which were given at long intervals, without rule and without light? The success of education in the colonies of young offenders should be an admonition. The advantage is but lame; one by it attains only to the pace of a tortoise, and is left even worse off than before; for it can be understood that instruction under such circumstances should be so imparted as not to be the means of torturing unhappy law-breakers, but of reforming them. Appreciating this principle, a leading jurist, M. Edmund Turquet, the imperial prosecutor at Vervins (Aisne, France), instituted a course of lectures for the benefit of the prisoners of that city, and the results thus far have exceeded all expectation. There were at first some unbelieving and obstinate criminals, but soon the enthusiasm of the undertaking, extending in the measure of its progress and of the reformation of opinions, each became enamored with the benefit afforded, and now those prisoners, before so degraded, are equal in advancement to the pupils of the best primary schools."—*Journal de Médecine Mentale*.

THE CANDIDATES FOR THE PRESIDENCY AND VICE-PRESIDENCY.

It is a fact, that there are "many men of many minds" in this world. Indeed, there are no two persons exactly alike in the whole realm of humanity. As we differ in height, weight, strength, and complexion, so we differ in temperament, talent, capability, culture, taste, and character. To none more than to the phrenologist and physiognomist is the great diversity among mankind more apparent, or the endless shades and phases of human character so clearly seen. Is it surprising, then, that there should be more than a thousand different religious creeds among the millions of mankind, or more than three hundred creeds among Christians? Do not differences of opinion on various questions arise even among brothers and among sisters, not to mention neighbors and nations? Were they not educated together? Then why do they not take the same view of things? Simply because each looks at a subject through different eyes, or glasses of different shades, or of different degrees of power. If one be hopeful and another desponding; if one be generous and another selfish, there must be a *cause* for it—and that cause may be discovered. It is organic, and inclines to a material manifestation. The action of the mind produces effects on the body. This accounts for the fact, that certain parts, such as the muscles of the arm, become large and strong in the blacksmith; so of the organs of the brain; *use* calls more blood to the part or parts most used, and *growth* is the result. This is as true of the mental faculties as of the physical organs. The best men are but partially developed—none are perfect—no, not one. *All* are susceptible of improvement. Many, by bad associations and bad habits, deteriorate, become perverted, and so become degraded. The "candidates" before us are no exception to the rule. They are as different from each other as others are from them.

A few words more, preliminary. It should be remembered that a good-looking head does not always *insure* a good character, though a good character will, in time, *produce* a good head. Nor does a bad head, *i. e.*, a head less favorably organized, imply a bad character. Men with fine heads sometimes fall, and the worst may be reclaimed. No phrenologist, who is not a pretender, will venture to affirm that one is good or bad; has done or will do certain acts, judged solely by one's phrenology. He may say the developments of one strongly incline him to this or that course of life, temptation, or excess, such as avarice, sensuality, cunning, cruelty, timidity, irritability, superstition, appetite, etc., but he can not say

one is *necessarily* a thief, robber, or murderer. Nor can it be said with certainty, that the character of one must be good or bad, judged by the developments of the brain alone. Nor that one would *certainly* make a good president or a post-master. But we may affirm—our judgment being based on organization—that the natural tendency of *one's* mind is in the direction of truth, justice, and mercy; and that the mind of another naturally tends directly the other way. Thus it will be seen that a naturally good man may become *perverted* from the truth, and that a naturally bad man

may be *converted* to the truth—the one to a downward course, and the other to an upward course of life. But what of the candidates? We range them in the order of their nomination, and remark—

ULYSSES S. GRANT, REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR PRESIDENT.

General Grant* is a well-built man of average stature, with a snug and strong frame, dense and compact



ULYSSES S. GRANT.

muscle, and of fine quality. There is no surplus tissue, nothing out of place, and few, if any, excesses in the general make-up. Heart, stomach, lungs, with a healthy, nervous system, derived, in the main, from a tough, hearty, and long-lived ancestry, he may be pronounced a very good specimen of the average American man. His brain is of good size, in proportion with the body, and it is large in the perceptive, full in the reflectives, large in Constructiveness, Human Nature, Cautiousness, Continuity, Secretiveness, Hope, Spirituality, Conscientiousness, Destructiveness, Combaticiveness, and Benevolence. The social affections are also fully developed. Language, Acquisitiveness, Imitation, and Suavity are but moderately indicated. Approbativeness and Self-Esteem are subordinate; but Firmness is decidedly prominent. What is the effect of this combination? First, almost uniform good health; second, strong practical common sense with an intuitive perception of character; knowing at a glance whom to trust. He possesses good mechanical ingenuity, with planning talent, watchfulness, application, policy, prudence, honesty, enterprise, kindness, friendship, and generosity, without much French palaver or make-believe. He is a man of few words and great courage, fortitude, resolution, perseverance, and executiveness. These are some of the leading points in this character. We may add that he is no egotist, no vain boaster, nor will he turn to the right or the left for the love of praise or for the fear of blame. We say nothing of his generalship, and nothing of his—prospective—statesman-

* Our portraits are not only inferior likenesses, but insignificant works of art. We can say nothing satisfactorily on the physiognomy of our candidates, with such inadequate representations.

ship. The following brief biography must complete our sketch.

Ulysses S. Grant was born at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio, April 27, 1822. His early ancestors were Scotch, and emigrated to America not long after its settlement by the Puritans. In 1823 his parents removed to Georgetown, Ohio, where he obtained his early education. When seventeen years of age he obtained an appointment to West Point, where he became conspicuous for his courage and manliness, if not for brilliant mental ability. Subsequently to his graduating from West Point, he served in the United States Army in Missouri, Louisiana, Texas, and in Mexico under General Scott. In 1854 he withdrew from military life and engaged in agriculture and other lines of peaceful life. In 1859 he became engaged in the leather trade, and was thus occupied when the civil war commenced. Then



SCHUYLER COLFAX.

General Grant's old military ardor at once hurried him into the ranks of the Union soldiers. He raised a company and went with it to Springfield, Ill., where it was mustered into service. In June, 1861, he was appointed Colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers, and immediately went into active operations. His skill and success, during the rapid events of the war in the West, won for the nation promotion after promotion, until in March, 1864, he had obtained the highest position known in the army; and he summed up his brilliant victories by compelling the surrender of General Robert E. Lee, April 9, 1865, and virtually closing a ruinous and fratricidal strife.

SCHUYLER COLFAX, REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

Schuyler Colfax has a very large brain and a very active mental temperament. His body is of average size, well shaped, and if lithe, he is tough, wiry, and enduring. Both he and General Grant derive their leading physiological and mental qualities from their mothers, whom they most resemble. The reflective faculties predominate in Mr. Colfax. He has a large intellectual lobe, and his head is very long and very high. Benevolence, Conscientiousness, Approbativeness, Causality, Mirthfulness, and Cautiousness are very large. Secretiveness, Acquisitiveness, and Destructiveness are small. Indeed, the head is narrow at the base, rather than broad, and the leading tendency of his mind is in the direction of intellect and moral sentiment. Language is large; hence he is a fluent speaker and a copious writer. He is youthful, mirthful, genial, familiar, companionable, and popular; is always dignified and manly—not distant or haughty. He is thoroughly self-regulating,

strictly temperate, and in hearty sympathy with all measures for the education, improvement, and elevation of the people. Should he fail to sustain the high position he has attained, or should he fall, it will be from the *perversion* of a naturally aspiring and well-disposed nature. He has all the qualities requisite to make him pre-eminently happy, in the social or domestic relations. We see nothing in his organization to prevent him from continuing to rise until he shall have reached the highest position, intellectually, morally, and socially, among men.

Speaker Colfax was born in New York city on the 23d of March, 1823, and is a lineal descendant from General Schuyler and Captain Colfax, both of Revolutionary celebrity. All the academical instruction he was favored with was received before he had reached ten years of age, and that was obtained, chiefly, through his own diligent application. At the age of thirteen he went to Indiana. In one of the towns in that State he entered a printing-office, and continued the pursuit of a printer, with degrees of advancement, until the year 1844, when he became editor and proprietor of the *South Bend Register*. He was then only twenty-one years of age. His paper was a political organ, in the interest of the Whig party, and though commenced with a small circulation and little influence, it steadily grew in popular favor, by reason of its bold avowal of honest sentiments. This paper brought him conspicuously into view among the politicians of Indiana, and his straightforward and consistent course eventually secured for him a considerable reputation.

In 1848 he was appointed a delegate from Indiana to the Whig National Convention, of which he was elected secretary. In 1850 we find him occupying a prominent position in the Indiana Constitutional Convention.

In 1854 Mr. Colfax was elected the representative of his district in the American Congress, and from that time to this has always been returned to his seat in the national assembly.

In Congress the same energy and industry have characterized him which were so prominent in his private life and personal vocation.

He was first elected Speaker of the House of Representatives in 1863, and twice since has been re-elected. He has so discharged the important duties of the Speakership, that he is considered one of the best presiding officers that has ever been called upon to conduct the proceedings of a great body.

In personal appearance Mr. Colfax is of medium height, and solid and compactly built. His hair and whiskers are brown, not a little tinged with gray. His countenance

has a pleasing and frank expression, and evinces the man of substantial endowments.

THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

The platform on which the candidates already noticed severally announce themselves to stand, indorses the reconstruction policy of Congress; perceives the necessity of equal suffrage among the loyal men at the South; denounces "all forms of repudiation as a national crime" and a stigma on the national honor; recommends the equalization and reduction of taxation, and the contraction of the

national debt and of the expenses of Government as speedily as is consistent with prudence and honesty; deplors the "untimely and tragic death of Abraham Lincoln," and regrets the accession of Andrew Johnson to the Presidency; would equally maintain the rights of native and naturalized citizens when in foreign countries; awards especial

honor to soldiers and sailors who contended for the Union in the late war; encourages immigration; declares its sympathy for the oppressed of all nations; offers a cordial and friendly co-operation to all those in the South who, though once in arms against the Government, now honestly unite with it in restoring peace, harmony, and prosperity; and proclaims its recognition of the great principles of the Declaration of Independence "as the true foundation of Democratic government," and hails "with gladness every effort toward making these principles a living reality on every inch of American soil."

HORATIO SEYMOUR, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR PRESIDENT.

Horatio Seymour has a large-sized brain, something more than twenty-three inches in circumference, with a mixed temperament, in which the vital, motive, and mental are fairly blended, the mental or nervous somewhat predominating. There is no lack of quantity of either bone, muscle, or brain. But what of the quality? Were he sound, or in perfect health, and were the quality equal to the quantity, he would, with his high culture, become a power in the nation. As it is, there is no deficiency of intellectual ability, no lack of knowledge, ambition, love of property or power. But can he endure, or will he break down under care, trials, and hardships? That is an important question on which success or failure, happiness or misery, depend. A front view of this head reveals a very broad brain at the base; the head is wide between the ears, and Acquisitiveness, Destructiveness, and Alimentiveness are conspicuous. A side view shows very large perceptive, with retreating reflectives. Very large Firmness, full Self-Esteem, with less Hope, Spirituality, and Con-

scientiousness. Veneration and Benevolence are fairly indicated, but not large. Cautiousness is full, Secretiveness is large, and so are Comparison and Language.

This combination produces or indicates a strong unyielding will, great love for property and the luxuries of life, a ready perception, a good memory of facts, with less disposition to theorize. His moderate Hope would incline him to form moderate views of future accomplishment, and to make desperate efforts to realize present wishes. There would be little or no penitence or compunction; little faith in

the fulfillment of promises. He would seek to obtain his ends by stratagem, management, cunning, and intellectual generalship. He will maneuver with the best and keep his plans well concealed. He is a shrewd politician, a sharp, snug business man, a close economist, an unyielding and unrelenting opponent; he is ambitious, tenacious, fluent, belliger-

ent, secretive, and a "study" for any man. Indeed, he will never be fully known, not even to himself.

Mr. Seymour was born in Pompey, Onondaga County, N. Y., in 1811. Educated for the law, he early attained to eminence in its practice at Utica, but withdrew from it to manage the large estates left by his father and father-in-law. Advocating the principles of the Democratic party from the first, he was in 1841 elected to the State Legislature. There his talents and oratorical ability soon made him conspicuous, and upon his re-election in 1845 he was chosen Speaker of the Assembly.

In 1850 he was the Democratic candidate for Governor of New York, opposed to Washington Hunt who was elected after a close contest. In 1852 he was again nominated for the same office, and was elected. His term of office was chiefly signalized by his "veto" of the "Maine Liquor Law," which coupled with his well-known opposition to restrict by legislation the sale of intoxicating liquors, doubtless led to his defeat in the gubernatorial contest of 1854.

In 1862, having again been nominated, he was elected Governor by over 10,000 majority. He had been from time to time proposed as a candidate for the Presidency by portions of the Democratic party, but without definite result until the recent convention, which, having failed, after several days' sitting, to make choice of a man from the many proposed, unanimously nominated him on the first announcement of his name.

Mr. Seymour is of fine personal appearance and bearing; his manners are those of the finished gentleman. As an orator, he is calm, graceful, and dignified, yet fluent and persuasive. He is the first candidate for the



HORATIO SEYMOUR.



FRANCIS P. BLAIR.

chief executive office in the gift of the people that has not served in some department of the national Government.

FRANCIS P. BLAIR, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

One accustomed to observe character from portraits could not go far wrong in judging this man, even from the imperfect representation above. There is a current anecdote to this effect. A gentleman inquired of a rather non-committal old lady what sort of a man Mr. Smith was who lived near by? With the double purpose of being polite and not committing herself, she replied: "Well, sir, I have known him many years, and consider him just about such a kind of a man as one would naturally take him to be." So we may say of the portrait of Mr. Blair. He looks the character he is. In the Bowery nomenclature, he would be pronounced "a bully boy." There are evidences of strength, if not of refinement or delicacy here. We "reckon" he would smash things generally if provoked, and the safest place for the offender would be at a respectful distance. Mr. Blair's safety consists in his living a *strictly* temperate life. Fire him up with bad whisky and foul tobacco, and he would be something like a mad "bull in a china shop." Let us see how he is made up. He has a large bony structure, a strong muscular system, with heart, lungs, and stomach to match. All the animal functions are in working order, and he eats, drinks, and sleeps with hearty relish. So far, there is nothing wanting. The head is big—not disproportioned to the body—and very high in the crown, rendering Self-Esteem, Firmness, and Approbateness large. The intellect is strongly marked; he would display much originality and a facile comprehension. He is not without ability to plan and lay out work. Indeed, he would be far more inclined to project new schemes than to execute them. He has more Combativeness—which exhibits itself in talking and writing—than Destructiveness, which gives practical executiveness. Most of his fighting would therefore be done with tongue or pen, rather than by sword. But he will *threaten*. The devotional, the spiritual, the penitential, meek, and the humble sentiments are not prominent. When he submits, it will be under severe pressure. Still, he has qualities not altogether unamiable. As a man of the world, he would be hailed as "a good fellow," and be considered above the average in intelligence. He is generous in giving hospitalities to or receiving them from his chums; is a good liver, and will provide the "luxuries" for his friends. His ability to get money is greater than his power to keep it. We should not select him for a banker, nor for an economist. But he could superintend a plantation, navigate a ship, take charge of a colony of criminals—Van Diemen's Land, for example—or do a hundred other things, where a disposition to be "boss" and take the responsibility is concerned, *providing* others would submit to his rule. Will, strength,

frankness, bluntness, and indifference to praise or blame are among the traits in this character.

Francis P. Blair, Jun., was born at Lexington, Ky., February 19, 1821, was educated at Princeton College, New Jersey, and, removing to St. Louis, adopted the profession of the law. He entered into political life as an advocate of emancipation. In 1848 he sustained Van Buren and the Free Soil party, opposing the extension of slavery into the Territories, and advocating its abolition in Missouri. As an Abolitionist he was elected in 1852 to the Missouri Legislature, and was re-elected in 1854. Two years afterward he took his seat in Congress as a representative from Missouri, and remained in that capacity until the opening of the civil war. He had exhibited much gallantry as a volunteer in the Mexican War, and was moved to again take the sword in behalf of the Union as a Colonel of Volunteers in 1861. He was soon afterward appointed Brigadier-General, and won general favor by his intrepid conduct on the field.

In May, 1863, he commanded a division of M'Pherson's Corps, and was before the close of the year appointed Major-General, when he resigned his seat in the Thirty-eighth Congress. When M'Pherson in 1864 was made commander of the Army of the Tennessee, he was succeeded by General Blair in the command of his corps. This command he held until the close of the war, attending Sherman in his marches from Atlanta to Goldsborough.

In 1866 he was appointed Collector of the Port of St. Louis, and now is brought before the American people as an available man for the party which a few years since owned no sympathy for him.

THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

Treating this somewhat lengthy declaration of principles in a style of brevity similar to that with which we have disposed of the Republican manifesto, we find it to assert that its framers stand upon the Constitution, recognizing the questions of slavery and secession as settled for all time to come, and demanding that all the States be immediately restored to their rights in the Union; that amnesty be offered "for all past political offenses," and the citizens of the States regulate their elective franchise; that the public debt be paid "as rapidly as practicable," and unless the obligations of the Government expressly state that they are to be paid in coin, they ought to "be paid in the lawful money of the United States;" that every species of property be subject to taxation, including Government securities, and there be one currency for the Government and the people; that the Government be economically administered, the army and navy reduced, the Freedmen's Bureau abolished, the Internal Revenue system simplified and equalized, the credit of the Government maintained, all acts for enrolling the State militia into national forces in time of peace repealed, a tariff upon foreign imports, and "such equal taxation" as will afford incidental protection to domestic manufactures without impairing the revenue be imposed; that abuses and corruption in the administration be rectified and the civil power be exalted over the military, and that the equal rights of naturalized and native citizens to protection at home and abroad be maintained, and the American nationality asserted for the example and encouragement of "people struggling for national integrity, constitutional liberty, and individual rights."

Then follow articles of indictment against the "radical party" for sundry acts in the course of its administration, which are de-

nominated as a "disregard of right, and unparalleled oppression and tyranny."

The platform further demands that the public lands "be distributed as widely as possible among the people," and disposed of only to actual settlers; and declares that Andrew Johnson is "entitled to the gratitude of the whole American people" for the course pursued in his relations with Congress.

OUR WINTER CLASS.

THOUGH we have already received many applications for membership in our annual professional class, which commences its session the first Monday in January next, and have responded by sending circulars setting forth an outline of the subjects taught, terms, conditions, etc., we are still receiving letters almost daily on the subject. Those who have a desire to ascertain the particulars relative to the class, should do so at once by sending for the circular entitled "Professional Instruction in Practical Phrenology."

We are making ample preparations to meet the wants of a larger class than we have ever yet had. Our previous students are making for themselves a high mark in the lecturing field. We have letters of encouragement and satisfaction from them, and are beginning to feel assured that this wide field of beneficence is not always to wait for the hand of the harvester. The laborers have, indeed, been few, and are still few, compared with the amount of work to be done. There is a call everywhere for competent phrenologists. We are doing our best to send forth well-instructed men to meet that demand. The list is still open for applicants, and those who have decided positively to be of the class of 1869 will confer a favor by notifying us specifically at an early day.

FIAT JUSTITIA.—A religious cotemporary devoted half a column to the consideration of our August number (which, by the way, was an excellent specimen, take it all through), but displayed an amazing lack of critical acumen, both doctrinal and literary, in its reflections on some of our articles. Passing over its unscientific, unlearned, and very much adulterated remarks on "A Reviewer Reviewed," we would merely call the particular attention of our readers to "Faith in God," which the religious paper's erudite critic terms "a semi-infidel description." Will some candid and discriminating person be kind enough to point out the *infidelity* avowed in that article? We believe it to be a clear, earnest, cogent expression of Christian sentiment. "Poets and Poetry" contains a few fair specimens of versification, but "Mutabile Semper" and "Thought" are specified by the above critic as excellent poetry, a declaration sufficient to damage his future hopes as a reviewer of esthetic writing. Ideality, certainly, is not well developed in his cerebrum. Perhaps the spleen of the critic was due to our severe denunciations of the practice of advertising patent medicines by some religious journalists—truly, a sort of "infidel quackery," and from which the aforesaid critic's paper is by no means exempt.

Other religious critics allude in very commendatory terms to our August JOURNAL. Strange that it should have been allowed the above reviewer alone to discover our great weakness!!

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1868.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Foe*.

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A KEY THOUGHT.

A "KEY THOUGHT" is one that unlocks shut questions. As a key opens doors, so a key thought opens doors of thought, and enables the thinker to pass on when otherwise he must either stop short or turn back.

The present key thought is this:

The cause of any national good or evil in the United States is the average character of the people.

"What is the use of that statement, even if it is true?"

The use of it is, to enable thoughtful people and good citizens to trace out the sources of public and private virtues and vices, excellences and defects. Having done this, they can see just how to use their influence in order to produce reform or improvement.

Some instances will make the case clear. They will be instances wherein improvement is needed—because those naturally attract most attention and are most important for consideration. It must not be supposed that it implies any doubt or discouragement respecting the United States. Nothing human is perfect; our country has its faults, yet, notwithstanding them all, it is the best country in the world to live in, because it offers the best future to the average man. And notwithstanding the partial or temporary defects which will here be noted, it is none the less true that the world at large improves, and that the United States improves, steadily and surely. Hope is wisdom. Progress is a fact. Faith is common sense.

Now for the instances referred to:

1. There is a great deal of wrongdoing and folly in the management of political parties; in obtaining nominations to office; in securing elections;

in making town and city ordinances and State and national laws; in conducting the business of government. In consequence of this state of things, there has arisen what may almost be called a regular professional body of politicians, an undesirable body of men; there has grown up a feeling among many good people that it is hardly respectable to hold office, and at the same time a despondent feeling that nothing can be done about it, and that politics must be allowed to grow worse and worse, without any hindrance from honest men.

Now apply our key thought:

The reason of this trouble is, that the average character of the people is not morally sensitive and self-denying enough to make them clean up our politics and keep them clean. Rather than spend time and labor (which are money) in arguing and negotiating for a good candidate instead of a bad one, many a citizen leaves primary meetings and all the rest of the political machinery to the exclusive management of those whom he knows to be exactly the wrong men. To effect the needed reform would require great labor to begin with, and "eternal vigilance" afterward. The average citizen thinks he is "minding his own business" in thus letting politics alone, and that he is rather meritorious than otherwise in so doing. Far from it. The phrase of "the sovereigns," applied to our voters, is not a mere flattery,—it is a perfectly appropriate descriptive name. Our voters have absolutely unlimited power—the power of a despot; and being, collectively, in the place of the king, they are bound to his duties just as much as they exercise his powers. Thus the citizen who refrains from helping to choose good men for office, violates his duty just as a king would who should neglect to appoint good subordinates, and should give himself up to his private pleasures and the management of his private property.

"Well, perhaps that may be so. But how does your key thought help the evil, after it explains it?"

Let us have another instance or two, and let us state afterward, for all the cases, how the key thought points toward an intelligible remedy.

2. A monstrous quantity of harm, including sickness, death, shortening of

average life, bodily suffering during life, waste and loss of money, vicious and criminal conduct, together with the accruing expenses for courts, jails, hospitals, and workhouses, arises from the use of rum and tobacco.

Apply the key thought:

The reason of this trouble is, that the average character of the people is not (on this point) mentally enlightened enough and morally elevated enough to make them understand this state of things and quit the abuse of stimulants. Vicious and criminal persons are of low organization and crave the excitement of these things, probably to a great extent because they know of nothing better, or are only capable of animal enjoyments. Those of better character and higher station enjoy (or say they do) the delicate flavors of their alcoholics and narcotics, or what they call the stimuli to their mental and social faculties.

3. The country is suffering very widely and very deeply from its recent five years' civil war, whose consequences still weigh us all down. Every citizen feels the heavy load of increased taxes and increased prices. All trades and employments are embarrassed because nobody buys or contracts for anything that he can do without. The great business relations of the Southern half of the country have been exploded as a volcano explodes the business of a region where it breaks out; and a broad, festering, angry margin of bitter quarrels, poverty, suffering, starvation, open violence, secret conspiracy, and all manner of crime, is impeding the return of the country to a condition of social and commercial unity, and is at the same time continuing to embitter the political action of our parties.

Apply the key thought:

The reason of slavery, of the rebellion, of the disorders still trailing after it, of the angry debate over paying the national debt, of the social troubles throughout the South, is one and the same: The average intelligence, benevolence, and sense of justice of the people of the United States have not been and are not of a grade high enough to enable them to deal competently with the case.

Perhaps these are instances enough to show how this key thought may be applied to clear up and simplify the un-

derstanding of questions of this class. Others might easily be proposed, as:

The enormous waste of labor and money involved in our present organization of labor and of household economy.

The deficiency in American literature of writers of large knowledge, high culture, and trained depth and breadth of thought.

And so on. Now, to answer, at once for all, this range of questions, and the objection supposed at the statement of the first one, viz., "How does your key thought help the evil, after it explains it?"

It is clear enough that the understanding of an evil is the very first requisite toward helping it. If you know where the wolf is, you can shoot at it; but to go and fire into the woods generally, is not likely to hit anything in particular. The understanding of the case does not in itself effect the cure, nor even insure the cure; but it shows how to direct the efforts that are made toward the cure.

As the evils here mentioned have been traced to the single common cause and source of defect in average character of people, so it follows that the cure must be by improving that character.

It is not pretended that the mode to be suggested for that improvement has been invented or discovered for the present occasion, or that it is startling, or even particularly promising. All that is attempted is, to give some means for clear thinking on such questions. And if the cure that is to be mentioned be reckoned slow or insufficient, yet (it is believed) it is the only one there is, and therefore should be vigorously engineered by all true-hearted reformers and good citizens.

"You can't teach an old dog new tricks." Grown-up men and women do not change much. Reading, speaking, discussion, organized effort by societies and the like, have some effect, but no decisive effect. The improvement required in the popular average character of the United States can not be effected thoroughly and permanently, except by providing a better generation of citizens to succeed us who are now alive. It is from our characteristic national institutions for moral and mental improvement that the cure must come. In other

words, we must look for real and permanent national progress to

The free schools and the free churches.

Suppose a new, earnest, vigorous, systematic, persevering employment of these machineries for the coming ten years. That period will bring into the voting body a full third of new voters. Imagine all these to have imbibed higher views than any preceding generation, of their duties as citizens; of the relative importance of money and virtue; of what real enjoyment is; of the way to handle their own faculties. It is evident that there would necessarily result a higher tone of politics, a wiser ordination of the parts of life, a greater power of harmonious adjustment of internal national polity, more skill in organizing effort and in saving drudgery, more leisure, more wealth, more beauty in character and culture, in short, more happiness.

CATTLE SHOWS.

FARMERS throughout the Union are notified to trot out their fancy animals for exhibition. Horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, poultry, fruits, flowers, and every variety of farm and garden produce, will have places, and compete for prizes. There is but one feature connected with these exhibitions which detracts from their usefulness—that is, the low, demoralizing sport of horse-racing. Say what you will of the desirableness of fast horses—and we grant that speed as well as strength has its uses—it would be better for the whole country if the race-course were not opened.

Betting on horse-races is a sort of gambling which opens the gates to other vices, and thousands of the unwary and weak go in thereat. It may be the first step of an otherwise promising young man to a life of vice and crime. Horses are noble animals, contributing largely to the advancement of civilization as well as to our personal comfort; but there are larger interests at stake in our industry, and the horse should not absorb or monopolize our attention.

The farmer who produces the best variety of wheat, corn, potatoes, the best apples, pears, and peaches, strawberries, blackberries, or grapes, is as deserving of our gratitude as he who cultivates the best horses, cattle, and sheep. We oppose every species of gambling, and would not put the temptation in the way of our countrymen. Evidences enough of brutality on the race-course are seen in England, where the thing is patronized by royalty—indeed, by nearly all classes; and "the Derby Day" is almost a national holiday. Let us not follow her bad example, but set her people a better, as we have done in some other things.

Let us encourage the largest exhibition of all

our useful products, and do all we can to improve, from year to year, everything which can be made to minister to the *real* wants of man. Every State, every county, should have a genuine annual AGRICULTURAL exhibition. Show off your horses among the rest; but dispense with racing, and blessings, without curses, will follow.

OUR DAILY LECTURES.

BESIDES occasional lectures before the different literary and other associations in New York city and vicinity, we shall soon resume Daily Lectures in our New Class-Room, 389 Broadway—second floor—so agreeably inaugurated in the month of June last. Among the subjects for elucidation we may name the following:

MAN, made in the Image of God—the distinctively Human Attributes—the Selfish Propensities—the Social Affections—the Moral Sentiments—the Religious Emotions—Morality without Piety—the Relations of Piety and Morality—a Harmonious Moral Character—the Self-Perfecting Faculties—the Artist and the Artisan—the Commercial Faculties—the Aspiring Faculties—Pride of Character, and how it is useful—Vanity, and how to modify and make it a virtue—the Abuses of Pride and Ambition—the Prudential Elements of Character—Rashness or Imprudence, and its results—Fear or Timidity, and how to overcome it—Education, its breadth of signification—Practical Talent, and how to use it—Reasoning Power, and how to cultivate it—Memory, and how to cultivate and retain it—Forgetfulness, and how to overcome it—Imitation, its use and abuse—Fashion, its use and its abuse—the Executive Elements, how to develop and direct them—Appetite, and how to educate and regulate it—Prosperity, and how to acquire and how to use it—Economy, or Saving and Wasting—Parasimony, Avarice, and Theft, and how to obviate them—"Policy"—Concealment, Deception, Superstition—its causes explained—Faith, and how to cultivate a trusting spirit—Veneration, the spirit of devotion and worship—Integrity—the sense of "right," a part of Human Nature—Depravity, and how it is increased—Moral Improvement, and how promoted—Language, Oratory, and how cultivated—What to do, and how to find it out—Clerks or Assistants, and how to select them—Success in Life, and how to attain it—Notable Men of the Past, their developments—Marked Men of To-day, and why—How to Train and Educate the Young—Self-Improvement, the way to do it—Objections to Phrenology Stated and Answered—Fatalism, Infidelity, Fanaticism—Materialism, and Personal Responsibility—Insanity, and its right treatment—Intemperance, and how to cure it—Comparative Phrenology, Human and Animal Heads—Chain of Gradation in Sentient Beings—Animal Phrenology, and how to read it—How to Judge different Nationalities—Temperament, and how to study it—Combination of the Phrenological Organs—Singular Characters, and why—Physiognomy of the Heavens and the Earth—Natural Language of the Faculties—"Signs of Character," in face, form, and action—Why some Persons Lie and Steal—Hereditary Eccentricities—Partial Idiocy, combined with partial genius—Curiosities of Mental Development—Principles and Proofs of Phrenology—the Errors of Investigators—Superiority of the Phrenological Method of Investigating Mind and Character—the Races, Ethnology—white, black, and red—Body, Mind, Soul, Spirit—Our Beginning and Our End.

The above are among the subjects on which we lecture. Each lecture will be complete in itself, yet one must relate to another. We begin and we end in Anthropology, which includes man's physical, mental, and spiritual state or condition. See daily papers and hand-bills for particulars as to time and terms.

THE DEVELOPMENT THEORY.

SECOND LECTURE BY DR. THEODORE GILL, OF
THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.

RETROSPECT.

IN appearing before you for the last time, ladies and gentlemen, and in continuation of the subject that engaged our attention on the last evening, it will be necessary to recapitulate some of the propositions then referred to; but I shall have to rely upon your memory to recall much of that which was said on not only that but on previous evenings. In reference to the classification of animals, we took into consideration the conformity to plan of animals now living and in times past, and their various relations as individuals, varieties, species, genera, families, orders, classes, and branches. We found, on examination of the animals of the past, that the same principles which are applicable to the classification of animals now living are also applicable to them. We then took into consideration the rudimentary organs, referring to the fact that in many animals there were rudiments of parts which subserved no evident purpose in the economy of the animal, but which, in animals nearly related to them, were found to be well developed and assuming functional characteristics.

On examining embryology, we found that animals all originate from eggs, which in their earliest condition are similar throughout all of the branches. In their development, we found that they all start from one point and take specific directions; that the representatives of each group, with some limitations, undergo similar changes in development, and that the animals that are lowest in the scale seem to correspond in some manner to a certain stage of the development of animals that are above them in the scale. In considering the facts of the geographical distribution of animals, we found that they are distributed in space and congregated in various assemblages called faunas; that the diversity of species is generally in ratio to the extent of the area inhabited, and that it was also in ratio to the isolation of areas; that intermediate types inhabit different areas, and that when intermediate types do not occur in these times, they did exist in times past. For, in determining the laws of geographical distribution, we are necessarily obliged to take into consideration, not only animals and plants now living, but also all that have lived. We found, also, that the variability of species is more or less in proportion to the extent of the area that they cover; and when we more especially questioned paleontology, we found not only that the same type was apparent in the animals of former days, but that those that are now widely separated were connected by intermediate forms, which combined characters now characteristic of very different groups; and further, that the differentiation of animals now living from those that were, is, in the main, in ratio to their separation in time; and that in differentiation, time and space bear inverse ratios to each other.

I have drawn up a series of propositions embodying these facts presented in the last lecture and in those preceding it; and the inferences or suggestions deducible from these propositions may be regarded as corollaries. Considering them in the order in which we have discussed and expounded them, we have, first, systematic or classificatory zoology. Our studies have furnished us with the basis for these propositions or laws:

SYSTEMATIC ZOOLOGY.

1. The differences between animals are the resultants of modifications of the same elements common to a few great groups.

In zoology such groups are called branches or sub-kingdoms. In botany, there are no groups with these designations; but the division of the phanerogams and cryptogams may be taken as correspondent to the branches of the animal kingdom.

2. Animals exhibit all degrees of affinity and all degrees of subordination from relationship as individuals upward.

3. Groups widely differentiated, so far as living animals are concerned, are connected by extinct intermediate forms.

These propositions being admitted, and they are tacitly admitted by all competent naturalists, we may embody the inference which follows in a quasi-corollary.

The affinities and subordination of animals and conformity to plan suggest genetic relationship.

That this suggestion is not a mere assumption is evident from the fact that from the very earliest times, and before the relations of animals and conformity to types were known so well as now, that relationship was expressed by the same terms; for the divisions and subdivisions of the realm of organic nature we have borrowed the designations of the social distinctions of mankind—that is, the family, the order, the class, the kingdom, etc.; and there are other but less generally admitted groups that have been named in analogy with the same idea.

RUDIMENTARY ORGANS.

In connection with the systematic natural history and the consideration of plan, we must consider the subject of rudimentary organs. The results of our examination may be embraced in another proposition.

Elements or organs are developed or exist in a rudimentary condition and are functionless, but represent elements or organs specially functionalized in allied groups.

Of course, this is a fact too obvious to be denied. The statement which might be volunteered, that the presence of such rudiments is in accordance with plan, would furnish no explanation whatever, but would only substitute one fact for another. We are indeed compelled to adopt this corollary.

The presence of rudimentary functionless organs is only explicable by the theory of genetic relationship with animals in which such organs are functionalized.

EMBRYOLOGY.

Passing now from the consideration of ani-

mals in their general relations to animals in their stages of growth, the facts we have gleaned may be resolved into these propositions:

1. All animals originate from eggs.

This is simply another form of that old adage that has been proverbial from the time of Harvey, "*Omne vivum ex ovo*."

2. All eggs in the beginning are similar.

3. All eggs develop from a common point and in specific directions.

4. The similarity of an adult to an embryo of a higher type is the result of arrest of development at an earlier stage.

But this proposition must be viewed in connection with the facts embodied in another proposition, viz:

5. The similarity or dissimilarity of the adult to the embryonic condition is partly determined by teleological considerations.

Certainly, in view of these facts, it is permissible to accept this corollary.

The modes of development of animals suggest genetic derivation from few primordial types.

GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION.

Reverting to the relations of animals to space, we may embody the facts gained concerning the geographical distribution of animals under the following propositions:

1. The differentiation of faunas is in ratio to the differentiation of areas.

2. The specialization of faunas is in ratio to the isolation of areas.

3. Intermediate areas are characterized by intermediate types.

4. The variability of forms is (*ceteris paribus*) in ratio to the extent of areas.

5. The types now common to remote areas were formerly existent in intermediate areas.

Against one or more of these laws or propositions objections might be urged; but when we take into consideration the geological as well as geographical relations of the several bodies of land and water, and the indications of the length of time during which those relations have existed, such objections are at least very much weakened; and it must be admitted that they have ever been tacitly recognized and accepted by naturalists in explanation of various anomalies of geographical distribution. It is quite true that if living animals were only considered, there would be found to be glaring discrepancies between facts and the present propositions; we would have exceptions without number to the third proposition—that intermediate areas are characterized by intermediate types. But when, taking a view more comprehensive and complete, we revert to the geological record, a vast number of these objections are nullified at once, and we are perfectly authorized in assuming—and naturalists, before the development theory was as prominent as it now is, constantly worked upon this assumption—that the gaps which exist did not always exist. The evidence which may be brought against the proposition is only of a negative character, and the admission of the propositions suggests to us this corollary:

The relations of animals in space suggest community of origin.

GEOLOGICAL DISTRIBUTION.

In geology we will group our facts under four propositions:

1. Groups have had a continuous (*i. e.*, uninterrupted) existence.

2. Groups now distinguished by peculiar characters were preceded by groups more comprehensive, and combining characters non-differentiating and limited to special groups. Such groups are called "synthetic" or "comprehensive" types.

3. The differentiation of living and extinct animals is in ratio to their separation in time.

4. The relations of faunas in time and in space are in inverse ratio to each other.

Against one or more of these propositions objections likewise might be urged, but competent naturalists, whether accepting the development theory or not, would not consider them as unauthorized by facts; and, indeed, some of the most distinguished opponents of the development theory have, in a certain form, not only admitted, but, under different phraseology, urged all of them, and the objections are again, in this case, only negatives. It is true that there are groups whose representatives are separated by more or less wide geological epochs; but I believe I am safe in asserting that there is not one naturalist worthy of the name who would not, without demur, admit that representatives of the group lived in the epochs for which we have found no remains. For example, we have very few remains of mammalia in the older beds, and the older representatives are separated by wide intervals; but who is there that will not admit that the existence of the class has been uninterrupted since its introduction on the globe, and that the absence of representatives is solely due to their mode of life and the obstacles which exist to the preservation of their remains? The evidence against this view is purely negative, and of such a character as to be of the slightest possible value, and which would not be urged by any scientific naturalist as proof against the development theory. We are therefore fully justified in accepting these propositions as the expressions of facts, and as a resultant, or corollary, their deduction.

The relations between animals of the present and the past suggest genetic succession.

In all these propositions you will see that I have been very careful in my presentation of the results. I have never said "these prove," but "these suggest;" and that word is certainly not too strong; I repeat that the propositions themselves are essentially admitted, and naturalists explain anomalies occurring in the several departments under which these propositions are grouped, by referring to the facts which they express. They have never been drawn out exactly in the form in which they are now presented; but they are simply the embodiment of results which have been already attained. I have been extremely careful in eliminating such propositions as might be regarded as exceptional, or against which *positive*

evidence could be brought; so careful, indeed, that in the case of embryology I have even suppressed the proposition that animals of like type undergo like changes, for the reason that in crustaceans, hydroids, and others, we have several instances of groups and species very closely related in the adult condition, passing through quite different stages of growth. But, *en passant*, I may remark that this is no more inconsistent with the theory of development than with the theory of plan.

CONSEQUENCES—SPECIAL CREATION.

Now, let us pause and reflect where we have been brought, if these facts and indications have any meaning, and if so, what that meaning may be. Hitherto we have been dealing with facts, and have traveled in company with advocates and opponents of the development theory. If we now examine these facts with reference to the idea of miraculous intervention or creation, we find no explanation. The utmost that the advocates of a special creation have given in explanation is, that these facts are in accordance with "plan." But what is this plan? It is at most the mere expression of the assemblage and relations of the facts; it is no explanation of the facts themselves. It must be conceded that plan for any wise end must have a purpose; but here we have plan without any evident purpose, for it is not at all obvious what purpose, physiological or otherwise, could be better subserved by this adherence to plan and by these trivial modifications than by the creation of a few special organisms for special ends. We would have, in like manner, imitation without object, and we have this vast amount of unessential modification of the same elements without evident reason, or subservient to any evident advantage. In other words, we have a great and useless expenditure of force and waste of power, and yet one of the beauties of "plan" to some had been the economy of the Creator in the use of means to ends. We should have a series of special creations and subsequent extinctions without apparent aim; such creations to be succeeded by others whose *tout ensemble* would be so little different from the preceding as to suggest no apparent gain. These alone are positive objections to the idea of special creation; for in our arguments in natural theology we assume that the Deity works in a manner analogous to man, without undue expenditure or manifestation of power. The theory of special creation, then, offers us no explanation, or no reason whatever for all these facts. Science demands explanations, and natural explanations, of natural phenomena.

Now we are brought face to face with the alternatives which were presented to us in the beginning of the preceding lecture—whether all the facts of modern science are in accordance with or are opposed to the theory of progressive development. These facts of modern science have been embodied in the propositions submitted. How are the facts in accordance with the development theory? If we assume that all animals have sprung from one or few primordial germs, we should expect to find that they would all exhibit more or less con-

formity to plan; that there would be gradations between them; that as the descendants diverged more and more from the original stock, they would exhibit among themselves proportional differences; and that the earliest in time, or those nearest to the primitive stock, would exhibit less difference, and combine characters distinct in their descendants. All these are found in animals now living, and that have lived in times past. Without repeating the facts that have been already presented, it is enough to say that they are all consistent, and such as would be naturally expected to be found, if all animals had originated in the manner suggested. We have, in all the modern results of science, no facts that militate against the supposition of derivation from a few stocks, but they rather all point in that direction. If, then, we can prove that there is a power of variation inherent in animals, which is analogous to the variations that exist between species and higher groups existent in a state of nature, we shall have the element requisite for the reception of the development theory as a true theory of creation in the highest sense of the word.

VARIABILITY OF ANIMALS.

And now we will briefly question nature, to see whether this variability is existent. We have already seen that it is difficult to find marked distinctions between the various assemblages of animals; that the more perfect our acquaintance with any group becomes, the greater we find to be the extent of variation between its individual members, and the more difficult becomes the task of obtaining characters which differentiate trenchantly the more closely allied forms. This is the cause of the discussions that are constantly engaging the attention of naturalists with respect to the value of groups and the importance of characters; and the reason that naturalists who have access to vast materials are generally more prone to reduce the number of species than those who have comparatively limited material. Let us examine now one of the many forms with which man has interfered, and has subdued and brought into a condition of domestication. For this object we may take the group of dogs; and let us recall that this examination has for its view to ascertain whether the differences existing between the various dogs are analogous to, or of the same character as, those differences which we find between wild representatives of the family.

WILD CANIDÆ.

Let us take, then, the family of Canidæ and its representatives, existing in a wild condition. To save time and to avoid complication, we will simply consider the forms now living, and not even all of these. This family, Canidæ, is a very natural group, composed of representatives agreeing generally in form, which are all more or less similar to the ordinary type of the dog; and the differences existing between them as to form are less than those which distinguish the different races of dogs. In dentition, they agree as to the number of incisors and canine teeth, as well as in the trenchant teeth and the

premolars. They differ, however, in the number of the posterior or true molar teeth, most having two molar teeth in the upper jaw and three in the lower. The dog, the wolves, and jackals agree as to the dentition; the number of toes—having five in the fore and four in the hind feet, and in all other essential characteristics. Together, they form the genus *canis*. The wild species of this genus are distinguished by very slight differences, incomparably less in appearance than those distinctive of the domesticated races of dogs. The foxes agree with the dogs and their congeners in dentition and the number of toes, but are distinguished by eyes adapted more especially for seeing at night—this adaptation being exhibited in the vertical pupils; with this character is also associated a bushy tail. The foxes are themselves divisible into two genera—*Vulpes* and *Urocyon*—which exhibit osteological characters of greater value than those which exist between the red foxes and the true dogs. Very closely related to the foxes, and especially to some African foxes, is a genus called *Otocyon*, which chiefly differs in having one more posterior molar tooth in each jaw; and there are wild forms, *Cuon* and *Cynaliscus*, which are, on the other hand, more nearly related to the dogs, but which are distinguished by the suppression of one or more posterior molars. Such are *Cuon*, which has two posterior molars in each jaw, and *Cynaliscus*, which has one posterior molar in the upper and two in the lower jaw. But all these forms we have been considering agree with the dogs in the number of toes, that is, five toes in the fore feet and four in the hind ones. There is, however, a large canine animal found in southern Africa called *Cynhyena*, which exhibits form and dentition like those of the dog, but which depart from all the other representatives of the family in the possession of four toes in the fore feet as well as in the hind ones; and it is a very interesting fact, which, however, I will only thus allude to, that this animal agrees not only in the number of toes, but also in the pattern of coloration with the hyena, which is found associated with it nearly in the same geographical area, and that this similarity is so strong that the animal was at first considered to be one of the hyenas. We find them, in reviewing the distinctive character of the several groups, that these groups differ in dentition, in osteological characters, in the development of the tail—or more especially of the hair of the tail, in the number of toes, and, it may be added, in the pelage or hair generally.

DOMESTICATED CANIDÆ.

If we now refer to the *races* of dogs, we shall find that there are very numerous forms, and these we may group with some naturalists in six tribes, viz., the wolf-dogs, including the Esquimaux, Newfoundland, and others; the watch and cattle-dogs; the true hounds, including the bloodhounds, pointers, and setters; the curs, including terriers and the Pariah dogs of the East; the mastiffs, including the bulldogs; and, lastly, the greyhounds. Each of these has numerous varieties. The differences

between the greyhounds and the mastiffs, as well as between those and the other forms, are as great as have been made use of by some naturalists for the generic differentiation of various *groups* of mammals; and were they existent in a state of nature, it is more than probable that they would have been long ago differentiated as distinct genera. In form, then, we have differences not only as great, but greater, exhibited between derivatives of a generally admitted common stock—at least generic—as between, not only *species*, but *genera*, existent in a state of nature. And here it may be advisable to recall that although there are some, but excessively few, naturalists who believe in the creation of our domesticated animals as they now are, and solely for the use of man, almost all admit that they are derivatives of a few primitive forms, which are still existent in a wild condition. In dentition there is comparatively little difference between the races of dogs, but there are forms—how constant I am unable to say—which exhibit deviations from the type. One has one more molar in both the upper and lower jaw than the normal number, and thus resembles *Otocyon*; another at least occasionally exhibits only three premolars in the upper and two in the lower jaw, representing the three posterior of the upper and two posterior of the lower molars of the typical dogs, and in the lower jaw there is one posterior molar. In a Turkish form, one deprived of hair also, we find almost all of the molar teeth to be lost, there being only a premolar above and below. These differences in number are greater than those between any of the wild forms, and it must be recalled that it is in number alone that these essentially differ.

The differences between domestic races are analogous to those between wild ones. But it may be urged that the differences in dentition are only casual, and that they are ever monstrosities. As I hinted, I am unable to say how constant or inconstant to the race they may be, although constancy has been claimed, at least in form. As to the objection of monstrosity, it may be replied that any character which is not normal to a type is, more or less, monstrous for it; but what is monstrous for one group is normal for another. And it is not improbable—I would scarcely dare to use a stronger term—that the deviations from a type exhibiting such excessive differences as to be considered, and properly considered, as monstrosities, may be enabled, after a more or less prolonged strife, to perpetuate themselves; and this may account for the fact that there are so many groups between which there are not more decided gradations or connecting links. I, however, offer this as a bare possibility. The wide external differences between the various *races* presupposes, and is, indeed, the result of corresponding differences in the skeleton. Those differences are, however, differences of degree, but yet quite as great as those which exist between the representatives of any natural *genus*, although not as great as those which exist between *Urocyon* and *Vulpes*,

yet quite as great as those between *Vulpes* and *Canis*.

In another of the characters enumerated as differentiating the genera and species of wild *Canidae*—the tail—it is almost superfluous to remark that we have very wide differences. I need only call to your memory the difference between the tails of the Newfoundland dog and of the greyhound. The ears are also notably different, and, as a contrast, we may cite the ears of the Esquimaux dog and the King Charles spaniel; in the former being moderate and erect, in the latter very largely developed, pendant, and covering the sides, and with the muscles atrophied. In the number of toes we likewise find differences, and recalling the fact that there are five toes to the fore and four to the hind feet of the dogs generally, we may cite as an exception the Lassa variety of the mastiff of Thibet, which exhibits five toes in the hind feet as well as in the fore feet. As to the last character mentioned, the character of the pelage or hair, we have all varieties in texture and development in the races of dogs, from the shaggy coat of the Newfoundland and some of the cur dogs to the thin, appressed coat of the typical greyhounds, and the hairless condition of the Turkish dog. It is then demonstrated that all differences in parts and organs which are met with in a state of nature are susceptible of selection and exaggeration by man.

Now, this power of variation being granted, and divergence taking place in all directions, what bounds are we able to set as to the extent of divergence? Objections have been brought forward against the consideration of animals in a state of domestication, and a comparison of the differences existing between the races and those existing between wild species; but I am unable to appreciate the pertinence of such objections. The fact of the modification of the same elements in the domesticated condition and in the wild condition, is presumptive proof of their being induced by analogous or comparable causes. There are indeed differences between natural and artificial selection, but only as to the objects to be gained. In artificial selection, or selection by man, the object in view is utility to man or subservience to his use; in nature, the object is subservience to the use and good of the animal. Man, however, only avails himself of the variations which nature affords, and does not himself cause variation. He selects, but he selects those, however, which might not, and probably would not, be in most cases selected by nature. It is in this respect that natural and artificial selections chiefly differ.

REVERSION TO ORIGINAL FORMS.

It has been urged that as soon as the influence of man is withdrawn, the races which he has cultivated revert to the original condition of the stock whence they descended. Happy in some respects would it be if such were the case; for we should then have the means of deciding, in a very short time, what were the original progenitors of our domesticated forms of animals and plants; as concerning many

forms we are in great doubts as to their origin. Notwithstanding the repeated assertions of many, that domesticated stocks do revert to their original condition so soon, the very fact that we have never been able to ascertain positively the parentage of some of our domesticated animals would serve to show that such reversion does not take place. And there are besides positive proofs against that hypothesis. In illustration, we may allude to the horses and cattle which have been introduced into the Americas. Although horses did exist in the Tertiary period in America, none lived in recent periods until the advent of the Spaniards, who carried them to America. Some of these escaped, and bred, and their progeny increased in vast numbers, especially on the pampas of South America. These, without any interference of man, existing in a wild condition as completely as any of the originally wild animals on the continent, they had all the conditions that would favor reversion to their original stock. It may be even true that the horse on the pampas now exhibits a homogeneous character; and if homogeneity were the test of reversion, it might be impossible to say that that was not a reproduction of the original form. But we have another test for determining the question. On the plains of Asia we have likewise large herds of horses. Call them feral (that is, horses that have escaped from man and propagated), or wild (such as have always existed untamed), as you will, we still have one or several homogeneous races in certain areas. But none of those races agree with the race or races now found on the American plains. If we compare the animal of the Tartarian plain with that of the pampas, we find difference in color as well as in form. The animal of Tartary has a dun color and a barrel-shaped head; that of the South American pampas is of rather a chestnut color, and has a head differing from the Tartarian animal, and is distinguished by other characteristics. Now, if the hypothesis of reversion to the primordial type were true, we should expect to find both of these races exhibiting the same characters.

To account for non-reversion, the argument based upon the influence of climate and external changes which has been brought forward to lessen the weight of this non-reversion is rather an argument in support of the theory of progressive development; for if space is the co-efficient of certain conditions influencing the characteristics of animals, time is another coefficient as valuable. But we must remember the view already referred to, that while man would select animals of certain characteristics, the propagation of those characteristics would not be at all essential to the animal, and might, and doubtless would, in most cases, be rather impediments. In such cases those animals, when the influence and protecting care of man were withdrawn, would either cease to live, or the descendants of such approximating more to the original type, and, consequently, not exhibiting characters thus inconvenient—if I may use this word—would be propagated at the ex-

pense of such as exhibited characters of the immediate progenitor. Animals like the latter, therefore, would very soon die out. This is as might be expected, and is in perfect harmony with the theory of natural selection of Mr. Darwin. And here I may remark that the statements as to reversions of some types are simply absurd. When it is affirmed, for example, that the common domesticated cat, that, becoming feral, it reverts to the type of the common wild cat of Europe or this country, it is evident that an unsupported statement is made, and that the assessor is not acquainted with the fact, that the wild cat and the tame cat belong originally to entirely different species; the tame cat being a descendant of the Egyptian cat, and not of the wild cat of Europe, much less of this country. Many statements have been made as to reversion of animals that will bear the test of criticism as little as does such a statement.

I would again repeat that the difference between natural selection and artificial selection by man, as to time, at least, is one of degree. In nature, the variant forms commingle with the more normal types, and by reason of atavism, the tendency to perpetuate the abnormal form is more or less counterbalanced. In artificial selection, however, the variant form is set aside by man, and its offspring is again selected in ratio to the exhibition of the characters for which the original selection was made, and the aid of man thus rapidly brings into prominence the characters which are desired. Thus a few years enable man to do that which nature, unaided, would require centuries or ages to do.

CONDITIONS OF EXISTENCE.

Without further reference to man's influence, and the objects of his selection, we may consider—as we shall be obliged to be brief—those conditions of existence which in a state of nature exercise an influence analogous to that of man. These we may consider under the head of organic and inorganic. Under inorganic, *climate* may be viewed as one of the chief modifying agents. The influence of this agent is exhibited not only in physiological but in structural characteristics. The bulldog, for example, so noted for its fierceness and boldness in the Northern Hemisphere, in the course of a very few generations is said to degenerate in the tropics into a comparatively cowardly, worthless cur. We all know the difference which the covering of dogs and sheep exhibits in cold and warm countries, and some animals are apparently incapable of withstanding transportation from a cold to a warm climate, or the reverse; and others are either incapable of propagating, or their progeny soon die out. Those forms which should be best adapted to climate, or which could best withstand the changes of climate, would be most apt to be perpetuated. *Station* is analogous to climate, and is a name given to the special position with reference to land or water, or the character of either, which an animal in its faunal area may inhabit. Thus a land animal may have an elevated station, living on the high mountains or on the lowland

plains, on a rocky, a sandy, or a marshy surface; and the aquatic animal may inhabit either the fresh or the salt water, and at various depths and at various bottoms in such waters.

Considering the organic conditions of influence, we may, with the excellent Professor Huxley, divide them into the opponents or helpers; and the opponents may again be divided into those which exert an indirect influence, and which may consequently be called rivals, and those which exercise a direct influence, and which may therefore be called enemies. The helpers may likewise be divided into those which exert an indirect and those which exert a direct influence. Now all of these elements, as well as food, which holds an intermediate rank between the organic and inorganic, have to be considered in determining the conditions which may be favorable or otherwise to the existence of an animal.

It may be well to explain how some of these elements, especially the organic, exert an influence. A rival, for example, would be any animal that would be found in the same country, affecting the same climate, and in the same station, and which would prefer the same food. Such would be a rival in a marked degree. An enemy of course would be one that would prey upon such a one, and select it as the special object of its food, or otherwise war against it. The animal, the greater its strength, the better adapted would it be to combat against and outrival its rival, or to escape from and contend with its enemies. In this connection I may refer to the well-known fact of the rats. It is a familiar fact that in earlier times the black rat prevailed over Europe, and also was common in America, and at that time the so-called Norway, or the common brown rat, was not known in these regions; but now the former has become almost exterminated in most regions, and has been entirely replaced by the Norway rat. These are both species of the same genus, and closely related to each other; and in this instance we probably have not only a rival, but also an actual enemy in the Norway rat as compared with the black rat. Species of the same genus may, however, exist in comparative harmony and without much interference; for while the Norway rat thus drives before it the black rat, with it is found associated the common house-mouse in all regions. Although there is some interference of the one with the other, it is slight.

As an illustration of what is meant by helpers, indirect and direct, for the former we may consider food. For example, a carnivorous animal will feed upon a herbivorous one; and the greater the quantity of herbage upon which the herbivorous animal may feed, the more favorable will be the conditions for the existence and multiplication of that herbivorous animal.

Thus the growth of the plant will be an indirect helper of the carnivorous animal. With regard to the direct helper, one of the best instances that has been given is that of the animals which serve as the hosts of the intes-

tinal worms. Man and the hog, for instance, have the joint honor of supporting the tape-worm in its several conditions of existence; and here we have a case which may be aptly brought forward for the benefit of those who are constantly asserting the adaptation of nature with reference to man. If the tape-worm and the various other intestinal worms which use man as their dwelling-place are of any use to him, it has not yet been discovered; but the use of man and the hog to the tape-worm is very obvious. If we accept, then, the special creation and adaptation theory, we must consider that man and the hog were created for the benefit of the tape-worm.

EVIDENCE IN FAVOR OF DEVELOPMENT.

We have questioned nature, then, in all her departments, and have found that the answers she has given to our inquiries are in accordance with what we might expect were the development theory true. There is no other explanation for the vast number of facts than the theory of genetic connection of the types living in the past with, at the most, a few primordial forms. All the facts that have been adduced are in conformity with such development. We have on the principle of variability that which would explain how these divergences could take place, and on the principle of atavism we have another agent which serves as a check to variability and which preserves the conformity with type. The two are antagonistic to each other. While atavism is conservative and reproduces as nearly as possible in the descendant likeness to the progenitor, variability contends against it, and diversity of the descendant and progenitor is constantly being effected. In the long run, and in the struggle between these two antagonistic principles, variability gains slowly but surely on its opponent atavism.

It would be easy had we only variability to take into consideration to express in a series of propositions the results of that principle, as, for example:

1. The offspring of animals are more or less unlike those of the parents.
2. Differentiation is indeterminate and tends in all directions.
3. Differentiation from the primitive type progressively increases.
4. Time being a factor, there is no necessary limit to the range and extent of variation.

And such facts would lead us to this deduction:

Forms isolated and non-communicating exhibit in their descendants difference in ratio to time and isolation.

The principle of atavism, however, may be regarded as forbidding the enunciation of those propositions as perfectly correct expressions of natural laws.

With the explanation that in the condition of existence we have the causes which influence natural selection, and that it is the view of natural selection of varieties spontaneously arising that constitutes what is called Darwinism, I must test the argument in order to

be enabled to arrive at the theological consequences of the theory.

DEVELOPMENT AND NATURAL THEOLOGY.

The charge of materialism has been brought against this, as it has been by well-meaning but injudicious persons against almost every utterance of science. But is materialism a necessary result of a belief in the development theory? I think not; because it furnishes a clew to the reason why the charge of materialism is so often brought against scientific doctrine. Let me recall the words of a learned divine of the English Church, the Rev. Dr. Frederick Temple, the worthy successor of Arnold of Rugby. He has commented upon and regretted the disposition "to trace the power of God, not in that which is universal, but in that which is individual; not in the laws of nature, but in any apparent interference with those laws; not in the maintenance, but in the creation of the universe." And he who believes in the adherence of Deity to the laws which he has ordained rather than in his interference with and infraction of such laws is forsooth called materialist! The great legislator is distinguished, not by the suitability of the laws which he exacts, but by the infraction of such laws.

I know not how I can better present the anti-materialistic nature of the development theory than in the form of a paraphrase of the arguments of Paley in his *Natural Theology*. That divine, you will remember, takes a watch and considers that its peculiarity and construction exhibit inherent evidence of workmanship and special design on the part of the maker. He enters into a series of arguments in proof thereof. He further takes up the watch and assumes what would be the effect of supposing a power in it of reproducing itself, and what would be the effect of such a discovery on the examiner.

1. "The first effect would be," he says, "to increase his admiration of the contrivance and his conviction of the consummate skill of the contriver.

2. "He would reflect that though the watch before him were in some sense the maker of the watch which was fabricated in the course of its movements, yet it was in a very different sense from that in which a carpenter, for instance, is the maker of a chair.

3. "Though it be now no longer probable that the individual watch which our observer had found was made immediately by the hand of an artificer, yet does not this alteration in any wise affect the influence that an artificer had been originally employed and concerned in the production. The argument from design remains as it was.

4. "Nor is anything gained by running the difficulty farther back, that is, by supposing the watch before us to have been produced from another watch, that from a former, and so on indefinitely. Our going back ever so far brings us no nearer to the least degree of satisfaction upon the subject. Contrivance is still unaccounted for.

5. "Our observer would also reflect that the

maker of the watch before him was in truth and reality the maker of every watch produced from it; there being no difference, except that the latter manifests a more exquisite skill between the making of another watch with his own hands, by the mediation of files, lathes, chisels, etc., and the disposing, fixing, and inserting of these instruments, or of others equivalent to them, in the body of the watch already made in such a manner as to form a new watch in the course of the movements which he had given to the old one. It is only working by one set of tools instead of another."

Now let us apply an analogical mode of reasoning to the development theory.

1. The first effect of our conviction of the truth of the development theory, and that a few primordial types have given birth to all the animals that have existed and do now exist, and that in the beginning provision was made for the adaptation of such primordial animals and their descendants to all the varying conditions of climate, station, and food, would be to increase our admiration of the contrivance and the conviction of the omniscient skill of the contriver.

2. We would reflect that though such animals were, in some sense, the originators of those which sprung from them, that they were not originators as creators.

3. Though it be now no longer probable that the animal forms which we now find were made immediately by a creator, yet does not this in any wise affect the inference that a creator had been originally employed and concerned in their production.

4. Nor is anything gained by running the difficulty farther back, that is, by supposing the animals before us to have been produced from other animals, those from former, and so on indefinitely; our going back ever so far brings us no nearer to the least degree of satisfaction upon the subject.

5. We would also reflect that the creator of the primordial animal was, in truth and reality, the creator of every animal produced from it; there being no difference—except that the latter manifest a more exquisite skill—between the creation of each individual species and the creation of one form which should be generated and propagated by means of the provision of adaptability in the one primordial animal and its descendants. And it may be added, that if ability to create a form capable of reproducing itself is evidence of greater power than the ability to create a form complete in itself, then it must be admitted that the ability to create a form which should be able not only to reproduce itself, but to produce forms capable of adapting themselves to all the varying circumstances which might thereafter arise, is evidence of immeasurably greater power. Indeed, it seems to me that one of the noblest arguments in natural theology might be based upon the development theory. So far from this theory being antagonistic to belief in the Deity and his agency, it rather elevates our conceptions of the Deity, and

omnipotence truly worthy of the name is revealed.

To recur again to Paley's argument, and to that portion in which he demonstrates the watch to be the work of a maker, you may remember that he assumes that an argument might be urged, that the mechanism of the watch was no proof of contrivance, but only a motive to induce the mind to think so, and he expresses the surprise which would be manifested to hear such an argument. With equal surprise would we hear that all the facts that have been made known to us in the various departments of zoology, the development of animals, and their geographical as well as geological distribution, which all point to one result, namely, that all animals have descended from a few primordial forms, is no proof that such was the case, but only a motive to induce the mind to think so. And again, if surprise would be the result of information that the watch was nothing more than the result of the laws of metallic nature, equally meaningless and unsatisfactory is the explanation that all these facts are in accordance with "plan," or the "laws of plan," and involuntarily we may associate such an explanation with the preceding, and connect the plan with some purpose, even if it be to deceive, rather than to entertain the idea of plan without purpose.

It might be expected that, as I have considered the theological aspects of the development theory, I might say something of its relation to the record of Genesis. But the time is too far gone. I would, however, remark that I see no more conflict between the theory of natural selection and the account given of creation in the Bible, than I do between the same account and the theory of special creation, or the facts of zoology, geology, and geographical distribution admitted by all naturalists, whether believers in development or special creation. We may safely leave to the learned divines who have harmonized the truths of science and revealed religion to perform the office in this case, when the truth of the development theory shall be admitted as proved by physical consideration.

Lastly, if we consider the development theory with reference to man himself, so far from being repugnant to our senses or ideas, even admitting our descent from a stock in common with the modern monkeys, does not the thought that we have developed from such an humble origin rather afford us expectations for a more exalted future? for if improvement so great has been possible, what limit shall we assign to future improvement! And may we not with reason hope for descendants of our race in a distant future a condition which shall assimilate them to angels in all except immortality?—for a physical form and immortality are as incompatible with each other as fire and water. I must admit that I can not at all appreciate the reasons for the horror with which many good persons regard their idea of the humble origin supposed. The old adage, that persons like their opposites, and the converse, which I will leave to yourselves to frame,

may help us to understand the sentiment, and still further may we appreciate the reasons therefor in those who insist on believing in the reversion to the original type. But if we acknowledge the differences that do exist between us and the monkeys, and do not insist on reversion, our equanimity need not be disturbed.

INTELLECTUAL UNFOLDINGS OF THE AGE.

[In a "Master's Oration," with the above title, pronounced at the Fourteenth Commencement of the Waynesburg College, by Mr. J. J. Purman, occurred the following emphatic indorsement of Phrenology.]

PASSING from Biblical criticism to the department of the philosophy of mind, I come to notice another prominent intellectual unfolding of the age. Mental philosophers in our day have cast aside the dictum of Locke, that the human mind at infancy is a sheet of white paper on which circumstances write our future characters. A new philosophy of mind, founded in observation and experiment, and arrived at by a diligent and careful induction of thousands of isolated facts, has been given to the world. This philosophy, which owes its origin to Dr. Gall, a native of Austria, after receiving various inappropriate names, is now well known by the expressive and beautiful name of Phrenology. Discovered and promulgated to the world near the close of the last century, it now stands forth as a prominent fact of this century; and is pre-eminently the psychological interpreter of the age. Founded by Dr. Gall, this science—philosophy, perhaps, I should call it—has been greatly advanced and perfected by Dr. Spurzheim and Messrs. Combe in Europe, and by Dr. Charles Caldwell, Andrew Boardman, and Messrs. Fowler and Wells in America. Like the discoveries of Galileo, Harvey, and Newton, the Gallian philosophy was much at first opposed. The Austrian Government commanded Gall to cease lecturing on Phrenology or leave his native city and country. He chose the latter alternative, and was willing to leave home, friends, and an extensive practice, that he might investigate and teach his new discovery. The public prints treated him and his science with supreme ridicule and contempt. *Blackwood's Magazine* called him "an infernal idiot," and added, that "fool and phrenologist are terms as nearly synonymous as can be found in any language." But like Galileo, before the Roman Inquisition, declaring "the world does move," or Luther before the Diet at Worms, affirming, "I can not act otherwise; God be my help!" so Gall, in the face of vituperation, continued sublimely to assert, "This is truth, though at enmity with the philosophy of ages." And like the doctrines of Galileo and Luther, that of Gall has now, in a great measure, overcome all opposition, and its truths are accepted by every capable and candid man who will give it a careful examination. It would, perhaps, be out of place in this connection to give an exposition of the doc-

trines of Phrenology; besides, it would be insulting to the intelligence of this audience to suppose that they are not informed in the leading truths of the science. But I would respectfully but candidly say to those who are accustomed to scoff at Phrenology: You may laugh, but laughter is not wit; you may shut your eyes, but it will not, therefore, be dark; you may raise clouds of dust, but you will merely obstruct your own vision, not extinguish the radiance of truth. Be candid and generous, therefore, and until you have examined the subject in an adequate manner, acknowledge that on what you have not properly investigated you have no right to decide. And to those who love to follow in the wake of great names, permit me merely to add, that the doctrines of Phrenology are indorsed by no less personages than the Hon. Horace Mann, late President of Antioch College, Ohio, where he introduced it as his text-book on mental science, declaring that it was the "guide of philosophy and the handmaid of Christianity;" and by Henry Ward Beecher, who acknowledges that he has stolen his pulpit thunder from the once despised science of Phrenology. But I am not here to defend this science this evening, and will close this branch of my subject by merely adding, that the discovery of Phrenology as the true science of mental phenomena, is now, and must remain, one of the great, unique, and salient facts in the intellectual unfoldings of the present age.

Communications.

Under this head we publish such voluntary contributions as we deem sufficiently interesting or suggestive to merit a place here, but without indulging either the opinions or the alleged facts.

MAN AND WOMAN PHYSICALLY.

MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH says: "The sexes are fully equal in intellect, in moral sense, and even physique (admitting that women are designed to be more delicately organized), taking the stand-point from the best models, which is the true criterion, all others being exceptional."

Mrs. Smith then equates the physiques of the sexes by putting the excess of woman's delicacy—which is only a compensation in her for her want of physicality—equal to man's excess of every physical element above hers.

Delicacy in this connection is very desirable, very pleasant, and charming indeed. In "the best models" it is one of those things truly that gives her form its beauties of grace, its heavenly loveliness, and makes her the admiration of the world. This it is indeed; while, nevertheless, it subtracts—instead of adding more—just so much from her physically, rendering her so much less capable of doing *physical* things.

Is she, then, in any physical sense man's equal? Can she do physical things as he can? We mean to include the whole range of physical things, from the making and running the steam-engine to the construction and running of the machinery for the manufacture of the finest goods; from the most perfect astronomical telescope to the most discerning microscopic lens; from the most stupendous engineering operations to the most delicate, spirited, and perfect sewing-machines; from Morse's telegraphic utterances to the gentle plings of the Æolian harp.

Undoubtedly in the purpose and end of her creation her physical form, in its delicacy so exquisite and beautiful, is the very best and most perfect it could be. But

we cheerfully and very delicately submit that the greater woman's delicacy the less her equality of physique with man's, and that this very delicacy of hers is to be regarded as her peculiar, and, to man, most acceptable compensation for her want of physical equality.

The editors of the *Herald of Health* say that "men have a larger osseous and muscular development than women, as lords of the material. She represents the spiritual." Now, this is neither here nor there, though designed as a reply to C. Wellington's statement: "In all orders of animals the females are the smaller and weaker; and, its being so designed, shows their inferiority in physique to be in harmony with the design."

Are men, then, lords of the material? Do you mean, my dear sirs, that they are women's superiors in the material? If so, that is just what we mean. In every physical quality there is *more* in man; he is superior (not to say "lord," rather an objectionable term in this connection) in all material, physical qualities.

Delicacy, then, is not an element of the physical; it is only a compensation for its want; as in the highly delicate steel blade, its delicacy may compensate, and even more than compensate, for its want of materiality.

But, pray, what do they mean when they say that "*she represents the spiritual*?" Has this any pertinency in proof that her physical nature is equal to man's? So does the natural sun represent the "Sun of Righteousness." But does this show, or have any tendency to show, any equality of physique between them?

Does it follow, because woman's physique represents the spiritual, that it is equal to his which represents the eternal, or is equal to his, which is acknowledged in their words above to be decidedly more physical than hers, even as lords of the material?

Are not large developments of bone and muscle in well-organized proportion, as is more generally found in men than women, undeniable proofs of man's superior physical nature? Is there any need, any occasion to deny this most manifest truth to give woman her proper place in any and every relation of life?

He is a *disgrace to her cause* who knows no better than to plead for her elevation on the ground of her *physical* equality with man.

There is no such physical equality designed of God, nor existing on earth, nor will there ever be in any order of beings in the universe.

For the reason, first, 'Tis contrary to the philosophy of things. Now, we mean by the *philosophy of things*, the *common sense of things*.

Consider, then, the sun in relation to the planets. It is the great impartorial body of the solar system. Hence it is a larger, nobler, physical existence than all its planetary system, and *needs to be*, as the grand illuminator and life-inspirer of them all.

Again, consider the Great All-Father of the universe, the Imparter of life and being to everything that exists. It is in perfect consonance with reason and philosophy that His spiritual nature should infinitely excel, as it does, every other spiritual existence in the universe. The *giver* of things is greater than the receiver. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

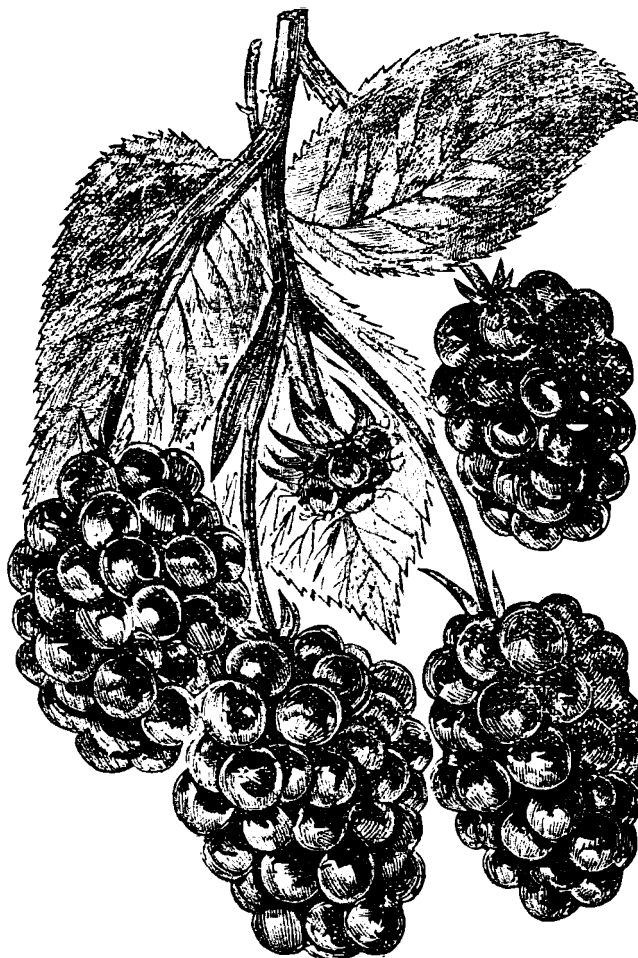
In harmony, then, with the philosophy of things, as drawn from the analogy of God and his universe, from the sun and his system, from the giver and receiver, Adam, the representative head of our race, should be, as he was, physically his wife's superior. I have no idea that Mrs. Smith, or the editors of the publication mentioned above, in their hearts, question this. Such is God's order of things everywhere, and this order is the certain index of all true philosophy.

For the reason, second, That such physical equality would be most damaging in every family relation.

There are family quarrels enough now. But let woman be man's equal physically, and she, wanting her delicacy, as in that case she doubtless would be, and family feuds would not only be increased a hundred-fold, but they would be very likely to issue in many a "fierce brawl and deadly combat."

And for the reason, third, Our mutual happiness, peace, and prosperity require that the relations of the physical natures of the sexes should be very much as God designed them; and as they are now, except in cases of perversion, man's physicality is every way superior to woman's.

c. w.



THE MISSOURI MAMMOTH BLACKBERRY.

THE MISSOURI MAMMOTH BLACKBERRY.

In their circular, the proprietors say: The annexed cut of this new fruit is not a fair average size, as the extreme dry season, last year, at fruiting time, prevented the filling out to the usual size. They were grown without any extra cultivation—no manure of any kind having been used in their production. For ten years the bush has annually borne fruit; entirely withstanding the severest winters, where the mercury several times has sunk to 28° and 30° below zero. This severe cold, with our sudden changes of climate, has never in the least killed the canes of this berry.

The canes are very strong, with mostly five depressions or grooves, running the whole length of the canes—is beset with but few thorns turning downward. The leaf is of a deep green, with finely serrate edges, not as large as most blackberries, but thick and firm. The flowers are all perfect in themselves, require no fertilizing by any other, are large and full, setting a berry for every bloom.

The first ripe fruit was picked four to six days before any were ripe on Wilson's Early, and continued over six weeks in heavy fruiting; assuming almost an ever-bearing form, carrying up the season to peaches. The fruit is of very large size—much larger than Lawton's largest berries; and has few small or imperfect berries. When black it is ripe, and does not turn red after being picked. The berry is very firm and solid, and has no core whatever in the center; is to the blackberry in rich vinous sweetness what the Delaware is to other native grapes. The fruit stands out promptly upon the plant, and when fully ripe, never drops from the stem; as fruit ripening in July, was picked September 28th, protected by netting from the birds. A single plant, the past

season, bore over 500 berries, bending the large stalk almost to the earth. This blackberry has no form or habit of the Dew-berry; is strongly upright, and none of the canes have a tendency to run out on the ground.

The want of a blackberry that is entirely hardy, of large size, good quality, firm flesh, early and continuing long in bearing, a strong grower and productive, has long been felt by the small-fruit grower. That this berry will fill all these points, and give entire satisfaction, the introducers sincerely believe.

The editor of the *Brookfield Gazette* says of it:

"THE MISSOURI MAMMOTH.—This is the name of a most delicious blackberry. Mr. Thompson brought us a sample of those berries, and we can unhesitatingly say that they are the finest we ever saw. This berry is bound to gain public favor. They are a most prolific bearer, and very hardy. It is almost impossible to size them, as they range from the size of a walnut to that of a hen's egg. This is no exaggeration, as those who have seen them can testify to the truth of our assertion."

[We have not seen this berry. We know nothing more of it than is stated above.—Ed. A. P. J.]

A CORRESPONDENT of the *London Telegraph* writes: "The Emperor lately said in the Prince's presence, 'Loo-loo is so small,' whereupon there arose from the surrounding courtiers a chorus in praise of small people of historical fame (see 'Giants and Dwarfs'), and all the little great men renowned in history were cited as parallels for the Prince, who said, 'I do not know if I shall be like these great men in anything else, but you are quite right, I am like them so far, for I am very short.'"

PERSONAL.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State, is said to have dissipated the means provided by his father for his collegiate course in one year after he entered Union College; but that he worked his way through the remaining four years and graduated at the head of his class.

DANIEL PRATT, JR., the "Great American Traveler," recently jumped from a ferry-boat into the East River, waving the national flag as he leaped to his fate. He was rescued, and gave as a reason for his mad act that "the public generally did not appreciate genius."

DR. W. T. G. MORTON, a dentist in Boston, was killed by sun-stroke in the city of New York on Wednesday, the 15th of July.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH, one of the ripest scholars of England, has definitely accepted the chair of Constitutional History at the Cornell University, in Ithaca, Tompkins Co., N. Y. The *Round Table* says: "It is a rare thing for an Englishman of Mr. Goldwin Smith's position thus to expatriate himself, and it will undoubtedly attract a great deal of comment and speculation. As, however, we are to be the gainers by it, criticism on this side the water is likely only to be favorable."

"What They Say."

Here we give space for readers to express, briefly, their views on various topics not provided for in other departments. Statements and opinions—not discussions—will be in order. Be brief.

WHAT PHRENOLOGY HAS DONE FOR ME.—Language has no power to express, and human understanding fails to appreciate in its entirety, the blessings conveyed by the science of Phrenology to the soul, body, and spirit of the earnest seeker after truth.

For me, it has done much more than I can tell. It has given me broader and more reliable views of life, of individual duty and responsibility. It has made straight and smooth to my feet the paths which before were rough and thorny; has leveled many a lofty eminence which, through the dim haze of unenlightened intelligence, seemed utterly inaccessible.

The numerous paradoxical emotions of my own nature, when viewed by the light of science, blend harmoniously as the various tints of the rainbow.

I am no longer self-deceived, but understand, in some measure, the involuntary prompting to the outward act; thereby being enabled to crush the selfish and unworthy, and cherish that which is just and right.

Then, too, by the light of Phrenology, we are enabled to see much that is praiseworthy, where the superficial observer beholds only selfishness or hypocrisy. How often is a conscientious man accused, and convicted too, so far as external apprehensions go, of the basest motives, while his design is pure and innocent, and the result not understood! Many a man is deemed guilty of sins which his whole being would reject, simply because his outward behavior is the criterion by which he is judged, with no knowledge of the prompting motive which actuates him.

Looking upon these things as I have for a few years, man rises from the mire which seemed about to engulf us all, and exhibits the noble likeness of his Creator, which exists in him as the germ and prophecy of a better life. In social relations, a correct understanding of the most irritable sensibilities and the peculiarity of mental combinations enable us to shun the quicksands, when we would bend the stubborn will or quiet the impulsive waywardness of an inconsiderate friend. But above all does the mother need the kind and never-failing beams of this serene yet glorious light to shine upon her checkered pathway, to enliven the gloom and soften the glare of ever-varying experience.

Oh, how I have longed to know more, more of this precious truth, as I gaze in the earnest eyes of little immortals, and feel that upon me rests the great responsibility of their welfare in all coming time! While the instruction to be gained from a knowledge of this science is rich and varied, the amusement is actually unlimited. Who that has the slightest smattering of phrenological knowledge, has not at some time been an unobserved observer of the heads and faces around him, and quietly enjoyed the grotesqueness of the scene, the vivid contrasts, and subdued blending of congenial natures?

The JOURNAL has become to me as one of the necessities of life. And why not? for it is full of wholesome and delicious food—such food as will never induce mental dyspepsia, or deprave the mental taste. Let them who would have their

manhood or womanhood purified and ennobled, study faithfully and practically adopt its instruction. A LADY.

FINDING A SITUATION.—A correspondent writes from Tennessee as follows: What is the use of Phrenology? Some time since a slender youth called upon a carpenter and inquired if he could give him a situation as an apprentice to his business. On being answered negatively, the son of the farmer for whom the carpenter was erecting a dwelling, who happened to know something of Phrenology, propounded a few questions to the young man. He learned that he was an orphan, was willing to attempt any trade which would promise success, and that his education was limited, being confined to reading and writing. The farmer's son advised the young man to consult a phrenologist who lived not far away, and ascertain from him in what pursuit he could best succeed. The advice was adopted. The phrenologist told him that his constitution was not fitted for farming or mechanism, and advised him to seek a situation on the railroad, as he considered him better suited to that than anything else. He applied to the president of the road, secured a good situation, and is now doing admirably. Yet people inquire, what is the use of Phrenology? It was certainly a God-send to this poor, slender, orphan boy, without home, friends, or business. He might otherwise have adopted a heavy, laborious trade, broken down his constitution, become dispirited and discouraged, and gone to an early grave. He is now in a position to which he is adapted physically and mentally; will improve in health and vigor, and render himself useful, successful, and happy. Phrenology is also of great use to the teacher. One whose business it is to train the mind, can hardly do it successfully without knowing the different faculties and their development in his different pupils. Thus he is enabled to appreciate their capabilities, and can bring out those qualities which are too weak, and regulate those which are too strong. To the minister, Phrenology would be of great use, for he deals with the mind and soul of man; and he who understands human nature best, will know best how to lead the froward back to duty and restrain the impetuous; how to encourage the despondent; how to assure the timid, and how to console the depressed and the bereaved.

Phrenology is also of great use to one as an individual, enabling him to see himself as others see him; to understand his weak points; how to strengthen his strong points, and how to use and regulate them to advantage.

Reader, do you understand Phrenology? If you do, use it for the good of yourself and others, and help to spread a knowledge of it among your neighbors. If you do not understand it, you will be more benefited by spending a few leisure hours in its study than in almost any other branch of knowledge. Those who study human nature through Phrenology and Physiology, lay the basis of sound intelligence, usefulness, health, and happiness. A. S. C.

LATE PRESS OPINIONS.—The newspapers rarely mention the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL without warm expressions of approval.

The *New Hampshire Sentinel*, July 23d, says: "The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for August is replete with genuine entertainment for the million. Those who have

never looked this magazine over have no idea how much valuable and interesting matter it contains."

The Dundee (N. Y.) *Herald* uses the following emphatic language: "The AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is a favorite journal of those who have seen and read its valuable and highly instructive contents; those who have not, could not make a better investment than to subscribe for it."

The New York *Evening Post* says, in allusion to it: "The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL abounds in useful information. It is steadily and deservedly gaining general favor."

The Guthrie *Vedette* remarks of it: "There are magazines of greater literary pretensions, but none of more real worth. Its aim is not only to interest but to instruct and educate the people in those things where the school and college fail."

THOUGHTS OF A SUBSCRIBER.—Books.—Give us a house furnished with books rather than costly and elegant furniture—both if you can, but books at any rate. To spend several days in a friend's house hungry for something to read, while treading on costly carpets, sitting on luxurious chairs, sleeping on down, seems as if one was bribing your body for the sake of cheating the mind. A house without books is but poorly furnished. A book is good company; it is full of conversation without loquacity, and patiently hears objections without answering back.

AN EDUCATED MAN.—An educated man should know, 1st, what sort of a world he is in—its size—the creatures that live in it, and how; 2d, what the world is made of and what may be made of the world; 3d, where he is going—what is the probability of another state of being—its nature, and the kind of preparation necessary for it; 4th, what is best to be done under the circumstances—what are his faculties—how they can be cultivated to insure him success and happiness, and provide the means and disposition to promote the happiness of others. He who knows these things, and has his will properly subdued in the learning of them, is an educated man; and he who knows them not, is not educated, though he could talk all the tongues of Babel.

Literary Notices.

[All works noticed in THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.]

HEADLAND HOME; or, A Soul's Pilgrimage. By Madame de Lesdernier. New York: James Miller. 12mo. Cloth, pp. 346. Price, \$1.50.

Between reading and writing nowadays, there seems to be but a brief interval. We mean reading and writing for the public; for several well-known authors, of whom one Dickens is not the least, are as well known for their recital ability as for their authorship. Madame de Lesdernier long ago engaged our notice by reason of her fine elocution, and appreciating the transition already intimated, we have looked for a book from her pen. Now we have it, and it purports to be no dreamy speculation, no chimera, no fancy pen up in ink and gum, but a real life-picture—in short, an autobiography. From earliest childhood she pictures many incidents—the leading, guiding incidents of a life—in a style at once clear, pointed, and earnest enough to be real. There is a sprinkling

of egotism in the narratives which imparts much of a personal character, just as *Æneas'*

"—Magna pars cujus fui"—adds considerable relish to Virgil's history of that gentleman.

The amount of variety which the book affords is considerable, and as many of its most pleasing narratives relate to individuals other than the autobiographer, the reader feels more interest in the plot. The book is handsomely printed and embellished in every respect. A good specimen of book-making.

THE MINERAL RESOURCES of the States and Territories West of the Rocky Mountains. Report of J. Ross Browne. And East of the Rocky Mountains, by James W. Taylor. One vol. 8vo, pp. 746. Washington: Government Printing Office.

We are indebted to the politeness of our excellent friend Mr. John T. Hoover, of the United States Survey Office, for a copy of this useful compilation. The document informs the reader where the most important mineral deposits may be found in various parts of the United States.

THE SOUTHERN RURALIST, a neat octavo monthly Journal for the Farm and Fireside, is now in its second volume. Published at \$1.50 a year, by H. A. Swasey, M.D., at Zangipaboa, La.

After stating something of the modes of farming in England, and of the advantages of climate and soil which the South enjoys over Europe and us, the editor goes on to say, and he is right:

The Northern States of the Union—so called—exhibit to us examples of the advantages of diversified labor, sufficient to convince any one not irretrievably bound to his idols, of the fatal error of the one-crop system. There, notwithstanding their long winters, their short summers, and the thousand minor disadvantages which we in the South know nothing about, they are outstripping us in the race for general and individual prosperity, ten to one, and for no other reason under heaven than because, as a farming people, they leave no crop uncultivated, no mine unwrought, no mechanic unpracticed which can in any way conduce to their accumulation of the good things of this world. Hay, grain, and root crops; stock raising, fruit growing, and market gardening; mining, manufactures, and commerce; literature, science, and the fine arts, all are pressed into the service as circumstances, tastes, and capacities may dictate, to make up the grand total of a rapidly increasing prosperity, which has no parallel in the annals of the world!

THIRD ANNUAL REPORT of the National Temperance Society and Publication House. With an Appendix. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House.

This interesting pamphlet contains a brief review of the progress of Temperance reform in the United States during the past year; a catalogue of the publications of the Society for the year; a full report of the Third Anniversary, held at Cooper Institute May 18th; a letter addressed to the President of the Society by Hon. E. C. Delavan; an account of what the Temperance people are doing in Europe, and a list of the Life Members.

From the statistics furnished in this report, we learn that the retail sales of liquor in the United States reach in a single year the sum of \$1,433,491,865, very nearly one eighth of the entire annual sales of merchandise, including liquors, by wholesale and retail dealers, auctioneers, and brokers; exceeding the total present value of the railroads in the country, and averaging forty-three dollars for every man, woman, and child of the population. This is startling in the extreme. And, think of the misery and crime purchased at so great a cost!

A TALE OF TWO CITIES, and GREAT EXPECTATIONS. By Charles Dickens. With twelve illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. \$1 50.

Printed on clear thick paper, with marginal rulings, excellent illustrations, and neatly bound in dark blue cloth, the Charles Dickens' edition should sell readily. The different volumes are as near alike as a publisher can well make them.

MARIETTA. By T. A. Trollope. Author of "Gemma," "Tuscany in 1849," etc. Price, \$1 75 in cloth; or \$1 50 in paper. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Novels which contain glimpses of real life, whether in town or country, amid the romantic fastnesses of the wooded mountains, or on the rolling prairies where human nature becomes conspicuous because of its solitude, are to a greater or less extent instructive to the careful reader. Those which proceed from the pen of a keen observer who makes his personal experience the basis and stimulant of his imagination, usually fail not to entertain and instruct. In "Marietta" we find neat sketches of Italian social life and graphic portraits of Italian scenery, written as only one who "has been there" could write them. We are not tied to the insipid thread of a commonplace love story from chapter first to *finis*, but are here and there gratified by careful descriptions of peculiarities of character and landscape. The book belongs to the better class of fictitious literature.

THE SONG CABINET; a new Singing Book for Schools, Academies, Seminaries, and Singing Classes. By C. G. Allen. New York: Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co. Price, 60 cents.

This music book appears to be well adapted to the purposes mentioned in the title. It contains a short preparation for learning the elements of music, besides a large number of songs and hymns. "When the Evening Dews are Falling," "Gently Sighs the Breeze," "The Mountaineer's Song," are among those to which we accord our approving recognition. A cantata, "The School Festival," for School Exhibitions and Concerts, is one of its chief attractions.

WEBB'S WORD METHOD; being also a Key to the Dissected Cards. A new method of teaching reading, founded on nature and reason. By J. Russell Webb. Revised Edition. Detroit: E. B. Smith & Co.

This little manual of instruction for children purports to be a thorough revision of work prepared by the author more than twenty years. Its aim is to teach words rather than letters, and so gradually lead a child to read even before it has, as one may say, mastered the alphabet. We read words by their distinguishable forms. Upon this principle Mr. Webb proceeds to develop his system, using because of their convenience "dissected cards" in connection with the book. Each word, especially if used to designate some familiar object, is described,—the object being to impress upon the infant mind the nature and relation of words. The directions for using the "method" and the "cards," if any intelligent teacher should require directions in applying so simple a system, are clear, and at the same time show the utility of the method. It seems to us that this mode of instructing very young children is vastly superior to the old patience-testing and incongruous alphabetic methods.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for August comes to us rich in engravings and designs. The pattern department is unusually copious. \$3 a year.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARIES.

The importance of a reliable authority for the orthography and definition of words is not second to any recognized desideratum in the sphere of mental culture. He who would become an accurate scholar in the meaning and relation of words, he who would write and converse gracefully and properly, must assiduously examine the dictionary. Webster's Dictionaries are considered by philologists to be the most reliable for general use. The series of these dictionaries, with the prices for which we can furnish them, postage paid, or by express, is given as follows:

WEBSTER'S PRIMARY SCHOOL DICTIONARY. A Pronouncing Dictionary abridged from the complete work, well adapted for a Text-Book. It is illustrated. 75 cents.

WEBSTER'S COMMON SCHOOL DICTIONARY. A carefully revised work for school uses. With synonyms and useful tables. It is neatly illustrated, so as to make the meaning of many words clear to the pupil. \$1.

WEBSTER'S HIGH SCHOOL DICTIONARY. Abridged from the American Dictionary of Noah Webster, LL.D., with numerous tables, and other useful matter, enlarged and improved, finely illustrated with upward of 300 skillfully engraved woodcuts. \$1 50.

WEBSTER'S ACADEMIC DICTIONARY, for Academies and Seminaries. New edition, with valuable additions and improvements. Finely illustrated. \$2 50.

WEBSTER'S COUNTING HOUSE AND FAMILY DICTIONARY. New edition. Illustrated. In full conformity with the revised Quarto. This volume comprises a copious and careful selection of English words in actual use at the present day, besides a fund of information for business men; tables relating to money, rates of interest, etc., also copiously illustrated. \$3.

WEBSTER'S POCKET DICTIONARY. An abridgment of the American Dictionary, with a list of foreign words, phrases, mottoes, etc., with translations in English. \$1.

WEBSTER'S ARMY AND NAVY POCKET DICTIONARY. A comprehensive volume on fine paper, with pictorial illustrations and colored frontispiece, weighing but four ounces (and embracing a complete Pocket Dictionary of our language), a Dictionary of Military and Naval words, Mottoes of the United States, Flags of principal nations illustrated in colors, etc. \$1.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY. New illustrated edition, thoroughly revised and much enlarged. It contains over 8,000 fine engravings. It contains 10,000 words and meanings not in other Dictionaries. Quarto. Sheep. \$12 (by express).

WEBSTER'S NATIONAL PICTORIAL DICTIONARY, containing over 600 Pictorial Illustrations. This volume has been prepared on the general principles of the large Dictionary, and with a full use of the materials of that work. It is not designed, however, to take the place of the royal quarto, but to meet the wishes of many who, for convenience or economy, desire a more condensed and less expensive work. Royal octavo. Sheep. \$6 (by express).

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND has a claim on public notice, not only because of the circumstances attending its origin, but on account of the excellence of its character. Its miscellany is of a refined character, while the numerous incidents of the war with which it abounds are both entertaining and instructive. W. O. Bourne, Editor, New York. \$2 a year.

THE CHURCH UNION now claims to be the largest weekly religious paper in the world! But, neighbors, is the size of a man's head or of a newspaper the measure of merit or of power? or is it quality, culture, and *what they contain?* A blanket sheet stuffed with quack medicine and other advertisements does not add very much to the merits of a family religious newspaper. But we see how it is. The quacks swindle the public through such papers, get their money, and the "Union" folks feel compelled to thus use the devil to serve the Lord. We do not believe it will prove a good investment. Mr. Beecher's sermons are published in the *Church Union*, and much other readable matter.

THE NEW ECLECTIC. A Monthly Magazine of Select Literature. The August number of this new candidate for literary honor contains a copious selection of choice reading. Price, \$4 a year; 40 cents a number. Messrs. Turnbull & Murdoch, editors. New York and Baltimore.

THE COLLEGE COURANT of Yale commences its fourth year in an enlarged form. Verily, its promoters are enterprising. We trust that they will not have occasion to regret their expansion. Alumni of Yale, sustain the *Courant*. \$4 a year, published weekly.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for August fully maintains its standard as a fashion periodical. It contains, besides, elegantly colored plates, marked patterns for practical adaptation. \$3 a year.

GOOD NEWS, No. 1, for July, made a tardy but welcome appearance about the 10th. We do not see why it should not succeed. Its matter is vigorously and hopefully written, and is of the most healthy religious tendency. If it be properly announced, and once gets a fair opening, there can be no doubt about its becoming permanently established. It is a handsome monthly, and only \$2 50 a year. Single numbers may be had for 25 cents. It is clubbed with the *PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL* at \$5 for new subscribers.

MESSRS. C. H. DITSON & Co. of this city, representing Oliver Ditson & Co. of Boston, send us the following specimens of new music: "When the Vale of Death Appears." Song and chorus. By N. B. Sargent. Price, 25 cents. "The Widow in the Cottage by the Sea-side." A ballad arranged by C. A. White. 30 cents. "People's Song, Campaign Poetry, and Music." By Converse C. G. Collins. 30 cents. "The Rosebud." Nocturne. By J. W. Turner. 30 cents. "La Belle Héloène." Schottische, arranged for Piano by J. S. Knight. 30 cents. "Orpheus Galop," from Offenbach. Arranged by J. S. Knight. 40 cents.

THE DRUNKARD'S SONG. By John Collins. A four-page tract, with two illustrations, depicting the evils—the horrors—of a drunkard's life, has just been printed. It will be furnished here at \$4 per thousand. A capital thing for gratuitous distribution by temperance societies. Orders may be addressed to this office.

OF CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA we have received Part 180 from Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., the American publishers. This work is very near completion, having reached R in the short appendix, which will bring it down to the present time. Price, 25 cents per number.

PETERSON'S Cheap Publications for the Million:

TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND. By Charles Dickens. Price, 25 cents.

RED GAUNTLET. By Sir Walter Scott. Price, 30 cents. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE LADY'S FRIEND. A monthly magazine of Literature and Fashion. Edited by Mrs. Henry Peterson, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, is well arranged and finely illustrated. Price, \$2 50 a year.

GOOD STORIES.—Part 4 contains: "From Hand to Mouth," "Count Ernest's Home," "Little Peg O'Shaughnessy," "A Shabby Genteel Story," with illustrations. Price, 50 cents. Ticknor & Fields, Publishers, Boston.

STEWART'S LITERARY QUARTERLY MAGAZINE has entered its second volume, and promises to hold on in favor with our Canadian neighbors. Price, in specie, 10 cents a copy. George Stewart, Jr., Editor, St. John, N. B.

New Books.

Notices under this head are of selections from the late issues of the press, and rank among the more valuable for literary merit and substantial information.

ENGLISH LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. On the Plan of the Author's Compendium of English Literature, and Supplementary to it. For Advanced Classes and Private Reading. By C. D. Cleveland. New Revised and Enlarged Edition. Cloth, \$2 75.

THE YOUNG MAN'S SETTING OUT IN LIFE. By W. Guest. Cloth, 35 cents.

THE EARTH AND ITS INHABITANTS. Intermediate Geography. Maps and Illustrations. By A. Guyot. Boards, \$1 40.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURAL ANNUAL, 1868. Illustrated. Paper, 50 cents.

LIFE AMONG THE MOHAWKS, AND A MARCH TO THEIR ZION. With a Chapter on the Indians of the Plains and Mountains of the West. By an Officer of the U. S. Army. Cloth, \$1 40.

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL DEPENDENCE OF WOMEN. By Mrs. J. S. Mill. Paper, 60 cents.

OLD FRITZ AND THE NEW ERA. By Mrs. Clara Mundt (Louise Mühlbach). Translated from the German by Peter Langley. Illustrated. Paper, \$1 75.

THE GREAT SOUTHWEST; or, Plain Guide for Emigrants and Capitalists, embracing a Description of the States of Missouri and Kansas, etc., etc.; with Township Map of Missouri and Kansas. By W. Nicely. Cloth, \$1 50.

SKETCHES OF CENTRAL ASIA. Additional Chapters on my Travels, Adventures, and Ethnology of Central Asia. By Arminius Vambéry. Cloth, \$4 25. (London Print.)

THE LIFE OF GEN. U. S. GRANT. By J. S. C. Abbott. Portrait and Illustration. Cloth, \$1 75.

A DISCUSSION ON THE TRINITY, between Rev. W. B. H. Beach, of the Christian Denomination, and Rev. Y. Hickey, Presbyterian Minister, Greenville, N. Y. Cloth, 65 cents.

THE DIVINE TEACHER. Being the recorded Sayings of our Lord Jesus Christ. Cloth, \$1 75.

GENS FROM THE SACRED MINE. 12mo, pp. 194. Cloth, \$2.

A COMMENTARY ON THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. By J. P. Lange and others. The Old Testament. Vol. I.: Genesis. With General Theological and Homiletical Introduction to the Old Testament. By J. P. Lange, D.D. Translated from the German, with Additions, by Prof. T. Lewis, LL.D., and A. Gosman, D.D. Cloth, \$5 50.

LIBERAL VIEWS OF THE MINISTRY IN HARMONY WITH THE BIBLE, PRAYER-BOOK, AND CANON. By Rev. R. Newton, D.D. Paper, 12 cents.

MASONIC BIOGRAPHY AND DICTIONARY, comprising a History of Ancient Masonry, Antiquities of Masonry, etc. By A. Row. Cloth, \$3 40.

VULGARISMS AND OTHER ERRORS OF SPEECH; including a Chapter on Taste, and Examples of Bad Taste. Cloth, \$1 40.

To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter. If a stamp be enclosed for the return postage. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will respond in the earliest number practicable. As a rule, we receive more than double the number of questions per month for which we have space to answer them in; therefore it is better for all inquirers to inclose the requisite stamp to insure an early reply by letter, if the editor prefers such direct course. Your "BEST THOUGHTS" solicited.

A PERFECT CHURCH.—Why is it that there can't be a church or society founded on the broad basis of the law of nature, the law of God, the law of love, and the Christian religion, as taught in the Bible; that will take in every human being for whom Christ died; regard and treat them as human beings; insure to them temporal life, and where all will sacrifice for the good of all, and all do what they are fit for in body and mind?

Such churches or societies, I believe, would do more good than all the Catholic churches, Protestant churches, Freemasons, and Odd Fellows in existence.

I have sent you these questions for the A. P. J. and for your answer, because I doubt whether any other journal would publish them or answer them.

Ans. The sigh you utter for perfection in human institutions is as old as human misery and human aspiration. That great object has been the aim of all founders of sects, but so long as men are fallible, churches, constitutions, fraternities, or families will not be organized and conducted on a perfect plan and pattern. If men were perfect they would need no law. "Those that are well need not a physician, but those that are sick," and the organization of a church presupposes sin, weakness, necessity for help and healing. We know men who avoid membership in the church because the church is so impure and imperfect; because it lacks wisdom, and its acts are in many respects fallible, faulty, and weak; because its members are imperfect; because they stumble and make blunders and mistakes and live far beneath a high standard of moral and religious life.

As we understand it, the church is a moral hospital. It is not intended as a rendezvous of perfected men and women, but it is a company of persons conscious of fallibility and anxious for help, protection, and co-operation. Freemasonry aimed at an organization which should secure to the sick and the distressed, to the stranger and the man in trouble, assistance from the fraternity, and the signs and

pass-words were designed simply as a means of recognition between members of the fraternity. Odd Fellowship is, we suppose, a diluted form of Freemasonry. All colleges have their secret societies, and they all aim to mitigate or palliate the imperfections of mankind. The founder of the Christian religion said, "I come not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Until men become perfect, they will not act perfectly. They require to be so organized into communities and fraternities, that the wise can instruct the ignorant, the strong defend the weak, and that the wisdom and strength of numbers can be made available to individuals. But whoever expects human nature to be perfect this side of the spirit-world will be greatly mistaken. This life is a position in which imperfection, want of harmonious development, partialism, incompleteness, and unripeness constitute the law or rule, and that which approximates to the perfectly harmonious is the exception. Israel had but one Moses, but one Abraham, but one Joseph, and all their wisdom and goodness were required to guide and direct the rest of the people. To be sure, Moses became angry because the people were so faulty and weak and wicked as to set up a golden image and worship it while he was on the mountain; but Moses got over his complaint and went to work afterward, as it behooves us and you, to work and to mitigate the misery, the faults, and weaknesses, bind up the broken hearts of the poor and wicked; and when that which is imperfect shall give place to that which is higher and better, then shall we "see as we are seen, and know as we are known." Then "all tears shall be wiped from off all faces," and God the Father shall be all in all; until then, let us co-ordinate for the aid of the poor, the weak, and the wayward.

MISSOURI LANDS.—There are land agents in all the principal towns in the West whose addresses may be obtained through post-masters—providing you send stamps to pay for paper and postage. Mr. F. W. Smith, firm of Smith & Law, of Kirksville, Adair Co., Mo., will give any desired information in regard to lands in Central Northeast Missouri. Write him.

CONCENTRATION — CONTROVERSY.—I am a minister, thirty-six years old. Why is it that when I sit down for study, very often I cannot fasten my mind on the theme I wish to investigate; but my mind will think vigorously on irrelevant subjects; generally contending with some imaginary opponent; and yet I try hard to bring my mind down to the subject in hand. I find less difficulty in this direction when writing than when reading, or thinking only.

What is the reason, and the remedy?

Ans. Your Continuity is too small, but your Combativeness being strong, when it is excited, tends to centralize your thoughts on the subject in hand.

BAID HEAD.—One cause is wearing tight hats. Both felt and fur are too close, and cause the head to sweat; this expands or swells the scalp, loosening the hair at the roots, and it soon begins to fall off. Then "tonics" are applied, followed with heating oils, and other preparations of grease, and finally the scalp becomes diseased, and a head of beautiful hair is destroyed. Remedy: keep the head cool, wear straw hats, keep the scalp clean by using soft water and fine toilet soap; and if any hair dressing be used, a very, very little sweet oil is the least objectionable. Ladies seldom become bald, and they do not wear close hats. Their "beautifully" small bonnets are no obstruction to a free circulation.

SPIRIT.—In what part of the human body does the spirit dwell?

Ans. You mean soul, mind, conscience, will, or the spiritual nature, we suppose. The brain is supposed to be the seat of thought, of conscience, and of all the mental operations. Nearly every part of the system, however, has been at one time or another supposed to be the location of the soul. The heart, which has enough to do to circulate the blood, has been regarded more generally than any other part except the brain, as the seat of mind and affection; but an idiot sometimes has as large and strong and healthy a heart as any man in the world. The brain being defective, there seems to be little manifestation of anything but mere animal existence, which seems to indicate that the heart has little to do with mental manifestations, and that the spirit or soul has its seat in the brain.

WIFE GADDING ABOUT.—

My wife seems much inclined to visit her neighbors, oftener, indeed, than is pleasant to me or convenient for me to accompany her. Ought a wife loving her husband to visit when she has plenty to do at home, and when, by remaining at home, she would add greatly to the comfort and happiness of both? How can I change this order of things, and at the same time convince her that I am not too exacting?

Ans. This is a rather large question, unless we can know what kind of people the parties are. She is undoubtedly of a social turn, and her husband, perhaps, is not sufficiently social and companionable to satisfy the claims of her mind. We suggest that the husband spend \$30 a year for newspapers and magazines and for an interest in a good circulating library, and that the time now wasted in gossiping be spent alternately by the wife and husband reading to each other; when she is at work, let the husband read to her evenings; and in less than a year they will have something to talk about and think about which will render it unnecessary for the wife to go abroad for society. Let them make themselves intelligent, and they will become hungry for the reading-hour, and each will learn to feel a new interest in the other.

Nothing is better calculated to cement the affection and increase the attachment of husband and wife than reading in conjunction the thoughts of noble minds. There is nothing like having good thoughts in common to keep alive an interest between parties who are living together. Allow us to say, then, to people who have starved, hungry minds, and nothing to feed them, who are living away from society, month after month and year after year, that they do not know how much they fall to enjoy by having no new channels of thought opened constantly by books and newspapers. We are surprised that husbands and wives can sit contentedly when they have no new ideas to feed their minds. It is said that two men of intelligence were once imprisoned for some political offense. The first year they talked about their own personal history; the second year they talked about what they had read, and communicated all they could; the third year they talked over their hopes; and the fourth year they were silent—they had nothing to talk about; and there are ten thousand men and women who have talked themselves out, and as they read nothing, they have nothing but the little gossiping neighborhood to talk about, and many a poor wife goes out from her home to glean a little of the village gossip to keep her mind from drying up. If men would stop using tobacco and drinking whisky,

and spend some of the money in books, papers, and pictures, they would make their homes intelligent and happy, and would have little occasion to complain of their wives going abroad to gossip, or neglecting their duties at home.

DEAFNESS.—What will cure deafness caused by scrofula?

Ans. Scrofula might cause deafness in many ways, some of which would be incurable. Little success attends any treatment for deafness. A little warm soap-suds or sweet oil put into the ear may afford temporary relief.

Publisher's Department.

TO LECTURERS.—Besides our very large new pictorial poster, 29 by 42 inches, and more than fifty illustrative engravings, including our largest symbolic head, handsomely printed in colors, we have a second size, 12 by 19, also in colors, and with illustrations, which we call Poster No. 2. This is suitable for a window bill, where the larger one could not be conveniently placed. These are printed in blank, and may be used by lecturers who would attract the public attention. No. 2 may be had for \$3 a hundred. Then we have a four-page 12mo circular, three pages of which are occupied by a statement of the utility of Phrenology, testimonials of all the most distinguished men as to the truth and importance of the science; one page of the four is left blank, on which to print special announcements or programmes for courses of lectures in any given place. This "circular" is used as a "hand-bill" to be left at every house in city or village, notifying parties as to all the particulars connected with the proposed lectures—such as subjects and number of lectures, time and place of holding them, terms of admission, etc. Samples of all these posters and circulars will be sent free this office, post-paid, on receipt of 5 cents. Orders for larger quantities will be promptly filled.

A CORRECTION.—Peter Von Cornelius, the eminent artist, died on the 17th of March, 1897, not 1857, as printed in the July number, page 2.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BOSTON LIFE. is the title of a book about to appear, by Horace Greeley, of the New York Tribune. It is advertised on another page.

GETTING READY.—As soon as the evenings become comfortably cool and somewhat longer, our lecturers will enter the field for the fall and winter campaign. The election should not deter any one from pursuing his high vocation, though the public attention may be divided. We anticipate a "lively time" in all departments. Crops will have been gathered, excursionists and pleasure seekers will have returned to their duties; and all will go about their callings with bodies refreshed and spirits reanimated. We, too, shall come into the work of our choice with energies renewed and zeal rekindled. Book agents, lecturers, examiners, teachers, all will feel the animating influence of a life renewed by the glorious summer sun and the fresh, crisp autumn air. We breathe freer, our blood courses more rapidly through our veins, and our minds keep pace with the new order of things. Let us thank God for the glorious summer and the more glorious autumn.

General Items.

THE FAMILY RECORD—a prospectus of which we printed in our Feb. number—has been published by the author, Dr. Griscom. It is a small quarto of twenty-six pages, including blanks and letter-press. It is claimed, by the author, that it will answer the purpose for which it was gotten up. The prices fixed for it seem very high, if not exorbitant; half bound, \$2 50; cloth, \$3; and in morocco, \$4. As a fancy article on which no real money valuation can be placed, it may be worth to one much more than to another. When we first announced the work, two dollars was to be its price, but as we afterward declined publishing it, we had nothing to do with determining its price.

THE ILLINOIS CHERRY STONER.—Here is a new and useful invention which must have a place by the side of the apple parer, and other household conveniences. But where is Connecticut? Has her mechanical genius departed? This cherry stoner, invented in Illinois, is manufactured by Messrs. Geer & Hutchinson, of Peoria, and sells at \$1 25. The *Scientific American* praises it. The *Chicago Tribune* commends it—and we doubt not it will be adopted by all cherry-growers.

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY OF SAN FRANCISCO report upward of 24,000 volumes, and the institution is in a flourishing condition.

THE WILMINGTON (Del.) CLASSICAL AND MATHEMATICAL INSTITUTE opens—fall term—on the 6th of this September. Mr. W. A. Reynolds, Principal; Norman O. Lounsbury, Teacher of Theoretical and Applied Mathematics and Chemistry; Wm. H. Cobb, A.B., of Greek, German, and English; R. Henry Davis, Jr., A.B., of Latin, Mathematics, and English; Jules Macheret, A.M., of the University of France, Teacher of French, and Lewis P. Mercer, Teacher of Elocution and English.

MIDDLE GEORGIA.—Having during the last two years contributed to the columns of this JOURNAL several articles on the advantages of Middle Georgia as a field for Northern enterprise, I am still receiving letters of inquiry on the subject addressed to me at my former post-office there. I have not time at command, at present, to answer these letters individually, and wish here merely to say to all my correspondents, that a year's residence among the "Pine Hills" confirmed me in my good opinion of the climate, and satisfied me of the adaptation of the country to fruit culture. The social condition and business prospects of that region are not at present so good as might be wished, but will doubtless improve whenever the political situation shall become more favorable.

Having removed from Georgia to Florida (for reasons entirely personal and of no interest to the public), I very naturally desire to gather around me there, as neighbors and co-workers, as many of the right sort of people as I can, and will therefore cheerfully furnish such information as may be at my command to those who may feel inclined to settle in the "Land of Flow-ers." My permanent address is Box 143, Jacksonville, Florida; but till Nov. 1st, letters may be directed to me here, care of S. R. Wells, Esq., 389 Broadway.

D. H. JACQUES.

NEW YORK, Aug. 8, 1868.

CANADA SCHOOLS.—We have received from a friend in Canada several statistical reports related to the political and educational departments of the New Dominion. The last document, for which he has our thanks, is the "Report of the Superintendent of Education for Lower Canada"—a very comprehensive affair—furnishing the minutest details of the numerous departments of instruction. From it we learn that there are 206,890 pupils in attendance at the schools, which number 3,826, with 4,829 teachers.

WHAT A CLERGYMAN SAYS:

"WATERFORD, N. Y., May 1st, 1868. "The A. P. J. is a decided desideratum on my study table. It is one of the richest monthlies I ever read. It is brimful of practical good things—just such a monthly as makes one think, and somehow does one good all over. Success to you."

"H. C. F."

FOR 1869.—Farmers are now preparing their ground for wheat. They break up prairie and summer fallow preparatory to sowing seed. So we are getting matters in our line ready for the coming year. We have the new ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY well advanced, and it will be published early in the fall.

Our "Professional" Class in Practical Phrenology, for the winter of 1869, is nearly full, and promises to be larger and better than any previous session. We have a beautiful and convenient class-room connected with our cabinet, in which the lectures and dissections will be given. It is well to have everything ready in time, so that there shall be no delay or drawback. The year to come bids fair to be more prosperous than any other since the war. There will be "lively times" in all departments of business. Lecturers, educators, manufacturers, farmers, railroad men, shippers, and the rest, will all have enough to do. Nothing short of another rebellion or an earthquake will interfere with or prevent the steady and onward course of our country. Let us work and wait.

IMPOSTORS, SWINDLERS, QUACKS.—This large class are flourishing "about these days." They fill columns and pages of newspapers with their filthy advertisements, promising to cure "all diseases," and make every one rich who gives them money. It is needless to specify, or to call names, when it is a fact that all the patent medicine vendors are impostors. A sweeping statement, but true nevertheless. A few respectable journals now exclude the swindlers, but only a few. Many publishers are poor and ignorant, others are wicked and mercenary, and will print anything for pay. There are weak clergymen who inconsiderately lend their names to help to sell pills, plasters, and medicated slops for a "consideration," in the shape of a few bottles of bitters. Whiskey and tobacco-loving editors write and publish "puffs" for the same, and the public is deceived. **REMEDY**: Exclude from your houses the entire list of abominations, including the low, vulgar papers that advertise gift concerts, lottery schemes, cheap jewelry, fifty-dollar watches for five dollars, and the entire list of villains who set advertising traps for "indiscreet young men" and unfortunate women. The Anatomical Museum men, Howard Association man, New York Medical University man; all private concerns with big names, and any number of "no-cure-no-pay" hole-in-the-wall establishments along the river and canal

docks, in the slums of cities, such as the La Croix Fanchers, Earls, Freemans, Ryans, O'Briens, Hunters, Nelsons, Richards, Tarrants, Reeves, Learys, Servil, Lewises, Wests, Grindles, Niccolis, Deckers, Seymours, Durants, Thompsons, Powers, Duboys, Kennedys, and the rest, all advertising quacks, who rob and poison the poor victims who fall into their nets. Our duty requires us to expose them, and to warn all to beware!

A GOOD THING.—"He who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, is a public benefactor"—so is he, who, by invention or mechanical device, lessens labor, or facilitates its performance. So much, by way of preface, to the introduction of a new article of stationery which will soon be regarded as indispensable to those who write for the press. We refer to the

NEW STYLES OF WRITING PAPERS, FOR AUTHORS, EDITORS, AND CLERGYMEN.

The inventor of these Papers, long accustomed to write for the press, finding it impossible to procure suitable paper, and a great inconvenience to prepare it; and also observing the difficulties experienced by printers and proof-readers with improperly prepared manuscript, has undertaken (1) to introduce new styles of paper specially adapted to Authors' and Editors' use, and (2) to prepare a set of rules for properly preparing manuscript for the press.

These rules are highly commended by publishers and printers, as they not only give explicit instructions to those who may not be fully acquainted with the requirements of a printing-office, but serve to keep them before the minds of those who appreciate their importance, but neglect their observance. Each box of the Authors' and Contributors' Paper is accompanied by a printed copy of the rules.

Since the manufacture of these Papers has been under consideration, the plan has been submitted to many editors and publishers throughout the country, who have invariably approved of it, and we have been guided by their advice in the size of sheets, width of ruling, etc.

No. 1. AUTHORS' MANUSCRIPT. Size, 6 x 10 inches, with two perforations at the top of the sheet for tying them together in parts or chapters. One of the holes is to be used for the compositors' hook when the copy is set in type. \$3 per room.

No. 2. EDITORS' OR CONTRIBUTORS' MANUSCRIPT. Size, 5 x 10 inches, with one perforation at the top of the sheet designed for the compositors' hook. The first line of ruling being at a distance from the top and the perforation above it, the liability of having the writing torn and defaced is avoided. \$2 50 per room.

No. 3. SERMON NOTE PAPER. Size, 5½ x 9, with two perforations at the side of the sheet for strings to pass through the sermon and the eyeleted cover, tying on the back. The cover may be removed and the sermon preserved by tying. One cover accompanies each box of paper. The cover and paper will lie open without rubbing down. \$3 per room.

The quality of these papers is excellent. They are handsomely ruled—wide lined—and may be ordered in unbroken packages from this Office, to be sent by express, at the above-named prices.

SAMPLE NUMBERS of this JOURNAL—of such as we can spare—will be sent to parties wishing to get up clubs, on receipt of stamps with which to prepay postage. Let every neighbor read a copy.

THE WALTER GRAPE is now being offered to the public for the first time. Its merits have been thoroughly tested, and we believe it has been proved to be one of the best varieties. It is a cross with the Delaware and Diana. Both of these are native, and hardy as well as good varieties; and the WALTER is claimed to be very much superior to either of them. In size and flavor it is said to resemble the Catawba, and ripen earlier than the Hartford Prolific, which makes it now the earliest good variety known. It contains sugar enough to preserve it, and will raise in any dry situation indoors or on the vines. It has not been known to mildew, or the fruit to rot. It was originated by Mr. CATWOOD, of the firm of Ferris & Caywood, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., with whom we have now made arrangements for offering the Walter as premium to clubs for the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. We offer their different numbers at the following rates:

For 5 new subscribers, at \$3 each, one \$5 Walter grapevine.

For 10 new subscribers, at \$3 each, one \$10, one \$5, and one \$3 vine.

For 20 new subscribers, at \$3 each, one \$10, two \$5, two \$4, and two \$3 vines.

For 25 new subscribers, at \$3 each, two \$10, two \$5, two \$4, and two \$3 vines, or any combination of vines to same amount.

All packages are put up in a careful manner, and forwarded by express direct from the nurseries, and orders are to be filled from there in the order in which they are received. Those sending clubs at once may hope to receive their vines in time to plant this autumn. Others will be furnished next season. Neighbors and friends, by clubbing together, can have the JOURNAL, and at the same time secure the introduction of the Walter in their vicinity. A complete description will be found in the JOURNAL for October, 1867, or a circular will be sent by mail on receipt of stamps. This offer is very liberal, and we believe that many of our subscribers will be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity.

N. B.—The offer in the July number is withdrawn, and this is substituted. Address this office.

SLEEP.—Physicians and philosophers speculate as to the time required for each person to sleep; and as yet no rule has been established. Napoleon said six hours in the twenty-four was enough for him. Others have believed four to be enough. Still others require eight, or more. But our view is this: One may subsist for years on just enough food to keep soul and body together, while a more generous diet would give a more abundant supply of vitality, heat, and life,—just as a little fuel may be made to keep a fire alive without its giving off much warmth. Inadequate sleep is as bad for the nervous system as inadequate food for the body, although it may not tell so potently or so soon on the human economy. Children require more sleep than adults; and *infants ought to sleep half the time*, till three or four years old. They grow and increase their vitality while sleeping; they work it off when awake and in nervous action. It is the height of folly in a mother to permit her child to be disturbed in its sleep for any trivial purpose. Let it sleep and grow all it can. We have too many big-headed, nervous, precocious children. The penalty is, they are cut off in the bud and are consigned to little graves. If we would keep our children with us in this world, we must let them grow and not be in a hurry to educate them into little angels! This is preliminary to a description of a

new invention intended to favor "sweet sleep," by keeping out of our rooms those little pests, mosquitoes. When tired out, and when most in need of perfect rest, the torment of being pierced and bled in every exposed part of the person by those ravenous hordes whose trumpets sound in our ears all the long hours of the night, is not only insufferable, but unnecessary. The cut gives a good outline view of the handy "machine."

Here is what the manufacturers say of it:

This invention is pronounced by competent judges, and those who have tested its merits, to be the simplest and most effective thing of the kind.

It consists of a roller inserted in a groove in transverse rail of upper and

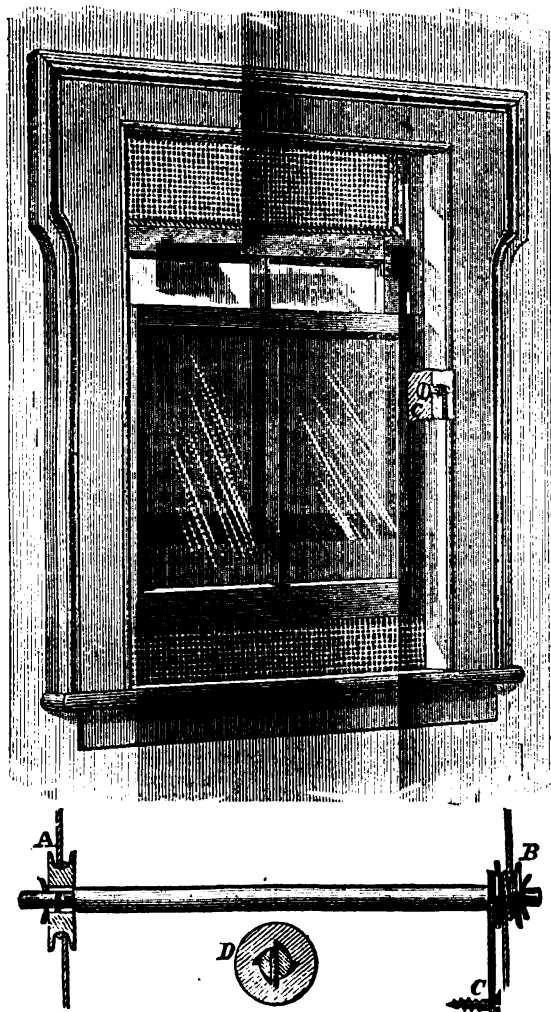
bugs, and mosquitoes, but adds greatly to the comfort of rooms by allowing the upper sash to be lowered and the lower one raised, which is always essential to perfect ventilation. The contrivance is simple, durable, and effective. Its cost is very slight, is easily adjusted, and can be applied to any window, whether actuated by spring or weight.

With this appliance a room can be kept free from insect pests without the costly and smoldering nettings over beds and berths now required, while ample room for the admission and exit of air is afforded.

It will be seen, that while it is adapted to use in hotels and dwellings, it is specially convenient for steamboats, sleeping-cars, etc., adding much to the comfort of the traveling public.

The machine in practical operation can be seen at our office.

Liberal inducements will be afforded to parties desiring to purchase State or County rights, to whom fittings will be furnish-



WARREN'S PATENT AUTOMATIC MOSQUITO BAR. Patented June 30th, 1868.

lower sash. The netting is wound around the roller, one edge being fastened to the frame of the window. On each end of the roller is a pulley, operated by a stationary cord, which is fastened at the top and bottom of the sash on frame. When either sash is closed, no part of the machinery or netting is visible; but when the bottom sash is raised, or the upper sash lowered, the netting fills the space otherwise left open.

For convenience in opening window to adjust outside blinds, the lower edge of netting connected with lower sash is secured by a wire so as to be readily unfastened as desired, and as easily secured again to place.

The chief advantages of this invention may be summed up as follows:

It not only prevents the entrance of flies,

ed at manufacturers' cost price. Address Messrs. WARREN AND Co., 64 Pine Street, New York.

The *Scientific American* says of it: "The contrivance is simple, durable, and effective. It can be applied to any window, whether actuated by spring or weight. Its cost is slight, and its construction does not necessitate the change of appliances according to the season now demanded by the devices in common use."

If the use of this apparatus secures sound and refreshing sleep to a single babe, to an invalid, or to any person even in the best of health, we shall deserve thanks for calling attention to it.

Business.

[Under this head we publish, for a consideration, such matters as rightfully belong to this department. We disclaim responsibility for what may herein appear. Matter will be LEADED, and charged according to the space occupied, at the rate of \$1 a line.]

THE HYGEIAN HOME.—At this establishment all the Water-Cure appliances are given, with the Swedish Movements and Electricity. Send for our circular. Address A. SMITH, M.D., Wernersville, Berks County, Pa.

MRS. E. DE LA VERGNE, M.D., 325 ADELPHI STREET, BROOKLYN.

HYGIENIC CURE, BUFFALO, N. Y.—Compressed Air Baths, Turkish Baths, Electric Baths, and all the appliances of a first-class Cure. Please send for a Circular. Address H. P. BURDICK, M.D., or Mrs. BRYANT BURDICK, M.D., Burdick House, Buffalo, N. Y. tf.

INSTITUTE of Practical Civil Engineering, Surveying, and Drawing, at Tolleston, Ind. For Circular, address A. VANDER NAILLEN. 4t.*

ADVERTISE! ADVERTISE!! The *Carrier Dove*, or Mecklenburg Female College Magazine, is offered to you as an advertising medium. It is a Quarterly Magazine of 48 pages, elegantly printed on fine paper, and issued from Charlotte, N. C., at the low rate of \$1 per annum, in advance.

It goes to the following States of the Union, viz.: Iowa, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Texas, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Illinois.

It goes into the hands of that very class of persons whom advertisers wish to reach. Its principal circulation is in the Southern States. Rates moderate.

For further information in regard to the Magazine, or in regard to Mecklenburg Female College, send \$1 for one year's subscription to the *Carrier Dove*, or simply correspond with the undersigned, REV. A. G. STACY, 2t. Charlotte, N. C.

SPURZHEIM.—Photographs from Lizar's superb engraving of Spurzheim, from an original drawing by Madame Spurzheim. A magnificent head and face. 4-4 size, \$1; "carte-de-visite" style, 50 cents. S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York, or JOHN S. D. BRISTOL, Detroit, Mich.

MUSIC—VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL.—The undersigned will instruct individuals or classes by the month or the quarter, on favorable terms, at their own residences. She refers to Rev. Dr. G. J. Geer, of St. Timothy's Church, New York. Address MRS. MARY MARCUS, 745 Eighth Avenue, bet. 51st and 52d streets, New York. Aug., tf.

WORKS ON MAN.—For New Illustrated Catalogue of best Books on Physiology, Anatomy, Gymnastics, Dietetics, Physiognomy, Shorthand Writing, Memory, Self-Improvement, Phrenology, and Ethnology, send two stamps to S. R. WELLS, Publisher, No. 389 Broadway, New York. Agents wanted.

Advertisements.

[Announcements for this or the preceding department must reach the publishers by the 1st of the month preceding the date in which they are intended to appear. Terms for advertising, 50 cents a line, or \$50 a column.]

Agents Wanted.—We have four departments in our business:

1. THEOLOGY.
2. BIBLE DEPARTMENT.
3. SUNDAY-SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.
4. Books sold only by AGENTS.

We have just issued a new book, to be sold by Agents only:

THE ORIGIN, BRANCHES, DEPARTMENTS, INSTITUTION, OFFICES, AND MODES OF OPERATION OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, by JUDGE WILLIS, of New York.

The *Christian Advocate* and *Journal* of New York says: "We give a hearty welcome to the volume here named, and in the name of the American People render thanks to Judge Willis for preparing it." Judge Reynolds, of Brooklyn, says: "If he could have had such a book before he had access to large libraries, it would have been a great help to him."

We have never had a book that agents sell so well as this one. For particulars, address A. TIBBALS & CO., 37 Park Row, New York.

Chickering & Sons

AMERICAN PIANOS.

GRANDS, SQUARES, AND UPRIGHTS.

Messrs. C. & Sons were awarded

at the Paris Exposition the **FIRST GRAND PRIZE**—the Legion of Honor and a Grand Gold Medal—making six **THREE FIRST PREMIUMS** during the forty-five years.

WAREHOUSES, 5t. 652 BROADWAY.

Eastern Hygeian Home

Florence Heights, N. J. *Special Notice.* Having abundant room, very cheap, and a corps of Physicians and more desirous of curing the sick and teaching the well how to maintain health, we make money by pandering to the race, prejudices, and morbid appetites of the masses of the people,—wishing to advance the true principles of the Hygienic Medical System (so little understood and so shamefully abused, even by those who profess to keep "Water-Cures," "Hygienic Institutes," and to enable the poor as well as the rich to avail themselves of the advantages of the only True Living Art, as well as to remain with us a sufficient length of time not only to recover health, but to become established in a right manner of living,—the proprietors of "Eastern Hygeian Home" are now prepared to receive

ONE HUNDRED NEW PATIENTS on the following terms, after the payment of the entrance fee of \$5:
For One Month... One Dollar per day.
" Two Months... Eighty Cents per day.
" Three Months... Seventy Cents per day.
" Four Months... Sixty Cents per day.
" Five Months... Fifty Cents per day.

This offer, however, is limited to those persons whose net income does not exceed the above rates. It embraces room, board, and all ordinary medical attendance, and will be good to the first hundred applicants.

HYGIENIC FAMILY SCHOOL.—We are prepared to receive One Hundred boys and girls for education in the primary branches. They will also be taught the Light Gymnastics, and have the privilege of occasional Lectures on Physiology, Hygiene, and other instructive subjects.

TERMS—\$30 per month, or \$300 per year. Applicants may address EASTERN HYGEIAN HOME, Florence, N. J., or R. T. TRALL, M.D., No. 95 Sixth Avenue, New York. 1t.

JENKINS' VEST-POCKET LEXICON.

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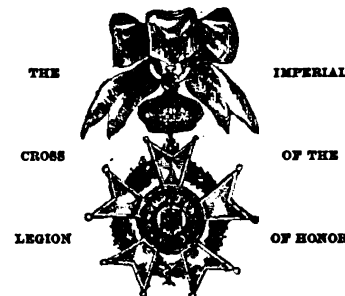
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THE CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.

The influx of the Chinese to California has been so great during the last five years, that they have begun to exercise no little influence on the political affairs of the "Golden State," and now deserve a more extended notice than we have before thought proper to accord them. It is estimated that there are about 65,000 of those singular people in California, about one seventh of the entire population of the State. The number of women among these is very small comparatively, there being but about 5,000, whose social position is very low and degraded.

Nearly every calling known to Americans has its "Celestial" representative, who for industry and thrift can scarcely be excelled by the enterprising American and European residents of California. We find employed on the Western section of the Union Pacific Railroad upward of 12,000 Chinamen, whose industry has been well spoken of by the managers of the railroad construction. Twelve thousand or more are employed on farms, in gardens, or as house servants. In the last-mentioned capacity, although they insist in doing things in their own fashion, they are highly esteemed. In washing and cooking, while their methods are peculiar, and in many respects most amusing, they can not be surpassed in the excellence of the results produced by the best European domestics. It may be remarked here, that in all the different capacities mentioned, or to be mentioned, the men do the work. Chinamen cook, wash, clean, and perform all the services incident to a household. As domestics, however, they are not altogether reliable, because of one peculiarity—they are fond of change; and when the whim takes them, they will suddenly leave master or mistress, though it may be at a most unfortunate juncture. It is simply, "I go—me no like—say no more—good-bye."

The tobacco business of the Pacific States is almost exclusively in the hands of the Chinese. The enterprise of these people in that line of traffic is evinced by the numbers met with in Northern cities who have their stores or stands in the most frequented thoroughfares.

Of the mechanic class, including those who are regularly engaged, and those who pick up odd jobs and do anything they can find to do, there are probably not less than 10,000. These are chiefly residents of the cities, and are strikingly apt in acquiring a knowledge of a trade. The woolen mills are chiefly stocked with them, and they are also employed to a large extent as laborers on new buildings. In commerce and general trade about 6,000 are engaged, some of whom have accumulated considerable property. As business men, they show much enterprise and tact; in fact, are said to compare well in shrewd bargaining with the proverbial Yankee or the close Dutchman.

Our illustration, fig. 1, represents the well-to-do Chino-Californian merchant. There is in his appearance as much of easy, satisfied com-

fort as can be well represented in an engraving. Fig. 2 represents a younger man, also of the merchant class, but an out-of-door operator. He has to some extent Americanized himself by the adoption of trousers and blouse.



FIG. 1.—MERCHANT.

The great mass of the ordinary grade of Chinamen is found in the mining districts, where they busy themselves in the "diggings," or "set up" as washermen, gardeners, and ser-



FIG. 2.—BROKER.

vants. Upward of 25,000 are estimated to be thus employed.

There are about 1,000 who practice as physicians. Many of these exhibit much skill in ascertaining the condition of a patient and the

location of an internal disease. In judging the pulse they try both wrists. Their mode of treatment is far inferior to the enlightened medical systems of the present day, yet considering their primitive notions, the "Celestial" physicians do remarkably well.

Society with them is anything but good. They huddle together in very small rooms, the women appearing to be specially related to no particular men. Abroad among the American residents, they preserve a quiet and deferential demeanor. They preserve their national fondness for shows and amusements; in fact, a theater in San Francisco is supported by them.

Some attention is paid to the education of their children in schools, where the English language is the chief element of instruction. There are also several hospitals, under the management of companies or corporations organized for the purpose,—such are the See-Up, the Quy-Sheon-Tong, and the Lack-Sheon companies.

Companies or associations are also formed for taking care of the sick within certain districts of country, and for shipping the dead to their native land.

The custom of sending the dead to China is with the California Chinese a sacred obligation. They believe that, at the resurrection, when Josh comes for their families, they must all be with them to enter the better land, and that those unlucky persons whose bones lie far from their friends are likely to be left behind, the spoil of the evil spirit. Once in three years the remains of the dead are shipped in boxes. Sometimes the collection awaiting transportation amounts to several hundred. It is said that the cost of sending these bodies is nearly one hundred dollars each. Very few women are thus sent back.

They usually have large funerals, on which occasion a feast is spread for the company. Hogs, goats, chickens, cakes, and fruit constitute a variety which is usually well patronized by the sorrowful friends of the departed. A funeral service is performed by a priest, who waves a yellow gourd and chants a dismal dirge. Music of the harsh and noisy national type is also an accompaniment of the service.

It can not be expected that the Chinese will exert much influence on political affairs so long as they so tenaciously cling to the ancient customs and exclusive notions of their native country. As they are, if rightly managed, they may be made conducive to the material growth and prosperity of the Pacific States.

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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—Young.

CHARLES DARWIN, THE EMINENT NATURALIST.

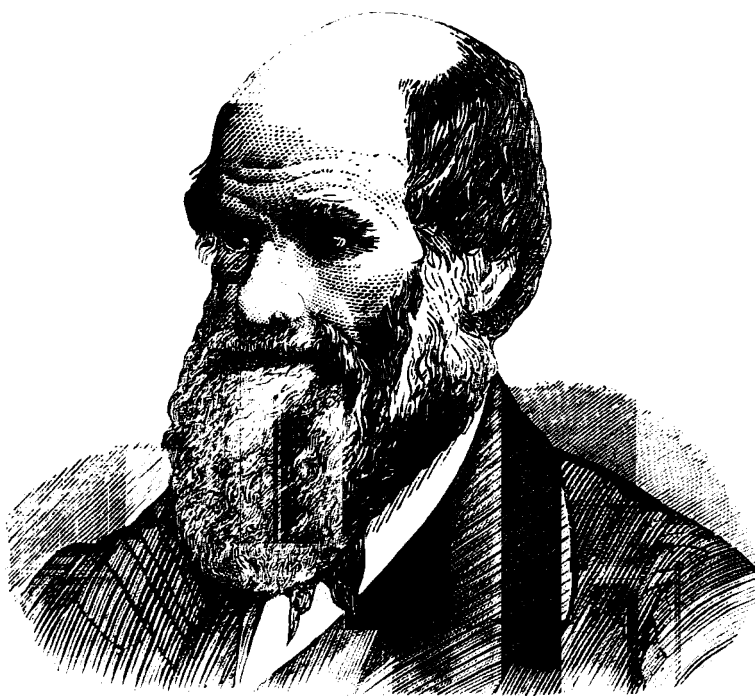
This organization is most strongly pronounced in its leading characteristics; it scarcely needs an experienced physiognomist to read it. The towering crown indicates positiveness, self-reliance, decision, independence. Intellectually, we would regard him as the ready observer, the facile inquirer, the keen investigator. His well-marked reflective organs evince the close and profound analyst rather than the merely speculative thinker; the weigher and adapter of facts rather than the theorist. He is no subtle, plausible reasoner; he has little sympathy for those who spin fine webs of sophistry on mere assumptions; he demands facts before

hypotheses, substantial premises before ratiocination. He must be one of the hardest of men to influence when one would win him over to a baseless theory or a weak cause. In fine, his appreciation of mere probability is very slight; his organ of mere belief is very weak.

We can not give him credit for much Veneration, Hope, or Spirituality, and his lack of these organs tends to the sharpening of his practical and utilitarian views of things. He is an earnest, bold, and steady worker in whatever field of analytical examination his eminently scientific mind may choose to delve in. Be-

sides, his temperamental intensity stimulating his naturally persistent disposition, leads him to dig to the very bottom of, and thoroughly sift, the subject of his consideration. He aims at the basilar facts of a doctrine, and can not be satisfied of its truth without them.

He is ambitious in no small degree, but it is an ambition *sui generis*; he would please himself by acquiring all the knowledge that is to be had, seen, and known on a subject which has excited in him an active interest. Having satisfied himself, having disposed of his many doubts, he fears not the world's



PORTRAIT OF CHARLES DARWIN, THE NATURALIST.

rejection, though he expects its approval of the results he has procured.

His will-power and executive energy are somewhat stronger than his bodily vitality, although there is a good degree of wiry endurance in his physical constitution; therefore he needs to be watchful lest he should break down from excessive mental application. He should appreciate the utility of moderation if he would be successful to the utmost in his attempts to develop the schemes which may command his study and investigation.

In brief, it may be said that this remarkable man owes his fame to the following conditions: first, a tough, wiry, and enduring physiology; second, a large-sized and active brain, well cultivated by severe discipline and thorough education; third, excellent powers of observation; fourth, untiring application; fifth, immense perseverance. There is industry, quickness of perception, will, push, ambition, and thoroughness; hence, a name, fame, success, fortune.

BIOGRAPHY.

CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN, born on the 12th of February, 1809, at Shrewsbury, England, can claim a prominent place among those men of science who have endeavored to solve, though we can not say satisfactorily, the still unsettled question of the origin of species—whether the present vegetable and animal species upon the earth have their origin in as many original types and were created in a manner mysterious in the highest degree, or were gradually developed from a single original individuality or species, whose successive generations gradually assumed new forms and produced more highly developed species. The first view is that generally known as the Biblical one; while the latter, known as the "development theory," has found favor with many modern naturalists. This latter view has been adopted by Darwin, and put forth in several remarkable works; but the theory is not a new one. De Lamarck, in 1809, and Geoffrey St. Hilaire, in 1828, and others, had denied the existence of permanent species, and asserted that organic beings, under the influence of new conditions of life, had gradually merged from one species into another from the earliest geological ages. In illustration, it was said that the neck of an animal, when it was continually necessary to keep it stretched out, would finally become longer; and the result would be, by-and-by, a perfectly new animal species; in such a manner had the giraffe attained to its present long neck, through seeking its sustenance from the branches of the tall palm.

Darwin carried his observations much farther than his predecessors, however; and during a voyage round the world, commenced in 1831,

when he was twenty-two years of age, with Captain Fitzroy, of the "Beagle," he took the opportunity to compare especially the species of vegetable and animal life found on the South Sea islands and on the coast of South America. He brought to the task a thorough scientific education, received in the University of Edinburgh, and subsequently in Christ's College, Cambridge.

Darwin's observations and comparisons during his voyage on the "Beagle" led him to the conclusion, that not only the different flora and fauna stand in a special relation to each other, but that also certain transmutations in animal and vegetable species had taken place in consequence of transplantation and other causes; and that the same process, under similar conditions, must continually be working in other portions of the earth. These phenomena formed the awakening hint for a train of further researches and experiments, in order to endeavor to bring forward proofs for his theory before making it public. It was not until the year 1859 that he considered his system ripe for publication, when "The Origin of Species" made its appearance—a work which created a very general and lasting interest in the public mind. He had corresponded and conferred with naturalists, "fanciers," and breeders, in order to increase his means of observation, and had collected together innumerable facts, upon which he based his reasonings. These were thoroughly elaborated in his work, and the "Darwinian theory" of development at once exerted a powerful influence upon the scientific world. We will give concisely the main points of this theory. They have been already discussed at some length in the published lectures of Dr. Gill, in recent numbers of the JOURNAL.

All living and already extinct organisms, all plants and animals can, according to Darwin's view, be considered as the members of one great family whose branches are connected together by natural descent. He finds the correctness of this view declared in the history of the development of individual organized beings; also in the numerous gaps in the broken series of extinct plants and animals still to be filled out; further, in the peculiar geographical distribution of former and present living related plants and animals in individual portions of our earth; and, finally, in the changes that constantly occur under our own observation among many species of animals and plants, and the so-called "variation process." It is especially in the last relation, through the observations of many naturalists, and through Darwin's more systematically pursued researches, that we are made acquainted with the conditions and influences through which it is asserted nature effects her transformations into ever-new species of plants and animals. And this methodical explanation of the process of transmutation is the essence of the collected theory which, as a whole, is called "Darwinism."

The descendants of a plant or of an animal always differ in individual characteristics as

well from their progenitors as from each other, in a greater or less degree. Such deviations are the more noticeable if these progenitors have been previously transported to new outward conditions of life. Sometimes the change is seen in the form and figure, but first appears in a stronger and sharper degree in the third or a still later generation. On the basis of this phenomenon, descendants with wholly peculiar properties can be produced from seed-plants, according to "selection." If, for example, a plant produces single blossoms which differ from those of the mother-plant in certain peculiarities, it is possible, by using the seeds of such blossoms in transplantation, to produce descendants with exactly the same peculiarities. If we continue this "selection" with plants and animals through a number of generations, we finally produce a variety which differs from its forefathers in essential characteristics. On the continued "selection" from individual species rests, as is well known, the practice of the principle of breeding. From these isolated facts Darwin proceeds to wider observations and results.

The variability of species is a chief assertion of the theory. The deviations from the peculiarities of the organic stem, appearing in plants and animals, have sometimes a special importance for the existence of the new organism; for many deviations give to the cion, under certain relationships, a greater prominence over its parental and related individuals by reason of its existence and capacity for transplantation. For example, a slender frame would serve, under certain outward relations, to reach nourishment-serving booty easier; greater power of rapidity in the feet or wings would aid the flight before enemies; or a special coloring of the surface would render the individual less recognizable by its enemies. In short, the varieties thus made profitable, would, in the "struggle for existence," go through the world much easier; sustain themselves with less trouble; better undergo transplantation, and be better calculated to transmit their profitable characteristics to their progeny in an increased degree over those cions of their progenitors and their generations which have already lost such characteristics. By confining propagation between individuals possessing such peculiarities, those peculiarities may be made permanent, and thus new varieties may be brought into existence. By rejecting or destroying all inferior individuals, and permitting propagation by the superior alone, the offspring attains a higher development. Nature herself chooses the more favored individuals, just as is done in our economy and horticulture by making selection in breeding. Darwin calls this preference of nature "natural selection," and thus expresses it:

"As many more individuals are born than can possibly survive, and as consequently there is a frequently recurring struggle for existence, it follows that any being, if it varies, however slightly, in any manner profitable to itself, under the complex, sometimes varying, conditions of life, will have a better chance of surviv-

ing, and thus be naturally selected. From the strong principle of inheritance, any selected variety will tend to propagate its new and modified form."

His theory of the history of living creation may be rendered in the following words: If the outward conditions surrounding an organism be changed, those varieties whose existence are favored by this altered condition, support and extend themselves, while the others pine and disappear. But it is self-evident that an uncommon long period of time is necessary in order to produce, in the descendants, not merely varieties, but perfectly new species through the continual addition of many small deviations from generation to generation. The history of the earth indicates that the period of this development was of vast duration. The influence of the law of transformation upon organic life within this period was exerted in a very gradual way. From the simple groundwork, the cell, the imperfect and lowest organisms of the animal and vegetable kingdom appeared through the changes of posterity. And according to the manifold conditions of life under which these organisms were placed in different localities, by-and-by, the developed form arose. Then, while a greater part of the less favorably formed creatures sank under these changed relations, the more favored, through gradually transforming, descendants proceeded to the highest development. But, Darwin adds, if it has taken hundreds of thousands of years to effect a transformation in species of plants and animals, man must not expect to see the completed work of this law of development in the transmutation of a species effected immediately before his own eyes.

In opposition to this view, Agassiz adduces the fact that the fox and wolf, under all their altered conditions of life, are still the same; and says that the outward circumstances can not therefore be considered as causes of the difference in organized creatures. Many other naturalists oppose Darwin with the theory of the invariability and unchangeability of species.

In order to prove more definitely how far "selection" exerts an influence upon the variation of species, Darwin studied the process by which varieties are produced among domesticated animals and plants. The result of his industry has lately appeared under the title of "The Variation of Animals and Plants under a Condition of Domestication," a work which has created fully as much interest as his earlier one, to which it forms a supplement. If we must concede [it is asserted] that organized beings present varieties in a natural condition; that their organization is, to a certain extent, plastic; and that, as Darwin goes on to prove, many animals and plants have undergone important changes through domestication, and that man himself has developed entirely new, strongly marked, and strictly hereditary races, it must be conceded, further, that *species* can arise also in a natural condition. The question still unsettled, and which Darwin promises to

answer in a future work, is, In what way were these varieties transformed into real species?

Darwin's literary labors, besides his well-known works on species, are quite important. His earlier writings consist of records of his experience, and of the geological and physiological results of his travels and observations. Among these are the "Voyages of a Naturalist," and "Journal of Researches into the Geology and Natural History of the various Countries visited by H. M. S. Beagle," first published, in 1839, as the third part of Fitzroy's account of the voyage around the world made by the "Beagle," and published separately in 1845. In 1840-1845 the geological results of the voyage were published by Owen and others, to which Darwin wrote the Introduction. He wrote numerous papers on the islands of Polynesia and Australia, published in the Proceedings of the London Geological Society. In the sphere of geology he treated of the Formation and Extension of Coral Reefs; then of Examinations on Volcanoes (in 1845), Geological Examinations in South America (1846), and many essays. The results of his most complete experiments and analyses in the botanic sphere are contained in his work on the "Movements of Climbing Plants;" but his work of the most extraordinary scientific ability is his "Monograph of the Family Cirripedia," published 1851-4, by the Royal Society of London.

Since 1842, Mr. Darwin has been prevented from the continuous prosecution of his studies by severe bodily affliction, and has repeatedly been compelled to suspend his literary activity. He now resides at his country-seat near Bromley, Kent, amid happy relationship. He married, in 1839, Miss Emma Wedgwood; and now is a county magistrate. Mr. Darwin's reputation is of course very extended; but his influence is probably strongest in Germany, where he has received many honors from the most influential scientific societies. He has also had distinguishing honors conferred upon him by his own countrymen.

BRIDGING THE GREAT RIVERS.—It is only within a few years that the project of bridging the Mississippi, or any of the larger tributaries, has been thought at all feasible. But the public have lately acquired a passion for bridges. A bridge over the Ohio was completed a little over a year ago, at Steubenville. A bridge at Wheeling, to connect the Baltimore and Ohio and Central Ohio railways, was built some years ago. A third bridge is under way at Parkersburg, to connect the West Virginia and the Marietta and Cincinnati railroads. A fourth bridge has just been completed at Cincinnati, at a cost of \$1,750,000. A fifth bridge is projected, at Louisville. In addition to those built and projected over the Ohio, the largest tributary of the Mississippi, the great "Father of Waters" itself is to be bridged at Dubuque, Galena, and possibly at St. Louis. We live in a fast age. The people can not wait "to be ferried over the stream," but prefer to walk over it hastily and "dry shod."—*Industrial Gazette.*

VANITY vs. PRIDE.

THE difference between pride and vanity consists in this, that the former is an extravagant opinion of our own worthiness; the latter is an inordinate desire that others should share that opinion. When we are proud, we think too much of ourselves; when we are vain, we want our neighbor to think too much of us. Pride is the melancholy mood, vanity the playful craziness of self-love run mad. Pride is feared, but scarcely despised by men; vanity is treated with ridicule and contempt, for in pride there is always something strong, and in vanity something weak. The workings of pride, too, are above the reach of vulgar natures; but vanity is easily detected, and there is nothing that pleases a vain creature so much as the opportunity of laughing at another vainer than himself.

It is not wrong nor improper that we should maintain a decent self-respect, and hold a just and true estimate of our powers and capabilities. In like manner, it is not wrong to have a proper deference to the opinion of other men, and a desire to stand well with those among whom we live. The first Christians were advised so to live that they might have a favorable testimony from those who were outside. The desire to please our superiors, neighbors, and friends is a legitimate stimulus to exertion, and we naturally crave the judgment of bystanders on our performances, so that we may correct our faults, if we have not been entirely successful, or, if successful, we may enjoy the meed of approbation to which we feel that we are honestly entitled.

But if the desire for approbation is not kept within bounds, it runs into vanity, and becomes a source of weakness and unhappiness in the soul. The mind gradually loses sight of God, and of the great motive which should guide and sanctify all our actions, namely—the love of God and our eternal salvation. We get to live on human applause, and we do not feel the inward peace and satisfaction that spring from a consciousness of having fulfilled our duty in a proper manner. We become jealous of the success of others, envious of the praise awarded them, and angry at our failure to gratify and astonish our new masters. In this manner the eccentric little passion of vainglory is gradually converted into a scourge that chafes and vexes us continually, by falling upon the raw place of excited and uneasy self-conceit. There is perhaps no passion that so often punishes its own folly as vanity. The stronger it grows, the more certainly is it doomed to disappointment.

Vanity is sometimes supposed to be confined to women and children, to classes of persons, in fact, from which we do not expect proofs of lofty principle and dignified self-command. And yet men are very often as vain of their appearance, and of the impression they produce upon others, as woman is of her beauty, her accomplishments, or her jewelry and costly dresses. Men of rare gifts and distinguished

ability are liable to mar their undeniable merit by exhibitions of almost juvenile vanity. It is a strange and yet a true fact, that even men of genius, men destined to live forever in the literary or military annals of their country, have been noted for affectation and self-conceit,—for demonstrations, in short, that prove the morbid desire to be noticed, admired, and made much of by their fellow-men. How necessary, then, it must be for persons of ordinary virtue and strength to guard against the insidious inroads of this dangerous enemy of spiritual improvement.

It is not necessary to run into eccentricity or rudeness in order to avoid the imputation of vanity. The good Christian is not the man to put on an assumed and forced exterior. He is guileless and unaffected. He is at his ease because he has nothing to conceal. He does not fear the judgments and opinions of the world, nor does he swerve from the path of duty to win its admiration or applause. At the same time, he does not wantonly brave and insult it, for such conduct would turn men away from virtue, rather than draw them gently to its practice.—*Rev. Dr. Cummings.*

WHO ARE THE YANKEES? AND WHAT?

BY ONE OF THEM.

[CONTINUED FROM SEPTEMBER NUMBER.]

BUT are we to believe that all the Yankees—all the New-Englanders, that is, are of this type? and no better than they should be? Are they not among the hardiest and most enterprising people on the face of the earth? What says Edmund Burke? and among the most ingenious, persevering, and successful, in whatever they undertake? Just look at their steady growth, at their prodigious accumulations of wealth and comfort. Read the statistics, the records of the Patent Office, the manufacturing returns, the history of commerce, of the fisheries, of the lumber-trade, of ship building and navigation, and then look about you and see if you can find any other people to be compared with them for energy, thrift, self-reliance, and—self-righteousness. They constantly remind you of the Old Brabanters in their palmiest day, of the unconquerable Swiss, and of Italy when she was crowded with merchant princes and all the rest of the world was tributary to her; of England, after her institutions had taken deep root, and she began to flourish as a manufacturing power; of the Scotch, in their conscientiousness, and zeal, and thrift; being born Franklins most of them, and believing to the last that a penny saved is twopence earned; as they believe in the multiplication table, or the Trinity.

But are they, after all, a kind-hearted, religious people? or only Dissenters, Intolerants and Malignants? Look at their churches and their charities. Call to mind what their Revolutionary fathers achieved by land and sea; what they did in the last rebellion—may it be the last!—what they are doing now for the pro-

motion of peace on earth and good-will to man—black or white—bond or free.

"Quite a good-lookin' man," said a large dealer on Kilby Street, in reply to somebody who was recommending a country trader—"but is he *pious*?"

"None to hurt," was the reply. And the sales were made.

And probably the same thing might be said of most New-Englanders—in business; notwithstanding their alleged biogtry and fanaticism, and their want of charity in matters of opinion, for although not disposed to give all their goods to feed the poor, they are liberal enough in gifts, and their charity is unbounded. Look at the doings of the Sanitary Commission, and at their labors and toils and sufferings for the soldiery.

Or step with me into the Patent Office at Washington, and you will see an amount of evidence absolutely astonishing—evidence of ingenuity and contrivance and foresight, and presumption, which no people on earth could ever hope to match. It were no greater extravagance to say, that, if you will give a native Yankee a jack-knife and a shingle, or a bit of soft pine, you will find that you have set him up in business, and that he will be sure to whittle out a livelihood—cutting his own fodder all the way through; and this too, while others born outside of Yankeedom, are waiting for a chance, or "for something to turn up."

It is generally acknowledged that a real genuine live Yankee can turn his hand to anything, and though a Jack of all trades, he is far from being good at none. Over sea, they understand this, and I myself, have been appealed to on all possible matters; and once I remember, to cure a smoking chimney, by no less a personage than Mr. John Mill, father of John Stuart Mill, and by Mrs. Sarah Austin; as if I were a professional chimney doctor, and the seventh son of a seventh son; and when I suggested a narrowing of the draft, by nailing a strip of zinc over it, which I afterward learned was successful, there was a general outcry of admiration; "but there!" said Mrs. Austin, "what else could we expect? and what did I tell you?" Nor could I persuade them that we Yankees were not intuitive engineers, natural philosophers, or mechanics, though I acknowledged that our whole life was a course of experiment from first to last; and that we are obliged, most of us, to learn a little of everything and make the most of it.

There is another national characteristic, which prevails throughout New England, in most of the Middle States, and occasionally in the South and West. You can hardly find a man who has followed the business of his father, to say nothing of his grandfather, and earlier progenitors; or hardly any man who has followed the same business for any length of time. Our ministers of the Gospel become lawyers—and lawyers preachers, while the bar is constantly replenished by broken merchants, naval officers, like Lord Erskine and Ogden Hoffman, or people who have grown tired of laying

bricks, or shoving the foreplane, and want to ride in a gig and be better dressed, like the professionals—God help them!—or ambitious young men who hope to be provided for at last, by marriage or politics; while you have but to turn your head anywhere, at any time, to find brokers, insurance agents, editors, confectioners, provision-dealers, wholesale merchants and retailers constantly interchanging their business, while in China they never change for a thousand generations, and in England a change of business would always be hurtful, and generally fatal, to a man's character. You may see in the Strand at this moment perhaps, a large sign bearing this inscription—A. B.—Bug Destroyers to Her Majesty, which has been there ever since the days of Queen Anne.

"My dear sir," said I to Jeremy Bentham, one day while he was pooh-poohing over the editorials of a paper which a secretary was reading aloud to him—"why do you take the paper? why don't you stop it? Every day you complain of it, and scold about it, and every day you take it in, and have it read to you, as if it were part of your breakfast." "Why do I take it, man alive! why, my father before me took it; and the paper is a property." Of course, there was no more to be said. Being a "property," the subscribers were also a "property," and having been read by the father, how could the son help reading it?

That the Chinese make better fans, and chess men, and perforated spider-net balls, one without another, for doing as their fathers did, and with the same tools, generation after generation; that the Spartans had better shields and spears and other weapons of war, by confining the manufacture to a class by themselves, may be conceded as probable, if not certain. But Colt's revolver and the Springfield, or Enfield rifle would never have been guessed out—or whittled out—by a Lacedemonian or a Chinese.

All our greatest discoveries, all our surprising inventions have been owing to this fact—that no man here is obliged to follow the business of a progenitor, or to stick to any kind of business, pursuit, or profession for life, or after he gets tired of it; that he never loses caste, or character, by a change of occupation, and, at the worst, is only thought rather changeable, or a little too adventurous, or visionary, till he gets established, or, at least, well under way, and then he is greeted on every hand with cheers, and complimented for his enterprise and boldness, and passes for a fellow who knows a thing or two, and has no idea of rusting out, or settling on his lees. Hence failures with us are nothing, and a change of business less than nothing. At my elbow there sits a man who was brought up on a farm—went into the dry goods business—migrated to Baltimore—then took up the trade of smelting iron—failed—came North once more, and went into the Western produce line where he has made a handsome fortune. A little farther off stands another; who thirty years ago kept a small country store, came to Portland, enlarged his business, bought land on the outskirts of the city, established a sugar-house—lost a small

fortune before he succeeded; but persevered nevertheless, until he owns a thirtieth part of the whole city, and is worth millions. Here is another, who was born and bred a retail dry goods shopkeeper; went into the law; became a judge, and now, having returned to the bar, is pursuing his profession—with success; another, who kept a milliner's shop for his wife, entered the profession, became Associate Justice of our Supreme Court, and after awhile withdrew to become our Postmaster, and to follow the law in a somewhat lower sphere. At least five-and-twenty members of the same bar have withdrawn wholly from the profession, and gone into other business, here, as lumber-dealers, or dealers in Western produce, or managing agents of some factory, or building corporation, and there, as bank presidents, or railroad, or insurance agents. And this in large portions of our country, and especially throughout New England, has got to be so common, as to be characteristic. With no other people on earth was it ever so.

Let us now return to the Patent Office at Washington for a few minutes. A large proportion of all these contrivances are of Yankee origin. But, if you examine them, you will be pretty sure to find, *first*, a strange, and oftentimes an astonishing ignorance of the first principles in mechanics; and of all that has ever been done, or printed, or published, on the object had in view by the inventor; and next, something that no thorough-bred, well-educated mechanic would ever have thought of. Our inventors are constantly undertaking what, if they were better acquainted with first principles, they would be ashamed of. Our greatest discoveries and happiest are the result, not of our learning, nor of our knowledge and scientific attainments, but of our ignorance and presumption. If we knew more, we should venture less. Let us give an illustration. Our card-making machine was taken to Paris. A committee of the Institute was appointed to examine and report. They did so, and reported it was *impossible*. Yet no one pretended to say that it had not done all it had promised. Nevertheless, they being scientific men, *savans*, the machine was declared an impossibility. And so it was to all but the inventor, and to those who believed in him without knowing why, for the same reason that they believed in their own eyes and ears.

Let us now take one of these Yankee adventurers, a born mechanic, a millwright, like Oliver Evans, or an engineer, like Robert Fulton, and put him through. You see him standing on the borders of the great Erie Canal, watching the boats on their way to New York, and wondering why steam is never applied to canal navigation, while it is doing so much for our rivers and seas, doubling and trebling our commercial capital, wherever time is money, and swift exchanges are the measure of profit. Near him loiters a well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking stranger, with whom he enters into conversation. "Why on airth, mister," says the Yankee, "don't they hitch on a steam engyne,

to them air boats, and drive her through, at the rate of ten miles an hour, instead of leavin' 'em to plow through, like so many mud turtles?"

Whereupon the polite stranger says, "Oh—ah—a—allow me, my good friend—the fact is a—a—a—that the laws of hydraulics and hydrostatics a—a—a—are all against you;" and then he goes on to give his reasons, having already demonstrated at Liverpool and Bristol, the utter impossibility of ocean navigation by steam—though a Yankee steamer was actually on her way up the Mediterranean before he had got through—the best of which amounts to this, namely, that canal navigation by steam would be an impossibility, because of the *wash* and consequent injury to the walls, if the speed were increased.

"Wal, Mr.—what may I call your name?"

"Lardner, sir, Dr. Lardner—perhaps you may have heard of me in connection with this subject?"

"Can't say I have; but that's no fault o' yourn. My name is Tibbets, Jeremiah C. Tibbets—now, I don't understand anything about your—what d'ye call 'ems—hydro—hydrav—"

"Hydrostatics and hydraulics—the laws that govern fluids."

"Jess so—I see—but I happen to be very busy jess now, and haven't no time to look into the laws you mention, but I'll tell you what I can do, and will do—if I can't cipher, I can whittle her out, and that I will do, afore I'm a month older, hit or miss." And home he goes on a swinging trot, and loses no time in rigging up a bread-tray with a coffee-mill and a chafing-dish perhaps, and launches the "consarn" as he calls it, upon a frog pond just back o' the house. Well, *et muove*, as Galileo said—*it moves*—and that's enough to begin with. And then he goes to work afresh, and builds a covered boat, and puts in a wooden boiler, and a paddle or screw—no matter which, nor whose patent he infringes, and goes round with a hat, and takes out a patent forthwith, or at least lodges a caveat, on tick; and after a while you hear of him, a long way off standing on the bank of a canal, just where he stood a twelvemonth before, when the "*fast idee*" entered his head. Right before him lies a newly finished, handsomely painted canal boat, with a steam boiler, engine, and screw, just beginning to whiten the water, and moving at the rate of say six miles an hour, as he tries to keep up with her on the tow-path. At last he stops all out of breath, and while rubbing his hands and slapping his thighs, he looks up, and sees almost within reach of his arm, that very individual, Dr. Dionysius Lardner, with whom he had the talk already mentioned.

"Wal! I declare!" says our Connecticut Yankee; "if there aint the very gentleman I saw here a twelvemonth ago! Wal, mister—what do you say now? What did I tell ye? I've whittled her out, you see, jess as I told ye I would."

The Doctor is overwhelmed with a astonishment. "Can it be possible!" he exclaims. "Why!—she is making five miles an hour!"

"Nearer six, I should say."

"And what is very strange, instead of increasing the wash, and thereby endangering the walls of the canal, she seems to be lifted out of the water by her increased momentum, so that the wash is actually diminished!"

"Jess so!" says our friend Tibbets.

"But, my dear sir," continues the Doctor, not quite willing to give up, "the law of hydrostatics and hydraulics—a—a—a like that of the Medes and Persians—a—a—which altereth not—is altogether against your theory."

"Theory! I haint got no theory; and I know as little now as I knew when I first saw you, about your hydro—hydrav—"

"Hydrostatics and hydraulics."

"Jess so!—to be sure—and all I can say is, that I have whittled her out, leaving it for others to understand how 'twas done."

"Certainly, my dear sir—a—a—very true, as you say; but the fact is a—a—a that in my calculation, I overlooked one element, or rather did not foresee the result of a new composition of forces, which—a—a—a is now demonstrated by experiment."

"Can't help that," says the Yankee, with a puzzled expression. "All I know is that I have whittled her out, and there she goes!"

Now this I take to be a very fair illustration of our Yankee character. If we knew more, we should undertake less. If the supposititious inventor had known as much as Dr. Lardner, about the laws which govern fluids, he never would have tried to navigate the Erie Canal by steam. With the Yankee, therefore, it is ignorance and self-reliance, or downright headlong presumption that leads to discovery—not scientific research or attainment. He never *infers* a safety lamp, like Sir Humphrey Davy. Hence, most of his wonderful discoveries are accidents.

One of our most ingenious New-Englanders, the late Mr. Perkins of Newburyport, inventor of the nail machine and bank-note engraver, went to London, where, instead of printing bank-notes and transferring plates, he entered into the manufacture of copper cylinders for calico printing with the same machinery, and established a business he had never thought of. And so, too, when he undertook to improve the steam engine, and got so far as to satisfy *himself* that he could throw a ton of metal from Dover to Calais—all he needed being a material of sufficient strength or toughness for the gun—he was not thinking of steam artillery, but of tanning leather by steam, of forcing the tannin through the pores in an exhausted receiver. The steam artillery was an afterthought, and resulted in nothing to his advantage, after the experiment made by Wellington and his whole staff, in Hyde Park, when the heavy bullets rattled against a row of iron targets, like a tropical hail storm in harvest—enough to sweep an army from the field of battle in a few minutes.

Unfortunately, for his reputation, our friend Perkins had overlooked, or misunderstood, some of the plainest laws that govern here; and while he knew too much of some things, which he had thought over and weighed, and meas-

ured for himself and verified, until he was almost afraid to move, he knew too little of the hidden laws that are ever waiting to be found out and dragged forth, under the name of exceptions and anomalies, and ended by sticking fast for life, hitting what he never aimed at, and missing what he had set his heart on.

And so it is with most of our inventions, and with not a few of our improvements in legislation, finance, and war. The Yankees are credited with all that are worth mentioning, as if they had all originated with the New-Englanders. Let them be ascribed to Americans, if you will, to our country at large, and not to a section.

For example. When Scott is ordered to Mexico, he sits down and makes a requisition for troops and supplies and munitions of war on the most economical calculation. The War Department cuts him down, and leaves him to invade a mighty empire, crowded with experienced soldiers, under an excellent leader, when he has to fight his way from Vera Cruz to Mexico, and carry all before him, with only eight thousand men—every battle, after he had cut loose from his supplies, being for life or death, and a single defeat would have been fatal to the expedition, and with Santa Anna's temper, quite certain to result in a general massacre. And when Sherman breaking away from the established rules of war—as some of our inexperienced generals wanted to do at the battle of Germantown, where the whole American army was stopped by Chew's house and a platoon or two of infantry, because it had been a maxim with the great Frederick and Prince Eugene and Marlboro' never to leave a fortified post behind you in an enemy's country—swept over the whole South in a whirlwind of fire, without caring for his base, or even trying to maintain his communications—all these achievements go to the credit of Brother Jonathan over sea—to the *Sectional* Yankee that is, instead of being scored to the *National* Yankee. But enough. As with our soldiers and captains, our discoverers and inventors, so is it with our statesmen and our orators, our poets and our lawgivers. They are all Yankees abroad, and even our sewing machines, our telegraphs, our pianos, our yachts, and our racers, are only *Yankees* wonders—and never *American*. This ought not to be, and must not be. Honor to whom honor is due. Let the Yankees have all they are entitled to—and Americans the rest.

P. S. If our friends over sea have never happened to meet with a live Yankee, unexaggerated, uncaricatured, let them recall Robert Owen of Lanark, the great reformer, with his solemn, quiet enthusiasm, steadfast belief in himself, and lank, wiry, angular build; or Walter Coulson, formerly editor of the *Globe*—either would pass for a native Yankee in the heart of New England. J. N.

To make success sure, base thy efforts on well-ascertained acts, and trust no uncertainty, however flattering.—*Dortnay*.

MY CREED.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

I HOLD that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

I hold all else named piety
A selfish scheme, a vain pretense;
Where center is not, can there be
Circumference?

This I moreover hold, and dare
Affirm where'er my rhyme may go:
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so;

Whether it be the lullabies
That charm to rest the nestling bird,
Or that sweet confidence of sighs,
And blushes without word;

Whether the dazzling and the flush
Of softly sumptuous garden bowers,
Or by some cabin door, or bush
Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn fast, or stated prayers,
That make us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
From work, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust.

DOES AFFECTION SPRING FROM THE HEART?

THIS question is propounded by a reader of the JOURNAL. We find in the phraseology of the Scripture, "From the heart proceedeth evil thoughts." The word "heart," as thus used, we do not regard as referring to that physical organ which we call the heart, but as referring to a central source of life from which the thoughts spring—the interior man, the inner sentiments—something more than mere physical organism. For many generations men have spoken of the heart as the seat of *love* and the seat of *hatred*. The Scripture saith, "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he" (Prov. xxiii. 7); so that, in a literal sense, the heart would seem to think as well as to manifest affections. We do not suppose that the heart has any more to do with the affections than do the liver, the lungs, the stomach, or the kidneys. But you will then ask, Why does the Bible use these terms? Permit me to ask another question, Why does the Bible use the term "bowels of mercy?" "His bowels did yearn on his brother" (Gen. xliii. 30); "Bowels yearned on her son" (Job xxx. 27); "My bowels were moved for him" (Cant. v. 4); "My bowels are troubled for him" (Jer. xxxi. 20); "Put on bowels of mercies" (Col. iii. 12). See also Phil. i. 8; *Ib.* ii. 1; Phile. i. 7; xii. 20; 1 John iii. 17.

The world has at times said that pity came from the bowels; at other times that the heart was the seat of all the affections; and the Scriptural phraseology is, therefore, put in the language of the people, according to their understanding of the subject. Moral truth is

illustrated by the common thoughts and opinions of men, on the same principle that the sun is spoken of as rising and setting, as if the sun, moon, and stars were made solely for this earth. In the Scriptural account of the creation it is said that "God made two great lights;" "And he made the stars also;" and it is spoken of as if they were made especially for this earth. On the same principle it might just as well be said that this earth was made as a resting-place to accommodate a single mustard-seed.

In Scripture times there was no idea entertained by men that the earth was a ball—that it revolved on its axis, or that stars were suns and centers of other systems. It is hardly five hundred years since anybody supposed that one could sail around the world. And in the time of Columbus it was seriously discussed by the wise men of Spain that if, by any means, one should sail over the earth's edge or side, no wind or tide could ever drive him back again, he having sailed down on the west side. But to the point.

Investigations have been made which show that the brain is the seat of all the mental emotions, all the affections and propensities, all the intellectual powers, and all the moral sentiments; and that the organ called the heart simply circulates the blood. When that becomes disordered, the intellect, the affections, and the moral sentiments are not at all affected thereby; and the most driving idiot and the meanest malefactor may have as fine a development of the heart, and as healthy an organic condition of the heart, as any philosopher or poet in the world. Many a philosopher and many a poet has exemplified all the splendor of intellect and the ripest of affections and sentiments, while the literal heart was seriously diseased, deranged, and finally ended in death; but that fatal disease of the heart existed without clouding the intellect or blunting the affections. If, then, an idiot has a good heart and a poor brain, and the philosopher has a good brain and may have a poor heart, it would seem to indicate that the difference existing between the idiot and the man of talent was in the brain and not in the heart. Let the brain be invaded by inflammation, by congestion, or impaired by a blow, and the most gifted individual is changed into a maniac; the lips of virgin innocence, by reason of such derangement, may utter the most revolting obscenity and the most horrible blasphemy. Let the brain be healed, and the lips of the virtuous then utter only sentiments of purity and religious truth.

If the brain be the organ of mind, it is the organ of all the mental powers, of all that loves and hates, that hopes and fears, that aspires and yearns, that thinks and reasons, that imagines and appreciates. Any part of the system, except the brain, may be diseased without seriously affecting any of the mental forces; but if that be affected, no matter what health and vigor may exist in all the other merely physical organs, the mind staggers, and the manifestation of affection and love is perverted, or, for the time being, obliterated.

SELF-CULTURE.—No. 2.

BY MRS. LAURA E. LYMAN.

SUPPOSING the student to have laid carefully and well the foundation stones of his structure of education, and become well versed in reading, writing, spelling, grammar, and arithmetic, he naturally aspires to conquer larger domains and make wider acquisitions. The broad fields of literature invite him to enter; the scroll of the mighty past unfolds in lines stretching far back to remote ages. Science crowned with stars beckons him to take her hand; and she will lead him through the heavens above and the earth beneath, revealing to his astonished and delighted vision mysteries and wonders without end. Philosophy with charming voice woos him to walk in the shady groves of the Academy and listen to her cadences.

"—musical as is Apollo's lute."

He will find that of "making books there is no end,"—of reading them there is none. Some things he must be content to be ignorant of.

"Art is long, and time is fleeting."

Suppose he decides upon a course of historical reading: Where shall he begin? In the first place let him have correct general ideas as to the great periods of history, so that when his mind runs back through the records of the past he may pause at certain mile-stones which mark the flow of time. "Blair's Chronology," a little book used in some of our schools, he will find very convenient and valuable for reference. It contains within the compass of a hundred or two small pages a summary of the chief events of history. Let the ten periods into which ancient and modern history are each divided be committed to memory, with the dates of their beginning and end.

Or, the Bible may be used as a standard of chronology; and as from Abraham to Christ the periods of Jewish history naturally divide into five hundred years each, it will be easy to pass from sacred to parallel profane history. Omitting the odd numbers, the chronology of the Old Testament stands thus:

Abraham	2000 B.C.
Moses	1500 "
Solomon	1000 "
2d Temple rebuilt	500 "

BIRTH OF CHRIST.

Between Abraham and Moses come in the splendor of the Egyptian monarchy, and the probable era of the Pyramids. Nearly cotemporaneous with Moses was Cecrops, first king of Athens, and Cadmus, who brought letters into Greece. Just before Moses died the Olympic games were founded, which mark an important date in Grecian history. Coming down to Solomon, we pass the Argonautic expedition, 1268 B.C., and the Fall of Troy, 1184 B.C. Homer lived and sung about a hundred years after Solomon. Ahab, king of Israel, and Dido, who founded Carthage, 878 B.C., were cotemporaneous. About a hundred years later Hezekiah, king of Judah, Isaiah the prophet, and Romulus, who founded Rome, 752 B.C., were cotemporaneous.

Coming down to the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, and the Babylonish

Captivity, we are brought to the period of the culminating glory of the Babylonish empire; and near the close of the Captivity we find the star of Darius, king of Media, in the ascendant, and later, that of Cyrus, king of Persia. From the rebuilding of the second temple, the interest of history centers in Greece first, then in Macedonia, and then in Rome. At the battle of Marathon, 490 B.C., begins the era of Greek supremacy and splendor. Within a hundred years subsequent live Aristides, Socrates, Herodotus, Pericles, Alcibiades, and Plato. As the star of Grecian glory declines from the zenith, that of Macedon rises. Philip and Alexander reign and conquer, and Macedonia enjoys a brief ascendant. Tyre is destroyed, India invaded, and Alexander dies.

Rome begins to absorb all nations and all interest in herself. The three Punic wars end with the fall of Carthage, 146 B.C. Forty-six years after Julius Cæsar is born, and Rome, under him and his successors, becomes mistress of the world.

Now occurs an event which is destined to revolutionize all history: Christ is born. During the three hundred years succeeding, ten persecutions of Christians occur, resulting in the spread of the new religion, the overthrow of paganism, till, finally, under Constantine, Christianity becomes the official religion of the Roman empire, 325 A.C. Its decline and fall, and the destruction of Rome by the barbarians, mark the close of ancient and the beginning of modern history, 455 A.C.

Reducing this to a chronological table, it would stand thus:

SACRED HISTORY. B.C.	COTEMPORANEOUS HISTORY. B.C.
1996 Abraham born.	1856 Kingdom of Argos established.
1706 Israel goes into Egypt.	1550 Cecrops, first king of Athens.
1571 Moses born.	1493 Cadmus brings letters to Greece.
1491 Israel goes out of Egypt.	1453 Olympic Games founded.
1451 Moses dies.	1268 Argonautic Expedition.
1171 Samuel born.	1184 Fall of Troy.
1000 Dedication of Solomon's Temple.	900 Homer lived.
897 Ahab died.	878 Carthage founded by Dido.
726 Hezekiah reigned and Isaiah prophesied.	752 Rome founded.
588 Destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar.	606 Destruction of Nineveh.
515 2d Temple finished.	594 Solon, Archon of Athens.
387 Malachi prophesied.	559 Cyrus founds the Persian empire.
	510 Rome a republic. The Tarquins expelled.
	490 Battle of Marathon.
	468 Socrates born.
	453 Cincinnatus, Dictator at Rome.
	356 Alexander the Great born.
	146 Carthage falls.
	44 Julius Cæsar assassinated.

Let this or some similar plan of historical reading be pursued, so as not to leave the mind confused with a mass of facts and dates, but enriched with a connected and well-digested knowledge of what it has been studying. The most valuable book of reference in these readings is Lavoisin's Historical Atlas; but it is a rare book, and to be found only in old and large libraries. Let the student have an atlas ever at hand, and fix every geographical point in his memory by constant reference to it. It is an excellent plan, also, to have paper and

pencil close by, and note down prominent events with their dates, and such lessons as seem to be taught by them. Thus only will wisdom result from the knowledge acquired. It is not the number of histories one has read that is to be considered, but rather the amount and value of the information derived from their reading. Do not pass from one chapter to another, or from one book to another, until there is a clear and distinct impression of what you have read left upon your mind. Rehearse to yourself, or note upon paper, the readings of each day, after the manner of a recitation.

In modern history the attention will first be drawn to the incursions and settlements of the barbarous nations that overran Europe. Then the rise and progress of the Saracenic power. This is succeeded by the age of chivalry in Europe, commencing at the battle of Roncesvalles in 778. The rise of Charlemagne and of the Papal power are the next points of interest; and thence we pass to England under Alfred the Great. Shortly after come the Crusades, and the rise of the Turkish power. Here is the middle of the dark ages.

The invention of the printing press, the discovery of America, the revival of learning, the dawn of the Reformation under Luther inaugurate a new era, and history revolves around certain great characters as centers. From this time European history, surveyed from the Christian and Protestant stand-point, may be divided into three periods:

I. Saxon and German nations in the north resist Catholic aggression combined with Spanish and Austrian ambition. This period commences with Charles V. and Luther, and ends with "the Thirty Years' War." The antagonistic spirits are:

Charles V.	Luther.
Philip II.	Marice of Saxony.
Grenville.	William the Silent.
Alva.	vs. Maurice, his son.
Alexander of Parma.	Queen Elizabeth.
Tilly.	Henry of Navarre.
Wallenstein.	Gustavus Adolphus.

RESULTS.—Charles V. flies from Germany. Protestantism becomes national. The Dutch republic rises. The Armada is wrecked, Philip weakened, and Spain becomes insignificant.

II. Catholic aggression combined with French ambition threaten Protestantism. Both again rebuked.

Louis XIV.	William of Orange.
Turenne.	vs. Marlborough.
Condé.	Eugene.

RESULTS.—France defeated. James II. abdicates. England becomes firmly Protestant. Louis leaves France no larger than he found it, and greatly in debt.

III. Infidel France threatens Christendom.

Voltaire.	Burke.
Robespierre.	vs. Nelson.
Napoleon.	Wellington.
	Divine Providence.

RESULTS.—French philosophy repudiated. Napoleon banished to St. Helena. France bounded by the Rhine and Pyrenees. Long peace in Europe.

With some such mapping out as this, let readings in modern history be conducted. Thus only will it be made to realize to the student the fine definition of "Philosophy teaching by example."

INFIDELITY.

In the light, yet not it seeing,
Blazed on by a hidden sun,
This the skeptic's mental being—
He who will the clear truth shun.

Is there joy in unbelieving?
Is there calm in stern distrust?
Can one rest while self-deceiving,
Rest while aiding the unjust?
No; there is no joy in living
While uncertain broods the heart;
Peace, the white-winged, knows no dwelling
In the soul that doubts apart.
Be not doubtful, but believing;
Pillow Faith upon thy breast;
She will give thee solace, cheering,—
She confer sweet inner rest.

H. S. D.

"CONSCIENTIOUSNESS AND ITS FUNCTIONS."

No other development of science or human wisdom, brought forth during the past century, has thrown such a flood of light on religion and metaphysics as Phrenology. At first, its teaching was hailed by the enemies of revealed religion as a sure harbinger of the overthrow of Christianity, some Phrenological professors taking special pains to present the two systems in juxtaposition. Latterly a better spirit or understanding seems to prevail, and the new Science of Mind aims to be like most of the others, "a handmaid to religion." This is as it should be. But it is remarkable that the article under the above head, in one of the numbers of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, seems to claim more authority for revelation than ever justly belonged to it—to wit, that it is practically an "infallible guide."

The article in question is luminous with moral and scientific truth; but is any rule of life, *handled and interpreted by fallible man*, infallible? I think not. The phrases "fallible" and "infallible," as used by theologians, had their origin at the Reformation; the Romanists claiming that grace for the Pope, or the Church; and the Protestants affirming that the Bible authoritatively decided all disputes in religion and morals. In a discussion of mere science and metaphysics, "infallibility" has no place. The author of the article under consideration has handsomely disposed both of "the unerring-guide" and "the fitness-of-things" theories; but he has left the subject in as great uncertainty as before, by predicating the following propositions:

"We have shown that neither metaphysics nor Phrenology can give us an infallible guide for Conscientiousness, and as we can find infallibility in the Word of God, we must necessarily rely upon that for infallibility."

"As to undertaking to alter, amend, or reject any portion of that revelation which our Creator has so kindly bestowed on us, it would be inexcusable to harbor the thought for a moment. What would be the use of the Lord's giving us an infallible standard, if every man could reject, alter, amend, or pervert according to his own views of propriety?"

The appropriate answer to these pretensions of "infallibility" is found in the following conclusive sentence in the same article:

"Why is it, then, if we have an infallible standard in revelation, do we have such a great diversity of opinion as to what is right or wrong?"

But is not "the Word of God an infallible rule in faith and practice," as most Protestant formulas teach? Certainly, so far as the mind of the Spirit has been correctly apprehended and given by the translators, and men embrace it, it is such. But as long as weak, erring man is incapable of fully understanding the truth, and is swayed by passion, prejudice, and ignorance, so long will the Bible fail in practice to be such a rule. It must never be forgotten, moreover, that the essence of all law is in construction or interpretation. A man's conscientious belief, as to religious truth, is in all cases determined by his apprehension of the meaning of the divine authority. Thus the aggregate faculties of man must ever set in judgment as to what is essential truth. This difficulty can never be removed; and thus if Deity Himself were ruling us, in invisible power upon the earth, there is no probability that our wisdom and obedience would be more nearly perfect than they are. Is man, then, left without an authoritative rule, and is he incapable of arriving at a certainty in morals? By no means. *The Word of God as interpreted by the Spirit* (in the mind of its reader) is, in all essentials, sufficient. The Word must be subjected, however, to the crucible of right reason aided as above, and so guided by it we can hardly err. Conscience is a blind instinct, and can only be truly enlightened as above.

The value of Phrenology is largely shown in its demonstrating that every man has a modicum of free-will to improve the faculties given him; or, in other words, a little moral garden, attached to his earthy tenement for his cultivation; beyond that, his endowment and consequent life are determined by the "decrees" of Providence.

If the views here advanced be true, how important it is that the consciences of all should be correctly trained, for "out of the heart [or conscience] are the issues of life!" M. A.

PROPRIETY.—Merriment at a funeral, or in the hour of worship, is not only disgusting, but painfully abhorrent to all our kind and respectful feelings. There is a simple and beautiful propriety, pleasing to all, which gives grace to the manners, beauty to the person, sweetness to the disposition, and loveliness to the whole being, which all should strive to possess. It is to be neither too gay nor too grave, —too gleesome nor too sad; nor either of these at improper places. It is to be mirthful, without being silly; joyous, without being foolish; sober, without being desponding; to speak plainly, without giving offense; be grave, without casting a shadow over others. In fine, it is to be just what everybody loves and nobody dislikes, and just what makes us and others happy. This is propriety; and those who possess this richest flowering virtue of the soul, which breathes ambrosial sweetness along every walk of life, get the credit of possessing its counterpart, that rare quality of character honored everywhere, humbly christened "common sense," universally acknowledged to be the best of all sense.—*Hopes and Helps.*

On Physiology.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—*Chester.*

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—*Ezek. iv. 6.*

ADDRESS TO A JUG OF RUM.

(FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1815.)

"HERE, only by a cork contriv'd,
And slender walls of earthen mold,
In all the pomp of death repose
The seeds of many a bloody nose;
The chattering tongue, the horrid oath;
The first for fighting nothing loth;
The passions which no word can tame,
That burst like sulphur into flame;
The nose carbuncled, glowing red;
The bloated eye, the broken head;
The tree that bears a deadly fruit
Of murder, maiming, and dispute.
Assaults that innocence assails;
The images of gloomy jails;
The giddy thought on mischief bent;
The midnight hour in riot spent;
All these within this jug appear,
And Jack the hangman in the rear."

ALCOHOL.

ITS EFFECTS ON THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

THE Greek root of the word intoxicate means poison. Whoever says a man is intoxicated, says he is poisoned. And it is true. Give a part of a glass of ordinary spirits to a child three or four years old, and the child is in twenty minutes in a congestion fit, and probably dies. It operates precisely like strychnine, arsenic, or any other deadly drug. Commence by giving a child a thimbleful at a time, and gradually increase the amount, and you may indurate him so that he will swallow as much at a time as would kill him at first. You may begin with any other poison, and do the same thing. Our physical framework is constructed with reference to this, to enable it to stand a large amount of any deadly substance. There is nothing peculiar in this action of alcohol. There is nothing in this but the universal law that all poisons destroy the susceptibility of the human frame.

Why does a man like to drink liquor? Not because it has a good taste, but because it exhilarates his nervous system. The man takes his first glass of liquor. It goes to his stomach. Now, there is not a single human stomach, nor that of any animal ever created on this earth, that ever did or can digest a drop of alcohol. The moment it falls into the stomach every vital organ recognizes the presence of a deadly enemy. It is precisely as if a lion were thrown into a cage of tigers, and every tiger were to recognize the lion as his deadly enemy. The stomach can not digest it, and it can not remain. All the organs assist in throwing it off, and that great struggle of every vital organ to rid the stomach of this poison is the very thing which the perverted senses recognize as *exhilaration*! If a man, standing on the moon, could have a telescope of sufficient power to enable him to view

objects on the earth, and could have looked upon us during the late civil war, and have seen, dimly through the glass, the movements of immense bodies of men, he would have said, "This nation has an immense population; there is a tremendous outpouring of the people; this nation is in a state of extraordinary prosperity." Precisely so the man's sensorial, the point where the nerves of sense concentrate, recognizes, in this desperate effort of the vital organs to get rid of an enemy, a sense of strength and exhilaration in place of the languor and feebleness he felt just before. But in a little while, when Nature has, by all her efforts, disposed of this poison, the man sinks down to his former condition, and a great deal below it. Nature has made her superior struggle; she has got rid of the poison; but she has tired herself in the effort. The next time Nature makes the same struggle, but she has not the same strength. The second glass does not make the man feel so good. The more a man drinks, the more he has to drink to attain a certain condition. He has to take more and more. Nature turns constantly to rid herself of it, and by-and-by becomes tired out and gives it up. There are men who are not very perceptibly affected by liquor. It does not make them drunk. It does not hurt them, they say. But it does hurt them. I never knew a man who drank a good deal without becoming intoxicated, whom liquor did not kill fast. And for physiological reasons. If a man will take poison, it is better to get rid of it than to keep it in the system. Drunkenness is one of God's infinite mercies, sent to help poor, mistaken, human beings to get rid of the consequences of their iniquity.

What we should do depends largely upon what we are able to do. It is not easy to fly in the face of public opinion. Laws will, after all, be merely a reflection of the moral condition of the people. They will always be a little better, but not much better. If you should say that no one in the country should do a bad thing, it would be useless, because human nature, in the development to which we have reached, would not sustain such a law. Public sentiment is advancing. It does not allow men to make a parade of vices which were once tolerated. The time will come when men will not be licensed to sell alcoholic liquors, when grogshops will be where gambling-houses are now, out of sight.—HORACE GREELEY in *Herald of Health*.

[Yes, public sentiment is advancing. Common schools, Sunday-schools, and other schools are elevating the moral standard of society, and the time is near when, in this country, drunkenness will be regarded with the disgust it deserves. To day, the nations of the earth are suffering from the poisons of alcohol, opium, and tobacco. But, thank God, the better portion—the women—are tolerably free from the disease. It is in them and in the right training of the rising generation that we hope. Let us try to save the children from the poisons.—ED. A. P. J.]

AMONG THE ORANGE GROVES.

FLORIDA AS A WINTER RESORT AND AS A HOME.

In addition to its large and increasing influx of permanent settlers, Florida is every winter attracting thousands of health and pleasure seekers from the North, and a great deal of interest attaches to whatever relates to this wonderful semi-tropical region.

Having spent the last winter and the larger portion of the summer here, and fully decided to make it my future home, I will give the reader some facts, mostly the results of my own personal observation and experience, in relation to its climate, soil, and productions. I will leave out of view in this sketch the northern tier of counties bordering on Georgia and Alabama, which partake of the climate and other characteristics of those States, and need not be described here.

Passing south of the thirtieth parallel of latitude, we enter the true Floridian zone. Here the climate assumes an almost tropical character, and the seasons differ radically from those of every other portion of the Union. A trade-wind, an alternate land and sea breeze, a dry and a wet season, and great uniformity of temperature throughout the year, are its prominent characteristics. The Gulf Stream, here flowing close to the coast, brings us the warmth of equatorial seas and the perpetual verdure and bloom of the tropics.

The changes of the seasons, as recognized farther north, are here scarcely perceptible. Even in mid-winter one sees around him only verdure and flowers. Most of the trees are in full leaf; the grass is green and fresh; the fragrant yellow jasmine hangs its wreaths of golden bloom overhead; the houstonia and the violet nestle everywhere underfoot; and a thousand birds warble in the myrtle thickets or among the shining leaves of the live oak and the magnolia.

In fact, of winter, properly speaking, there is none south of Jacksonville. What is called by that name closely resembles that brief season of autumnal relenting known at the North as Indian summer, except that the skies are clearer and bluer. The atmosphere is dry and elastic; very little rain falls; and cloudless days are often continuous for weeks.

The average temperature of January last, on the banks of the St. John's River a few miles south of Jacksonville, was about 70°. February was a little cooler, with some frost and one or two chilly northeast storms. We had also some rough winds from the northwest, which made an overcoat comfortable during a portion of the day. Such weather, however, was the exception, and fine balmy days the rule. Wild flowers could be gathered at any time in the "pine openings," and the songsters of the grove did not forsake us. I have forgotten the average temperature of this month, but think it was about 62°.

One might suppose that where there is no winter, there can properly be no spring; but even in Florida this season brings with it softer airs, and breathes new life into the half-sleep-

ing vegetation of field and forest. The deciduous trees—the hickory, the maple, the sweet gum, the cypress, and the black jack—put on their new robes of fresh verdure, contrasting finely with the darker green of the pine, the live oak, the magnolia, and the orange; and flowers of every hue make gay both open field and shady grove.

The true summer is as brief in Florida as farther north. The continuation of the highest temperature, which is less perceptible here than in the Carolinas or Georgia, is only during one fourth of the year. The remaining three fourths, namely, from September to June, is unlike anything known in northern climates, but resembles spring more than autumn or winter, and the weather during nearly the whole time is incomparably delightful, the only exception being the rough and chilly winds which occasionally blow from the northwest. These are, I presume, the "northers" of Texas greatly modified and softened by their overland journey southeastward.

The comparative coolness of the summer in Florida, contrary to the commonly received notion, is as marked a characteristic as the mildness of the winter. The thermometer ranges higher in New York or Boston than at St. Augustine or Tampa. The mean average temperature of last June—and June is the hottest month of the year in the South—was 80°; and at New Smyrna, on the Atlantic coast, near the twenty-ninth parallel of latitude, the average temperature of the summer is 82°, and of the whole year 72°. *The nights are invariably cool in all parts of the State.*

The comparative coolness of the summer in Florida, especially on the peninsula, is owing, in a great measure, to its position between two seas. From the east it is fanned by the cool and bracing breezes of the Atlantic, and from the west by the balmy but refreshing airs of the Gulf of Mexico, both of which are distinctly felt at the center of the State, across which they seem to chase each other back and forth.

The rainy season commences about the 1st of July, and continues till the middle of September, during which time it rains more or less nearly every day, but seldom all day. The showers generally commence about one o'clock P.M., and are entirely over before six o'clock. They are accompanied by heavy thunder and the most vivid lightning. The nights and mornings during this season are clear and cool. The remainder of the year, though called the dry season, is not without a moderate quantity of rain. In the latitude of Jacksonville, and farther north, the rainy season is irregular, the tropical influences which cause it being less strongly felt there than farther south.

In reference to the healthfulness of Florida in summer, differences of opinion exist. Careful observation and inquiry lead me to the conclusion, however, that no State in the Union is more healthful. There are unhealthy localities, as in every other extensive region, and, as in all new countries, the opening of the forest and the breaking up of the soil en-

gender more or less malaria and give rise, in constitutions duly prepared, by a bad diet and unhealthful habits generally, for the germination of the seeds of disease, to bilious and remittent fevers; but these, for reasons which I can not now go out of my way to explain, are of the mildest type, and rarely prove fatal. With the exception of these, scarcely any disease exists. The healthfulness of the climate in winter is proverbial.

Some people have an idea that Florida is one great swamp, with here and there a patch of dry land arising, island-like, out of it. Others, on the contrary, picture it as a region of sand-hills and "pine-barrens; while the fact is, it is one of the most beautiful and fertile of all the Southern States, and has less swamp land than almost any other, either North or South.

The lands of Florida are mainly of three kinds—Pine lands, Hammock lands, and Swamp lands. The pine lands are variable in quality, some tracts being very rich and others very poor; but, in the main, they are light, sandy, and only moderately fertile. The forest growth (long leaved pine) is very sparse, and the ground is covered with a luxuriant crop of grass, affording excellent and never-failing pasturage; for the grass of Florida is never killed by winter frosts or seared by summer drouth.

Hammock lands are of two kinds, high and low. High hammocks are formed of fine vegetable mold mixed with a sandy loam and resting on a subsoil of clay, marl, or limestone. They are covered with a heavy growth of live oak, hickory, water oak, sweet gum, magnolia, and other hard-wood trees, and are for general purposes the most desirable lands in Florida, producing all the crops of the country in great abundance and with comparatively little labor. The low hammocks are lower and moister, have a soil of greater tenacity than the high hammocks, and are still more fertile; but some of them require draining, and all are more difficult to clear and break up, which renders them less desirable for a person of moderate capital. Their forest growth is similar to that of the high hammocks, but heavier.

The hammock lands are generally found in small tracts interspersed among the pine lands, and both must generally be bought together. In some parts of the State, however, as for instance in Alachua, Marion, and Hernando counties, they exist in larger bodies.

The swamp lands are intrinsically the most valuable of all, but as they require a heavy outlay of capital in clearing and draining, they are in little demand. Their fertility is unsurpassed if not unequaled, and once thoroughly prepared they produce immense crops. Four hogsheds of sugar to the acre, in one instance at least, has been produced on this kind of land (near New Smyrna), while the best lands in Louisiana produce scarcely more than one.

No other State in the Union is susceptible of so great a variety of vegetable productions as Florida. Corn, rye, oats, Irish potatoes, beans, peas, cabbages, turnips—in short, all the common crops of the North—grow here to per-

fection side by side with the sugar-cane, rice, Sea Island cotton, arrow root, cassava, sweet potatoes, indigo, Sisal hemp, benne, and many other tropical and semi-tropical plants. Of fruits, we have the peach, the plum, the persimmon, the pawpaw, the fig, the olive, the guava, the pomegranate, the orange, the lemon, the lime, the banana, and, in the southern portion of the State, the pine-apple and cocoa-nut.

Florida now offers a fine field for Northern enterprise. Men with small means, if they possess pluck, energy, and perseverance, can perhaps do better here than anywhere else. Land is cheap, the climate favorable, there are no long winters to provide for, and the necessities of life are easily produced. On the St. John's River, and especially in the neighborhood of Jacksonville, market gardening is becoming a leading pursuit, the produce being shipped to New York. Fruit growing—peaches, grapes, and oranges—will pay largely, particularly the last named.

Sugar-cane, to which the climate is much better adapted than that of Louisiana, is on the whole the safest if not the most profitable crop, where suitable land can be obtained. It matures here as perfectly as in Cuba, and a plantation requires renewing only once in ten or twelve years, whereas in Louisiana the plant is necessarily treated as an annual. Two hogsheds of sugar to the acre is not an uncommon yield, and this may be greatly increased by manuring and thorough cultivation.

But there are drawbacks here as well as elsewhere, among which are: the lack of the social and educational advantages existing in the older States; the scarcity and untrustworthy character of labor; the high prices of nearly everything except land and lumber, which the new settler is necessitated to buy; and the large admixture of the negro element in the population, and the consequent insecurity of all movable property. This is the most serious obstacle the settler encounters, and is sometimes truly discouraging. Nothing is safe from the thieving propensities of the Freedmen, unless it can be locked up or carefully watched and guarded. I make this statement with regret, but my obligations to those who may look to this article for a trustworthy statement of the disadvantages as well as the advantages of Florida seems to require it. The re-establishment of civil government, and the enforcement of the laws which should follow, will, it is hoped, partially remedy this evil, as well as many others.

The other drawbacks I have mentioned are temporary in their character, and will of course gradually disappear.

Persons going to Florida to look for a farm with the purpose of settling on it at once, can not go too soon after the 1st of October. Preparations for the next season's crops should be commenced in the fall. Families should take a good supply of clothing suitable for the climate, and the necessary furniture and farming implements. Such provisions as will not spoil by keeping may also profitably be purchased at the North. These last remarks may

not apply, however, to persons going from the West by a long overland route, where the expense of transportation would be too great.

Those having merely pleasure in view can of course take their own time, but they will find the autumn a delightful season for excursions, hunting, fishing, etc. Game and fish, and especially the latter, are abundant and excellent everywhere.

Invalids should not delay till too late in the season if they desire to get the full benefit of the climate. Go early in the fall—that is, soon after the 1st of October, if you can. The transition will not then be so great from the coolness of the North to the warmth of the South.

Formerly St. Augustine was almost the only resort of invalids in Florida. The "Ancient City" is still much frequented, but the St. John's country from Jacksonville southward is quite as favorable to health in the winter, and has far greater attractions. It is now getting its full share of visitors. It is decidedly the region for the sportsman, whom a fine steamer will take up the magnificent St. John's River into the depths of the tropical wilderness, where game and fish are so plentiful that the most truthful tales of hunting and fishing there have the air of fables.

Jacksonville, on the St. John's, is the common point of departure for all parts of the State. The fare from New York by steamer, at present, is \$30; by rail a little more, and by sailing vessel much less. The emigrant will do well to look about in the neighborhood of Jacksonville, and consider carefully the advantages and disadvantages of that locality before deciding upon the place for a home. Unimproved land can be had within five miles of town at from \$1 25 to \$20 per acre. The latter price is for land bordering on the river. One mile from the river, equally good land can be bought for \$5 per acre, and perhaps for less. Improved places, with good dwellings, inclosed fields, orange groves, etc., are held at comparatively high figures. Some beautiful places of this sort may be found on the St. John's River.

Jacksonville itself is a beautiful little city of some 6,000 inhabitants, literally embowered in orange groves and evergreen oaks; and, strange to say—it being a Southern city, and the present being "after-the-war"-times—is thriving in business and growing rapidly in extent and population. Northern capital, energy, and enterprise tell the story. A majority of the people, both in the town and in the neighboring country, are from the North and West. We have steamers twice or three times a week between this place and Savannah and Charleston, with the promise of direct steam communication with New York at an early day. With its outlook upon one of the finest rivers in the world—here from one to two miles wide—its delicious climate, and its unsurpassed commercial advantages, the "City of Oaks" is destined to become an important and populous place. Its orange groves, when

loaded with fruit, present a magnificent appearance, some of the trees being perfect pyramids of green and gold.

The hotels of Jacksonville are plain, unpretending houses; but the traveler may count upon a plenty to eat, and a disposition on the part of their proprietors to do the best they can to promote his comfort.

I intended to say something of orange culture—its pleasures and profits—but I have already overrun the space I had allotted to myself and must close, hoping that I have at least imparted some useful information in regard to an interesting and little known region of country.

D. H. JACQUES.

GLEN EVERGREEN (Jacksonville P. O.), FLA.

HOW TO TRAVEL,

BY RAIL, RIVER, OR SEA.

"EXPERIENCE is a good teacher." One who would learn the most of a country through which he is to pass, should *first* read the best guide-books, study the maps, and thus obtain a general outline. Then, when on the ground, personal observation completes the work. A stupid boor may go around the world, by land and sea, and really know very little more than when he started. Why? Because he is ignorant. But if educated, he sees its geology, botany, natural history, and ethnology, and he can *describe* what he sees. A mere vacant looker takes in nothing but vapor and space. Suppose, for example, a stranger wishes to "see the sights" on our noble Hudson, *alias* the North River. If he reads the guide and examines the map he is prepared to appreciate its *historical* interests, which lie thick along its shores, from Staten Island to Troy. Without these aids he will, of course, see stretched out before him some of the most beautiful and sublime scenery in North America. But he may have, at the same time, authentic descriptions of all the celebrated places—such as Forts Washington and Lee, the Palisades, Spuyten Duyvel, Yonkers, Hastings, Tarrytown, Irvington, Dobbs' Ferry, Piermont, Nyack, Sing Sing, Peekskill, West Point, St. Anthony's Nose, Newburg, Poughkeepsie, Catskill, Hudson, Greenbush, and Albany—places familiar enough to Americans, but only heard of by foreigners. Let the same course be pursued in traveling by rail, and one may form a tolerable judgment of the country through which he passes.

LUGGAGE.—We prefer this term to that of baggage. Most persons carry too much. It is a great care and a greater incumbrance. Here experience comes in to warn the weak ones. Plan your trip. Fix on the time it will take. Pack only *necessary* garments. Look to comfort rather than to show. Travel by rail or river by day, when you *can*—by night, when you *must*.

EATING, DRINKING, STUFFING.—Like children without judgment, for the want of something to do, many who travel eat early, much, often, and stuff all the time. The stomach,

unused to this abuse, gives up in despair, and constipation, dyspepsia, headache, nervousness, and sleeplessness are the penalties for such transgressions. Reader, did you ever ride in a smoking car? Did you ever notice the puddles of tobacco spittle all along between the seats? These are evidences of our taste, culture, refinement, and high civilization! Ladies are said—now and then one—to enjoy the rich perfumes of the fragrant weed, and thus encourage their lovers or husbands to do their best at smoking and spitting. To us, the thing is an unmitigated nuisance.

POLITENESS.—A single ticket is construed, by selfish persons, to entitle the holder to a double seat, and on taking possession he proceeds to store his freight, consisting of cane, umbrella, carpet bag, over-coat, shawls, straps, and other rigging. He then seats himself in the middle, and is soon wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, or is absorbed in the last sensation novel. Delicate ladies may pass and repass in search of a seat, but our fellow-traveler, or traveling *fellow*, neither sees nor hears them, till the gruff conductor roars out, "Make room there for this lady!" Then, with a groan and a grunt, the "*gentleman*" puts his things under his seat and grudgingly moves along.

THE WINDOWS.—Dust, soot, sparks, bad air, wind, or rain are inseparable from railway travel. And no two are agreed as to how we may best avoid the nuisances. One must have the windows open or he suffocates; another must have them shut, or the cinders will put out his eyes; one is gouty, and one is phthisicky; one is corpulent and hot, another is thin and cold. These are some of the *infe-licitities* which will, we may hope, be got rid of as we progress in railway improvements. Already splendid and spacious cars are being constructed for the great Pacific Railway, with state-rooms, saloons, kitchens, sleeping berths, and all the necessities to make a passage as pleasant and as comfortable as a sea voyage in a first-class steamer. Those roads and lines which provide the best accommodations—like the best hotels—will get the most patronage, and the most fame and gratitude.

AT SEA.—Here is a place for the largest display of agreeableness. If one is benevolently disposed, and sociable withal, he will become popular with all on board. Music, recitations, speeches, lectures, gymnastic exercises, and indeed anything entertaining, may be indulged in, by passengers and crew, when on the bounding sea. One soon tires of state-room solitude, and remains in the cabin only during meal times and stormy weather. He is out on deck watching the waves, the clouds, the ships when passing, the seagulls when on the coast, porpoises and whales, icebergs, and other objects. If sensible, the passenger will make the acquaintance of old seamen, and learn from them about life at sea. He must keep his conceit and vanity to himself. Modesty and real worth will be seen and appre-

ciated. Keep out of the way of the waiters and sailors. Observe all the rules of the ship, and make no more trouble than is absolutely necessary. If possessed of the right spirit, good motives, good habits, with a hopeful, courageous, trusting nature, one may travel to the ends of the earth without accident, sickness, or loss. But if one *wishes* to be a nuisance—and it comes natural to some—he may easily make himself such, and meet with mishaps and losses on all sides. He who would make a successful voyage or tour must "conform" and bear in mind that tritest of sayings, "When among Romans, do as Romans do."

BASE-BALL STAINED.

BASE-BALL has fallen. Yes, the "national game" has become degraded. It is a pity that our young men can not have a game of an elevated, manly, heroic character! It is a pity that just now, when the good results of base-ball play are beginning to show themselves in the vigorous health and muscular frames of many of its promoters, that it should be made a subject for gambling. At certain match games which were played recently, as we are informed by the daily papers, "large amounts of money changed hands," among the spectators. A noted New York club is said to have "sold" the result of a match by "permitting" their adversaries to outscore them, and that in consequence a great many sanguine betters on the superiority of the New York club lost heavily, having offered large odds. Such nefarious dealings can not but excite the indignation of the honest and the grief of the good. At the race-course, in the "sample room," in the bagnio, where there are a thousand low and groveling incentives to immorality, we expect to find betting, gaming, or swindling; but on the base-ball ground, where muscle meets muscle in friendly controversy, and all the hard knocks are given or intended to be given the senseless, swooping ball, and where the noblest of our youth may engage for healthful pastime—for a pastime it should be always made, and not *severe* labor, as in too many instances—we expect to find only good-humored emulation among the players, and friendly sympathy among the lookers-on, with nothing of a "fancy" character. If a game like base-ball can not be maintained without impure, coarse, and vicious adjuncts, better that it be at once dropped from the list of social pastimes, lest too many of our youth, from being lovers of healthful muscular activity, become involved in the meshes of vice and moral degradation. "Barked" shins and broken fingers may be easily mended, but a disfigured reputation may never be entirely repaired. Once more, abandon the bat, boys, if you can not keep it pure.

THE surest road to health, say what they will, Is never to suppose we shall be ill; Most of those evils we poor mortals know, From doctors and imagination flow.

THE TURKOMAN TRIBES.

"God created Turkestan and its inhabitants in his wrath," said a native of Central Asia to Arminius Vambéry, the celebrated Hungarian Orientalist; "for as long as the bitter, saline taste of their springs exist, so long will the heart of the Turkoman be full of anger and malice."

This well describes the character of those nomadic tribes inhabiting the portion of Central Asia extending southward from the Caspian Sea to Afghanistan, and from the borders of Persia to Bokhara in the east, whose chief occupation is to descend suddenly, like the sand-storm of their own deserts, upon the cultivated lands of their neighbors, or to attack and plunder the richly-laden caravans as they move across their territory. Attention has lately been directed toward these peculiar people by the researches of Vambéry among them while disguised as a pilgrim dervish, and what he furnishes is, in fact, the only reliable modern source of information that we have upon the subject. Nearly every traveler who had previously ventured into their territory had been mercilessly slaughtered, and Vambéry adopted the only method that could possibly have proved successful.

The Turkoman has played a very important part in Central Asiatic history, and, indeed, in European civilization. He has furnished the foundation upon which the present Turkish empire is built. He forms the Turko-Tartaric branch of the great Turanian race, who, ever since their advent in history, have been occupied in bloody expeditions and terrible conquests. His nature has not changed for a thousand years; he is still the tented barbarian, content to live upon the spoils wrested from his more industrious neighbors; still, in a great measure, "a wild man, his hand is against every man, and consequently every man's hand is against him." His pastime has always been war; his fierce animal nature has never been curbed; he may have been conquered, but civilization has made no impression upon him. He is still content to look with his piercing eyes and immense perceptive across the boundless sand waste, to watch patiently for the wealth-laden caravan, and to indulge his nature in excesses of which he alone is capable. He is still a rude child of nature, gratified with appeasing his own

passions and subject to all his superstitions. He gazes with excited awe at the fata morgana, as it suddenly hangs out its heavenly splendors in the air. In it he sees similitudes of cities, towers, castles, caravans, and horsemen engaged in deadly combat, and gigantic shapes, which disappear and again come forth in other parts of the heavens. This alone strikes him with terror, for he thinks these are the ghosts of murdered victims and ravaged cities still hanging in the aerial regions.



A TURKOMAN CHIEF.

HIS CHARACTER—THE ROBBER.

"Robbers" would indeed be the most expressive title which we could apply to the Turkoman. "The life of a Turkoman," says Pritchard, "is passed in the most reckless plunder;" and how could we better describe his race than by presenting the picture of him as he is found—simply as a marauder—making continual descents upon his Persian or Afghanistan neighbors, or robbing the pas-

toral tribes that eke out a scanty subsistence by keeping herds and flocks upon the green oases of the desert. He recognizes the Persian as a lawful slave when he can get him, and it is against this people that his energy is mostly directed; for he knows that he can sell each captive he gets for from twenty to twenty-five pounds sterling. The raids of the Turkomen upon the tents of their unsuspecting enemies are generally made at midnight. They make one, two, or even three assaults,

and seldom are repulsed. Indeed, they appear to be as courageous as they are cruel, and it not infrequently happens that a single Turkoman secures as many as four or five prisoners. The terrified Persian will, sometimes, seeing the hopelessness of further resistance, throw himself down upon the ground before his captor and ask for the chains with which to be bound. In 1861 five thousand Turkomans are said to have nearly annihilated a Persian army of twenty-two thousand strong.

When the Turkoman has once secured his prisoner, he has no qualms of conscience in regard to his disposal. If he can not take him along, he drives a stake into the sand and fastens him there to die. But this is too great a loss. If he can not find room for him on the saddle, he drives him before him under the burning sun.

Vambéry relates an instance of the cruelty exercised by these people toward their slaves. In the court-yard of the Khan of Khiva, the capital of the State, he saw three hundred Persian prisoners of war, clothed in rags, and half dead through fear and hunger. They were placed in two divisions; in one, those who had not yet reached forty years of age, and who could be sold, or presented as slaves, and in the other, those who, by reason of their rank as leaders, or of age, had been sentenced to be hanged. The former were fastened together with great iron rings around their necks, in lots of from ten to fifteen, and

were driven off northward to be sold, while the gray-bearded old warriors waited for the executioner. "I saw close beside me," Vambéry says, "eight old men deposited in a row, with their backs upon the sand; their limbs were bound. Presently the executioner came along, and placing his knee upon the breast of each in turn, gouged out both the eyes of his victims, and wiped his blood-stained knife upon the beards of the dying men. The scene

was appalling, as the poor victims, now released from their bonds, groped moaningly around with their hands, attempting vainly to stand, and in their efforts dashing against each other with their eyeless heads!" But these atrocities do not always go unpunished. The reprisals of the Persians are equally as sudden, and hundreds of Turkoman prisoners are yearly brought into Teheran, the capital.

The chief of these Turkoman robbing expeditions is always selected for his cunning and skill; and he is obeyed only so long as he is successful. These nomads themselves will acknowledge no head. "We are a people without a head," they say; "we are all equal; with us is every man a king;" and, accordingly, they have hardly a shadow of government. When not engaged in these pillaging excursions, the Turkoman gives himself up to a merely sensuous life, smoking, and relating his wild and reckless adventures to his friends.

It is during this time, too, that he attends to his devotions, although profit and tradition have far more influence upon him than the Koran. The Persians, too, are followers of Mohammed, but of a different sect, and their mutual hate is perfect. The Turkoman considers the Persian a "heretic," in fact, and therefore feels justified in making him a slave. But Vambéry thought that he would treat his Sunnite neighbors in just the same way. The Afghanistsans are Sunnites, yet he plunders them as often as is convenient. Vambéry once asked a robber, celebrated for his devoutness, how he could sell his religious brother, the Sunnite, as a slave. Has not the "Prophet" ordered that every Mussulman is free? The man answered with indifference: "The Koran, the Book of God, is certainly more noble than man; yet men bought and sold it for pieces of gold. Yea, what wilt thou more? Joseph the son of Jacob was a prophet, and he was sold!" Such is his character in brief!

TURKOMAN WOMEN.

Let us turn to the more attractive picture of the young Turkoman woman, as she appears in her native costume. Up to the age of sixteen she is not allowed to work. The period of youth is her holiday; her troubles and privations begin only with marriage. Now, she has almost perfect freedom, and can go from tent to tent, and even to the neighboring tribes, without the least fear of molestation. Her person is

sacred; for the transgression of either sex is followed by immediate punishment. Her dress consists of a red silk skirt, tied around her waist with a silken sash. She wears always a profusion of ornaments—generally of massive silver—bracelets, rings for the neck, ear, and nose, and amulets, which hang down like the badge of a European order. Her skin is exceedingly fair, almost white; her hair is short and thick, and therefore she interweaves with it a long string of goat's hair, which she



TURKOMAN GIRL IN HOLIDAY COSTUME.

profusely ornaments with little silver or glass beads. These, when she walks, make a very pleasant jingle, which always accompanies her. Indeed, a love of this "jingle" appears to be a national failing. Vambéry quaintly remarks that the man, too, is fond of pretty "clatter;" he will either deck his wife or his horse with these little balls, or otherwise rob a Persian slave and decorate him with chains; but "a clatter he must have."

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

Courtship and marriage take place at about the age just mentioned. Previous to that period the young girl does not veil her face, and the suitor may gaze upon her just as long as he chooses. All outside matters relating to marriage are "fixed" by her relations or female friends, who arrange the dowry, while the *mollah* seals the contract and appoints a lucky day for the wedding. On that day the tent is made to present an extraordinary clean

appearance, and is decked with carpets, silks, and feathers. The bridegroom usually makes his appearance about mid-day; but if they are both poor he does not come until evening, and no guests are then invited. The mother, sisters, relations, and friends of the bride provide themselves with as many articles of silver as possible; these they place upon three or four camels, with silks and carpets, and, mounting, proceed to the tent of the bride. The men, in the mean time, form two groups; one follows behind the female party, while the other, mounted and armed as if ready for a robbing expedition, precede, riding in full career up to the door of the bride's tent, where they fire off their muskets. Then follow speeches and counter-speeches; the female relatives are determined not to give her up, while the men, on the other hand, are as determined to possess her. But finally she is willingly captured; and the men who have come on foot stand outside the door, holding the corners of a large carpet. The bride is at last brought out, laid gently upon the carpet, and the men then run with their burden in all haste to the camels. Their flight is protected by the mounted horsemen against the female relatives of the bride, who run after the carpet-carriers and assault them with clods of earth. It is understood, among themselves, that as soon as the flying party reach the camels the pursuit shall cease. Then the bride makes her appearance; a woman attendant immediately covers her face with a veil, and the procession takes its departure for the marriage-tent. If on the road she pass by a dwelling-tent, or meet people, she removes the veil, that they may see her face. Before the marriage-tent the collected crowd cheer and hurrah as loudly as they can, while the children are treated to pastry or other delicacies. Through this assembly the bride is brought into the tent, where she must sit,

away in the background, with her back to the door, receiving visitors and the greetings that flow in upon her, but only from the women. The men are compelled to stay outside until the feast begins.

In the tent the bride remains for fully two weeks, when she is taken to the tent of the bridegroom's parents, where she remains a year, or even eighteen months, receiving only now and then a visit from her future lord. During this time the parents are responsible in every way for her good conduct. At the expiration of the prescribed period she is transferred, on a richly-ornamented camel, to her husband's tent, where she remains. With the poor there is not so much to do about the matter.

Although polygamy is not very prevalent with the Turkoman, still he can marry more than one wife if he chooses, but properly he should provide a separate tent for each one. However, two wives often do live in the same tent. He also takes the beautiful black-haired Persian slaves that he captures to his home. With the married women the veil is universally worn, and should a stranger pay a visit to the family-tent, he is required always to give notice of his approach at the door, in order that the women may have time to draw their veils down over their faces. She is then expected to wait upon him and offer him food, and speak to him only in a subdued tone. Under this treatment her youthful beauty soon departs. Mr. Fraser, an English writer, says, that in old age "most of them are extremely ugly, haggard, and withered; the elder ones are particularly frightful." He, too, admits their beauty in youth.

THEIR RACIAL CHARACTERISTICS.

It is somewhat difficult to determine accurately the characteristic features of the Turkomans considered as a race. The different tribes are undoubtedly of the same origin, but the individual representatives present strong deviations, both in the form of the skull and the features. M. Blocqueville, who was for fourteen months a prisoner among them, describes them as of medium size, being well proportioned, but of no particularly strong muscular development. The skin is white but unhealthy in its appearance; the face is round; the cheek-bones are prominent, and the skull is very broad and thick. The eyes are "almond-shaped," quick and intelligent; the nose is small and slightly turning upward; the hair is of a bronze hue. The pure Tartar physiognomy is only found where the people do not undertake robbing expeditions, and therefore have not introduced the black-haired slaves into their tents. Sir William Burns, an English traveler, was struck with their resemblance to the Tartar features, adding that "the skull of the Turkoman is like to that of a Chinese."

Considered from a phrenological stand-point, he is simply a human animal, energetic, impulsive, and variable; lymphatic in temperament, nevertheless passionate and excitable; and when he is aroused, it is for destruction.

The width of the brain in the basilar region is enormous, and when we consider that Combativeness and Destructiveness constitute this breadth, we are not surprised at his ferocity. He obeys merely the instincts of the animal man. His flat face and snub nose indicate his low and undeveloped intellect, while the flatness of the coronal region declares his want of both the religious and the higher moral sentiments. They have excelled in their courage and cruelty, but never in literature and science. They have conquered, but have always been absorbed by the conquered in the process. But, fortunately, their rude rule is now apparently at an end. The progress of the Russians to the shores of the Caspian Sea has already checked them northward,—the British in India bar their way south. Still, they have the Persians for their eastern neighbors, but their importance as a people is gone. Their occupation as marauders, which they have pursued uninterruptedly since their descent from among the Mongolian tribes of northern China, will probably soon be wrested from them. The civilization of Europe is already drawing its lines more and more closely around them, and they will either have to succumb to its influences or be exterminated in the process of resistance.

[The Turkomans number, it is computed, a million souls. The number of their tents is estimated at two hundred thousand. How many slaves this estimate includes is unknown, but in Khiva, their capital, alone these number forty thousand.]

GONE BEFORE.

THERE'S a beautiful face in the silent air,
Which follows me ever and near,
With smiling eyes and amber hair,
With voiceless lips, yet with breath of prayer
That I feel, but can not hear.

The dimpled hand, and ringlet of gold,
Lie low in a marble sleep;
I stretch my arms for the clasp of old,
But the empty air is strangely cold,
And my vigil alone I keep.

There's a sinless brow with a radiant crown
And a cross laid down in the dust;
There's a smile where never a shade comes now,
And tears no more from those dear eyes flow,
So sweet in their innocent trust.

Ah, well! and summer is coming again,
Singing her same old song;
But, oh! it sounds like a sob of pain,
As its floats in the sunshine and the rain,
O'er hearts of the world's great throng.

There's a beautiful region above the skies,
And I long to reach its shore,
For I know I shall find my treasure there,
The laughing eyes and amber air
Of the loved one gone before.

S. A. K.

FRIENDLY ADVICE.—There is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth, and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer; for there is no such flatterer as is a man's self, and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self, as the liberty of a friend.—Bacon.

Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bites
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue. In thine arms
She smiles, appearing as in truth she is,
Heav'n-born, and destined to the skies again.—Camp.

WOMAN, AND THE WOMAN'S CLUB.

BY MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLIS.

THE Woman's Club forms just at present a rather prominent topic of discussion. Everybody has something to say for or against it—most generally the latter; and we don't pretend to be any more taciturn than our neighbors.

"A club is no place for women?" Well, then, what sort of a place is it for men? If it is such a very dreadful institution, what do the husbands and fathers and brothers of these presumptuous females mean by their adhesion to "New York," "Century," and "Athenaeum" clubs?

Women have ceased to be treated like children—to have knives and scissors taken away from them, lest they should cut their precious fingers—to have their pills administered in sugar-coats, and their bread-and-milk weakened with hot water. If you make a sweeping assertion now, you must give some good, fair, square reason for it. And we have yet to hear the sufficient reason for "putting down" this Woman's Club business.

"Women ought to stay at home." Yes, if they want to become miserable dyspeptic creatures, dwarfed alike in mind and body, getting all their ideas at second-hand, and taking their exercise up and down stairs at the heels of a platoon of babies! Whether is worse for them to promenade Broadway, staring senselessly at the fashions, or to rally round a sort of social center, where they can interchange ideas with others of their own sex, and escape, temporarily at least, from the intolerable monotony of daily household care?

"Women ought to be satisfied with the sphere of home." So they ought. "Man ought to be satisfied with a good dinner;" but, for pity's sake, is he supposed never to want anything more? If a woman can learn to be a better housekeeper, a truer companion, a more intelligent mother, in the atmosphere of a Woman's Club, ought it not to be encouraged?

There is neither sense nor justice in the tirades of the day about "womanly women." A woman, according to our theory, is most womanly when she is most perfectly and completely developed! If you want kitchen girls, say so; if you want housekeepers, nurses, seamstresses, say so; but don't weave such a network of wordy meshes about the simple fact that you want women to wait on you, to minister to your whims, and to be generally subservient to your majesty of manhood! If you are actually so selfish, you have no business to be ashamed of it!

And furthermore, why don't you tell us frankly what you mean by your allusions to "Amazons," "blue-stockings," and "strong-

mindful females?" Does the Woman's Club necessarily consist of these elements, and these alone? You see you are talking about what you don't know anything!

"Women don't discuss anything but dress!" As long as dress forms a part of their daily life and duty, it is perfectly proper that it should be discussed. Perpetual motion, the authorship of "Junius," and the election franchise are doubtless very interesting topics, but who expects people to talk about them forever?

If, under the existing *régime*, men are driven to hotel reading-rooms, to the columns of the newspaper, and to lectures, for intellectual companionship, as they say they are, it is high time that Women's Clubs were organized to lay the foundation for a more intelligent womanhood! Why should there not be a place where women can meet to educate their brains as well as their fingers—a place where all the topics of the day can be canvassed—where new books are talked of, as well as new fashions—where the troublesome domestic problems which make housekeeping yet an unresolved science can be thoroughly discussed and united action taken? Croquet and archery are very well in their place, as far as they go, but life is not all play, and something must be done in the dull rainy days that come to us all. There are very few so self-reliant, so all-accomplished, that they can afford to do without the suggestions and aids of a Woman's Club.

It is the novelty of the thing, after all, that makes it obnoxious to men. Once let it be well established—let them see that it works good instead of evil to the women that sit under their hearths and brighten their homes, and they will be as delighted with it as children with a new toy!

What are our female academies, seminaries, and institutes but Women's Clubs? Education does not end when a girl graduates at eighteen; it rather commences. For our part, we bid the new-born institution a hearty and cordial welcome. It has got to weather through the various weaknesses and trials to which all new-born institutions are liable—it must cut its teeth one by one with great tribulation—it must burn its fingers and cut its hands, and have "hairsbreadth 'scapes" just so often, but we hope to live to see it a thriving fact yet!

So, scold away, Messrs. Editors and mankind in general; the Woman's Club will prove itself above all such petty hindrances!

AN APPEAL.

BY FRANCES L. KEELER.

FELLOW-MORTALS! do not linger
Weeping o'er what might have been;
Progress points with jeweled finger
To the battles yet to win.
Yes, to-day Life's conflict rages,
And we need not turn the leaves
Backward through the book of Ages
For the lesson that it gives.
There are wrongs that must be righted,
Even in this land of ours;
There are other lands benighted,
Yet to feel Truth's sacred showers.
Let us toil to heal the nations,
Waiting for the dawning, when
We shall read in deeds and actions—
"Peace on earth, good-will to men."

AN AMERICAN DRESS.

BY JENNY JUNE.

We are not among the advocates of a uniform style of dress for our American women, uniformity being inconsistent with diversity of tastes, ideas, habits, and feelings, and American women are about the last persons in the world to consent to adopt a costume which would give no latitude to taste or fancy.

Gratification of tastes, however, and variety in style, color, and material, are not at all incompatible with the adoption by the majority of the American women of the simple "walking suit," which for the past year has steadily gained ground with all classes of American society. No such desideratum has ever before been achieved in fashion as this simple, convenient, out-door dress proves to be.

In a climate variable; in neighborhoods somewhat unsettled; among women, simple, independent, yet refined and tasteful in their habits, a *ready*, convenient, out-door dress, approximating as closely as possible to that of a man, without being at all masculine, was just what was needed; and that such a boon should have been conferred by fashion, that has had to answer for so many follies and vagaries, seems almost too good to be true. As we have said before, it affords plenty of scope for taste and fancy, but it provides, at the same time, a simple, effective, inexpensive costume, which can be adapted to all the changes of weather and climate with the least possible trouble; and if sensible American women everywhere do not eagerly embrace the opportunity, adopt the "walking dress," and make it a permanent institution, they deserve to be subjected to all the vagaries of unreasonable and capricious French milliners for the rest of their natural lives.

When the walking dress was first introduced it was very short, and properly called the "short" walking dress. To be becoming, it was supposed necessary to make it short and fanciful, pretty for young girls, but entirely unsuited to ladies more advanced and of matronly character.

There was an idea in it, however, and sensible women were not slow to perceive it. Why not cut the plain, gored skirt a few inches longer? Why not complete the suit by a useful, simple *sac*, without the lappets, double skirts, furbelows, and pendants?—and the thing was done.

Now, I am not condemning the ornamental walking dress. I consider a street dress that clears the ground, and that does not require a huge mass of skirts or whalebone to support it, something to be thankful for in itself, and am quite willing that individuals should exercise their own taste, judgment, or want of judgment, in getting it up; but fanciful designs and elaborate trimming require professional aid, besides creating a necessity for continual change and novelty; and what I want to impress most distinctly upon the minds of the intelligent American women who read the

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, and have other things to do than consulting fashion plates, that in the "walking suit" they have now just what they require,—a complete and convenient dress, which even in the simplest material looks lady-like, and can be rendered, by unanimous consent, superior to any caprice of fashion.

— The *sac* should be cut plain, and loose for the sake of convenience, and simplicity in making, and also because it affords the opportunity of putting in a loose lining of flannel to increase the warmth, or of wearing with it a loose flannel *sac* for the same purpose, which can be worn, or not, at pleasure. This is an incalculable advantage in our climate, which changes so suddenly from the heat of the tropics to the freezing temperature of an ice-bound latitude, and which varies so much in the different sections of the same territory.

A sensible out-door dress might endure for all time, or at least for one generation of time; sashes, frills, fringes, bows, cuttings in here, or roundings out there, must necessarily live only the butterfly's life, and die the butterfly's death.

WHAT THE AMERICAN WALKING DRESS SHOULD BE MADE OF.

One great advantage of the suit is, that it looks well in almost any plain material; but to be serviceable, it ought always to be made of a fabric that will stand exposure, that will either wash or that can be cleaned, and that does not shrink or change color from being "caught" in the rain. Pure mohair alpaca is one of the very best materials for the purpose, but it is not warm enough for winter in a cold climate. Cloth is excellent, however, and there was a ribbed material, speckled like the cloths for men's wear, introduced here last winter, under the name of "Exposition" cloth, which formed a most beautiful and durable winter fabric for suits.

Scotch tweed cloths, all-wool ribbed poplins, and empress cloths are all good for suits, and much cheaper in the long run than light mixtures of cotton and wool, that look shabby after the first month of wear, and scarcely pay for the time and thread used in making them up.

Women to whom utility and economy of time, labor, and money are objects, will find it beneficial to take an idea from the system employed in making clothing for men. Men can not sew, they can not be employed all the time in altering and changing their garments, and they are constantly engaged in active out-door labor. Clothing, therefore, so far as they are concerned, has been reduced to a science. Cloth in winter, linen in summer, are the staples, and serve their purpose exceedingly well.

Now, without reducing ourselves to that absolute standard of usefulness and simplicity, why could not the great body of American women take an idea from it, and endeavor to unite in their out-door dress the advantages

which heretofore men have almost exclusively enjoyed?

One of the difficulties to be met at the outset is the habit which the mass of women have of expending the maximum sum upon their one or two party or handsome dresses, and making anything, old or new, answer for every-day wear, in which, after all, they are seen all the time. I do not mean to be understood here as recommending silks, satins, or velvets for walking dresses, though I have no objections to persons using them who can afford it; but I do counsel those whose means are limited, to care less for the quality of a silk which they only wear once in a while, and more for the real excellence of the dresses they depend upon for active service.

Our national fault in dress, manufactures, and many other things, is a tendency to substitute an imitation for a *real* article, on the plea that it looks "just as well." It may look just as well for a day, or a week, or a month, but its innate meanness and falsity soon betray themselves. It does not last, it does not retain its beauty, and soon loses its use. It would be infinitely better to have paid a little more in the beginning, and had something whose genuine excellence would have made it a beauty and a joy forever.

DRESS AND CHANGE OF SEASON.

The main thing, of course, is to secure a material which for winter wear combines in as high a degree as possible lightness and warmth. There is, then, the possibility of lining the *sac* or pelisse with flannel, or of wearing a loose flannel *sac* under the one belonging to the suit. In addition to this, care should be exercised in regard to the under-clothing. Women do wear knitted merino vests in winter to a great extent; but instead of their cotton, or cotton-flannel drawers, they might advantageously wear the knitted merino drawers worn by men, which fit so much more closely and hold the warmth so much better than the loose, sometimes half open cotton article.

With a light, warm, all-wool flannel skirt, a "Boulevard" worn over the hoops, added to her substantial walking dress, the most delicate woman would find protection enough even in the coldest weather, and if more were needed for extra cold or storms, the tartan, or water-proof wrap, would abundantly afford it.

I mention the "Boulevard" skirt particularly in this connection, because its simple, gored shape, without plaits, its warmth and lightness, its durability and power of resistance, qualify it eminently for the position of the favorite American winter walking skirt. I have seen the whole process by which they are manufactured, the wool they are made of, the different operations (precisely like those of making felt hats) by which the loose fiber becomes the firm, compact, solid cloth, and I know they are as good as they profess to be.

Furs have grown very expensive of late years, but, excepting the muff, there is no necessity for furs in conjunction with a proper

winter dress, and even this could be made of the same material as the suit, and simply trimmed with fur—an economical idea which fashion sanctions.

WINTER WALKING OUTFIT.

A comfortable walking outfit, therefore, for winter wear, would consist of merino vest and drawers, added to the usual chemise, a flannel skirt, a small, covered hooped skirt, a gored "Boulevard" skirt, a dark walking suit, the *sac* or pelisse lined with flannel, and, if liked, bonnet and muff of the same material as the dress, trimmed with narrow bands of fur. The whole suit might, indeed, be trimmed in this way at an exceedingly moderate cost, and would form a complete walking costume, whose good taste and good sense would attract attention even upon Broadway, and commend it to the intelligence and judgment of women everywhere.

The secret of effect in dress lies in preserving the unities. Make the tone of your toilette uniform, especially out of doors, where color and contrast become mixed and confused, but rarely blend happily with their surroundings.

Suppose your walking suit to be of gray, dark green, blue, or brown cloth, choose narrow bordering of fur to match, or gray or black Astrachan, but not bordering of any high color or flimsy stuff, which would cheapen the appearance of your fabric—better have no trimming at all.

A complete winter dress of the kind indicated, underclothing and all, would, if made at home, cost less than fifty dollars.

PRESENT FASHIONS.

I have not pretended in this sketch to give the latest fashions, but simply endeavored to unite the prevailing fashions to use and economy.

A more fashionable garment, for instance, this fall than the *sac* will be the pelisse, cut in to the figure, buttoned in a diagonal line down the front and belted in at the waist. It is prettier and more stylish than the loose *sac*, but for that reason would not suit half so many ladies as a plainer design.

An outside garment, fitted to the figure, requires care and skill in making and an elegant person to properly display it. A simpler style was therefore preferred, which every lady who reads these lines can adapt to her own sense of the true, the beautiful, and the useful.

SILENT TEACHERS.

"WHAT! another flower, Tom? is not your window-sill full already?"

"They don't eat nor drink, bless 'em, and it does me and my wife good to look at 'em."

It was but a passing bit of conversation that I heard, and yet it set me thinking. The man with the flower-pot in his arm was a rough—no, I shall not say "rough"—he was a sturdy son of toil, and I was amused to hear his fervent blessing on his flowers. His acquaintance, who had expressed surprise at another flower in Tom's possession, had pulled a short

pipe out of his mouth when he spoke; and no doubt his love for tobacco cost him much more than Tom's love of flowers. Then as to the gain. The smoker would gain a dry, hot mouth, a foul breath, yellow teeth, sallow skin, dull eyes, drowsiness, and headache—that's what his pipe would do for him, even if he did not drink. But Tom with the flower would refresh his eyes with its bloom, and his smell with its sweetness, and he would adorn his window with its beauty, and gladden his wife and his children by bringing them such a pretty gift. What innocent delight would they all feel in looking at it! And more than all that, they would learn something from the flower. It would tell them of the wisdom and love of God; how he sent these beautiful flowers into the world to please the eye of man:

"To comfort man, to whisper hope
Whene'er his faith grows dim,
For who so careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for him."

I think flowers teach neatness and order. The wife and children like to have a clean room, so that the flower, in its purity and grace, may not shame them. And then, too, a poor man likes to feel that he has an ornament in his dwelling similar to that which a rich man chooses as the best embellishment of his drawing-room. The cottage and the mansion differ very much in structure and in furniture; not one article of furniture may at all resemble the other, but a pretty flower, carefully watered and tended, often blooms as well in a cottage as in a palace window.—*British Workman*.

ELIZA POTTER,

THE UNION NURSE IN SOUTHERN HOSPITALS.

THIS lady is evidently blessed with an excellent constitution and abundant vitality. She ought to live a hundred years, and doubtless would, if she lived in a prudent manner and escaped accidents. She has inherited a good deal of her father's nature—his will-power, courage, energy, and thoroughness, besides considerable ambition, a fair share of pride, a strong will, and a disposition to finish what she begins. She appreciates greatness and eminence; reverences whatever is good, high, and noble.

Hope is not a very strongly marked organ; she depends more on what she can do herself than what can be done for her; and if she makes a promise, generally puts in a condition, "If the weather be favorable," "if my health is good," "if nothing intervene to render it impossible," "I will do so and so if I can;" consequently she is regarded as a woman of her word, for if she fails to accomplish anything, she has always a proviso to help her out. She has a sympathy which

is easily turned to those who are in trouble, and it matters little whether they are of her own nation, or color, or creed, or way of thinking: it is enough for her to know that the child is in danger—she would rescue it first, and ask questions about it afterward.

She is an accurate reader of character; strangers seem luminous or transparent to her; her first judgments of nearly everything are her best, and she generally acts on them. Her percepts are large; her mind takes in all surrounding knowledge and remembers facts, places, faces, and experiences with remarkable clearness. Fortunately she has body enough to support her brain, so that there is a healthy vigor of mental action.

Language is sufficient to enable her to talk and write well. She would have become a good mathematician if properly trained in that direction; she would do well also in business; as a good manager, she is much above the average of women; can influence people; she can bring circumstances into form, so that they will conspire to produce desired results; she has the strong elements which understand conditions, as a machinist understands the wheel within a wheel of his work.

She appreciates property; would enjoy the pursuit of business by which money is made, and she would be able to manage large affairs well, because she has the power of swaying the minds of others, and magnetizing people, as it were. Her social nature is strong; she thinks everything of her friends, and never forgets them. Those qualities which constitute the fond and affectionate mother, the true friend and loving wife, are eminently hers. Being properly mated, she would love her husband better than anybody else; her next strongest love would be for a child; the next for her mother; and the rest of the human race come in in one grand class under the head of benevolence.

She is frank and truthful; some people do not tell lies, but they seldom speak the plain truth; there is a sort of reserve that leads them to hide the facts, but she inclines to utter the truth heartily and earnestly; she does not believe in crooked, disguised statements, but speaks what she thinks and feels, and takes the consequences. She is more cautious in conduct



PORTRAIT OF ELIZA POTTER.

than in speaking. More Secretiveness would be of advantage. Her force of character and perseverance render her earnest, and with her good judgment she is eminently successful in her sphere of activity.

BIOGRAPHY.

The heroism, devotion, and self-sacrifice of the loyal women of the South have never been fully appreciated. Many women, in other sections of the country, labored patiently and unremittingly for the soldiers, or contributed and forwarded such hospital stores as they needed; other women watched faithfully and tenderly the fever-stricken or sorely wounded soldier, enduring for his sake the hardships and privations of camp or hospital life, though reared in elegant and luxurious homes; but the loyal Southern women did all this, and in addition encountered, with unfaltering spirit, the contempt and abuse of nearly all their previous associates and professed friends, and oftentimes malignant persecution for their unwavering adherence to the national cause. One of the noblest of these heroic spirits is the subject of our sketch.

Mrs. Potter was born in the north of Ireland, of Scottish parents, and came to this country when about thirteen years of age. She married and settled in Charleston before she was fifteen. The early education she had received from her wealthy and intelligent parents, added to much natural quickness of intellect and a sparkling wit, made her one of the most attractive and graceful of the ladies of the Southern metropolis. She was early called to sorrow, and in the very prime of womanhood found herself a widow with a group of young but interesting children looking to her as their only earthly friend and protector. Some years later she was again married, very happily, to Mr. Lorenzo T. Potter, for thirty years past a prominent and wealthy merchant of Charleston, though a native of Providence, R. I. Few families were more pleasantly and delightfully situated than Mr. Potter's prior to the war. Their affection for each other and for

their children was strong and abiding, yet not injudicious; and the younger members of the family grew up amiable, dutiful, and possessed of all those graces which could delight the hearts of their parents. The tastes of all were simple, but their hospitality was boundless, and their piety and large-hearted liberality so well known, that they were universally beloved and honored. Mr. Potter was an enterprising and public-spirited citizen, and to him Charleston was indebted for many public improvements which had facilitated commerce and increased the value of property. So marked had been his efforts for the public good, that he had more than once received the thanks of the municipal government for his services to the city. In his long business career he had been very successful, and at the time of the secession of South Carolina possessed an ample competence. His wife, too, was well known for her personal sympathy with the sick and suffering; in the repeated visitations of yellow fever to which Charleston had been subjected, she had again and again fearlessly braved the pestilence, and remained in the hot and fever-stricken city to minister to those who were smitten by the disease.

When the demagogues of the South resolved upon secession as the remedy for their fancied ills, Charleston was the hot-bed from which the measures of secession first matured; and so rampant were its principles there, that he was a bold man and a brave one who dared to avow his opposition to it. The number of such men in Charleston was very few, but among them none was more decided and outspoken than Mr. Potter. He could not well leave the city, but it was clearly understood from the beginning to the end of the secession movement that he had no sympathy with it, and that he submitted to the rule of the revolutionists only on compulsion. His wife and children were as decided in their loyalty as the husband and father. Mrs. Potter, availing herself of her foreign birth, sought British protection, and avowed herself, for the sake of retaining greater liberty, a subject of Queen Victoria. For a little time after the war commenced, the only service they could render to the Union cause was to bear patiently the taunts of the secessionists, and manifest quietly their regard for the national flag.

But the time came soon for more decided action. In the autumn of 1861 a few sick and wounded Union prisoners reached Charleston. Mrs. Potter at once sought them out and ministered to their necessities, and was gratified to be the means of their restoration to health. A season of family affliction followed, culminating in the death of their eldest daughter, a sweet and devotedly pious young lady, whose loss was deeply felt by the mother, who, in the defection of many professed friends, had felt that she could lean upon this daughter, and confide in her in the time of trial which was coming; but so peaceful and happy was her death, that the parents could only feel that she was taken from the evil to come. Early in June, 1862, occurred the disastrous and ill-

conducted battle of James Island, in which the Union forces lost more than four hundred prisoners, the greater part of them wounded. These were brought into Charleston, and there exposed to much cruelty and indignity. The poor fellows were stripped of their clothing, many of them being left entirely nude, and exposed with their gaping and undressed wounds to the torture of the numberless insects of that semi-tropical climate; the only hospital vouchsafed to them was a filthy negro mart and the negro kitchens adjacent; and they were thrown upon the ground without beds, straw, blankets, or any covering, to suffer, groan, and die; scanty, filthy, and loathsome food and drink were furnished them; the most degraded wretches in the city assigned as nurses to them, and the brutality with which they were treated was almost incredible. The surgeon in charge avowed many times a day his wish that they were all dead, and his determination to finish them as soon as possible, and his assistants and nurses but echoed the sentiment. It was into this den of misery that Mrs. Potter resolved to penetrate, in the hope of being able to do something for the relief of the poor fellows who had so gallantly, yet so unhappily for themselves, fought for their country and their flag. She encountered the most strenuous opposition, both from the military authorities and the surgeon; was at first positively forbidden to attempt to go to the hospital, but by the exercise of a woman's skillful diplomacy, by promises of assistance and bribes, she was at last enabled to enter the so-called hospital. She had provided herself with such cordials, clothing, and other appliances as she could bring in a first visit; and accompanied by her eldest son, a boy of fifteen, she entered the place. Such a scene of wretchedness she had never before witnessed. After ministering to the poor fellows so far as she was allowed, Mrs. Potter applied to the surgeon to be appointed a nurse in this hospital. He at first refused, saying, truly enough, that it was not a fit place for a lady, but finally, on her assuring him that she would require no wages and rations, he consented, though still protesting that the place was not a fit one for her. She entered upon her duties, but was constantly thwarted and harassed by the low creatures who had been employed as nurses. They utterly refused to wash any clothing for the wounded men; and after she had supplied them with beds, bedding, and clothing, she found that in order to retain these for them, she must hire them washed herself. She expended over eleven hundred dollars in this work, and in spite of all obstacles finally succeeded in making this wretched place a more cleanly and better arranged hospital than any in Charleston, the rebel surgeon taking, meantime, all the credit of it to himself. "This," he would say to the medical inspectors, "is the way I keep my hospital." More than once he was censured by the rebel authorities for making the prisoners so comfortable. No Union soldier was suffered to want for anything which Mrs. Potter could obtain, let the cost be

what it might. She procured for them tropical fruits, even when oranges cost ten dollars each in Confederate money, and finally sent her orders to Nassau, New Providence, accompanied by the gold, running the blockade to procure oranges, lemons, and limes for her soldiers. Her bedding, the accumulation of years of the liberal housekeeping of the South, was drawn upon, till it, as well as the contributions of a few friends, was exhausted. Cotton and linen were purchased in quantities, and made up by her own hands and those of her servants, for the wounded prisoners. Those Union soldiers who were fortunate enough to escape from the prisons of Charleston, were aided and sheltered at her home; and one poor fellow for twenty-two months was one of her wards ere he could make good his escape.

Before the wounded prisoners from James' Island could get away or be exchanged, a fresh influx came from other battle-fields and engagements, and with brief intervals of sickness, or the overwhelming grief of the loss of children, she maintained her noble work till the surrender of Charleston, in March, 1865.

In this glorious but trying labor she expended of her own means about twenty thousand dollars in money, besides the liberal contributions from the few loyal citizens, and quantities of family and household stores of her own. Her husband, who was indefatigable in his labors for the Union soldiers, in supplying them with money, in arranging for their exchange, and in visiting them at the other points where they were confined, and in bribing Confederate officers to show them kindness, disbursed more than twice this amount, and periled his life more than once. But the sacrifice of money and of time was of little account (though Mr. Potter's large fortune melted away under the destructive attacks of rebel and Union armies) compared with the constant persecution to which they were both subjected. From the first outbreak of hostilities they were almost wholly isolated, the numerous professed friends of Mrs. Potter shunning her on account of her Unionism, as if her house was infected with the plague. Many ladies (?), and some who afterward professed to have been ardent Unionists during the whole period of the war, carefully drew aside their skirts when they met her, and with nose uplifted, and words and gestures of scorn, proclaimed their hatred and contempt of her. Even the fences and walls of her dwelling were frequently covered at night with obscene and ribald abuse of her for her services to Union soldiers. Twice she was threatened with a summons to the headquarters of Beauregard for "giving aid and comfort to the enemy." Sending her outside the rebel lines was twice discussed, and only negatived because they feared she knew too much, and because the yellow fever being expected, she was known to be too good and fearless a nurse in that terrible scourge to be spared.

But worse than all other trials and persecutions was the death of her eldest son, who had been her attendant and helper in her hospital duties. He was a boy of rare maturity and

judgment, of sweet and patient temper, and of ardent piety. Early in the war he had received from some friend a present of a beautiful Union flag, and as the exhibition of it would only excite malice, he requested his mother to preserve it for him till the time should come when it might again wave over a loyal city. She consented. He was a pupil of the high school of the city, and was expecting to graduate there, and enter college in the ensuing autumn (1863). Some of the boys in the school ascertained that he owned this flag, and demanded that he should surrender it to them, to be trodden on and destroyed. He refused, and they declared that if he did not, they would whip him within an inch of his life. He told his mother of their threats, but expressed his determination to suffer the beating, if need be, but not to give up the flag. She encouraged him to endure, but not to yield. Some two or three weeks later he came home and sent for her to come to his room. His tender flesh had been fearfully lacerated by the cruel blows of the young ruffians, but he uttered no complaint. "I could bear this well enough, mother," he said, "but I can not bear that they should use such abusive language about you as they do." "It does not hurt me, my son," was her reply; "our Master was reviled more bitterly than we are. You, my son, are not the first sufferer for our national flag; but if you can help it, please do not let your father know of this, for he has all he can bear already." "I will not, mother," was the brave reply; "but the boys say they will finish me next time, if I do not give up the flag." "I do not believe they will trouble you again, my son, but we will take what measures we can to prevent it." His vacation was just at hand, and Mrs. Potter endeavored to prevent his being brought in contact with these young ruffians, who were as malignant as their fathers. Three weeks passed, and her son had only to go to the high school building to obtain his diploma, and would not then be exposed further to their attacks. But the young villains were lying in wait for him, and on the porch of the high school building, one of them called his attention to something at a distance, when, by a blow from an unseen hand, he was felled to the ground, and in an almost senseless condition was afterward brought home. The brain was seriously injured, but he was conscious for a time, and with the near prospect of delirium and death, he conversed calmly with his mother of his own hopes and of the future trials to which she would be exposed. He bade her not to be discouraged in laboring for the soldiers, and predicted, with a lofty faith, the glorious termination of the struggle. He was asked if he knew who had struck the fatal blow; he replied that he did, but he preferred not to give his name, and the secret died with him. Typhoid fever set in, and after months of suffering he died. His mother was for a time completely overwhelmed by this terrible stroke, but she roused herself to her work of mercy, and summoning all her strength, left

her sick bed to minister again to the wounded Union prisoners. Her ministrations to the suffering at this time are remembered, by those of them who recovered and were restored to their homes, with the deepest gratitude. Never had she been more faithful in her care for their wants, or more gentle and tender in her inquiries after their spiritual welfare. To the dying she spoke words of comfort and cheer, and received from them messages to their friends at the North, which she transmitted with the most careful promptness whenever opportunity offered. Though a great sorrow lay upon her heart, she avoided weeping in the presence of the wounded men, lest she should depress their spirits. Among the thousands who have been under her care, there are very many who still survive, and to whom her name will ever be precious for her disinterested labors in their behalf. To them in their wretchedness and gloom she seemed an angel of mercy, and under her cheering words and tender care hope revived, and they felt that they were not utterly friendless.

Aside from the perils to which she was exposed by her work for the soldiers, there were others hard to bear, but inevitable in her situation. Their beautiful but unpretending home was situated nearly midway between the two points at which the fire of the Swamp Angel and the other large guns of Gilmore's siege batteries was directed. All their outbuildings were injured, and some of them destroyed by the shells; and during the twenty-two months in which the city was under fire, many a weary night was spent in watching the direction of the shells, and she and her family were distressed by the fear that by some shell striking their house, they might be mangled so as to be unable to aid each other; and they well knew that in such a case they might pass days of agony before any one would come to their relief. But from this calamity God mercifully preserved them.

Mrs. Potter's devotion to the national cause did not cease with the war. To the great majority of Union prisoners dying of wounds or sickness in Southern hospitals, the most distressing thought connected with death was, that they should be forgotten; that in the flush of final victory, all remembrance even of their names, and of the fact that they had laid down their lives for their country, would be effaced. This apprehension Mrs. Potter, with true patriotic feeling, sought to relieve. She promised the dying that they should not be forgotten; that if her life were spared, a monument such as they merited should be erected near the city where they gave up their lives; and that if she died before this could be accomplished, she would leave it as a sacred charge to her children.

Nobly has she striven to fulfill this solemn pledge. Contributing largely from the wreck of her once ample fortune, she has also obtained the contributions of other friends of the noble dead in Charleston, New York, Brooklyn, and elsewhere. She has procured a noble

granite monument, twenty-two and a half feet in height, which in the spring of 1868 was placed in the most conspicuous part of the National Cemetery at Hilton Head, and upon it are inscribed the names and record of three hundred and eleven of the heroic souls who passed from the prison-house of Charleston to their eternal rest, and whose bodies repose in that consecrated place of burial.

In all our records of self-sacrifice by the women of America, we know of none surpassing, in all particulars, the labors which have been briefly chronicled. Yet, with a modesty which is one of the highest attributes of true merit, Mrs. Potter declares that she believes it was mainly selfishness after all. She never could endure the sight of physical suffering without trying to relieve it, and she would have been, she avers, perfectly wretched, if she had not endeavored to make these poor fellows comfortable. We could wish that there were more such selfishness in the world.

OUR "GAL."

[We find this "good bit" of reading in the *Maryland Farmer*, and transfer it to our columns with the assurance that our domestic readers will thoroughly enjoy it.]

I MUST write it; if nobody ever reads a line of it, I must, while it is all new and fresh in my mind, write out the history of the last two weeks, and the description of "our gal," as Harry calls her.

Our gal first made her appearance in the house two weeks ago last Monday, and I hailed her broad face and stout figure with most hearty welcome. Little did I realize—but to begin at the beginning. I was, I am a very young housekeeper, yet theoretically I do know something of the arts and sciences thereunto appertaining. I was married about two years ago; but we have always boarded until now, and when I started in my pretty house, with two good girls, and everything new, I fancied clock-work would be a mere wandering vagrant compared with the regularity of my proceedings.

"Twas on a Sunday morning," as the song says, that my troubles began. I was dressing for church, when my chamber-maid came up with a rueful countenance.

"If you please, Mrs. Harvey, I'm going."

"Going!" I exclaimed. "Where?"

"To leave, ma'am. Home. I've got a spell of neuralgia coming on, and I'm going home to lay by."

"But you can lie down here if you are sick."

"Well, ma'am, I ain't to say sick, exactly, but I'm fixing for a turn."

"A turn?"

"Yes. I have neuralgia in spells, and I always feel 'em coming."

Words were vain. Go she would, and go she did. I went into the kitchen to explain to the cook that she must do double duty for a time. She was a perfect termagant, and to my utter amazement she wheeled round with the cry—

"Gone! Jane gone! Will you get another girl?"

"Certainly."

"To-day?"

"How can I get a girl on Sunday?"

"And to-morrow is wash day! Well, I'm not going to stay to do all the work. You'll either get another girl early to-morrow or I'll leave!"

"You'll leave now, in the shortest space of time it takes to go from here to the door," cried Harry from the sitting-room, where he had overheard us.

With many insolent speeches she departed, and inconvenient as it was, I was glad to see her go.

Of course there was no church, and I began to get dinner. Harry, like a masculine angel as he was, took off his coat and came down to help me, with an assurance that he actually could not sit still and hear the cook use the tone she did one instant longer. It was a merry day. Harry raked the fire till his glossy brown curls were powdered with gray, which premature sign of age was produced, he assured me, by "care, and not the weight of years." He peeled potatoes so beautifully that they were about as big as bullets, after he had taken off the skin an inch thick all round. Pies were the only article of cookery with which I was particularly acquainted, so I made a meat pie, two apple pies, and short-cake for supper, which we ate with the dinner at six o'clock. It was late enough when we cleared up, but at last all was done but one thing. Harry was in the bath-room refreshing himself, when I discovered that the coal was all gone. I hated to call him down, for he had worked hard all day, so I took the scuttle and went down in the cellar myself, laughing to think how he would scold when he knew it. I am a weak woman, and not very strong, but I filled the big scuttle, and tugging away with both hands, started up stairs.

I was at the top, my labor nearly over, when somehow, I can not tell how, I lost my balance. I reeled over, and the heavy thing came with me, down to the bottom of the stairs. I felt it crushing my foot. I heard Harry's call, and then fainted. I know now, though I did not then, how he lifted me in his strong arms, and carried me up stairs, and the touch of the cold water which he poured over me is the next thing I remember. As soon as I was conscious and able to speak, I let him go for the doctor, lamenting that mother and Lou were both out of town for the summer.

Well, well; it was a weary night; no time to scold, Harry said, so he petted, nursed, and tended me, till my heart ached with its fullness of love and gratitude. Morning found me, my fractured ankle in a box, lying helpless in bed, and Harry promised to send me a girl immediately. So, after this long prelude, I come to "our gal." Oh! I must tell you how Harry made me a slice of buttered toast for breakfast by buttering the bread on both sides and then toasting it.

It was about nine o'clock when my new girl came. Harry had given her a dead-latch key, so she entered and came up to my door. Her

knock was the first peculiarity that startled me one rap, loud as a pistol-shot, and as abrupt.

"Come in!"

With a sweep the door flew back, and in the space stood my new acquisition. Stop a moment! I must describe her. She was very tall, very robust, and very ugly. Her thick hair grew low on her forehead, and her complexion was uniformly red. Her features were very large, and her mouth full of (her only beauty) white, even teeth. Still, the face was far from stupid. The mouth, though large, was flexible and expressive, and the big black eyes promised intelligence. But oh! how can I describe her "ways," as Harry calls them? She stood for an instant perfectly motionless, then she swept down in a low and really not ungraceful courtesy.

"Madam," she said in a deep voice, "your most obedient."

"You are—" I said, questionably—

"Your humble servant."

This was not "getting on" a bit; so I said—

"You are the girl Mr. Harvey sent from the Intelligence Office?"

"I am that woman," she said, with a flourish of her shawl; "and here is my certificate of merit;" and she took a paper from her pocket. Advancing with a long step, a stop, another step and stop, until she reached my bedside, she handed me the paper with a low bow, and then stepping back three steps she stood waiting for me to read it, with hands clasped and drooping, and her head bent as if it were her death-warrant.

It was a well-written, properly-worded note from her former mistress, certifying that she was honest and capable, and I really had no choice but to keep her, so I told her to find her room, lay off her bonnet, and then come to me again. I was half afraid of her. She was not drunk, with those clear black eyes shining so brightly, but her manner actually savored of insanity. However, I was helpless, and then—Harry would come as early as he could, and I could endure to wait.

"Tell me your name," I said, as she came in with the stride and stop.

"My name is Mary," she said, in a tone so deep that it seemed to come from the very toes of her gaiters.

"Well, Mary, first put the room in order before the doctor comes."

Oh, if words could only picture that scene! Fancy this tall, large, ugly woman, armed (I use the word in its full sense) with a duster, charging at the furniture as if she were stabbing her mortal enemy to the heart. She stuck the comb into the brush as if she were saying "Die, traitor!" and piled up the books as if they were fagots for a funeral flame. She gave the curtains a sweep with her hands as if she were putting back tapestry for a royal procession, and dashed the chairs down in their places like a magnificent bandit spurning a tyrant in his power.

But when she came to the invalid she was gentle, almost caressing in her manner, propping me up comfortably, making the bed at once

easy and handsome, and arranging my hair and dress with a perfect perception of my sore condition. And when she dashed out of the room, I forgave the air with which she returned and presented a tray to me for the sake of its contents. Such delicious tea and toast, and such perfection of poached eggs, were an apology for an eccentricity of manner. I was thinking gratefully of my own comfort and watching her hang up my clothes in the closet in her own style, when the door-bell rang. Like lightning she closed the closet door, caught up the tray, and rushed down stairs. From my open door I could hear the following conversation, which I must say rather astonished even me, already prepared for any eccentricity.

Dr. Holbrook was my visitor, and of course his first question was—

"How is Mrs. Harvey this morning?"

In a voice that was the concentrated essence of about one dozen tragedies my extraordinary servant replied—

"What man art thou?"

"Is the woman crazy?" cried the doctor.

"Lay not that flattering unctious to your soul!" cried Mary.

"I'm—yes—" said the doctor, musingly; then in his own cheery, brisk tones he added: "you are the new servant, I suppose?"

"Sir, I will serve my mistress till chill death shall part us from each other."

"H'm. Well now, in plain English, go tell her I am here."

"I go, and it is done!" was the reply, and with the slow stride and halt I heard her cross the entry. She was soon at my door. "Madam, the doctor waits!" she said, standing with one arm out in a grand attitude.

"Let him come up," I said, choking with laughter.

She went down again.

"Sir, from my mistress I have lately come, to bid you welcome, and implore you to ascend. She waits within yon chamber for your coming."

Is it to be wondered at that the doctor found his patient in perfect convulsions of laughter, or that he joined her in her merriment?

"Where did you find that treasure?" he asked.

"Harry sent her from the office."

"Stage-struck evidently, though where she picked up the fifth-cut-actress manner remains to be seen."

The professional part of his visit over, the doctor stayed for a chat. We were warmly discussing the news of the day, when—whew! the door flew open, and in stalked Mary, and announced, with a swing of her arm—

"The butcher, madam!"

I saw the doctor's eyes twinkle, but he began to write in his memorandum-book with intense gravity.

"Well, Mary," I said, "he is not waiting?"

"The dinner waits!" she replied. "Shall I prepare the viands as my own judgment shall direct, or will your inclination dictate to me?"

"Cook them as you will, but have a good dinner for Mr. Harvey at two o'clock."

"Between the strokes 'twill wait his appetite." And with another sweeping courtesy she left the room, the door, as usual after her exit, standing wide open.

She was as good as her word. Without any orders from me, she took it for granted that Harry would dine up stairs, and set the table in my room. I was beginning to let my keen sense of the ludicrous triumph over pain and weariness, and I watched her, strangling the laugh till she was down stairs. To see her stab the potatoes and behead the celery was a perfect treat, and the air of a martyr preparing poison, with which she poured out the water, was perfect. Harry was evidently prepared for fun, for he watched her as keenly as I did.

Not one mouthful would she bring to me, till she had made it as dainty as could be; mashing my potatoes with the movement of a saint crushing vipers, and buttering my bread in a manner that fairly transformed the knife into a dagger. Yet the moment she brought it to me, all the affectation dropped, and no mother could have been more naturally tender. Evidently, with all her nonsense, she was kind-hearted.

It took but one day to find we had secured a perfect treasure. Her cooking was exquisite enough for the palate of an epicure; she was neat to a nicety, and I soon found her punctual and trustworthy. Her attentions to myself were touching in their watchful kindness. Sometimes, when the pain was very severe, and I could only lie suffering and helpless, her large hands would smooth my hair softly, and her voice became almost musical in its low murmurings of "Poor child! poor little child!" I think her large, strong frame, and consciousness of physical superiority to me in my tiny form and helpless state, roused all the motherly tenderness in her nature, and she lavished it upon me freely.

I often questioned her about her former places, and discovered to my utter amazement that she never was in a theater, never saw or read a play, and was entirely innocent of novel reading.

I had become so used to her manner, and no longer feared she was insane, when one evening my gravity gave way utterly, and for the first time I laughed in her face. She had been arranging my bed and self for the night, and was just leaving the room, holding in one hand an empty pitcher, and in the other my wrapper. Suddenly a drunken man in the street called out, with a yell that really was startling, though by no means mysterious. Like a flash, Mary struck an attitude. One foot advanced, her body thrown slightly forward, the pitcher held out, and the wrapper waved aloft, she cried out in a voice of perfect terror—

"Gracious heavings! What hideous screams is those?"

Gravity was gone. I fairly screamed with laughter, and her motionless attitude and wondering face only increased the fun.

"Go down, Mary, or you will kill me!" I gasped at last.

To see her brandish a dust-brush would strike terror to the heart of the most daring spider; and no words of mine can describe the frantic energy with which she punches pillows, or the grim satisfaction on her face at the expiring agonies of a spot of dirt she rubs out of existence. The funniest part of all is her perfect unconsciousness of doing anything out of the way.

Harry found out the explanation. She had lived for ten years with a retired actress and actor, who wished to bury the knowledge of their past life, and who never mentioned the stage. Retaining in private life the attitudes and tones of their old profession, they had made it a kind of sport to burlesque the passions they so often imitated, and poor Mary had unconsciously fallen into the habit of copying their peculiarities. When they left for Europe, she found her way into the Intelligence Office, where Harry secured her. Long, long may she remain "Our Gal."

DR MEYER, the pianist, wears exceptionally large and shocking bad hats; and when he lost one in Connecticut, in despair of procuring another of the proper size, his manager telegraphed back to have the missing article forwarded. The answer came back as follows: "Down express train met hat lying on the track two miles east of New Haven. Mistook it for the depot, and ran in. Engineer discovered error, and backed out. Freight train dispatched to remove the establishment, and shall forward it in sections as requested."



PORTRAIT OF MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD, THE ENGLISH PIANIST.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD, THE ENGLISH PIANIST.

As is generally the case with eminent musicians, this lady possesses an admirable physical organization (if the portrait here given be a faithful representation). A large, closely-knit frame, well filled out with elastic tissue, should supply abundantly those mechanical and temperament-

al aids which her vocation requires for its successful prosecution. The motive temperament is well indicated, and ministers its forceful elements to her character and work.

She is evidently a woman of ardent feeling, affection, and sympathy. She is impulsive emotionally, and we doubt not as active and earnest in the accomplishment of whatever she undertakes as she is impulsive.

Her domestic feelings and inclinations are evidently very influential. Home and its interior ties, friends and personal associations in general, are of great importance to her. The favor and encouragement of those she loves is an earnest of success to her in all of her new undertakings.

She is hopeful and vivacious, yet quite

sensitive to depreciative criticism, although censure stimulates her to more earnest and positive effort to contravene its influence. She has little vanity, and when she would shine she takes care that none of her plumes are borrowed.

BIOGRAPHY.

MADAME GODDARD was born at St. Servan, near St. Malo, in France, January 12, 1836. At a very early age she evinced extraordinary musical ability; and when but a little more than four years old she appeared before an audience in a charitable concert at St. Servan, and performed successfully a fantasia on themes from Mozart's Don Juan. Her parents wishing to procure for her the best musical instruction removed to Paris. There she enjoyed the tutorage of Kalkbrenner for four years; after which she accompanied her parents to London, and continued her studies in England under the direction of Mr. Anderson, pianist to the Queen. She also enjoyed the instructions of Herr Kuhe and Thalberg, while those great instrumentalists resided in London. Having finished her pupilage, Madame Goddard made her first public *début*, when about fourteen years of age, in a grand concert at her Majesty's Theater, London, and was received with marked favor as being a piano-forte impresario.

She performs remarkably well at sight, and possesses a retentive memory of whatever musical compositions attract her notice. Her

execution is also brilliant and effective, the most intricate and rapid music being readily mastered by her mobile fingers.

Devoting herself almost entirely to performances in England, where her name is familiar in every household, she has achieved wealth and reputation. Unlike other eminent musicians, she has made no foreign tours, but finds in the land of her adoption all the exercise of her talent in public and private life as she can conveniently respond to.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1868.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Jure*.

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THE USE OF DISCIPLINE.

WE may liken the undisciplined human being to unhewn marble in the quarry; and the disciplined human being to the excavated, chiseled marble polished and set upon a pedestal, where its stately beauty impresses every beholder. Again; these two conditions may be compared to gold in the rough ore, and refined gold, beautifully chased and made useful. It is no less marble or gold in the one case than in the other; the man undisciplined is no less a human being than the most refined and cultivated. Man *undisciplined* is simply a savage. Man thoroughly disciplined is civilized, and in the way to appreciate all that ennobles his race. Look at nearly half the full-grown men we meet. What great, coarse, awkward, uncouth creatures! See how they shuffle, shuffle, shuffle along in life, instead of walking boldly and uprightly forward! And how untidy they are! Look at their unclean teeth; smell their foul breath! How little above the brute they seem! and yet they were created in the image of God, with immortal souls, capable of culture to any conceivable extent. From lack of discipline, they are only rudimental men. Animals of one species, without reason, moral sense, or religion, are alike; and so far as original organization goes, so is the family of man. Each member has the same number of bones, muscles, nerves, and faculties. They are alike in all the senses, differing only in degree of culture, development, and discipline. But no degree of culture will change the nature or species of brutes such as dogs, horses, and lions; they remain animal only, with limited capacities—instinct without reason—while man is susceptible of almost unlimited culture, development and reach of mind, soul, or spirit. Man's brain is

a house three stories high, while that of the animal is only a basement. But it is DISCIPLINE which calls out, quickens, and develops all his faculties and powers. Without discipline, he is an unwieldy human block; as nature formed him, almost useless. What is it that makes the difference between the teacher and the pupil? It is not size of body, nor necessarily a difference of age; it is not in sense nor in faculty; it is not altogether in temperament; but it is in culture and discipline of the one, and the want of it in the other. It is discipline of the whole mind which enables one person to play on a musical instrument, to invent, imitate, and to do something of everything; and it is the absence of discipline which prevents others from doing precisely the same thing. So in all the various callings, all the professions and pursuits in life.

To illustrate the point still further: Take two boys,—brothers; permit one to grow up without restraint, direction, or discipline, as far too many street boys in our cities and villages are permitted to do, and what is the result? On reaching manhood, he is a coarse, ignorant, selfish, impudent, quarrelsome, obstinate, revengeful loafer. He is notorious only for vagabond proclivities; and if he escapes the jail, prison, and the gallows, he remains on the low plane of his animal propensities, performing some menial service, like cleaning spittoons, living from hand to mouth, and winding up his career "way down below." When he dies, a nuisance is abated. The other, similarly constituted, born of the same parents, under the same circumstances, endowed with similar tendencies and proclivities, if placed under good influence, properly restrained, wisely directed, and well educated, thoroughly disciplined, enjoys in his youth almost a charmed life, and on attaining manhood, at once takes his place among intelligent, respectable, and honorable men; filling his position with credit, living a useful life, and establishing a reputation for justice, kindness, and religion. He is a pillar of strength in goodness. All who know him delight to trust him, and his whole life inclines in the same direction which in early youth he was *taught* to go. To him life has been active, industrious, earnest, useful, successful. Departing, he is lamented and mourned by all who

knew him. *He* was law-abiding; the other was lawless. The one was a low, scoffing skeptic; the other, a cultivated Christian gentleman. The one complained constantly of his unfortunate lot, charging his destitution and short-comings upon Satan, not seeming to realize that the fault was in great part his own. The other accepted seeming calamities as possible blessings in disguise, remembering that "the Lord chasteneth whom he loveth," thus weaning him from merely worldly affairs and reconciling him to the will of Heaven. We need not pursue the subject further. It must be clear to all that the importance of the most thorough discipline, early and late, can not be overrated or magnified; while the want of it precipitates its miserable victim into the poor-house, the asylum, the prison, and the potter's-field.

MORAL: Parents owe to their children this: if they can bestow neither wealth nor honor, they can at least give them that discipline which is of such incomparable importance. They can teach them self-denial, the regulation of their passions, and habits of industry; they can stimulate their application, and encourage perseverance, economy, kindness, justice, devotion, and good-will. It is not necessary to resort to violence. In such education, kindness with firmness is more potent than chains, locks, or whips. As God is merciful to us; as He chastens us with the rod of His spirit, so parents may chasten their children; and *this* is the kind of correction and the discipline we commend.

DRINK.

A LATE State Temperance Convention presented in its report the following official records of applications for entry into the Inebriates' Asylum of New York. There has been a newspaper denial of its correctness, but whether or not it was official, we do not know. Here is the statement:

Clergymen.....	29	Physicians.....	25
Judges.....	8	Gentlemen.....	240
Merchants.....	340		

Thirty-nine drunken clergymen! Or even *one* single drunken clergyman! Of what denominations? Eight drunken judges! Or even one drunken judge! Of what weight would be their or his judgment? Three hundred and forty drunken merchants! Or even one

drunken merchant! Were they liquor dealers? Two hundred and twenty-six drunken physicians! Or even one drunken physician! who have poisoned both their patients and themselves. They administer to the sick, beer, porter, ale, wine, whisky, rum, gin, brandy, and bitters. Two hundred and forty drunken gentlemen! Or one drunken gentleman! We do not believe it. A "gentleman" is not a drunkard; he is simply what he is. But you say when clergymen, physicians, and judges get drunk, why not "gentlemen" also? "Sauce for the goose," etc. Then, is it not notorious that some of our legislators, our representatives, our senators, and even our Presidents, get drunk? Then why may not merchants drink? Why not everybody? Let us see why not. We could give twenty good reasons; but *one* is enough. Because "THE DRUNKARD shall not INHERIT THE KINGDOM OF GOD."* He is an outcast. He is bad. A fallen human wreck. But he *may* be reclaimed. Aye, so may the dead be raised, and other miracles performed. But it takes more than man to do it. Is it not easier to *prevent* disease and drunkenness than to *cure* it? *Perverted* priests and clergymen call the vile alcoholic mixture "a good creature of God," and drink it. Weak or wicked doctors guzzle it themselves, and give it to their confiding but silly patients, and it only hastens their exit to heaven or to hell.

Our whisky-drinking law *makers* are constantly making law *breakers*. They are a low, bad set, and ought to be hurled from the places they disgrace. It is a crying shame that any other than temperance men should be put in *any* place of trust. Evil, and only evil, comes of liquor-drinking legislators. Think of a drunken Congressman! A drunken President! May God put it into the minds of the people to choose *only* temperance men, honest men, virtuous men, intelligent men, to serve us. If we fail in this we shall have good cause to fear for the perpetuity of our institutions. It is intemperance that is lowering the tone of public morals and corrupting all our legislation. Let us stop it, and pray God that we may save our institutions, our nation, our bodies, and our souls.

* 1 Cor. vi. 10.

NOT GOING TO SMASH.

THERE are large numbers of bad men in and out of public offices. Those who are in, desire to remain in; and the "outs" will cry down the Government, cry down the currency, and try to make many simpletons believe that the whole country is going into immediate bankruptcy, unless those in office be turned out and the more hungry ones let in. "Loaves and fishes" are the cause of much political contention. We have seen notorious bullies, boxers, prize-fighters, gamblers, and drunkards elected to offices of honor and trust. We have seen persons without education, without moral principle, without any of the requisite qualifications for statesmanship, made members of our State Legislatures and of our national Congress,—men lawless, dishonest, drunken vagabonds, making laws for American citizens! Can there be any wonder that the course of events will not run smooth? that bribery and corruption may be seen in all departments? We realize and we deplore these facts. We call the attention of well-disposed men, lovers of their country, to contemplate the truth. We ask them, for the sake of our children, our future, and ourselves, that they correct these evils. If we will, we can choose sober, righteous men to serve us. We can choose intelligent, honorable men, moral and religious men. We appeal to no clique, no party, no sect; we appeal to all intelligent, temperate, self-regulating, patriotic, moral and religious citizens. Reader, are *you* of this class? If not, will you not come over on the right side—the side of God and humanity? There are two sides to every question. One side is right, the other wrong. Why not choose the right? Do not tamper with policy or expedients, but stand up for the right, and God will take care of consequences. He was a statesman who said, "I had rather be right than be President." He is a false, bad man who favors injustice, oppression, and the rule of the wicked. Let us vote for those only whom we can trust.

Here is a statement of our finances, which is far more hopeful than has been represented by parties in interest. It is from one of the commercial journals of this city.

THE NATIONAL ACCOUNT.

So much has been said and written about the corrupt and extravagant manner in which the Federal Government has been administered during the last year or two, that it is pleasant to meet with facts and figures, from official sources, which must go far to correct erroneous impressions in this connection. In view of the fact that the present Administration has been compelled not only to carry an immense burden bequeathed by the rebellion, but to close up the confused accounts, restore civil order through a vast region devastated and unsettled by the conflict, and repel assaults upon the public credit, we were not prepared for so satisfactory an exhibit of the receipts and expenditures of the Government for the fiscal year just closed, as that furnished by Special Commissioner Wells, of the Treasury Department. From this exhibit we give the more important figures, as follows:

RECEIPTS.

The national receipts of revenue, from all sources, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1868, were substantially as follows:

Customs (gold).....	\$168,500,000
Internal Revenue (currency).....	193,000,000
Miscellaneous (currency).....	47,000,000
Public Lands and Direct Tax (currency)....	2,800,000
Total	\$406,300,000

EXPENDITURES.

The expenditures of the Government on account of interest on the public debt, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1868, was \$141,635-551 18. The aggregate expenditures of the several departments of the Government for the same period, were \$229,914,874 56, making a total expenditure for the fiscal year, ending June 30, 1868, of \$371,550,325, and leaving an estimated surplus of receipts over expenditures of \$34,749,777.

REDUCTION OF TAXATION.

The amount of taxes abated or repealed since the close of the war has been estimated as follows:

By Act of July 13, 1866.....	\$60,000,000
By Act of March 2, 1867.....	40,000,000
By Act of Feb. 3, 1868 (exemption of raw cotton).....	23,769,000
By Act of March 31.....	44,500,000
Total	\$167,269,000

Since July, 1865, furthermore, the additional tax of 5 per cent. on incomes in excess of 5,000 has been repealed, and the exemption on all incomes has been increased from \$600 to \$1,000. The taxation formerly imposed on the gross receipts accruing from the transportation of merchandise, has also been entirely removed. Co-incident with the above reduction of taxation, or from the 31st of August, 1865, to the 30th of June, 1868, the aggregate of the national indebtedness, including cash in the Treasury, exhibits a reduction, in round numbers, of \$250,000,000. On this statement of the debt, the reduction of the interest, calculated at 6 per centum, would be \$15,000,000 annually.

Thus, heavy as the expenditures have been during the last year, they have not only been met by the ordinary revenues of Government, without a resort to loans, but after somewhat reducing the principal of the debt, an estimated surplus of nearly thirty-five millions of dollars was left. Leaving out the interest on the debt, and the pensions and bounties of soldiers and sailors, which are, as a matter of course, inevitable, the difference between the expenditure of the present administration and that of the peace administration immediately preceding the war, is not proportionately as great as the difference in the population of the country at the two periods, or the changed conditions of the nation would seem to warrant.

Congress might have accomplished something more than it has accomplished, during the last year or two, to relieve the public of burdens which have become extremely onerous; but despite of its shortcomings, we have an abiding faith that wiser counsels will prevail, and that measures based upon honesty and justice will be evoked, after the excitement of the Presidential campaign shall have passed away. There is nothing in our political traditions, or our relations with other nations, which can ever make it necessary to maintain a large and costly military establishment in times of quiet and profound peace; nor is there any reason why, from being a dead weight upon the Government, the Southern States, with no great incumbrances upon them, with their social and labor relations adapting themselves to the emergency, and with a belt of the most productive soil which this continent affords, should not soon contribute their full share to the requirements

of the General Government. And we believe they will, as soon as fierce partisan warfare shall give place to an era of good feeling, thus admitting of the co-operation of Northern capital and labor, which alone are necessary for the development of resources, in order to place the Southern States again firmly on their feet.

WORKING FOR MONEY.

THE statement that "the laborer is worthy of his hire" is not only trite, but it is also Scriptural; and he who ignores this principle is not only *unwise* but *UNJUST*. If "the wages of sin is death," the wages of honest toil is bread and life. Money simply represents labor performed, or property of some sort. He who produces nothing and *earns* nothing, does no good in the world; he simply lives on the earnings of others; is worse than a drone in the great human hive. Any institution or order of society which stigmatizes honest labor as degrading, or as something to be avoided, carries its own curse with it. "For this we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat." So said St. Paul. There are idle and disorderly persons among us who "work not at all, but are busybodies." Such should be exhorted and induced to earn their own living. It is energizing and ennobling to *earn* the wherewith to develop our faculties, clothe our bodies, contribute to the unfortunate, build school-houses, churches, public libraries, industrial institutes, asylums, hospitals, and the like. For every dollar a man invests in any of these he feels the richer in all the attributes of a true and noble manhood. Oh, the blessing of giving! And the way to obtain the blessing is to *earn* it. The poor weak-willed, self-indulgent do-nothings never have anything to give, except what they beg from the more industrious and enterprising. They don't know, poor things, what they were created for. So far, to them, life has been in vain. They wait for some thrifty person to take them up and carry them into sweet Elysian fields, where they may dwell in luxurious idleness. What husbands and fathers, what wives and mothers, such worthless creatures make!

Reader, do you remember the first dime or dollar you ever earned? *Why* do you remember it? Because of the *satisfaction* it produced. *You earned it*. It was the result of your own personal exertion. It was yours, and a part of you. It was your first taste of liberty, independence, power. What a luxury! What a stimulant! How all-engaging! The idea of wealth becomes absorbing. Is there no short road to riches? Tell, O tell me how to make money quickly! Ah, here is the danger. If the parent failed to teach his child something of the true *uses* of money; if he permitted him to become a warped money-lover for its own sake—a money-worshiper—through inordinate acquisitiveness, he will just as certainly become a mean, selfish, sordid miser, a gambler, or a thief! Money is to be desired only as a *means*, and it is so much better to earn than

to inherit it. "Easily obtained, as easily lost," is the rule.

Begging comes of poverty and low natures. A dignified, manly man "would rather starve than beg," while imported paupers take to begging as ducks take to water. *They* are *born* to it. It is the result of monarchical institutions, wherein the few own all the land, monopolize all the water, rule and control the labor. It is cruel slavery, under another name—subjects—and produces the "class" denominated peasants.

Here, in America, we grow no human fungus. Those we have are either imported direct, or they are the immediate offspring of such. They compose our whisky rings, our "Dead Rabbits," "Short Boys," "Plug Uglies," and other villainous, vagabond classes. Our dance-houses, streets, poor-houses, and prisons swarm with them. They are human wharf rats, baggage smashers, thieves, burglars, robbers, murderers. They work from compulsion—never from choice. In their own country they were kept at the point of starvation, having no hopeful prospects to encourage them, and they became the poor creatures we see. Here they may earn money, accumulate a competency, and, with industry and "temperate habits," get ahead in the world. And they do. Consider the millions of dollars sent by laborers, from America, to relatives in the "Old Country." Here they can make and save money. Here they can secure houses of their own, and put their children in a way to be educated, elevated, and placed on a rising scale. Let whisky and tobacco alone; buy good books and read them; join a temperance society; come under religious influences; and the course of each one will be "onward and upward."

But there are *higher* considerations than working for money. Riches do *not* secure happiness. He alone grows in the excellences of God's grace who rises above the love of money and develops the higher faculties and sentiments. It is the exercise of these which brings peace. One must be honest, kindly, honorable, forgiving, trusting, and godly if he would stand on the *highest* human plane. Riches, honor, ambition, love of art, poetry, music, home, and even the social affections, must *all* be subordinated to the moral, spiritual, religious sense. It must be God first, humanity next, and worldly affairs last. He who earns or acquires the most money, like the man with the most talents, will be held all the more accountable for its right use. Man may not live to himself alone. Great riches and great talents are great powers, and when rightly used bring happiness to all; but when prostituted to base purposes, only sink their possessor in the esteem of his fellows, and bring ruin on those who participate in their use. The money of the gambler curses all who use it in that way. Our study should be, to know the real value of money, and to use it wisely; to understand our own abilities, and to exercise them for the good of mankind; to learn the laws of our being, and obey them; to find out the will of God, and do it.

GEOLOGY NO SCIENCE.

THE Rev. Robert Patterson, D.D., is writing a series of articles in the *Family Treasure*—a handsome monthly, published in Cincinnati—on Physiology, Phrenology, Geology, etc., in which he tells his readers what he "doesn't know" and what he "doesn't believe." He takes the *negative* of every question, as naturally as another takes the affirmative. He will not admit anything to be true which *he* doesn't understand. We did this reverend doctor of divinity—some men are woefully misplaced in this world—the honor to show him up in our August number. But here he is again, scolding away as glibly as ever. This time he is after the geologists, with a sharp stick. He says "geological theories can never rise above the rank of notions." Then he goes on to state what can not be done, what men *can not* know; as for example, "Geologists have no knowledge of the facts essential to the erection of a science of geology." Again: "The profound ignorance out of whose abysses geological theories arise, is well exhibited by the most learned of the physical geographers, Humboldt." "No materials exist for framing any history of the geological periods." "Geology, as defined by its professors, is a science impossible to short-lived mortals." Yes, but may not the present generation profit by the teachings of those who have gone before? and may not future generations take hold where the present leave off, and thus augment the sum-total of this and other kinds of knowledge? On this very point he says:

This is by no means possible. The co-ordination and comparison of all the facts must be the work of a single mind capacious enough to contain them all. The fair face of nature can not be reflected truly in a mirror composed of a thousand fragments. But the question at present is one of facts, not of future possibilities. Have geologists now any such accumulation of facts as would warrant the construction of the science of the structure of the earth? Have they examined, or even seen the strata whose formations they describe? Is it even possible for mortal man to achieve what they allege their science demands?

Alas! science of such a vast subject is impossible, and our geological authorities ought certainly to acknowledge the impossibility, and refrain from making such enormous demands upon the credulity of the people. They should reflect that common sense [We wonder what *he* means by "common sense"] sees as far into a millstone as philosophy. Its conclusion upon reading the enormous pretensions of geologists, and comparing them with their very slender performances, probably will be, not that geologists have procured a lease of life of antediluvian longevity, nor that they have attained to a systematical omniscience, but that the utmost they can boast is a very superficial second-hand knowledge of a very small part of the earth's surface, and a very cursory glance at a much smaller part of it. This is all that even the first-class geologists—Miller, or Murchison, or Lyell, or Dana, or Agassiz—can produce as the materials for a science; all the rest is mere assumption—scientific poetry, if you will, but not science. Geology would rank well as a department of mythology.

So, *down* with geology, and *up* with Patterson. He has smashed all their fine theories, and remains what he is, the iconoclast of the natural sciences.

OUR LIST OF PREMIUMS.

In addition to a monthly magazine, which is richly worth its price, we now offer to those who may send us new subscriptions, valuable and useful premiums. As this JOURNAL is essentially useful and substantial in its general character, so the premiums named are of a useful and substantial sort. Many, to be sure, lay claim to the character of ornamental, but their decoration is but an attractive accessory to their utility. We offer no worthless frippery—no mean “pinchbeck ware” or “sham jewelry;” but appreciating more highly the mental tone of our readers, we invite their consideration to a short programme, which is thought to include things adapted to the tastes and wants of every well-ordered household and of every right-minded individual. As regards the liberal terms we make in this “premium business,” we invite comparison with other magazine inducements.

TABLE OF PREMIUMS.

Names of Articles.	Cash Value.	No. Sub's. at \$2 ea.
1. Piano, Steinway or Weber, 7 octave. \$650 00....	350	
2. Parlor Organ, Mason & Hamlin or Berry, 5 octave.....	170 00....	100
3. Choice Library, your selection at publishers' rates.....	100 00....	70
4. Metropolitan Organ, Mason & Hamlin, 5 octave.....	130 00....	60
5. Gold Hunting-case Watch, American Watch Co.'s best.....	125 00....	60
6. Choice Library, your selection.....	75 00....	50
7. Chambers' Encyclopedia, new, 10 vols.....	45 00....	30
8. Silver Hunting Watch, American Watch Co.'s best.....	60 00....	30
9. Sewing Machine, Weed's new style.....	60 00....	25
10. Sewing Machine, Wheeler & Wilson's.....	55 00....	20
11. Chest of Tools, 75 pieces.....	40 00....	25
12. Library, your choice.....	30 00....	25
13. Lange's Commentaries, any 3 vols.....	15 00....	10
14. Doty's Washing Machine.....	14 00....	10
15. Irving's "Belles Lettres Works," 8 vols.....	14 00....	9
16. Rosewood Writing Desk, furnished.....	12 00....	9
17. Webster's Illust'd Quarto Dictionary.....	12 00....	9
18. Irving's Life of Washington, 5 vols.....	12 50....	8
19. Mitchell's General Atlas, folio.....	10 00....	8
20. Student's Set of Phren'! Works.....	10 00....	7
21. Universal Clothes Wringer.....	9 00....	7
22. "Bruen Cloth Plate," for Sewing Machines.....	10 00....	6
23. Stereoscope, Rosewood, 12 fine views.....	7 00....	6
24. New Physiognomy, Illustrated.....	5 00....	4
25. Weaver's Works, in one vol.....	3 00....	3
26. Hand-Book—How to Write, Talk, Behave, and Do Business.....	2 25....	2
27. Life in the West, new.....	2 00....	2

Our own books may be substituted in all cases for any other premium, if preferred.

The articles enumerated are the best of their several kinds. The “Belles Lettres” set of Irving comprises “Knickerbocker,” “Tales of a Traveler,” “Wolfert’s Roost,” “Crayon Miscellany,” “Bracebridge Hall,” “Alhambra,” “Oliver Goldsmith,” “Sketch Book,” all elegantly bound.

Persons wishing our own publications instead of the promiscuous choice offered, will be permitted to select for themselves from our fullest catalogues. In this connection, we would say that lists of any number of *new* subscribers exceeding ten will entitle the sender to a liberal selection from our catalogue.

As we offer premiums for *new* subscribers, it may seem an injustice to present subscribers who may intend to renew their interest, if we do not exhibit some liberality toward them; therefore we say that each present subscriber who sends us a new name with his or her own (inclosing, of course, the requisite \$6), will receive the valuable hand-book, “The Right Word in the Right Place,” or the illustrated “Pope’s Essay on Man,” which sells for \$1. We also offer the same premium to persons who subscribe to the JOURNAL for two years in advance at the regular rate.

In the general competition for premiums, *two* old subscribers will be counted as *one* new subscriber, and the premiums awarded accordingly to parties sending us lists at the full rate.

The “New Encyclopedia” (Chambers’) offered is a handsome octavo edition, finely illustrated, and beyond peradventure one of the most valuable works of the kind extant.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the pianos and parlor organs on our list are acknowledged among the best manufactured in the world.

The Mason and Hamlin cabinet organ offered as premium No. 2 is a five octave double reed instrument with four stops, having their new and very valuable improvements introduced this season, viz., “Mason & Hamlin’s Improved Vox Humana,” and “Monroe’s Improved Reeds.”

The Bruen cloth plate is a valuable contrivance for embroidering on sewing-machines. When attached to Wheeler & Wilson’s, it makes the Grover & Baker stitch, a desideratum in embroidery by machine.

Who will have these premiums? They are freely offered to all, and will be promptly sent to the parties entitled to them.

Clubs may be made up of subscribers residing at one or a hundred different post-offices.

REMITTANCES should be made in post-office orders, bank checks, or drafts payable to the order of S. R. WELLS, New York.

THE COMING ANNUAL.

OUR ANNUAL for 1869 is now in press, and will soon be ready for general circulation. We have striven to make it valuable as an instrument of good by introducing fresh, original articles of a practical bearing on all the leading interests of the times. As our Annuals from year to year have steadily improved in quality and grown in public favor, we have experienced no apprehensions lest our efforts at a still further improvement in that of 1869 should not meet with a cordial welcome and a liberal patronage.

Among the more prominent articles which will enliven its pages are the following: The True Basis of Education found in the Constitution of Man; Eminent American Clergymen, a group of seven, representing as many different denominations; How to Study Faces; Mirthfulness; Food Makes the Man; Temperament in Cattle; The English Miner; Power of Example; Uses of Culture; American Wit; Victor

Cousin, the French Philosopher; Dry Bones; Hepworth Dixon; Wilkie Collins; Rev. Dr. Cummings, the Prophetic Man. The number of illustrations is large, some single articles embodying half a dozen or more illustrations; the portraits, especially, are carefully engraved, and form an important feature in the work. In character, quality and price, we are satisfied the Annual for 1869 will sustain a favorable comparison with any like publication of the day.

FOR NEXT YEAR!

It seems rather early to put out announcements for the year 1869; but “time flies,” and we must *fly* to keep up. In the present number of the A. P. J. we give a list of PREMIUMS, the value of which will make it worth while to work for them. It has given us real pleasure to send out beautiful pianos, melodeons, sewing machines, and whole libraries of books to all parts of the country.

THE BEST. None but the *best* articles of their kind are sent; *i. e.*, nothing second-hand, cheap, or inferior is ever sent by us. We aim to secure the *best of the kind* in every instance.

At first we hesitated about offering watches, fearing we could not secure good time-keepers, and that disappointments would sometimes occur. But we have arranged with the manufacturers; and are enabled to offer two sizes—for gentlemen and for ladies—silver and gold hunting cases of a beautiful pattern, and warranted accurate time-keepers.

Other premiums in the list will be appreciated by those who need them. We frankly admit that our object is to increase the circulation of this JOURNAL. We give the profits in premiums to those who do the work and forward us the subscribers.

THE JOURNAL will be richly worth its *full price* to every subscriber. It is now a good time to *begin* to form clubs for 1869. “An early bird,” etc., you know.

TRUE NOBLENES lies in a deep and pure generosity of the soul. Even common humanity pities the wretched. Ordinary attainments in the Christian life may induce men to labor even for the conversion of souls. Such labor may move side by side with many of the elements of littleness. A great sermon may come out of a heart largely swayed by small ambitions, which would redden or pale with pain at another’s praise. A deed may be generous only to be called so. A man may be soft and yielding only the better and the more certainly to cover himself with the praise of his friends. True nobleness, in addition to high impulses and breadth of aim, must be unselfish; it must follow in the right cause even where a personal adversary leads; it must be able to smile from the very heart at the success of a rival; it must not feel itself the poorer for another’s riches, nor the meaner for another’s exaltation. Such generosity is serenity; it is heavenly sweetness; it is at once royal and lowly; it is divine charity, and, therefore, liberty—the perfect law of liberty, “blessed in its deed.”

**JOHN LAIRD,
THE BRITISH SHIP-BUILDER.**

THE mental-motive temperament predominates in this organization. The body is long and slim, the head and face are the same, and there is evidently more mental activity than physical vitality, a condition likely to render one nervous, restless, and impatient. He is disposed to sympathize more with troubled waters than with those at rest; to stir up and agitate, simply from the love of agitation. There is no peace in that countenance; it is expressive of a hungry, ambitious, excitable mind. He needs, greatly needs, the modifying influences of more physical vitality—a bodily condition more in keeping with the English type.

There is little warmth or geniality here, but much will, temper, and personality; he would be cold and authoritative rather than warm and gentle.

As to his capabilities. So far as management is concerned, there can be no doubt that he would be far more efficient in selfish enterprises than in missionary work, at home or abroad. He looks more like a feelingless schoolmaster than like a statesman, more like one who would seek to realize his own personal desires than to contribute voluntarily to the happiness of others. In short, it is the face of a cold, calculating, criticising, fault-finding, nervous, proud-spirited, willful, and opinionated man. He may be missed—will he be mourned?—when he dies. He would evidently have made a sharp lawyer; something of a soldier; a capital driver or overseer, as he is good at scheming and projecting; but not a popular captain or hotel keeper; not a self-sacrificing friend like John Howard or Father Mathew; not a laborer in the interest of the unfortunate, but one who would turn every opportunity to his own personal advantage. To him, the world is a great goose, made for him to pluck. And he has little or no compunction; we doubt if he ever confesses himself what he evidently is—a miserable sinner.

Such a temperament and disposition needs looking after. Children so constituted are apt to give much trouble by their pesky natures, and it is quite unsafe to leave them unrestrained; they need careful watching, lest they get in-

to mischief and bring trouble upon the entire family.

BIOGRAPHY.

Now that the claims of the United States on England, for damages sustained during the war by the operations of rebel privateers alleged to have been built, armed, and equipped in English docks, are being urged, it is proper for us to furnish our readers with some account of the man who was conspicuously connected with the construction of "rebel rams" and ironclads.

John Laird, Esq., the present Member of Parliament for Birkenhead, England, was born in Greenock, Scotland, in the year 1805. He received his education at the Royal Institution, Liverpool, and early devoted himself to commercial pursuits.

John Laird has been connected with steam navigation since 1821, his father having been one of the originators of the St. George's Steam Packet Company and the Dublin Steam Navigation Company, formed at that time. His



PORTRAIT OF JOHN LAIRD.

father, William Laird, commenced the Birkenhead Ironworks in 1824, and the first iron vessel built at these works was in 1829. But iron ship-building did not make any great progress for ten years or more after that date. Shipowners were loth to adopt iron vessels, and great difficulty was experienced in persuading even enterprising men to embark in the then almost new invention. In 1839, however, the English Admiralty ordered the first iron steam vessel for her Majesty's service from Mr. Laird, and since that time iron vessels have grown more and more into favor.

It was at the Birkenhead Ironworks that the first iron vessels for the United States, for the River Indus, for the Nile, Euphrates, Tigris, and other important rivers of the East, were built. The first steam-frigate ever constructed for the British Admiralty was also built there—the Birkenhead, of 1,400 tons and 560 horsepower. From 1829 to the present time, nearly

four hundred vessels, of a total gross tonnage of upward of 150,000 tons, have been constructed at Laird's establishment.

From two to three thousand men are continually employed there, and a large number of vessels are constantly in process of construction. A portion of the immense works are set apart for engine and boiler making, where a large number of marine engines are built, of sizes varying from 80 to 450 horsepower.

The town of Birkenhead, which lies across the River Mersey, opposite Liverpool, of which it is really a suburb, owes much of its prosperity to the success of Mr. Laird as a ship-builder. Birkenhead is to Liverpool what Brooklyn is to New York, and has grown rapidly in extent and population. In 1821 it had a population of only 200; in 1831, 2,569; in 1841, of 8,223; and in 1861, numbered 36,000 inhabitants.

The Birkenhead docks were first projected by William, the father of John Laird, in 1827; but the corporation of Liverpool having purchased all the property, to prevent the carrying out of his plans, no progress was made until 1844, when the commissioners of Birkenhead brought a bill into the English Parliament for constructing docks at Wallasey Pool. Many difficulties attended this scheme, but in 1857 Parliament decided to amalgamate the docks on both sides of the river in one trust, called the Mersey Docks and Harbor Board, giving power to the Government to nominate four members of that board. Mr. J. Laird was the first appointed by Government, and has continued in office since the Act came into force.

The first Act for forming a local body for managing the affairs of Birkenhead was passed in 1833. Mr. J. Laird was one of the commissioners named under that Act, and he has occupied the post of chairman of the commission, with the exception of a very short time, ever since.

Mr. Laird is a Deputy-Lieutenant and magistrate for the county of Chester, a member of the council of the National Rifle Association, and Deputy-Chairman of the County of Chester Rifle Association. He has taken an active part in the volunteer movement since its start in 1859, and has three artillery companies formed among his workmen, consisting of 70 men in each company, or 210 in all, his eldest son and partner, Mr. William Laird, jun., being Captain Commandant.

In 1861, Mr. Laird was elected Member of Parliament for Birkenhead, being the first representative sent from that place to the House of Commons.

DR. GALL'S WORKS.—We are receiving many thanks for the suggestion published in the June number relative to the republication of the complete works of the founder of Phrenology—not enough subscribers, however, to warrant the great outlay. It will require at least one thousand subscribers, at \$10 each, to warrant us in undertaking the enterprise.

MR. MILL AND PHRENOLOGY.

[We were recently shown a letter addressed by Mr. Andrew Boardman to an English friend who is on intimate terms with John Stuart Mill, from which we have been permitted to extract the following.]

I WATCHED with much interest the struggle to elect Mr. Mill to Parliament, and was gratified at the success which you had so much at heart, for I have for him profound respect, and yet I have not read anything for a long time at which I felt more hurt than I did on reading his contemptuous remarks on Phrenology in his article on the Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte in the *Westminster Review*. Of course I do not object to Mr. Mill not believing in Phrenology. If it be true, it is to him a misfortune not to know it. My objection is to the tone and spirit of his remarks: "And what organon for the study of the moral and intellectual functions does M. Comte offer in lieu of the direct mental observation which he repudiates. We are almost ashamed to say that it is Phrenology." This is very like an invitation by Mr. Mill to his readers to join him in a contemptuous sneer, and coming from such a man will inflict a severe wound on a number of highly intellectual and most sincere men than the attacks of a whole mob of writers such as once howled through *Blackwood's* pages the cry of "infernal idiots."

In his work on Liberty, Mr. Mill says it would be well if one person would honestly point out to another that he thinks him in fault without being considered unmannerly or presuming. Relying on this, I should, if I had the honor of being acquainted with Mr. Mill, be likely to say to him, "Allow me to say to you, that in writing thus of Phrenology you are in fault. I take the liberty of expressing my opinion, that you have never read the works of Gall, for I believe that no such man as you could rise from reading them with any other conviction than that he was a keen and cautious observer, a profound thinker, and an honest, earnest, painstaking man, whose labors and conclusions ought never to be mentioned in any but courteous and respectful language. In the next place, you do not allege or say anything from which it may be inferred that you have investigated the question whether there is such relation between specific mental manifestations and the development of particular parts of the brain as to warrant the belief that the brain is a congeries of organs, each organ having a specific intellectual or emotional function. Now, if you have not made such investigation, can you justify yourself in treating contemptuously the convictions of such men as Gall, Spurzheim, Combe, Broussais, Caldwell, Vimont, Ellis, Hunter, Gregory, Otto, and others, who say they have carefully and laboriously investigated the subject, and have found that such relation does exist. I submit, too, for your consideration, whether, independently of its claims as the true physiology of the brain, a system ought to be so slightly treated of which so high an authority as Archbishop Whately said it 'employs a metaphysical nomenclature far more logical, accurate,

and convenient than Locke, Stewart, and other writers of their schools.' But beyond all this, I must express the conviction, not only that you have not investigated the subject, but that you have not attentively read any work of authority on the subject. I found my conviction on this: You attribute to Phrenology the rejection of the observation of internal consciousness; now, no warrant for such statement can be found in any such work. The necessity of psychological observation is in all such works insisted on in connection with careful observation of the development of the brain. It is the phrenologists' method of discovering and proving the relation between mental manifestation and cerebral development. You have, therefore, committed the grave fault of misrepresenting Phrenology, and then sneering at it. Pray, do you not concede that the brain is the organ of the mind? If so, then are not its organization and mode of action among the most important of problems? and are not those persons who devote themselves in a careful, truth-loving spirit to the solution of those problems worthy of respectful consideration?"

Such would be my language to Mr. Mill if our relations were such as to allow me to address him, and in saying this to him I should have in view but one object, that of leading his own just mind to consider candidly the weight due to what I have said, that the remarks might influence his course for the future.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN is situated in Ann Arbor, on the Michigan Central Railway, 37 miles west of Detroit. There are three main Departments of the University, as follows: the Department of Science, Literature, and the Arts; the Department of Medicine and Surgery; the Department of Law.

THE DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE, LITERATURE, AND THE ARTS is devoted to general instruction and discipline. The studies are arranged so as to constitute six courses of study, as follows: the Classical Course, the First Scientific Course, the Second Scientific Course, the Latin and Scientific Course, the Course in Civil Engineering, the Course in Mining Engineering. The Degrees conferred for these courses respectively are, for the first, A.B.; for the second, third, and fourth, B.S.; for the fifth, C.E.; and for the last, M.E. Students who do not wish to pursue either of the above courses, if they are prepared to enter the University, may pursue selected studies, for such a length of time as they may choose. Those who desire it may pursue a special course in Analytical Chemistry, having regular work in the Laboratory.

THE DEPARTMENT OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY presents all the advantages of a fully furnished and first-class Medical School. The instruction is carried on mostly by lectures, and the students are enabled, by availing themselves of the advantages presented, to compose the theses and pass the examinations which

are to test their scholarship and prove them worthy of graduating as Doctors of Medicine.

THE DEPARTMENT OF LAW presents all the facilities that can be desired in a Law School of the highest character.

The number of students during the year closing July 1st, 1868, was as follows: Department of Science, Literature, and the Arts, 418; Department of Medicine and Surgery, 418; Department of Law, 387. Total, 1,223. The number of graduates during the year was as follows: Bachelor of Arts, 34; Bachelor of Science, 5; Civil Engineer, 11; Mining Engineer, 6; Master of Arts, 14; Master of Science, 2; Doctor of Medicine, 80; Bachelor of Laws, 152. Total, 304.

The fund of the University is derived from the sale of lands granted by Congress to the State for that purpose, from which the salaries of the Professors are paid, and hence the charges made to students are very small. It has an excellent library, a medical museum, a museum of natural history, minerals, geology, and the fine arts,—all accessible to the students.

EXPENSES.

The only charges made by the University are: to residents in Michigan, an admission fee of ten dollars; to those who come from other States or countries, an admission fee of twenty-five dollars; and to every student an annual payment of ten dollars. The admission fee is paid but once, and entitles the student to the privileges of permanent membership in any Department of the University.

There are no dormitories and no commons connected with the University. Students obtain board and lodging in private families. Clubs are also formed by which the price of board is much reduced. The usual price paid for board in private families, during the past year, has varied from \$3 to \$6 a week. In the Medical Department a fee of \$5 is assessed for the use of the Dissecting Room to those who avail themselves of its advantages. No graduation fee is required, except \$3 to pay the actual expense of the parchment.

ADMISSION.

Each candidate for admission shall exhibit to the Faculty satisfactory evidence of a good moral and intellectual character, a good English education, including a proper knowledge of the English language, and a respectable acquaintance with its literature, and with the art of composition; a fair knowledge of the natural sciences, and at least of the more elementary mathematics, including the chief elements of algebra and geometry, and such a knowledge of the Latin language as will enable him to read current prescriptions, and appreciate the technical language of the natural sciences and of medicine.

MEDICINE.

[As to the controversy between the Allopathic and the Homeopathic systems of practice we have nothing to do. Each individual is at liberty to select for himself, when ill, the mode of treatment he prefers. He may indulge in

large doses, little doses, or no doses at all. We are frank to confess we like the latter mode the best. Here is what the Michigan University authorities say for themselves:]

In consequence of an Act of the Legislature of Michigan at its last session, granting aid to the University on the condition that a Professor of Homeopathy should be introduced into the Medical Department, much agitation and annoyance have been experienced by its friends; but the Faculty are now happy to announce to the medical profession and all the friends of legitimate medicine, that the Board of Regents, who control the University, at a recent meeting resolved, with but a single dissenting vote, that under no circumstances should such professor be introduced into the Medical College at Ann Arbor; and the Supreme Court of the State having since decided that all previous action of the Board making provision for the establishment of a School of Homeopathy at another place is not a compliance of the law, and such action thus becoming null and void, the Faculty are enabled to assure the profession that the *Medical Department of the University of Michigan is entirely free from the remotest connection with Homeopathy*—that its curriculum will not be changed, and that it will remain, as heretofore, unaffected by any form of irregular teaching or practice.

[Still, Homeopathy, Hydropathy, Eclecticism, and other schools, have their adherents. In America we have no *established* sect in religion nor in medicine; all sects and all schools are free to worship and to practice as they please.

The Michigan University is doing a grand work for the West, and we wish it the best possible success. Each State throughout the Union should follow this example and establish a University. Those who are influential in this great and good work will deserve well of the present and future generations. New York is justly proud of her EZRA CORNELL, whose name is sure to be numbered among the BENEFACTORS of the race. Give Americans education, with which to direct their energy and enterprise, and they will set the world ahead.]

WHAT IS GENIUS?

BY VIRGINIA MADISON.

IN the world's history—through all the six thousand years of its existence—there have been comparatively very few of those singularly precious characters that all men acknowledge great.

Human greatness, humanly considered, is at best but little more than a relative term, and wholly dependent upon relative consideration. Passion and prejudice have very much greater control over the estimate of men and events than reason and judgment.

"Some men are born great; some achieve greatness; And some have greatness thrust upon them," is one of those truisms of Shakspeare which takes in effect the form of a proverb, and if considered proverbial, must give rise to the question, "What is genius?"

Is it talent? Almost every man is possessed of some peculiar talent which, if properly exercised, he may turn to account; and we have the authority of Holy Writ to prove that man

is held responsible for the cultivation and improvement of his talent or talents; but this general bestowal of mental efficiency is not what is usually regarded as genius. It has been said that "genius is labor," by which perhaps is understood the education of the talent which may develop genius. But this interpretation sadly clips the wing of that rare inspiration whose flight, "like the eagle's," is far above the clouds, and whose eyes are not blinded by gazing on the sun, and puts entirely to flight the almost universally conceded belief, that genius, in the literal and positive acceptation of the term, is an inherent, eccentric, extraordinary excellence bestowed by nature, and intended to illustrate the wisdom of nature's God in his dispositions and dispensations to men.

It is true, genius may exist and fail of recognition, unless to excite ridicule or suspicions of insanity. It may exist undiscovered beneath the veil of modesty or the weight of unfortunate or unhappy circumstances. It may exist and, if unexerted or uncultivated, be as useless for good as the "light under the bushel;" or it may gleam with the fitful and erratic flash of the meteor, and leave no trace by which to mark its track upon the firmament of mind. But where genius is developed with the energy which will break all bonds, it rises upon the mental horizon in planetary splendor, and around its possessor feeble satellites revolve and borrow brightness. Genius, like the comet laughing to scorn the established order of intellectual attainment, sometimes astonishes the earth as it mounts to Fame's zenith, and pales and hides feeble stars in the glorious effulgence with which it sweeps across the firmament. Genius, then, is sometimes greatness, but greatness is not consequently genius.

USE OF THE PERCEPTIVES.—Not long ago the Canal Bank of New Orleans was robbed of \$50,000. The skill and ingenuity of the detectives in discovering the robber was really wonderful. On visiting the bank soon after the robbery, they judged that the thief must be a tall man with long arms, to have taken the money from the spot where it had been deposited; and on a minute examination of the lower edge of the railing, upon which he must have stepped, they discovered the imprint of a tack. Hence they argued that the man evidently had worn a machine-made shoe or boot, as in these a steel tack or rivet is always driven about the center or just beyond the shank. The detectives immediately devoted themselves to the study of feet, hoping to catch a glimpse of a sole of a boot with a protruding tack. They sought long and vainly. At length one day in the City Hotel they observed a large man sitting in the reading-room with one foot on his knee, and endeavoring to bend down a tack in his boot with his pen-knife. He was tall, long-armed, and a tack protruded from his boot! It was but the work of a moment to arrest the man. He turned pale, and being taken to the police-office confessed his guilt.

FALLING ASLEEP.

BY MRS. WILKINSON.

WATCHING shadows coming, going,
Deeper here, and yonder thinner,
Softly creeping
As they go—
Flitting, creeping
To and fro
O'er the pale light's ghostly glimmer,
To and fro,
To and fro,
Like the toiling of the spinner.
Weird-like visions, how we see them!
Half-forgotten yesterdays
Passing, pause,
And pass again;
Come and go,
And come again
In a pale and dreamy haze,
Less and less,
Less and less,
Swallowed up in nothingness!

CALIFORNIA "SOME PUMPKINS."

WE always liked California—her soft climate and rich soil; her cattle and horses; her rocks, ravines, big trees, and waterfalls! Her gold is rich; her silver is bright, and her grain is good. Now that we of the East are about to become near neighbors with her of the West, we are ready to sing praises to her mountains, and to her men, women, and children. Why not?

There, roses bloom in the open air at all seasons; grapes, oranges, figs, and olives grow in profusion, and all the products of the temperate zone are raised in crops scarcely paralleled elsewhere. The Sierra Nevada contains some of the finest scenery in the world, and the admirers of the Alps will soon be rushing westward to behold Mount Shasta, 14,440 feet high, and towering 7,000 feet above surrounding peaks, making as striking an object as the Matterhorn at Zermatt, which is about the same altitude and rises but 4,000 feet above the range about it. But in these American Alps, Mount Whitney equals in height Mont Blanc, lifting itself 15,000 feet, while it is surrounded by one hundred peaks, all above 13,000! And what can Europe show by the side of the Yo Semite Valley, with its perpendicular walls of 4,400 feet? In this grand range are the deposits of gold which have already yielded \$850,000,000. But gold is not now the chief product of California, the yield being at present but \$25,000,000 per year, which was equaled in value last year by the wheat crop, the exported surplus of which amounted to \$18,000,000! The wool clip, too, amounted to 9,500,000 lbs. Mining is no longer the sole or characteristic occupation, but agriculture and manufactures receive equal attention, and the mining itself is carried on in a fixed, scientific manner, so that the State has now a permanent population, and in two years past has added twenty per cent. to its taxable property. In educational and religious respects similar progress is making. There are 238 newspapers and periodicals

published in the State, of which 28 are issued daily, and 7 are in foreign languages, one being in Chinese and one in Russian. San Francisco has now, including a transient population always large, 133,000 inhabitants.

Chicago is no longer on the borders of the West. She must look out for her laurels. Alaska is thawing, China and Japan are opening, San Francisco is rising! Hoorah!

Communications.

Under this head we publish such voluntary contributions as we deem sufficiently interesting or suggestive to merit a place here, but without indulging either the opinions or the alleged facts.

THE WANING STAR.

Thou twinkling orb, with ray serene,
Attendant on the day's decline,
No more shalt thou in heaven be seen,
For thou hast ceased at length to shine.

Long time hast thou in glory shone,
With clear and undiminished light;
And now the allotted task is done,
Art passing calmly out of sight.

Yet brighter far than e'er before,
E'en at the last thou seem'st to burn;
Ere yet the light thy radii pour,
Shall to its native Source return.

Adieu! thou fading star, adieu!
Thou art an emblem of mankind;
The living soul departs from view,
And leaves a darkened speck* behind.

REV. E. R. LATTA.

THE BIBLE AND NATURE. THEIR INTERPRETATION.

BY W. H. MULLER, M.D.

THE word of revelation and the works of creation are intimately connected, and while the former is opened by spiritual science, or the knowledge of God and the human soul in its relations toward the countless forms of goodness and truth, or of evil and falsity into which it may mold itself, the latter, or the works of creation, are opened by natural science, or the knowledge of all the objects in the natural world, and of the things pertaining to man's merely temporal nature.

But it may be asked, "What constitutes this connection, or in what does it consist?"

To this we reply, that this connection between the book of revelation and the book of creation consists in a similarity or parallelism in the following points, viz.:

The possession of a common origin.
The possession of a common constitution or method of formation.

The possession of a common symbolism which reveals spiritual events in natural or literal objects and events.

First, then, they are connected by a common origin. God is the author of both. Second, they are connected by a common method of construction, each having the same fundamental characteristics; and by this we mean, that when God creates a world, a plant, an animal, or inspires the composition of a written word, each of these different creations being a product of the same Divine Mind must necessarily bear the impress of that single mind; as God can not go contrary to Himself, there must be a unity, a oneness of method, by which any divine work may always be known. Now mind, whether it be divine or human, consists of three fundamental and mental elements, love, wisdom, power; that is, we love, we know, and we do. The human mind can do no less,—God himself can do no more. These three prin-

ciples or faculties go to make up that mysterious and wonderful activity we call mind. That this is so, no one can for a moment doubt. Every one loves his life, and the thousand things that minister to his life and enjoyment. Then, out of these manifold loves are born the thoughts. Every one thinks only about that which he loves, or of that which opposes and threatens his love. Next, all the power that he has proceeds as the third element, from his love and his knowledge conjointly. Extinguish one's desire for anything and he ceases to think about it; the knowledge he had concerning it fades out of memory, and no effort is put forth, no power is exerted. Here, then, is the eternal trinity in unity, in things, seen everywhere and in everything, because it exists primarily in God, the source of all existence.

But again; if mind is thus always threefold, it follows that in every product of mind, each of the three principles of which that mind is composed—love, wisdom, power—*must show itself in the thing produced*. Love seeks some end to be attained (conjunction with its object). It requires knowledge or wisdom to see the means to attain that end, and finally puts forth power to use those means and accomplish its wished-for result. Thus love, wisdom, power, in God or man, go forth *from end by means, to result*; and in every work also of God or man these three things co-exist, and may be traced.

Now, if God inspires a book, written in human language, or if He creates a world and peoples it with living creatures, these three elements of His own mind, of His own nature, must, it is evident, be stamped upon each and all of these productions, vividly and brightly in proportion to the capacity of the thing produced, to reflect this its three-fold origin. For this reason we say that the word of revelation and the works of creation are intimately allied and connected by a common constitution or method of production, which is ever threefold.

A few examples of this great fact can not fail, we think, to render this very plain. Every created thing is threefold, and in this way, viz.:

It has, 1st. Its own peculiar and individual essence, inmost nature, or quality. 2d. It has a peculiar form, that clothes and covers the essence, as the body clothes the soul. 3d. It has a peculiar influence, emanation, or operation, the joint product of its essence and form, and which affects whatever is susceptible to and comes within reach of that influence.

Thus every mineral has its own essence or essential nature. Arsenic has a poisonous soul or essence; this is clothed with the white crystalline form known as arsenic, and when swallowed its influence causes death. Every plant has its essence or interior nature clothed with a form that perfectly corresponds with it. A pine-tree has a different soul or essential nature from that of an apple-tree, and it therefore appears under a different outward form; and the aroma and influence diffused into the surrounding air, and which flows from its peculiar essence and containing structural form, differs also from that of the apple or any other kind of tree. The tea leaf, and coffee berry are striking and familiar examples of remarkable and subtle qualities embodied in vegetable organisms, and producing effects upon the human system. An apple owes its form and tenure, its chemical composition and structure, to the essential quality or essence which resides within it; while its flavor, odor, etc., result from the interior quality and form (i. e., structure) together. If there were no interior apple essence, or quality, or soul (call it what you will), there would be no interior force to attract the particles of air and soil, and mold them into an apple. As the human soul forms around itself the human body, and shapes it in harmony and correspondence with its own character, giving it also all the power to move and act, so every created thing, whether mineral, plant, or animal, has within itself an interior force or energy, invisible and intangible, having its roots in the ever present yet unseen spiritual world, and in God the only fountain of it.

To bring the argument home to himself, the reader may trace this three-fold omnipresence in his own consciousness. Whatever he desires strongly he will think about, and what he thinks much about he will be apt to talk about. This no one will deny. The thoughts, then, are born from the love, and the speech springs from the thoughts; and not only does the speech spring from and

embody the thoughts, but the tone of voice also, in the speech, reveals the earnestness, fear, hope, or other phase of the emotion that sways the mind at the time. Here we have the three elements, the love, the thought, and the speech, the last containing the second, and the second the first, as end, cause, and effect, or essence, form, and act. It is only by the third thing, the speech, or act, that the desire and thoughts accomplish anything. It is only by means of this third, or operative element, which is always the joint product of the essence and form, that these two exert their power.

Now if the Bible is the word of God, if God is its author, must it not of necessity possess and exhibit this same three-fold character? Most assuredly. Could it be of divine origin if it did not possess this three-fold nature? Why do we know that a horse was made by God, and not by man? It is because it is alive, and moves, and does what no man-made automaton could do. It carries the proof of its divine workmanship in itself, and needs not the majority votes of a learned council to settle the fact that it is God-made. If, then, the Bible be of divine origin, it must likewise carry the evidence of this origin within itself, just as the living animal does. This it is found to do most convincingly; and the disclosure of this great fact, and the means of its ample proof, have come at a most opportune period of the world's history, when throughout Christendom men are throwing off the restraints proper to an infantile and immature stage of intellectual life, and refusing to bow blindly to human authority in matters both secular and religious. If the Scriptures, then, be of divine origin, they, just like a mineral, a plant, an animal, a human being, *must* be of this three-fold nature. They, too, must have an interior essence, an outer form, and a proceeding operation or active influence.

The essence or interior quality and life of the Scriptures is their spiritual sense. Their outer form is the literal sense which clothes and contains the spiritual sense, as the body contains and clothes the soul.

While the effect produced by reading them in a proper frame of mind is, owing to the influence that proceeds from them, to lift the thoughts and feelings from earthly things to heavenly, this influence or operation is as diverse as the characters of those who read them; for the Scriptures are a grand reservoir of spiritual food, adapted to all states and mental conditions; they are like the blood of the body, from whence the most diverse organs and tissues derive their nourishment; or like the common herbage of the earth, from whence the most diverse animals draw their food. This, then, is the argument *a priori* for the three-fold character of the Scriptures.

And we have, meeting and supporting this argument, *a priori*, the argument from experience, or *a posteriori*. We find that theory is verified by fact; for the spiritual sense, within the literal sense of Scripture, has been found to exist, and has been laid open so unmistakably that thousands would as soon deny their own existence as that of this inner meaning of Scripture. To them this spiritual sense thus laid open lends its own evidence of its divine origin. It carries the proof of its truth in itself, just as does Euclid's Elements of Geometry. The latter does not rest upon human authority, but forces conviction upon any one who will give its problems the requisite attention; and with regard to the inner sense of Scripture, the case is precisely analogous to all who come to the investigation with unprejudiced minds.

To these arguments from theory and from experience we may add the following consideration, viz.: That if the Scriptures possess no such internal, spiritual sense, and if their sole divinity lies in the literal sense, then we have the undeniable facts—1st. That the statements of this literal sense are often opposed to well-known and firmly established scientific facts. 2d. That it is often in contradiction to itself. 3d. That a very large part of this literal sense is utterly unintelligible. 4th. That if the Bible possesses nothing beyond the literal sense, it is, in that case, a so-called divine work, which is without the stamp of divinity. It is a form without an essence—a body without a soul; and when we have comprehended what we can of its literal sense, or surface sense, there is nothing to be looked for beneath it; while in even the humblest plant or animal, the deeper we penetrate from the surface the more multiplied are the wonders that

* It is stated that a star, after having shone with unusual brilliancy for about an hour, lost its light, and only a darkened speck remained.

reveal themselves to the observer. As he passes from the merely mechanical form and structure of a tree to its physiological, and then to its central, animating principle, he is led at every step to a higher order of phenomena. And if he would show why the vital principle of an apple-tree differs from that of a peach or plum tree, he must look further than its apparent and tangible properties. If, then, to reach the essential nature or very existence and life of a mere plant or animal we must pass through successive outer coverings first, how much more must it be the case with the Word of God, in which the intense brightness of the divine love and wisdom is veiled over by the literal sense, and thus accommodated, as by a cloud, to the feeblest mental eye or understanding, while the interior glory is opened gradually, in proportion as man's capacity to understand or see spiritual things is opened by the avoidance of evil and the cultivation of good affections?

Again; if God is the author, center, and life of the Bible, as is rightly held by all Christians, and if, nevertheless, this divine word has only a literal, outward, or surface sense as is also maintained, with no far richer spiritual sense beneath, then, of course, it is only a hollow shell with not even as much pith and substance within as the lushest garden weed. But how can the popular theology hold God to be the author and center of the Bible, and yet maintain that it has only a literal sense? The two ideas are utterly antagonistic. One of them *must* be surrendered. If God is the author of the Scriptures, they flow from Him as their central life, and He must fill them brimful with Himself. Therefore this literal sense—this literal history of Jewish events, etc., *must* be full of divine things—of divine meaning—that does not appear manifestly in the letter. And therefore, also, just as depth beyond depth of the marvels of the natural creation opens up to the ardent student of nature, in proportion as his intellectual eye is opened by the study and love of nature, so likewise are depths beyond depths of the marvels of revelation—of the world of spiritual things, opened to the spiritually-minded student of the Bible in proportion as his eye for spiritual truth is opened by the *love* of God—or as he approaches the divine center by likeness of character. To all this must be added the fact, that a thousand questions may be asked of the theology that denies an internal sense to the Bible, for which it has not a word of reply; but which are answered in a most wonderful, rational, and perfectly satisfactory manner by that internal sense, the key to unlock which is the law of correspondence between spiritual and natural things.

In its summing up, then, this connection between the Word and the works of God in outward creation is shown as follows:

1st. They are connected through God their common author. 2d. They are connected through the common three-fold structure or constitution which we have described—common to mineral, plant, animal, man himself—and the Scriptures; to everything in the natural or spiritual worlds, and for the sole reason that God, the source and author of all things, is Himself of a three-fold nature, and must of necessity impart this trinity in unity to all His productions. 3d. They are connected by a common symbolizing of spiritual things, by and in nature.

The literal sense of the Bible is but the outward clothing of an inward spiritual sense; so also the outward forms and phenomena of creation, in mineral, plant, or animal, are in like manner only the symbols of more interior qualities; the deepest and most central of which is something spiritual; that is, something in the mind of God or man, of which such mineral, plant, or animal is the material embodiment, and without which spiritual element as its center and very life, it could have no existence. All created things, then, have a spiritual significance, just as the Bible history of Joseph and his brethren, or that of the journeyings and wars of the Israelites, have their spiritual import. Whether we actually behold outward objects and transpiring events, or whether we read of them in a certain order in the Bible, their spiritual import is and must be ever the same, according to the eternal law of correspondence between things of mind and things of matter, or nature. The mountain, river, tree, and horse that help to form the landscape, and that which one contemplates from his

window, have precisely the same symbolical or representative meaning that they have when the words mountain, river, tree, horse are met with in the Bible; and as already stated, the men of ancient times, before the knowledge of correspondence between spiritual and natural things was lost (it is now being restored), could interpret the meaning of every natural object, and profit by the instruction.

Sounds are the souls or inner things of words; ideas are the souls of the sounds; and emotions the souls of ideas. Here are three steps inward from the outer covering—from dead forms of letters and words—to unlock even the literal sense of anything written.

In any product of human skill—a painting, a statue, a work of architecture—whatever its merits, they lie all upon the surface. But in a living man—in an actual landscape—the outer surface is but a covering to countless wonders within. If man has a spiritual nature; if he has spiritual thoughts and affections that are far above his merely natural ones, as heaven is above the earth, then we say he can not stop in the literal sense of Scripture, but must of sheer necessity continue this unlocking process—must continue to pass from lower to higher, from outer to inner revealings of divine truths, just as long as the soul with its affections and intelligence develops upward. This is not theory; it is fact, as solid as mathematics.

THE BROKEN HARP.

BELOVED harp! what baleful spell
Has stole away thy magic charm?
Thou once could'st make this rapt heart swell
With love and hope and pleasure warm.
But now, alas! thy living strings
To my quick touch respond no more;
This eager hand no music brings
From thy still chords, so sweet before.

No more awakes thy olden strain.
The tearful years have snatched away
The bliss of youth, and ne'er again
Can I of love or friendship play;
The smile of joy that, fading, died;
The dust of hope, that, crumbled, sleeps;
Their echoes faint in thee abide,
Nor wake when my hand o'er thee sweeps.

Farewell, sweet harp! Each former thing
I deemed so fair is ashes now;
Of mournful themes I can not sing,
But weep the tears of utter woe.
Farewell, sweet harp! Now, from thee, too,
I must forever, ever part:
Oh, what a world! Adieu, adieu!
I leave thee with a breaking heart.

BENJAMIN G. RICE.

FRIENDSHIP, NORTH AND SOUTH.

AMERICUS, GA.

EDITOR OF THE A. P. J.: *Dear Sir and Brother*—You will observe that I address you as Brother. I do not know that we are Brother members of the Church, Brother Sons of Temperance, Brother Odd-Fellows, or Brother Masons; but we are Brother believers in the great and good science of Phrenology, which harmonizes with the Holy Scriptures, and which teaches us to love and do good unto all of our fellow-men.

We of the South and you of the North should all be Brethren, not only in name but in feeling. For four long years we had the spirit of war and of hatred. We should now cultivate the spirit of peace and of brotherly love. I see in a late JOURNAL that you propose "a statesman for President instead of a military man." To which I say Amen. We want now a man for President who is governed by the spirit of Christianity, and whose delight it would be to see our country living in peace and prosperity. Let us all then encourage this spirit, and inculcate it upon the family as the mainspring of its peculiar joys. Let its language be made to old and young "familiar as household words." Teach it to the school, as a lesson never to be unlearned, as an indispensable part of both youthful and manly enjoyment, and as an

important preparation for active life. Urge it upon the Sabbath scholar, and imbue the opening minds of the rising generation with that lovely wisdom whose "ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Commend it to the neighbor as the secret of happy intercourse with those about him. Cultivate it in the Church as an imperative obligation, and an essential part of its piety and prosperity.

By the employment of these and other means we should *aim steadfastly at the goal of national peace*, and let our sympathies extend so widely as to embrace the globe, and let our views of duty and faith in God animate us to every effort toward abolishing the curse of war.

We should elect for our *rulers and legislators* men who love peace. We should select for our ministers of the Gospel the "peace-maker," for "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings—that *publisheth peace*!" We should subscribe for and encourage newspapers and magazines that are in favor of peace.

If we would avoid contention, let us obey from the heart that "royal law" which will forestall it with holy, tender sympathies. If we would be happy, let us foster those kind dispositions and sweet affections whose absence is misery, but whose presence is delight. These are the dispositions and feelings that I would cherish toward my brethren of the North, and which I would be glad to know prevailed throughout all sections of our great country. May the Lord hasten the time when that angels' song, which was sung at the birth of Jesus, after having been drowned for centuries in the harsh clamors of human strife, be again heard and echoed by every heart: "*Gloria to God in the highest; on earth peace, good-will toward men.*"

Fraternally and truly yours, ALEXANDER KING.

EXTRA-MATERIALISM.

THE solemn and dogmatical manner in which the modern German school of materialistic philosophers (so called) assume the non-immortality of mind, on the supposed logical basis that the *observed* forces of nature, inherent in matter—the known co-existing forces necessarily inseparable from matter—are the ultimate cause of all things, without the primal impressment of an intelligent creative cause for the government of those laws controlling matter, is unfortunately gaining many inconsiderate adherents. I say unfortunately, as such dogmatic doctrine needlessly saps, or attempts to destroy, our cherished hopes of a continued and progressive being beyond this life, as well as our happy and rational belief in a re-union of affections formed here; and also exerts a demoralizing influence upon this life in the thus assumed absence of responsibility to a higher Power for acts performed here. Such doctrine also involves that particular mental blankness associated with the idea that there is no intelligent Power above that of arrogant human nature, which, with all other animals, is thus made to appear to be the mere product of material forces, necessarily as unfeeling as they must be blind in action, having no possible design; whereas natural results are all evidently the effects of design.

It seems to be assumed by these modern philosophers that the forces of nature are adequate to the production of all that exists, including mind. As the inevitable results of the inherent attributes of matter, they attribute to heat, light, electricity, actinism, and such other known forces, the sole moving causes, or motive powers, of all grades of mind and forms of matter. These existing powers, in action, we acknowledge as the *direct* medium in aggregation and dissolution of all forms of matter, but not as the ultimate or primal cause of such effects, which necessarily lies in the infinitude of successive causes as well as successive results, immeasurably back of and beyond those immediately detected causes, as they appear to finite comprehension. To every cause there is an antecedent cause, retrospectively repeated, back to the ultimate or primal cause of all, which is doubtless a creative, intelligent, and designing energy, far beyond our ken. We can no more detect the ultimate cause than we can the ultimate results, even in the divisibility of matter; or comprehend unlimited space.

The infinitude of things, as well as of space, can not

be embraced by the finite. Nature to us is seen through the finite comprehension only, and thus we blindly limit the forces in operation to such of them as we can take cognizance of, and, necessarily, those forces and results would appear the same to us as the all effective, whether they were the ultimate and only existing forces, from known causes, or not; whereas, every force must have a cause, and every cause an indefinite number of preceding causes, back of and producing those we take cognizance of. Present science may attribute to fifty original simple elements all present combinations; whereas future science may reduce that number to one half, as the only *detected* physical origin of all things, as far as scientists can yet foresee. Some of the recently assumed original simple elements are already considered modifications by combination, as ozone is now thought to be a particular electric state of oxygen—the changed estimate of potash, soda, etc.; thus we can neither grasp all the causes or all the results.

While it is incomprehensible that matter is, of itself, adequate to the adaptation to future wants (always pre-coding) of contemplated existences, as they have relatively come upon the stage of existence in successive developments, it is wholly impossible that such forces, left to the blind, uncalculating action of matter upon matter (so long as the same is undirected), with whatever tangible attributes we may assign them, should produce intelligence, perception, reason, and will. Here we evidently rise to the dignity of the consciousness of a great First Cause, "least understood," the ultimate origin of all—the Great Unknown to finite minds except in our consciousness of his being, and his self-evident attributes of infinite power, wisdom, and beneficence, as displayed in nature.

For finite minds to limit causes to the perceived is, necessarily, presumptuously wrong, as every cause must have had a cause, as far as we can grasp the idea, to infinity; just as we take cognizance of infinite space by overlapping successive boundaries.

Science, too, is not so far advanced, as yet, and probably never will be, when we can say this or that is a simple element, uncombined; any more than we can presume to detect the ultimate atoms of matter; and until we can detect every such atom, in any apparently simple element, we can not say that atoms from another element are not combined with it to form a compound substance.

All such dogmatic attempts are simply audacious, serving only to display our ignorance of the infinite, in extent, divisibility, combination, duration, forces, and their causes, as well as origin of intelligence and its destiny.

It appears to me very evident that all of this new extreme materialism is built on the unreasoning false hypothesis that all things owe their origin to *observed* forces, proceeding from *known* causes, without the intervention or impress of an intelligent First Cause; thus losing sight of the essential facts, that causes and their forces are not limited to the *observed*, but necessarily are preceded by an indefinite number of operating causes, far beyond our ken, which may thus center in and emanate from the great unknown intelligent First Cause of all, so far as philosophy can detect, and which the apparent forethought in observed phenomena warrant us in maintaining. Thus we may take comfort, that even as these *short-sighted* extremists acknowledge that all matter and all forces are alike indestructible, we may infer that the comparatively important characteristics of *mind* forces too are indestructible; and not as they assume, in their falsely based edifice, that its greatest ornament, the mind, is a mere function or quality of a part of its furniture, disappearing, or annihilated, with the changed form of such furniture. It is a little singular that in the changed forms of such, *i. e.*, the death and decay of our bodies, while they claim their permanence in some other form and place, the same may not be admitted for the mind force, simply because they choose to style it a mere function of brain, which is a pet hypothesis with them; whereas the only known functions of the brain are to receive and concentrate nerve impressions from the senses, for the use of the mind to weave into tangible expression; thus conclusively evidencing the *independent* thought of this *master-working mind* upon the body it temporarily occupies.

Some modern philosophers seriously discuss time and

space in relation to entity or non-entity, subjectively or objectively; as if time, which merely comprehends duration, and space, simply unlimited area, can be thus treated; even to prove that they are not either, is simply sophistry, not rising to the dignity of a semblance of argument.

Everything in life has doubtless resulted from primordial germs, impressed with formulative laws by an intelligent Creator, adequate, in immense lapse of time, to the production of all existing varieties, without the necessity of direct individual creations; thus in the highest degree embracing the Darwinian theory of development, which origin and results no philosophy can gainsay.

CHAS. E. TOWNSEND.

LOOUST VALLEY, QUEENS CO., N. Y.

"MAN IN THE IMAGE OF GOD."

A WRITER, in the February number of the A. P. J. says it is "infinitely impossible" that man should be "the image of God" in any sense.

In assuming this position he not only condemns Prof. Agassiz, but our standard religious writers. He also disputes our lexicographers!

He bases his argument on two propositions: 1st. "The term 'Image of God' can not consistently be understood as God's spiritual image."

2d. "Image is exclusively a material, or resemblance of material form."

By reasoning from these propositions, he can, doubtless, make the term "Image of God" appear very absurd. But his propositions are sustained neither by fact nor argument.

The second (which we will examine first) is in direct contradiction to the definition given by Webster, viz.: "Image, * * * 7. An idea, a conception, a picture drawn by fancy."

"Imagination, * * * 2. Conception, image in the mind, idea." Who ever saw a "material" idea, or conception; a "material" image in the mind?

By his "exclusively material" definition of image, Mr. T. only confuses the whole subject.

We have to refer only to those religious writers who speak from high authority, to show that his first proposition is equally groundless. He claims that "It is idle for any to assume that the phrase 'image of God,' has reference to God's spiritual image."

The only reason he gives for his assumption is, "because such perversion of language has no meaning which can elevate to it the modern conception of Deity."

But if our dictionaries are to be regarded, it is not "a perversion of language," but a legitimate expression. The "modern conception of Deity" must be quite heathenish in his estimation, if it can not be elevated above a material image of God, simply the conception of idolaters. We can say with more propriety, that it is idle for any to assume that the passage had reference to the "material" image of God, "as such language" has no meaning which can elevate it to the modern, or even the *ancient Jewish* "conception of Deity."

But by reference to the passage in Genesis, we find that man was to subdue the earth and "have dominion over every living thing." He was constituted lord of the world. In this sense he could be considered the image of God.

We find in 2 Cor. iii. 18, "But we, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the spirit of the Lord." Does this refer to the "material" or spiritual image of God? And in Col. i. 15, "Who is the image of the invisible God." Must this passage "necessarily" refer to God's "material image?"

Let us notice one more proposition of his. "If God is infinite, and man finite, then God is infinitely beyond man, so that comparison is infinitely impossible." To illustrate, let us apply the proposition to tangible existence. If the sun is, approximately, infinitely superior to the spark of a glow-worm, then comparison between the two is approximately infinitely impossible.

Who does not see that the immense disparity does not in the least affect the possibility of such a comparison.

In conclusion, if Mr. T. supposes that spiritual existences come within the province of "material" science, let him measure, weigh, or calculate the amount of a man's wisdom or happiness by it.

A. D. HARRIS.

PRESENTIMENT.

I TOUCH the lyre to-day, and, lo,
The strain it gravely gives me back
Falls measured on the air, and slow—
Its notes are all elegiac.
The day without is summer bright,
The birds sing clear, the flowers are fair;
But as the darkness is the light,
When ill lurks in her secret lair.
As if cold metal bound my head,
And chains my feet forbade to fly,
I sit within a nameless dread—
In gloom hangs low my morning sky.
A something fearful 'waits me here;
To it I haste, though I would stay;
I feel, but can not see it clear,
And can not chide my fears away.

MARIE S. L.

PERSONAL.

WHERE ARE THEY?—Mr. E. D. STARK, once a photographic writer, then lecturer and practical phrenologist, is now settled, and practicing law in Cleveland, Ohio.—Mr. D. G. DERBY, originally from the East, has taken up his abode in Missouri. He continues to lecture and examine at all seasons, except during the summer.—Dr. J. M. WETTING, having acquired a competency lecturing on Physiology and Phrenology, is permanently settled in Syracuse. He owns a block of buildings there, including the largest public hall in the town.—Mr. C. J. HAMILTON, formerly connected with our office, both as reporter and examiner, is largely engaged in real estate and in the practice of law in Chicago. We have heard his name proposed for a seat in the State Legislature. He is every way adapted to the place,—intelligent, honest, temperate, industrious, and enterprising. He is still unmarried,—his only fault.—Mr. JOHN L. CAPEN is doing a useful work in practical Phrenology at 722 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.—Mr. D. P. BUTLER, of Boston, has gone into the Lifting Cure, on quite an extensive scale. He is doing nothing in Phrenology at present, and that field is unoccupied.—Mr. C. S. POWERS is at home, in Minnesota. He will probably soon enter upon a fall and winter campaign in the West.

OUR FORMER STUDENTS NOW IN THE FIELD.—We receive encouraging letters, and occasionally visits, from our former students; and we bespeak for them, wherever they may be, the kind consideration of our friends; they are worthy, and will do no discredit to themselves, or to the cause they advocate.

Mr. DUNCAN MACDONALD, of Michigan, writes cheerfully, and is expecting to engage this autumn in the lecturing field. Hitherto he has been quite successful.—Mr. JOSEPH MILLS, of Ohio, writes us that his heart is in the cause, and he aims to place Phrenology on high Christian ground.—Mr. J. C. MERFIELD contemplates spending the fall and winter in western Pennsylvania, Ohio, or Canada.—Mr. PRICE, of Iowa, has been laboring in Pennsylvania since last winter, with marked success. He lectures in the Welsh language to his native countrymen, and in English to those who understand English.—Mr. H. W. EVANS, of Pittston, Pa., also a Welshman, has been very successful, especially in presenting Phrenology to Welsh citizens of the States of Pennsylvania and New York.—Mr. PIERCE, of Connecticut, contemplates entering the field this autumn for a winter's campaign.—Mr. AYRES is at present in Michigan, and we hear a good account of him.—Mr. HARKER, of Pennsylvania, intends to visit some of the Southern States soon, and we wish him much success.—Mr. DODGE, in a recent trip through Connecticut, met with flattering success in most places.—Mr. HUMPHRIES, of South Carolina, will spend the winter in the Southern States. He is well spoken of as a gentleman, and we doubt not he will give a good account of himself wherever he goes.

And so we hear from various members of previous classes, and not only from them, but of them. We trust they will keep us advised as to their location and movements, and we will keep the public advised.

A CHANGE.—The man who now pays the largest income tax in Newburyport, Mass., began life by working in the Newburyport *Herald* office for two dollars and a half a week.

"What They Say."

Here we give space for readers to express, briefly, their views on various topics not provided for in other departments. Statements and opinions—not discussions—will be in order. Be brief.

PROGRESSION.—Though wars have not yet ceased, we can see the Christianizing and humanizing effects of progress. And we are warranted in supposing that the time will surely come "when the sword shall be beaten into the plowshare, and the spear into the pruning-hook." Indeed, the Holy Scriptures abound with prophecy of that glorious era of universal peace and holiness. There is a superintending Providence, an Omnipresent Activity, which, like the strong undercurrent of a mighty river, is conducting us to the certain issue—the glorious realization of prophetic vision and lofty aspiration. Yes, the doctrine of the millennium, so often, perhaps, misunderstood, is founded on the wisdom of God revealed in the Prophets, and demonstrated by the great law of Universal Progression. All things were made under this law, and are upheld by it. Yes, all things, from the invisible *animalcula* in our food and drink, up to the invisible archangel of the skies, are the subjects of this divine law.

We aver, then, without fear of successful contradiction, that man was not created and placed here simply for trial or probation, but for progression. Probation is incident to the greater law—trial is one of the means of our progress or improvement. God's purpose is not to try a man, to see whether he will do, for this he already knows, but to develop the individual responsibility and capacities of the soul. Man was created for endless progression in the heavens of everlasting love. If we discover that progress is a law of nature, have we any authority for thinking the law will ever become annulled? If not, what endless prospects present themselves to the aspiring soul! The more we unveil the mysteries of nature, the more we discover the germs of good, and the more we feel that our own globe will one day become the abode of divine order, and then will God's will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Will Jesus' prayer ever be answered? We believe it will, for so he teaches us to believe. Let us, then, trust that voice within us, which has ever caused its accents of peace and harmony to be heard in the midst of those appalling discords and that frightful amount of misery which man's ignorance has realized all over the globe. The vivifying sunbeam, the smiling sky, the limpid brook, the verdant turf, the perfume of flowers—all the infinite and unceasing kindnesses of Nature, deny that horrible malediction which desponding man has imagined weighs upon his terrestrial and celestial abodes. How can we help to bring on this good time? "By resolving to do nothing against, but everything for the kingdom of heaven on earth. Happiness for all being the object, let every action during the day spring from such well-conceived and well-developed thoughts as lead to its attainment. In the evening retire—at peace with yourself—at peace with the divine principles of universal love and wisdom. Be instructed by the past, and by all it has brought you. Be thankful for the present, and for all its blessings. Be hopeful for the future, and for all it promises to bring you. Observe these rules, and the harmonies and the angels of Father-God will be with you, and

'peace on earth and good-will toward man' be realized."

REV. H. C. FISKE.

TALKING WOMEN.—Here is a "communication" on the subject which we submit without comment.

MR. EDITOR: In the August number of your JOURNAL is the query—May women talk in public?—with your reply; the reading of which suggested to my mind another query that I would like to have answered: Is there any truth in the reputation that women have always received from men, namely, that of being great talkers? or is it a mere slander of the opposite sex, who, being greater talkers than women, are thereby enabled to keep it alive? If you reply that women are greater talkers than men, I would ask if that fact does not imply their better adaptedness to speak and to teach. If God has thus set the seal of their fitness or "aptness to communicate," is it not worse than arrogance for men to "fly in the face of fact," and say that woman may not speak in public? or do they fear the contrast if their sisters are allowed equal opportunities with themselves?

The August number of *Godey's Lady's Book* has something on this subject, of which the following is an extract:

"LADIES' TALK.—They have a readiness of resource which enables them to say the very thing that is most right at the very moment when it is most wanted. This abundance of ideas and quickness of fancy with which women are for the most part so well endowed, leads, then, in certain cases, to all sorts of good and wholesome results."

WHAT IT LEADS TO.—Our efforts are encouraged, from time to time, by the receipt of a frank acknowledgment like this: "My Dear Sir—I inclose \$3, for which please continue the JOURNAL another year. I should feel it a hardship indeed to do without it for a single month. Through its influence, I have been led to quit the use of tobacco; and I find that I have gained greatly in health, and in the saving of money, by so doing. Since I relinquished the habit, I have felt myself more and more a man. Thinking it would not be uninteresting to you, I would say that by giving up smoking I have saved at least \$110, sufficient to pay over thirty-six subscriptions to your JOURNAL. With my experience sustaining my opinion, I think it very surprising that tobacco smokers do not consider the injury they are doing themselves, and the expense they are at, in continuing this unworthy habit, and I am sure that if they viewed the matter in a proper light, they would be led, like myself, to abandon it. I am sure that very few of the readers of the JOURNAL can continue in a habit so pernicious. Truly yours, J. G. V."

A PLACE TO VISIT IN NEW YORK.—The editor of the *Essex Banner*, Mass., did us the honor to go over our premises not long ago, and thus alludes to his visit in his paper:

Let not our friends fail to call at the Phrenological Rooms, 389 Broadway. Here may be found many works—books—of great value, and when purchased with a direct reference to the needs and aims of the buyers, they are of incalculable value. By the science of Phrenology, man is enabled to know himself, to correct his errors, to strengthen his weak points, and to give a right bias to his efforts in life.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is full of sage, popular, and humorous pieces, profusely illustrated. Our friend Wells is a wise and good teacher. We must agree, however, to disagree on theological matters. We don't believe "Phre-

nology is commissioned by God to show men their mental and moral constitutions."—Rev. J. P. Newman, in the *New Orleans Advocate*.

Ah, my dear Dr. Newman, do you not know what will become of "unbelievers?" Besides, suppose you know something which another does not know. Is your knowledge to be offset by his ignorance? When intelligent men know the truths whereof they affirm, mere belief for or against can not alter the facts. Here are our claims. The brain is the organ of the mind, as heart, lungs, stomach, etc., are organs of the body, and each performs its special function. The shape, size, and quality of each part indicate its strength and character. Man has a body and a brain. God made both. It is ours to find out all we can of the use or abuse of all the parts. Each part reveals something; hand, foot, trunk, head, face, etc. We study all together, and if you will join our private class in January next, we will engage to convince you that Phrenology, in connection with its collateral sciences, is "commissioned by God to show men their mental and moral constitutions," as no other system, science, or theory now known to man shows them.

LIFE IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.—A lady sends us the following from the Rocky Mountains. She has long been a reader of this JOURNAL, and is active in extending its circulation wherever she can. Here is an extract from her letter:

I am a widow, sixty-five years old. I have been in the Mormon Church more than thirty years. I have passed through hardships and sufferings almost beyond endurance. I have had a deep experience. I was two years on a mission to the South Sea Islands with my husband and four daughters. I have a journal of fifty years' experience. Many incidents in my life, I believe, would be encouraging to a worn spirit and sorrowful heart. I have trusted in God and been delivered in times of trouble. It seems to be your prerogative to write about the great ones of the earth; perhaps your great liberality would induce you to write something about little folks, even Mormons, or Latter Day Saints.

This lady kindly offers to give us an account of her experiences among the South Sea Islanders, and believing it would be entirely new to the readers of this JOURNAL, we are disposed to give the lady a hearing, and our readers something of life from a new place and new point of view. Let us have the South Sea Islanders.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is plain in precept, practical in doctrine, and spicy, withal.—*Hastings (N. Y.) Gazette*.

We esteem the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL as among the richest and most valuable of our exchanges. As a definer of man—the physical, mental, and moral man—we are acquainted with none better.—*Kentucky Intelligencer*, Louisville.

THE ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is one of the finest specimens of magazine literature and art that we have seen.—*Catholic Telegraph*.

THE Methodist Recorder, of Ohio, says of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL: "There is no periodical that comes to our office which displays more ability in its 'make up' than this. Its views, however, on many subjects are often in direct opposition to our own."

[Now we can not see wherein its views are not in accordance with the truth, and, in the main, with those of the *Recorder*. Specify, please specify, Mr. Editor, wherein we are not agreed; we stand ready to correct all errors. Will the *Recorder* do the same?]

Literary Notices.

[All works noticed in THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL may be ordered from this office, at prices annexed.]

EXPLORATIONS OF THE NILE

TRIBUTARIES OF ABYSSINIA. The Sources, Supply, and Overflow of the Nile; the Country, People, Customs, etc., interspersed with highly exciting Adventures of the Author among Elephants, Lions, Buffaloes, Hippopotami, Rhinoceroses, etc.; accompanied by Expert Native Sword Hunters. Illustrated. By Sir S. W. Baker, M.A., F.R.G.S., Gold Medalist of the Royal Geographical Society; Author of the "Albert N'Yanza Great Basin of the Nile," "Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon," "The Rifle and the Hound in Ceylon," etc., etc. With a Supplementary Sketch relative to the Captivity and Release of English Subjects, and the Career of the late Emperor Theodore. By Rev. W. L. Gage. Hartford. Published by O. D. Case & Co. 1884.

We copy the title of this superb work in full, as the best statement we can make of its objects. As to its literary and scientific merits, we can not speak too emphatically. No other writer of equal scholarship has ever explored that wonderful country. The author and his wife, Lady Baker, traveled on camels and horses, living in tents, and subsisting on game for several years in Africa, and now give us an elaborate and highly interesting account of its mountains, forests, lakes, rivers, fish, birds, reptiles, animals, soils, and productions.

The book describes the peculiarities and modes of life of many of the African tribes, and also the habits of the lion, the elephant, the giraffe, the hippopotamus, rhinoceros, ostrich, etc., and the methods of hunting and capturing them. The work contains upward of 600 octavo pages, on fine paper, clear, large type, illustrated with full-page engravings printed on tinted paper, and the whole substantially bound in fancy muslin. It is gotten up in excellent style, by one of the most enterprising and extensive book-publishing houses in America. The work is sold only by subscription. The recent passage of arms between England and Abyssinia is discussed; and the character of Theodore, late king of the Abyssinians, described, with a frank impartiality. \$3 50 to \$5.

MODERN WOMEN, and What

is Said of Them. A Reprint of a series of Articles in the *Saturday Review*. With an Introduction by Mrs. Lucia Gilbert Calhoun. N. Y.: J. S. Redfield, Publisher. Order from this office.

The articles collected in this convenient form are known by the following titles: The Girl of the Period; Foolish Virgins; Little Women; Pinchbeck; Feminine Affections; Ideal Women; Woman and the World; Unequal Marriages; Husband Hunting; Perils of "Paying Attention;" Women's Heroines; Interference; Plain Girls; A Word for Female Vanity; The Abuse of Match-Making; Feminine Influence; Pigeons; Ambitious Wives; Platonic Woman; Man and his Master; The Goose and the Gander; Engagements; Woman in Orders; Woman and her Critics; Mistress and Maid, or Dress and Undress; Aesthetic Woman; What is Woman's Work? Papal Woman; Modern Mothers; Priesthood of Woman; The Future of Woman; La Femme Passée; The Fading Flower; Costume and its Morals; Pretty Preachers; Spoiled Women.

In one volume, 12mo, handsomely printed and bound in cloth, beveled edges. Price, \$2.

ISLAND OF THE GIANT FAIRIES.

By Jas. Challen. Philadelphia: Howard Challen.

A light, tripping little poem, with a measure as graceful as the soft ripple of fairy wings. It doubtless intends to commemorate the island of Mackinaw, known in the Indian tongue as the "Island of the Giant Fairies." For those acquainted with that region the poem will have a lively interest.

LOOMIS'S MUSICAL JOURNAL.

Devoted to the Interests of the Musical Profession, Masonic Fraternity, and Odd Fellowship. Monthly, \$1 a year. New Haven, Conn.

What natural relationship there can be between music and Masonry we are not informed. Certain it is, Mr. Loomis is making a very cheap and interesting periodical. His second volume was commenced on the 1st of August.

Here is a paragraph which he quotes in favor of Masonry:

"Within the folds of this far-spreading organization are united all the races of man—Caucasians, Mongolians, Malaysians, and Indians [what about the Negro? why not include him?]; here, on the common basis of charity, meet men of all creeds—Christians, Jews, Mohammedans, and all sects and religions. An institution of this kind, it appears to us, breathes the very spirit of Christianity, which is a love that would embrace all the human race."

[But will not Christianity itself do all this? Are Masonry and Christianity synonymous terms? May one be a good Christian and not be a Mason? Will one grow in knowledge, wisdom, justice, industry, prudence, purity, temperance, and grace, by becoming a Mason *without* Christianity?]

JOURNAL OF THE SPECIAL CONVENTION OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE DIOCESE OF VERMONT, FOR THE ELECTION OF A BISHOP. Held in St. Paul's Church, Burlington, March 11, 1868.

We are indebted to Mr. Thomas H. Canfield, the Secretary of the Convention, for a copy of its very interesting proceedings. At this convention, Rev. William H. A. Bissell, D.D., of Geneva, N. Y., was unanimously elected to fill the Episcopate made vacant by the recent death of the distinguished Bishop Hopkins.

PORTRAIT GALLERY. 3 vols.

Leipzig: J. J. Weber.
The "Portrait Gallery" contains the portraits of most of the distinguished statesmen, theologians, philosophers, scientific men, explorers, warriors, authors, poets, artists, etc., etc., of modern times, selected by Mr. Weber from his *Illustrirte Zeitung*. The portraits are engraved in the finest style of German art, each being accompanied by a succinct biography. The single number at hand contains Princesses of Wales, N. P. Banks, B. F. Butler, von Cornelius, King of Greece, King of Bayern, Carlotta Patti, Ernest Renan, W. M. Thackeray, and many others.

MINNESOTA DAS CENTRAL

GEHIEBT NORD AMERIKAS. In seiner Hauptverhält nissen dargestellt. By Edward Pels. Leipzig: J. J. Weber. 1868.

This useful work is intended more especially as a hand-book for Germans about to emigrate to America. It gives a brief history of the State, its advantages as a place of settlement, its climate, wealth, future, etc. The natural beauties of Minnesota scenery are represented in six well-engraved woodcuts—of Taylor's Falls, Fort Snelling, St. Anthony's Falls, the Minnehaha Falls in Summer and Winter, and the Silver Cascade below St. Anthony's Falls. We commend it to the notice of our German readers.

HAUSSCHATZ DER LÄNDER UND VOLKSKUNDE.

By Alexander Schoppe. Leipzig: J. J. Weber. 15 numbers.

This treasury of Geography and Ethnology is the collected pictures from all the new literature which portrays "land and people," as they exist to-day in all parts of the globe. It is a remarkable work, and one worthy the attention of our readers. To give an idea of it we may mention that in describing the Chinese, the compiler has selected his material from four different sources. Thus, R. Andrée gives us the Character of the Chinese; E. R. Huc, the Freedom of the Chinese, the Chinese as Merchants, Social Life; R. V. Scherzer and E. R. Huc, a Chinese Banquet; E. R. Huc, Chinese Architecture, Floating Islands, Chinese Women, Decay of Morals and Poverty, and so on through the Opium-Eaters, Tea-Drinkers, Religions, Temples, Priests, etc., etc. Each country is treated in this thorough manner.

The work is now passing through a new and improved edition. The engravings, of which the work will contain upward of one hundred and fifty, are finely executed.

THE SCRIPTURAL CLAIMS OF

TOTAL ABSTINENCE. By Newman Hall, LL.B. 18mo, pp. 68. Price, 15 cents—richly worth \$5. New York: J. N. Stearns, publisher.

Of all the good things this well-meaning writer and speaker ever did, we know of nothing *better* than this.

OUTLINES OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT: Its Origin, Branches, Departments, Institutions, Officers, and Modes of Operation.

By Anson Willis. New York: N. Tibbals.

We are of opinion that much of the misapprehension, contention, and confusion existing among the masses of the American people on political subjects is due to the widely-prevailing ignorance of the actual character and spirit of our Government. Very few of the rampant, loud-mouthed politicians, who seek to lead, are well informed on national matters, and do not make much effort to post themselves up in the details. One of the essentials to the maintenance of our Government and institutions obviously is, a correct knowledge of the principles involved in them and the nature of their operation; yet how few there are of the professedly intelligent who possess this correct knowledge! This lamentable truth should stimulate inquiry, especially on the part of the rising generation that will soon be called to take an active part in affairs of great moment. Mr. Willis' book is most opportune, and should be generally read. It is written with clearness, and in a style of acceptable brevity. The book is valuable as a work for reference.

PHRENOLOGISCHE BILDER.

Zur Naturlehre des menschlichen Geistes und deren Anwendung auf Wissenschaft und Leben. By Gustav Scheve. Second enlarged and improved edition: Part IV. Die Phrenologie in der Anwendung. Leipzig: J. J. Weber.

We have received from Mr. Weber this installment of Dr. Scheve's Phrenological Pictures, entitled "Phrenology in its Applications" to Religion, the Right of Punishment, Education, Plastic Art, Politics, etc. The three former parts treat as follows: I. Phrenology in Outline; II. Phrenology and Psychology; III. Phrenology and Medicine. The appendix of German literature on Phrenology is especially valuable. Taken together, the four parts form one of the best works on Phrenology in the German language we have yet seen, and we will give a more extended notice on the receipt of the remaining volumes. We can supply the work at a cost of \$10.

LITTLE DORRIT. By Charles Dickens.

With eight Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. Cloth, \$1 50.

Another volume of the "Charles Dickens' Edition," and fully up to the standard in style and finish.

ANDREW DOUGLAS. A Temperance Tale.

By the author of "Madeline," and "Harry and his Dog." 18mo, pp. 233. Price, 75 cents. New York: National Temperance Society, J. N. Stearns, 173 William Street, Agent.

Just the thing for a Sunday-school library, or for the family. Lads who read this, and who remember it, will be less liable to become dissipated. It is strengthening to one's moral nature.

HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY.

With other Ballads. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 50 cents.

This humorous collection of rhymes in a melody of Teutonic-English has already acquired much notoriety. The valorous Breitmann in arms and out of arms is very graphically and laughably described. One verse must serve to illustrate our notice of the book:

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
We all cot troonk ash bigs,
I put mine mont to a parrel of blier,
Und emptied it up mit a schwiga.
Und denn I giesed Madilda Yane,
Und she sleg me on the kop,
Und de company fited mit dapple-lecks
Dill de coohustable made oos shtop.
The humor is certainly as original as rich.

THE LIVES OF GRANT AND COLFAX.

Peterson's Campaign Edition. Price, \$1 in cloth; or 75 cents in paper. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE LIFE OF HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX.

By Rev. A. Y. Moore, of South Bend, Indiana. With a life-like Steel Portrait. 18mo. Cloth, \$1 50. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

At this exciting period in American history, probably no subject will engage so earnestly the attentive consideration of reading Americans as the antecedents of the men proposed by their respective political adherents for the chief public offices of the nation. It were well that the truth were told now, and no seductive inventions in the way of biography palmed off on the people to influence their choice at the polls. There are leading spirits in political circles who appear to possess no conscientious scruples whatever in their zeal and industry for partisan ends. With tongue and pen they scatter libel and calumny to depreciate the character and injure the prospects of those opposed politically to themselves; while they are equally fertile in fabricating attractive and blandishing accounts for the benefit of their favorite "banner men." Early in the field to perform their important part of the "electioneering" enterprise are so-called biographical sketches of the much-talked-of Presidential nominees, some of which are not altogether free from the serious objections of exaggeration and falsehood. The volumes named at the head of our notice, especially the first, take rank among "campaign" literature, but do not appear to be very "loud" in their eulogy of their men. The early history of General Grant is very briefly glanced at, while his connection with the late war is described with considerable detail—that detail being made up chiefly of compilations from dispatches and reports without effort on the part of the biographer to laud or extenuate. This is fair. Mr. Colfax is but briefly sketched in the "campaign edition," but in the extended biography of Rev. Mr. Moore, we find all the elaboration desired. This work largely embodies the most noticeable editorials, letters, and speeches

of Mr. Colfax as well as many incidents of his unprofessional and unofficial career. The work has the approval of Mr. Colfax, although not revised by him.

MR. FREDERICK BLUME, of 1125 Broadway, New York, has recently issued the following new music: The Eye that Brightens when I Come. A Ballad. Music by Daniel Godfrey, 30 cents. The White Rose. Galop. By N. Sledle, 35 cents. The Hillside. Galop. By George Bayer, 35 cents.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE is reaping "golden opinions" at home and abroad, and, we trust, its full share of "greenbacks." Among all the monthlies, this high-toned journal is second to none in literary merit. The Putnams of the Magazine are as distinguished for their enterprise, taste, culture, and refinement as their great namesake the wolf-killer of Connecticut was for courage and patriotism during the war for American independence. The terms are \$4 a year;—or, Putnam and the PHRENOLOGICAL together, for \$6.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE has reached the ninth number of its second volume. It is succeeding. Generally well written—though on the wrong side of the tobacco question—and always beautifully printed, it is a credit to the Quaker City, and to American literature. If it is younger than the *Atlantic*, *Harper's Magazine*, *The Galaxy*, and *Putnam's Monthly*, it is not less vigorous or promising. One thing is certain,—it is issued by one of the leading publishing houses in America, and can not fail. \$4 a year,—or Lippincott and the PHRENOLOGICAL, \$6.

MUSIC.—Mr. A. R. Beers sends us "Ye Sons of Columbia, rekindle the fire." Music by E. G. Spinning. 30 cents. New York: W. A. Pond & Co.

THE PRAIRIE FARMER has enlarged its form, and is now a handsome eight-page folio, with new type, printed in Chicago at \$2 a year, by the *Prairie Farmer* company. We should suppose such a journal as this would have, among the *live* farmers of the great West, an immense circulation.

New Books.

Notices under this head are of selections from the late issues of the press, and rank among the more valuable for literary merit and substantial information.

QUANTITIES AND MEASUREMENTS. How to Calculate and Take them in Bricklayers', Masons', Plasterers', Plumbers', Painters', Paper-Hangers', Gliders', Smiths', Carpenters', and Joiners' Work. With Rules for Abstracting, etc. By A. C. Beaton. 1 vol. 8vo, cloth. Price, 50 cents.

THE MANAGEMENT OF HEALTH. A Manual of Home and Personal Hygiene; being Practical Hints on Air, Light, and Ventilation, Exercise, Diet, and Clothing, Rest, Sleep, and Mental Discipline, Bathing and Therapeutics. By James Baird, B.A. In 1 vol. 12mo, limp cloth. Price, 50 cents.

FOURTEEN WEEKS IN ASTRONOMY. By J. Dorman Steele. 1 vol. 12mo. Cloth, \$1 40.

THE FRESH AND SALT WATER AQUARIUM. With eleven Colored Illustrations. By Rev. J. G. Wood. 90 cents.

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TODD'S COUNTRY HOMES, and How to Save Money; How to Build Neat and Cheap Cottages, etc., etc. Also, a Business Directory. By Sereno Edwards Todd, of the New York Times. 12mo. Cloth, \$1 50. This interesting volume will be noticed more at length in the next JOURNAL.

Go our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be enclosed for the return postage. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will respond in the earliest number practicable. As a rule, we receive more than double the number of questions per month for which we have space to answer them in; therefore it is better for all inquirers to inclose the requisite stamp to insure an early reply by letter, if the editor prefers such direct course. Your "BEST THOUGHTS" solicited.

RAILROAD TRAVEL.—The following "rules on the road" are based upon legal decisions, and ought to be universally known. The courts have decided that applicants for tickets on railroads can be ejected from the cars if they do not offer the exact amount of their fare. Conductors are not bound to make change. All railroad tickets are good until used; conditions, "good for this day only," or other admitting time of genuineness, are of no account. Passengers who lose their tickets can be ejected from the cars unless they purchase a second one. Passengers are bound to observe decorum in the cars, and are obliged to comply with all reasonable demands to show their tickets. Standing on the platform, or otherwise violating the rules of the company, renders a person liable to be put off the train. No person has a right to monopolize more seats than he has paid for; and any article left in the seat while the owner is temporarily absent, entitles him to his seat on his return.

A QUANDARY.—In a family of my acquaintance a new book was accidentally blotted with ink—writing ink.

I would like to know how the stains can be removed without injuring the print and paper.

Ans. We know of nothing that will accomplish the desired object. The acid property of writing ink gives it the quality of permanence for which it is esteemed. The ink ordinarily used in printing does not sink into the paper like writing ink, and may be removed quite readily. Writing ink, unless it be of the specially indelible kind, may be removed by chemical agents from paper with a smooth or glazed surface without materially injuring the paper; but ordinary book paper is of a spongy texture, so that the removal of the ink would most likely involve the destruction of the paper. Blue ink is chiefly made from Prussian blue, and is less influenced than black ink by physical causes, *i. e.*, chemical agents have a less effect upon it.

CONJURATION.—Would you be so kind as to inform me if there is such an art as that of *Psychomancy*, and can it be acquired by practice? Can it be in such a degree acquired that I could instantly arrest the attention of any person that I desire to become acquainted with? How can it be acquired? Have you any books relating to it, and that will show the *modus operandi*?
Ans. No. There is nothing in it. The "Library of Mesmerism and Psychology" gives all the information in regard to the whole matter of fascination, charming, and of such influences as come under the head of "Psychomancy." There is no end to the pretensions of ignorant quacks who get their living by deception and fraud. All that is known to be true on animal or human magnetism and its *modus operandi* is contained in the work referred to.

EXPENSE OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION.—What is the expense of obtaining a college education? Can a man of fair talent and a good English education make Phrenology profitable as a profession?

Ans. The expense of a collegiate education differs in different localities, the tuition being higher in some institutions than in others, and the price of board and room being more or less, according to the place. In the city of New York it costs more for board, room rent, etc., than it would cost in some of the rural districts. In order to enter college, considerable preparation is necessary. Say two years' study at an academy, even after one has what would be called a good English education. A full collegiate course occupies four years, and the tuition will average from \$75 to \$100 per year, and board, say \$4 a week, or \$208 a year, and then there are incidental expenses besides. The books for the whole academic and collegiate course will cost probably \$100. In some places one may go through college for twelve hundred dollars; in other places it will cost fifteen hundred dollars. This, of course, is exclusive of the clothing and the time of the student.

In regard to Phrenology, it is very proper for one who follows it as a profession to be a thorough classical and scientific scholar, though it is not absolutely necessary, any more than it is for a physician, a lawyer, or a clergyman. Classical learning does much to give polish and mental culture to a physician; but one who has a good English education can be a physician or a phrenologist, and secure respectability and success. Two hundred dollars will furnish tuition, books, and board for a phrenological student, and give him a small but neat outfit on which to commence business. The profit to be derived from pursuing it as a profession will depend greatly upon the talent of the man, and

also upon the amount of knowledge and culture he possesses on the subject. Those who are qualified by natural endowment and proper instruction, can do as well as they could in law, in medicine, in engineering, and better than men average in mercantile pursuits. The phrenological profession has a tendency to cultivate the man, to train his faculties, and to keep him growing as a human being.

POEMS BY McDONALD CLARK.

—Can any one furnish us with a copy of McDonald Clark's poem, in full, which contains the couplet—

"When twilight lets her curtain down,
And pins it with a star?"

NEGRO DEVELOPMENT.—If the radical defect of the negro is a want of due nervous development (page 63, A. P. J., August), why need that portion of the colored race among us who have ample development of the anterior and coronal regions of the brain possess seemingly inferior qualities and abilities to the white race with similar development and formation throughout?

Ans. When you find a negro with a cerebral development equal to the average white man, and with a temperamental organization also equal to the white man's, there will be found in that negro as much mental capacity as in the white man. There will be no *seeming* of equality, but a *real* equality. A marked difference between the white and black races exists in their respective temperaments.

IS HE A QUACK?—An invalid lady correspondent writes us from the South, to inquire if a certain person in Philadelphia, who styles himself Dr. Young, and who advertises "Preventive Powders," etc., is a quack? In reply, we answer *yes*. He is not only a quack, but a low, filthy fellow, whose influence is all bad. He is even worse than his neighbor of the so-called "Howard Association"—a private concern used to trap "indiscreet young men." We repeat, *all* these advertising "No-cure-no-pay" doctors are low, bad men, who rob, poison, or defile all they touch.

STUDYING FRENCH.—The following works will enable one to study French with facility:

Ahn's French Method. With Pronunciation. \$1 50.

Ollendorff's French Grammar. \$2.

De Fivas' Elementary French Reader. \$1 15.

Surenne's French and English Dictionary. \$1 75.

Surenne's Manual and Traveler's Companion. \$1 40.

IS THE NEGRO A MAN?

"There is a lawyer in our vicinity who makes stump speeches, and wields a great influence among the baser sort of people; and among the many falsehoods he utters is one that the negro is not a man, and he tells his hearers that Fowler & Wells support him in his theory."

Ans. Whoever asserts that Fowler & Wells do not regard the negro as a man is, to say the least, laboring under an unmitigated error. We are not alone in the opinion that some races of men stand higher than others in the scale of intelligence and power. The Chinese, the Japanese, the American Indians are not equal to the English, the French, the German, the Italian, and other branches of the Caucasian family. But the negro is undoubtedly, in this country, superior to the Indian in some respects. He has less force, less pride and will-power than the Indian, but quite as much intelligence, and a great deal more of the moral and religious elements in his composition. He

readily comes into the habits of civilization, while the Indian will not work, lays up no property, and lives from hand to mouth. History gives us specimens of full-blooded negroes who have stood forth the peers of able white men. Touissant l'Ouverture was the peer of the best men of his age; and there are men in Baltimore and in Charleston as black as the above lawyer's lies, who know how to manage business and can make their hundreds of thousands of dollars. We fancy that anything less than a man would not be able to do this. But any man who says the negro is not a man is either a knave or fool, or a cross between the two, and does not deserve the confidence of the lowest clodhopper. We pity the audience who could believe such statements. Doubtless the negroes in this country and in other countries have less intellectual brain than white men. The same is true of the Chinese and the American Indian, and the same is true of the lower ranges of our own white population.

"INSANITY."

—In a family, if one of the parents has been slightly affected with insanity, is it probable that the children will be similarly affected, and should they discard the idea of marriage on that account? If they were to become insane, at what age would the symptoms be likely to appear? Can the hereditary influence be overcome by a good constitution and correct habits?

Ans. It depends much upon the cause of insanity. Some people have no predisposition to this infirmity, but simply a susceptibility to nervous excitement; some persons become light-headed or aberrated if their digestive system gets out of order; others, if their reproductive system is deranged; others if they have depressed conditions of ambition or are troubled in property matters. Each has his source of excitability, and the result, though it is in general denominated insanity, is as different as the faculties through which it is manifested. A mother may be insane from some special cause, and her children not inherit the tendency at all. Where, for several generations, insanity has been cropping out in a family, it would not be a safe count on exemption from the malady. In a family, six out of ten might escape, but the chances would be against them. There are many more insane people in the world than is generally supposed; perhaps there are not more than five real solid sane persons in fifty, and not more than one in a hundred who would show such marked eccentricity as to awaken general suspicion of his insanity. Probably three fourths of the insanity of this age originates in an abnormal use of the faculties; the straining of all the powers in the pursuit of wealth, in the pursuit of education, and the greedy grasping for advancement, are prolific sources of mental breaking-down; and the bad habits, the stimulants, tobacco, the lust which abounds, tend to unhinge the minds of persons in a frightful degree. Temperance in the use of all things allowable, and abstinence from others, a calm trust in Providence and active religious sympathy, free from bigotry, intolerance, and superstition, have a wonderful effect in raising the mind above morbid conditions. Ambitious passions, exercised under the whip and spur of intemperate habits, make shipwreck of mental soundness, by overburdening the parts through which the mind acts, and our surprise is excited by the endurance shown by men in retaining their senses so long, notwithstanding the excesses into which they plunge.

BOOKS—PRICES.—We can send by mail, post-paid, a copy of "Roget's Thesaurus," for \$2; "Crabbe's Synonyms," \$2 50.

VEGETATING INSECT.—Is there any truth in the statement of there being an insect called *abishero*, which on being put in the ground the legs take root and the body puts forth leaves and becomes a plant of a yard in height?

Ans. We never heard the statement before, and should not have believed it if we had heard it.

FACULTIES FIRST DEVELOPED.—What faculties of the mind are first developed?

Ans. The first faculty called into action is alimentiveness; second, those of perception.

ARTIST.—What phrenological organs are required to make a good artist?

Ans. All that are required to make a good mechanic, and imagination added. In other words, large perceptive, large Constructiveness, Imitation, and Ideality, and as much of the manly and the moral qualities as may be, with a fine temperament, and an earnest and somewhat enthusiastic nature.

TOO MUCH FLESH.—Reading your Answers to Correspondents in the July number, has suggested to me the idea of applying to you for advice on the opposite subject, viz.: of decreasing weight, or how to make a fleshy person lean without absolutely injuring the health. I drink nothing at meals except water, and eat very little meat or greasy diet. If you will please give me a few hints on this subject, I shall be very grateful for the information. Please answer this in your very next JOURNAL, and oblige one of your most devoted friends and readers.

Ans. For a full discussion of this question, see "Our Annual of Phrenology and Physiognomy—combined—" under the title of Fat Folks and Lean Folks. 60 cents.

Publisher's Department.

THE SIZE AND PRICE OF THIS JOURNAL—QUESTION.—We desire the opinion of our readers as to the future of the A. P. J. First. It now has forty quarto pages a month, and rates at \$3 a year. Shall we reduce its size and its price one third, making it \$2 instead of \$3? or, shall we keep up both its present size and price?

Second. What of its shape? Shall we continue it in its present quarto form, or shall we change it to an octavo magazine? Its earlier volumes—up to 1860—were in the usual octavo shape. The present quarto began in 1861.

We wish to confer with those interested, and to adopt that plan which shall seem the most desirable to all concerned. Our object is to make the JOURNAL subservient the interests of the cause to which it is devoted; disseminating, widely as possible, all that is true and useful in our God-given science.

When writing to this office, readers will confer a favor by giving us their views in brief. No change will be made in the present volume or during the present year. There is time enough to consider the subject for 1869. Reader, what say you?

NOT IN TIME.—We frequently receive advertisements for this JOURNAL entirely too late for insertion in the current number. We repeat what has been already announced, that our JOURNAL goes to press

a month in advance of its date; all excepting the cover, which follows immediately thereafter, being then complete; and to insure insertion, announcements must reach us at least five weeks previous to the time they are expected to appear.

SPEAK IN TIME.—We would again call attention to the WALTER GRAPEVINES, which we are enabled to offer as premiums. For five new subscribers, at \$3 each, we will give one of the \$5 vines. Our friends in city or country can club together, and by placing the vine in the hands of one of their number to propagate, may each secure vines the following season. For a full and complete description, and list of rates at which we supply this valuable Grapevine, see August number of the JOURNAL.

A SPECIAL PREMIUM.—We offer as a special premium for a club of forty new subscribers to the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, at \$3 each, a copy of the NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA, which comprises sixteen large octavo volumes of 800 pages each. Price, \$80, net cash.

The important work contains an inexhaustible fund of accurate and practical information on Art and Science in all their branches, including Mechanics, Mathematics, Astronomy, Philosophy, Chemistry, and Physiology; on Agriculture, Commerce, and Manufactures; on Religion, Law, Medicine, and Theology; on Biography and History, Geography and Ethnology; on Political Economy, the Trades, Inventions, and Politics; on Domestic Economy, Architecture, Statistics, the Things of Common Life, and General Literature. The work is a library in itself; opening to the student and general reader the whole field of knowledge.

No American library can be said to be complete without a work of this kind. Here is an excellent opportunity for those who do not feel able to purchase the work to secure it at the cost of comparatively little time and trouble. A club of forty ought to be made up in every village. If several persons choose to combine their efforts and secure the club together, they may do so, and own the Encyclopedia in common. Such a work is a real necessity in every neighborhood, second only to a large library.

MR. LODGE, of New Jersey, again places us under obligations for the skulls of a dog and a cat, which now grace our museum. Accessions are constantly being made by thoughtful friends, who have our thanks.

General Items.

BOSTON ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—Mr. Alfred L. Sewell, the very enterprising publisher of *The Little Corporal* of Chicago, Illinois, has republished Paul Revere's Picture Map; which is worthy a place in the portfolio of every American. The editor says:

The name of PAUL REVERE is one of the most honorable connected with the first scenes of the Revolutionary War. He was one of the famous Boston Tea Party, and in many ways rendered signal service to the Colonies in their efforts to rid themselves of British tyranny. Paul Revere was a silversmith, and engraved some of the first pictures ever made in America. One of these was made in 1763, just one hundred years ago, and is a view of eight ships of war, landing British troops in Boston Harbor, for the purpose of "supporting ye dignity of Britain, and chastising ye insolence of America." Its size is 10 by 15 inches, besides the margin, and there are only two or three copies of it known to be in this country.

We lately paid fifty dollars for one of these copies of this curious, old picture, and have just published a fac-simile of it, for the benefit of *The Corporal's* children.

"MORE MYSTERY."—"The Pendulum Oracle." This is the name given to a new toy advertised in all the papers, and in the A. P. J. among the rest. Those familiar with "Bonaparte's Oraculum" may guess the character of this. It is a piece of circular pasteboard, printed with words, figures, etc., accompanied with a little wooden ball, with a string and a ring. The "oracle" is placed on a table, the ball held over it, and in answer to such questions as may be put, the ball is expected to swing toward a certain word or figure. For example, if the age of one present be asked, the ball will move toward the figures, from 1 to 30. Or, if it relate to marriage, and the question be put, "When will he propose?" the ball is expected to move to the name of the month—be it anywhere from January to December; and so on to the end. That it will furnish a dollar's worth of amusement in a company of young people there can be no doubt.

It is believed that the South, where good crops have been secured, will afford good fields for competent lecturers and examiners. There are no practical phrenologists at present in California, nor in any of the new Territories.

SKULLS FROM THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—The artist, Mr. J. A. Kuhn, now sketching at Port Townsend, Washington Territory, promises us a few rare specimens of crania from that far-off region. Mr. K. will also bring a portfolio well filled with photographic views of the magnificent scenery abounding in that wonderful country.

NEW YORK MEDICAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.—The sixth annual session of this institution will commence the first Monday in November next, at their new building, corner of Twelfth Street and Second Avenue. Dispensary at the same place.

SWEET HONEY FROM "NEAR THE LAKE."—While men hoe and plant, mow and reap; and while women cook, wash, and dress,

"The little busy bee
Improves each shining hour,
And gathers honey all the day
From every opening flower."

And then we sinners take it away from them! Where is the justice in that? Not to moralize more on the point, we are in truth bound to confess that we like honey! especially that clear, white sort in the comb, made on white clover blossoms, lilies, and roses—such as we received from our friend George C. Turner, of Fair Haven, Cayuga County, N. Y., close to Lake Ontario. Why, the honey itself is as fragrant as the richest nosegay; and its flavor! we can compare it to nothing but itself. And this makes us wonder why every farmer doesn't keep bees; cultivate orchard fruits, sow clover, etc., on which the bees could live, grow fat, and lay up a lot of sweetening for winter. It is easier to grow honey than butter. Then why not?

LONG LIFE.—There lives at Whiting Bay, Island of Arran, Scotland, a centenarian who was a companion of

Robert Burns. His name is Ebenezer Baillie, and he is a native of Dalrymple, near Ayr. He was born May 7, 1767, thus making him 101 years and three months old. When a boy he was at school and slept in the same bed with the poet; his brother, a tailor, also made clothes for him, and the two amused themselves writing verses together. Ebenezer came to Arran eighty years ago as a weaver, but farmed a little, and in summer employed himself at the herring fishing. He worked at weaving till he was ninety years of age. For the last six years he has mostly been confined to bed, but the other day he was sufficiently well to sit on a chair and have his likeness taken by a photographer. His faculties, we are told, are all sound; and, as he is intelligent and has a correct memory, he can talk freely of events which happened ninety years ago. He has a large and well-built head, has been a temperately living man, and, notwithstanding his great age, has the appearance of living for some time yet.

"Temperate living." There is great significance in those words. Our modes of living have much to do with prolonging or shortening our lives. Most men—young and old—we meet are sick. One thinks it necessary to use cod-liver oil, another bitters, another tobacco, porter, "peach pits," and so forth. Nearly all do one way or another. Hence they must be sick.]

THE METHODIST.—"a National Religious Newspaper." What is the meaning of this sub-title, "National?" Are we to have, in America, a national religion? and that, of the *Methodist* persuasion? Our readers may find the prospectus on another page, and judge as well as we; but we take it to mean that the *Methodist* newspaper intends to occupy a broader field than that of the official *Methodist* press. All official *Methodist* papers are local in circulation, representing certain patronizing Conferences. It is expected that each journal will confine active efforts, so far as circulation is concerned, to its own immediate field. The *Methodist* aims to be more than local both in circulation and the character of its contents, adapting itself to the Methodists of the whole country. In other words, it is designed to be the central organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and yet so entirely catholic in its spirit as to adapt it to all Christian people of whatever name.

The paper is ever fresh, crisp, and comprehensive. Sermons—every week—by Henry Ward Beecher, Newman Hall, or by their own bishops and ministers, are given. It is nicely printed, and every way worthy the very liberal patronage it already enjoys. We hope all our readers will inclose a two-cent stamp to the publisher, and ask for a sample copy, after which, if they approve, they may subscribe.

It will be seen that all those subscribing now or at any time previous to the 1st of the next year, will receive the paper for the balance of this year free, thus giving those who subscribe now, fifteen months at the price of one year's subscription.

THE ROUND TABLE.—Among all the literary weekly newspapers published in this country, the *Round Table* stands at the head. Its writers are educated men; and if they did not sometimes walk "on stilts," they would make a more popular, if not so scholarly, journal. Authors, preachers, artists, book and magazine publishers, and literary men generally, patronize the *Round Table*. This journal is fashioned after the best European models, and is the most creditable specimen of newspaper typography published in this city or country. Of its politics, science, and religion it must speak for itself. Specimens will be sent in accordance with advertised terms.

LIFE INSURANCE.

WHAT is its use? The American philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, is reported to have said, "A Policy of Life Assurance is the cheapest and safest mode of making a certain provision for one's family." Lord Lyndhurst said: "A Policy of Life Assurance is always an evidence of prudent forethought; no man with a dependent family is free from reproach if not assured." Professor De Morgan said: "There is nothing in the commercial world which approaches even remotely to the security of a well established and prudently managed Life Assurance Company." Henry Ward Beecher said: "Once the question was, 'Can a Christian man rightfully seek Life Insurance?' Now the question is, 'Can a Christian man justify himself in neglecting such a duty?'" Elizar Wright said: "As population, intelligence, and refinement advance, Life Insurance must become a more essential part of the social fabric."

Where one has no family to provide for,—if he be a MAN, he ought to have a family—he may have relatives whom he would be glad to benefit. Or he may wish to endow a school, a college, or found a public library, a church, or a public park. Is there a man who has no desire to do some permanent good in the world?—some act for which he may be kindly remembered? Here is the way to do it. Take out a paid-up Life Policy and make it over to the person, relatives, or charity you would establish and perpetuate. The cost is moderate—the benefit great.

But in what company shall we insure? That is a matter for each to decide for himself. Of late there are springing up companies of "specialists." In London there is a 'Quaker Life Insurance Company, in which only "Friends" can be insured. In New York we have a company managed by, and in the interests of, Methodists Israelites being excluded from certain fire insurance companies, will, we presume, establish Jewish companies, and shut out Christians. Why not? Why not "birds of a feather" together here as elsewhere? And now we have a HOMEOPATHIC Mutual Life Insurance Company—see advertisement—in which all who are treated, when ill, according to Hahnemann, can be insured at a lower rate. This, we learn, is the case in England.

The New York Homeopathic Life Insurance Company is founded upon two prominent ideas, namely: 1st. That the adoption of what is called the Homeopathic practice in medicine may be safely relied upon to lengthen human life, and thus diminish the amount necessary to be charged for insuring a life at a given age. 2d. That it is not necessary to a safe and legitimate Life Insurance business to follow the custom now generally prevalent, of charging for premiums a sum confessedly higher than is required to insure the risk assumed, with a view to returning the overplus in the form of dividends.

Persons curious to know the creeds of all the various schools of medicine, Allopathic, Homeopathic, Hydropathic, Eclectic, Thompsonian, Magnetic, Mesmeric, Herolic, and the rest, may find a complete history of them all in the "Illustrated Hydropathic Encyclopedia," published at this office, price \$4 50, post-paid.

Here is what Dr. James Johnson says of medicines and of the experimenters: "I declare it to be my most conscientious opinion, that if there were not a single physician, or surgeon, or apothecary, or man-midwife, or chemist, or druggist, or drug in the world, there would be less MORTALITY among mankind than there is now."

On the 4th of May, 1863, the Surgeon-General of the Army of the United States ordered *colored and tartar emetic* to be struck from the list of army supplies.

Dr. John Forbes, physician to Queen Victoria, says, that "Nature often cures in spite of the doctor," and adds, "things have come to such a pitch that they must mend or end."

According to Dr. Routh (a distinguished physician), the statistics of diseases treated homeopathically and allopathically are as follows:

	Deaths under	
	Homeopathy.	Allopathy.
Inflammation of the lungs	5 in 100	23 in 100
Dysentery	3 " 100	22 " 100
Pleurisy	3 " 100	13 " 100
Inflammation of the bowels	3 " 100	13 " 100

Of the correctness of this table we know nothing. But, if true, we should agree with Doctors Johnson and Forbes, that the *little* medicines given by the homeopaths are less fatal than the larger doses given by other schools. But why not get up a company by the rules of which *no* drug medicines are to be given? Would it not put the death rate still lower? Here is a chance for the hydropaths or water-cure doctors.

HERE ARE THE KINDS OF INSURANCE OFFERED BY THE H. M. L. I. CO.—They issue all the approved forms of Policies, with provisions rendering them non-forfeitable for failure to pay premium, or surrender of the Policies within ninety days.

POLICY FOR LIFE.—This is a policy on what is called the "ordinary life plan," by which the Company agrees to pay a certain sum at the death of the assured, on condition that he shall pay the Company annually while he lives, a certain sum by way of premium. This was the first, and for a long time the only plan of Life Insurance.

TEN-YEAR LIFE POLICY.—By this plan the assured pays all his premium in ten years, and then has no more to pay—the Policy being payable at his death. This is the favorite policy.

ORDINARY ENDOWMENT.—This Policy promises to pay the assured himself a certain sum of money at an age agreed upon, or to any person designated by him, in case he dies before reaching such age, on condition of receiving a certain sum in premium during every year of his life, until the time appointed for the payment of the Policy.

TEN-YEAR ENDOWMENT.—This Policy is the same as the last, except that, like the ten-



year Life Policy, it provides that the premium shall be *all paid in ten years*, however long the time before the Policy becomes payable.

TERM POLICY.—This table provides for cases where a party desires to secure another for a loan or a credit, expecting to terminate the obligation within a given time. It insures for one or seven years, those being the terms which experience shows to be generally required in such cases, etc.

Now, we shall not oppose this enterprise. On the contrary, we wish it success. We see in it something educational. It will tend, so far as it goes, to dissuade people from killing themselves by drugging and dosing.

If any of the benevolent readers of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL choose to take out a Life Insurance Policy for \$5,000, \$10,000, \$20,000, or for \$100,000, and will assign the same to the Phrenological Society, it would be cheerfully accepted, and, at the proper time, the funds would go toward establishing an institution whose usefulness promises to be coequal with man's necessities. Let us have it.

Business.

[Under this head we publish, for a consideration, such matters as rightfully belong to this department. We disclaim responsibility for what may herein appear. Matter will be LEADED, and charged according to the space occupied, at the rate of \$1 a line.]

THE HYGEIAN HOME.—At this establishment all the Water-Cure appliances are given, with the Swedish Movements and Electricity. Send for our circular. Address A. SMITH, M.D., Wernersville, Berks County, Pa.

HYGIENIC CURE, BUFFALO, N. Y.—Compressed Air Baths, Turkish Baths, Electric Baths, and all the appliances of a first-class Cure. Please send for a Circular. Address H. P. BURDICK, M.D., or Mrs. BRYANT BURDICK, M.D., Burdick House, Buffalo, N. Y. tf.

SPURZHEIM.—Photographs from Lizar's superb engraving of Spurzheim, from an original drawing by Madame Spurzheim. A magnificent head and face. 4-4 size, \$1; "carte-de-visite" style, 50 cents.

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THE CATHEDRAL OF CHARTRES.

THE CATHEDRAL OF CHARTRES.

THE town of Chartres is considered one of the most ancient in France. Like many other old French towns, it has that picturesque and rustic attractiveness which adds no little to the interest excited in the mind of the thoughtful tourist by its claims to antiquity. The old cathedral, however, which towers clear above the comparatively brief extent of Chartres, is the one important feature which it proudly boasts. Indeed, the town nestling at its feet seems to depend upon the cathedral, and not the cathedral upon Chartres, so massive and

overspreading and all-absorbing the giant edifice appears to the distant observer.

The cathedral dates from the beginning of the eleventh century, and is distinguished for its grand gothic architecture. It is immense in its proportions, yet so gracefully and accurately are they adjusted, that one is deeply impressed by the harmony and oneness of the entire structure. Here and there are immense carvings, complete in themselves; but there is so much of ornamentation which blends design with design, that the eye is not distracted or the attention absorbed by any one outline.

The great front of the edifice is covered with

scarcely less than eighteen hundred figures, yet "it seems neither florid nor over-adorned;" rather, the superficies is so varied by the carvings, that one forgets its size in their engaging study. The spires are very lofty, one of them towering to a height of more than 400 feet. As respects its exact dimensions, we are unable to give the reader a definite idea, but will leave him to form some impression of its grandeur from the fact, that the Chartres cathedral is one of the largest church structures in Europe. There are 130 stained or painted glass windows in it, whose artistic beauty is unsurpassed by those of any other building in France. A recent visitor within the time and purpose hallowed precincts of this ancient structure thus writes:

"The first impression given by the interior as well as the exterior of Chartres cathedral is enormous height—height rising into such dimness of shadow that it takes away the idea of any roof; one looks upward as if to the sky, and with the same sensation of peace. Amiens cathedral has this in degree; but then Amiens still gives the feeling of newness; one is inclined to say, 'How grand! and who is the architect?' But at Chartres one never thinks of the architect at all: it seems as if the whole building was not made, but had grown. One's soul's wings begin to tremble and stir, just as under the open sky, with no fragment of mortal roof, however safe and ornamental, to keep them in and restrain their liberty, even under the most beautiful bonds. I can not clearly describe the feeling; but those to whom the very breath of religious life is freedom—perfect freedom—will understand it and what it symbolizes."

THE venerable Dr. Jacob Bigelow, of Boston, in responding to a toast at the recent dinner of the Massachusetts Medical Society, said that for the last half century he had not been obliged to keep his house for a single day, on account of any indisposition or malady whatever; and added: "I know not to what I should attribute this singular exemption for so long a period, except it be to the joint facts, which I do not boast of excelling in, but have been able to practice—temperance, hard work, and abstinence from medicine."

THE *Protestant Churchman*, of New York, under date of July 23d, styles our August edition: "An unusually interesting number of this valuable monthly," and prints a synopsis of its contents. What says the *P. C.* of this?

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SAMUEL R. WELLS, EDITOR.]

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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there; To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—Young.

MAX MÜLLER, THE DISTINGUISHED PHILOLOGIST.

This eminent philologist possesses a temperament of exceedingly fine quality; in the portrait there is no expression or conformation allied to that heaviness which is almost always a physiognomical accessory to the German face. The outlines are clear and sharp, the nose Grecian, the mouth delicate, the forehead noble. He is not deficient in those forces which a full back-head supplies, but the mass of the brain appears to lie forward of the *meatus auditorius*, or opening of the ear, indicating profound intellectual capacity. He possesses in a marked degree that type of brain which adapts one to study, research, and mental applica-



PORTRAIT OF MAX MULLER, THE PHILOLOGIST.

tion. He is a natural student; *i. e.*, inclined by the mere gravity of his organization to acquire learning, especially the principles and theories laid down by

thinkers and investigators. He appreciates the logical relations of subjects, finds enjoyment in tracing the sources of ascertained facts, and appreciates results in proportion as he comprehends the principles involved and the extent of their elaboration.

The elements which form a steady, persevering character are eminently Mr. Müller's. He is well poised; not fearful of consequences when he has once assumed responsibility,—and not reluctant in taking such responsibility as his sphere and circumstances may present. His large Continuity evinces the serenely balanced and direct thinker. When occupied in the examination of an intricate question, his thoughts do not diverge, but fasten their intensity to the thing in hand; hence he is clear, direct, convincing, and thorough as a reasoner and investigator. His memory partaking of this closeness of thought is keen and retentive; whatever engages his attention becomes absorbed into the *omnium gatherum* of his mind.

He properly graces the professor's chair, and that, too, of a department of learning as profound as it is useful in the study of man and his relations.

BIOGRAPHY.

FRIEDRICH MAXIMILIAN MÜLLER, or, as he is better known among us, Max Müller, the author of the "Rig Veda," "Lectures on the Science of Language," and other works of linguistic science, was born on the 6th of December, 1823, at Dessau, the capital of the duchy of Anhalt Dessau, Germany. He is the son of Wilhelm Müller, who acquired some distinction by his researches in the ancient German language and literature; and, as a poet, his "Freedom Songs of the Greeks," which appeared in 1821, received a cordial reception, and were extensively circulated. Müller's elementary education was obtained chiefly at the ducal-school of his native place, and, later, under Professor Carus, in Leipsic, and at the Nicolai School in the same city, where he was introduced into the elements of science. Part of his early youth was also devoted to music and poetry. He was a proficient on the pianoforte at eight years of age, and wrote a poem on the occasion of the Book Printers' Jubilee in Leipsic, in 1840, which gained him great applause and the life-long friendship of Mendelssohn. He completed his academic course at the University of Leipsic, where he studied the Hebrew and Arabic languages; then, under Professor Brockhaus, made remarkable progress in the study of the Sanscrit, the rich depository of his later investigations. He applied himself with especial earnestness to Sanscrit, and as early as 1844 translated and published "Hitopadesa,"

an old collection of Indian fables. In the same year he left Leipsic, and betaking himself to the Berlin University, there studied assiduously the old Sanscrit manuscripts, and attended the lectures of Bohl, Heyne, and others, being encouraged by the great Humboldt to further zeal. He was then always fresh, joyous, and progressive in the studies of his choice; and by his zeal soon won the esteem, the friendship, and encouragement of educated men.

Müller's youthful ardor is seen to advantage in the following fact: The celebrated poet and Persian scholar, Friedrich Rückert, was at that time called to the University of Berlin. Rückert hoped to give lectures on the Persian language, but announced them with hardly the expectation of a single hearer. When the day arrived for the commencement of the lectures, he found, truly, that he had only a single hearer—Max Müller. Rückert was grieved, and not willing to proceed unless his audience was increased to at least three. But Müller was determined to hear the gifted professor, and after assuring him that he would procure other two students, went among his acquaintances and laid the facts of the case before them. The result was that Müller returned with the required two, to whom Rückert commenced, though somewhat dispiritedly, his lectures. But the earnest attention of, and rapid progress made by, the three pupils, especially Müller, proved a great delight to Rückert. He became inspired with greater enthusiasm himself, and the whole course was gone through with complete satisfaction to all concerned.

In the same year, 1844, Müller received the Doctor's diploma from the University of Leipsic. In 1845 the fame of the celebrated Sanscrit scholar Burnouf drew him to Paris, in order to attend his lectures, and to procure materials for an edition of the Rig Veda—the oldest Brahmin sacred hymns in the Sanscrit. In order to maintain himself, attend the lectures, and study, he found himself obliged to engage in copying learned manuscripts; for, in spite of the recommendations of Humboldt and the esteem of Burnouf, he had to depend entirely upon his own resources. But he kept steadily at work on the Veda; and when he had gained money sufficient, he determined to go to England, and read the Sanscrit treasures in the British Museum. He did not understand a word of English when he found himself in London for the first time; but introducing himself to Professor Wilson, then President of the Asiatic Society and the first Sanscrit authority in England, he was immediately given employment in arranging the manuscripts of the Society. This furnished him with the means of subsistence; but he intended to return to Germany as soon as he possibly could; and when he had saved money enough for his homeward journey, he made all preparations to depart, visiting the office of the Prussian representative in order to procure the necessary pass.

This proved to be a most fortunate circumstance. The learned Bunsen was at that time the Prussian ambassador, and he had already

heard of Müller through Humboldt. He felt immediately drawn toward the young scholar, and finally persuaded him to remain in London. He examined the Rig Veda, and encouraged Müller to proceed with the work, making himself responsible for the means. And he nobly kept his word. Müller with joy took up the work on the Rig Veda again. Wilson desired at the same time that the Asiatic Society in the East Indies should publish the same work with the aid of learned Brahmins there, but the proposition found little favor with English scholars. Max Müller now proposed to complete the work with the means of the East India Company. Wilson at first refused to entertain this proposition, but finally agreed that the work should appear in England, and he himself undertake its translation. Müller immediately entered into this arrangement, and devoted himself to the task of completing the work, the first volume appearing, we believe, in 1847, bearing the title "Rig-Veda-Sanhita, the Sacred Hymns of the Brahmins."

Immediately after the publication of this first volume Müller was induced by English scientific scholars, with Bunsen at their head, to give public lectures in Oxford University on the Bengal language. This he did, receiving such a warm reception as determined him to prolong his stay. At first he made his appearance as Deputy Professor of European languages, and in 1847 assumed his special professorship. His fame increased with each lecture and with each volume of the Rig Veda. The latter was finally enlarged to four quarto volumes, each of one thousand pages. In the preparation of these he was assisted by Dr. Aufrecht, who afterward became Sanscrit Professor in Edinburgh. In 1850 Müller was appointed Deputy Taylorian Professor of Literary History and Comparative Grammar in Oxford. The prejudice with which he had been regarded by many English scholars and members of the University gradually gave way to an admiration for his genius. In 1856 he was elected Ordinary Professor, the degree of Master of Arts was conferred, and the privileges of a Fellow accorded him—the first "foreigner" to whom this highest academic honor had ever been given. Many other privileges were granted; and he is said to have been the first who dared to marry without losing the privileges of a "Fellow."

In 1857 Professor Wilson died, leaving vacant the Sanscrit chair in Oxford. Besides Müller there was only another candidate, Professor Cowell, of Calcutta, who soon withdrew from the contest. As soon as Müller was announced in his new position, he was opposed by certain members of the University on ecclesiastical grounds, but he finally triumphed. In the same year he published his "Buddhism, and Buddhist Pilgrims," followed by a "History of the Sanscrit Literature." His previous works are a treatise "On the Comparative Philology of the Indo-European Languages in its bearing on the Early Civilization of Mankind" (1854); a "Proposal for a Missionary

Alphabet" (1855); "Languages of the Seat of War in the East" (1855); an earlier translation of "Kalidasa's Megha-Duta," published at Königsberg in 1847, and other works. These and his lectures now made him the most popular philological lecturer in England. In 1861 he published the substance of his lectures, under the title of "Lectures on the Science of Language, delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain in April, May, and June, 1861," and dedicated "to the members of the University of Oxford, both resident and non-resident, to whom I am indebted for numerous proofs of sympathy and kindness during the last twelve years, in grateful acknowledgment of their generous support on the 7th of December, 1860." The English press and public gave the work a very cordial reception, and numerous editions have been sold both in England and America.

The "Lectures on the Science of Language" "do not pretend to be more than an introduction" to the science; they are the substance of the "researches into the history of languages and into the nature of human speech which have been carried on in England, France, and Germany"—a science of very modern date. The following is a synopsis of the work: The Science of Language reveals wonders far greater than the bewildering enigmas and myths which it displaces. It shows the natural and inevitable growth of mythical tales from words and phrases, and forces on the mind the idea of a law of language, simple and powerful. It undertakes to show the working of this law, not by proposition, but by facts. Human speech admits only of a growth. In it there is a continuous change which man can not prevent. The Aryan speech, in its earliest stage, consisted wholly of open sounds, and these probably without any aspirates, and in this stage no word existed except such as expressed sensible ideas. Man had probably lived for ages before the process of metaphor had created a single term to convey an immaterial conception. The working of metaphor can be traced, in its conversion of general notions, into personal beings, and in the translation of phrases applied originally to outward phenomena into incidents professedly historical. Man may at first have been mute; certainly during a long period probably could not express more than the merest bodily sensations. "It was an event in the history of man when the ideas of father, mother, brother, sister, husband, wife were first conceived and first uttered. It was an era when the numerals from one to ten had been framed, and when words like law, right, virtue, love had been added to the dictionary of man. It was a revelation—the greatest of all revelations—when the conception of a Creator, a Ruler, a Father of man—when the name of God was for the first time uttered in this world." "The Science of Language thus leads up to that highest summit from whence we see into the very dawn of man's life on earth; and where

the words which we have heard so often from the days of our childhood—'And the whole earth was of one language and of one speech'—assume a meaning more natural, more intelligible, more convincing than they ever had before." Such, in brief, are a few points of the Science of Language—a science without which, he adds, "the circle of physical sciences would be incomplete. The whole natural creation tends toward man; without man, nature would be incomplete and purposeless. The Science of Man, therefore, or, as it is sometimes called, Anthropology, must form the crown of all the natural sciences. And if it is language by which man differs from all other created things, the Science of Language has a right to hold its foremost place."

A remarkable feature of Professor Müller's work—as it is written in English—is its extreme purity of expression. The same is noteworthy in his later work, "Chips from a German Workshop" (1868); and what a critic says in the *Saturday Review* applies to all his later writings in an equal degree: "On one point there can be no difference of opinion, namely, as to the wonderful mastery which Professor Müller, a foreigner, has gained over the English language. We do not think that any one reading a page of one of these essays would for a moment attribute them to any one but a native Englishman! And what is more, Professor Müller is really one of the best English writers of the day. He employs our language not only with ease and vigor, but with conspicuous purity and good taste. He rises altogether above the fashionable vulgarisms of the day . . . We welcome every work of Professor Müller as a real addition to the English literature, in point of style no less than in point of matter." This is probably the highest compliment the English could pay to their gifted German resident.

As a philologist Professor Müller undoubtedly holds a high and honored position. But he ranks far below the greater Bopp in the real genius of his researches and attainments. His eminence is due mainly to his isolated position in philological science in England, though the earnest student in his youth well deserves his extended reputation of to-day. He laid before the English world, in his Lectures on the Science of Language, matter from an almost new field. He built on the solid German foundation of his predecessors, and presented his science in the most popular form that it is possible to give it; and his position to-day is that of a priest and pioneer of German science in England. It has been reported that Mr. Müller has accepted a professorship recently offered him by the trustees of Cornell University, and that he will shortly arrive in the United States for the purpose of assuming its functions. To this, educated Americans can have no objection, but will doubtless, with consentient voice, welcome the distinguished scholar, should he make his appearance here, and rejoice in so important an acquisition to the circle of the learned in American society and literature.

On Ethnology.

True Christianity will gain by every step which is made in the knowledge of man.—*Spurzheim*.

ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

THE antiquity of the human race, as demonstrated by remains discovered in the geological strata of North America, formed the chief topic of discussion before the American Science Association, at its recent general session in Chicago. The views expressed by several eminent naturalists and geologists, and the many evidences adduced in support of the theory of man's great antiquity, are sufficiently important to warrant our bringing the subject to the notice of our readers.

Whether or not the theory is in conflict with the Mosaic account of man's creation as received by theologians, it nevertheless seems irrefutable. Pure science reaches forward to its conclusions through media of an indisputable character, facts; and when results have been thus substantially attained which appear to contradict the revelations of Him whom we call God, the Creator, a most serious dilemma is presented, a dilemma which may be disposed of only, as it would seem, by the discovery of an error in our generally received interpretations of those revelations. If, however, "the wisdom of man is but foolishness with God," in what respect could man more gravely err than in his attempts to interpret the writing of the Most High, and to understand thoroughly His ways toward mankind. As the character and purposes of the Infinite are entirely beyond the comprehension of the finite, it is presumptuous folly for the finite to attempt to limit that character by definition, and those purposes by description. All serious minds will approve this. A corollary may be drawn from such a conclusion to the effect that Scripture being the revealed will of God, is to be interpreted with the utmost latitude, and the utmost care exercised in the literal application of any part of it. Of course we allude especially to its symbolism. There are passages, and we think they constitute the larger portion of the Bible, whose signification is comparatively simple, and which scarcely admit of more than one construction. But when we approach those portions which have an assertatory or declaratory character, and which, if accepted *literally*, seem to clash with some manifest conclusion of experience and reason, we feel compelled, for the sake of conscience and moral consistency, to hold in abeyance all preconceived notions. Many an obscure passage of Scripture has been clearly elucidated by scientific methods. Especially is this the case with prophetic revelation; and we may justly look forward to the developments brought about by scientific investigators to enlighten us with reference to Bible teaching on the subject of man's origin.

Let us examine briefly what our *savans* in council assembled at Chicago had to say of our remote ancestors. Mr. Charles Whittlesey enumerated several races of whose existence be-

* Westminster Review. 1862.

fore the red man there are abundant evidences in the superposed strata of North America, viz., the mound builders; a race that lived in the territory which is now Wisconsin; a war-like race inhabiting the region south of lakes Erie and Ontario; a people devoutly given to religious rites in the region of Mexico. The periods during which these races flourished have not been ascertained; but it seems certain that they extend many thousands of years into the dim past—thousands of years before the Christian era. Pottery, arrow-heads, and other works of man have been found in conjunction with and beneath the bones of the mastodon and megatherium, animals of whose existence there is no record save that of their imbedded skeletons. In regard to the time the Indians have occupied this country, the following fact is pertinent. Three skeletons were found in a cave beneath a heap of accumulations several feet in depth. The crania were so nearly perfect that there was left no doubt of their being the crania of red men. These bones were computed to have been placed in their sepulcher 2,000 years ago. A jaw and tooth were found in a stratum and pronounced by Prof. Agassiz to have been there 10,000 years, and must have belonged to the bronze men or the stone men, as they are called. These stone men belong to the second period of pre-historic times, or to an age estimated at from 7,000 to 10,000 years back.

Mr. J. W. Foster stated that there were recent discoveries which warranted a much greater antiquity for the human race than that shown by the estimates already given. Along the banks of the Nile excavations have been made to a great depth, and from them fragments of burned brick have been taken out. Calculating from the depth of mud deposited by the Nile each century, an age of 36,000 years is ascribed to the men who burned those bricks. The Pyramids are founded on the handiwork of man buried deep beneath the soil on which their hoary foundations rest. The feet of Napoleon's soldiers, upon whom thirty centuries looked down from the piles of granite above them, trod upon earth which for three centuries of centuries had embraced the relics of a mighty race. The discovery of a human skeleton in California deep down in the gold drift, and covered by five successive deposits of lava, also carries back the antiquity of man to a period far beyond the stone age.

Prof. J. D. Whitney gave an account of a human skull well preserved which had been found in Bald Mountain, near Altaville, California, 130 feet below the surface of the ground, beneath formations of basalt and strata of lava. He had himself visited the locality of the discovery and used the best means in his power to thoroughly sift the matter to its foundation, and could find nothing on which to hinge a doubt as to the authenticity of the discovery.

Professors Silliman and Blake discussed this discovery at some length, but without in any particular denying it. Their attitude appeared to be that of a suspension of judgment, the reasonable effect of a startling development;

for if the antiquity of this skull is to be estimated by the usual geological approximations, the depth at which it was found in the excavation, and the many changes which had taken place in the earth's crust around and above it, would assign it to a period of antiquity ages anterior to that to which geologists have placed the earliest men.

There were those in this learned assembly who differed in their views from the distinguished gentlemen already mentioned, and whose opinions are of some weight in scientific circles.

Prof. True remarked that exaggeration, credulity, and mystification were the tendencies of the age. Now that the bones of man have been found associated with those of the mastodon, it would be expected for a year or two to come that every mastodon found would have a human skeleton beneath it. He, however, did not believe in this amazing antiquity of the human race.

Prof. Andrews thought there was a practical joke at the bottom of the Calaveras County skull discovery as detailed by Prof. Whitney.

Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins, the eminent naturalist and lecturer, was present during this discussion, and made a few common-sense reflections on the manner in which specimens involving important scientific questions were preserved. He urged the necessity of taking up and preserving with them the original material in which fossils were found. This simple precaution would relieve investigators of many doubts and answer many inquiries in a satisfactory way.

Whether or not the discovery that man is a hundred or a thousand centuries old will subserve any practical purpose in the enlightenment and progress of the present man, we are not prepared to definitely say. We do not see the practical connection of such a matter with the real objects and necessities of society, and think that no great end would be promoted by its demonstration. Yet no objection would be urged to such demonstration, for our organ of Wonder, like that of Americans in general, is hungry for the new and startling. Let things "be done decently," however; let them be proved before their assertion. Mere *belief*, one way or the other, proves nothing. It is *knowledge* we want.

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

THE way to freedom is through obedience to law; the way to bondage is through laxity of self-government. The basis of civil society is the conviction that men can, and do, distinguish between right and wrong; between good and evil; between the just and the unjust; between yours and mine. If men can recognize these things, and obey them, then laws have nothing to do, and laws may grow mild. Just in proportion to the responsibility of the individual, laws have little to do. No country requires so little governing as one in which the people govern themselves. If self-government is wanting, then laws must

have more of the iron in them, and penalties must be more stern. You can change the name, and no longer call it "penalty;" you can call it motive or help; but still it will be *pain*; and pain is that which men do not like. External arrangements to compel right conduct must be augmented just in proportion as interior ability to generate right conduct becomes enfeebled. The man that takes care of himself is the freest man in the world. The man that can not control his own passions or feelings, or conduct, goes back into the cold embrace of irresistible natural laws, or modifications of them, which men make in the help of society.

The doctrine of liberty of choice, and of personal responsibility for conduct and character, leads to personal excellence, to social purity, and to civil liberty. The contrary view, that man is irresistibly controlled by external laws, although at first sight it may seem to give men greater scope and variety, yet leads directly to despotism and cruelty. I believe that the doctrine of the irresponsibility of man in one hundred years, or in three generations, would again lock up society in the embrace of irrefragable despotism. I hold that dignity of man intellectually, his nobility in the household and in society, his power and his glory in his various civil associations, and even the liberty of the state, strange as you may think it, turns upon the doctrine of free agency and moral accountability. If you look back through history you will find that those ages which have been most potential under the influence of this doctrine have been ages marked by the birth of liberty in the state; while, on the contrary, any doctrine that tends to lower human responsibility and moral accountability tends also to lower manhood, to reduce the purity of the household, and ultimately to bring society itself into bondage. The doctrine of accountability begets in society a broader and broader intelligence, and lays deeper and deeper the foundations of liberty.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

THE Gulf Stream is a river in the ocean. Its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is the Arctic seas. There is in the world no other so majestic flow of water. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters, as far out as Carolina coasts, are of an indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked that this line of junction with the common sea-water may be traced by the eye. Often one half of the vessel may be perceived floating in the Gulf-stream water, while the other half is in the common water of the sea, so sharp is the line and the want of affinity between these waters. The fishermen on the coast of Norway are supplied with wood from the tropics by the Gulf Stream. Think of the Arctic fishermen burning upon their hearths the palms of Hayti, the mahogany of Honduras, and the precious woods of the Amazon and Orinoco!

On Psychology.

The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes infinite,
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless inner sight;
Lovely, but solemn it arose,
Unfolding what no more might close.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

MACBETH.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, in his review of the play of Macbeth, says:

"This play is deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its fiction, and the solemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action; but it has no nice discriminations of character; the events are too great to admit of particular dispositions, and the course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the agents."

This is correct, and the only part of the Doctor's remarks upon the play worthy a masterly reviewer. How meagre and wide of the mark is his next paragraph:

"The danger of ambition is well described; and I know not whether it may not be said in defense of some parts, which now seem improbable, that in Shakspeare's time it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions."

Is, then, the subject of the play of Macbeth the danger of ambition? Has all its splendid fiction, solemn grandeur, and variety of action merely evolved this as the great illustration of Shakspeare's masterpiece? To say that Macbeth was ambitious, is critically next to nothing; or that a wicked ambition is dangerous, is still more puerile in nice discrimination of review. Now, in Richard, the ambition of a very incarnate Satan, and his greatness of character in the likeness of his physical malformation, with the weaving of circumstances in keeping therewith, form the subject and shaping of the play. Othello, again (at his very mention), brings up to us the most famous illustrated chapter of jealousy; while Lear is the rarest gem of tragedy set in the ingratitude of daughters. Thus is it with all of Shakspeare's plays. I have a distinct remembrance of hearing a star actor make Richard to say, "Great men have great sins; ambition is mine." I could not find it in the text, but am still impressed with having heard it many times. Whether it is in the *acting* copies or not, it is a critique in itself of the subject of the play of Richard III. But Dr. Johnson has given this subject to Macbeth. "The danger of ambition is well described," is the Doctor's remark upon the complex theme of the play of Macbeth. If all the splendid efforts of that noble work were merely to illustrate ambition, then Richard has stolen from Macbeth his subject.

The grand subject of the tragedy of Macbeth is the illustration of the evil agencies of the world working out their dramas among mortals. This is an epic theme. In it we have something more than a gorgeous dramatic portraiture of character; and it is

this epic subject, so masterly handled, that constitutes the play before us a masterpiece. Not, however, that Macbeth himself is superior to Hamlet, or Richard, or Lear, or Shylock. Indeed, it would be presumption to assert a pre-eminence for either, when all are pre-eminent, and drawn out to the last effort of their capacity; but the superiority of the play is in the fact that it is burdened with a subject kindred to that of Milton's "Paradise Lost," and yet brought into the compressed body of a legitimate acting drama. This is the crowning triumph; an epic poem on the stage in dramatic performance! Macbeth himself is but as an episode of the vast argument that takes in all humanity. Now we saw in Richard III. that Gloster's very metaphysics grow out of his physical malformation, and the play out of Richard; but it is the reverse with Macbeth. He is *born* of the subject, and is not the *parent* to the subject. Mark this in the very opening of the two plays, and fail not to notice a striking instance of Shakspeare's perfect dramatic *methods*, abounding everywhere in his works:

[*Enter GLOSTER.*]

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York.

Then comes that famous passage—

But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass, etc.

It is one of the greatest of Richard's soliloquies, and we have it at the very opening of the play. This is a very remarkable exception in dramatic composition, for the chief actor to open, and that, too, with one of his best soliloquies. But Richard holds the subject; and in his opening he gives the prophecy of the play, and it is all evolved from himself. See how different in Macbeth:

"When shall we three meet again?" etc.
"Upon the heath,
There to meet with Macbeth."

In this case we have an equally peculiar dramatic form in the opening as in that of Richard. This play, too, is opened by those who hold the chief subject, and out of whom all the action is evolved. But it is not Macbeth; it is the supernatural agencies that hold the drama. This shows the epic quality and method; a play superior in its essence and theme to the character and action of its chief human personage! The evil agencies of the world leading a soul, great in its twinship of good and evil, to its ruin through ambition—a ruling passion in great men—was the theme that Shakspeare was about to illustrate when he gave his supernatural powers the opening of the play, and made them call up Macbeth into the body of their drama. But this is not all. The subject has a vast bearing beyond the individual Macbeth. It takes in all mankind; and we have a grand illustration of the mighty theme of supernatural powers working out their dramas among nations and mortals in general. The view of the *dark* sides of this stupendous subject—the blended drama of our mortality and immortality—successfully illus-

trated in actual performance, and we have the whole. The sun-side is the other half which, though not brought out, is in the prophecy of the theme. We have the whole in substance. Night illustrates Day as much as Day does itself; and more strikingly are we impressed with the two great ordinances of nature when Night reigns.

The human mind is pregnant from the very birth with the twin ordinances of Day and Night in our mortal-immortal drama of life. Another moment and the twin shall be born, and the Day and Night of two worlds—which are but two halves of one birth—shall be fairly revealed before us. Thus it has been for six thousand years, and we are never more than that one brief moment from the delivery. Divines and poets have, in a long illustrious train, taken their turns at the bed-side of mother Mortality, to help on the other birth; and Shakspeare is chief among them there—and among poets none has helped the birth as much as he. At last he reaches the culmination of the capacity of genius, and gives us in an *acting* play the great drama performed between the beings of two worlds. All is made literal to the audience, and the natural and supernatural blended into the harmony of one great action—that harmony made more sonorous and unique by the very demoniac discords of the play. Yet Dr. Johnson saw in this matchless dramatic achievement no grander design than the necessity which Shakspeare felt "to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions." Dr. Johnson did not understand Shakspeare's great work, nor was his robust but rude mind capable of appreciating so fine and subtle a composition in which the metaphysics of our two worlds are crowded. The Doctor has brought down a very epic fiction into his circle of a ghost story, or the telling of fortunes by the tea-cup.

Pass now to the type and character of Macbeth, and see the essence and theme of this epic drama unfolded in his action and person. I have affirmed that he is *born* of the subject, and is not the *parent* to it. He is the chief *instrument* in the hands of the superhuman powers. He is a medium—a clairvoyant in his metaphysics; and from the time that he makes his *entrée* to the close of his action, he is under the *influence*, and a son of supernatural solicitude. The potent managers of the play bring him on by their charms. In the linkings of the weird text, in the superhuman development, it was apparent that Shakspeare had given to the play a complete inner movement, so much so, that when abstracted it possessed in itself an entirety. Let us here give the linkings of the subject and action as embodied and evolved in the person of Macbeth—this clairvoyant regicide—who sees invisible things, and holds midnight consultations with beings of another world.

[*Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.*]

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Banq. How far is't call'd to Forres?—What are these,
So wither'd and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,

And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to under-
stand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips.

Then follow the predictions of the witches concerning Macbeth's advancement, promising him that he shall be thane of Cawdor, and then king:

1 *Witch*. All hail, Macbeth! all hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2 *Witch*. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch*. All hail, Macbeth! that shall be king hereafter.

Here it is apparent that Banquo fancies he has the subject, but in Macbeth's soul it has another form from its very birth. It is *temptation*, not ambition.

Banq. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?

Macbeth did not *fear* to be ambitious; did not fear to challenge immortal powers; did not fear to call them "black and midnight hags," but he feared himself—feared the whirlpool of *temptation* into which he was hurled, like the archangel cast down from heaven upon the burning lake, lost and confounded by the fall; feared the direful warfare of the mighty elements of good and evil opening now their storm upon his soul. A moment, and the fiend need stay no longer to pursue their theme. Temptation has the mastery. More eager than they is he to open the matter farther.

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.

Follow the subtle working of temptation in the mind of our hero.

Macb. Your children shall be kings.
Banq. You shall be king.

Then the arrival of the king's messengers, who hail Macbeth "thane of Cawdor."

Banq. What, can the devil speak true?

But in Macbeth it has not this direct working; it takes the subtler method of doubt to reach the ecstasy of conviction. Banquo doubts not the strange greeting from the king, but is directly on his guard with, "What, can the devil speak true?"

Macbeth challenges the truth, to be more fully convinced.

The thane of Cawdor lives? Why do you dress me in borrow'd robes?

The fact confirmed by circumstance, the theme of temptation continues.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind. * * *
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promised no less to them?

See how much better Banquo understood the subject than did Dr. Johnson.

Banq. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.

Is this a commentary on ambition or on the great subject of human temptation? It is Shakespeare that thus interprets himself. He knew his theme. Out of this subject our immortal poet has worked more sermons for the pulpit than from any other of his plays, not excepting Hamlet. It also gave him the opportunity for some of his finest metaphysical touches, and in no play have we nobler passages than in that of Macbeth. He is more of the divine and moralist even than the dreamy, philosophical Dane, for he has more of the subject to be illustrated in his life. He holds their best argument—the warfare of the good and the evil—the great play of man's soul passing through the fire of life's temptation. Here is a fine characteristic passage, which we beg to quote, to follow our dramatic master's great moral strain:

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. * * *
This supernatural soliciting
Can not be ill; can not be good:—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings;
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smothered in surmise; and nothing is
But what is not.

Here is murder already conceived, and the ecstasy of fear, that makes his "seated heart knock at his ribs against the use of nature," is the fear lest Macbeth will vanquish Macbeth and lose his own soul in his victory.

For a fine description of the character of Macbeth let us pass to Lady Macbeth's opening scene. She enters in her imperial rapture, reading her lord's letter relating his meeting with the weird sisters.

Lady M. Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shall be
What thou art promised:—Yet do I fear thy
nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To reach the nearest way: Thou would'st be
great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou
would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily; would'st not play
false,
And yet would'st wrongly win; thou'd'st have,
Great Glamis, that which cries,
Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wish should be undone. Hee thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Have we not here a human subject for Satan to work upon? Could there be created for the archfiend a fitter soul to tempt? a soul great in its twinning of good and evil and active in its qualities. Our master is seen in all

his works. Shakespeare creates for all his varied subjects fitting souls. The reviewer that touches our immortal dramatist should be careful in his every touch, for Shakespeare has left his own reviews in his text. Johnson has made the theme of the play ambition. Macbeth's creator reviewed him thus: "Thou *would'st be great*; art *not without ambition*; but without the illness should attend it." But see the essence of character mixed for Shakespeare's chosen theme, which is *not ambition*. "Yet do I fear it is too full o' the milk of human kindness to reach the nearest way. * * * What thou would'st *highly*, that would'st thou *holily*; would'st not play false, and yet would'st wrongly win; thou'd'st have, great Glamis, that which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it; and that which rather thou dost fear to do, than wish should be undone.*" What a mixture of character is here for Shakespeare's vast design! The pauper summary of Dr. Johnson on the play, "The danger of ambition is well described," is annihilated by the theme evolved of human *temptation*, magnificently described in the self-warfare and ruin of a soul mighty in its qualities of good and evil.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly; if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,—

(Now for a sermon in a passing loaded thought upon our immortal essence and man's hereafter.)

But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We jump the life to come.

(Another sermon upon the *present* judgment of human acts quickly follows.)

But in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips.

Now mark the good and evil moving in him, in one of the noblest passages of poetic description.

He's here in double trust;
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.

Macbeth has won his soul from the hands of the fiends. Duncan is saved and Satan is vanquished; but he flies to his daughter, Satanna, crying, Come to my help. She is known on earth as Lady Macbeth. He has many daughters among men, but Satanna is

his eldest and best beloved, and Macbeth married her.

The theme can not progress farther than Macbeth's great soliloquy, unless some one comes to Satan's help. Shakspeare never bungles his work. A lesser than he might manage by bungling. He can not triumph by a bungle in art and nature. His play must end, or he must bring some one on to Satan's help to continue the theme of temptation more potent than the weird sisters—more potent than Macbeth's evil thought—more potent than the archfiend himself, who has fled, vanquished. Iago would be a mere feather's weight thrown into the plot, for the devil himself has fled in dismay at the close of the matchless soliloquy of Macbeth. Othello's subject is jealousy: this the epic of human temptation. Who shall be sent now Satan himself is vanquished? There is one more potent than he, and only one in such a theme. It is the woman!

[Enter LADY MACBETH.]

L. Macb. He has almost supp'd. Why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

L. Macb. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business; He hath honor'd me of late; and I have bought Golden opinions from all sorts of people, Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,

Not cast aside so soon.

L. Macb. Was the hope drunk Wherein you dress'd yourself? Hath it slept since?

And wakes it now to look so green and pale At what it did so freely? From this time Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid To be the same in thine own act and valor As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that

Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life, And live a coward in thine own esteem: Letting I dare not wait upon I would, Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Note the finest of moral sermons upon what manhood might dare without losing itself in its daring.

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

But how shall the soul of Macbeth resist the power of this assault:

L. Macb. What beast was't then That made you break this enterprise to me? When you durst do it, then you were a man; And, to be more than what you were, you would Be so much more than man. Nor time, nor place Did then adhere, and yet you would make both: They have made themselves, and that their fitness now Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me: I would, while it was smiling in my face, Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums, And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,—

L. Macb. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking place, And we'll not fail.

To review the character of Lady Macbeth in her entirety is more than can be here attempted. She properly belongs to Shakspeare's female characters. I design no more than to call her up to reveal her husband, and not to deal, in special review, with that awful imperial character which has left Mrs. Sarah Siddons such an imposing memory.

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males.

The daughter of Satan has won her father's issue, and the first act ends directly with her husband now kneeling lost at that father's feet. The devil holds the ground.

There is in Macbeth's essence that subtle psychological sense which belongs to clairvoyant natures. It is revealed even before crime, or a murderous business in design, had made conscience fanciful. As soon as he is brought into the action, he sees and converses with creatures of the other world. So did Banquo; but he was merely under their passing spell. Macbeth has a metaphysical union with the inner world; he has a sense in him as a gift of nature or witchcraft to see and hear what others present have no sight to see, or sense to give a vocal echo to a voiceless speech. The celebrated "dagger scene" is a psychological exposition, but even to the actors themselves it is appreciated most for its great dramatic opportunity. Note it here for its psychology as well:

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee;

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still:
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.

What scene-painting for murder is there in the following:

Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleeper; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarm'd by his sentinel the wolf,
Whose howl's watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, toward his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabouts,
And takes the present horror from the time
Which now suits with it.

Unlike the modern charlatan dramatists, Shakspeare needs not the stage manager and his flimsy paraphernalia, scarcely the scenic artist, scarcely our Garricks and our Keans to make him what he is in dramatic art. He is greater to the critic in his closet than to him in performance on the stage.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

What musical jugglery or orchestral accompaniment can add effect to this? 'Twould but burlesque the awful import of the text and the scene.

The deed is done. Macbeth has a new birth. It rushes upon his consciousness like a horrid self-transformation, and he flees aghast before his new-born self, that now pursues Macbeth of holier days.

Macb. One cried *God bless us!* and *Amen* the other:
As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,

Listening their fear, I could not say *Amen*,
When they did say *God bless us*.

L. Macb. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could I not pronounce *Amen*?
I had most need of blessing, and *Amen*
Stuck in my throat.

Is this the ecstasy of ambition in its great leap to the throne? Did Richard kill Henry VI. thus: "Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee there?" Gloster, beardless, would have murdered half mankind to have his head "impaled with a glorious crown." Is it not rather man's soul—tempted—lost—awaking to the consciousness that it has bartered itself away to the Fiend but one brief moment before? Yet what a world of new experience has that one moment brought. "But wherefore could I not pronounce *Amen*?" etc., would make Mercy weep. With it for a text, a Spurgeon or a Beecher might drown a congregation in tears.—The following of the same quality is matchless, and in it we have again a psychological exposition:

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast:—

L. Macb. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, Sleep no more! to all the house:
Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore
Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!

His wife bids him go carry the daggers back and smear the sleeping grooms with blood. How unlike Gloster's, "and buried gentle Tyrrel" (after the murder of his nephews) is this:

Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

How, too, unlike his wife's—

Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

Lady Macbeth holds a great episode of the theme of the play, and hers now is ambition, and *not* temptation; and does she not clear her way to the throne in Gloster's own style: so would Macbeth had Shakspeare designed his play to be "the danger of ambition well

described," and we should never have found in Macbeth a consciousness of guilt so "well described."

Macb. How is't with me, when every noise appalls me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green, one red.

[*Re-enter LADY MACBETH.*]

My hands are of your color: but I shame
To wear a heart so white.

But Macbeth had not a "white heart" at the opening of the play. He was the valiant, victorious generalissimo of Scotland's armies. He illustrates in his transformation his own sermon on moral philosophy. "I dare do all that may become a man; who dares do more, is none."

When he screwed his courage to the "sticking place" he lost his daring.

To know my deed,—'twere best not know myself.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou could'st.

A great personator of Macbeth will give to "I would thou could'st" a mighty soul-wail, to touch an audience to the very heart.

But Macbeth soon got familiar with murder, and waded in blood; but the new sense which conscience and metaphysical charms endowed him with grew. At the banquet scene the ghost of Banquo rises and sits in the place of Macbeth; but it is a ghost only to Macbeth. He alone has the psychological sense to see the inner world. His ecstasy of horror throws the company into confusion. His lady explains to them in brief his malady, and then to him,

Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on
Which might appall the devil.

L. Macb. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which you said
Led you to Duncan. * * *

Macb. Prythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how
say you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak
too.

If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

[*GHOST disappears.*]

The scene is crowded with fine passages, and the dramatic opportunities are immense.

Blood hath been shed ere now, I' the olden time,
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal;
Aye, and since too, murders have been performed
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end.

But that was when Macbeth was innocent of crime. He is reading now from his volume of the "judgment here," whose sequel shall be in the dread hereafter.

It will have blood; they say blood will have blood;
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By maggot-piles, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.

But Macbeth is a soul falling headlong henceforth forever.

I will to-morrow

(And betimes I will) to the weird sisters;
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know
By the worst means, the worst; for mine own good
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

What a gospel sermon is this! Universal experience crowded into one man, to tell how deeply damned we are by sin, though hell should be a very myth. The "bottomless pit" may be a fiction, but there is a poetic truth in the conception. Macbeth has been falling headlong down that pit of hell since he murdered Duncan—"murdered sleep"—murdered his soul's rest.

At length Shakspeare's mighty subject conquers even Satan's daughter:

L. Macb. Here's the smell of the blood still:
All the perfumes of Arabia will not
Sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

But Dr. Johnson saw no more in this great epic theme than "ambition well described," and even apologized for this glorious play: "And I know not whether it may not be said in defense of some parts, which now seem improbable, that in Shakspeare's time it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions." Did Homer write the Iliad to warn the Greeks against their mythology? Did Milton weave into his gorgeous poem its splendid supernatural fiction, to nullify its own influence over the human mind? Genius is earnest and full of faith and love for its subjects. Shakspeare had faith in his works, and there is a love expressed in their magnificent execution. So with Milton; so with Homer. They created their Iliad, their Paradise Lost, and their Macbeth to be immortal—to live forever in the faith and interest of mankind, and not to "warn credulity" against their own mighty potency.

THE PAR VALUE OF BRAINS.—Working as an ordinary hand in a Philadelphia ship-yard was a man named John L. Knowlton. His peculiarity was, that while others of his class were at ale-houses, or indulging in a jollification, he was incessantly engaged in studying upon mechanical combinations. One of his companions secured a poodle dog, and spent six months in teaching the quadruped to execute a jig upon its hind legs. Knowlton spent the same period in discovering some method by which he could saw out ship timber in a beveled form. The first man taught his dog to dance—Knowlton, in the same time, discovered a mechanical combination that enabled him to do in two hours the work that would occupy a dozen men, by a slow and laborious process, an entire day. That saw is now in use in all the ship-yards of the country. It cuts a beam to a curved shape as quickly as an ordinary saw-mill saw rips up a straight plank. Knowlton continued his experiments. He took no part in parades or target shootings, and in a short time afterward he secured a patent for a machine that turns any material whatever into a perfectly spherical form. He sold a portion

of his patent for a sum that is equivalent to a fortune. The machine is now in operation in this city cleaning off cannon-balls for the Government. When the balls come from the mold their surface is incrustated, and the ordinary process of smoothing was slow and wearisome. This machine almost in an instant, and with mathematical accuracy, peels it to the surface of the metal, at the same time smoothing out any deviations from the perfect form. The same plain, unassuming man has invented a boring machine, that was tested in the presence of a number of scientific gentlemen. It bored at the rate of twenty-two inches an hour, through a block of granite, with a pressure of but three hundred pounds upon the drill. A gentleman present offered him ten thousand dollars upon the spot for a part interest in the invention, in Europe, and the offer was accepted on the spot. The moral of all this is, that people who keep on studying are sure to achieve something. Mr. Knowlton doesn't consider himself by any means brilliant, but if once inspired with an idea, he pursues it until he forces it into tangible shape. If everybody would follow copy, the world would be less filled with idlers and the streets with grumblers and malcontents.

[The mechanical powers of Americans have been more exercised, perhaps, than those of other people, as seen in the greater number of our inventions; but we do believe greater achievements are to be made in this direction by our inventors than have yet been dreamed of. The par value of brains will be increased just in proportion as we know how to use them. We believe that there are many minds now exhibiting only inertness or torpidity, which, if roused into earnest action, would develop surprising results in their different spheres of industry.]

"MIGHT BE."—"If I might be" is the first awakening of youth's bright dream of glory, greatness, and goodness. When he reads the record of fame, and sees the names of the honored written there,—when he learns that many of the renowned have overcome difficulties and risen above discouragements, even worse than lie in his own pathway,—he exclaims, "Can this be so? Why may not I, too, leave a name, that will live, as do theirs, to tell that I have been?" But the task seems too great, and after the first unavailing effort, the faint heart falters, and we find him striving for wealth only; dreaming that this will fully satisfy his hungering thirst for distinction, and render all his after-life a continual scene of happiness.

This sad error is afterward wrought out in the years of care and anxiety which inevitably accompany the panderer to wealth.

AN EPIGRAM.

He only really lives
Who thinks, and thinking gives
Fresh life and power to truth,
As nature to our youth. C. WELLINGTON.

Religious Department.

Know,
Without or star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worship God shall find him. Humble love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven;
Love finds admission where proud science fails.

—Young's Night Thoughts.

MORAL PURITY.

THE first and highest and most perpetual study of your life should be to develop within yourself an absolute and positive reverence for moral purity and power. You should teach your soul to loathe impurity; to abhor with a deep and hearty disgust all moral debasement; to shudder at the thought of doing evil, or of seeing it in others. There is no such thing as cultivating too deep an abhorrence of evil, or too high a respect and admiration for moral excellence. The very thought of wrong should be cast out of the mind as its most deadly enemy; while the thoughts of goodness, purity, all moral loveliness, should be cherished as angel guests which are building up within you a sure foundation for pure and permanent affections. There is nothing else that seems to me to be of so much importance, of such priceless value, as a just appreciation of *moral worth*. It is not only the basis of all true affection, but the foundation of all that is noble, great, and good in human character. The basis of moral excellence may be placed in the religious principle. This is the only safe and sure foundation. The religious feelings, religious affections, religious sentiments should be cultivated most assiduously. The fervor of religious feelings should transmute itself through the whole being. Religion should be held as a sacred and heavenly thing. Religious feelings should be respected everywhere, and in everybody. We should hold them so supremely sacred as to feel that we have no power to outrage the religious sentiments or feelings of any human being. And we should feel that an affection based on such a respect for things sacred and good, must be pure and permanent.

"Assist us, Lord! to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree;
Worthy that intellectual flame
Which from thy breathing Spirit came
Our moral freedom to maintain;
Bid passion serve, and reason reign,
Self-poised and independent still,
On this world's varying good or ill.
No slave to profit, shame, or fear,
Oh, may our steadfast bosoms bear
The stamp of heaven, an upright heart,
Above the mean disguise of art,
May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim;
But with a Christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race."

THERE is reason to respect the genuineness of that religion which is too modest to bear the gaze, and too delicate to bear the touch of the world.—*Jenkin Thomas*.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

THERE is some resemblance in this organization to that of the late Horace Mann. The head was decidedly high and long; the temperament was Motive-Mental. He was a natural thinker, writer, teacher, and worker. Such a nature could not remain idle, but would manage to be fully occupied. Though somewhat deeply furrowed, those features are come-



PORTRAIT OF ISAAC TAYLOR.

ly and attractive. That is a good face; it invites rather than repels, and there is more Yes than No in it,—more of the positive element than the negative. The tendency of such a mind would be upward, not downward,—to refinement and cultivation, not to coarseness and demoralization. Observe the features. What a symmetrical and well-formed nose!—what a fine mouth! and how elegant the chin! What speaking eyes! and how energetic and emphatic the whole contour! There was no mud in that brain; it was clear, flexible, and available. There was also dignity of the Jacksonian stamp; there was stability and decision; there was high integrity, devotion, faith, trust, and sympathy, and, withal, strongly marked affection.

Those large perceptive faculties would find occupation in the practical affairs of life,—in the use of tools, perhaps in man-

ufacturing; at least in the investigation of scientific questions. There was no deficiency in the reflective faculties. In short, it is a large brain, well set on, modeled on the plan of the religious philanthropist. There was something of Oberlin and Melancthon in this good man. Here is a sketch of his life:

Isaac Taylor is well known, especially in England, as having been a regular contributor to the leading magazines of the day on various subjects, chiefly of a religious character. In consideration of his literary efforts, Queen Victoria, in 1862, conferred upon him a pension. Yet he cared little for literary fame, since in his quiet retirement at Stanford Rivers he, for a long period, wrote anonymously, announcing his true name and authorship only at the urgent solicitation of his friends to stand for the chair of logic in the University of Edinburgh, in which, happily for himself, as he afterward thought, he was defeated, and the late Sir William Hamilton elected by a slender majority.

Mr. Taylor was born at Lavenham, England, in August, 1787, and had nearly completed his 78th year when he died. Mr. Taylor belonged to a family in which literary talent seemed to have been hereditary, and at an early age he abandoned the profession of an artist, to which he had been trained, for the more congenial pursuits of literature. In 1818 he became a regular contributor to the *Eclectic Review*, and his articles soon began to attract attention. But, a few years later, finding himself trammelled by the restraints which are incident in contributing regularly to a review, he betook himself to independent authorship. His first venture was a volume entitled "Elements of Thought," which was an attempt, but not a very successful one, to present the rudiments of intellectual science in a form adapted for educational purposes. This was followed by the "History of the Transmission of Ancient Books to Modern Times," and "The Process of Historical Proof." These works, though well received by the public, excited no marked attention. At the age of forty-two Mr. Taylor published, anonymously, "The Natural History of Enthusiasm," a sort of philosophical analysis of the social and religious problems of the age. This work placed him in the first rank among writers of the day. Two companion volumes, "Fanaticism" and "Spiritual Despotism," soon followed, and were eagerly welcomed by the public. His next work, and which is perhaps the one most warmly prized by his admirers, was entitled "Saturday Evening," which was intended as a preparation for the more direct religious services of the Sunday. It is a work of profound thought, and expressed in the massive and harmonious style of which Mr. Taylor was a complete master. "Saturday Evening" was followed by the "Physical Theory of Another

Life." This series of works were all published anonymously, Mr. Taylor's pen appearing to flow with greater freedom and power while thus protected. He next published "Home Education," a work which was suggested to his mind while superintending in person the education of his own children. The happy influences of a country life, the educational value of children's pleasures, and the importance of favoring the natural growth of the child's mind are among the matters powerfully insisted on in this volume.

The works of Mr. Taylor's later years may be briefly enumerated. "Loyola" and "Wesley" are philosophical essays on the lives and works of two of the greatest religious "enthusiasts" of modern times. "The Spirit of the Hebrew Poetry" was the substance of a series of lectures delivered in Edinburgh. "Spiritual Christianity" and "Man Responsible" were originally courses of lectures delivered in London. The "Restoration of Belief" deals with the Christian evidences with great power. "Logic in Theology" and "Ultimate Civilization" are two volumes of characteristic essays. "Without Controversy," one of the leading essays in the former volume, contains a more formal expression of Mr. Taylor's mature belief than he has elsewhere published. His final work was a series of "Personal Recollections," published in *Good Words*.

Mr. Taylor had a natural aptitude for mechanical devices and invention. One of these—a machine for engraving copper-plates—was perfected and applied. But the invention, valuable as it was, proved, financially, most disastrous to Mr. Taylor, involving him in liabilities from which he fairly emerged only in the last years of his life. As is usually the case, the invention, after ruining the inventor, passed into the hands of others and procured for them large returns.

In person, he was below the middle height, and compactly and firmly built. He had a broad and massive forehead, an exquisitely chiseled Grecian nose, expressive features, and snow-white hair brushed erect, which gave him a noble and striking appearance. He was educated as a Dissenter, but afterward attached himself to the Church of England, though he ever retained a characteristic independence of thought on all ecclesiastical questions. He was broad without being shallow, liberal without being latitudinarian. His writings can not fail to retain a permanent place in English literature.

Mr. Taylor died on the 28th of June, at Stanford Rivers, England, in his quiet country retreat, where he had passed the last forty years of his life in the contented enjoyment of domestic happiness.

We have said that Mr. Taylor belonged to a family in which literary talent seems hereditary. Some interesting facts with reference to this have come to our knowledge, and are not out of place in this connection.

Mrs. Taylor, the wife of the subject of our sketch, achieved considerable distinction as a

writer, having given some eight volumes to the world.

Four of the children of Isaac Taylor have contributed much to English literature.

Jane Taylor and Ann Taylor (the late Mrs. Gilbert), in addition to the well-known "Hymns for Infant Minds," published jointly seven works; Mrs. Gilbert solely three, and Jeffreys Taylor, their brother, published eighteen volumes of tales, poems, etc. Isaac Taylor, the author of "The Natural History of Enthusiasm," published nearly thirty volumes, besides innumerable separate articles and papers. The son of the latter, the biographer of the family, has published three or four volumes. Mr. Josiah Gilbert, the son of Ann Taylor, is the accomplished author of "The Dolomite Mountains;" so that altogether the Taylors of Ongar and their family have given to the world some ninety-six volumes; an almost unique instance of literary endowment and activity, especially considering the great merit of many of these works and the popularity they have attained.

IS MAN IMMORTAL? IS THERE A GOD?

WE are asked by correspondents to explain many points which have puzzled the sharpest thinkers of the world. Here is an instance. We are requested to prove to the satisfaction of the inquirer that "religion is a truth," and also two points of the greatest importance, viz.: "the existence of God, and the immortality of man." We feel ourselves constrained to say something in response.

The trouble with all skeptics in religious matters begins in a radical mistake, viz.: that religion is to be comprehended solely by the intellect. Most skeptics are intellectual people who deify intellect, or at least raise it above the emotional part of their being, and whatever can not be recognized by intellect, they deny the truth of; whereas the whole group of the religious organs is located, not in the intellectual region, but in a special group above. The same is true of the social group. Love is not an intellectual but an emotional element. Love of man and woman does not depend upon their strength of intellect. Sometimes people love in spite of the teachings of intellect, even against the suggestions of reason. Is love, therefore, not a truth because it does not depend upon the intellect or act according to the strength or weakness of the reason? Everybody knows that we do not love in proportion to our intellectual strength. Skeptics say, "Here is a great philosopher,—he does not believe in religion." Suppose we say, "Here is a great philosopher,—he does not believe in marriage;" would that be an argument against marriage? But suppose it were said, "Here is a man of weak intelligence who thinks his wife and children are the chiefest consideration of life; he will suffer and serve that they may enjoy;" shall we say wife and children are not desirable because a very

intellectual man ignores them and the weak-minded man almost worships them? It is said, "Here is a philosopher who is not a Christian." If men had to become philosophers before they became Christians, there would be few Christians among men. Everybody knows that man's love is not grounded upon the strength of intellect; and if you were to attempt to prove intellectually the existence of man's love, you would utterly fail. No man can appreciate a logical statement relative to it who has not the feeling instinctively within him. We know that love between the sexes depends upon a certain organic condition, the brain harmonizing with the physical nature. Now let us suppose that the physical nature (as sometimes it is in animals) was artificially changed; could a poet so situated write of female beauty? Would he have any conception of it? History tells us that eunuchs hate women, that they detest and despise them; but they are not destitute of intellect. Why can not they reason out that woman is beautiful and lovely? Show us a man who is destitute of moral and religious organs, or has them feebly developed, no matter how much intellect he may have, he will be a eunuch in respect to religion or religious ideas. But men very often deify the intellect and think they must silence every emotion, especially in religious matters, until the reason can work out the problem.

You must see, in the light of this argument, the folly of reducing religion, which is the product of emotion, to the standard of mere intellect. True, reason helps the mother to love her child. Reason helps man to appreciate the beauty which emotion suggests; and reason aids the religious man; but the feeling must exist first, and the reason must act secondarily and under the inspiration and guidance of the feeling. In regard to the existence of a Supreme Being, the lower animals exhibit no recognition of such a Power. They never yield to any being as superior to themselves until after they have tried their strength with him. Man, though he does not see God, has in his nature a sentiment or feeling which leads him to look up to a Supreme Power and willingly confess his subjection to that Power. Wherever man is found on the earth, however debased, barbarous, or ignorant, he is found with an idea of immortality and of a Supreme Being; and though among the lowest order of men demonology perhaps is more prevalent than theology, the feeling of subservience to supernatural existences is substantially the same instinctive religious sentiment which is known to the highest civilization. Our inference is, that religion is not the work of priestcraft or of invention, but that it is inwrought with the very essence of our being. The lower animals provide for their offspring precisely what should be provided for their health and comfort, and do it the first time without any previous example. This we call instinct, and is it not truth? Is not the treatment adapted to the necessities of the case? Could

reason alone teach the young mother—human or animal—to manage as well as she does for her child? The mother that is in her, instinctively manages rightly with or without intellect. Now we may understand what is meant by instinctive sympathy toward God, toward immortality. The lower orders of the human race exhibit this instinctive religious feeling. Rude, barbarous, though it may be, still they yearn for God and immortality; and as true as the needle points to the pole, so true does the heart of man, in spite of ignorance on other subjects, point toward a Creator and an immortality. It is a part of man's being to be religious as it is a part of his being to love; and as love to God and love among the human race are emotional instincts not originating in or measured by reason, we would thank those gentlemen who undertake to reduce everything to an intellectual standard to remember that all things can not be proved by that standard. This instinctive feeling when duly exercised leads one to go to his Lord and Redeemer in a child-like manner, and say, "Here I am,—do with me as thou wilt;" and thus find peace.

THE TRAVELER AND THE CLAY.

A TRAVELER, it is said, whose route through Persia lay, As he was on his journey picked up a piece of clay; And much to his surprise, he found it to exhale A breath as sweet as that of flow'rets in the vale. In language of emotion, he thus went on to say: "Thou'rt but an unattractive, unightly piece of clay; And yet how fragrant art thou! and how refreshing, too! I admire thee, and I love thee, and *this* is what I'll do: I'll make thee my companion wherever I may stray,— Ever within my bosom permitting thee to stay. But whence hast thou this fragrance, which ever from thee flows?" [the rose]" To which the clay replied: "I have been dwelling with How beautiful the story! how wise the lesson taught! A piece of lifeless clay affords a theme for solemn thought. It teaches our dependence—let us learn the lesson right; For, as Luna is dependent upon the sun for light, We're dependent on each other; this perverted world of ours [flowers; Hath some in human form who bear a likeness to the And to *them* we are indebted for much we have and are, As the day is to the sunshine—as the night is to the star; And we ever should acknowledge our dependence upon those,— And thus we may be dwelling with the lily, pink, or rose. REV. E. R. LATTI.

THE POOR BOY.—Don't be ashamed, my lad, if you have a patch on your elbow; it is no mark of disgrace. It speaks well for your industrious mother. For our part we would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket than hear one profane or vulgar word from your lips, or to smell the fumes of tobacco in your breath. No good boy will shun you because you can not dress as well as your companion; and if a bad boy sometimes laughs at your appearance, say nothing, my good lad, but walk on. We know many a rich and good man who was once as poor as you. Fear God, my boy, and if you are poor but honest, you will be respected a great deal more than if you were the son of a rich man, and were addicted to bad habits.

Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss Of paradise that has survived the fall! Thou art the nurse of virtue. In thine arms She smiles, appealing as in truth she is, Heav'n-born, and destined to the skies again.—*Cowper.*

THE LAUGH.

A RIPLE of daintiest music Came floating in at my door, Then left me to wonder, in silence, For just a minute or more;

To wonder what bird out of heaven Could warble in tones so sweet; When, as softly as falls the sunlight, The birdie knelt at my feet.

'Twas the laugh of our pet, our darling, That floated in at my door; And it had a strange new sweetness, I never had heard before.

And she knelt at my feet, the birdie, With a look, who could resist? The little hands folded together, The lips waiting to be kissed.

Laugh often, O bird, don't forget it! 'Tis sweetest music of all, And I know, like the blessed sunshine, On many a heart it will fall.

And one that was heavy with sorrow, Would be the lighter by half, Just to hear the soft rippling music Of our dear birdie's sweet laugh.

HOPE ARLINGTON.

OUR INFLUENCE.

In the Decalogue we are commanded not to injure our neighbor, neither to covet his possessions, steal his goods, nor take his life. Mankind in that age of the world had been trained only to the point of negative good, and he was considered a good man who had always abstained from harming those with whom he came in daily contact, although he might not have done any positive good. The obligations of active kindness, of advancing his neighbor's prospects, or enhancing his neighbor's good had not yet been imposed upon him. Looking over the world, we are inclined to doubt if the majority of mankind have advanced very much since Moses issued the ten commandments. The bond that now holds society together partakes too much of negative good. "Thou shalt not" is still the Alpha and Omega of many a person's creed. They abstain from doing good as faithfully as if Christ had never said, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." They take no heed to the precept, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

Man is a social being, and every man is governed by social laws. It is impossible for a man to lay down his rule of life and say, "I will be a cipher—I will have nothing to do with society. I will have no intercourse with my fellow-men, only so far as it is necessary to supply my wants. No man shall ever say I influenced him for evil." This very man's example is pernicious. He is influencing those

around him to suppress friendship, benevolence, and the love which Jesus commands us to show to each other. Every one of us is influencing others, it may be insensibly, but it is none the less true because we can not see its immediate effects; and the question with which we have to do, as social beings is, *how shall we so conduct ourselves as to fulfill the commands of our blessed Savior? How shall we let our light shine, and so give light to our neighbor?*

One means of doing this is to avoid as much as possible caste and class; for instance: I step into my neighbor's, not for any special business, but for a friendly, social interview. Our conversation turns at first upon those subjects in which we are mutually interested. He has not had the same opportunities of education and society that I have had, and for the want of these advantages has but few topics on which to converse. I have a large number at my command; he, knowing this, will be sure to draw on me for a fresh supply of information which he knows I possess, and which he thankfully receives. We part mutually pleased. He is impressed with my Christian kindness and good-will toward him. I am more impressed with the dignity of human nature, and am more in love with my kind as I see the hungering and thirsting after knowledge which only the force of circumstances prevents him from obtaining. It will not stop here; the knowledge I have imparted to him, he will in turn impart to others.

There are, in almost every large community, leading spirits who will take the precedence, who will be looked up to by their fellow-men, who will lead and guide the community in which they live. Their influence will tell not only with those with whom they have daily intercourse, but it will be echoed and re-echoed from town to town and from city to city. They are like a city set upon a hill, which can not be hid. Happy will be those communities if these men, instead of growing conceited, haughty, and arrogant, as they become acquainted with their personal talents, grow the more humble, acknowledging that God gave them their talents to promote the good of others, as well as their own good, and that He will hold them responsible for the manner in which they use them.

Our leading public lecturers and speakers, who travel from place to place, are usually met at the depot by the wealthy, conducted to fine houses, and sumptuously entertained. Among their audiences will be many farmers, mechanics, and working-men listening to their speeches—drinking in every word and thinking upon them. "How I would prize an hour's conversation with that man! I would be willing to work one day without food if that would purchase for me an interview with him; but circumstances or the providence of God has placed me below him, and it is not for me to aspire to the company of such men," is the reflection of many a poor man as he listens to the eloquent orator. If our public men knew the pleasure they would confer by sometimes

visiting a humble home and partaking of frugal fare, we have sufficient faith in humanity to think they would not be backward to do it. Besides, it would be a great advantage to themselves—they would glean items of practical knowledge, be impressed with new ideas, and gain a deeper insight into human nature than they could obtain anywhere else.

MRS. M. WYNKOOP.

GETTING RICH.

BY MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLIS.

"If I were only a rich man!"

You want to be rich, do you? What for? Haven't you enough to eat and drink and wear, as it is? You would like to have as much money in the bank as your wealthy neighbor, would you? True, he is making money—earning it, as people say; but did you ever pause long enough to consider what he is losing?

Did you ever think of the health and spirits and vitality that are deserting him, while you are as robust as a Norway pine, and as strong as a North American Indian? Did you ever remember the pleasant leisure hours that are like rifts of sunshine in the gray monotonous sky of every-day life—those hours for which he "never gets time?" What money could buy those seasons of enjoyment? They are not in the market; the gold is not minted which shall avail to purchase them!

Do his little boys ever come to him as yours do to you, with enthusiastic tales of top and kite and ball? Do his little girls ever climb upon his knee, and tangle their dimpled fingers in his hair and whiskers, and confide to him the grand frolic they have had with their new hoops and dolls, and the gray kitten with the pink ribbon round its neck?

Not they; he has no time for such follies, and so the little folks skurry away like frightened chickens when they hear his voice in the hall, and carry their small hopes and fears and trials and joys elsewhere.

He has no pleasant reminiscences of old school days; he never gets time to remember. The present fills up his whole life, crowding out past and future with relentless force.

There are two ways of getting rich: one is represented in the money-market; the other is wealth of heart and soul and brain, and love is the banker thereof! Does your rich neighbor ever think who it was that said, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth?" It is not likely; he is better posted on questions from the Board of Brokers than in the old Bible that his mother used to read aloud years and years ago. Stocks and bonds and fluctuating tides of commerce fill his thoughts, and all this sacrifice is for money alone—money, money, which he has grown to idolize for its own sake.

Is it so delightful to be rich after all? We doubt it! Let the rich man pass on his way, and thank God that he has not "led you into temptation." You have enough—and which of us needs more?

HIGH CULTURE AND CRIME.

OCCASIONALLY the reading public are startled by announcements of the commission of atrocious deeds by persons whose exalted position in life seemed to place them beyond degrading influences. In noting such occurrences one is instinctively led to ponder on the probable causes or motives which were so potent as to induce the unfortunate offenders before the law to forfeit their claim to purity and honor, and to incur the ignominy of sudden great crimes and of deep degradation.



COUNT GUSTAVE CHORINSKI.

Human nature in its best estate is only human, fallible, imperfect, weak; hence it is that the spectacle of a noble soul demoralized, degraded, sometimes shocks our feelings. There may come an occasion, a mind, a disposition, and a temptation suited to such occasion, mind, and disposition, which by the very concurrence will overcome the integrity of the stanchest heart.

Shakspeare has portrayed Macbeth as a man of sterling morality, of shining virtues, well-known and highly honored, yet Macbeth was not proof against the longing of his heart for power, when such longing was urged and aggravated by evil advice, repeated success, and ready opportunities. Macbeth, like many before and since his time, yielded to peculiar temptation, temptation peculiarly adapted to his type of morality.

In the case of those of acknowledged piety who have fallen under the ban of public sentiment by some vicious act, it may be accounted for by the presumption that at the moment of temptation they were unguarded by the instrumentalities of grace. They were not on the watch and prayerful, as Christ enjoined all his followers to be if they would escape temptation.

It is true that organization has much to do with natural tendencies of mind. It is true that some men are comparatively free from strong propensity to vice in one or another direction, while other men find it difficult to walk

in the straight path of rectitude. But it is also true that to each man will be accorded that measure of grace which his peculiar habitude of mind requires for the preservation of his integrity. God, we are assured in the Gospel, "will with the temptation make a way of escape."

As no condition in life is free from influences to error, the necessity of a "Christian walk and conversation," a simple, child-like faith in the mercies and aid of our heavenly Father, is obvious. "He shall never be moved whose trust is in Thee," writes the Psalmist.

These remarks are preliminary to a consideration of a recent atrocity which was committed in Austria, by a young and titled lady. This lady, named Baroness Ebergényi, became enamored of a Count Gustave Chorinski. Chorinski was married, but his Countess did not retain his affection long after the marriage, and being an actress by profession he turned her out of his house and bade her shift for herself. The Baroness Ebergényi, in the heat of her passion for this dastardly Count, ingeniously plotted to put the Countess out of the way by poison, so that she (the Baroness) and he might be married. The Count doubtless assisted the design, but to what extent we have not learned. The unfortunate actress was murdered, and the Baroness soon after arrested (as was also the Count), and enough evidence produced to fasten upon her the guilt of being the immediate perpetrator of the crime. She has been sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment at hard labor, and despoiled of her rank and titles—a terrible retribution for one young, beautiful, refined, and highly educated.

A foreign writer has described her as she appeared in the court, after the following somewhat sensational style:

"She is twenty-six years of age, graceful, and of elegant *tournure*. She has a youthful but energetic face, of winning and sweet expression. Without being a beautiful woman, everything about her denotes refinement and her pure extraction—for she comes of one of the most aristocratic of Hungarian families. Her hair is profuse, and of a soft yellow shade. Her hand is small and exquisitely gloved. She had assumed the dress she wore at the time of her visit to Munich, during which the deed was perpetrated—a black silk robe lightly trimmed with white; a pelisse Astrakan, and a small traveling hat, with a peacock feather. Her pendants and brooch were death's-heads of ivory mounted in enameled bronze; and her air of distinction and girlish mien were in conspicuous and painful contrast to the savage spikes and grim aspect of the murderer's dock."

The portrait given of this most unfortunate young woman represents a fair feminine type of the Hungarian stock. That she possesses very strong affections is indicated by the prominent and well-rounded chin and full lips. The lower portion of her face is rather heavy. Cautiousness and conscientiousness are evidently small and inactive, and so are Veneration and Spirituality; while Self-Esteem, Ap-

probativeness, and Firmness are above the average. If not deficient in intellect, she is somewhat so in moral sentiment. The features and head are not uncomely, nor do they show other deficiencies. She is the victim of inordinate affection, or unrestrained pride and passion. The Count Chorinski appears to be a vain, selfish, and unscrupulous adventurer. He is acute and artful, and probably of the stamp well calculated to attract weak women. He has, certainly, fair mental qualities, and under correct training could attain a good degree of success in a proper sphere of action. But there is nothing truly "noble" in his "make-up." He would do nothing for *your* sake, but would demand much for *his* own sake. He may not be a moral idiot, but he evidently is both weak and obtuse in this respect. Self-willed, self-indulged, flattered and spoiled, he is the production of a false condition of things. Had he been born poor, required to earn his own living, and thoroughly disciplined by right religious training, he would have been a different person. His education was probably ornamental; his religion mechanical; and his sense of right and duty aristocratic and monarchical.

From a New York paper we copy the following "bohemian" account of this horrible affair, as it contains interesting details which we have not already noticed:

"Such as we see her, this lovely lady, unmarried, and a 'noble canoness' of Brunn, in Moravia, had contracted a close intimacy with an intense passion for a certain Count Gustave Chorinski, an officer of the Austrian army, and a man of high family, his father being Governor of Lower Austria. This Count Gustave Chorinski, we are happy to say, appears to be as utter and profound a scoundrel as the most inexperienced and sensitive young lady in all the world could desire to read of in a novel or to flirt with at a ball. He had got himself married before he met with the Baroness, to a young actress, Mathilde Ruel by name. This stage beauty he had loved neither wisely nor too well, and, as became a noble Count, he had acted upon the maxim of Bussy-Rabutin, that 'the most chivalric way of breaking off a love affair is to marry the lady.' He had thrown his Countess out of doors soon after the ceremony, with the gracious intimation that 'she was pretty enough to earn her own living.' How the Baroness Julie d'Ebergenyi came to adore this superb scamp we leave it to those who are more skilled in the mysteries of the female heart than we can pretend to be, to ascertain. Suffice it, she not only did come to adore him, but made up her mind that life would be a burden to her unless she could marry him. As a condition precedent to this performance it was obviously necessary that he should first be unmarried from the existing Countess Chorinski, born Mathilde Ruel. A trip was made by the Baroness, under an assumed name, in November, 1867, to the Bavarian city of Munich, where the Countess Chorinski was then living alone and in lodg-

ings. The people with whom the Countess lodged in Munich told the rest of the story; how a strange lady came to see their lodger; how their lodger proposed one night to visit the opera-house in company with the strange lady; how for two days after this proposed visit to the opera nothing was seen of the Countess Chorinski; how after the expiration of these two days, on inquiry at the Hotel of the Vier Jahreszeiten, where the strange lady had been supposed to be staying, nothing could be learned of either herself or of the Countess



BARONESS EBERGENYI.

Chorinski; how the Countess's doors were then broken open, when the Countess was discovered lying dead upon the floor: A medical investigation revealed the fact that death had been caused by prussic acid. The suspicions of the police, Bavarians though they were, were excited by this trivial circumstance. The Count Chorinski, arriving in Munich to attend to the 'last duties' to be paid his hapless spouse, was arrested and examined. On his person were found photographs of a lady. These photographs being inspected by the persons with whom the Countess Chorinski had lodged, were declared by them to be portraits of the Countess's mysterious visitor; and these photographs were the photographs—of the Baroness Julie Ebergenyi."

PATIENCE.—Nothing teaches patience like the garden. We may go round and watch the open bud from day to day; but it takes its own time, and you can not urge it on faster than it will. All the best results of a garden, like those of life, are slowly, regularly progressive.

A **FOPPISH** nobleman, who saw Descartes enjoying himself at the table, having expressed his astonishment that a philosopher should exhibit such fondness for good cheer, got this answer for his pains: "And pray, my lord, did you think that good things were only made for fools?"

WHAT IS BEAUTIFUL.

EDMUND BURKE has given to the world an immortal scientific exposition of a subject very near akin to this; but it is not now the purpose of the writer to attempt any philosophical treatment of the subject.

Here we see a matron, plain in her features, homely in her dress, and homespun in her manners—still she is beautiful; why? Do you observe the gentleness of her touch, the dignified sweetness of her voice, the serenity of her countenance, the chastened spirit which speaks from every motion, the scarcely glowing fire in her eyes? Do you observe the chastity and modesty of every expression about her? Do you observe the exemplification of charity and meekness and goodness in her life? If so, you see what constitutes her wondrous beauty!—a glorious beauty; one which fades not forever.

Do you see this young man?—of feature singularly harmonious and attractive, of form almost angelic, in motion the personification of gracefulness; what makes him beautiful? 'Tis not these! See him crowned with intellect; see his ample forehead bright as gleaming gold; see his beaming eye,—his hair soft and rich and almost luminous; see every feature lighted by genius itself! These constitute his beauty.

That old man bound by the infirmities of old age to that arm-chair, too, is beautiful. His white hair hangs disheveled and lusterless upon his shoulders; his skin is wrinkled and hangs pendant from his face; his eye is bleary and his hearing hard; in body, he is unwieldy and helpless; his withered muscle and wilted flesh advertise the blight of years. Where is his beauty? In his kind word, in his complaintless suffering, in his forbearance and patience, in the faith in which he awaits his end.

To the cultivated mind, beauty does not "bloom upon the skin alone;" nor is it represented in the harmonious assemblage of comely features; nor, indeed, in the symmetry of limb, the lofty and pompous port, the imperturbability and repose which denotes familiarity with society, the gracefulness of carriage or gesture, the happy bow and salute; nor in the fastidiousness of etiquette: not in any or all of these alone. The dullard may exhibit a pastry face in which nature has imitated the highest cunning of the culinary art; the pugilist with his buck-head may display a giant development of muscles; the silly aristocrat may glory in a high head and an ample chest; a member of a rich man's livery may acquire indifference and ease of deportment; the fop the exquisite lifting of a hat; and the intellectual cipher the faultless conversationalism, even to the extent of never originating a thought with which to shock his "circle!"

The high-minded man sees the unobtrusive individual whose life, as evinced in the fineness and delicacy of his temper, has been the lot of bitterness; he sees beauty in purity and in struggles for self-mastery; he sees it on the

brow of the student; he sees it in him whose good deeds are known, not by his own advertisement, but by the measure of their virtue; indeed, wherever there is forbearance, sacrifice, or any of the legion whose general name is Charity, there he finds what is beautiful and adorable. In intellect, too, which often crops out in a man's features, he sees that which invests every lineament of his face with interest and attraction.

JOHN DUNN.

TABLE MANNERS.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

In silence I must take my seat,
And give God thanks before I eat;
Must for my food in patience wait
Till I am asked to hand my plate;
I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
Nor move my chair or plate about;
With knife, or fork, or napkin ring
I must not play—nor must I sing;
I must not speak a useless word,
For children must be seen—not heard;
I must not talk about my food,
Nor fret if I don't think it good;
My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud;
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,
And when I ask, say, "If you please;"
The table-cloth I must not spill,
Nor with my food my fingers soil;
Must keep my seat when I am done,
Nor round the table sport or run;
When told to rise, then I must put
My chair away with noiseless foot,
And lift my heart to God above,
In praise for all his wondrous love.

THE CRISIS IN HER LIFE.

"WHAT ponderous volume is that you are reading?" said my friend Jennie, coming suddenly upon me, as I sat intent on the pages of a large book which lay in my lap.

"A work on Physiognomy," I replied, "and you can not imagine how interesting it is! I've been studying it for the past two weeks, and have learned—oh, such a host of things!"

"I should think so," said Jennie, laughing. "Why, you haven't been near me for an age, and I've so much to tell you, too. Come, put on that pretty new suit of yours and we'll go out for a promenade on Broadway—that is, if you can leave your book long enough."

"Oh, yes," I exclaimed, "just the thing, for I can continue my study by reading the faces we pass, and thus make some use of what I have learned."

"Dear! dear!" said my friend, in mock despair, "you'll be dreadfully dull company. I want you to talk with me, and not be absorbed in study all the time."

Now, between you and me, this friend of mine is a strong denouncer of Phrenology and Physiognomy. She laughs at me when I mention the words, and poohs at the idea of face indicating character; but I hope to convert her in time.

"Now, Nell," said my companion, as we started out, "I must say I think you are getting to be a perfect monomaniac. What good is it

going to do you to be poring over those dry, stupid books. The idea of a man's nose, or his ears, or his eyes, or his lips, indicating his character! Absurd! I defy any one to tell me my character by the shape of my head or face."

"Oh, Jennie!" was my sudden ejaculation, "let's go and have our heads examined, just for fun, this afternoon."

"Thank you," said she, "mine doesn't need it. I combed it very carefully before I came out."

"Oh, you provoking girl!" I cried, laughing in spite of myself—"do, just to please me—won't you? I've been crazy to go. See, we are very near the place—please! please!"

"Well, little tease, I will go with you, if you are so *crazy* to go, and I think that word expresses your infatuation. But, remember, you alone are to make a fool of yourself—I am not going to."

Now, while we are waiting in the reception-room for the coming of the phrenologist, I must tell you something about my friend. She is very beautiful,—just the opposite of myself. Her hair is dark, and so luxuriant! She never takes any trouble with it, yet it coils itself into the most bewitching braids—and waves back from her forehead gracefully. She never has to crimp it, or fuss over it, at all; while mine is always flying over my head, and so light, that when I went to buy—I mean some one told me, once, if I ever wanted to match it, they didn't believe it could be done. Oh, I do think dark hair is so splendid! Her forehead is very high and full—her eyes large, dark, and thrilling. They always seem to me fathomless eyes. I sometimes think there is a fire beneath them that will not always sleep. A time will come when those eyes will burn like a slumbering volcano suddenly awakened! What a sweet mouth she has! the lips always eloquent, even in silence; their full redness speaking of her warm heart; and by that slight indentation in the chin you may know how loving a disposition she has, and how desolate she would be if deprived of friends. Her life is a rather idle one, I'm afraid; reared in luxury, she has never had any stimulant to exertion, and the days are often listless and idle for her.

There are so many lives like hers borne unresistingly onward, careless of the true purpose of existence, yet with grand possibilities in their nature that only need something to arouse and develop them.

But the phrenologist has appeared, and Jennie laughingly saying that I was to be the "only victim," I became conscious of a pair of searching eyes reading my face, while my amused companion sat calmly by as if rejoicing that she would escape his scrutiny; but what was my delight to hear him tell me my character by comparing it with hers, thus making her as much an object of study as myself.

"You are very different from your companion," he said to me; "yet it is this very

dissimilitude which makes you such firm friends. You are weak, clinging, impulsive, easily discouraged, and crushed by the slightest wind; she, strong, self-reliant, triumphant in her nature, able to do, and dare, and suffer. You are more ready, from your impulsive disposition, to accept and believe any new doctrine or demonstration of science than this young lady. Indeed, I fancy she will cavil a long time at the truth, though rather more for the sake of argument than otherwise. Your Self-Esteem is small, while Approbativeness is very large; but your friend is just the opposite."

Poor Jennie! it was rather severe, wasn't it? when she had so vehemently declared that a phrenologist "never should speak to her if she could help it."

I fancied I could detect a twinkle in his eye as he proceeded, and wondered if he really knew how opposed she was to his principles. The examination ended at last, and Jennie and I were in the hurrying, bustling crowd again.

"Well, Nellie, we've heard some plain truths to-day, and I'm half inclined to think that you sent that gentleman word that we were coming," said my friend, with a very sober countenance. "He told me that I was too idle; that I wasted my time in fashion and amusement. How did he know that?" she added.

Wasn't I delighted? But you may be sure I didn't let her know it, and assured her so vehemently that no one knew of our going, and that I had not thought of such a thing until I suggested it, that she said,

"Well, well, child, I believe you; but you've almost converted me to your pet theory."

As we parted, Jennie said, "Nell, if you can spare that chart of yours, I should like to glance it over. Not that I mean to spend 'two weeks on it,'" she added, laughing.

I assure you I lent that book very willingly. A few days after my friend's little brother brought a message from his sister, inviting me to come and spend the night with her.

"Miss Nellie," said he, as he seated himself in a great easy-chair, and took a long breath of enjoyment, "do folks ever get bumps on their heads when they don't fall down to make 'em? because," he added, seeing my puzzled look, "sister Jennie was talking this morning at breakfast about folks having bumps on their heads, and pa said I had got one big one that he thought must be 'destructiveary.' But ma said, by the way the bread-and-butter disappeared, it must be 'alimentivious,' and they all laughed at me when I said I hadn't fell down for ever so long, and then it didn't take only a little speck of butter to go on it, for it was a little bit of a bump."

It was a real pleasure to see the little fellow's face light up when I explained it to him, and small as he is, I don't believe he will ever mistake those words again, or have a doubt of their meaning.

I found my friend in a new mood, though with a strangely bright and happy countenance.

"Nellie," she said, smiling, "I am going to turn over a new leaf! It never shall be said of me again, that my life is idle and worthless. I have been looking quite seriously into this problem—the study of human nature, and I shudder when I think how I have trampled under my feet the pearls that God hath given me. I am determined that I will no longer be a mere butterfly of fashion. There is something more to live for, and I shall try to find it, with God's help. Nellie, I have never been very happy. Why, how you open your blue eyes! No; I never have, and I think, sometimes, that they who work for their daily bread are a great deal happier than we who roll in wealth and luxury. But our lives are mostly so hollow and vain. May Heaven help me to make something more noble of mine!" Her face lit up as she spoke, and her eyes glowed with a new and fervent light.

Has it ever seemed to you that there would some time come a crisis in your life?—that a day would come when, with every nerve strung and dreaming put aside, you must go forward in the battle? I think such a time had come to her, and I know that once having put her hand to the plow she will never turn back.

Years have passed; they have brought their trials with them, and they have taken their record to eternity. My friend—ah, how my heart thrills with pride and affection at the thought, she is still *mine*! In joy, in sorrow, in temptation, in victory, I have had her sympathy and love. Her life is grand in its duty and endeavor—but the angels know more than the world what glorious results have followed. Her pure, earnest life has left its imprint upon her countenance. More beautiful she is than in those days of careless girlhood; the lips firmer, but bearing still their olden smile. "Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband, also, and he praiseth her."

And so it is that some little incident may change the course of a whole life. As I sit in this soft, summer sunshine, and look back to that other June day when we went out for a gay promenade and found that which has made our lives purer and better, I can but murmur, "To God be all the glory!" and on bended knee pray that there may come a crisis in many a life in this great city lest coming years should steal the bloom from beautiful faces, and lips sadly cry,

"Oh, what a glorious record had the angels of me kept,
Had I done instead of doubted, had I warred instead
of wept."

GARDENING FOR LADIES.—Make up your beds early in the morning; sew buttons on your husband's shirts; do not *rake up* any grievances; protect the young and tender branches of your family; plant a smile of good temper in your face; propagate the tendrils of affection wherever they appear; and carefully root out all angry feelings, and expect a good crop of happiness.

WHICH IS THE BETTER WOMAN?

I AM thinking of two women, Mrs. A. and Mrs. B.; Mrs. A. is amiable, so exceedingly sweet-tempered, that her husband, children, and neighbors unite in pronouncing her a model of excellence. She moves about the house in a quiet and lady-like manner. Every fly is excluded, every particle of dust carefully brushed from the furniture each day; her meals are always well cooked, and at regular hours; her cat is sleek and fat; her chickens know their own territory, and never cackle in the front yard. In short, Mrs. A. does in an orderly and systematic manner all she undertakes.

"What a good woman!" "Oh, she is so good!" and a hundred like expressions, are heard from every one of her little circle of acquaintances.

Yes, Mrs. A. is a good woman,—that is, she does no harm. She is amiable and obliging,—it requires an effort for her to be otherwise. She has not the ability to do a great wrong or a great good.

She avoids agitation because of the trouble it brings. The woes and wants of suffering humanity she knows nothing of; the wrongs of woman she does not feel; the chains of old customs do not annoy her. Indeed, she has no appreciation of anything beyond her own womanly sphere. Yet she is good,—so are the snail and the clam, so are the mischievous black-bird and the much-abused crow.

Mrs. B. is a rough, angular, daring woman, doing with all her might whatever her hands find to do. She can laugh and weep, get angry and get pleased again. She deals unmercifully with wrong in high places, and takes to her heart and home the child of sin.

In the house disorder reigns supreme; her husband has his dinner at twelve, one, or three o'clock, just as it happens. The children are chastised and petted, according to the mother's whims. Mrs. B. is considered a termagant by one half of her acquaintances. Nobody says, in speaking of her, "What a good woman!" She has been called a "a strong-minded woman," but by no other pet name. Naturally sensitive and ill-tempered, she finds a great work to do to govern herself. She tries much harder to be good than does negative Mrs. A., who inherited a mild disposition.

The one makes the best preserves and jellies, is uniformly pleasant and devotional, and does few wrongs. The other's inheritance is a bad disposition; she labors to subdue it, speaks and acts from principle, when an occasion demands, even at the risk of offending people of position.

Which is more deserving of commendation, Mrs. A. or Mrs. B.?

L. H. K.

[We should say, give us all the qualities in due proportion. We do not want all sweet, nor all tart, but a combination of both. It is a harmonious character, in which all the human qualities are properly blended, that is the best. Very few men ever render themselves worthy such a piece of wisely perfection.]

MARRIAGE vs. CELIBACY.

THERE is no room for doubt that the married life is higher than the celibate. Churchmen, for some reasons not easily to be comprehended by those who are not students of theology, exalt the single life, and assert that wedded happiness, as a rule, is incompatible with saintliness. St. Elizabeth of Hungary affords, however, a very sufficient reply to this objection; and the lives of the many hundreds of good women who adorn modern society confirm all that can be advanced by their admirers to the fullest extent. Yet valuable though it undoubtedly is, and high though the aims and aspirations of those who enter upon it may be, it were well that it should not be lightly undertaken. Mr. Kingsley, among some other crotchets, has a fancy that it is the duty of every man to marry as early as he possibly can. Other writers, of possibly greater authority, have taken a different view. Sir Walter Raleigh, for example, expresses an opinion that no man ought to marry before the age of thirty; "for as the younger times are unfit, either to choose or to govern a wife and family, so, if thou stay long thou shalt hardly see the education of thy children." The same view has been taken by a vast number of writers on the subject since Sir Walter's time, and it must be indorsed by every one who reflects on the condition of things in the present day. It is not until about that age that nine men in ten have learned to "know their own minds;" or, what is in some cases of even greater importance, it is not until then that they have the means of properly supporting the wife of their choice. A long engagement is not a matter for much dread. Two young people who love one another are not likely to go very far astray, provided only that their principles are sound, and that their education has been decently cared for. The pause will be well filled up if the expectant bride busies herself in acquiring a knowledge of household matters, in which, to say the truth, women in this nineteenth century of ours are sometimes lamentably deficient. But, after all, a man does not want to marry a cook or a housekeeper. He wants a wife; in which word may be summed up all the perfections of the feminine nature. In the often quoted words of Jeremy Taylor, "A good wife is Heaven's last, best gift to man; his angel and minister of graces innumerable; his gem of many virtues; his casket of jewels. Her voice is sweet music; her smiles his brightest day; her kiss the guardian of his innocence; her arms the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life; her industry his surest wealth, her economy his safest steward, her lips his faithful counselors, her bosom the softest pillow of his cares, and her prayers the ablest advocate of Heaven's blessing on his head." The words of the good bishop are as true now as ever they were, and to them it is impossible to add anything which will render their teaching plainer or their spirit more impressive.

"Signs of Character."

Of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.—Spenser.

EMERSON ON THE EYE.

[We have heard it said that Emerson, the philosopher, "autocrat," etc., places little reliance in signs of character as analyzed and elucidated by scientific methods. We can scarcely reconcile this rumor with certain Emersoniana which we append. The careful declarations which succeed one another are evidently the product of thought on the subject and a belief in its leading principles. Besides, he writes with the vigor of one who takes more than a passing interest in the matter.]

An eye can threaten like the loaded gun, or can insult like hissing or kicking; or, in its altered mood, by beams of kindness can make the heart dance with joy. The eye obeys exactly the action of the mind. When a thought strikes up, the vision is fixed, and remains looking at a distance; in enumerating names of persons or countries, as France, Spain, Britain, or Germany, the eyes wink at each new name. There is an honesty in the eye which the mouth does not participate in. "The artist," as Michael Angelo said, "must have his measure in his eye." Eyes are bold as lions—bold, running, leaping. They speak all language; they need no encyclopedia to aid in the interpretation of their language; they respect neither rank nor fortune, virtue nor sex, but they go through and through you in a moment of time. You can read in the eyes of your companion, while you talk with him, whether your argument hits, though his tongue will not confess it. There is a look by which a man tells you he is going to say a good thing, and a look which says when he has said it. Vain and forgotten are all the fine offers of hospitality, if there is no holiday in the eye. How many inclinations are avowed by the eye, though the lips dissemble! How often does one come from a company in which it may easily happen he has said nothing; that no important remark has been addressed to him, and yet in his sympathy with the company he seems not to have a sense of this fact, for a stream of light has been flowing into him and out of him through his eyes. As soon as men are off their centers their eyes show it.

There are eyes, to be sure, that give no more admission to the man than blue-berries. There are liquid and deep wells that a man might fall into; there are asking eyes, and asserting eyes, and prowling eyes, and eyes full of faith, and some of good and some of sinister omen. The power of eyes to charm down insanity or beasts is a power behind the eyes, that must be a victory achieved in the will before it can be suggested to the organ; but the man at peace or unity with himself would move through men and nature, commanding all things by the eye alone. The reason men don't obey us, is, that they see the mud at the

bottom of our eyes. Whoever looked on the hero would consent to his will being served; he would be obeyed.

EYES, BLACK AND BLUE.

AN Italian poet presents the rival claims of blue eyes and black eyes in a *morceau* of verse, of which the following translation is furnished by "L. A. C.":

In days of old, as poets write,
A long and fierce dispute arose,
Betwixt the eyes of heavenly blue,
And those which Venus' lids disclose.

Blue.—Black eyes are passionate and proud;

Black.—Not sincere are blue avowed.

Blue.—Brown is tint too sad and grave;

Black.—Changes many blue eyes have.

Blue.—We are transcripts of the skies;

Black.—Hidden glory in us lies.

Blue.—Minerva's eyes are heavenly blue,—

Juno has orbs of azure hue.

Black.—The fairest on Olympus seen,

Has eyes of night—the Cyprian Queen.

With flashing brow and glance of fire,

The contest rose each moment higher;

But Love, to end the wordy strife,

Flew from her side who gave him life;

And stood with radiant looks of light,

Like planet on the brow of night,

And thus his sentence gave:

"Nor black, nor blue, are solely formed,

Or for my service set apart;

I claim the eye of either hue

That answers best the heart."

—Home Journal.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

THE largest-headed physician in Philadelphia wears a hat measuring eight and a half by six and a half inches. He never loses a case.

We find this paragraph going the rounds of the press, and copy it because of its very peculiar significance. We are told in the first sentence that there is a physician (no hint as to his school) in Philadelphia whose head measures in the neighborhood of twenty-four and a quarter inches—the largest "physical" head in that city. In the second sentence we are informed that he is remarkably successful as a practitioner—"never loses a case." This second sentence appears like a sequence or corollary to the first. It can not be an isolated assertion, for it is predicated of the same man who, the first sentence informs us, wears a great hat, and a very large head within it. The connection is obvious, and the logical and scientific construction or interpretation can not be otherwise than as follows: This physician has the largest head in his profession; therefore he has the most brains, the most eminence, the most success.

"Brains must tell;" and they do tell in whatever line of life we find them. The men—whether they be mechanics, laborers, storekeepers, teachers, lawyers, physicians, or clergymen—who wear the biggest hats, are the leaders, the authorities in society.

Of course we refer to healthy brains; not sap-heads, or beefy leather heads, or pork heads, or to burnt-out hollow heads. Large, well-formed, well-educated, healthy heads, with bodies to match, are supposed to be, all other things being equal, desirable to have.

THE GERMAN LYRISTS.

UNDER this title we group five eminent poets, all cotemporaries, with the exception of Gellert, who died, however, fully ten years after the birth of Schiller. Their names are comparatively little known to Americans at large; but in Germany they occupy an elevated niche in the popular estimation. The greater part of their compositions consists of songs, ballads, romances, and dramas of character in unison with the sentiments of the masses. The various phases of political and social life among the Germans are photographed in their lyrics with such naturalness that it is not surprising that they continue to stir the national heart. Of the five composing the group, Schiller and Heine are the most familiar to the cultivated class of America, the former taking rank with the foremost lyric poets of modern times, and the greater part of his writings have been translated into English and made a part of our general literature. Let us glean a little from the history of each.

SCHILLER.

Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller, one of the grandest dramatic minds of Germany, was born at Marbach, in Wurtemberg, November 11th, 1759. His father superintended the gardens attached to the country residence of the Duke of Wurtemberg, and was favorably looked upon by the Duke.

Schiller very early inclined to the study of theology, a sentiment awakened doubtless by the parish priest, from whom he received his first instruction; but when about fourteen the Duke offered to educate him gratuitously at the military academy he had established. Young Schiller accepted the offer, and entered upon a course of study which he found rigorous and uncongenial. He first tried the study of law, but with no success; and then medicine. He secretly cherished a longing for literature, especially poetry, and read and wrote as he had opportunity in the course of his regular studies. His *Die Räuber* (The Robbers) is the earliest surviving product of his pen. Published in 1780, it excited great enthusiasm among the young, and considerable indignation among functionaries and dignitaries, whom it treated with ridicule. In 1782 this drama was brought upon the stage at Mannheim, clandestinely, and occasioned the arrest of Schiller for thus disregarding the command of his superiors, not to meddle with poetry. He was so harshly dealt with that he fled from the Duke's control into Franconia, and lived there a year under an assumed name. Here he completed two dramas, and then returned to Mannheim, where he associated intimately with stage life.

In 1785, Schiller left Mannheim for Leipsic,

where he became acquainted with Huber and Körner, and wrote his charming *Lied an die Freude*. A few months only detained him in Leipsic, for we find him soon in Dresden, where his romance of "The Ghost-Seer" was composed. In 1787, Weimar became his place of residence, where he enjoyed the friendship of Goethe, Herder, and Wieland. The society of Goethe proved of great value to Schiller's literary life subsequently; for his writings at Weimar took a higher and nobler form than before. His productions there are of a philosophical and esthetical character, and rank high among standard German literature. Prominent among them is his

"History of the Thirty Years' War," completed in 1793. Schiller's greatest work is the drama "William Tell," produced in 1804. He was a close, assiduous student, and exhausted the powers of a constitution naturally delicate while yet comparatively young. He died May 9th, 1805, aged forty-six years.

His portrait shows a strong mental temperament and much susceptibility, both as regards intellect and sentiment, and, at the same time, he possessed an earnest individuality which ill brooked restraint. He was intense as a thinker, yet versatile and sprightly as a writer, capable of addressing the feelings of his readers and stirring their souls. In person, Schiller was tall and spare, with a pale face, a high and impressive forehead, and hair inclined to auburn.

CHAMISISO.

Louis Charles Adelbert von Chamisso was born at Boncourt, in Champagne, France, Jan. 27, 1781. His parents settled in Berlin when he was about nine years old, and six years afterward he was appointed a page to the Prussian queen. In 1798, a lieutenancy in the army was given him. The wars undertaken by Napoleon, placing Prussia in the coalition against France, Chamisso felt that he could not take up arms against his native country, so he returned to France in 1806, where, being advised to that course by Madame de Stael, with whom he became acquainted, he studied natural history. Subsequently he returned to Berlin, and there continued his scientific researches.

In 1814, Chamisso joined an exploring expedition gotten up by Count Rumjanzow, chancellor of the Russian empire, with the view to finding a northeast passage.

On his return to Berlin he was appointed to a position in the Botanical Gardens. He prepared several works on botanical subjects, but



PORTRAITS OF THE GERMAN LYRICISTS.

his fame chiefly rests on his poetical compositions. In 1813 he wrote the singular and amusing novel called "Peter Schlemihl," a man who is represented as having lost his shadow. One of his most known poems is *Salas y Gomez*. He is also the author of many songs, ballads, romances of a national and political character, which are highly esteemed in continental Europe. The nature of his poetry is wild, rugged, and eccentric.

The small portrait indicates a fine order of mentality, with a strong will and an earnest individuality incorporated. He was doubtless handsome in his youth and somewhat chivalric. His death occurred August 21st, 1838.

GELLERT.

Christian Furchtegott Gellert, a rhetorician, poet, and moralist, was born at Hayrichen, in the Erzgebirge, in Saxony, July 4, 1715. Being the son of a preacher, his attention, while a youth, was naturally directed to theological studies, and he entered the University of Leipsic in 1734 to prosecute them. At Leipsic, however, he became a teacher and a professor. His lectures on poetry, rhetoric, and morals drew large audiences. Goethe in his youth attended Gellert's lectures. Gellert was not a robust, vigorous writer, but rather delicate and womanish. He wrote fables, stories, didactic poems, spiritual songs and odes; his fables and stories became the most popular. To him, as much as to any writer of his age, is due the transition in German literature from its early heaviness and pedantry to that vigor and sprightliness so marked in Goethe and Schiller. His *Leben* (Life) is one of his more important works.

Gellert was a man of quiet disposition and the most earnest piety. His spiritual odes breathe an ardent religious spirit, which contrasts strongly with the liberal philosophy of later writers.

UHLAND.

Johann Ludwig Uhland, poet, was born at Tübingen on the 26th of April, 1787, and educated at the University of his native place. He applied himself to legal studies, and after becoming an advocate received the degree of Doctor of Laws in 1810. In 1830 he was made Extraordinary Professor of the German Language and Literature in the University where he had passed his student life, but resigned in 1833. For many years he was a representative in the Assembly of Württemberg. For several years he continued to publish ballads and other lyrics in various periodicals. These efforts made him immensely popular.

As a poet, he is remarkable

for spirit and naturalness as well as for a winning romantic sweetness. Several of his poems have been translated by Longfellow. He stands at the head of the Schwabian school of poetry. His chief works are, *Ueber den Mythos der nordischen Sagenlehre von Thor* (1836), and a collection of popular songs. *Alter hoch- und niederdeutscher Volkslieder* (1844-5), besides some dramas. From 1848 he remained in retirement, and died on the 14th of August, 1864.

From the portrait of Uhland it would be inferred that he possessed a forcible, individual character, with a very strong infusion of the elements of kindness, sympathy, and concession. He was doubtless a superior judge of human nature.

HEINE.

Heinrich Heine, distinguished as a poet and wit, was born at Düsseldorf on the 1st of January, 1800, of Jewish parents. His first poem was written on the occasion of Napoleon's visit to Düsseldorf in 1810. He attended the Lyceum of Düsseldorf, and in 1815 was sent to Frankfurt-on-the-Main to qualify himself for mercantile life. In 1819 he studied in Bonn University; in 1820 he went to Göttingen, where five years later he received the degree of Doctor of Laws. His early poems are singularly affected by a sorrow of his early life, his disappointed love for his cousin Evelina von Geldern. In 1831, because of his violent democratic sentiments and publications, Heine became obnoxious to the Prussian Government, and went to Paris, where he acquired the reputation of being the wittiest writer in France since Voltaire. His public bitterness and literary cruelties, it is said, were in strange contrast with his personal good qualities. He died on the 17th of February, 1856, when, by his own request, all religious rites were omitted at his funeral. His life is a difficult one to understand: "The bold infidelity, the reckless licentiousness, and the un-

qualified faith in the world and the flesh which characterized Heine's life as well as his writings, were counterbalanced by such sincere belief in his own doctrines, such sympathy for suffering, and such acute perception of the beautiful in every form, that it is difficult for those unfamiliar with the social development of modern continental European life and literature to appreciate his true nature or position. * * * In his later years Heine returned from unbounded skepticism, if not to an evangelical faith, at least to theism, the Bible being constantly read by him, and appearing to him, as he said, like a suddenly discovered treasure."

Of his writings, we should notice "Pictures of Travel" and "The Book of Songs," which were received by the German people with almost unbounded enthusiasm, and have been translated into different languages.

The great intellectual forces of Heine as evinced in the small profile, mark the man of intense original and accurate thinking.

On Physiolog.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—Oshawa.

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—Ezek. iv. 6.

RECREATION vs. STIMULATION. FOR THE CLERGY, AND OTHERS.

["THE world moves." Here is the evidence. The *Examiner and Chronicle*, one of the best of our religious weeklies, is coming over on to our ground and preaching the gospel of science and common sense, as well as that of the Scriptures. Here is an article taken from that paper. We commend it to all "nervous" men, and especially to all women. *It is the truth.*]

The principle we desire to impress upon our readers will be best illustrated by an example.

We have the privilege of knowing one of the ablest, hardest working, and most efficient young ministers in the land, and one who, though but a few years in the harness, has already made his name widely familiar. Of a somewhat delicate nervous organization, this young brother at one time found that while his easy sociability and general talent for congeniality (a rare but real thing) enabled him to perform his pastoral duties without sensible fatigue, the excitement of Sunday's preaching and the weekly lecture always left him weak, nerveless, used up. In this condition he found it exceedingly grateful to go, after evening service, and quietly drink a cup of tea; it refreshed him, reinvigorated him, and made him feel bright. Yet, for some reason, he did not sleep readily; and when he did sleep, his slumber was fitful, uneasy, and the morning found him not much rested—while month after month his nervous sensibility increased, his preaching fatigues were constant, and his tea his only physical help. But by the judicious advice of a wise friend he suddenly resolved to forego the very thing he had so leaned upon,

and instead of refreshing himself with tea and society, he betook himself to quietude and sleep. After a short time of struggle against the habit and craving which he had unconsciously formed, he accustomed himself to find—not a stimulant, with temporary excitement and subsequent reaction, leaving him always lower and lower in tone—but healthful, restful, recuperative sleep. His health was gradually restored, his general system strengthened, his faintness disappeared, and by pursuing a course of restoration instead of a mere spurring-up of exhausted nature, he has found the secret of making hard work an element of growth instead of decay.

Now, the application of the above-mentioned incident is plain enough, to a certain extent; but we wish to make it a little wider. Tea is not the only stimulant that professional men, including ministers, think they find themselves in need of. The use of alcoholic drinks, bitters, tonics, and a thousand-and-one things which disguise the strong spirit under specious names—the habit which for some years past had faded away under the hot denunciations of the great temperance reform and reaction, is now again steadily and swiftly raising its head and spreading its deadly shade over the land. Undoubtedly, the war has had a great deal to do with this: the custom of taking such stimulants after the fatigues of march, battle, or hospital work being one easily fallen into and readily retained. But whatever the cause, the fact is not to be denied, that the reign of wines and liquors is again advancing.

Yet it is a sad mistake to suppose that alcohol in any shape is beneficial to the interior economy of man's body. It is supposed to assist digestion, to brace men up, to cool them when hot, to warm them when cold, to do all manner of marvelous things. This is not so. Alcohol is one of the few things that resist all attempts of the body to assimilation. It leaves the body in almost precisely the same condition as it enters it, having on its passage done nothing but inflamed the blood, excited the various functions to unnatural and furious action, stimulated combustion, weakened the brain and nerves, sapped the muscular strength, and done much mischief generally. Physicians who recommend a little whisky, or wine, or other tonic, are responsible for thousands of drunkards not only, but also for enfeebled bodies, which—when the souls that inhabit them pass into some sudden reverse of affliction or disaster, and need their sustaining power the most—are seen to be undermined and worthless. Our inebriate and lunatic asylums keep some dreadful secrets, but the graves of wrecked and disappointed men hold more.

The warning is terrible, but the remedy is very simple. Never stimulate: restore. If body and brain are weary with continued effort, seek a brief change of scene, a short exercise of mental and physical powers in some new line, and produce the relief which the archer always gives his bow—unstringing, and bending in the other direction. Then rest, and

kind nature will care for the remainder. The recuperative power of the body, when it really has a fair chance, is the thing that men always seem to doubt; and yet year after year finds that profession which lives by healing more and more discarding the doctrines of forcing nature by the large application of drugs and poisonous medicines. The first result of stimulants is deceptive and apparently helpful; but the last state of the man who uses them is always worse than the first.

Nature's laws are such that she is able to recreate as long as her laws are faithfully obeyed. When wearied, seek, then, instead of the false and treacherous aid of stimulants—causing invariable reaction—the wholesome, simple inexpensive cure of Nature. Find health and happiness in that process which is so pleasant that its very name has come to be the symbol of enjoyment—Recreation.

FOOD MAKES THE MAN.

Most people who raise animals believe that the kind and amount of food given them makes a great difference in their growth and quality. In the American Institute Farmers' Club the question of the best food for cows, with a view to the richness of their milk, and the consequent quantity and quality of the butter, came up for discussion, in the course of which one gentleman remarked that though some cows gave twice as rich milk as others, "the food had little to do with it." [We remember that the second day after commencing to give a cow a pint of meal a day, the good woman discovered the cream was twice as thick as before. So the better the food the more and better the cream.]

Dr. Hallock, in the course of the discussion referred to, remarked that, "To produce a refined and acute mentality on poor food is impossible. Nature refuses to honor the draft. A few years ago I was connected with the removal of a grave-yard in a rough country, where the labor required to support life from the soil was very great. The bones of the bodies were immense, showing that they had received their development in the struggle for subsistence; but the crania were small, and by holding a candle on the outside and looking in, the light showed a thin place at the base of the skull, where there had been full activity in the devotion required to preserve animal life. In the region of the intellectual and higher qualities all was dark. That gospel written long before, still was read, showing indisputably that the nature of the soil and the habits of the people will be indicated in their anatomy. Afterward, when the country was improved, and there were manufactures, and when wealth had accumulated, by which means bread was secured with less effort, I had an opportunity to examine the skulls of later generations, when I found that the bones of the body were much smaller and the crania one third larger. Here, on holding a candle and looking in, it was dark at the base of the

skull, and light glimmered in the region of the intellectual and moral faculties. The anatomy of man requires the best that the two kingdoms of the animal and vegetable can produce: the choicest of fruit and the very best of meat. He can rise high above the soil on which he stands."

TOBACCO vs. BALD HEADS AND GRAY HAIR.

D. B. HOFFMAN, M.D., a Californian physician, writes, and the *Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal* publishes, the following very sensible article:

While traveling over the State recently, I noticed almost invariably in every place that I passed through or sojourned in, that a large proportion of the male population, who otherwise appeared to be, and in fact were, young, were either bald-headed or gray-haired. I also noticed that this was not the case with the other sex of the same age. In answer to the question, Why is it that there are so many gray-haired young men in California, I was told by some, perhaps a majority, that it was in consequence of the dry and hot state of the atmosphere; by others, the brain-labor that it took to get along successfully here; others said it was lime in the drinking water, and so on *ad infinitum*.

On looking around I could not see that any of these were good physiological reasons. If they were, both sexes should be affected alike, as they are both exposed to the same causes. While reflecting over this matter, a very singular circumstance occurred in my practice. A gentleman under forty years of age, and a patient of mine, who had been in the habit of using tobacco to excess for many years, and who had been for the last five or six years both *bald-headed* and *gray-haired*, found it necessary a few months ago to quit the use of tobacco entirely. It was, of course, a hard struggle at first; for it makes no difference how firm a man may be, if he once becomes a *slave* to tobacco, whisky, or opium, it is hard, very hard work for him to recover his liberty, to be able to say "I have conquered;" and very few succeed in doing it. However, he finally did it, and since that time has become a changed man in more than one respect.

In the first place, he has entirely recovered his health, which was bad while he used tobacco; he also has recovered entirely from his *baldness*, and his "*gray locks*" have been replaced by an unusually luxuriant growth of natural hair, of as fine a black hue as one could wish to see; he has also lost that sallow, bees-wax hue of skin and sickly paleness of color which "*slaves to the weed*" so generally have. All of this might be expected as a very natural result, except the growth of hair and its change of color, which in this case at least has occurred as one of the results of leaving off a noxious habit.

The question now occurs, Is this the cause of the prevalence of *bald heads* and *gray hairs* on so

many men under forty years of age in California? Let us inquire. Tobacco is a sedative narcotic. When used to excess it produces numerous untoward symptoms, among which are debility of the nervous and circulatory functions. On these depend the growth of all animal organisms. If these functions are impaired, so is the growth of the body, and all belonging to it. The hair is only a modification of the epidermis, and consists essentially of the same structure as that membrane. It has root, shaft, and point, and, like all other organs of the body, requires for a natural, healthy, and vigorous growth a healthy state of the nervous and circulatory systems. If tobacco impedes the circulation, and prevents the free and natural supply of healthy nourishment reaching its destination, which it evidently does, it is a cause which results in disease and death of the hair. The yellow and waxy state of the skin, always found in those who use tobacco to excess, is easily accounted for in the same way. The debility which it causes in the nervous and circulatory functions prevents then the organs from being duly nourished, thereby causing their disease and death.

If these views should prove correct after further examination, and it becomes generally known to "*slaves to the weed*" that their gray hairs and bald heads are caused by it, what great baskets full of deep and damning curses will be showered down on the devoted heads of Nicot and Raleigh for introducing and causing to be used this terrible destroyer of health, youth, beauty, wealth, and fame!

[We believe that further observation and experience will prove the correctness of Dr. Hoffman's statements. Let the subject be thoroughly ventilated. There of course will be great opposition manifested. Millions of men and millions of money are invested in the tobacco interest. Many will "*pooh pooh*" and "*puff puff*" against this coming man. But he will be backed by fact, philosophy, and nearly all the women. Tobacco makes men bantams, stunts the boys, so that they become only half-grown men. It makes those who use it, prematurely old in mind as well as in body. It paves the way for strong drink and games of chance, excites the passions, and so tends to the perversion of a whole nature.]

A MAN FRIGHTENED TO DEATH BY A VISION.

A STRANGE and surprising incident occurred last week, in the country some miles north of Corinth. A Mr. Mangrum killed a young man during the war, and a few days since Mr. Mangrum was on a deer drive, and while at one of the stands he saw an object approaching him which so alarmed him that he raised his gun and fired at it. The object, which resembled a man covered with a sheet, continued to advance upon Mr. Mangrum, when he drew his pistols and emptied all his barrels at the ghost.

None of the shots seeming to take effect, he climbed a tree to make his escape. By the time he was a short distance up the tree the white object was standing under him, with its eyes fixed upon him, and he declared it was

the spirit of the young man whom he had killed. Mangrum was so startled at the steady gaze of the eye that he had been the cause of laying cold in death, that he fainted and fell from the tree. His friends carried him home, the ghost following, and standing before him constantly, the sight of which brought up the recollection of his guilt with such force to his mind, that he died in great agony, after two or three days' suffering.

A subscriber sends us the above, and desires us to account for it on scientific principles. We have two theories. The first is, the poor fellow felt the force of that old saying, "*A guilty conscience needs no accuser*," and that he was simply getting his deserts—justice.

The second theory is,—supposing the habits of the man to be those of his class or clan,—that he was suffering from the effects of an excited imagination produced by a too copious use of a popular liquid designated by apothecaries and tavern keepers as—Bourbon. The effects of this "*medicinal*" beverage—always injurious—upon one's nervous system is to produce a state of insanity terminating in *delirium tremens*. This Mississippi man is not the first thus afflicted. There are a great many in New York who "*see ghosts*" every night; but the poor creatures do not know that it is because they drink, smoke, or chew.

A RESURRECTION PLANT.—A very curious plant, called the resurrection plant, is now offered for sale at New York, at from twenty-five to thirty cents. As seen in the baskets of the venders, it resembles a small bunch of brown and curled-up leaves, as it were, curled in upon itself, with a few thread-like roots at the bottom. These plants are brought from the southern part of Mexico. During the rainy season they flourish luxuriantly, but when the dry weather and hot sun scorch the earth, they, too, dry and curl up, and blow about at the mercy of the wind. To all appearances they are as dead as the "*brown and sere leaf*," but as soon as the rain comes again, the roots suck up the water, the leaves unfold and assume a beautiful emerald-green appearance. No matter where the plant may be, on a rock, a tree, or a house-top, wherever the winds have blown it, there it rests, and being a true temperance plant, it only asks for water, and at once bursts into new life. Having purchased one of these tufts, and placed it in a soup-plate filled with water, the reader will be surprised to see it gradually unfold and take on a deep green. The leaves are arranged spirally, and altogether, the resurrection plant is the latest curiosity.

SAW HIS NOSE.—"Well," said a carpenter, "of all the saws I ever saw, I never saw a saw saw as that saw saws." He probably is a cousin to the man who knows his nose. "He knows his nose; I know he knows his nose; he said he knew his nose; and if he said I knew he knew his nose, of course he knows I know he knows his nose."

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1868.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De For.*

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"A GOOD JUDGE OF CHARACTER."

In all successful generals, from Napoleon and Wellington to Grant and Sherman, it is claimed by historians and biographers that they were remarkable for their abilities to judge men correctly. It is said that Napoleon excelled in this; indeed, it is claimed that it was by his judicious selections of officers that he was so successful in his military campaigns. The same is said to be true of Gen. U. S. Grant. He "put the right man in the right place."

Now, we believe this to be equally true of all men who are successful in their various spheres of life. Take the merchant who manages a large establishment and employs many men. He must needs choose his trusty book-keepers, cashiers, and confidential clerks, as well as his salesmen, agents, porters, and others; and his success must largely depend on his ability to judge the characters of those he trusts. The same is true of a banking-house, with its numerous officers and clerks. So in a metropolitan newspaper establishment, where several editors are required for the different departments—literary, scientific, political, musical, artistic, and the rest. Let each be a first-class man, do his work in the best manner, and the result will be a newspaper of unsurpassed excellence;—but let there be bungling and stupidity in *any* department, and it will tell against the whole concern. So in manufacturing establishments, where mechanical skill with aptitude for different processes is required, and where order, method, promptitude are necessary, good judgment of character on the part of the director is equally essential.

We do not claim that one must necessarily understand the scientific rules of Phrenology and Physiognomy, in order

to arrive at tolerably correct conclusions in regard to character and capacity.

It is sufficient for our purpose to state here, that *he who is the best judge of character* will be the most successful, let his pursuit or position be what it may, whether that of school-teacher, physician, clergyman, or business man; while he who fails in this,—in "putting the right man in the right place,"—will just as surely fail in his undertakings. It is therefore evident that as a means to success, even in conducting ordinary enterprises, one should make sure of his ability to judge character correctly. Men often greatly mistake,—to their life-long regret,—in the choice of a wife; and the wife, in accepting what she supposed to be a suitable man for a husband. Had they been good judges of character, neither would have been disappointed.

Had he been able to read men, the merchant would not have placed a thief at the till, when an honest man or youth could just as well have been secured.

Poor generalship—incompetent leaders—has lost thousands of men and millions of money. Poor business management, with stupid or crabbed clerks, drive away custom. A surly sexton sometimes spoils all the effects of a good sermon. A cross captain or conductor makes passengers shun his route. A turbulent pedagogue keeps the whole school in an uproar; and a leather-headed doctor falls into quackery and kills many poor patients who, if let alone, nature would have cured.

We may end the discourse with the story of an old philosopher who wrote some time before the discovery of Phrenology and Physiognomy. He said: "God has made in this world two kinds of holes,—round holes and three-cornered holes, and two kinds of people,—round people and three-cornered people; but from ignorance as to their right relations and true position, the round people had got into the three-cornered holes, and the three-cornered people into the round holes. Hence the jarring and discord we see in society.

MORAL: Read the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, and learn to judge character correctly. Just in proportion to your ability to judge correctly will be the measure of your success in other directions.

AN EQUIVALENT.

SELFISH—not to say *dishonest*—persons seek to obtain from others something for nothing. There are many and various ways of accomplishing this. One convenient way is to borrow, and not return; another is to beg; another to cheat, defraud, swindle, or, in plainer terms, to steal. Of the first class there are many. One borrows your money, another your books, another your umbrella, jewelry, tools, pen, pencil, pocket-knife, dog, gun, fishing-tackle, razor, razor-strop, lather-box, or tooth-brush; not to speak of weightier matter, such as horses, vehicles, sail-boat, or anything else usable. These *habitual* borrowers own nothing more than the law allows, and can not be held for damages in case of losses. Many of this class manage to do a flourishing business on borrowed capital, but never get ahead.

The beggars—chiefly imported from monarchical countries, where natural-born paupers form a large part of the population—are as numerous in our cities as the means employed to import and produce them. In England they claim 600,000 drunkards; in America, we lament the existence of 400,000. Nine in ten of these may be counted as present or prospective beggars. But there are many beggars who are not paupers. They are persons without much self-respect, dignity, or true manliness. *The very act of begging is an evidence of inferiority.* Rogues frequently resort to it as an easier or safer means to get a dishonest living. Such persons do not even *think* of returning an equivalent for what they get. The swindlers—a very numerous class—are both native and foreign. They resort to every conceivable scheme to get "something for nothing." All the lottery dealers, all the prize ticket and gift concert concerns, and other gambling tricks, are practiced on the easily deluded. The patent-medicine swindlers are to be met with in most of the newspapers. Quacks fatten on the gains filched from poor diseased victims. Instead of returning an equivalent for money received, they poison their patrons.

Thieves also are everywhere, and of them there are many sorts, such as sneak thieves, pocket-book thieves, wharf

thieves, till thieves, fruit thieves, hen-roost thieves, horse thieves, house thieves or burglars, bank and post-office robbers, and highwaymen. Our State prisons contain thousands of these; and, if report be true, they are likely to soon contain many more. It is said that hundreds of European criminals are landed on our shores every month! They are harbored in Canada, or in other British provinces bordering on our lines, and make frequent excursions into our States. When those provinces shall be annexed, the thieves and robbers will have less security in their hiding-places. Our police are shot down by such desperadoes, and neither life nor property is safe.

One of the worst features connected with the administration of justice in such cases is the fact that wicked lawyers and venal judges combine—for a consideration—to let criminals go unwhipped of justice after detection and arrest, and before trial and conviction. The principle of *EQUITY* is sadly wanting here.

Then there is the game of husband-hunting and wife-catching. An artificial, weak, silly, simpering "fraud" tries to palm herself off as a well-organized woman! She is puffed, padded, painted, hooped, stayed, and rigged out in the most ridiculous style—see the Grecian Bend—intended to "attract." She makes a conquest. Let us see if she gets an "equivalent" for the valuable investment of herself. An inventory of *her* charms consists of what we have already enumerated, and the following: a weak back, a weak stomach, a small waist, decayed teeth, bad breath, contracted lungs, dyspeptic, nervous headaches, habitual cold hands and feet, a sore throat, and other slight infirmities, requiring the regular attendance of the family physician. Her movable chattels consist of a few sets of jewelry, sixty different dresses, and twenty-six Saratoga traveling trunks. She can dance, talk French a little, play the piano and the lady, but not the *woman*, as she never learned to work. She seeks a husband equal in social position, health, and other respects. She wants "an equivalent" to make an eligible match. Here is what she may be fortunate enough to receive in exchange:

An average young man of to-day, who

has a twenty-two-inch head; is ambitious, wide-awake, thin, nervous, sharp. He can read, write, and cipher; has some knowledge of science, mechanism, general literature, with a bias for business. He seeks an opening as a clerk in an established house, and will work his way up. His capital consists in energy, willingness to work, good habits, and perseverance. His wages at first are moderate, but *prospectively* his chances are promising. He looks forward with the hope of promotion, and to succeed his seniors in interest. He is always prompt—on time—cautious, frugal, honest, and becomes thoroughly acquainted with his business. He is careful in forming associations, avoiding "fast" men and "fast" customs; takes part in all good works, such as temperance, education, and religion; rendering an equivalent for every favor, and becomes in time a successful citizen. Will he find in the lady an equivalent? Here is a young man of another class more in correspondence with that of the aforesaid lady. He is not to be reckoned among the beggars or paupers, but of those who start out in life with the idea that "the world owes them a living." He has had equal privileges as to education, etc., with the average young man. But he does not like to work. He obtains a situation, but is always "in the drag," except when there is to be a holiday frolic. Out late at night; up late in the morning; behind time at the store; his customers are impatient; mistakes occur in his accounts; his cash is reported short; his wages are overdrawn; he borrows of fellow-clerks; fails to pay; smokes, moderately at first, then chews; then drinks; eats cloves and cardamoms to "purify his breath;" visits the race-course occasionally, the theaters frequently, and takes now and then a hand in a game of chance. He finally flirts with fast women; has occasion for medical advice; consults the quacks; is made worse, and his constitution becoming seriously impaired, he can not attend to business. His relatives are appealed to for help; a thrifty uncle lends him means to travel; stops at a fashionable resort, and there makes the acquaintance of a Saratoga "Grecian Bend;" tells her of his rich uncle; is engaged, and finally married; each gets a fair equivalent, but both feel "swindled." Their future may

be easily inferred. They soon find each other out, and appeal to the law to correct their blunders by divorcing them. To *them*, life is indeed a failure.

MORAL.—God is just. He has established a system by which we shall receive an equivalent for our good deeds or for our bad deeds. "The Lord shall judge the people with equity."

"The tissues of the life to be,
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny,
We reap as we have sown!"

"BOGUS."

THIS term, "bogus," is not classical. It may not be defined in all the dictionaries; but it is very expressive, and its meaning is understood by everybody old enough to know how to cheat, deceive, or swindle. Illustrations of the term may be found in every community. There are bogus kings and queens and bogus emperors. There was a bogus emperor not long ago who attempted to set up a throne in Mexico. He was simply a cat's-paw for the smart French emperor, and got shot for his meddling. Max was a nice young fellow, and plucky withal, but was misled by the more cautious and crafty Napoleon. There are any number of bogus statesmen, who seek only party or selfish ends; bogus soldiers, bomb proofs; bogus doctors, the quacks; bogus lawyers, the shysters; bogus preachers, hypocrites; bogus phrenologists, the self-styled professors; bogus poets and authors, plagiarists; and bogus jewelers. There are counterfeits among all classes.

A genuine diploma conferring the title of M.D.—Doctor of Medicine—on a person is given by the faculty of a legally constituted institution to those duly qualified under its discipline. A "bogus" diploma is conferred by persons *not* authorized by the law to give it; or is given to those not qualified by education to receive it. Such bogus diplomas are sometimes bought from unprincipled professors for a few dollars. Or the thing may be managed in this way: Here is a poor jackdaw who desires to shine in borrowed or stolen plumes. He promises the professors of the institution "that if they will make him an M.D., he will, at a future time, attend their college, and will use all his influence to send paying students thither. The "degree" is given, and, "lo and behold," we have a new "six-weeks' doctor of medicine" in the field, to filch money from and poison the bodies of poor diseased humanity. This scamp has no thought of fulfilling his promise by attending lectures, and straightway sets up the dispensing of drugs and destruction on all he meets. There are to-day hundreds of such quacks in Europe and America, plying their work of poisoning and robbing on bogus diplomas, outraging common decency.

Again; a shrewd, cunning, ambitious upstart,

with a few elderly and feeble-minded physicians, not able to obtain a living in general practice, start a new college. It may be eclectic, Thomsonian, herbalist, or allopathic. It is open to students, both men and women. Several of the old gentlemen physicians are then dubbed "professors," and at once installed into chairs of anatomy, physiology, chemistry, theory, and practice, etc. But how are the chairs to be filled with lady professors? It is easy enough. Go to the young and ambitious wife of some elderly and amiable person—a preacher, a teacher, or a lecturer—who has a "name," and through whose influence "grists may be sent to this new mill," and the thing is done. The ambitious woman is available for the "honors." She is at once given a diploma, and announced in the college circular as Mrs. Doctor Blank, M.D., Professor of Obstetrics, or Lecturer, or something else. The public is not supposed to know or to care *how* she obtained her degree of M.D. Now this woman is about as ignorant of science as Bridget is of painting or sculpture. She is simply a bogus professor. Still, being the wife of Mr. "Somebody," she is supposed to know the difference between tripe and liver, bowels and brains, and so passes on down to fame and fortune. This is the way some schools *have* been formed and professors created. But what must be the sort of physicians turned out of such "colleges?"

As to the way of manufacturing bogus D.D.'s, it is very simple, very foolish, and very vain. Two sisters marry two clergymen. One of the clergymen gets an appointment as professor in a college. His wife "feels" the weighty honor, and desires to share it with her sister, whose husband is only the plain Rev. Mr. Middleman. He manages to get through the services without putting *all* his congregation to sleep, but attracts no attention, and it is as much as he can possibly do "to make both ends meet." But the sisters put their busy heads together, and through the influence of the professor it is decided to make Mr. Middleman a D.D. Prof. No. 1 whispers it to Prof. No. 2, remarking that the charming wife of Prof. So-and-so very much desires the thing should be done. At this juncture, sister No. 2 puts in an appearance, covered with such winning smiles, that the whole board of professors are completely fascinated. Mr. Middleman remains in the back ground, and, "unseen," is made a D.D. by the University of Humbug. The women pulled the wires, and without merit to recommend their small pattern of a man, he was exalted in name, but remains to-day only as a bogus D.D. The lion's skin he wears will not conceal his real character. It is often far more honorable to decline than to accept those plumes which would better grace another.

Bogus authors and editors are they who prostitute their talents to base purposes; who write sensation stories to excite morbid imaginations.

Bogus reformers are loud-mouthed in crying down the faults of others, but do nothing to

correct their own. We have heard of so-called temperance men haranguing the crowd on the evils of whisky drinking, with their own dirty mouths stuffed with tobacco! So, too, we hear frequently of thieves, pickpockets, burglars, and highway robbers, rioters, and incendiaries, declaiming against injustice! These rascals would

"Steal the livery of heaven,
To serve the devil in."

We have bogus watches, bogus jewelry, bogus eyes, bogus calves, bogus cheeks, and bogus bosoms. There is no end to the everlasting bogus cheats. We may as well stop enumerating them. Let those who prefer the genuine article to the bogus, take good care to get it.

PRACTICAL AND SCIENTIFIC BOOKS.

WE would beg leave to call the attention of our readers to the very large and valuable CATALOGUE OF PRACTICAL AND SCIENTIFIC BOOKS which we give in the present number.

This catalogue, comprising the largest and most varied list of this character of books issued by any one house in either the United States or Great Britain, will be found to present some book or books of real interest to every man in the country engaged in any productive industrial pursuit; nay, more,—there is not a man or a woman among our readers who could not derive advantage in the ordinary vocations of life in this practical age of ours from the perusal of one or many of these publications.

Observant travelers—men who go about the world with their eyes open, and learn something in every country they visit—have remarked upon the wonderful ingenuity of the French, and upon the marvelous beauty of the fabrics which they produce. Further than this, in tracing back effects to their causes, they have been led to attribute these results in a great measure to the industrial schools and colleges established by the French Government—those in which are taught engineering, chemistry, arts, manufacturing, and mining. One of the direct and most potent results of the institution of these schools is to be found in the fact, that France has to-day the most extensive and the grandest industrial literature in the world.

In England, the question of education is attracting attention, and the entire subject is certain to undergo a thorough revision at a day not now far distant; and science and its application to the arts must take a position which they have not hitherto held in the great schools and colleges of that country.

Shall we in this land of universal education, amid widespread intelligence, be behind in the race which is to take place? We trust not! We have our schools of arts and mines, and our polytechnic colleges, and the genius of our people has essentially a practical turn.

It is hardly worth our while to attempt to enumerate the many subjects treated of in these books. We refer our readers to the catalogue

itself. Suffice it to say that there are few practical questions connected with mechanics, architecture, surveying, engineering, manufactures, drawing, dyeing, chemistry, painting, mining, mathematics, or metallurgy, which are not treated of. Read the list.

NURSING A VIPER.

WHEN we commended the plan of the paper called the *Church Union*, we did it on the ground that its managers proposed to advocate a union of all the evangelical churches, and to encourage Christian fellowship among men. But we omitted one important condition—namely, the character and capacity of the men engaged in it. In the hands of proper persons such a paper could be made to exert the most beneficent influence—softening sectarian rancor, and begetting a more generous, kindly, and godly spirit among men. But *these* "Church Union" folks are "bogus." Soon after receiving a kindly introduction to the public—on the strength of their professions—they opened their blanket sheet for the reception of vile quack medicines; they slandered clergymen and other good men; and "played the deuce" generally. The whole tone and spirit of the paper is antichristian. The only worthy feature in it is an occasional sermon by Mr. Beecher. The claim they make of being the exclusive publishers of his sermons is, like other pretensions, only a down-right out-and-out falsehood. If no change for the better be made, the *Church Union* newspaper will terminate its career on the low level of its kindred, among the quacks and swindlers.

We are surprised that so shrewd a business man as Le Grand Lockwood should allow the low fellows to work on his capital so long. While he furnishes the money, they will puff, blow, and print a low paper. The public who patronize them will only "nurse a viper" that will sting the hand that feeds it.

THE EIGHT-HOUR LAW.—The interpretation given of this foolish act of Congress by General Schofield is, that it means eight hours' work a day, and *pay* for eight hours' work. The case is very simple, when looked at from a common-sense stand-point. We think the eight-hour law should be repealed. Most mechanics and artisans who work for the Government or for themselves would prefer—we are confident—to work ten hours a day, and get full pay for it. Then why not?

ONLY ONE NUMBER MORE THIS YEAR!—The 48th volume of this JOURNAL will be completed with the next (December) number. A new volume,—49,—begins with the new year. We are getting lots of good things ready for our readers—those who care to have the JOURNAL continued. Our hearts are often made to throb with gladness at the expressions of encouragement which we receive from friends and co-workers.

NEW ENGLAND FISHERIES.

FROM the time of its first settlement, New England has always been interested in the fisheries. They have been pursued with an ardor and perseverance which have been highly commendable; and each year has given greater importance to this healthy and profitable pursuit. The headquarters of the business at the present day, and the largest fishing port in the world, is the town of Gloucester, situated on Cape Ann, Massachusetts. It is a quaint old town, containing some 14,000 inhabitants, and possesses one of the finest harbors on the continent. This harbor is divided into an outer and an inner basin,—the former being three miles long by two broad, and offering excellent shelter during the severe autumnal storms to hundreds of coastwise vessels; and not unfrequently square-riggers of the larger class are glad to seek it as a place of safety when the storm-clouds lower. One of the prettiest spectacles to be witnessed during the fall months is the coming in of the shore fishing fleet just prior to a gale. Sometimes there are four or five hundred sail, belonging along the coast, all running for the harbor. The skillful manner in which they are handled; the readiness which they mind their helms; and their dashing, lively, sailing qualities as they tack to and fro across the harbor ere they reach the anchorage ground, affords a charming panoramic view worth going many miles to witness. The town has some natural adjuncts which in their way are unequalled. Pleasant drives and hard sandy beaches abound, while Annisquam River, which connects the harbor with Ipswich Bay, offers a most attractive resort for picnic and fishing parties.

The property valuation of the town, as per the recent returns of the assessors, is \$6,698,412, the greater portion of which has been gathered directly from the inexhaustible treasures of the deep. In summer's heat and winter's cold Gloucester's hardy sons follow their vocation, and the results of their industry may be observed in the yearly growth of the place. The vessels engaged in the fishery business are schooner-rigged, built and equipped in the most thorough manner, and are as pretty craft as one would wish to gaze upon. There are 518 owned and fitted from Gloucester, including 46 boats, making an aggregate of 25,472.45 tons. Their valuation in round numbers is \$2,250,000, and each year large additions are made to the number. In 1867 there were 47 added, and during the first six months of the present year there have been 35. The valuation of the wharf property is \$600,000. This gives some idea of the capital invested, and new wharves and vessels are fast being contracted for.

COD AND HALIBUT FISHING.

The first vessels of the season to start upon their trips are those which follow the cod and halibut fishery. Some of them pursue the business on the Western and Grand Banks; others go to Cape North; but the larger portion go to George's Bank, which is 160 miles dis-

tant. Trips to the first-mentioned grounds occupy from four to six weeks,—and to the latter, two or three. If a vessel is absent on George's Bank more than four weeks, there is great alarm for her safety, and it is rare that she ever returns after being gone from port that length of time. There are about 250 sail engaged in this branch, some of which pursue it the entire ten months of the fishing season. The vessels having been hauled up in November after mackereling is over, are stripped of their sails and lie alongside the wharves for some two months. During this interval the fishermen get uneasy—they want to be earning something—they wish to be afloat on the bosom of old ocean; but they must wait until February comes, as then the cod and halibut visit the Banks in order to deposit their spawn. The good weather which sometimes prevails for a week or two at this season is very tempting, and some of the most venturesome make active efforts to get their vessels under weigh at once. Skippers and owners of a more cautious disposition wait until the first trips are made, hardly daring to risk the sudden storms which break with such fearful fury on the Banks in winter. These first trips, unless the weather is unusually severe, are generally very successful, the vessels returning with full fares, which command high prices. The cash is most heartily welcomed at this early season by owners whose vessels have been lying so long idle; by the fishermen, whose household necessities are pressing; and by the traders in town, whose business is greatly increased by the proceeds resulting from the sale of the halibut and cod, caught at a season when danger is imminent and the cold severe.

THE DANGERS OF WINTER FISHING.

A trip to George's Bank in midwinter is a hazardous one, and yet it has attractions which even the veteran fishermen find it hard to withstand. Many a gallant schooner from this port has sailed out of the harbor, and in a short time, with all on board, has sunk beneath the billows. Generally, two vessels are lost together, and sometimes more. This is accounted for by the fact that the fleet, in their eagerness to obtain a full fare in the shortest possible time, anchor in close proximity to each other in good weather. So intent do the fishermen become in their employment, that sometimes they do not notice the heavy storm-clouds which suddenly rise, and not until the tempest is ready to break upon them do they fully realize the danger. In these storms a hundred, or a hundred and fifty sail, may be tossing and heaving at their anchors. If the cables and anchors hold, all is well, for these vessels are strongly built, and will "ride the water like a thing of life;" but there is constant anxiety, for a collision at such a time is sure destruction to both vessels. When the cry is heard, "A vessel is adrift!—stand by to cut the cable!" the captain, or some resolute man of the crew, is stationed forward on board of each of the crafts with hatchet in hand. The drifting vessel draws near. She comes down through

the fleet with fearful velocity,—sometimes just grazing the sides of some of her companions as she dashes by. The danger of collision to a particular vessel may be averted by the cable being cut; but the peril of the fleet is made greater, as there are then two vessels adrift for them to guard against. In the case of two vessels adrift coming in contact with another, destruction follows swift and sure. There is not the least chance for escape, and both of their crews are swallowed up by the foaming waves, never more to be heard from, this side of eternity. Oftentimes these storms arise in the night, and then of course the danger is very great. There is nothing then to warn the watching seamen save the lights which each vessel has set in her rigging. Sad indeed has been the record of these lost Georgescmen in the past; but the last two years have been highly fortunate in this respect, owing to greater caution of the fishermen and the comparative mildness of the storms which have occurred.

This department of the fisheries was first established in 1830, and since that time there have been lost upward of 600 lives and 72 vessels while engaged in it. The 21st day of February, 1862, will long be remembered with peculiar sadness by the fishermen of Gloucester. On that day 15 vessels of the George's fleet, with their entire crews, consisting of 148 men, all went down beneath the foam. One half of the men were married; thus in a few moments 74 women were made widows and 150 children were left fatherless. These, however, were kindly cared for until they could help themselves.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THE BUSINESS.

The shady side of the picture has been given. If the risks in this branch of human industry are great, the profits are good. If mild weather prevails, and the vessels take due precaution in regard to anchorage, a full fare, especially in the early part of the season, is quickly obtained, and then the vessel puts back to port. Handsome returns for the trip are realized. During the past season the first trips were remarkably fortunate, only one string of cable being lost throughout the entire fleet. The average amount which the crew will share for a trip lasting from two to three weeks, including their board, is \$60, although there are instances of frequent occurrence where the men share a hundred dollars and upward as the proceeds of a two weeks' trip. In order to keep a correct account of the fish caught by each man, the tongues are all saved when the fish are dressed; to these are oftentimes added the sounds, which are salted or sold fresh, and bring good prices. They are highly esteemed as food, and command a ready market. When a halibut is caught, the private mark of the catcher is put upon him, and in this way there can be no mistake.

The Western Bank, Grand Bank, and Cape North fisheries are also quite remunerative, although similarly attended with danger. The time occupied is from three to four weeks, and very large fares are landed. The largest of

last season amounted to 41,000 lbs. of halibut and 2,000 lbs. of codfish, the net stock realizing \$4,126 72. The crew shared \$171 51 each, and were absent twenty days. The crew of a fisherman ship "at the halves,"—that is, after deducting the bills for ice and bait and salt,—receive one half the fish they catch. The owners of the vessel find the provision, barrels, etc. Each man throws by himself, although sometimes two "chums" will catch together and share equally. The halibut and cod find ready sales in Gloucester as soon as landed. The former are taken directly from the vessel, packed in boxes, and sprinkled plentifully with crushed ice. In this condition they are immediately sent to wholesale dealers in the New York and Boston markets, and thence distributed all over the country. Many entire trips are bought by dealers in Gloucester, who cut them up and manufacture smoked halibut, which also finds a ready sale at remunerative prices. The fins are salted in barrels, and esteemed a great delicacy. The codfish are mostly bought in town by vessel owners, who pickle and dry them. A ready sale is obtained at the West, through New York and Boston merchants, as well as by some houses in town directly connected with Western establishments. The heads of the cod and backbones of the halibut, when they are cut for smoking, are given away to all who may come for them. The greater portion are used as manure by the farmers about Gloucester; but many a poor family make a good dinner from a chowder made of "coddled heads," or a delicious meal from the baked backbone of a halibut to which cling goodly streaks of meat, and which has cost them nothing. Is not, then, the perseverance of the winter fishermen worthy of record? All honor to them, say we. Let us now turn our attention to the

MACKEREL FISHERY.

The winter is over. Spring has come with its gentle breezes and bright sunshine. Most of the winter fleet are taking out their ballast, repainting, and scrubbing up for mackereling. About the middle of May some fifty sail go to the southward, cruising for the first schools of these fish. The business in former times was not very profitable; but it served to keep the men and vessels employed. The past two years, however, it has paid well, and it is safe to presume that it will continue remunerative. June is a busy month. All the vessels, save some few which follow cod and halibut fishing the entire season, are getting in readiness for shore mackereling or for a trip to the Bay of St. Lawrence. As they lay off in the stream, all ready to take their departure, they look gay, for the fishermen take pride in their craft; and oftentimes one of the crew, with considerable talent in the decorative line, will put such finishing touches on as will merit decided approbation. The crews of mackerelmen fish at the halves, receiving half the mackerel they catch, and paying half the bills for bait and salt. Very many young and middle-aged men, from every nook and corner of

the country, come to Gloucester at this season looking for a chance. As they walk through the streets or stroll down the wharves, they can be easily detected by the inhabitants. Very amusing are the tricks sometimes put upon them; but all is taken in good part, and if it results in their getting a chance to ship, all is well. Many persons try these fishing voyages for the improvement of their health. Dyspepsia, nervousness, lung difficulties, debility, and general depression are well represented among them. They go on board pale and weak, looking as if the breath of life could hardly be kept in their frail bodies. If such are careful, and pay due attention to the plain laws of health, they have taken a wise course in coming to Gloucester to try a mackereling trip. It may be a little rough for them at the commencement. Perhaps they will not at the first going off meet with such companions as they wish; but their shipmates, rough as they may appear on first acquaintance, have kind hearts in their bosoms—hearts that will freely help another; but they are very much disinclined to countenance any one who "puts on airs," or tries to pass himself off for some one better than they are. Therefore, reader, if you ever have an idea of coming to try your luck mackereling, come with the idea of treating every one well, and with the desire to make yourself agreeable, and be ready to conform to the circumstances of the situation you may be placed in.

The Baymen commence sailing about the last of June, and the last of the fleet generally leave port the middle of July. Many of them fit to stay the entire season, until November, sending home their mackerel by steamer, which affords them a longer time to fish. If they get short of provision, they can easily obtain what they wish at most any port in the Provinces. Others come home, and make two or three trips during the season. This is governed by circumstances, as sometimes there is better fishing on this shore than at the Bay. Some 450 vessels are engaged in the mackerel fishery from this port, requiring the services of 5,000 or more men.

A trip to the Bay is one of the best means for recreation that we know of; and if one is willing to be smart, and attend to fishing, there is a chance of obtaining a snug little sum as the result of the voyage. The vessels are fitted with the best quality of provisions, and the stewards take great pride in serving up the victuals in good style. Cruising along the shores or among the islands in the Bay of St. Lawrence gives a great variety of scenery; and the pleasures of going on shore, associating with the inhabitants, and participating in some of the merry-makings which are so frequently held, is fine sport, and serves to break up the monotony which would otherwise prove tedious to the "green hand." Inhaling the pure air from off the water gives even one who feels "broken down" a new lease of life, brings on a sharp and earnest appetite, strengthens the system, and improves the tone of the nervous forces. Besides the roughing of it on board,

this sea life has its peculiar pleasures, which, once participated in, awaken a desire for their repetition; hence it is that so many amateurs go again to join one of the craft and cast their lot with the jolly fellows who depend for their livelihood upon the hook and line. It is a very sensible method of passing the "heated term;" and the practical information acquired is not the least among the benefits derived.

There is an excitement in catching mackerel which has a charm about it not soon forgotten. Let us, reader, imagine ourselves on board a mackerelman at the Bay in the month of August. We have had a pleasant run from Gloucester, been a little seasick, perhaps, but have got bravely over that. The blue sky above and the clear water beneath have a pleasant look now that our stomach has settled. The sun is just making himself visible on the eastern horizon, tinging the sky and casting a faint light over the ocean. All hands are called by the steward, who has been up long enough to get breakfast. The watch on deck has been changed several times during the night, and the vessel has been jogging under a foresail, running off and on, so as to be kept in the vicinity where it is hoped that the mackerel will show themselves. The first duty is to hoist the mainsail; this being done, breakfast is partaken of; and reader, you and I will set down and take a mug of coffee, some of that bread, hot from the oven, a piece of corned beef, and the steward may give us some of his doughnuts to "top off" with. The men live well, oftentimes having better "grub" than they get at home, and the steward is a man of mark aboard, and well he knows it. If you keep the right side of him, he will give you gingerbread and duff—which is a kind of pudding with raisins in it—doughnuts, and other luxuries, which are so toothsome to those living in the free air and taking plenty of exercise. The pay of a steward is a full share with the men, and half the fish he can catch besides. This makes him active and willing to keep the larder well supplied, so that when the fishing is good he can engage in it. But we have digressed somewhat. Breakfast has been stowed away beneath the waistcoats of the fishermen. The vessel is sailing along, all eyes watching the water to descry the peculiar ripple which a school of mackerel make when swimming near the surface. This is an anxious time. Hooks are all baited, lines ready, and the men waiting. Soon the ripple is visible. The vessel is hove to; bait thrown overboard, to feed and entice the fish to keep alongside. Then the fun commences in good earnest. Over go the lines; quickly one is hauled in with a mackerel attached; a peculiar twist of the wrist, and he is "slat" into a barrel, and back goes the line; and this operation is repeated as long as the fish will take the hook. The bait is most skillfully put on, so that it can not be easily taken off by the fish, and oftentimes the same bait will last for hours. The mackerel when hungry do not pay very strict attention to the bait; they bite at anything white they

see. It's lively work then; all hands are hard at it, for well they know that the humor of the fish may soon change, and down they will plunge into the lower depths; in which case the fishing is over with that school, for a time at least. If another school is not soon raised, the fishermen turn to and dress their mackerel. There is quite a knack in doing this up to the required standard. Generally two dress together. The fish are placed on a board, grasped by the "splitter" with his left hand, and by a peculiar movement a keen knife's blade is passed from the extremity of the head to the tail. Then they are taken by the "giller," whose duty it is to take out the entrails and the gills. "Practice makes perfect," and this old adage is fully exemplified by the fishermen as they pursue their work of dressing. It is done quickly and neatly. After dressing, the mackerel are put in soak to rid them of their blood, and then salted in barrels and stowed away in the hold of the vessel. Each barrel bears the private mark of the catcher, so that there can be no mistake in regard to settling up affairs after the vessel returns to pack out.

Thus the work goes on, some days finding the men hard at work pulling in the mackerel, other days finding them cruising for schools, always ready and ever willing to jerk in the fish. Some trips are short, others long, according to the humor of the mackerel. Some schools will not take the hook, although you do your very best to entice them. There they are alongside, great fat fellows whom you want so badly to fill up the empty barrels; but no, their mouths will not open. Then you try the gaffing process, and armed with a long and slim-handled mackerel gaff you work it dexterously among the finny tribe, now and then securing one, until they are frightened away.

A day at the line, or six hours even, will make a "green hand" feel somewhat sore, and he will be glad when the work of dressing is over, to crawl into his bunk, when, after saying his prayers (if he be devout enough), and thinking of the "loved ones at home" (if he be lucky enough to have any such), it will not be long ere he is in dreamland, and "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," presses down his eyelids, bringing in its train that refreshment which he needs. When the vessel is full, which requires from two to three hundred barrels, according to her size, the mackerel are oftentimes landed and sent home, *via* Boston, per steamer; but if this is not deemed advisable, her prow is put for home, where the mackerel are culled according to size and quality as No. 1's, 2's, or 3's, then repacked, salted, ready for the market.

The number of barrels of mackerel caught by the Gloucester fleet in 1866 was 112,850 $\frac{1}{2}$; in '67, 108,917 $\frac{1}{2}$. Of this number about 70 per cent. were No. 1's. The prices ranged from \$11 to \$17; and the season's catch of 1867 amounted to \$1,637,004, while that of 1866 amounted to \$1,784,272. These were not considered very profitable years. That of 1865 was better, amounting to \$2,095,260. The season of 1868



MRS. TABATHA MCGATH,
107 YEARS OLD.

bids fair to be a fortunate one; but at present writing it can not be determined with any degree of certainty. The fleet are away, and if perseverance will accomplish anything, we shall soon hear of good trips.

HERRING FISHERY.

In addition to the branches above alluded to, there is the Newfoundland herring business, comprising some forty sail of the largest and staunchest of fishing vessels. These get away in December, carrying an assorted cargo, which they exchange for herring. The fish are caught in nets, then frozen stiff, and packed in snow in the holds of the vessels. They return in season for the Georgesmen, who depend upon them for bait. There is quite a rivalry among the vessels of this fleet to reach home, as the first arrival of herring brings large prices. Those not required for bait are sold in New York and Boston, the vessels proceeding directly to these markets, where the herring meet with ready sales, and supply the poorer classes with good food at a low price in a season when they most appreciate it. These herring are of large size, quite fat, and when broiled, delicious eating. The herring business is very perilous, as the Newfoundland coast is exposed to the tremendous gales which sweep that section with so much violence in mid-winter. Notwithstanding this, the business is pursued quite successfully, and forms an important item in the profits of the fisheries. Besides helping the Gloucester people, it is of almost incalculable benefit to the Newfoundlanders, furnishing them remunerative employment at a season when all other branches are dull; and the catch of herring for the Gloucester fleet provides many comforts for the poor fishermen and their families, which otherwise they would be compelled to go without.

The baiting fleet, comprising about twenty sail, remains to be considered. They are provided with seines, and cruise along shore in pursuit of porgies. These fish travel in schools, and it is a lively work to set the nets and draw them in. They are used by the mackerel

catchers for bait, and are in good demand, yielding handsome returns to the baiting craft.

No employment followed by man requires more determination, daring, and genuine pluck than that of the fishermen. Their home, in a great measure, is on the wave. They see nature in its calm and storm, and early learn to rely upon themselves. It requires patience to stand at the rail in the severe winter weather, and wait for fish to bite; courage, to guide their little vessels through the gale and anchor them safely in port; much faith, to trust their lives on George's Bank. But there are men who follow it year after year, whose bronzed faces tell of exposure, whose broad chests, muscular forms, and manly bearing tell of good health, contented minds, and happy hearts. Very many of those now in the fitting-out business once followed the hook-and-line. By economy and hard labor they succeeded in accumulating sufficient funds to buy a share in a vessel. Continuing to prosper, they soon owned a whole craft, and from this become interested in other vessels, and subsequently quit fishing and become packers and buyers of trips. These form the solid business men of the place, and having a good foundation to build upon, they rapidly acquire wealth and become men of mark in the fishing community.

AN AGED WOMAN.

WE now and then hear or read of persons who have attained to an age greatly exceeding the Psalmist's "three-score and ten," and who, nevertheless, do not impress others with the notion that "their strength is but labor and sorrow;" but it is not often that a publisher is able to secure a veritable subject past one hundred years old, and show him or her to the public through the engraver's art. We are indebted to the kind efforts of a friend for the very striking case of comparatively vigorous longevity which is now introduced.

Mrs. Tabatha McGath, *née* Johnson, was born in Worcester County, Maryland, March 12th, 1762, and is therefore in her one hundred and seventh year. She married at the age of twenty-seven, and has been a widow about twenty-two years. Of eight children born to her, but three are living—all considerably past middle life. When Independence was declared, she was a girl of fourteen, old enough to appreciate the prominent features of the war which followed, and she manifests a lively recollection of many interesting incidents which occurred in its progress. As is usually the case with very old people, her memory is better of events long past than of those of recent occurrence. Her health is considered good; she sleeps well, has a good appetite, and appears to enjoy life with much zest. For one so old she is remarkably playful, and is much gratified if she can provoke a laugh by some humorous sally. Her features are so wrinkled and contracted with age that it would be difficult to predicate much character of them. The forehead shows considerable breadth, and it is

probable that the cranium generally is full in the lateral regions, an organization which is tenacious of vitality and appreciative of the things which appertain to this life. Although not a large-framed woman, she is evidently wiry, elastic, and enduring, and her simple habits from childhood to senility have supplemented nature and tended to extend her lease of life far beyond the ordinary boundary.

She has by no means been free from anxiety and sorrow in the conduct of her domestic affairs; but a cheerful disposition enabled her to bear what trouble fell to her lot with patient fortitude.

In the late war she may be said to have been well represented, as eleven of her grandchildren fought under the banner of the Union. Notwithstanding her great age, her hair is plentiful, and but half white.

OUR LIST OF PREMIUMS.

IN addition to a monthly magazine, which is richly worth its price, we now offer to those who may send us new subscriptions, valuable and useful premiums. As this JOURNAL is essentially useful and substantial in its general character, so the premiums named are of a useful and substantial sort. Many, to be sure, lay claim to the character of ornamental, but their decoration is but an attractive accessory to their utility. We offer no worthless frippery—no mean "pinchbeck ware" or "sham jewelry;" but appreciating more highly the mental tone of our readers, we invite their consideration to a short programme, which is thought to include things adapted to the tastes and wants of every well-ordered household and of every right-minded individual. As regards the liberal terms we make in this "premium business," we invite comparison with other magazine inducements.

TABLE OF PREMIUMS.

Names of Articles.	Cash Value.	No. Sub's. at \$2 ea.
1. Piano, Steinway or Weber, 7 octave. \$650 00....	350	
2. Parlor Organ, Mason & Hamlin or Berry, 5 octave.....	170 00....	100
3. Choice Library, your selection at publishers' rates.....	100 00....	70
4. Metropolitan Organ, Mason & Hamlin, 5 octave.....	130 00....	60
5. Gold Hunting-case Watch, American Watch Co.'s best.....	125 00....	60
6. Choice Library, your selection.....	75 00....	50
7. New American Cyclopædia, 16 vols.....	80 00....	40
8. Chambers' Encyclopedia, new, 10 vols.....	40 00....	35
9. Silver Hunting Watch, American Watch Co.'s best.....	60 00....	30
10. Sewing Machine, Weed's new style.....	60 00....	25
11. Sewing Machine, Wheeler & Wilson's.....	55 00....	20
12. Chest of Tools, 75 pieces.....	40 00....	25
13. Library, your choice.....	30 00....	22
14. Lange's Commentaries, any 3 vols.....	15 00....	10
15. Doty's Washing Machine.....	14 00....	10
16. Irving's "Belles Lettres Works," 8 vols.....	14 00....	9
17. Rosewood Writing Desk, furnished.....	12 00....	9
18. Webster's Illust'd Quarto Dictionary.....	12 00....	9
19. Irving's Life of Washington, 5 vols.....	12 50....	8
20. Mitchell's General Atlas, folio.....	10 00....	8
21. Student's Set of Phren'l Works.....	10 00....	7
22. Universal Clothes Wringer.....	9 00....	7
23. "Bruen Cloth Plate," for Machines.....	10 00....	6

Names of Articles.	Cash Value.	No. Sub's. at \$2 ea.
24. Stereoscope, Rosewood, 12 fine views.....	7 00....	6
25. New Physiognomy, Illustrated.....	5 00....	4
26. Weaver's Works, in one vol.....	3 00....	3
27. Hand-Book—How to Write, Talk, Behave, and Do Business.....	2 25....	2
28. Life in the West, new.....	2 00....	2

Our own books may be substituted in all cases for any other premium, if preferred.

The articles enumerated are the best of their several kinds. The "Belles Lettres" set of Irving comprises "Knickerbocker," "Tales of a Traveler," "Wolfert's Roost," "Crayon Miscellany," "Bracebridge Hall," "Alhambra," "Oliver Goldsmith," "Sketch Book," all elegantly bound.

Persons wishing our own publications instead of the promiscuous choice offered, will be permitted to select for themselves from our fullest catalogues. In this connection, we would say that lists of any number of *new* subscribers exceeding ten will entitle the sender to a liberal selection from our catalogue.

As we offer premiums for *new* subscribers, it may seem an injustice to present subscribers who may intend to renew their interest, if we do not exhibit some liberality toward them; therefore we say that each present subscriber who sends us a new name with his or her own (inclosing, of course, the requisite \$6), will receive the valuable hand-book, "The Right Word in the Right Place," or the illustrated "Pope's Essay on Man," which sells for \$1. We also offer the same premium to persons who subscribe to the JOURNAL for two years in advance at the regular rate.

In the general competition for premiums, *two* old subscribers will be counted as *one* new subscriber, and the premiums awarded accordingly to parties sending us lists at the full rate.

The "Cyclopedias" offered are handsome octavo editions, and beyond peradventure rank among the most valuable works of the kind extant.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the pianos and parlor organs on our list are acknowledged among the best manufactured.

The Mason and Hamlin cabinet organ, offered as premium No. 2, is a five octave double reed instrument with four stops, having their new and very valuable improvements introduced this season, viz., "Mason & Hamlin's Improved Vox Humana," and "Monroe's Improved Reeds."

The Bruen cloth plate is a valuable contrivance for embroidering on sewing-machines. When attached to Wheeler and Wilson's, it makes the Grover & Baker stitch, a desideratum in embroidery by machine.

Who will have these premiums? They are freely offered to all, and will be promptly sent to the parties entitled to them.

Clubs may be made up of subscribers residing at one or a hundred different post-offices.

REMITTANCES should be made in post-office orders, bank checks, or drafts payable to the order of S. R. WELLS, New York.

THE LIFTING CURE.

OUR former associate, D. P. Butler, of Boston, has established this treatment, original in its conception and application with himself, in a very eligibly situated suit of rooms, No. 830 Broadway, New York, near Twelfth Street, under the management of J. W. Leavitt of this city, and Lewis G. James, a graduate of Mr. Butler's Institute in Boston.

This new health-exercise is recommended by a large number of the leading citizens of Boston and vicinity, who have personally tested its effects as an exercise, developing agency and cure. It is also highly recommended by physicians and physiologists. Among the large list of references we notice the well-known name of Hon. William Claflin, the nominee for Governor of Massachusetts, Prof. C. M. Warren, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Dr. David Thayer, and the Revs. J. A. M. Chapman, George Gannett, Edwin A. Eaton, and Frank K. Stratton, besides many of the best known business men in Boston.

It is claimed for the new system, that it is simple, but effective, and has been successfully applied to a large class of weaknesses and diseases. Its principle is, *that the curative power is inherent in the human organism*; that it is only by developing and increasing this inherent power by a proper system of exercise, etc., that health can be maintained or disease cured; that in lifting by this apparatus, man *develops his own power within*; and by the peculiar adjustment of springs, rod, and weights, and the position of the body in lifting, he is enabled, by the application of his will, to exercise harmoniously and completely, not only the external muscles, but wherever the muscular tissue extends, which is, of course, to the inmost vitals.

Thus, it is claimed, an equalization and uniform distribution of the forces of the system are secured, and these forces unvaryingly increased; giving at the same time such bodily strength that an invalid or weak person can frequently be trained in a few months to lift safely from 600 to 1,000 pounds, and attain a corresponding measure of *vital* power. The exercise tends chiefly to the production of internal or vital energy, and not, like the ordinary gymnastics, to establish muscular size and power at the expense of the vital.

It is highly recommended to business men—the sedentary and studious—doctors, lawyers, clergymen, and professional men, as fulfilling all the conditions of a health-exercise in the fullest degree, at great economy of time, and without sacrifice of personal quiet and decorum.

It is also said to be highly effective as treatment for all classes of invalids, and especially to sufferers from those weaknesses and diseases to which women are especially liable, furnishing always a palliative, and to many a complete restorative.

Our friends, of whatever occupation or condition of health, should examine the claims of

this new mode of treatment. We are assured that no harm can come of it, when practiced according to the rules established by the inventor and author.*

The New York establishment is but recently opened, and it promises to meet with a good measure of success.

A WESTERN SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

THE intelligent minds of the West are moving onward in the line of a broader civilization. There is a movement afoot for the establishment of a Social Science Association, of which Chicago will be the nucleus. Those prominent in the measure have issued a call for a public meeting, to be held in Chicago on the 10th of November. The call briefly states some of the objects of the proposed Association. A primary one of these is the collection and dissemination of information concerning the organization of a society in the Mississippi Valley. It will be under the control of no sect or party. At its annual meetings the subjects of education, public health, finance, and jurisprudence will be freely discussed; and the discussions will be published, as far as the funds of the Association will permit.

It is hoped that this organization (which is intended to be similar in character and design to the British Social Science Association) will sooner or later include the majority of able, earnest men in the West who feel a true and deep interest in the public welfare; that it will afford to such men an opportunity for the comparison of views upon all subjects of vital interest to society, and unite them in the bonds of mutual respect and confidence; that it will call public attention to the necessity which exists for a better mutual understanding and a closer union between the heterogeneous elements which compose our Western population; that it will elicit valuable practical suggestions with reference to the amelioration of existing social abuses; that it will prove of service as a guide to the many young and growing communities in the West, both in towns and in the country, by pointing out the tendencies of our national and social life, so as to enable them readily to fall in with the general advance of society; that it will thus save to the West the immense sums of money annually expended in experiments which can have no other issue but failure and disappointment; that it will make more widely known the present and prospective importance and power of the States which lie in the Mississippi Valley, and aid in their development; and that it will give to men who have no personal interest in the success of political parties as such, but who do feel a deep interest in the preservation of the national honor and integrity, an opportunity to make their influence felt for good in the councils of the nation.

All persons of whatever class or profession

* See the book entitled "The Lifting Cure," by D. P. Butler. Price \$1. May be had at this office.

who are interested in the cause of social science are invited to participate in this effort.

Among those who have already shown a zealous co-operative spirit are Robert J. Ingersoll, Edward Eggleston, John M. Palmer, Ralph Emerson, Hosmer A. Johnson, Wm. W. Evarts, F. H. Wines, R. J. Oglesby, Sharon Tyndale, gentlemen of well-known eminence.

THE ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY FOR 1869 is now ready, containing nearly fifty portraits of distinguished characters—Civilized and Savage. Among the leading subjects are the following: The True Basis of Education; Uses of Culture; How to Study Faces; an illustrated article on Physiognomy; A Convention of the Faculties; What the different Organs Say and Do; Nature's Noblemen; Eminent Clergymen of several different Denominations; Power of Example; Choice of Pursuits, or, What Can I do Best; MIRTHFULNESS, Wit, Humor, with Illustrations; Heads of Victor Cousin, Hepworth Dixon, Wilkie Collins, Rev. John Cummings, author and prophet; Blind Tom, Artemus Ward, Alexander Dumas, Mrs. Ritchie, Mr. Julian, with Phrenological Descriptions and Biographical Sketches; with Indians, Cannibals, and others. Richer in Matter and Illustration than ever before, everybody will want to read it. Only 25 cents. Address this office.

FARMING IN VIRGINIA.

BY EX-GOVERNOR HENRY A. WISE.

BETWEEN the extremes of cold in the North and heat in the South lies beautiful Virginia. It is in every respect, so far as natural resources are concerned, one of the best States in the Union.

We commend to our readers the following extracts from an address delivered by ex-Governor Wise before the "Virginia Horticultural and Pomological Society:"

"With every variety of temperature, climate, soil, production, power, minerals, navigation, game and fishery, sites for residence, sublime and beautiful scenery, and hygeian springs, there is no people of the habitable globe who can not find the choicest localities in the limits of Virginia to suit their respective tastes, habits, and pursuits, however various and opposite, better than anywhere else on earth, now to be settled and developed. These various large, rich, grand, beautiful, and healthful sections, of countless capacities and resources, still lie waiting for skill and labor to come and develop their inexhaustible treasures. They were scarcely touched by the plantation system, which, with its African slavery, has been demolished forever. It developed nothing but its own evils, and that they could be prevented in the future only by civil war and its blood and crimes. If that be done, and if that could only be done by the war, and if civil liberty be not destroyed by the victors of the war, then the war was not in vain, was not so much a

crime as might first appear to the short-sighted and the selfish; and it may more than compensate for all its blood and battles, loss and costs, if made to cease in all its effects, now that its main cause has ceased and its main result has been accomplished. If the war can only be regarded as a messenger, an ambassador, sent by God to remove the evils of African slavery from among us, and not to scourge and harass and enslave each other, then the fear of God, and charity among men, and pure and undefiled religion, and the love of peace and justice and truth, and the sense of honor and the pride of patriotism, will heal the nation. I have unshaken faith in the conviction that this was God's own war with evil to free us from negro slavery, that He will not permit it to be made the means of enslaving any portion of the white race, and that He will awfully scourge any who dares to press its consequence to extremes of oppression beyond or beside His own providential designs. If they can only be fully seen and followed, we and our children's children shall be more than compensated; we and they shall be blessed.

"The plantation system prevented, in fact repelled, a dense population; it did not encourage the mechanic arts, mining, manufacturing, ship-building, and commerce, nor, indeed, consort with them.

"The first thing to be done by our landholders is to give every encouragement and premium to our own white laborers, and our young men particularly, to turn their attention to agriculture under a system of small farming.

"The young men of the best intelligence must devote their studies to the applied science of agriculture.

"I had rather plow a field for myself than sweep and dust offices and wash spittoons for any one else; it is much more respectable, and certainly more independent. It is well, perhaps, that now young men can not run to Washington or Richmond for office, and that some of them may be forced to take to the manly and dignified pursuits of agriculture.

"We must invite and tempt the people of the densely populous portions of the United States to come to us. No more as invading armies, but to come and repair the devastations of war.

* * * "Welcome them to come and pitch their tents and household gods in our pleasant places. If they have conquered us by force of numbers in war, let us conquer them by kindness to make us strong in numbers and in the arts of peace! This would be a reconstruction worthy of a great people!

"None of the other avocations of life can prosper unless the landholders and cultivators of the soil are strengthened by every means in our power.

"The lands must be divided into alternate sections of fifty or one hundred acres, and rented or sold to 'cunning artificers' of fortune. If we can not sell or rent, we must give away parts to make the remainder worth more than the whole."

[We fully agree with the ex-Governor in his statements, and advise young men not yet decided on a life pursuit to try agriculture, as promising the best results.—Ed.]

TRUTH "CROPPING OUT."

[EXPLORERS judge a new country by its surface indications, and by a "cropping out" of rock, iron, coal, marble, etc. So the general reader is enabled to judge something of science by the terms used in general literature. This is especially the case in regard to Phrenology and Physiognomy, which "crop out" in the descriptions of all our best writers. One of our lady readers sends us the following:]

I have often heard it said that Phrenology and Physiognomy were not true; that the shape of the head had nothing to do with one's character. I am laughed at, and thought weak-minded, for placing reliance upon them. The more I reflect, the more I read, the more strongly I am convinced that the world accepts the great principles of both Phrenology and Physiognomy. There is no more convincing proof of this fact than is shown in the works of the best writers of the day; they certainly are the expounders of public opinion. I will quote a few examples from different authors. The first is a description of the character of Francis Haslop, from "Sooner or Later," a romance by Shirley Brooks. He says:

"Francis Haslop is of somewhat spare figure, tall, and graceful in manner and movement, as a man of refinement. His head, though not of the highest, or even the most powerful conformation, denotes ample and ready intelligence, and there is decision in the lower portion of the face."

From the *World* I extract a description of Baron Von Beust: "The nose and mouth are full of power; the nose straight, with just a suspicion of the *retroussé*; the nostrils extraordinarily full, well cut, and sensitive; the mouth clearly chiseled, with thin, firmly-set lips, and a lurking light of satire about the fine lines which mark its junction with the thin, pale, yet not the least unwholesome-looking cheeks. The ear is large, well shaped, well placed; the back-head full; the throat, round and well proportioned, rises lightly from the ample shoulders of the stalwart bust."

Geoffrey Hennlyn is thus portrayed by a well-known writer:

"He was a somewhat short though powerful man, in age about forty, very dark in complexion, with black whiskers growing half over his chin. His nose was hooked, his eyes black and piercing, and his lips thin. His face was tattered like an old sailor's, and every careless, unstudied motion of his body was as wild and reckless as it could be. There was something about his *tout ensemble*, in short, that would have made an Australian policeman swear to him, as a convict, without the least hesitation. There were redeeming points in the man's face, too. There was plenty of determination, for instance, in that lower jaw."

Let me give a sketch of another character from the same work in which the last quoted occurs: "Any man, or woman, on seeing him, would have exclaimed immediately, What a



ISABELLA II., LATE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

handsome fellow! and with justice; for if perfectly regular features, splendid red and brown complexion, faultless teeth, and the finest head of curling black hair I ever saw would make him handsome, handsome he was, without doubt. And yet the more you looked at him, the less you liked him, and the more inclined you felt to pick a quarrel with him. The forehead was both low and narrow, sloping a great way back, while the lower part of the skull lay low down behind the ears."

Here is a description of Schiller, by Carlyle: "The lips were curved together in a line, expressing delicate and honest susceptibility; a silent enthusiasm; impetuosity not unchecked by melancholy gleamed in his softly kindled eyes and pale cheeks, and the brow was high and thoughtful."

Read also Motley's sketch of John of Olden-Barneveld: "He was a man of noble and imposing presence, with thick hair, brushed from a broad forehead, rising dome-like over a square and massive face; a strong, deeply colored physiognomy, with shaggy brow; a chill blue eye, not winning, but commanding; high cheek-bones; a solid, somewhat scornful, nose; a firm mouth and chin enveloped in a copious brown beard; the whole head not unfitly framed in the stiff, formal ruff of the period, and the tall, stately figure well draped in the magisterial robes of velvet and sable."

From Baker's "Nile" I copy this: "The Bari tribes and those of Follagi and Ellyria have generally bullet-shaped heads, low foreheads, skulls heavy behind the ears and above the nape of the neck; altogether, their aspect is brutal. Never saw a more atrocious countenance than that exhibited in this man. A mixed breed between a Turk and Arab, he had the good features and bad qualities of either race: the fine, sharp, and high-arched nose and large nostrils; the pointed and fighting chin; rather high-cheeked bones, and prominent brow overhanging a pair of immense black eyes, full of expression of all evil."

THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN.

BUCKLE, the author of a "History of Civilization," lately published, was hardly right in saying—"Spain sleeps on, untroubled, unheeded, impassive, receiving no impressions from the rest of the world, and making no impressions upon it," for there has been within a month or two a tremendous outburst of popular sentiment in active rebellion. The queen has been forced to take refuge in France; and so general is the revolutionary feeling, that even Isabella's prime minister and the greater portion of the royal forces have espoused the rebel cause. So thoroughly and briefly has the overthrow of the family regnant been accomplished, that a provisional government inaugurated by the insurgent leaders is already in operation. A New York daily thus comments on the affair:

"As it may now be regarded as certain that Queen Isabella and her children will be excluded from the throne of Spain, we have in her expulsion another example of that retributive justice which has followed, for the last eighty years, the race to which she belongs. The question of who is to be her successor being yet unsettled, it would be premature to say at present that she will be the last reigning Bourbon sovereign."

The Atlantic telegraph reports that the revolutionists, through the provisional government, are considering the subject of the royal succession, the heir apparent—the Prince of Asturias—being generally disfavored.

In our January number we gave a brief sketch of the profligate queen, and we are not surprised that her excesses and mal-administration finally roused to active opposition her apathetic subjects. It is thought that this upheaval will effect an entire change in the government of Spain. We trust that it will be for the better; that this old nationality will shake off the fetters of absolutism and religious intolerance which have so long oppressed her people and obstructed all progress, and rise to the dignity of a power in Europe. The Spanish territory is large, and its undeveloped resources immense; under a judicious policy there is no reason why Spain should not soon attain to a creditable position among the nations of the earth.

MERITORIOUS.

THERE is in New York city an organized effort, on the part of a few humane spirits, to aid needy women in procuring honorable and compensating employment. It is known by the title of "The Working-Woman's Protective Union." This "Union" is worthy of notice by us because it is *genuine* and trustworthy, and not like many other so-called "protective unions" or "employment agencies," swindles upon the community.

The ladies managing the business of this movement are earnest and energetic, and deserve the sympathy and encouragement of those who have occasion to employ female la-

bor, especially that of a skilled character. Reliance can be placed on their representations; and what is of especial importance, the utmost fairness is insisted on in determining the value of services, it being the object of the "Union" to properly consider the interests of an employer as well as to improve the condition of those seeking situations. A neatly printed pamphlet lies before us, containing the fifth annual report of the workings of this society. It is interesting in its details because of the inside view afforded of the condition of the working-classes in the metropolis, and also because of the numerous incidents related in which the peculiar working of this movement is displayed. From it we take the liberty to transfer the following paragraphs, which set forth succinctly and impressively the plan and object of the organization.

"This Association is organized for the common benefit of all those women who obtain a livelihood by employment not connected with household services; and seeks that benefit: "First. By securing legal protection from frauds and impositions, free of expense.

"Second. By appeals, respectfully but urgently made to employers, for wages proportioned to the cost of living and for such shortening of the hours of labor as is due to health and the requirements of household affairs.

"Third. By seeking new and appropriate spheres of labor in departments not now occupied by them.

"Fourth. By sustaining a Registry system, through which those out of work may be assisted in finding employment.

"Fifth. By appeals to the community at large for that sympathy and support which is due to the otherwise defenseless condition of working-women."

"The Association consists of such persons, and the President of such Societies, as contribute twenty-five dollars or more annually to its support."

"Though supported entirely by private contributions, it is in no sense a charity. A very large number of those for whose benefit it is maintained were, before the war, surrounded by all the comforts of life. They do not ask or desire charity. They only ask encouragement and assistance in obtaining employment during their first battle with the world."

The office of this philanthropic movement is at 44 Franklin Street, New York. Communications should be addressed or applications made to "The Working-Woman's Protective Union" at that place.

A GOLDEN THOUGHT.—I never found heartless pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind. Of all the trees, I observe that God has chosen the vine, a low plant that creeps along the wall; of all the beasts the patient lamb; of all the fowls, the patient dove. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar, nor in the spreading palm, but in a bush—as if he would by these selections check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing produces love like humility; nothing hate, like pride.

BUSINESS vs. CHARITY.

"BUSINESS is business, and nothing should interfere with it," was chief among the business principles of a certain enterprising man. Consequently he would take nothing off the price of an advertisement on the score of friendship or benevolence, or any other of the ten thousand petty excuses made to "nip the printer." A gentleman once called upon him with an advertisement of a benefit for a poor widow with several helpless children. "How much for the advertisement, under the circumstances?" said he. "Just what it comes to," said Mr. S.; "business is business, sir; charity is another question." "But to a poor widow, sir! every dollar saved is a matter of serious moment to her family." "Business is business, I repeat, sir. What I choose to give in charity is my own private affair,—my business has nothing to do with it! Not a cent, sir." The gentleman paid the bill very reluctantly, amounting to, perhaps, two dollars, and was going out of the office reflecting rather severely in his own mind upon the parsimony of Mr. S., when the latter stopped him. "Do you know this widow? Is she honest and deserving?" "She is, sir." Mr. S. slipped a ten-dollar bill in the gentleman's hand, and turning on his heel walked away, saying "Business is business."

A SCHOOL-GIRL went through her calisthenic exercises at home for the amusement of the children. A youthful visitor, with interest and pity on his countenance, asked her brother "if that gal had fits?" "No," replied the lad, contemptuously, "that's gymnastics." "Oh, 'tis, hey?" said verdant; "how long has she had 'em?"

ADDITIONAL PREMIUMS.

As many of our readers reside in the West, where game is plentiful, we think it not amiss to offer those who are fond of hunting, some opportunities to enlarge their stock of sporting *matériel*, and at the same time extend our circulation. The rifles and shot-guns enumerated are accounted among the best in the market.

Name.	Cash Value.	No. Sub's at \$2 ea.
Henry or Winchester Repeating Rifle	\$50	42
Double-barreled Shot-gun, breech loader.	55	44
An Allen or a Wesson Rifle, breech loading	30	96
Double-barreled Shot-gun, English Twist and patent breech.	30	26
The "Thunderbolt" Breech-loading Rifle.	28	20
The "Gazelle" Breech-loading Shot-gun.	28	20
Revolv'g Pistol, Smith & Wesson's, 6 shots	20	16
Single-barreled Shot-gun, good quality	12	10

These premiums apply to both old and new subscribers, to be sent in before the 1st of January next, for 1869. Here is a chance to obtain a first-rate gun at a very small cost. Young man, will you have one?

"EXTRA MATERIALISM."—From the article by Chas. E. Townsend, with this caption, which appeared in our October number, the following paragraph was inadvertently omitted. Its place is properly next after the sentence commencing with, "All such dogmatic attempts are simply audacious," etc.

An original primal cause (which must exist) of all the

operations in nature, can not be a *simple* material cause, as heat, for that must have a cause back of it, thus necessitating a *compound* primal cause, which can only emanate from the impressment, or force, of a *Gigantic Will*; just as the essentially compound will-force of finite man alone accomplishes, through electric action upon muscles, all his acts; so may electricity, or some other more ethereal power, or cause (yet unknown to us), emanate from that Gigantic Will-Force, to the production of all that exists. If finite man, by will-force, only (which all must admit), is capable of gigantic material performances, what may not be the power emanating from the Infinite Will-Force? The adequacy, thus, for all that exists, is described in the incomparable advance of the Infinite over mere finite known will-force operations.

DEATH.

BY FRANCES LAMARTINE KEELER.

O WELCOME messenger of love,
Sent from those holy courts above
To bid us cease on earth to rove
In misery,
And take us where the angels move
In purity,—

To me thou seemest pure and bright;
An angel clothed in purest white,
From yonder land where there's no night!
Oh! thou dost come
To bear us far beyond Time's flight,
To our long home.

Thou com'st when earthly dreams are fled,
When shafts of grief in the heart are sped;
Thou call'st the soul, and we are dead—
Free from earth's woe—
To live above in joy, instead
Of care below.

Thou art e'er obeyed when thou dost call
At the lowly cot or the marble hall;
Thou dost cast a shade with thy blackened pall
O'er every heart;
Thou hast the low, the lovely, *all*
Upon thy "chart."

But thou art *kind*! Thou takest us where
The angels dwell, so pure and fair,
Beyond the blue, ethereal air,
To be forgiven!
For it is *purer* than *earth* there—
That home in heaven.

ED. JOURNAL:—In the last *Church Union* I find a piece headed "Phrenology Exposed," from a would-be critic who signs himself "Nyack." He has just made a wonderful discovery, viz., that the great founders of Phrenology, Gall and Spurzheim—the only sensible expositors of the operation of the human mind—were crazy. He is rather late in finding it out. So according to his say-so, all of the bright intellects who have adopted Phrenology as a science—and there is a host of them—among whom we may name George Combe, Andrew Combe, Dr. Caldwell, Rev. John Pierpont, Henry Ward Beecher, yourself and associates included, and thousands of others throughout the world, have been duped, regularly humbugged, by Gall and Spurzheim. Isn't this a discovery? This author should certainly have a leather medal awarded him by the friends of humanity for making this discovery.

This, however, is always the cry with persons who are on the weak side. For want of argument, they raise the cry of "crazy," thinking this will demolish their opponents. This is an old trick, and one which is "played out." Every man who has ever discovered anything of importance to the world has been pronounced crazy by such writers as "Nyack."

Although he is not a believer in Phrenology, I have no doubt that he is a firm believer in patent medicines, such as "Jew David's Hebrew Plaster," "Madame Zadoc's Balsam," "Sarsaparilla," and others of the same sort.

I hope that "Nyack" may yet see the "error of his way," and come out on the side of Truth. JUSTICE.

"What They Say."

Here we give space for readers to express, briefly, their views on various topics not provided for in other departments. Statements and opinions—not discussions—will be in order. Be brief.

HOW SMALL EXPENDITURES COUNT.—Five cents each morning. A mere trifle. Thirty-five cents per week. Not much, yet it would buy coffee or sugar for a whole family. \$18 25 each year. And this amount invested in a savings-bank at the end of each year, and the interest thereon at six per cent. computed annually, would, in twenty years, amount to more than \$670. Enough to buy a good farm in the West.

Five cents before each breakfast, dinner, and supper; you'd scarcely miss it, yet 'tis fifteen cents a day; \$1 05 per week. Enough to buy wife or daughter a dress. \$34 60 a year. Enough to buy a small library of books. Invest this as before, and in twenty years you would have over \$2,000. Quite enough to buy a good house and lot, and furnish them well.

Ten cents each morning; hardly worth a second thought; yet with it you can buy a paper of pins or a spool of thread. Seventy cents per week; 'twould buy several yards of muslin. \$36 50 in one year. With it you could get a suit of good clothes. Deposit this amount as before, and you would have \$1,340 in twenty years; quite a snug little fortune.

Ten cents before each breakfast, dinner, and supper—thirty cents a day. It would buy a good book for the children. \$2 10 per week; enough to pay for a year's subscription to a good newspaper. \$109 20 per year. With it you could buy a good melodeon, on which your wife or daughter could produce sweet music to pleasantly while the evening hours away. And this amount invested as before, would, in forty years, produce the desirable fortune of \$12,900.

Boys, learn a lesson. If you would be a happy youth, lead a sober life, and be a wealthy and influential man, instead of squandering your extra change, invest it in a library or a savings-bank.

If you would be a miserable youth, lead a drunken life, abuse your children, grieve your wife, be a wretched and despicable being while you live, and finally go down to a dishonored grave, take your extra change and invest it in a drinking saloon, or in tobacco.

WEST LODI, OHIO.

A SOLDIER ON THE A. P. J.—I have just received the August number of the JOURNAL. It is, like all the rest, a very good number. I will not praise the A. P. J., for that would be presumption in me, and entirely superfluous and unnecessary. The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is always able to speak for itself to the heads and hearts of all those who read it. I will say though, without hesitation, that it is a very cheap publication, and should be subscribed for by every man and woman in the land who can afford to pay for it and who is capable of appreciating it.

I found, from some observations which I made in Cheyenne and Laramie cities, and other places along the line of the Union Pacific Railroad, that the people composing the population of those ephemeral little cities are very unsteady in their habits and wild with excitement. They are all too eager to make a fortune in a day. They will build up houses to-day

and pull them down to-morrow, and move off to some new place. And they will buy houses and lots to-day and sell them all off to-morrow to the highest bidder, because they are afraid their value will decrease before the next day dawns on them.

Robbery, murder, and hanging are common occurrences along the line of this big railroad. The selfish and animal propensities prevail here nearly altogether. The moral and reflective faculties are suffered to lie dormant, and will not be exercised. I am afraid, for some time to come yet. The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL should be read by the people out here, as it is a splendid moderator, and calculated more than any other publication I know of to check and keep in subjection the baser passions, while it encourages the cultivation and practice of the higher and nobler attributes of man's nature.

CHARLES WILSON.
FORT SEDGWICK, COL. TERRITORY.

THE London Baptist Messenger, a first-class weekly, published in the English metropolis, says of the AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL:

"This most admirable journal is conducted in a thorough Christian spirit, and is replete with articles bearing on the intellectual, moral, social, and religious interests of mankind. It has only to be known in this country to have a large English circulation. It is well edited and printed, and illustrated with numerous engravings. A recent number has a portrait, and extensive critique on the characteristics of one of our London Baptist ministers, Dr. Burns, of Paddington. Revs. Thomas Binney, Newman Hall, among the preachers, and Mr. Gladstone and John Bright, with others of our celebrated politicians, have been phrenographed in this first-class publication."

The Providence Press says:

"The PHRENOLOGICAL is one of the most instructive magazines in the country, and deserves a circulation even larger than that which it enjoys."

The *Pajaronian*, a newspaper published in Watsonville, a town among the golden rocks of California, has heard of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, and very probably has seen it, for we find in the edition of July 16 the following criticism:

"One of the best publications in this or any other country is the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED, published in New York. Portraits and biographies of eminent men and women are given in each number, and the communications and editorials are of the most talented order. This magazine contains everything best calculated to advance the human family, physically as well as mentally. Every person should take this excellent journal."

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Wyoming in the following categorical style:

"Is the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL an irreligious paper? To this question I would make answer by stating my experience after one year's intimate acquaintance with it. In the course of a conversation with a minister, he asked me to subscribe for a religious paper. I declined. He then insisted upon my giving my reasons, since I was a member of an orthodox church, in good standing, etc. The reason I gave him was substantially this: It seems very unpleasant to me to find in a paper established principally for the benefit of the soul, advertisements of the many poisonous nostrums and kindred deceptions which

destroy the health of many and mislead others, only to benefit a few swindlers. The revenue derived from these advertisements helps to sustain the paper. This is the only palliation editors have to offer besides the weak assertion that they do not recommend them. What papers had I subscribed for? I named the A. P. J., *Beauty of Holiness*, our Church's paper, and others. "But," said the minister, "the A. P. J. is not what you think it is, and should be read with care." Here he was not altogether right, for I was alive to everything opposing religious principles, and I read very cautiously, carefully, and attentively. I found it takes up leading characters, both of Europe and America, giving portraits and brief histories, analyzing and pointing out defects of disposition and their remedy; indicating, also, merit and its attainment according to the rules of Phrenology, thereby giving to the young a view of a path well marked to the higher walks of a useful and virtuous life. Besides, it boldly exposes and censures social evils and literary impurity."

HORTICULTURE IN CITIES.—A nurseryman of Bloomington, Illinois, gives his views on this subject in the following laconic style.

But "Horticulture in cities!" Yes—the first thing toward a garden is a dig at the thorns and thistles. Cities want life—every house a universal epitome of honest life—a great, throbbing, genial, sympathetic world in miniature, with horticultural tastes and efforts, living growths, bright flowers and fruits, linking them anew and forever to the great sources of life above and beneath—God's plant-life and sunshine and setting free innumerable waiting, fashion-enraptured hands and brains, making them all alive to the glad music of fruit and flower production. Now, cities or wealthy residents often lose the better part of all things rare and beautiful, the effort needful to produce them; as to do is better than to admire or enjoy what is done. To do, is to lead, to rise above; merely to admire, is to gape like young robins, and without the bold parent, perish. True wealth and refinement can not stop short of superior, steadily increasing vital force, life-giving and life-enriching power, mastery of every situation. Mere wealth consumption or hoarding is more cruel than the grave, which devours only the dead; the society that gapes after and supports it is more foolish than the suicide who takes only his own life, while society entails its vices and follies, living deaths, upon innocent posterity. Right action, removing nuisances, destroying evil, precedes, is strength, wealth, equal for all. Nothing so easy, would we only work at it.

Cities now gaping, running after these wealth and life destroyers, practically rob millions of fruits and flowers, of all knowledge of plant-life, refusing other rural millions their meed of reciprocal thought and effort. There is no true life without health and knowledge, brain and muscle food, growth and fruit, all of which are inseparable from honest plant-life, love and culture. Cities with their wealth and leisure have best opportunities—but do they furnish noblest scholars and inventors, not only in the mechanic arts, but in all right vegetable and animal culture? The curriculum is to be mastered if we want good fruit; and so with innumerable country and city pests—our life or theirs. We must have experiment, knowledge, and discipline in all things useful, leaving the tomfoolery to apes and fashionables. Millions for all goodness, beauty, and utility—not one cent for folly and sham!

Cities need gardens, with earth culture a science and art in every house. With a will comes a way. Glass roofs would make a fit orchard or green-house of every city attic. Our repulsive city walls, too—with an invention to consume all smoke—might be vine and flower clad beyond the fairest: dream of Eden. Whatever area will comfortably house any given population will thus supply ample food; climate will be defied, and Gardening the first shall be the last and most important avocation. In the mean time, better lighted rooms, vases, and hanging baskets, flower windows and balconies, with parks, fairs, and farmers' clubs, will furnish considerable scope—until most blessed inventors shall give us malleable and infrangible glass and good smoke burners.

[The above was written expressly for the A. P. J.]

Literary Notices.

[All works noticed in THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL may be ordered from this office, at prices annexed.]

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SIXTH NATIONAL TEMPERANCE CONVENTION, held at Cleveland, Ohio, July 29th and 30th, 1868. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. Price, 25 cents.

Proceedings of Conventions nowadays, though gotten up and offered to the reading public in all the glory and attractiveness of printer's ink, are not eagerly sought after and closely read. No; the frequency of Conventions has served to dull the public appetite so much that even the proceedings of important assemblies are disregarded. There is usually so much "talk" and so little action on these occasions, that the want of interest shown by people at large can not be a subject for surprise.

In the Convention which the pamphlet under review details, we find much matter for national consideration. Every true lover of progress and reform must appreciate the efforts of Temperance men—they who battle with the bitterest and strongest foe to civilization—and must read with a deep gratification the experiences and suggestions of those who are leaders and patriarchs in the Temperance cause.

At this Convention, those well-known pioneers, Dr. Charles Jewett, Rev. J. B. Dunn, Hon. Neal Dow, W. E. Dodge, were present, and their remarks as embraced in the collection are exceedingly interesting as well as instructive. Dr. Jewett's addresses abound with anecdote and humor, and General Dow's are practical, pithy, and convincing.

Not the least interesting portion of the Proceedings is the "Question Drawer," in which various questions relating to the medical peculiarities and social and political relations of alcohol are discussed. One of these we quote.

"Question. Is it true, as asserted by some of our medical men and advocates of moderate drinking, that the presence of alcohol in the human body prevents the waste of tissues?"

"Answer by Dr. Jewett: 'Prevents the waste of tissues!' It does, to a certain extent. It stupefies the fellow so that he can not use his muscles or brain. Wherever you develop power, you waste tissue; if you develop thought, you waste brain. When a fellow is dead drunk, he saves his tissues. Toads have lived in rocks one hundred years; but who wants to live a toad's life for the sake of saving his tis-

sues? I don't want to save my tissues. I want to go to my table every day, and have it well spread with substantial food, and incorporate the vegetable compounds and make them a part of Jewett; and then I want to use up the energy in advancing the glory of God and promoting the good of mankind. This idea of saving tissues is all a humbug."

An appendix to the pamphlet contains several well-written essays, which were prepared expressly for the National Temperance Convention. We give the subjects: "The Evil and the Remedy," by Hon. Woodbury Davis; "The Temperance Work among our Children," by Rev. Alfred Taylor; "Native Wines," by Rev. Wm. M. Thayer; "The Sabbath Question," by Rev. Philip Schaff, D.D.; "The Working Temperance Church," by Rev. T. L. Cuyler; "Open and Close Organizations," by Hon. Wm. E. Dodge; "The Ballot for Temperance," by Rev. James B. Dunn; "Temperance Literature," by J. R. Sypher; "A Plea for a National Temperance Temperance Party," by Rev. John Russell.

This pamphlet possesses a literary character of no mean grade, and should be disseminated and read universally.

THE SABBATH OF LIFE. By Richard D. Addington. New York: Published for the Author by the American News Company. 12mo, cloth, \$1 50.

This production, according to the author's own acknowledgment, "gives, in a series of Homilies (so called), an account of his Christian experience in the higher stages of the divine life." It is dedicated "to the professing believers in the sects, and to the indifferent of the outside world." The following passage is probably one of the most vigorous, and in keeping with the general run of the book:

"My Christianity can be boiled down to a few words. If the ungodly would only believe. My Christianity is hard to come down to, after listening to the man-worship of the sects. My Christianity once acquired, brings contentment in this life, independence of organizations, freedom from contributions, liberty of movements, beyond pleasing the Divine Master, and it robs Death of his sting—Rev. xx. 6. My Christianity gives me heavenly wisdom, power, and order, through the Holy Ghost, in unison with my conquered will. All my actions and all my words are no longer my own, from the divine nature having full control over me."

The book is unique, in many respects decidedly odd, but is evidently the result of earnest thinking. Besides the lucubrations of the author, it contains selections from many old religious writers—A Kempis, Fenelon, Madame Guyon, Milton, and also from sectarian rituals, and rules of order and discipline. These selections are to us the interesting features of the work.

SMOKING AND DRINKING. By James Parton. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cloth, \$1; paper, 50 cents.

This book is in every way a practical one, and discusses the subjects mentioned in its title with practical fairness. The first chapter or part is headed, "Does it Pay to Smoke? by an Old Smoker," and is written with that emphatic candor which distinguishes Mr. Parton's writings generally. The next chapter commences with this inquiry, "Will the Coming Man Drink Wine?" and in its progress, with the aid of physiology, logic, and illustrative facts, develops the enervating and pernicious influences of alcohol on the human organization. In the next article, "Inebriate Asylums, and a Visit to One,"

the subject of alcohol is further and graphically treated, the reader being brought face to face with the results of intemperance, and made to appreciate the *argumentum ad hominem* in its direct application. The book is eminently adapted to reach a class of smokers and drinkers which the ordinary agencies of Temperance reform fail to reach, and may, by its logic, humor, and invulnerable testimony, accomplish great good. We sell it.

PLYMOUTH PULPIT—a weekly publication of Sermons preached by Henry Ward Beecher. Terms, \$2 50 a year. J. B. Ford & Co., publishers.

No. 1 is an octavo pamphlet, with one sermon, of twelve pages; and eight pages of advertisements. By this we infer that but one of Mr. Beecher's sermons per week will be given, and that the one preached each Sabbath morning. Why not include the very interesting evening discourses, and also the week-day evening lectures, and the prayers? Make the price \$3 a year, or 10 cents single, and serve up in *Plymouth Pulpit* the whole. When pretending to squeeze the lemon, why not squeeze it, and save all the juice?

THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE ALMANAC for 1869. Compiled by J. N. Stearns. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. Price, 10 cents.

This neat little pamphlet of sixty-four pages contains, besides the usual requisites of an almanac, many details of importance to those interested in Temperance reform.

Among these we may instance General Statistics of Temperance, Lists of Societies, with Post-office Address of their Chief Officers, a Full Directory of all the Temperance Organizations of New York and Brooklyn, Temperance Papers and Publications; besides several anecdotes and stories. The Almanac is illustrated with some neat and appropriate engravings.

THE PAST AND FUTURE OF OUR PLANET; or, Lectures on Geology. By William Denton. Boston: William Denton.

For those who have a mind scientifically disposed, this volume will prove interesting. Mr. Denton has presented in a pleasant style, and with a compendious succinctness, the leading facts of geology and natural history as related to the history of the moving ball which we inhabit. Six lectures constitute the volume.

Lecture I. considers the External Appearance and the Internal Structure of the Earth, the importance of a knowledge of Geology to the farmer, miner, and philosopher. How the Earth's Crust was formed, its Chemical Composition, the Nature of Volcanoes, Earthquakes, and Hot Springs.

In Lecture II. we have a presentation of the Earlier Geological Periods, and a description of the Fossil Remains sprinkled through the different strata.

Lecture III. takes up the Carboniferous Age, and treats of the formation of coal, and of the first mammals.

Lecture IV. covers a large extent of scientific research. Metamorphic Rocks, Age of Reptiles, Plants, Cretaceous Formations, Insects, Mastodons, are among the subjects considered.

Lecture V. introduces the Glacial Period, and the characteristics of the Ice Movement, the Remains of Man as found in connection with those of extinct animals; the "Stone-men," Water Formations, and the Effect of the Ocean on the Coasts of the United States, Scotland, and England.

Lecture VI. comprehends some remarks

on the Future of the Earth, the Probability of its Long Endurance, and continued Improvement in all Physical Aspects, the Agency of Man in Promoting Improvement, Man the Noblest Being that will ever live on this planet.

The author avoids the use of dry technicalities as much as he can conveniently, and evidently has intended his book for readers of all classes.

THREE VOICES. By Warren Sumner Barlow. Boston: William White & Company. New York: *Banner of Light* Branch Office.

The "Three Voices" are treated under the several heads, of the "Voice of Superstition," the "Voice of Nature," the "Voice of a Pebble." The "Voice of a Pebble" is the best part by far, but covers little more than a dozen pages. The volume has a religious character, but it would not altogether suit the views of a Lutheran or a Calvinist, as the sentiments are more in keeping with the gospel of modern Spiritualism than adapted to the standard of orthodox religionists.

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. On the basis of the latest edition of the German Conversations Lexicon. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

We have received Part 132, which closes this valuable compilation. The work, taken as a whole, comprises upward of 27,000 distinct articles, each clearly and comprehensively treated of; so that the general reader may secure by a reference to it a good knowledge of what he may desire some information on. Its literary merit is high, owing to the first-class talent of its many contributors and the undoubted ability of its editors. Price of the work in ten volumes, octavo, cloth, \$45; in sheep, \$50. Persons desiring it may purchase through this office.

DRAWING WITHOUT A MASTER. The Cavé Method for Learning to Draw from Memory. By Madame Marie Elizabeth Cavé. Translated from the Fourth Paris Edition. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. Cloth, \$1.

This little book contains more practical common sense on the subject of drawing, sketching, etc., than any of the elaborate treatises on a similar topic which we have examined. It shows fairly how one can instruct himself and become skillful in the use of the crayon or the pencil. The old notion, that professional guidance is indispensable to progress in artistic study, is fairly met and completely refuted. The volume is a creditable translation, and should sell readily. The French press is very laudatory of the method, and it has been favorably received in artistic circles.

TODD'S COUNTRY HOMES, and How to Save Money to Buy a Home; How to Build Neat and Cheap Cottages, and How to Gain an Independent Fortune before old age comes on, etc. By Sereno Edwards Todd, of the New York Times, author of "Todd's Young Farmer's Manual," etc. 12mo, cloth, \$1 50.

Every young man of any spirit or energy looks ambitiously forward to the time when he shall be an independent house-owner; when he can eat and sleep under a roof which he shall call his own. Appreciating this yearning of the young American heart, for doubtless he has experienced the feeling himself, Mr. Todd writes a book full of practical truth and suggestion, and puts it before the public. He essays to answer the questions embodied in the title above set forth, in a plain common-sense manner, and, withal, in the positive

style of one who may be said "to have been there and studied the ground." The volume is well worthy a place on every young man's book-shelf, as its personal and occasional reference will furnish hints whose application in their daily employment may prove of incalculable value.

To the young farmer the book is of special value for its agricultural and horticultural suggestions. A lengthy description of the lands of southern New Jersey and a general Business Directory are incorporated with the volume.

NEW YORK MEDICAL JOURNAL. A Monthly Record of Medicine and Collateral Sciences. Vol. VII. 1868. Edited by Wm. A. Hammond, M.D., and E. S. Dunster, M.D., and published at \$5 a year, by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Comparisons are—what do you call them? and we shall not commit the offense of comparing *this* medical journal with any other; but it is large enough, and costs enough, to be the best in America. Its editors are young, ambitious, spirited, and are evidently aiming to secure reputation by making a first-class journal. They have recently secured for their publishers the opulent Appletons, who go through with what they begin. We see only the best success for the future of this Journal.

BEPPLO, THE CONSCRIPT. By T. A. Trollope, author of "Gemma," "Tuscany in 1849," "A Decade of Italian Women," etc. Cloth, \$1 75; paper, \$1 50. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The brothers Trollope are fertile authors. Of the two, T. A. seems to us the more imaginative and winning as a descriptive writer. His novels abound in exquisite portrayments of scenery and people. Especially is this true of his Italian tales. In "Beppo," the "avarice, the pride, the love, the industry, and the superstition of the Contadini of the Romagna; a household of prosperous rustics, their ways and traits; and the subtle and prevailing agency of priestcraft in its secret opposition to the new and liberal government—are all exhibited with a quiet zest and graphic fidelity." Mr. Trollope shows that fidelity to nature which only a personal knowledge, obtained by intimate association with the subjects described, can evince.

PLAIN THOUGHTS ON THE ART OF LIVING; designed for Young Men and Women. By Washington Gladden. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cloth. Price, \$1 50.

These "Thoughts" deserve a careful reading by the young people—"the rising generation"—of the day. Originally delivered in the form of lectures, they have been published in the columns of a leading New England paper, and now come before us in the collated and convenient shape which their merits deserve, a neat volume.

The heads under which the "Thoughts" are arranged are, The Messenger Without a Message, Work for Women, Drees, Manners, Conversation, Habits, Health and Physical Culture, Mind Culture, Success, Stealing as a Fine Art, Companionship and Society, Amusement, Respectability and Self-Respect, Marriage, The Conclusion of the Whole Matter.

ROUTLEDGE'S ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY OF MAN, in all countries of the world. We have lately received Part XVI. of this exceedingly fine work. The greater part of this installment is taken up by an interesting chapter on the Abyssinians, while the remainder is devoted to the Nubians, Hamran Arabs, Bedouins, Hawsaniyehs, and Madagascar. London and New York: published by George Routledge & Sons.

SLOAN'S ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW AND BUILDERS' JOURNAL. An Illustrated Monthly. Conducted by Samuel Sloan, Architect. Office, 152 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

This promised monthly will fill a niche in the periodical literature of America. In a country of such grand activities as ours, there is scarcely a field more extensive than that of construction. Towns and cities rise everywhere with almost magical rapidity, developing, not unfrequently, unusual or new phases in engineering and architecture. Every American in his instinctive sense of independence, from early childhood looks forward to the possession of a home, and is therefore deeply interested in the science and art of building. This natural interest in architecture should be properly nourished and educated, and for that end the new "Architectural Review and Builders' Journal" is designed. Its conductor is a gentleman of experience and literary tastes. May it prove an important instrumentality in the education of the popular taste, and in adorning the settlements of civilization.

THE POET SOLDIER. A Memoir of the Worth, Talent, and Patriotism of Joseph Kent Gibbons, who fell in the service of his country during the great Rebellion. By P. L. Buell, with an Introduction by Nelson Sizer. New York: 1868. S. R. Wells, Publisher. Price, post-paid, cloth gilt, 75 cents; paper, 37 cents.

The dedication of this work will give a good idea of its aim and the spirit of its contents, viz.: "To the Rank and File of the Union Army, who bore the brunt of every battle, rendering eminent but undistinguished services, bravely suffering from wounds, or patiently enduring hunger, insult, and cruelty in loathsome rebel prisons, or wasting and dying in hospitals; thus giving their precious lives that the nation might live; this affectionate tribute to one of their number is gratefully inscribed by their friend, the author."

THE OPIUM HABIT, with Suggestions as to the Remedy. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. Cloth, pp. 335.

The author in the introduction to his work opens its purpose, and we can scarcely do better than quote a sentence or two.

"This volume has been compiled chiefly for the benefit of opium eaters. * * * The confirmed opium eater is habitually hopeless. His attempts at reformation have been repeated again and again; his failures have been as frequent as his attempts. He sees nothing before him but irremediable ruin. Under such circumstances of helpless depression, the following narratives from fellow-sufferers and fellow-victims will appeal to whatever remains of his hopeful nature, with the assurance that others who have suffered even as he has suffered, and who have struggled as he has struggled, and have failed again and again as he has failed, have at length escaped the destruction which in his own case he has regarded as inevitable."

The writer therefore appears to be actuated by a purpose both wise and benevolent in its character, and the candid way in which he carries his purpose into effect assures us that his very interesting book will bring comfort and perhaps salvation to some infatuated victim of the benumbing drug.

The contents are briefly these: Introduction; A Successful Attempt to Abandon Opium; Dr Quincey's "Confessions of an English Opium Eater;" Opium Reminiscences of Coleridge; William Blair; Opium and Alcohol Compared; Insanity and Suicide from an attempt to abandon Morphine; A Morphine Habit Overcome; Robert Hall, John Randolph, William Wilberforce; What shall they Do to be Saved? Outlines of the Opium Cure.

THE pamphlet entitled **FLORIDA: Its Climate, Soil, and Productions**, contains, in brief, information on those subjects which persons contemplating emigration to a distant region desire particularly to know. It includes a neat Map of Florida. Jacksonville, Fla.: published by L. F. Dewey & Co. Price, 50 cents.

We have lately received the seventh number of "The Workshop," published by E. Steiger, 17 North William Street. It has an illustrated article on the "Handles in Antique Vessels," and fine illustrations of Gothic Base Moldings, Cast-Iron Panels, Silver Goblet with Salver, Paneled Door, Ebony Jewelry Cabinet, etc. To mechanics of the higher class this publication must be very useful.

PHYSICIAN'S HAND-BOOK for 1869. New and improved edition, containing all the new Remedial Agents. By William Elmer, M.D. Bound in English morocco, gilt edges, pocket-book form. Many valuable improvements and new features have been introduced, and corrections made in this new edition, it having been completely re-written, and re-stereotyped throughout. Price, postage free, \$2; without printed matter, \$1 75. It is amply worth its cost, and every physician should have a copy.

EXCELSIOR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—No. 3 fulfills the promises of the first; No. 2 not received; and we are happy in the belief that it will soon secure its full share of public patronage. We notice the announcement, that the *Public Spirit* has been incorporated with the *Excelsior*. Terms, only \$2 50 a year. Olmsted and Welwood, publishers.

NEW MUSIC.—Mr. C. M. Tremaine, 481 Broadway, has just published, "You have Stolen my Heart," a ballad by C. F. Shattuck, 30 cents; "The Face that ever Wears a Smile," a ballad by H. P. Banks, 30 cents; "Logan's Gathering," a campaign song, with poetry and music by James G. Clark, 40 cents. Stirring words are in that song.

THE BELLEFONTE NATIONAL is a capital weekly newspaper, published by the Brothers Kinsloe, in Bellefonte, Pa., advertised in our present number.

The gentlemanly publishers take a lively interest in all that relates to the improvement not only of their own county and State, but of the whole country.

New Books.

Notices under this head are of selections from the late issues of the press, and rank among the more valuable for literary merit and substantial information.

INSTRUCTION BOOKS FOR STUDENTS in German: Preu's First Steps in German. 12mo. \$1 10. Witcomb and Otto's Guide to German Conversation. 18mo. 85 cents. Dictionary, German and English. James. 8vo. \$2 50.

ANCHORED. By the author of "The Climbers." 16mo, pp. 271. Cloth, \$1 15.

POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS, with Notes and Memoir by Carrie. Globe Edition. 16mo, pp. 612. Cloth, \$1 75.

COMER'S NAVIGATION SIMPLIFIED. A Manual of Instruction in Navigation as Practiced at Sea. With Tables, Explanations, and Illustrations. 8vo. \$2 75.

CAMPAIGN LIVES OF SEYMOUR AND BLAIR. By D. G. Croly. Portraits. 12mo. Paper. 80 cents.

LIBRARY OF HAPPY HOURS. Five vols. Illustrated. 18mo. Cloth. In box, \$2 25. Containing Charlotte and her Enemy. pp. 126. The Three Half-Dollars. By Anna H. Drury. pp. 119. Paul's Mountain Home. pp. 130. Harry and Phil. By L. C. Comyn. pp. 138. The Little Medicine Carrier. By the author of "Basil," etc. pp. 113.

POETICAL WORKS OF LORD BYRON. Globe Edition. 16mo, pp. viii., 685. \$2 25.

SMOKED GLASS. By R. H. Newell (Orpheus C. Kerr). Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 277. Cloth, \$1 75.

LIFE OF HORACE GREELEY. New Edition, brought down to the Present Time. Portr. and Illustr. 12mo, pp. 598. \$2 75.

THE SPIRITUAL HARP: A Collection of Vocal Music for the Choir, Congregation, and Social Circle. By J. M. Peebles and J. O. Bassett. E. H. Bailey, Musical Editor. Cloth, \$2 25.

AMERICAN HOUSES: A Variety of Original Designs for Rural Buildings. Illustrated by Twenty-six Colored Engravings, with Descriptive References. By Samuel Sloan. 8vo. \$2 85.

VALUABLE HAND-BOOKS recently published. We would call the attention of mechanics to the following *valde necesse*:

PAPER-HANGER'S COMPANION: A Treatise in which the Practical Operations of the Trade are Systematically Laid Down; with Copious Directions Preparatory to Papering; Preventives Against the Effect of Damp on Walls; the Various Cements and Pastes Adapted to the Several Purposes of the Trade; Observations and Directions for the Paneling and Ornamenting of Rooms, etc. By James Arrow-smith, author of "Analysis of Drapery." 12mo. Cloth, \$1 25.

THE BUILDER'S POCKET COMPANION: Containing the Elements of Building, Surveying, and Architecture; with Practical Rules and Instructions Connected with the subject. By A. C. Smeaton, Civil Engineer, etc. In one volume. 12mo. \$1 50.

THE TURNER'S COMPANION: Containing Instructions in Concentric, Elliptic, and Eccentric Turning; also Various Plates of Chucks, Tools, and Instruments; and Directions for Using the Eccentric Cutter, Drill, Vertical Cutter, and Circular Rest; with Patterns and Instructions for Working Them. A New Edition in one vol. 12mo. \$1 50.

PAINTER, GILDER, AND VARNISHER'S COMPANION: Containing Rules and Regulations in Everything Relating to the Arts of Painting, Gilding, Varnishing, and Glass-Staining, with numerous Useful and Valuable Receipts; Tests for the Detection of Adulterations in Oils and Colors; and a Statement of the Diseases and Accidents to which Painters, Gilders, and Varnishers are particularly liable, with the Simplest Methods of Prevention and Remedy; with Directions for Graining, Marbling, Sign Writing, and Gilding on Glass, to which are added Complete Instructions for Coach Painting and Varnishing. 12mo. \$1 50.

To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be enclosed for the return postage. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will respond in the earliest number practicable. As a rule, we receive more than double the number of questions per month for which we have space to answer them in; therefore it is better for all inquirers to enclose the requisite stamp to insure an early reply by letter, if the editor prefers such direct course. Your "Best Thoughts" solicited.

THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY opened October 7th. Candidates for the departments of Agriculture, Mining, Engineering, etc., must be sixteen years of age. For the departments of Science, Literature, and the arts in general, they must be fifteen years of age. For admission to the classical course, they will be examined in the usual English branches, and Latin and Greek. For the Scientific and Agricultural departments only, a common English education is required. The expenses of each student will be from \$200 to \$350 per year, part of which may be paid by his own labor. Further information can be had by addressing Francis M. Finch, Secretary of the Board of Trustees, Ithaca, N. Y.

MAY TWINS MARRY?—Mr. Editor: being a twin brother, would there be any objection to my marrying a lady who is a twin sister, both of us having sound health and good physical organization? My twin sister is the mother of two fine healthy children. Would such a union as I propose be likely to entail any evil on offspring?

Ans. In reply to this interrogatory it may be remarked that the production of twins or triplets is certainly not indicative of a constitutional weakness on the part of parents, and though it frequently happens that one of the twins is less robust than the other, and sometimes diminutive in body and in mind, it is by no means the rule. We think that in eight out of ten cases of twins they are each equal to the average of children of single birth; and some of the finest children we have ever seen have been twins or triplets; we think if the subject were thoroughly canvassed, it would be found that in families where there are a large number of children, there is as much talent, vital force, and stamina as in families where there are but a few; and we see no objection, therefore, in this case, or in cases generally, to a twin marrying a twin. It has been said that if twins appear in a family, some member of that family will also be honored with twins; and we believe it is generally regarded as a physiological feather in the cap of any family which shows such an exuberance of vitality as to produce twins; and we do not remember a single case in which it was not a matter of congratulation, unless attended by that popular inconvenience sometimes denominated poverty.

LADY TELEGRAPHIC OPERATORS.—There are no good facilities for learning telegraphy from a teacher—though there ought to be schools in every State. The only way to learn at present is of operators now working the lines. Many of the operators will impart the necessary knowledge for a consideration. The wages paid to experts are remunerative, and it is just the thing for

young ladies who wish to earn their own living. Apply to the nearest office, and if qualified by suitable education and a fair intellect, a little perseverance will make success certain. A country office, where business is not pressing, is the best in which to learn. Any noble-minded, gallant young gentleman, now in office, will not refuse to teach a lady.

SPELLING AND READING.—

As a child learns *how* to talk by hearing others talk, what is the best method to teach children to spell and read?

A TEACHER.

Ans. This is an important question, a proper answer to which ought to do good. One learns to talk chiefly by sound. Many a foreigner becomes an excellent writer in the English language, but who, having studied it by sight and not by sound, can hardly make himself understood orally, in respect to the most common wants of life; while a person, not a scholar, spending as much time hearing people talk and talking as a scholar would to learn the language so as to write it, would talk almost as well as a native. If, then, talking is learned by sound, so reading and speaking should be. Suppose a child knowing its letters, which it must learn by sound, were to look over the book with another child that should read a spelling lesson and pronounce the letters to the words C-A-T cat, D-O-G dog, distinctly uttered, it would be almost as effective as if the child himself were to read and pronounce the words alone; he would see the letters, hear them pronounced separately, and then hear the word pronounced. This is the way, and almost the only way, that children in schools learn. They learn more by looking over the book and hearing six or eight read than they do in reading their own word or verse in the lesson. Reading in concert, reciting multiplication tables, catechisms, lessons of any kind, will train the young to remember, as nothing else will; and we believe that four fifths of the early education comes by sound more than by sight or study. A little prattling two-year-old on its mother's knee will recite all the nursery rhymes, most of which it does not understand, and those jingling rhymes are remembered better than anything else for life. Since our language has no fixed and definite rules of pronunciation, spelling can not be learned as a matter of principle or law,—it must be learned by rote and remembered accordingly. There are, to be sure, a few rules, such as a short vowel precedes a double consonant, etc.; but there are ten times more exceptions in English spelling and pronunciation than there are rules; hence reading in concert, spelling in concert, sounding words on the ear continuously, is the way to teach reading and spelling.

PHYSICAL TRAINING.—The most condensed epitome of this subject is given in the illustrated pamphlet entitled, "Notes on Beauty, Vigor, and Development." Sent, post-paid, for 12 cents. It gives directions for the harmonious development of the entire person. It treats of peculiarities incidental to occupation; beneficial effects of exercise; walking; horse-back riding; rowing, swimming, and bathing. On the beauty of complexion; plumpness of form; rules of health, diet, breathing, sleeping, etc. It is full of practical hints, useful alike to youth and age, men and women.

IRON.—"Overman on the Manufacture of Iron" has been out of print for some time, and is now very scarce; we can send a copy by mail or express, prepaid, for \$15.

CAUTIONSNESS.—I have very large Cautiousness; so large, indeed, that the organs have the appearance of young horns, consequently am timid, irresolute, fearful; what am I to do?

Ans. One of the foundation principles of reform in this matter is that you know what the trouble is; he who knows that the terrible pain in his face is tooth-ache, does not send for a council of doctors to treat him. Supposing that the ailment is not a mortal one, he grins and bears it; but let half as much pain be felt in the breast, the side, or any other vital region, and the alarm of the patient would know no bounds. When you feel, therefore, as if you would sink from fear, remember that it is morbid and excessive Cautiousness that troubles you, and try to regard it as a chained lion that may growl but can not reach you. Try to summon your judgment, your courage, your fortitude, and in proportion as you build up those opposing qualities, your Cautiousness will act with less relative strength. Pile the weights into the other scale until you have balanced Caution. Try to keep Caution quiet. Arrange your affairs so as not to get into sharp corners and dangerous conditions. Let Caution sleep, and it will get weak.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.—So many things are involved in this subject, that in order to answer your question satisfactorily we would require much explicit data. Send your address, and we will return you a circular which will set forth the particulars we would have described.

PURE WATER vs. IMPURE.—Which is the most healthy, pure water, or that which contains dissolved various gases which are collected while filtering through the soil or rocky strata?

Ans. How many puff, blow, and advertise mineral waters of any and every degree of impurity, and induce the bedrugged invalid to swallow quantities in the vain hope of a curative remedy! Besides using the mineral water, much of which "smells very bad," he will also be put on a low diet. If he recover, of course the impure water gets the credit of it; the same as is often the case with the use of the thousand-and-one patent medicines which are manufactured to "sell," by "respectable druggists," grocers, tobaccoists, and apple-women. No. Pure water is best for all hygienic purposes. Salt water is best to pickle pork.

RIFLES.—We can send the Howard breech-loading sporting rifle—called the "Thunderbolt"—by express, for \$38; also, the new breech-loading shot-gun—the "Gazelle"—for the same price, and we consider these in many respects the best in the market.

TIMOTHY TITCOMB.—Dr. Holland's latest, and by many considered his best, work is a poem called "Kathrina," price \$1 50, which we can send by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

MORBID IMAGINATION.—I have spells of morbid imaginings; how am I to avoid these?

Ans. In the first place avoid as much as possible all morbid conditions. Let tea, coffee, tobacco, pepper, mustard, pastry, candies, have the go-by; avoid alcoholic stimulants; eat plain food that is fit for a Christian, and you might carry the matter an inch further and say that which is fit for a Jew, thus avoiding pork. Greasy food, sugar, and the like in large measure or without measure, get people into a dyspeptic, nervous condition, and they are morbid from head to foot, and if they have

imaginings they will partake of the quality of their constitution and be morbid also. The first condition toward health is a clean, healthy body; if you try this experiment, and your morbid imaginings do not leave you, let us know it, and we will then tell you something further.

LIFE AND END OF A DRUNKARD.—In "New Physiognomy," the "Two Paths of Life" are given, with illustrations, which show the beginning, middle, and end of a drunkard's life. It is, perhaps, one of the best arguments in favor of temperance ever published. Young men may profit by reading it.

ELECTRO-PLATING.—"Napier's Electro-Metallurgy," price, \$2, is the best work.

MENTAL CULTURE.—What is the next greatest thing to the study of languages to draw out and strengthen the mind?

Ans. Mathematics for some, mental philosophy for others.

NERVOUS PEOPLE.—What is the best employment for a nervous person?

Ans. That depends much on his bodily strength and talent. Farming, if one be strong enough for the performance of the work, is a good vocation for a nervous man; raising fruit and fruit-trees would be a good pursuit.

IS IT AN INSULT?—It has been said to be an insult to write a letter in pencil instead of ink, to a stranger. Is it so?

Ans. No. In itself it is nothing more than a breach of etiquette. Good manners require the use of pen and ink in such cases. It could be no insult to notify a stranger or a friend of something to his interest, even in pencil. Some correspondents have a very shabby way of communicating their desires,—using soiled or crumpled paper, blotched at that, and dirty, sloppy envelopes, and so awkwardly written that it is difficult to make out the address. But the "insult," if there be any, consists in the language rather than in the materials used. It is a real luxury to read a clean, handsomely—plainly—written letter from a kindly spirit; but an unmitigated nuisance to spend valuable time and spoil one's eyes over pale ink marks or almost obliterated pencil scratches. Our correspondents—many of them—have read our little book, "How to Write," and know how.

MYTHOLOGY.—We can send "Dwight's Grecian and Roman Mythology" for \$3; "Grecian, Roman, Scandinavian, and Mediaeval Mythology," by Thos. Bulfinch, in three vols., viz., Age of Fable, Age of Chivalry, and Legends of Charlemagne. Price, \$3 25 per vol., or the set, for \$9.

STOLEN.—Several complaints are before us that the September number failed to reach its proper destinations, and we are requested to account for the fact. One theory is this. It was known to contain sketches of the Presidential candidates, and curiosity was greater than the sense of justice in those having the handling of the JOURNAL, and stopped it, thus cheating its rightful owner out of his dues.

PHRENOLOGY AS AN AID TO THE TEACHER.—We have received a copy of an excellent address on the above subject, recently delivered before the Wisconsin Teachers' Association by T. C. Chamberlin, Principal of the Delevan High School, which we shall present to our readers in an early number of this JOURNAL.

Publisher's Department.

THE QUESTION DECIDED.—

In answer to our question as to the size and price of the JOURNAL, we have had but one opinion from all who have written, and that is in favor of keeping up its size and price. "More matter," rather than less, is the cry. So that, till further advice to the contrary, the size and the rates of subscription will be the same as now, namely \$3 per year. But we shall keep the question of "change of form"—from the present quarto to an octavo—still under advisement. Should the cost for paper, printing, engraving, etc., change materially during the year from any cause, we shall feel at liberty to adapt ourselves to the change by increasing or diminishing the quantity of matter accordingly.

WHO WILL HAVE IT?—We printed a handsome sheet prospectus of the JOURNAL—the size of two JOURNAL pages—suitable to hang up in any public place, where subscriptions for the JOURNAL may be received. We should be glad to have one of them put up in every post-office, country store, hotel, reading-room, grist-mill, blacksmith's shop, factory, toll-gate, ferry-boat, steamboat, school-house, and other public place where it may be seen. Who will put one up? Sent gratis by return post, from this office.

OUR LIBERAL PREMIUMS.—It is not expected that every reader will take it upon himself to get up a club of subscribers for this JOURNAL. Many are so situated that they can not go about and talk it up. Such prefer to inclose \$12 and have the JOURNAL sent to themselves five years, which is equivalent to forming a club and getting the JOURNAL at wholesale rates. Or if two persons prefer, they may inclose \$20, and have the JOURNAL sent to each for a period of five years.

Still another way. If one be benevolently disposed, and wishes his FRIENDS to have the reading of the JOURNAL—friends with growing families—he may order it sent to any number, making them welcome to the same. Thus, when renewing a subscription, it would be easy to include the names of several friends, and all unknown to them place the JOURNAL in families where it would do a world of good. Already this thing has been done to some extent. We simply call attention to the *modus operandi*, and leave it with all good-hearted readers.

MUSIC.—Mr. Frederick Blume, of 1125 Broadway, New York, has recently published "The Excelsior Music Book for Violin, Flute, Cornet, Clarinet, Flageolet, Fife," etc. No. 24. Price 15 cents. Also Godfrey's Waltz, "The Dream of the Ball," 40 cents; "Amelia, the Golden Secret Waltz," 30 cents; and an Irish song, entitled "Live in my Heart and Pay no Rent," by Samuel Lover, 30 cents. Sent by post on receipt of price.

JOURNAL ADVERTISERS.—It is believed that the readers of the JOURNAL are a thoughtful, considerate, energetic, enterprising, reformatory, and "go-ahead" class. They read, think, and act. Advertisers inform us that they hear more from the brief "announcements" they insert in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL than from more lengthy advertisements in other papers and magazines. The reasons are

obvious: 1st. We print with good type, on fine paper, and good ink; 2d. We print so few advertisements, that all we do print are seen and read; 3d. We insert no cheating, swindling, or deceptive schemes; no patent medicines; no lottery, "gift," or other lying "inducements," and *this* fact makes the JOURNAL so much more desirable for honest advertisers. Until we enlarged the JOURNAL, we thought seriously of excluding *all* advertisements. But now that we have so much room devoted to original reading matter, we may, with propriety, give a limited space to those who are worthy of a hearing in a business way. Our circulation is, perhaps, as widespread as that of any aerial publication in the world. Wherever the English language is spoken, this JOURNAL may be found; and in many other countries where other languages prevail, it finds its way. In short, we are aiming to reach, through this JOURNAL, the hearts of all nations, and to carry civilization and Christianity to the most remote corners of the earth. Of course we shall look after the interests of our own country and people first. But "our light will shine none the less for lighting our neighbor's."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—A correspondent sends us the following: The greatest study of mankind is man. Why not by classification seek after causation?

Take the greatest, wisest men of antiquity. Were they (1) born of city or country parents? (2) of wealthy or poor parents? (3) of noble or ignoble blood? (4) of learned, wise, or any way remarkable fathers? (5) of learned, wise, or any way remarkable mothers? (6) brought up mainly in city or country? (7) had they good academic advantages, or were they mainly self-taught? (8) were they of large, medium, or small physique? (9) of what religious faith were they? (10) wherein did each excel in the religious, intellectual, or material world? In like manner take most noted evil men—also, in like manner the most celebrated ancient women, good and evil. Then the greatest, best, and worst men and women of modern times, (1) dead, (2) living. Here, with better light and knowledge, we can doubtless arrive more closely at causes and results.

Hoping it may be undertaken, F. K. R.
[This is an interesting subject. We submit it for investigation.—Ed.]

TWO NUMBERS FREE!—To new subscribers for 1869, who remit during the present month, we offer the November and December numbers of this year gratis. This offer relates to clubs or to single subscribers.

Or, for \$1, we will send the JOURNAL to new subscribers on *trial* from July to January! Will not present subscribers make these terms known to their neighbors, and induce them to try the JOURNAL?

THE BRUEN CLOTH PLATE.—This is a new plate made for the Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine. It enables the operator to make the "double-loop," or Grover & Baker Stitch, on this machine, and for embroidery is not equaled. Every owner of a Wheeler & Wilson machine will find it indispensable. The price is \$10, but we have made arrangements with the manufacturers to give this for a club of six new subscribers to the JOURNAL at \$3 each. There is no doubt but that all of those to whom we have sent the Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine will want this.

We are enabled to offer the Wheeler & Wilson machine this season on more liberal terms even than ever before. For

twenty new subscribers for one year, at \$3 each, we will give one of their Family Machines, worth \$55. This, only \$5 more for the machine, and twenty copies of a good family magazine, than the machine alone sells for; spend a few hours a day, for a few days, in canvassing. Set up a club, secure the machine for yourself or some poor woman who is not able to procure one for herself. —

The publishers of the *School-day Visitor* have issued a fine steel plate engraving, entitled "Gen. Grant and his Family." It is to be 10 by 13 inches, and printed on heavy plate paper, 15 by 19 inches, representing the General, his oldest son, and his little daughter Nellie on horseback, while Mrs. Grant, Ulysses, and Jessie are standing by, seeing the trio off.

It is a careful study, and has been a deliberate work of art from the beginning. There is nothing hurried or slighted in any respect; the features of every member of the family are faithfully represented from photographs. We would say that the publishers commenced to work on this picture long before Gen. Grant was nominated for the Presidency, so that it is not in any respects a political or campaign picture, but something that all, without regard to politics, will be glad to possess as a national picture.

The retail price of this picture is \$3 50. We have just made arrangements with the publishers, by which we can offer the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL and the Picture to new subscribers for \$3 75, or the JOURNAL, the Picture, and the *School-day Visitor* for \$4 25. There will be great demand for it as soon as ready for delivery, which will be about the 1st of this November, and we think many of our readers will be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining it at so small an outlay. Those who are now regular subscribers may obtain it by sending us one new name with \$3 75. All orders should be addressed to this office.

A SPECIAL PREMIUM.—We offer as a special premium for a club of forty new subscribers to the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, at \$3 each, a copy of the NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA, which comprises sixteen large octavo volumes, of 800 pages each. Price, \$80, net cash.

This important work contains an inexhaustible fund of accurate and practical information on Art and Science in all their branches, including Mechanics, Mathematics, Astronomy, Philosophy, Chemistry, and Physiology; on Agriculture, Commerce, and Manufactures; on Religion, Law, Medicine, and Theology; on Biography and History, Geography and Ethnology; on Political Economy, the Trades, Inventions, and Politics; on Domestic Economy, Architecture, Statistics, the Things of Common Life, and General Literature. The work is a library in itself, opening to the student and general reader the whole field of knowledge.

We learn from many commendatory notices published in Western newspapers, that Messrs. Ely, Burnham & Bartlett, shorthand reporters of Chicago, Ill., are doing a good work in that department of intellectual progress. Their enterprise and professional skill are reaping a merited reward in the possession of an extensive and lucrative business. Interested as we have been, and are still, in developing the labor and time-saving science of shorthand, we can not but congratulate every one who makes it a success in the practical application to the business of life.

THE WALTER GRAPE, the vines of which we are now offering as premiums for clubs, is much exhibited at the farmers' clubs and fairs throughout the country, and receives the highest encomiums of fruit critics. We will send descriptive circular with terms on receipt of stamp for postage. Address this office.

Personal.

BAYARD TAYLOR, the distinguished traveler, and correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, is reported to be at Rome, seriously ill.

JAY COOK, the eminent banker, has built a beautiful church edifice for the society at Glardville, Pa.

DR. R. T. TRALL resuscitates the *Gospel of Health* with the January number. Terms, \$3 a year. Office, 97 Sixth Avenue, New York.

GEO. B. LINCOLN, Esq., late postmaster of Brooklyn, has been appointed a member of the Metropolitan Board of Health, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Jackson Shultz, Esq.

EBENEZER IRVING, an elder brother of Washington Irving, lately died at the old residence of the deceased author, Sunnyside, at the advanced age of ninety-three.

THE celebrated prima donna Adeline Patti, who by the way has recently changed her surname for that of a Parisian nobleman, has a brother fiddling for subsistence in a New Orleans ice-cream saloon.

MR. EDWARD J. MORRISON—one of our former pupils—intends to spend the autumn in Scott County, Ill., and during the winter will lecture in Morgan and Pike counties, Ill. Mr. Morrison is a clear thinker, and brings to his work an honest purpose and a laudable enthusiasm. Those wishing to bespeak his services can address him at his home, Naples, Scott Co., Ill.

General Items.

TO STUDENTS IN PHRENOLOGY.—Our Session for 1869 will open January 4th, at 899 Broadway, New York. All who contemplate taking professional instruction in Practical Phrenology should indicate their desire at once. Our aim is to open up the whole subject of theoretical and practical Phrenology, and thereby teach our pupils how to become successful teachers, lecturers, and examiners; how to promulgate Phrenology, and by examinations to apply it to the practical wants of the community. We hope to know early in December who are to be members of the class of '69, that ample accommodations may be secured. Those desiring further information will ask for a circular entitled "Professional Instruction in Practical Phrenology." Please address Box 730, New York Post-Office.

"A FOOL AT ONE END, AND A FIRE AT THE OTHER, CONSUMING BOTH."—The number of cigars sold per day on Broadway, New York, is estimated at 20,000. Of these one twentieth cost 30

cents apiece, one tenth 25 cents, one fifth 20 cents, two fifths 15 cents, and one fourth 10 cents. Thus Broadway spends upon its cigars \$3,300 per day, or \$2,060,850 per year. It is estimated that in the city of New York 75,000,000 cigars are consumed yearly, the total cost of which is \$9,750,000.

EQUAL POSTAGE.—The *United States Mail*, a paper devoted to postage matters, says: We are authorized to state, that by an act passed June 25th, 1868, "mailable matter passing between Kansas and California pays the usual rates of postage from and after the 21st of October next, repealing section 259 of postal laws," thus, of course, rescinding section 229 of regulations. The section repealed is the very annoying one of charging letter postage on all transient printed matter between the western boundary of Kansas and the eastern of California. After the time named we will have uniform rates of postage all over the United States, for transient matter as well as regular.

[Books may now be sent to all post-offices in the United States and Territories at single rates. Sensible.]

It may not be generally known to American readers that a medical college for women was established some years since at Fitzroy Square, in London, for teaching the theory and practice of midwifery to educated women. It will commence its fifth annual session October 1st. Our English cousins are not as backward in social reforms as currently reported.

ONE WAY TO GET BOOKS "GRATIS."—It may be "perfectly legitimate" for county school superintendents to "draw at sight" on book publishers for specimen copies. By this means a private library may be quickly and cheaply stocked. Here is a specimen letter. We omit, in this instance, names of persons and places.

R—, PA.
S. R. WELLS—Dear Sir: In reading the *American Educational Monthly*, I observe the notice of a few new books published by you, namely, "The Extemporaneous Speaker," "History of a Mouthful of Bread," and "The Servants of the Stemach."

These books I should be pleased to examine, should you send them to me for this purpose. It is not my province to introduce, or even recommend, text-books; but our school directors very frequently apply to me for an "opinion," and I therefore feel inclined to make the acquaintance of new books. Should you feel inclined to send them, you can either forward to my address by mail to R—, or by express to H—. Yours respectfully,
* * * Co. Supt., Co., Pa.

[We reply: It will give us pleasure to have this county superintendent examine the aforesaid books, and any other of the hundred we publish, at his convenience, and at his expense, certainly not at ours. We discountenance both begging and blackmailing. We publish books as others are supposed to do—for pleasure and profit—but not to give away to those who ought to pay for their learning.]

A LITTLE INDUCEMENT.—We know all our readers would like to possess a copy of the new *Illustrated ANNUAL of Phrenology and Physiognomy* for 1869. To induce prompt renewals, it is proposed to send gratis a copy of that work to each single JOURNAL subscriber who renews his subscription for 1869 before the 1st of December. Already quite a number of new and old names have been sent in. On receipt of \$3 during this and next month, we will send the new ANNUAL if requested so to do.

FACTS.—The following are established weights and measures in this State, the weight being avoirdupois:

Hundred weight is 100 lbs.; a ton is, by custom, 2,000 lbs.; a ton by law, 2,240 lbs.; bale of cotton, 350 lbs.; bale of wool, 240 lbs.; barrel beef or pork, 200 lbs.; barrel flour, 196 lbs.; barrel soap, 256 lbs.; barrel gunpowder, 100 lbs.; firkin of butter, 56 lbs.; gallon of honey, 12 lbs.; gallon molasses, 11 lbs.; gallon lamp oil, 7.70 lbs.; gallon rain water, 8.25 lbs.; gallon proof spirits, 7.70 lbs.; gallon alcohol, 6.96 lbs.; a barrel is $3\frac{1}{4}$ gallons; a hoghead is 63 gallons; a wine gallon measure contains 931 cubic inches; a bushel 2150.43 cubic inches.

N. B.—Although the above weights are legally established in this State, yet custom has in some cases established a different standard, and even in the absence of a contract, the customary rather than the legal standard is frequently conformed to in settlement for sales.

MORE ABOUT CHICAGO.—It is generally conceded that Chicago is a "go-ahead" town. Western men speak of its rise, growth, and expansion with pride. We of the metropolis have no jealousy, no partiality, but feel a real interest in the growth and development of our whole country. But in the West there is great rivalry among the aspirants for fame and fortune. It is amusing to observe the emphasis with which citizens of Cincinnati, Toledo, Detroit, St. Louis, and Chicago speak of their relative importance. And now, there is strife between Council Bluffs and Omaha, St. Joseph and Atchison, Dubuque, St. Paul, St. Anthony, Minneapolis, and other prospective Western cities. But here is a paragraph which shows "which way the wind blows" just at present.

Within the past twelve months, Messrs. Root and Cady, music publishers, have purchased the entire music catalogue of Ziegfeld, Girard & Co.; the entire catalogue of H. T. Merrill & Co.; the entire list of Cabinet Organ publications of Messrs. Mason & Hamlin, Boston, and recently the immense music catalogue of H. Tolman & Co., of Boston, Mass., which is the growth of thirty years of successful business in the most musical city of this country, and transferred the whole to their own house. *The engraved plates alone weigh over twenty-five tons, and represent over five thousand subjects.* This concentration of catalogues added to their already standard publication makes Root and Cady the Great Central Music Publishing House of this continent.

[Verily Chicago is rising, not only as the greatest grain mart in the world, but also in music.]

BOWLSBY'S MUSIC DEMONSTRATING BOARD.—This is an excellent contrivance for the transposition of the scales and the study of thorough-bass. It has the approval of the best musicians in the country, and is warmly recommended as a valuable assistant to all who are interested in the study of music, whether as teachers or scholars. It enables one to acquire speedily a practical and objective knowledge of that difficult feature of music, the changes of the keys. We are ready to furnish the apparatus, which is neat and ornamental, at \$1 50 each, sent to any part of the country.

A GOOD BARGAIN FOR CANADA: the buying of Nova Scotia.

A BAD BARGAIN FOR NOVA SCOTIA: selling out so cheap to Canada.

A GOOD THING FOR ALL: annexation to the United States.

If a Republican Democracy, with free schools for all, equal rights, impartial suf-

frage, a free religion, etc., be an improvement on a monarchy, why not extend it over the continent? We believe it; and while European nations are extending *their* way in the East, why not we extend ours in the West? We believe in applying the principles of Republican Democracy over this continent. Let Europe keep her hereditary kings, queens, and emperors—genuine and bogus—if preferred, but let us have officers and servants of our own choosing, and subject to change when we please. Here, under *our* mode of proceeding, where education is—to be—universal, we expect men to govern themselves. Nor is it needful to keep a standing army to keep the peace. Instead of soldiering and consuming, *our* people are producers.

EMPTY HONOR.—We are in the receipt of letters, of which the following is a sample, from different parts of the country—not from the *freed* men, let us state, from whence, if anywhere, such a spirit of aims-seeking might more reasonably be expected—but from the thrifty East and the enterprising West!

Blank, Ohio. S. R. WELLS—Dear Sir: It is my pleasant duty, as Cor. Sec., to inform you of your unanimous choice to honorary membership of the "Excelsior" Literary Society of H—College, as a token of esteem, both for high literary attainments, and the laudable manner in which they have been devoted to the promotion of science and reform, especially through your most excellent JOURNAL.

The common object of literary societies, we feel, is too well understood to need any explanation. Any aid which your kindness or interest might suggest, either peculiarly or in the shape of books, etc., for the library, would be thankfully received and acknowledged. Hoping that you may take an interest in the welfare of the Society, and lend us your encouragement and aid by accepting the membership, I remain sincerely yours.

Now this may be a very honorable—it is certainly a very polite way of begging. It will, in many instances, "get" the thing solicited, at no other cost to the "association" than the polite—may we not say flattering—letter of the Corresponding Secretary. We can imagine the youngsters chuckling over their rich, plump magazines, contributed by the honorary member who has made himself worthy such distinction! For one, we beg to be excused, and may state publicly, that it costs real cash—not empty honor—to publish the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, and that such honors would not pay the printers or paper-maker. No, no, young men, excuse us, and come down with your greenbacks. Order your newspapers and magazines at club rates, if for charity, and not ask editors to feed you at *their* expense.

AN ATTRACTIVE BUSINESS.—Orange culture promises to be a profitable business in Florida. We are told of a grove on the St. John's River, consisting of less than an acre, the income from which, last season, was \$1,000. The business is attractive, especially in its pecuniary results. See advertisement of "Floridian."

THE BEST LETTER ENVELOPES.—It is strange that persons of good taste, culture, and judgment should use the odd, singular, inconvenient, and unsafe little bags open at one end, instead of those more comely and always ready stamped and self-sealing, made by the Government, and for sale by all post-masters. Of these there are different sizes, qualities, and prices: white, which are beautiful, and buff, which are cheap. Buy and use these instead of those "*leelle*," "*narrow*," "*tucked up*" and "*tucked in*" things, so liable to get lost or get opened on the way. Try a few

packs of stamped Government envelopes, and you will use no other.

P. S.—Use white paper, black or brown ink—no pale blue fluid; date and sign your letter, always putting on the full address, name, post-office, county, and State; then address it plainly, and you may hope for an answer by return post. For further instructions read our little book "How to Write, How to Talk, How to Behave, and How to do Business," in one volume.

THE NORTHWESTERN FARMER, a monthly magazine of rural life, is a handsome quarto of twenty-four pages, now in its third volume, published at Indianapolis and Chicago at \$1 50 a year, by the Northwestern Farmer Co. We will supply the above to *new* subscribers, with the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, at \$4 a year. Address this office.

Among the best general farming States in the Union are Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa. The above journal, it is expected, will be largely circulated in these States. But it will, we presume, have readers in *all* the States.

THE HAND-BOOK AGAIN.—ELKHART, IND., August 20th.

SAMUEL R. WELLS—Sir: I had the good fortune a few days since to receive, peruse, and call my own "The Indispensable Hand-Book," with which I would not now part for even more than double its cost, were I to know that I could not obtain another. I therefore will act as agent, if you will send me full information as to the terms.

Yours truly, D. M. S.

WHEAT.—Chicago sent forward to the East last year 48,000,000 bushels of grain, of which ninety-one per cent. went by water, and nine per cent. by rail. Of the millions of bushels of corn which were forwarded East from the same point, ninety-nine per cent. went by water. And all this in face of the four and one half months of suspension of navigation during the season.

Is there any doubt about the absolute necessity of a ship canal around Niagara Falls, connecting the Upper Lakes with Lake Ontario, Lake Champlain, the St. Lawrence, and the Hudson River? If the East and the West are to remain good neighbors, and the present free exchange of productions is to go on, increased facilities must be had. Railways must be multiplied to carry passengers and light freight, and canals enlarged to accommodate the heavier materials. But let that Niagara Ship Canal be opened at once. Without it trade must be diverted from its natural channels, or become stagnant.

AN ELECTRIC CLOCK.—Mr. S. A. Kennedy, of 481 Broadway, New York, has put up a clock which is moved by electricity, generated by a weak galvanic battery. There are but three wheels in the clock. These require no oiling, and it is believed the clock will run a hundred years and more without variation. A company to manufacture and sell is organized. This invention comes the nearest to perpetual motion of anything we ever saw.

THE JUDGE AND THE LAWYER.—Judge Kent, of this State, a son of the illustrious commentator, while traveling upon the circuit many years ago, put up on one occasion for the night at the hotel of a small town through which his route lay. The chief lawyer of the place, hearing of the arrival of this bright light of his profession, thought the least he could

do was to attempt to entertain him. So he walked into the reading-room, where the Judge, in the dignity of spectacles and magnificent ruffles, was perusing the newspapers.

Lawyer—Hem! Good-evening, Judge!

Judge—Good-evening, sir!

Lawyer—Judge! hem! suppose we play a game of billiards?

Judge (astonished, and speaking very slowly)—I never play billiards, sir.

Lawyer—Ah! well, ninepins; what do you say to ninepins, sir?

Judge—I never play ninepins, sir.

Lawyer—Oh! then we'll have a game of *all-fours*.

Judge (turning pale and speaking emphatically)—I never engage in any game—in any game whatever, sir.

Lawyer—Eh! what! well, no matter (taking the Judge familiarly by the arm), I'll stand the drinks—brandy-and-water, or gin?

Judge (becoming paler)—I never drink, sir.

Lawyer (In the blankest amazement)—What a *confoundedly overrated* man you are! (The disappointed subaltern retires in disgust.)

Hospitality, in this case, was in the direction of *perverted* nature, and evinced the dissipated character of the lawyer. The Judge was evidently a man of sound moral character, and *not* perverted. He would continue to rise, while the lawyer was already going down, down, down.

Young man, have you the moral courage to say "No" when invited to violate your sense of honor and true manliness? Can you follow the example of the Judge? If so, there is hope for you; but if not, you, too, will go down.

ASTROLOGY—HOW THEY DO IT.

—Many people have a weakness for the mysteries; and designing rogues of the masculine gender adopt a woman's name, then advertise largely, somewhat after the following fashion. The remarks in brackets are our own.

Astrology! The world astonished at the wonderful revelations made by the great astrologist, Madame H. A. Virago. She reveals secrets no mortal ever knew [or ever will know]. She restores to happiness those who from doleful events, catastrophes, crosses in love, loss of relations and friends, loss of money, etc., have become despondent [such as these rascally advertisers]. She brings together those long separated, gives information concerning absent friends or lovers, restores lost or stolen property, causes speedy marriages and tells you the very day you will marry, gives you the name, likeness, and characteristics of the person [what assumption!]. She reads your very thoughts, and by her almost supernatural powers unveils the dark and hidden mysteries of the future. From the stars we see in the firmament—the malefic stars that overcome or predominate in the configuration—from the aspects and positions of the planets and the fixed stars in the heavens at the time of birth, she deduces the future destiny of man [i. e., he is destined to be duped by swindlers]. Fall not to consult the greatest astrologist on earth. It costs you but a trifle, and you may never again have so favorable an opportunity [to lose your money]. Consultation fee, with likeness and all desired information, \$1. Parties living at a distance can consult the Madame by mail with equal safety and satisfaction to themselves, as if in person. The strictest secrecy will be maintained, and all correspondence returned or destroyed [on the contrary, the letters, with names and address, are sold for so much a hundred to the lottery dealers, who send swindling circulars to all those who write letters to astrologists—and their names are thus hawked about by these wicked scamps]. References of the highest order furnished those desiring them. Write plainly the day of the month and year in which you were born, inclosing a small lock of hair. Address,

MADAME H. A. VIRAGO.
P. O. Drawer,
[and so forth, sometimes at Troy, then at Buffalo, Hudson, and elsewhere. Only "verdant greens," of whom, alas, there are not a few, get caught in by such traps.]

WANTS RECONSTRUCTING.—The Feliciana Democrat, of Clinton, La., thus laments over the departure of a school teacher for her Northern home: "The strong-minded woman who presided over the classic negrophilic hall where the offspring of the freedmen and they themselves drank freely of the fountain of knowledge the waters of which she laved upon them, has departed. Yes, Clinton knows her no longer; yet Yankeeedom will embrace her as a daughter who had gone among the disloyal and rebellious, and suffering martyrdom to the tune of \$2,000 net gains, the proceeds derived from her colored flock in teaching them hatred and insubordination to those who are their only true friends. She hath suffered much; yet it is hoped that little pile will go somewhat toward soothing her in this hour of affliction. For, lo! she ascertained that the mine which she has for the last two years worked so profitably is now exhausted, and she must look for new diggings. We are truly disconsolate. Hanging our harp up somewhere, we will skin an onion in remembrance of you, dear old school-marm, proud scion of gifted New England. May you rest there in peace, and in the enjoyment of the spondulicks which your industry has earned. May the scent to which you have been accustomed always remain with you."

[This young man needs reconstructing. He should be taught to respect school-teachers, and not be allowed to slander them. He may not know it, but he is cutting a stick for his own back by this sort of talk.

The same paper says: "As far as could be ascertained on the 20th ult. there were 41,560 whites and 78,500 blacks registered in this district; total, 119,860. Black majority, 37,140."

If this be so, we should think it would be policy for the whites to make friends of the blacks while they may. Kind treatment would be kindly remembered.]

FISH, OYSTERS, ETC.—The following letter explains itself:

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH TER.
EDITOR PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—Sir: I am very anxious to obtain a work on the culture and propagation of fish and oysters. Our large streams are tolerably well supplied with the "mountain trout," a very good fish, and I am anxious to introduce them into our smaller streams, lakes, and artificial ponds. Can the salmon, do you think, be successfully introduced into our streams? [We think it can.] Our Great Salt Lake is too salt, I fear, being one third pure salt [of course it is]; but probably they would thrive at the mouths of the streams emptying into it. How can their eggs be brought? What time of year is the best? Of whom can they be obtained? etc. I desire, also, all the information I can obtain concerning the introduction of oysters. Is there a book that gives this information? [There is not, but there should be.] If so, please give me its name and price, and I will remit. I want this knowledge, not from speculative motives, but so far as I can to do the people good, believing that to live on pork and beef is injurious and unwholesome. Inclosed, I forward you \$1 for the trouble I give you, which I trust you'll please pardon. Very respectfully yours, A. MILTON MUSSER.

[We publish the above, hoping it may meet the eye of persons who can furnish the desired information. There is nothing now in print available. Who will get up a manual giving all the necessary directions for growing and curing fish, oysters, clams, and lobsters? It would sell.—Ed. A. P. J.]

THE TICKET SWINDLE.—A lady writes us from California as follows: Having occasionally received letters from parties in New York and elsewhere, wishing me to become an agent for some wonderful and cheap invention, to sell tickets in some grand lottery distribution, or something of the kind, please allow me to ask how such parties obtain the names and addresses of persons all over the country? Do they get them from publishers' books? We can think of no other way in which ours could have been obtained, and, supposing this to be the case, we beg leave to make a few remarks in regard to it. Our address is free to any persons who wish to use it for laudable purposes, but it is not free to swindlers and unprincipled vagabonds. If editors will give our names to some one who will send us a sewing-machine for nothing, we should certainly feel gratified, for none of us are too fond of stitching in the old way; or if they will put us in the way of making a fortune from three cents, we may tender them a vote of thanks, or we may choose to earn our fortunes; but if our names are given to those who would use us as instruments in swindling the unsuspecting, and in disseminating obscene books and engravings to poison the minds of the young and ignorant, we must protest against it as not only taking undue liberty, but as doing a great wrong in aiding the circulation of such things. [No respectable editor would do any such thing.—Ed.] We recently received from "Messrs. R. & Co.," of New York, a package containing specimens of lottery tickets, advertisements of obscene books, photographs, and paintings, wishing to obtain agents for selling the same! Such things are an outrage and a shame, and we trust your JOURNAL, which has ever been ready to expose and denounce imposition, may raise a protestation against this crying evil.—S. J. C.

[Persons who write to any of the fortune-tellers, patent medicine venders, hair restorers, gift concerns, etc., have their names, with post-office address, put into lists, which are sold by the thousand to lottery dealers and other swindlers. No responsible editor or publisher would permit the names on his subscription books to be used for any such purpose.]

ADVICE GRATIS.—Here is what the *Inside Track* says to advertisers: Nowadays, everybody can read. Your advertisements will not, in this era of common schools, waste their sweetness on the desert air.

Continued dropping will wear away a rock. Keep dropping your advertisements in the public, and they will soon melt under it like rock-salt.

Small advertisements are worth more in proportion than large. If all people were deaf, loud advertisements might be expected to win.

One twentieth of a column twenty times is worth more than a whole column once. People who see a flaming advertisement one week, but never after, get an idea the man has fizzled.

A heavy advertisement once is more than quadrupled in value by a small card published for a few months after, giving your address.

You can't eat enough in a week to last you a year, and you can't advertise on that plan, either.

Beware of long, prosy advertisements. If you want people to read them, have them "short and sweet."

Let those who read your notices feel that you are in earnest, and that you believe what you say. A little flippancy will sometimes create a complete distrust of your enterprise or wares.

If you mean to quit business next week, don't advertise. Advertisements are like seed-wheat. It takes months to reap the fruit after you scatter the seed. [We have ourselves made sales of printing presses distinctly traceable to advertisements of nearly three years preceding.]

If your competitor advertises, let your advertisement differ from his as much as possible. The public despise an imitator worse than any other 'tator.

Business.

[Under this head we publish, for a consideration, such matters as rightfully belong to this department. We disclaim responsibility for what may herein appear. Matter will be LEADED, and charged according to the space occupied, at the rate of \$1 a line.]

THE HYGEIAN HOME.—At this establishment all the Water-Cure appliances are given, with the Swedish Movements and Electricity. Send for our circular. Address A. SMITH, M.D., Wernersville, Berks County, Pa.

HYGIENIC CURE, BUFFALO, N. Y.—Compressed Air Baths, Turkish Baths, Electric Baths, and all the appliances of a first-class Cure. Please send for a Circular. Address H. P. BURDICK, M.D., or Mrs. BRYANT BURDICK, M.D., Burdick House, Buffalo, N. Y.

MRS. E. DE LA VERGNE, M.D., 325 ADELPHI STREET, BROOKLYN.

SPURZHEIM.—Photographs from Lizar's superb engraving of Spurzheim, from an original drawing by Madame Spurzheim. A magnificent head and face. 4-4 size, \$1; "carte-de-visite" style, 50 cents.

S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York, or JOHN S. D. BRISTOL, Detroit, Mich.

WORKS ON MAN.—For New Illustrated Catalogue of best Books on Physiology, Anatomy, Gymnastics, Dietetics, Physiognomy, Shorthand Writing, Memory, Self-Improvement, Phrenology, and Ethnology, send two stamps to S. R. WELLS, Publisher, No. 389 Broadway, New York. Agents wanted.

SOMETHING NEW.—To LECTURERS.—We have for sale a large poster, 29 by 43 inches, with more than fifty illustrative engravings, including our largest symbolical head, handsomely printed in colors, at \$12 per hundred copies; also a smaller size, which we call pictorial poster No. 2, and may be had at \$3 a hundred. These are particularly recommended to Lecturers, being printed with blank spaces for inserting the name of a lecturer and the date and place of his lectures. These posters are handsome, and well calculated to attract the public attention. They will save lecturers much time and money, by rendering it unnecessary for them to get up bills in each town as heretofore.

Besides these posters, we have an excellent circular of THREE 12mo pages, containing a statement of the UTILITY of PHRENOLOGY, with the TESTIMONIALS of distinguished men as to its truth and importance. With these three pages may be printed another page, giving a PROGRAMME of lectures to be given in any particular place. This circular of three pages—the fourth in blank—can be furnished at \$5 per thousand; or, if the programme be printed here with the other three pages, it may be had complete at \$8 50 per thousand. Samples of the posters and circular will be sent from this office, post-paid, on receipt of 30 cents, and orders for large quantities will be promptly filled by

S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST Advertising Medium in the South is the *Southern Journal of Education*. Rates sent upon application to JOHN T. HEARN, Publisher, Shelbyville, Ky.

THE BELLEFONTE NATIONAL (FORMERLY CENTRAL PRESS.)

Published at Bellefonte, Centre Co., Pa. BY KINSELOE & BROTHER.

Located in one of the greatest producing sections of the State, surrounded by some of the richest bituminous coal, iron, and lumber regions in the country, it presents advantages to advertisers which should not be overlooked by men of shrewdness and business tact.

It is the organ of the Republican party of Centre County, and has entered upon its eleventh volume. Send for specimen numbers and terms. Address, it.* "NATIONAL," Bellefonte, Pa.

REV. J. G. SCHAEFFER, Editor of "Mirror," has a new and popular Lecture. Address, "MIRROR OFFICE," Sharon, Wis.

Advertisements.

[Announcements for this or the preceding department must reach the publishers by the 1st of the month preceding the date in which they are intended to appear. Terms for advertising, 50 cents a line, or \$50 a column.]

The Northwestern Farmer, AN ILLUSTRATED RURAL MAGAZINE,

(size and style of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL) is the largest, finest, and most popular Rural Monthly in America. It is just closing its third yearly volume, with the largest circulation of any similar journal in the West, and with prospects the most flattering for the future.

IT IS UNIVERSALLY PRONOUNCED BOTH BY THE PEOPLE AND THE PRESS to be the best thing of the kind ever attempted in this country, and the cheapest paper offered to the people. Terms \$1 50 a year, and a premium book worth twenty-five cents given to each subscriber.

TO AGENTS we offer the largest and most attractive list of premiums of any publisher in the world, and on terms 25 to 50 per cent. more liberal. For example, we give a five-hundred-dollar, seven octave, rosewood Piano, for only 400 names at \$1 50 each.

Our list of premiums comprises Pianos, Cabinet Organs, Sewing Machines, Hand Looms, Tea Sets, American Watches, Washing Machines, Clothes Wringers, Encyclopedias, Dictionaries, Sets of Tools, Chromo Paintings, Hand Powers, Potato Diggers, Grain Drills, Corn Shellers, Early Rose Potatoes, Useful Books, etc., etc. Sample copies containing full particulars, only ten cents post-paid.

The *Northwestern Farmer* is published at Chicago, Ill., and Indianapolis, Ind. the Chicago edition being adapted to the Prairie States, and the other to Indians and the States east and south of her, and in writing on business connected with the paper, address NORTHWESTERN FARMER CO., 57 State Street, Chicago, Ill., or NORTHWESTERN FARMER CO., corner Meridian and Circle streets, Indianapolis.

Orange Culture.—A gentleman owning a suitable tract of land near the St. John's River, Florida, wishes a partner with some capital to engage with him in the culture of the orange and other tropical fruits. Address FLORIDIAN, care of S. R. Wells, Esq., 389 Broadway, New York.

Davies & Kent, Printers, Stereotypers, and Electrotypers, No. 13 William Street (cor. of Spruce), New York. Note, Circular, Bill-Head, and Card Printing neatly and promptly executed.

The Trapper's Guide: a Manual of Instructions for Capturing all kinds of Fur-Bearing Animals, and Curing their Skins; with Observations on the Fur-Trade, Hints on Life in the Woods, and Narratives of Trapping and Hunting Excursions. By S. Newhouse, and other Trappers and Sportsmen. Second Edition, with new Narratives and Illustrations. Valuable as a work on Natural History. The numerous illustrations are accurate and beautiful. Price by mail, post-paid, \$1 50. Address,

S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

The Bartram & Fanton

Elastic Stitch Sewing-Machines. For Family and Manufacturing Purposes.

This Machine was awarded First Premium, American Institute. Prize Medal, Paris Exposition. Principal Office and Salesroom, at Madame Demorest's Emporium of Fashions, No. 839 Broadway, New York.

The Manufacturers of the above Machine believe that, after a careful and thorough examination as to the merits and qualifications of the different kinds of Machines adapted to Family Sewing, they have overcome the faults and imperfections of the many now in the market. The BARTRAM & FANTON MACHINES are pronounced by connoisseurs to be better designed, better finished, more accurate and reliable, with a greater capacity for performing all kinds of Family Sewing than any other Machine ever before offered to the public; and are so perfect and simple in their construction that a novice can operate them with perfect success.

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Plate II.—Posterior plane. The same arrangement.

PLATES III. IV. V. VI. VII. VIII.—MYOLOGY and APONEUROSIS.

Plate III.—Anterior plane. *Right side:* Superficial muscles. *Left side:* Superficial aponeuroses.

Plate IV.—Anterior plane. *Right side:* Muscles of the second layer. *Left side:* Muscles of the third layer.

Plate V.—Posterior plane. *Right side:* Superficial muscles. *Left side:* Superficial aponeuroses.

Plate VI.—Posterior plane. Second and third layers of muscles.

Plate VII.—Lateral plane. Superficial and deep muscles. Muscles of the os hyoides.

Plate VIII.—Diaphragm, interior of the trunk, muscles of the lower jaw, of the tongue, of the velum palati, and of the pharynx.

PLATES IX. X. XI. XII. XIII. XIV.—ANGIOLOGY. Heart, lungs, arteries, veins, and lymphatics. On the different figures are indicated the points at which compression or ligation of the vessels is effected, and in regard to the veins in particular, the proper points for performing venesection.

Plate IX.—Interior of the trunk. Heart, lungs, and their envelopes. Large vessels.

Plate X.—Vessels of the thorax and abdomen, azygos vessels, cerebral and spinal venous sinuses.

Plate XI.—Anterior plane. Sub-cutaneous veins, and deep vessels.

Plate XII.—Posterior plane. Superficial veins, and deep vessels.

Plate XIII.—Lateral plane. Partial figures, internal maxillary and internal carotid vessels, etc.

Plate XIV.—Lymphatic vessels.

PLATES XV. XVI. XVII.—NEUROLOGY.

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CHARLES FRANCOIS GOUNOD.

GOUNOD has a symmetrical face, a face indicative of the artist. His temperament partakes of the motive, in good proportion with much of that sanguineous element which inspires animation and sprightliness intellectually, and a love for physical enjoyment and society. He is possessed of much imagination and constructive ability; and a strong development of the organs of Mirthfulness and Tune is apparent.

The whole physiognomy evinces cultivation, affability, and polish. In fact, it is said that his graceful manners and easy politeness make a lasting impression on all who come in contact with him.

He was born in Paris, June 17th, 1817. Like most eminent musicians, he very early in life manifested much musical precocity, and was afforded by his parents the means for cultivating his gift. He studied chiefly under the direction of Halévy, the distinguished composer, and at the age of twenty-one composed the cantate "Ferdinand," receiving for it the first or "Roman" prize, awarded by the French Government to young musicians. The recipients of this prize were entitled to draw a stipend from the Government to defray the ex-

penses of a three-years' course of musical training in Rome. As the composer of the opera "Faust," his name has become familiar "as household words" throughout Europe and America, that opera being one of the most popular among those produced on the musical stage.

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Though the taxes levied and collected during the war were heavy, the voluntary benevolent contributions by the people for the aid and relief of the soldiers and their families have amounted to over one hundred and eighty millions of dollars (187,209,608). The contributions for the care and comfort of soldiers by associations and individuals have amounted to over twenty-four millions of dollars (24,044,865). The contributions at the same time for sufferers abroad have been \$380,140, and the contributions for freedmen, sufferers in the riots of July, 1863, and for the white refugees, have been \$639,644, making a grand total, exclusive

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COMING WINTER.

ALL pallid lowers the southern sky
Its mist-like, dew-damp folds;
All bleak and lone the trees stand up
Out on the barren wolds.

The hills now weep for beauty shorn;
The vales all yellow lie;
No more the angels' rosy breath
Will tinge the western sky.

Their purple mantles, fringed with gold,
Will sweep the air no more,
For sadly, mutely, listening low,
They've passed through heaven's door.

And earth is left to winter's reign—
That dark and dismal night.
Earth's softest beauty swift hath fled
To realms of golden light.

FLORENCE BRENTANO.

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SAMUEL R. WELLS, EDITOR.]

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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there ;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—Feng.

HENRI ROCHEFORT,
EDITOR OF THE "LANterne."

HERE is a young, wide-awake, clear-minded, highly educated, outspoken, incautious, frank, free, "high-pressure," republican Frenchman. He has a sort of no-fear, don't-care expression, which would look even an emperor in the face and say, "Who are you?" He is versatile, racy, emphatic, combative, sarcastic, critical. How much of the milk of human kindness, how much humility, penitence, or compunction he possesses, this deponent sayeth not. His religion will not deter him from playing the mischief with aristocratic royalty, and self-elected legislators, emperors, and other upstarts. So long as he continues to ventilate the wickedness of his own country, we will say nothing to him about that Scriptural sarcasm,



PORTRAIT OF HENRI ROCHEFORT, EDITOR OF THE "LANterne."

namely, "Physician, heal thyself." He is young, and, it is hoped, will improve. We give below a sketch, mainly founded on an article entitled "Der Lanternemann," in *Der Gartenlaube*, a Leipsic publication.

M. Henri Rochefort, whose *Lanterne* has created the latest excitement in France, and attracted the attention of the intelligent in other European countries and in the United States, is the son of the Marquis de Rochefort Lucay, and has, as yet, only attained his thirtieth year. He is a tall, slender man, with a high forehead and well-defined features,

though the mustache partly hides the expression of the mouth.

Not being familiar with the history of his childhood, we are unable to say whether or not, at an early age, he exhibited any remarkable talent. As a boy, the accounts of him are meagre, and with the exception of one or two favorable mentions during his school-days, and one literary performance, in which a prominent Frenchman discovered the manifestation of an embryo genius, we have little satisfactory knowledge of him until he came upon the political field.

He was at one time one of the officers of the Prefect of the Seine, Haussmann, and afterward Inspector of Fine Arts. He attained, also, some note as a critic, in which he displayed the same fearlessness which characterizes him as a politician. In the course of a criticism of one of Gêrome's pictures, "The Execution of Marshal Ney," he happened to say that "no one ever merited death more than Ney, and that in going over to the standard of Napoleon, after the Emperor's return from Elba, he acted more from ambition than patriotism." The consequence of this plain speaking was a challenge from the Prince de la Moskowa, son of the Marshal. In his reply, Rochefort insists that a writer has a "perfect right to criticise the acts of eminent men," that he should be held personally responsible only for a misstatement of facts, and that if he can not be allowed to set forth his own opinion with regard to the public acts of the Generals of 1815 without fighting their descendants, then "we must lock up histories and put the keys in our pockets," and concludes the letter as follows: "There is a question of principle involved which I am unwilling to compromise. To comply with the request of the Prince de la Moskowa would be to accept the rôle of insulter, which I reject with all my force. I have fought, as perhaps you are aware, several duels, often for very trifling causes, but at least they did not affect the right of judgment. I consequently refuse to set a bad example to my colleagues—that is to say, I decline to give the Prince satisfaction by arms."

Rochefort finally entered journalism, first on *Charivari*, then on *Nain Jaune*, and afterward on *Figaro*. On the latter he remained for several years, and ranked as one of the most brilliant and best paid of its contributors; but a warning voice from the Minister of the Interior whispered that unless the ceaseless barking around the heels of government be stopped, the days of the *Figaro* would be numbered. To this event we owe the establishment of the *Lanterne*. Rochefort made a pretense of not believing this, and in his finely sarcastic style proceeded to illustrate the idea, holding it beneath the dignity of a Minister to command an editor into his presence in order to say to him, "You have a contributor who is distasteful to me. Get rid of him, or don't be surprised to find your paper meet a sudden death." Besides, this would offend against the articles of the Code, and must therefore be impossible. So he wrote to the Minister, "taking care to sweeten every line with compliments and to adopt a servile tone," asking permission to establish a political paper. The new law on the press passed, and M. Rochefort was at liberty to publish his paper on payment of a *sou* stamp on each copy. "He notes the alteration of the law, and says the Government have sold him the right to say all the disagreeable things he pleases about them at the rate of five centimes (about a cent) a paper."

There is truth in this, for of course the more disagreeable things he says the more the paper will sell, and consequently the more will be the revenue returned to the Government. But the *Lanterne* is established, and henceforth the name of Rochefort is famous. It is a weekly pamphlet of fifty-six pages in a red cover, "with a picture of an open lantern suspended by a rope," and said, by one of our magazines, to be, in size and external appearance, very much like a "dime novel."

Rochefort is the satirical representative of the *émeute* side of the liberal principle in the Second Empire. As a public man he holds nothing sacred. That he has done good service is, perhaps, unquestioned, but he might have done better service if his probing-knife had been of more finely tempered steel. He thoroughly enjoys his work, and enters into it with his whole heart. The *Lanterne* is entirely written by himself, and has obtained a popularity previously unheard of in France. The Emperor, the ministry, and all other government officials come in for a share of his wholesale contempt. But then he tells the truth about them, and that to their faces; a thing no man ever dared to do before—and the truth is what the people want to hear,—they have been famishing for it for years. A starving man does not stop to cavil at bread because it is made of wheat-meal instead of superfine flour.

The French people were startled by his intrepidity and brilliancy; he had their sympathy from the beginning, and was raised to the rank of a hero by his own daring, and the unjust action of the Government toward him. The *Lanterne* was in everybody's hands; when with the second number the circulation had reached 30,000, the administration forbade its sale at the newspaper stalls, and the next week the circulation ran up to 80,000, and since, to a 150,000, and it is estimated to have at least a million readers in all parts of France. The very name, says a correspondent of a New York daily, has come to be so popular that it is "of commercial value, so that dealers in matches, sweet biscuit, and other small wares, find it to their account to offer them to the public in wrappers printed and colored in imitation of the cover of the *Lanterne*."

In the mean time the forbearance of the Government ceased, and with No. 11 the police seized the greater part of the edition before it had left the hands of the printer, and "even snatched copies from the hands of persons reading it in the streets." The libelous Imperial organ, the *Inflexible*, had been unable to cope with the straightforward truth of Rochefort, and the police must be sent to its assistance. At last the officially sustained *Inflexible* had in preparation a new number in which it was no longer satisfied with attacking the editor of the *Lanterne* himself, but had coined a net-work of slanders which should reach him through his daughter, a little girl being educated in one of the best schools in Paris. This raised in him a storm of indignation, and after

having attempted by remonstrance, challenge, and every other legal means, to secure the suppression of the libel, he struck the printer, who, in consequence, immediately instituted a suit against him. The suit was decided against Rochefort, who now finds himself for this, and for the publication of Nos. 11 and 12 of the *Lanterne*, sentenced to twenty-nine months' imprisonment and a fine of 20,200 francs,—say \$4,040.

The impossibility of a liberal editor obtaining justice in Paris has been abundantly illustrated of late, and M. Rochefort can not be blamed that he has taken it into his own hands and fled to Brussels, from which city he issued No. 13 of the *Lanterne*, the light of which he evidently intends to keep shining. In this number he announces that he shall stay outside of France, "and change his place of residence from time to time so as not to bring neighboring nations into diplomatic embarrassments with his native country." No. 14, therefore, though published at Brussels, is dated from Amsterdam.

The *Independence Béige*, a week or two ago, publishes a characteristic letter from him, which admirably portrays the inconsistencies of royalty: "I had prepared for circulation in Paris, on Saturday, September 5, a number of the *Lanterne*, wholly and solely composed, from the first to the last line, of extracts from the political works of Prince Louis Napoleon, now Napoleon III. This number appeared so revolutionary to the many printers whom I asked to print it, that not one of them would dare to run the risk of doing so. The fifteenth number will, therefore, like the fourteenth, be published abroad."

In private life M. Rochefort is cordial and unpretending. He is also reported charitable, and it is certain that he gave 500 francs to the family of a fireman who recently lost his life while arresting the progress of a fire. It is with regret that we must add that he is excessively prodigal, so that little remains from the enormous income which he received during the gala days of the *Lanterne*, which still remains the hope of a large class of French liberals in spite of the vigilance of the authorities.

FRIENDSHIP REAL.—Some true heart has given expression to its generous nature in the following beautiful sentiment: "Never desert a friend when enemies gather around him. When sickness falls on the heart, when the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try a true friend. They who turn from a scene of distress betray their hypocrisy and prove that interest moves them. If you have a friend who loves you and studies your interest and happiness, be sure and sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love is not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They deny its worth who never loved a friend, or labored to make a friend happy."

PHRENOLOGY IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

[The following interesting address was delivered before the Wisconsin Teachers' Association, at Milwaukee, July 22d, by Mr. T. C. CHAMBERLIN, Principal of the Delevan High School. Aside from its intrinsic merit it is an encouraging exponent of the progress made by the only safe science of mental phenomena in that most important sphere of human endeavor—the instruction of youth.]

THE work of a teacher is the development and equipment of the mind. Mind is the substance or essence wrought upon. Mind is that which must be molded, expanded, and adorned. Mind is the *subject-matter* of the teacher's labors. A thorough knowledge of mind is, then, necessary to rational instruction. Can we rationally cultivate that of which we are ignorant? Can the engineer control and direct the mighty forces of steam without a knowledge of the parts and powers of his engine? Can the teacher control and direct the still more potent energies of the mind while ignorant of its faculties and their functions? Without a thorough knowledge of human nature, how are we better as teachers than the old alchemists as professors of chemistry? Without this knowledge, what are our methods but imitations of old-time customs; what are our innovations but hazardous ventures? Electricity was not, *could* not be controlled and utilized till its laws were known. So neither can mind be educated rationally without a knowledge of its laws. I have stated my subject—mental philosophy as an *aid* in teaching. I should have stated it, mental philosophy a *necessity* in teaching. For if there be successful teaching without a practical knowledge of human nature, it is the result of sheer good luck or scurvy imitation. And here I may state that by mental philosophy I mean simply a knowledge of human nature. What can be more absurd than the attempt to develop and furnish a mind of whose nature, composition, and mode of action we are ignorant.

PRIMARY REQUISITES.

We need, then, fundamentally, a clear apprehension of the faculties and functions of the human mind; not only of the human mind in general, in the mass of mankind, but in each individual pupil. It is not enough to know that the mind is composed of the intellect, the sensibilities, and the will, but we need to know to what extent, in what proportion, these severally exist in each pupil under our charge. We need to know what are the predominant and what the inferior faculties, in every case—in short, the entire mental composition of the child. And not only should we thus know the mental *constitution* of man in general, and our pupils in *particular*, but we should clearly understand how that constitution *acts*, and here also not only universally, but individually. It is not sufficient that we know how nine persons out of ten *will* act under given circumstances, if the tenth, who is our pupil, will act differently; we should know how that tenth one will act. All mankind have the same faculties, and these have the same functions; but they

are possessed by individuals in different degrees.

To know this difference is all-important to the teacher. I *repeat*, we should clearly understand these four things: The constitution of the mind in general; the activity of mind in general; individual mental composition; individual mental bias. But is such knowledge within our reach? Does nature reveal such a treasure-house of intellectual wealth? Has she furnished the data? This is the problem of the ages.

NATURE THE TEACHER.

On general principles, I answer yes. Great necessities in nature are always supplied from her own boundless resources.

Far back in the dim ages of geological history, when the earth was a vast wilderness or an untraversed sea, when no man existed, when not even a living animal walked the face of the earth to foreshadow his coming, nature foresaw his great necessities and garnered up her exhaustless stores. Side by side, layer upon layer, lie the iron and the coal, and deep beneath the springs of oil. And shall nature thus lavish her material supplies and neglect the infinitely weightier interests of the mental world? Has she thus favored the manufacturer and forgotten the educator? Nay, verily, the requisite materials, the needed data *are* given.

Every one has some way of judging human nature, and prides himself in being particularly expert in so doing. It is universally conceded that character is indicated somehow, aside from action, and that naturally. But if so, then it must be on the basis of natural law, for nature never acts otherwise. There should then be a system (discovered or undiscovered), based upon scientific principles, by which character may be known, through which the great educational necessity may be supplied.

THE TWO SYSTEMS COMPARED.

Let us examine the systems of mental philosophy that are now advanced. But two deserve our attention, and they differ widely in their mode of investigation and the results obtained, but are by no means contradictory. The first attempts by an investigation of the ordinary activities and special phenomena of mind to discover its faculties and their functions, and to present an analysis of the mind and its activities. It studies mind directly, without regard to its connection with matter, at least without making matter a medium of investigation. This system has appropriated the name mental philosophy, or "metaphysics." I shall use the latter term as being most distinctive. What are the contributions of this system to our necessities? An analysis of the mind and a sketch of its activities.

It, however, proposes no means of determining the psychical endowments or activities of the individual. The deductions of metaphysics are comprehensive rather than specific, as regards their application to man. Its value as an educational auxiliary must then be confined to generalities. This system presents a

noble study, the product of deep thought and severe intellectual application. Its consideration elevates, intensifies, and ennobles the mind. But while we thus admire, we must search elsewhere for that practical, specific knowledge of human nature that our necessities demand.

The second system to which our attention is directed differs from the preceding, fundamentally, in considering mind not separately, but in its connection *with* and manifestation *through* matter.

We know nothing of mind except in its relation to matter. Mind affects matter; matter affects mind. Nay, mind is the union of spirit with matter; or, rather, mind is spirit manifested through matter. Beyond the bonds of this matrimony we can not go. Divorce is death. Upon the condition of this relationship, this system, together with its investigations, is based.

So far as our observation goes, nature provides a specific organ for every separate function. The mind must, then, possess its organ, and if composed of distinct faculties having separate functions, these must each possess its organ. Pre-eminently is this true, since mind is spirit manifested through matter. This matter, then, is its organ.

This system claims that the brain is the peculiar organ of mental manifestation, and that specific parts of it are appropriated for specific manifestations; that is, each faculty of the mind has its cerebral organ. It likewise claims that whatever may be true of spirit, the essence of mind, *mental manifestation* depends solely upon the *size*, *quality*, *activity*, and other conditions of the brain or its organs. And further, that the location of these cerebral organs has, for the most part, been discovered; and that their size, quality, activity, etc., can be estimated approximately. It is unnecessary to state that this system, so richly laden with momentous truth, is known as Phrenology. And as I indicate a belief in its beautiful truths and their unsurpassed utility, it may perhaps be expected that I shall attempt to prove its principles, defend its theory, and refute its opponents; that I shall enter upon a train of metaphysical and physiological theorizing to establish its truth. I shall not do so.

PHRENOLOGY PROVED. HOW?

Phrenology was not born of theory, has not lived by theory, *will not die by theory*. Phrenology is the offspring of observation. It is based upon ascertained facts. To that test it appeals. By the decision of that test it *has and will* triumph.

If teachers desire proofs, no better field of investigation can be found than their own school-room. There, carefully, cautiously, and faithfully, compare the known characters of your pupils with their cerebral developments, and upon the result base your opinion. As educators, it befits us to investigate rather than assume to ascertain facts; to search out truth rather than bow to dogmas. Thus you should do with the claims of this science.

And yet a word of caution. Beware of the false prophet! Phrenology has been more maligned and vilified, and its progress and influence more retarded by pretended professors, either grossly ignorant or knavish, than by all other causes combined. There are scarcely twenty phrenologists in America capable of delineating character with reliable accuracy. Yet there are hundreds of pretenders, devoid of ability and honesty, who impose themselves upon the ignorance of the public, filling their pockets by cheating the community and libeling the science they profess. Of such Phrenology is as guiltless as patriotism is of bounty-jumpers, upon whom, as upon those vile hypocrites, let the anathema of anathemas rest.

WHAT IT HAS DONE.

But what are the contributions of this system of mental science? *An analysis of the mind and its activities both universally and individually.* Like metaphysics, it presents a statement of the mental faculties and their functions as they exist in all minds without regard to individual differences; in other words, the universal composition of mind. Unlike, and in advance of, metaphysics, it proposes by means of the conformation of matter which mind has molded in harmony with its own peculiarities, to present an analysis of any individual mind brought under examination. To illustrate: Both systems alike give that which is analogous to the universal anatomy of plant, root, stem, foliage, flower, and fruit. Metaphysics stops here. Phrenology proceeds to classify and describe its natural orders, genera, and species. To avoid mistake just here, however, it should be borne in mind that the classification of faculties in these systems differs somewhat, owing to a different basis of classification and mode of investigation.

Metaphysics divides the mind primarily into the intellect, the sensibilities, and the will; Phrenology, into the intellectual, semi-intellectual, moral, selfish, social, and animal faculties, the nomenclature indicating, in a measure, the difference. The former may be compared to chemistry, the latter to anatomy. Each phrenological faculty is capable of metaphysical analysis, just as each anatomical section is capable of chemical analysis. Thus, though the symptoms differ, they are no more contradictory than the sciences with which they are compared. They are in perfect harmony, and both necessary to a thorough knowledge of the mind; but for the practical purposes of the educator, the vast superiority and peculiar adaptability of the latter can not have escaped notice. Its peculiar fitness to aid in the selection of a course of study, the methods and manner of instruction, and especially in discipline and the exercise of personal influence, would seem almost to indicate that the design of nature was to aid us in our character-forming labors.

ON THE STUDY OF PHRENOLOGY.

"But can the ordinary teacher master and apply the principles of Phrenology so as to form reliable judgments of character?" This

question I would answer cautiously. Even if impossible, the science is still of inestimable value in enabling its teachers to *understand and appreciate* character, when and after it is manifested. It is a very difficult matter to fully comprehend the mental nature of a child, though that nature is exhibited in our presence day after day. Let our errors of judgment bear witness on this point. While a high degree of natural ability, thorough study, and extensive experience are necessary to the accurate delineation of the *details* of character, yet its *outlines* can be drawn with tolerable accuracy by the mere tyro. The industrious teacher, possessed of good perceptive, by careful study and observation in that place so favorable to such investigations—the school-room—may ascertain, with all necessary precision, the rational nature of his pupils. There are those, indeed, whose perceptive judgment is so unreliable as to render this untrue, but such are equally unfit to be teachers.

USE OF PHYSIOGNOMY.

But many and valuable as are the contributions of Phrenology to didactics, it is yet wanting in one important respect. For while it presents a clear delineation of natural character, it fails to point out, except in a limited degree, the *voluntary* character, the mental habits, influence of past circumstances, or, in common parlance, "the bringing up." To ascertain these facts, recourse must be had to a prospective science which, though not a system of mental philosophy, is yet allied to, in fact, is a department of it. I refer to Physiognomy. I say prospective science, because its principles, if indeed they are discovered, are not yet altogether satisfactorily demonstrated. That character is indicated by the features is generally admitted, and the fact universally utilized. When the fierce tornado bursts forth from the recesses of the mountains and sweeps across the beautiful face of nature, destruction marks its path, and ruinous traces reveal nature's passion. So when the fiercer furies of the mind break forth and cast their fiery mantle o'er the dial of the soul, the vestiges remain the tokens of their rage. Thus nature keeps her records.

But if character is thus indicated in the features, it must be in accordance with fixed rules, for this alone is nature's method. And when these rules have been discovered and demonstrated, then will physiognomy take its place as a department of mental science.

And while we wait in hope this important attainment, let us honor those zealous benefactors of their race who, without the praise of men, yea, even mid their jeers, are devotedly searching the unfathomed intricacies that involve the subject, and who are slowly lifting the veil that hangs over its dark mysteries. But though not a science, physiognomy can still be utilized. Though "the *how* and the *why*" may not be evident, we can still judge man "by the looks of him."

Thus are the demands of our necessities met. Thus from these three sources may we derive the basis of a thorough knowledge of human

nature, a foundation upon which observation and experience may rear a complete and perfect structure. "The mind of man is the noblest work of God." The study of that mind is the highest intellectual endeavor of man. The complete education of that mind is the noblest work of man.

To this work, fellow-teachers, we are called. For the achievement of these grand results we are responsible. To this work, then, let us come, armed with all the auxiliaries the broad field of science affords. Let us come *knowing ourselves*, and prepared to know our pupils. And when this shall be—when the educators of our land shall come thus equipped for the Herculean task, encouraged by good hearts and directed by clear heads, then will spring forth results far mightier than ever issued from the founding of empires, the crash of armies, or the subtle chicanery of diplomacy. Then shall be asked, "Who are the mighty?" And the glad tones of a grateful nation shall respond, "*The Educators.*"

MANHOOD AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.

It is said that Diogenes, the Greek philosopher, was once seen carrying a lighted candle through the streets of Athens; and being asked what he was doing, replied that he was "looking for a man." Tradition does not inform us whether or not he succeeded in the object of his search; and therefore we do not know what was his ideal of a *true man*, or what, in his estimation, was necessary to form such a character. But doubtless in some modern Athens many who would pass before his scrutinizing gaze would be dismissed with a smile of scorn or a contemptuous glance, as entirely unworthy of the name we give them.

Judging by the Christian standard, we think that where true manhood exists, but little note is taken of it, and where most of its higher elements are wanting, it is sometimes supposed to exist.

These things ought not thus to be; a person may be learned, or wealthy, or what people call religious, and yet lack much of being a genuine man. We are three-fold beings—physical, intellectual, and spiritual—and no one of these elements should be educated at the expense of the others, for the full development of all these is essential to the completion of the highest type of manhood.

As you gaze at the Capitol at Washington, you feel that it is a grand and magnificent structure, worthy of the great people by whom it was erected; but strike from it the lofty dome, and it becomes only a vast pile of stone. It may indeed still serve as a building in which the Congress of the nation can convene,—but its distinguishing feature is gone, its glory is departed. Remove the main body of the building, and the dome has no support—the lower foundation alone remains to tell the folly of the builder. Take from beneath the structure the foundation, and the whole mighty fabric tumbles into ruins. So is it with man.

If he do not cultivate the spiritual element, his mind remains dark, his life an enigma—no ray of light reaches him from beyond his earthly existence. He may be learned, may possess great genius, but the noblest element of manhood is wanting. If the intellect be undeveloped, the man is but an animal, with the physical nature neglected; he lives a whining, sickly creature, or dies before his time, his work but half accomplished.

All that is needful for our development we have. All that the body needs—light for the eyes, air for the lungs, harmonious sounds for the ear, and all the exercise necessary to develop the body to its greatest degree of symmetry and power. For the social sentiments, there are friends to love and cherish. For the intellect, there are the principles of science—the facts of history—the sublime inspirations of poesy—and the profoundest thoughts of philosophy. The spiritual sentiments can soar beyond nature into the realms of the infinite—drink from the fountains of Divine truth—and by the guidance of Divine love and wisdom exalt and glorify our social and intellectual life. We need this culture—this education; for without it we are slaves, like the caged eagle, with little life or vigor; every acquisition of knowledge we make gives us greater freedom. So it should be the great object of our lives to obtain this development.

But says one, Should it not be the great aim of life to labor for the advancement of the glory of the Creator, and the elevation of our fellow-creatures? True—but these are involved in the other. He who is most truly laboring for his Maker, does that which will give the highest development to his own faculties. For if we labor rightly, every stroke of work we do, every fact of science and history we gather, every noble aspiration or desire we have, every feeling of joy or delight that thrills us, every act of charity and kindness we perform, gives fresh power to our intellectual and spiritual nature. Our work is like that of Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott,"

"Who weaves, by night and day,
A magic web with colors gay,
And moving through a mirror clear,
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
And in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights."

So with us, images of all the varied scenes through which we pass are woven into the texture of our characters.

To me, this is a work of delight that will cease not with time, but continue through the endless ages of the "Great Hereafter;" and if we perform our part rightly, with genuine faith and hope, the ideal will become the real, this realization surpass in brightness the most fondly cherished dreams of youth, and our lives be made radiant with a beauty that shall fade not, but prove indeed a joy forever.

ALFRED WHITE.

SATIRE is a glass in which the beholder sees the faces of others, but not his own.

CONCENTRATED PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

Few phenomena are more remarkable, yet few have been less remarked, than the degree in which material civilization—the progress of mankind in all those contrivances which oil the wheels and promote the comfort of daily life—has been concentrated into the last half-century. It is not much to say that in these respects more has been done, richer and more prolific discoveries have been made, grander achievements have been realized, in the course of the fifty years of our own lifetime than in all the previous lifetime of the race, since states, nations, and politics, such as history makes us acquainted with, have had their being. In some points, no doubt, the opposite of this is true. In speculative philosophy, in poetry, in the arts of sculpture and painting, in the perfection and niceties of language, we can scarcely be said to have made any advance for upward of two thousand years. Probably no instrument of thought and expression has been or ever will be more nearly perfect than Greek or Sanscrit; no poet will surpass Homer or Sophocles; no thinker dive deeper than Plato or Pythagoras; no sculptor produce more glorious marble conceptions than Phidias or Praxiteles. It may well be that David, and Confucius, and Pericles were clothed as richly and comfortably as George III. or Louis XVIII., and far more becomingly. There is every reason to believe that the dwellings of the rich and great among the Romans, Greeks, and Babylonians were as luxurious and well appointed as our own, as well as incomparably more gorgeous and enduring. It is certain that the palaces belonging to the nobles and monarchs of the Middle Ages—to say nothing of abbeys, minsters, and temples—were in nearly all respects equal to those erected in the present day, and in some important points far superior. But in how many other equally significant and valuable particulars has the progress of the world been not only concentrated into these latter days, but singularly spasmodic in its previous march!

Take two of the most remarkable inventions of all time, both of comparatively modern date—gunpowder and printing. One is four, the other five, centuries old. How infinitesimal the difference between the fire-arms of the year 1400 and the year 1800! The "Brown Bess," the field guns, and the carronades with which Nelson and Wellington and Napoleon won their victories when we were young, were superior in little except readiness to the matchlocks and the cannon with which the barons of the Middle Ages fought out their contests, as soon as they had discarded the bows and arrows which had sufficed for mankind from the days of Thermopylæ, and earlier, to the days of Agincourt, and later. But now contrast the progress since 1840 with the progress of the previous five hundred years. Compare the needle gun of Sadowa, or the Chassepot rifle of Mentana, or the Enfield of our own troops,

or even the Minié of Inkerman, with the common musket which the veteran pedants of the Duke of Wellington's army could scarcely be persuaded to discard. Compare the Armstrong, the Blakesley, or the Whitworth ordnance of to-day—with their almost boundless caliber, their terrible projectiles, their marvellous precision, and their three-mile range—with the round shot or shell fired from the field pieces which battered Badajoz and St. Sebastian. It is probable that within fifty years from the first application of gunpowder to war, the destructive power of the fire-arms then invented was nearly as great as that of those used in the reign of Napoleon. It is probable that we are now within far less than fifty years of the furthest point to which the conditions of matter will permit that destructive power to be carried.

Then as to printing. The books printed within five-and-twenty years after the first use of movable types were as clear, as perfect, as beautiful specimens of typography as any that were produced five-and-twenty years ago. A little more rapidity and a great deal more cheapness make up, perhaps, the sum-total of the improvements in the typographic art between the time of Caxton and the time of Spottiswoode. But within the memory of those still young the wonderful art of rapid stereotyping has been introduced; and to this alone it is owing that newspapers are able to supply the demands of their hundred thousand readers. It would be of course impossible to compose more than one set of types within the very few hours allowed for the supply of each day's demand. It would be equally impossible to print off from that one set more than an eighth or a tenth part of the number of copies which the leading papers are required to furnish within three or four hours. But by *casting* from the first composed types as soon as completed, any number of fac-simile blocks can be produced, and from these, by the help of circular machines, an indefinite number of impressions can be struck off in an almost incredibly short space of time. Twelve thousand copies an hour, and even more, can, we believe, be easily produced by each machine. The multiplication thus rendered feasible is practically almost unlimited.

But it is in the three momentous matters of light, locomotion, and communication that the progress effected in this generation contrasts most surprisingly with the aggregate of the progress effected in all previous generations put together since the earliest dawn of authentic history. The lamps and torches which illuminated Belshazzar's feast were probably just as brilliant, and framed out of nearly the same materials, as those which shone upon the splendid fêtes of Versailles when Marie Antoinette presided over them, or those of the Tuileries during the imperial magnificence of the first Napoleon. Pine wood, oil, and perhaps wax, lighted the banquet halls of the wealthiest nobles alike in the eighteenth century before Christ and in the eighteenth century after

Christ. There was little difference, except in finish of workmanship and elegance of design—little, if any, advance, we mean, in the illuminating power, or in the source whence that power was drawn—between the lamps used in the days of the Pyramids, the days of the Coliseum, and the days of Kensington Palace. Fifty years ago, that is, we burnt the same articles, and got about the same amount of light from them, as we did five thousand years ago. *Now*, we use gas, of which each burner is equal to fifteen or twenty candles; and when we wish for more, can have recourse to the electric light or analogous inventions, which are fifty-fold more brilliant and far-reaching than even the best gas. The streets of cities, which from the days of Pharaoh to those of Voltaire were dim and gloomy, even where not wholly unlighted, now blaze everywhere with something of the brilliancy of moonlight. In a word, all the advance that has been made in these respects has been made since many of us were children. We *remember* light as it was in the days of Solomon; we *see* it as Drummond and Faraday have made it.

The same thing may be said of locomotion. Nimrod and Noah traveled just in the same way, and just at the same rate, as Thomas Asheton Smith and Mr. Coke, of Norfolk. The chariots of the Olympic Games went just as fast as the chariots that conveyed our nobles to the Derby, "in our hot youth, when George the Third was king." When Abraham wanted to send a message to Lot, he dispatched a man on horseback, who galloped twelve miles an hour. When our fathers wanted to send a message to their nephews, they could do no better, and go no quicker. When we were young, if we wished to travel from London to Edinburgh, we thought ourselves lucky if we could average eight miles an hour,—just as Robert Bruce might have done. *Now*, in our old age, we feel ourselves aggrieved if we do not average forty miles. Everything that has been done in this line since the world began,—everything, perhaps, that the capacities of matter and the conditions of the human frame will ever allow to be done, has been done since we were boys. The same at sea. Probably, when the wind was favorable, Ulysses, who was a bold and skillful navigator, sailed as fast as a Dutch merchantman of the year 1800, nearly as fast at times as an American yacht or clipper of our fathers' day. *Now*, we steam twelve and fifteen miles an hour with wonderful regularity, whether wind and tide be favorable or not;—nor is it likely that we shall ever be able to go much faster. But the progress in the means of communication is the most remarkable of all. In this respect Mr. Pitt was no better off than Pericles or Agamemnon. If Ruth had wished to write to Naomi, or David to send a word of love to Jonathan when he was a hundred miles away, they could not possibly have done it under twelve *hours*. Nor could we to our own friends thirty years ago. In 1867 the humblest citizen of Great Britain can send such a mes-

sage, not a hundred miles, but a thousand, in twelve *minutes*.—*London Spectator*.

[The writer might have continued his illustrations concerning the concentrated progress of the world. He could have named the cotton-gin, spinning-jenny, safety lamp, steam-plow, ether and nitrous oxyd, modern surgery, the sewing-machine, the reaper and mower, electro-magnetism, the great improvements in the telescope and microscope, and the most wonderful of all, the art of photography. And may we not mention in this connection the development of Phrenology? May we not claim for it a scientific method of character-reading? and the happiest influences on our modes of juvenile education, the treatment of insanity, imbecility, and of criminals? Is it claiming too much for this comparatively new discovery to assert that it promises—when generally understood—to prove a blessing of incomparable importance to mankind. Here is what GEORGE COMBE, author of "The Constitution of Man," said of it:

"I speak literally, and in sincerity, when I say, that were I at this moment offered the wealth of India on condition of Phrenology being blotted from my mind forever, I would scorn the gift; nay, were everything I possessed in the world placed in one hand and Phrenology in the other, and orders issued for me to choose one, Phrenology, without a moment's hesitation, would be preferred."

HENRY WARD BEECHER says: "I regard Phrenology as far more useful and far more practical and sensible than any other system of mental philosophy which has yet been evolved."

But even Phrenology is not *all* we need to know, though we commend it as of inestimable value. We are to use the faculties God has given us for the further development of earth's resources. We are, by the inventive faculties, to turn water, air, the winds, the tides, electricity, magnetism, and other natural agencies, to the further use of man. It is not improbable that greater discoveries and greater inventions than have yet been made will be opened up to the eager scrutiny of present civilization.]

"JUST"—NEITHER MORE NOR LESS.

"Love worketh no ill."

WHAT is it to be truly just,
When fully 'tis defined?
And who dares say that he himself
Is just to all mankind?

To say one's just, is a small thing
When we don't weigh the thought,
But quite another thing to be
On scales of justice brought

When every sin of every hue
Has weight, and form, and size,
When take means theft, love means do right,
And all untruths are lies,—

When thoughts, and words, and acts conjoin
To form one whole, however small,
Though there be bud, and flower, and fruit,
The germ contains them all.

In the strict sense, are any just?
God knows—and so might we,
If we but brush the mists away,
That we may plainly see.

To do by one what's *mainly* just
When we our wishes please,
Is not enough to make us just,—
'Tis only loving ease.

But if we'll speak the truth of all,
Whether we please or not,
If we will *act* the truth in full,
All biases forgot;

If we are true to the unjust,
E'en when they are unkind,
And state each case *JUST* AS IT IS,
By zeal nor hate made blind;

And then, if to all this we add
Those finer shades of thought,
With delicacy and love combined
Do all the "Just One" taught,—

Then may we claim the title "*just*,"
Applied to mortals here,
And fearing naught that may assail,
May, with a conscience clear,

Stand rock-firm 'mid all shocks of time,
Unmoved amid dismay,
And linking this with life to come,
March forth to endless day.

'Tis well "all evil to abhor,"
And yet love one another;
To "cleave to all that's pure and good,"
Let's aid—not wrong, a brother.

G. A.

LIGHT LITERATURE.

THERE is a class of readers who make it a special business to con every new novel that "comes out" (that very properly expresses their origin—as with the Topsyies who were not born but "grewed"), to the end that they may get together and rehearse the rapid and stale flights of modern flash writers; and if, by accident, some person who devotes his time to delving in mines of rich and useful learning stray into their presence, he is intolerably bored by the questions, "Have you read 'Jack the Giant Killer' or 'Mother Goose's Melodies'?" or something equally profound. Of course the stranger is compelled to say "*No*" to every one of a long series of like questions, slightly indignant that he should be suspected of being "accomplished" in this kind of "literature," and every answer elicits the ejaculation of surprise, "*Why!*" This process is continued by these Chesterfields, who are delighted to find an occasion to ventilate their polite culture, because they mistake their victim's silence of contempt for the embarrassment and confusion which the ignorant experience in the presence of the erudite, until they have exhausted their capital, whereupon they abandon him as illiterate.

A man who can stand this inquisition without losing his temper, or getting entirely disgusted with those whose minds are so shallow, that a long-drawn, sickish "love-story" can satisfy their deepest longing, and without telling them all about it right on the spot, is a paragon of Christian forbearance, and should have a leather medal hung to his neck with a life-sized calf stamped upon it.

Let no one venture into one of these "first circles" unless he is as copiously stored with this light literary ballast as "The Admirable Crichton" was with a learning of as different character as it was less "genteel." Let him be deeply read in the "Arabian Nights," "Gil Blas," and "Widow Bedott," and by no means let him presume upon a half-century's study of the sciences as an equivalent for the achievements of a few hours' superficial devotion to what is rightly called "*light literature*!"

JOHN DUNN.

On Physiology.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—*Cuba*.

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—*Isaiah* iv. 6.

THE BODY—WHAT IS ITS KING?

BY A. A. G.

It is a universal law that subjection, to a certain extent, is liberty. A land where every man might do just as he chose, without fear of jail, States prison, or hemp, would be a land of slaves, for every man in it would be in complete subjection either to his own passions and appetites, or to the passions and appetites of others; and boasted freedom would be nothing more or better than unendurable slavery. In a family where there is no law, but where father, mother, and child may act without restraint, there is no freedom to be enjoyed. If the parents have not made it a law that their own passions shall be controlled, their tempers subdued, and their whole being brought into obedience to all that is good and right, they will not only wear the chains of slavery themselves, but will compel their children to wear them. And if the children strike for freedom by trying to break away from wholesome restraint; if the older ones long for the liberty to do just as they choose; and, at last, by deception and falsehood, or some kind of artful management, or by open rebellion, attain the coveted freedom, they will soon feel the weight of the heaviest chains. If Susy, the little three-year-old—and Tommy, in his sixth year, and almost a man—grow joyful in anticipation of their mother's absence—if they say: "She's going out this afternoon, and we shan't have her to watch us, and we'll eat all the sugar in the sugar-bowl; and then we'll put our hands up to our elbows in her six-quart jar of plums;" if they revel in the prospect of such glorious freedom, and at last gain it, they will find themselves reduced to the most pitiable slavery. They may not be tied up to the bed-post, or put into the bed, or punished with stripes, for mother may, possibly, not miss her sugar or sweetmeats, but they will miss the comfortable feelings they had in their stomachs in the morning, and they will find themselves carrying around more sugar and plums than they know how to carry; they may not be conscience-smitten, but they will feel all the misery of subjection to an overloaded stomach.

It is a law, a law from which no man, woman, or child in all the length and breadth of the world can be safely released, that subjection to a certain limit is liberty, the highest liberty, and the sooner every one knows and believes it, and yields himself to the law, the sooner will true liberty be enjoyed.

Now, how far is this law acknowledged and obeyed? The world—at least the Christian world—confesses that God's law is holy, just, and good; that we ought to receive him as our king, as our righteous sovereign; that we ought to strive after spiritual redemption; that, indeed, there is no spiritual redemption for those who break loose from the restraints of God's law. But men, even Christian men, treat lightly those laws upon which physical redemption, or more particularly the redemption of the *body*, depends. They believe most firmly in that subjection of the soul without which its purity and perfection can not be reached. They think it a great sin to lie, or steal, or swear, or cheat, or build up a fortune by dishonesty; it makes their blood curdle to think of riches gained by robbing widows and orphans. They talk well about the guilt of a man who sins against his *immortal* nature by breaking God's laws. They have correct ideas—ideas which they try to put in practice—about the dignity of the *soul*, and our duty to work with God in bringing it to the highest possible point of perfection. In their view, no subjection that advances the soul in purity and all goodness can be too great. But, what about the *body*, the much despised *body*? Ah, it is nothing but the *body*. Made of dust, it will soon return to dust. Let it live out its brief period without knowing or yielding to any righteous law. Let the stomach—the worst of despots—rule the body! Let the stomach be king! It is an indisputable fact that the stomach wields the scepter in almost all human bodies. It makes the laws and enforces them, and its sway is complete. Hundreds and thousands, it is true, refuse to bear the yoke and become free men, but millions bow their necks to it, and wear it till they die.

A man, well known to fame for all the good that he does for the poor, whom he befriends and helps—building asylums and places of retreat for them, and paying for them debts that a stern creditor will no longer let remain unpaid—a man who is, in many respects, a king among men, will remain all his life a slave to his stomach. Hear him answer some plain questions put to him so directly and pointedly that he can not get away from them:

"How long have you had dyspepsia, sir?"

"Twenty years, and I expect to have it till I die."

"If he would only give up his strong coffee," quietly remarks the anxious wife, "he would soon be free from dyspepsia."

"Ah, strong coffee! Do you drink strong coffee, sir?"

"Yes; I've taken it, every morning, for twenty-five or thirty years."

"Do you think it hurts you?"

"Well—well—yes. Physicians say that it is very enfeebling to some stomachs, and my physician says I had better stop it,—at least try going without it for a while."

"Have you ever tried doing without it?"

"Yes; I've dropped it occasionally for a few days; but what is a breakfast without coffee? why, nothing more than an egg without salt—just the most unattractive thing in the world. Really, I should never care for any breakfast if I couldn't have my coffee. It makes such a cheerful, comforting breakfast; and the fact of it is, it is useless for me to try to give it up."

Now, here is a man, whose body was made for great and glorious purposes, lying down at the feet of a tyrant, consenting to be a slave to his stomach, sinning against every organ in his body, and spreading the ruin into his soul, for he has grown nervous, irritable, impatient. He gives his wife short answers, scolds at the children, threatens to give Harry a whipping if he "don't stop riding around the room on that cane," and finally does it, because Harry is a boy brim full of fun, and can't "stop riding around the room on that cane." For a brief, momentary pleasure he spreads ruin through all his being, and discomfort through his family. To quiet his conscience he sometimes says to himself: "Nobody knows positively that coffee is injurious;" but still it is his honest conviction that, however harmless coffee may be to many others, it is injurious to *him*. And yet he drinks it; and he will drink, drink, drink till he dies. He allows his whole body and soul to be in the grasp of the stomach.

Ask him if God is not the rightful sovereign of all bodies. "Oh, yes," he answers. "And has not God given every man a mind, and appointed that mind to rule the stomach and the whole body?"

"Yes, most certainly; but what can a man do with a habit that has been growing and strengthening for twenty-five or thirty years? I *must* have my coffee."

Surely the man who allows his stomach to rule is so far from what God intended he should be, that he isn't half a man. A *willing* slave has very little of manhood in him, for men who aspire to *manhood* desire liberty, and strive and toil to break all chains, not only from others but from themselves.

The willingness with which men and women consent to be under the power and in the strong grasp of the stomach is almost inexplicable.

Here is Mrs. —, and she is no imaginary character—but a woman, now dragging out a miserable existence in the world. Her stomach has worn her out. She has yielded to all its unreasonable demands. She has given it rich pastry, plum puddings, late suppers, and everything it has asked for. She has enthroned it in her body as king.

Children, as well as older people, are in bondage to the stomach. They are not taught resistance to tyrants, and as often as the usurper cries Give, give, give, so often do they give. Sometimes it is bread and honey between

meals, sometimes hot biscuits for tea—anything, everything that the stomach insists upon having.

‘And when the question is asked: “Who or what is king of the body?”—men, made in the image of God, are compelled to answer: “The Stomach!”’

THE ABUSE OF DRUGS.

[The Philadelphia *Medical and Surgical Reporter*, an excellent journal of the “regular school,” publishes the following very sensible article, by a physician, and we feel it a duty to our readers to re-publish the same for their edification. Read it, and learn to let “well enough alone.”]

There is undoubtedly no profession in which a man obtains more insight into the follies and foibles of human nature than the medical. What physician, for instance, does not know numbers of people who are continually injuring themselves with different kinds of intemperance, which means overdoses of the good things of this world,—the natural food, the procreative instinct, or what is the worst and most common among civilized nations, overdoses of drinks; others, on the contrary, who have very good intentions, and aim at the preservation of their bodily health, are continually doctoring themselves with quack medicines; or some of the latter class, having a wholesome dread of such remedies, study a dispensatory or other medical book, hunt in it for remedies which might do them good, or for symptoms which they think to observe in themselves. Medical students and young practitioners sometimes fall into such illusions. But what, then, must we say of middle-aged, well-established regular physicians (as I know some in this city) who are so weak-minded as to have no trust in nature, but are continually doctoring themselves not alone, but using quack medicines, quack lotions and ointments, notwithstanding they prescribe in orthodox style for their patients. It is a trait in weak-minded human nature to have more faith in *mystery* than in things well understood, and this explains as well the success of superstitious religions as that of quackery, the belief in the possibility of the growth or existence of frogs and snakes in the human body, etc.

People who have the habit of immoderate eating usually think that the human body needs a periodical cleaning out every two or three months, like a house; they can not possibly be persuaded that by moderate and temperate habits man may go on in a healthy state without these periodical cleanings, and that moderate exercise in the free air, combined with a proper watchfulness about the peculiarities of the system, in the agreeing and disagreeing of certain kinds of food and drink, the avoiding of all imprudence in this respect, as well as over-exertion and exposure to cold and dampness, may prevent most indispositions, and make those cleanings and druggings unnecessary.

[We know of a number of families in which doses of salts are administered to each member, whether well or ill, every spring and fall; the same chemical compound being given also to horses, and for the same purpose.]

I know that some will say that the existing circumstances which are chiefly due to the lack of common sense in the great majority of the people are rather favorable to the medical profession; and I answer, that this may be true. But I speak here not as a man who narrowly-mindedly seeks to increase, at any cost, the profit of his trade; I take, as a philanthropist, in regard to these matters, a higher point of view, looking at the promotion of the well-being of the whole human race.

Another thing which many a practitioner undoubtedly has experienced is the dissatisfaction of the members of his own family about his treatment of them; they have often a notion that because pa is a doctor, he ought to know some remedy to cure at a short notice (at least in his own family) every disturbance in health, as they think that surely there must be a quick remedy for every disorder, which a doctor ought to know, and that nature and time go for nothing. When pa honestly tells them his persuasion, that they do not want [need] anything, but must have patience, and take care of themselves, he gets the reproach that he is inactive or indifferent toward his family; that Mrs. A. or Miss B. surely would get a prescription of him in a similar case, and if pa is honest enough he can not deny this accusation.

The writer of this article could never persuade the members of his own family to use as little medicine as he uses himself; he pleads guilty of the reproach that old doctors never swallow their own medicine, and he mostly charged some of his colleagues with the treatment of the members of his family, and of himself, when this occasionally became necessary.

And here we reach an important point for the practitioner, namely, the advice never to prescribe for one's own person, when the trouble threatens to be of the least serious character.

We are educated to observe symptoms in others, not to observe our own; to prescribe with cool and sound judgment for others when sick,—not to prescribe with a judgment disordered by disease, for ourselves; besides this, our own feelings about the symptoms are illusive in the highest degree, our cool judgment is not only interfered with, but entirely upset by a simple transitory attack of fever; and even if this is not the case, we have our prejudices, likes, and dislikes, and can not possibly be as impartial in applying the rules of our divine art to ourselves, when applying them to others. Our feelings may be so distressing that we think ourselves worse than we are, and *vice versa*, if of a consumptive predisposition; in the latter case we may prescribe imprudently.

The writer once went through an attack of typhoid fever, contracted by contagion from a

patient, and his mind was so disturbed that he was utterly unable to make his own diagnosis,—really surprising in a disease so easily recognized; he did literally not know what was the matter with him till it was communicated to him by a colleague, who successfully carried him through an illness of more than six weeks' duration; this same colleague, two years afterward, unfortunately succumbed by the same disease; he prescribed for himself! He was a young and very able practitioner, and the writer is surely not the only one who remembers him with gratitude.

It may be interesting, in this connection, to mention a case in which the abuse of drugs was the cause of much trouble; the latest report, extracted from a letter, is this:

“After having had three different prominent physicians, each of whom was recommended by the former, when this one had, after his own admission, exhausted his skill, we found that when taking a remedy for one thing, another thing got worse, or a new trouble was created; so we have come to the conclusion to abandon all medicine, and trust to good nursing and a comfortable life; we tried this for the last six weeks, and the result is thus far very favorable.”

[When will the poor bedrugged people learn this *truth*,—that the *less* medicine they take, the better? What a sweeping away of pills, tinctures, bitters, and other slops, will be made when their utter worthlessness is acknowledged!]

ADVANTAGES OF CRYING.

We know how much relief is experienced by the grief-worn heart if it can vent its deep emotion in a gush of tears. Appreciating the philosophy of tears, a French physician publishes a long dissertation on the advantages of groaning and crying in general, and especially during surgical operations. He contends that groaning and crying are two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty, in the course of a few hours, by giving full vent to his emotions. If people are at all unhappy about anything, let them go into their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud boohoo, and they will feel a hundred per cent. better afterward. In accordance with the above, the crying of children should not be too greatly discouraged. If it is systematically repressed, the result may be St. Vitus' dance, epileptic fits, or some other disease of the nervous system. What is natural is nearly always useful; and nothing can be more natural than the crying of children, when anything occurs to give them either physical or mental pain. Probably most persons have experienced the effect of tears in relieving great sorrow. It is even curious how

the feelings are allayed by their free indulgence in groans and sighs. Then let parents and friends show more indulgence to noisy bursts of grief—on the part of children as well as of older persons—and regard the eyes and the mouth as the safety valves through which nature discharges her surplus steam.

PHRENOLOGY IN THE WEST.

FRANCIS WILLIAMSON, M.D.

Among the pioneers of this science in the rural districts of the West, and one of its most devoted advocates, is Doctor Francis Williamson, whose portrait accompanies our sketch.

His organization impresses us by its breadth and strength. Those elements which contribute force, energy, and emphasis are eminently his, while the tall forehead shows an ample moral endowment. The organs of Comparison, Causality, Individuality, Ideality, Firmness, Veneration, Benevolence are evidently among the largest in his brain; and some of the characteristics resultant from their influence are, a strong disposition to thoroughly investigate whatever engages his attention, excellent powers of generalization, an appreciation of the esthetics of social life and literature, a strong will, much independence and originality of sentiment, and a good degree of kindness and liberality. He is a good specimen of the vital temperament in sufficient strength to meet the demands of a vigorous mentality and a large frame; his abundant recuperative forces supplement an excellent balance of the organization.

Francis Williamson was born on the 14th of November, 1812, at Manney's Neck, North Carolina. His father, of the same name, was an extensive slaveholder at one time, and for twenty years a clergyman of the Christian denomination, a liberal thinker, and a progressionist in advance of his immediate contemporaries, for he liberated his slaves, sending some to Liberia, while others remained in this country. At an early age the son was sent to school; he received the major portion of his education at Murfreesboro, North Carolina, under the direction of excellent teachers.

He cultivated an early taste for literary works. In 1836 he taught a classical school in Hanover County, Virginia, and reviewed his classical studies, thus fixing them permanently in memory, after which he read medicine with Dr. Trezrant, of Jerusalem, Virginia. He attended a course of lectures at the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania, and took the degree of M.D. in 1835. His mind, at an early age, betrayed that intuition in the analysis of character which culminated in his investigation of the rich and inexhaustible domain of Phrenology. While attending the Medical School, Professor Horner, in the course of a lecture on the anatomy of the brain, told the class that Drs. Gall and Spurzheim had reflected much light on the true anatomy of the brain, and rather encouraged the class to study closely the

temperament and organology thereof. This stimulated Dr. Williamson to an immediate and more close observation of character. He noticed one man in that class who was very sly and secretive, and who would appeal to the lowest prejudices to accomplish his concealed plans. Looking at his head he found the region of Secretiveness large, while Conscientiousness and Self-Esteem appeared small. This correspondence of brain contour and character lead him to more extended investigation, until he was convinced of the truth of Phrenology.

In 1837-8 he traveled over the Western States, lecturing on his favorite theme, Phrenology; and among the many incidents which



FRANCIS WILLIAMSON, M.D.

relieved the monotony of his journeyings, and which served more deeply to impress the truth of this science on his mind, was one of his being mobbed for simply saying in a lecture that the brain was the organ of the mind. He visited jails, lunatic asylums, and penitentiaries, traveled over twenty States of the Union, and lectured before literary institutions.

He has been a successful practitioner of medicine for twenty-eight years. Where he finds a large cerebellum with a bilious-sanguine temperament, he claims that he can give, if deemed necessary, mercurial remedies freely with impunity, and almost invariably relieve inflammatory types of fever by this defibrinating course. Where the cerebrum is large and the cerebellum small, tonics, in his opinion, are the remedy to increase the red globules of the blood. He has been enabled, by investigating the physiology and pathology of the brain, to hew out a rational method of practice in his profession to meet the true indications of disease. Possessing strong powers of generalization and deductive reasoning, he considers *any exclusive system of medicine incompatible with the diversity of the constitution*. This he considers the true philosophy of medicine, and Phrenology essential as an auxiliary.

During the last twenty-two years he has followed the practice of his profession in Warren County, Ohio, with pre-eminent success, not only as a physician, but as a scientific surgeon. In 1862 he plunged into the exciting arena of the United States army, as surgeon, and was immediately promoted by Maj.-Gen. Rosecrans as surgeon to his staff, at Corinth, Miss., where he distinguished himself by his skill as an operator.

The study of character being his delight, I will mention a remarkable case which came under his observation early in the bloody battle of Corinth. A Minié-ball had penetrated the crown of the head of a soldier in the organ of Self-Esteem, to the depth of about one inch. The Doctor extracted the ball with his forceps, the soldier being entirely insensible at the time, and remaining so for twenty-four hours. One week after this operation General Rosecrans ordered Dr. Williamson to go through the general hospital and prescribe for the patients. He did so, and among them saw the man who had received the wound in the crown of his head; he was convalescing, but seemed somewhat stupid, would not hold up his head, and had no confidence in himself, the injury having impaired the power of Self-Esteem.

After leaving Corinth, Dr. W. was ordered to Nashville, Tenn., to take charge of a hospital. There he was actively engaged, night and day, for several months in attending to wounded soldiers from the battle of Murfreesboro, prescribing for three hundred patients daily.

Dr. W. is temperate in his habits, using neither whisky nor tobacco, which he contends lay the foundation for many diseases of the body; nor has he contracted the habit of opium-eating, of which some ambitious physicians are guilty. As a result of his abstemious habits, at the age of nearly three-score years he is robust and vigorous. Above the medium height and of imposing presence, he is the perfect gentleman, easy and self-possessed; in short he reminds one of the Virginia gentleman of the good old school. His culture being liberal and thorough, his powers of observation and analysis large, and possessing at the same no little conversational ability, he is a most desirable acquaintance and friend.

COST OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS.—When the late war was at its height, the expenses per day reached the sum of about two millions of dollars. Another destroyer is at work in the land, which consumes the enormous sum of four millions per day, or nearly fifteen hundred millions per year—half our national debt. From the late published statistics of Mr. Wells, special commissioner of the revenue, are made up the footings of the retail sales of intoxicating liquors in the several States for the year 1867, which reach the enormous aggregate of \$1,483,491,865. Reader, have you any share in this business?

Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue. In thine arms
She smiles, appearing as in truth she is,
Heav'n-born, and destined to the skies again.—*Cooper.*

KISSES.

BY EMMA.

CHILDREN'S KISSES.

SCATTERED from among the roses,
Where a budding wealth reposes,
Little dimpled lips invite;
Springing from the heart's deep treasure,
With a never-failing measure,
Given with a pure delight.

BOGUSH KISSES.

Muffled footsteps softly tipping
Up behind, and gently slipping
Round you dear familiar arms;
Though warm hearts may touch unbidden,
Where you keep your kisses hidden,
Shelter them from rude alarms.

MOTHER'S KISSES.

Little urchins full of badness,
Little faces full of sadness,
Claim a mother's tender kiss.
Every little childish sorrow
Finds a solace none can borrow,
In a mother's soft caress.

FRIENDSHIP'S KISSES.

A kiss is friendship's kindest token;
A sympathetic language spoken
By tender natures for distress.
'Tis friendship's sweetest mute bestowing,
'Tis admiration's overflowing,
That loving lips so fondly press.

CUPID'S KISSES.

Prompted by some wild emotion
Of the heart, that hidden ocean,
Throbbing in the human breast;
It may be Love's incense burning
On the lips, or Fancy's yearning,
Like "a bird without a nest."

SILENT KISSES.

Some strange, sweet chord of kindred feeling,
Some nameless yearning softly stealing,
Earth has no dearer tie than this.
Heart to heart in sacred beating,
Lips in soul-communion meeting,
Does heaven afford a purer bliss?

PARTING KISSES.

The last, and it may be the dearest,
For hearts in parting seem the nearest,
Closer for the dear "farewell."
But O, the last that cold lips never
Give answering touch, the last forever,
Are sadder than the funeral bell.

A WOMAN'S WORK UPON THE PRUSSO-AUSTRIAN BATTLE-FIELD.

FRAU MARIE SIMON.

DURING the time of the brief conflict between Prussia and Austria, in 1866, many associations of women were organized for the purpose of relieving the wants and taking care of the wounded on the battle-field. Among the chief of these were the international associations at Geneva and Paris, and a society of ladies in Saxony, under the leadership of the Princess Carola. There were others who followed the strict law of a self-imposed duty—the Sisters of Mercy—the messengers of those half cloistered institutions of modern times. Besides these were many noble-hearted women who

can not be classed with any society or sisterhood, who offered their services as volunteers, and whose influence was individually most beneficial. These latter, like the afore-named societies, were mainly under the protection of Austria; and, strange as it may appear, the Germans have not been unwilling to give praise to this humanitarian spirit displayed by their enemies. The wounded of both nations were generally treated alike by these self-appointed agents of mercy.

Of those who engaged in the cause of alleviating human suffering in the manner described, one has received the warmest marks of distinction from both nations. Of her we would particularly speak—Frau Marie Simon, the wife of a merchant of Dresden.

Frau Simon is a native of Saxony, to which country she more especially draws our attention. As is well known, Saxony, though now a member of the North German Confederation, took active part with Austria during the war; and the people there, as well as in nearly all the anti-Prussian states, had great confidence in the final issue of the conflict. The entrance of the first transports of wounded, however, from the field of Königsgratz, into Dresden, created an almost boundless confusion for a time, and called out all the energies of the citizens, and thus, in short, was Frau Simon forced into her sphere of labor. She had at first placed herself under the direction of the chief hospital physician; but a feeling which everywhere prevailed, that the wounded were left almost helpless on the battle-fields, determined her to proceed thither herself. In following her, we shall adhere, as strictly as is possible, to her own account,* in which we find contained much relating to the general condition of affairs in Bohemia, that will, doubtless, be interesting to our readers.

Frau Simon left Dresden for the field of Königsgratz in company with another Dresden lady—Frau Amalie Vogel—after having collected a large amount of stores, linen, and refreshments for the wounded. The journey was an extremely difficult one, and her duties commenced almost at the start. In the station of Königinhof, the last before reaching Königsgratz, she found crowds of wounded waiting to be removed. The station was small, yet it contained many hundreds of wounded, distributed in every conceivable place, with neither nurses nor provisions. From this station all the field hospitals within a radius of twenty miles had to be provided with stores, but on account of a lack of wagons, horses, and men, the quantities of provisions, linen, bandages, etc., which daily arrived, were perfectly useless. At Horsens, where probably the greatest misery prevailed, Frau Simon found her first settled field of labor. With her lady companion and a physician, she reached this place after a long night's journey from Königinhof, in one of the wagons which had brought the wounded to the railroad. She describes this

as being a sad ride to her; along the route, under the open heaven, lay thousands of unburied dead, whose faces shone ghastly in the bright starlight. When she arrived at her destination she found that all the inhabitants of the place had fled except the pastor, who had given up his house to the wounded. Frau Simon and her companions then walked in the darkness to the castle, where were found six hundred wounded, filling every room, and without the least assistance. The morning revealed even greater misery. Frau Simon finally discovered two Bohemian villagers, whom she vainly endeavored to persuade to bring the peasants together in order to attend to the sick and bury the numerous dead. In the village church itself she found over a hundred wounded, lying upon the hard stones, without help, without water, and moaning fearfully. She had chocolate, extract of meat, and similar nourishing articles with her, but not a vessel could be found in which to prepare them. What had not been broken, the peasants and troops had carried away. She finally conceived the idea of taking the camp-kettles of the fallen; she found linen in the knapsacks of the dead, and used it as bandages for the wounded—an impropriety, she adds, compelled by necessity.

The presence of a woman among the dead and wounded in the early morning not only inspired the sufferers with new life, but brought also many of the frightened peasants from their hiding-places. The Sisters of Mercy were also discovered in the performance of their chosen duties quite early. Frau Simon directed the efforts of all, and an improved condition was very soon everywhere visible. After a few days she was enabled to add some delicacies to the provisions of the wounded. She also procured the loan of a peasant's wagon, and visited many of the neighboring battle-fields, where her affections drew her to the care of her wounded countrymen. She thus went to Sweti, Prim, Probus, Radeck, and Nechanitz, in which places she found the greatest misery. On the 11th of July she visited Maslowitz, a village of about fifty houses, where she found her worst experience. The village lies near to Horsitz, and is the head depot of the order of the Knights of St. John. She had believed that here her services would scarcely be needed. But to her astonishment she found nine hundred wounded, who had been eight days without help! The lamentations of these unhappy men, she says, would have melted a heart of stone. In a single barn, for example, upon rotten straw, lay sixty men, some of whom had been badly bandaged, but the greater part had not been cared for at all. Many could not move from their positions, and with horrible pain had lain through those long eight days without attendance, and without a single drop of water. The cry of these poor wretches as she entered the barn was so frightful that, as she herself expresses it, it must remain forgotten for her whole life. "The despair which this horrible picture impressed upon me was

* *Illustrirtes Familien Journal*, Leipzig.

boundless; I would willingly aid, but for the moment I knew not how. The peasants could be moved to help neither through gold nor threats, for a perfect stupidity rested upon them as the result of the just-gone days and their events."

Frau Simon here displayed wonderful courage. But we will let her speak further for herself: "Upon my excursion I had continually a Prussian soldier with loaded arms as my guard; and I now sought the superintendent of the place in order to induce him to provide help; but my hopes were soon disappointed. He was a malevolent, good-for-nothing rascal. I had the idea of bringing this creature, with the help of my Prussian guard, to the place where I had found the dreadful misery, when we were met by the orderly of a Prussian artillery column who had been dispatched in order to request horses from the superintendent. I desired him to accompany me and see with his own eyes the extent of the misery and how necessary was the help." He willingly did so, and immediately rode back for assistance, and the refractory superintendent was soon after arrested. Many of the officers and soldiers of the column now offered their services; and messengers were sent to the nearest station for Sisters of Mercy, nurses, provisions, etc. The peasants who had fled were driven together by the military and set to work. The houses were thoroughly searched for provisions, of which good quantities were found, especially in the house of the superintendent. Indeed, everything possible was done by the Prussian soldiers toward the alleviation of the prevailing misery; and "the restless activity of the forces in rendering help to their wounded comrades," she adds, "was to me an affecting sight."

Such was Maslowitz in the first days after the battle. Everywhere the lack of hospital appliances and provisions was painfully felt. It is a fact that, shortly after the battle of Konigsgratz, thousands of wounded were transported, even after mortification had set in, from the scene of battle to cities of Prussia and Saxony, because of this need. Frau Simon believed that this evil condition could be entirely remedied, and with this object in view she went, on the 13th of July, to confer with the President of the then existing International Union, in Dresden. The result was that large quantities of stores were sent to Bohemia from the large depot of the Society, and the management of the Union's operations on the battle-field was given to Frau Simon. She returned as soon as possible to her work, and established her headquarters at Horsens, from whence provisions never failed to reach the surrounding districts. She found everywhere the greatest sympathy. The proprietor of Horsens placed unlimited means of transportation at her command. This was an important service, as she found employment daily for twenty pairs of horses in the transportation of supplies from Koniginhof to Horsens, and thence to the different hospitals. The parsonage at Horsens served her for an abode.

Her position compelled her to work not only in the day but through many nights; and many of the highest officers sought in their intervals of leisure to relieve her of some part of her arduous duties. She had often to procure the medicines needed by the sick on her own account. And even at her own lodgings she had some of the wounded whom she served with her own hands, and set apart a room for the convalescent.

The need of such energy and zeal as Frau Simon possessed is very apparent in the whole history of her work. During a rapid journey which she made to Vienna, in the company of the court-physician, Dr. Brauer, she found in nearly every village numbers of badly amputated and bandaged wounded left in an almost helpless condition. Nowhere, she says, was a "Johanniter" (Knight of St. John) to be seen. Everything had been done by them toward the care and removal of the wounded officers, but the poor soldiers were quite neglected. After the battle, the effects of the dead, knapsacks, arms, etc., were carefully gathered up for miles around, but the wounded and dead were allowed to remain. The equipments thus found were rapidly transported in wagons, but hundreds of brave soldiers were left with neither means of transport nor provisions. Her report of this journey is very touching and in some respects appalling. It had one good effect in calling public attention to the conduct of the "Johanniters." They had unlimited stores of provisions at command, but even in the immediate neighborhood of their head depot the greatest misery prevailed. They would, it appears, merely bandage up the wounds of the soldiers, but seldom gave a second thought to the sufferers. Among these people the noble woman found many enemies, who tried to depreciate and calumniate her. But she met them all bravely and honestly; and the whole German nation joined in her support. Though of Saxony by birth, and possessing real womanly love for her country and its defenders, her care was devoted equally to their enemies. It was complained that she gave too much attention to the Saxony soldiers; but her answer, that "her heart naturally felt more drawn toward her countrymen," was at once noble and satisfactory.

The brevity of the conflict did not necessitate a long sojourn among the battle-fields. A few weeks served to bring something like order out of the confusion. Frau Simon gave up her duties into the hands of the Austrian commissioner, Professor Thumreicher; and after attending the hospital at Konigsgratz, where an epidemic had broken out among the soldiers, she returned to her home in Dresden. Everywhere she was received with extraordinary marks of approbation. She was personally received and warmly thanked by the king and queen of Prussia and the king of Saxony. She received the gold medal of the International Union for the care of wounded soldiers; a bracelet, set with gems and emer-

alds, from the empress of Austria, and from the emperor, the golden cross of merit, with the Austrian crown engraved thereon in relief; from the queen of Prussia a graceful letter written by her own hand, together with one with her sign-manual and an accompanying brooch, ornamented with the international cross; and from the king of Saxony a bracelet with a medallion portrait of the king, beautifully painted on ivory. But above all the honors of royalty, Frau Simons had also the heartfelt thanks of both the Austrian and German people, and in her own soul she had the beautiful consciousness of having fulfilled, with zeal and to the best of her capacity a noble duty of patriotism and love.

COMFORT.

[Under this caption we find the following excellent remarks in *Halt's Journal*; their exposition of the relation subsisting between wealth or money and human happiness is clear and practical. Such articles are adapted to instruct the reader.]

THE great aim of the mass of mankind is to get money enough ahead to make them "comfortable;" and yet a moment's reflection will convince us that money will never purchase "comfort," only the means of it. A man may be "comfortable" without a dollar; but to be so, he must have the right disposition, that is, a heart and a head in the right place. There are some persons who are lively and cheerful, and good-natured, kind, and forbearing in a state of poverty which leans upon the toil of to-day for to-night's supper and the morning's breakfast. Such a disposition would exhibit the same loving qualities in a palace, or on a throne.

Every day we meet with persons who in their families are cross, ill-natured, dissatisfied, finding fault with everybody and everything, whose first greeting in the breakfast-room is a complaint, whose conversation seldom fails to end in an enumeration of difficulties and hardships, whose last word at night is an angry growl. If you can get such persons to reason on the subject, they will acknowledge that there is some "want" at the bottom of it: the "want" of a better house, a finer dress, a more handsome equipage, a more dutiful child, a more provident husband, a more cleanly, or systematic, or domestic wife. At one time it is a "wretched cook" which stands between them and the sun; or a lazy house-servant, or an impertinent carriage-driver. The "want" of more money than Providence has thought proper to bestow, will be found to embrace all these things. Such persons may feel assured that *people who can not make themselves really comfortable in any one set of ordinary circumstances, would not be so under any other.* A man who has a canker eating out his heart, will carry it with him wherever he goes; and if it be a spiritual canker whether of envy, habitual discontent, unbridled ill-nature, it would go with the gold, and rust out all its brightness. Whatever a man is to-day with a last dollar, he will

be radically, essentially, to-morrow with a million, unless the heart is changed. Stop, reader,—that is not the whole truth, for the whole truth has something of the terrible in it. Whatever of an undesirable disposition a man has to-day without money, he will have to-morrow to an exaggerated extent, unless the heart be changed: the miser will become more miserly; the drunkard, more drunken; the debauchee, more debauched; the fretful, still more complaining. Hence the striking wisdom of the Scripture injunction that all our ambition should begin with this: "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness;" that is to say, that if you are not comfortable, not happy now, under the circumstances which surround you, and wish to be more comfortable, more happy, your first step should be to seek a change of heart, of disposition, and then the other things will follow—*without the greater wealth!* And having the moral comfort, bodily comfort, bodily health will follow apace, to the extent of your using rational means. Bodily comfort, or health, and mental comfort have on one another the most powerful reactions; neither can be perfect without the other, at least, approximates to it; in short—*cultivate health and a good heart*; for with these you may be "comfortable" without a farthing: without them never, although you may possess millions!

WARNING A WIFE.

[There is almost as much common sense as romance in the following sketch, and for that reason our readers will pardon us for the infliction of a love story.]

"AND so you want to marry my daughter, young man?" said farmer Bilkins, looking at the young fellow sharply from head to toes.

Despite his rather indolent, effeminate air, which was mainly the result of his education, Luke Jordan was a fine-looking fellow, and not easily moved from his self-possession; but he colored and grew confused beneath that sharp, scrutinizing gaze.

"Yes, sir; I spoke to Miss Mary last night, and she referred me to you."

The old man's face softened.

"Molly is a good girl, a very good girl," he said, stroking his chin with a thoughtful air, "and she deserves a good husband. What can you do?"

The young man looked rather blank at this abrupt inquiry.

"If you refer to my abilities to support a wife, I can assure you—"

"I know that you are a rich man, Luke Jordan, but I take it for granted that you ask my girl to marry *you*, not your property. What guarantee can you give me, in case it should be swept away, as it is in thousands of instances, that you could provide for her a comfortable home? You have hands and brains—do you know how to use them? What can you do?"

This was a style of catechism for which Luke was quite unprepared, and he stared blandly at the questioner without speaking.

"I believe you managed to get through college—have you any profession?"

"No, sir; I thought—"

"Have you any trade?"

"No, sir; my father thought that with the wealth I should inherit I should not need any."

"Your father thought like a fool, then. He'd much better have given you some honest occupation and cut you off with a shilling—it might have been the making of you. As it is, what are you fit for? Here you are, a strong, able-bodied young man, twenty-four years old, and never earned a dollar in your life! You ought to be ashamed of yourself And you want to marry my daughter. Now, I've given Molly as good advantages for learning as any girl in town, and she hasn't thrown 'em away; but if she didn't know how to work, she'd be no daughter of mine. If I choose, I could keep more than one servant; but I don't, no more than I choose that my daughter should be a pale, spiritless creature, full of dyspepsia, and all sorts of fine lady ailments, instead of the smiling, bright-eyed, rosy-checked lass she is. I *did* say that she should not marry a lad that had been cursed with a rich father; but she has taken a foolish liking for you, and I'll tell you what I'll do: go to work, and prove yourself to be a man; perfect yourself in some occupation—I don't care what, if it is honest—then come to me, and, if the girl is willing, she is yours."

As the old man said this he deliberately rose from the settle of the porch and went into the house.

Pretty Mary Bilkins was waiting to see her lover down at the garden gate, their usual trysting-place. The smiling light faded from her eyes as she noticed his sober, discomfited look.

"Father means well," she said, as Luke told her the result of his application. "And I'm not sure but he's about right, for it seems to me that every man, rich or poor, ought to have some occupation."

Then, as she noticed her lover's grave look, she said, softly,—

"Never mind,—I'll wait for you, Luke."

Luke Jordan suddenly disappeared from his accustomed haunts, much to the surprise of his gay associates. But wherever he went, he carried with him those words which were like a tower of strength to his soul: "I'll wait for you, Luke."

One pleasant, sunshiny morning, late in October, as farmer Bilkins was propping up the grapevine in his front yard, that threatened to break down with the weight of its luxurious burden, a neat-looking cart drove up, from which Luke Jordan alighted with a quick, elastic step, quite in contrast with his formerly easy, leisurely movements.

"Good-morning, Mr. Bilkins. I understood that you wanted to buy some butter tubs and cider barrels. I think I have some that will just suit you."

"Whose make are they?" asked the old

man, as, opening the gate, he paused by the wagon.

"Mine," replied Luke, with an air of pardonable pride.

Mr. Bilkins examined them one by one.

"They'll do," he said, coolly, as he set down the last of the lot. What will ye take for them?"

"What I asked you for six months ago to-day—your daughter, sir."

The roguish twinkle in the old man's eyes broadened into a smile.

"You've got the right metal in you, after all," he cried. "Come in, lad—come in. I shouldn't wonder if we made a trade after all."

Nothing loth, Luke obeyed.

"Molly!" bawled Mr. Bilkins, thrusting his head into the kitchen door.

Molly tripped out into the entry. The round white arms were bared above the elbow; and bore traces of the flour she had been sifting. Her dress was a neat gingham, over which was tied a blue checked apron; but she looked as winning and lovely as she always did wherever she was found.

She blushed and blushed and smiled as she saw Luke, and then, turning her eyes upon her father, waited dutifully to hear what he had to say.

The old man regarded his daughter for a moment with a quizzical look.

"Moll, this young man—mayhap you've seen him before—has brought me a lot of tubs and barrels, all of his own make—a right good article, too. He asks a pretty steep price for 'em, but if you are willing to give it, well and good; and hark ye, my girl, whatever bargain you make, your father will ratify."

As Mr. Bilkins said this he considerably stepped out of the room, and we will follow his example. But the kind of bargain the young people made can be readily conjectured by the speedy wedding that followed.

Luke Jordan turned his attention to the study of medicine, of which profession he became a useful and influential member; but every year, on the anniversary of his marriage, he delights his mother-in-law by some specimens of the handicraft by which he won what he declares to be the best and dearest wife in the world.

JONES was, or believed he was, near his death; and, the doctor calling, he held a long and earnest conversation with him about his chances of life. "Why, man," said the physician, "you are likely to die any hour. You have been living for the last fifteen years without a constitution,—lungs gone, liver diseased, and all that sort of thing." "You don't mean to say," replied Jones, questioningly, "that a man can live for fifteen years without a constitution?" "Yes, I do," retorted the doctor, "and you are an example." "Then, doctor"—and a bright smile illuminated the pallid face of the doomed man—"then, doctor, I'll go it ten years more on the by-laws." And he did.

HENRY EDWARD MANNING,
ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIMATE OF ENGLAND.

THE Archbishop evidently possesses a cranium of large size, and a temperament of fine quality. The expression and cast of the countenance awaken thoughts of cloistered retirement and much meditation. The asceticism of the devout Romanist broods upon the features. How great the depth of the anterior region of the brain! and how small the occiput! How lofty the region of Veneration, and how extensive generally the moral organs! The neophyte in Phrenology could almost read this character. There is Veneration enough for the bigot, and Causality enough for the philosopher. Combativeness is apparently well developed, and supplies its fervor and resolution to the maintenance of intellectual and religious opinion.

In social matters the Archbishop is somewhat wanting. We could not conceive him to be influenced by strong instinctive affection for friends or kindred, but rather to exercise a kind and philanthropic sentiment that would comprehend the circle of humanity.

The organ of Continuity is finely developed, imparting steadiness of thought and concentration of purpose. In this connection the eye may be referred to as expressing an unwavering intensity.

In the finely chiseled and delicate features—a delicacy approaching sharpness—we find an excellent illustration of the mental temperament. He must be a close, earnest thinker, a devoted, nay, ultra, churchman, sharp and appreciative of whatsoever concerns the “finer feelings,” highly esthetical in his tastes, and disposed to ecclesiastical polemics.

Archbishop Manning was born about the year 1812. He received his scientific education at Harrow, and at Balliol College, Oxford,

where the first degree was awarded to him in the classical department. He was subsequently chosen fellow of Merton College, and obtained the living of Lavington, in Sussex. In 1860 he was made Archdeacon of Chichester, which office he held until 1851, publishing, in the mean time, several volumes of sermons. It was here that he suddenly joined the Roman Catholic Church.

In that year the celebrated Gorham decision, which left the doctrine of the effect of baptism an open question in the Church of England, was the subject of a protest from several of the clergy and laymen of the Establishment, among whom, Manning, Wilberforce (who was a fellow-student of Manning), Pusey, and

England, and there engaged in the official services of the Roman Catholic Church, and was made provost of the chapter of Westminster. He founded a congregation of secular priests, called the Oblates of St. Charles, modeled after the rules of the Order of St. Charles Borromeo. They have now, we believe, two missions in London—one at St. Mary's of the Angels, Bayswater, and the other at Westminster. Cardinal Wiseman died on the 15th of February, 1865, and Dr. Manning was then elevated to the archiepiscopal dignity by the Pope. The selection was almost as great a matter of astonishment to the Romanists themselves as to the Protestant clergy of England. The former were surprised that three of the

highest dignitaries of their Church, Dr. Clifford, Bishop of Clifton, Dr. Grant, Bishop of Southwark, and Dr. Errington, coadjutor of Cardinal Wiseman, should have been overlooked, while the latter saw one who had been brought up in their own colleges raised to the position of the highest dignity in the Roman Church in England, and using their own weapons in another cause.

The published works of Archbishop Manning show, even in their simple titles, a large share of the workings of the faculty of religious faith and devotion. He shows, too, the talent of an able reasoner. His works issued before his secession from the Church of England are, “The Rule of Faith—a Sermon” (1838); “Holy Baptism” (1848); “On the Unity of the Church” (1845); “Thoughts for Those that Mourn” (1850), and in the same year four volumes of Sermons. Since 1851 he has published the following, all in favor of Catholicism: “The Crown of Faith;” “Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes;” “Discourses on

Ecclesiastical Subjects;” “England and Christendom;” “Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost;” “Love of Jesus to Penitents;” “Centenary of St. Peter;” “Certainty of Divine Faith;” “The Church, the Spirit, and the Word;” “Confidence in God;” “Devotion of St. Charles;” “Glory of St. Vincent de Paul;” “The Good Shepherd;” “Occisi et Coronati;” “Office of the Holy Ghost under the Gospel;” “Omnia pro Christo;” “St. Peter's Pence;” “Unity in Diversity the Perfection of the Church.” Besides these original works, he has edited, “St. Catharine of Genoa on Purgatory;” “Pictures of Christian Heroism;” “Flowers of St. Francis;” and “Life of the



PORTRAIT OF HENRY EDWARD MANNING.

others of the extreme High Church party were prominent. In this protest it was said, “that unless the decision was formally refuted, it would be of binding force upon the whole English Church; and its signers wished to free that which they considered the Church of Christ from submission to a doctrinal decision given by the Crown.” The clergy generally acquiesced in the decision, but Dr. Manning at once, with others, retired from the Church, giving up, at the same time, his living.

For a while he lived in strict seclusion; and in the year 1851 was received into the Roman Catholic Church. He visited Rome, where he resided for some time. He then returned to

Cure d'Ars." One of his latest works, published in March, 1868, relates to the ecclesiastical state of Ireland, but is generally condemned by the English Protestant press as illogical in its treatment of the subject, and quite unsatisfactory as the basis of a permanent settlement of the religious difficulties of that country.

Archbishop Manning is admitted to be the greatest intellectual power of the Roman Catholic Church in England at the present day, and his influence is very great.

THE ANGEL GUIDE.

BY MRS. L. C. HOLLOWAY.

In the quiet hush of midnight,
While the stars burned far and dim,
And the busy household music
Hushed its many-chorded hymn—
In the heart of a great city,
Far from home and dearest friends,
Lay a stranger, sleeping calmly,
While above an angel bends.

Hush! can'st hear the angel whisper
Of the path that man must tread
Over mountains bleak and lonely,
Under storm-clouds dark and dread?
Holding still in heart and nature
One true purpose deep and strong,
Just to triumph over evil,
And in spirit shun the wrong?

Nearer comes the strife and nearer,
Higher flights and depths more deep
Open to the troubled sleeper,
Till he awakens from his sleep,
And with weary, troubled feeling
Turns his head, and there in sight
Is his nature's better angel,
Radiant in a halo bright.

There is naught of human semblance
Save his glory-lighted face,
And he wonders at the vision
Coming in so strange a place;
And he questions, asking slowly
Of the name she bore on earth,
Of her station and condition,
And the land that gave her birth.

And she answers him as plainly
As his mortal brain and will
Can be molded to receive her
Words so faint and faltering still.
But though waking vision sees her
Fading dimly out of sight,
Still she lingers in his memory,
Angel fair of love and light.

HOW TO BE MISERABLE.

SIT by the window and look over the way to your neighbor's excellent mansion, which he has recently built and paid for, and fitted out.

"Oh, that I were a rich man!"

Get angry with your neighbor, and think you have not a friend in the world. Shed a tear or two, and take a walk in the burial-ground, continually saying to yourself:

"When shall I be buried here?"

Sign a note for a friend, and never forget your kindness, and every hour in the day whisper to yourself—"I wonder if he will ever pay that note?"

Think everybody means to cheat you. Closely examine every bill you take, and doubt its being genuine until you have put your neighbor to a great deal of trouble. Put confidence in nobody, and believe every man you trade with to be a rogue.

Never accommodate, if you can possibly help it.

Never visit the sick or afflicted, and never give a farthing to assist the poor.

Buy as cheap as you can and screw down to the lowest mill. Grind the faces and hearts of the unfortunate.

Brood over your misfortunes, your lack of talents, and believe that at no distant day you will come to want. Let the work-house be ever in your mind, with all the horrors of distress and poverty.

Follow these receipts strictly, and you will be miserable to your heart's content—if we may so speak—sick at heart, and at variance with the world. Nothing will cheer or encourage you, nothing will throw a gleam of sunshine or a ray of warmth into your heart.

On Ethnology.

True Christianity will gain by every step which is made in the knowledge of man.—Spurzheim.

NOTES ON THE INHABITANTS OF BRAZIL.

BY C. FRED. HARTT.

WHEN a man says "I am an American," he has indicated to us his nationality in a political sense, but he has given us no clew as to his place in the great family of man considered from a natural-history point of view. He may have descended from Teutonic or Semitic parents, or he may be of a mixed stock. The United States are peopled by representatives of almost every race on earth. Each race, where it preserves its blood pure in descent, perpetuates to a greater or less degree its race characters. Thus in America we have the Indian, Negro, German, Irish, English, and other elements distinctly marked in our population. But with time, mixtures of blood of a very complicated nature are taking place, and these result in the production of a mixed race of men, which, growing up under peculiar political, social, and religious influences, have taken on peculiar national characteristics, and these vary with the conditions which have tended toward their development, and are visible in the whole make of the man, physically, mentally, morally. Thus speaking broadly, we have the Southern and the Yankee. Notwithstanding the heterogeneity of the race-elements in our population, there is a national *tout ensemble* which distinguishes the American from the German or the Italian.

Brazil bears a remarkable resemblance to the United States in the mixture of blood visible in its inhabitants. When Cabral discovered the land of the "True Cross," he found it peopled by savage Indians belonging to several

different and well-marked tribes. On the coast he found the Tupis, a powerful nation which long ago had come from the south, driving before it the Botocudo Indians, who dispersed themselves before the invaders, taking refuge in the forests and mountain fastnesses.

Under the influence of the Jesuits, the most of the coast tribes and those on the Amazonas became converted to Christianity, and, instead of disappearing altogether as the Indians of the east coast of North America have done, have continued in existence, adopting the customs and creed of their European conquerors, while they have become mixed with their blood. The Botocudo tribe, however, had resisted almost entirely the influence of civilization, and, persecuted by the white settlers, had rapidly decayed, so that ere long it must go out of existence. The white settlers of Brazil are for the most part of Portuguese descent, though there are German, Dutch, and American colonists: Slavery has introduced another and very important element into the population of the country. The fusion of all these diverse elements, particularly of the Portuguese, Negro, and Indian, has produced a nation with very marked characteristics, but these vary locally; the inhabitants of Para, Pernambuco, Minas Geraes, Rio, and San Paulo differ markedly from one another, just as the inhabitants of different parts of the United States differ.

The whites, descendants of the Portuguese, preserve the general features and characters of their ancestors. They are short of stature, rather slimly built, dark or sallow skinned, black-eyed, and with black hair and whiskers. The forehead is rather low. The men are usually thin-featured and lean, but muscular and tough, and, on the whole, are good-looking. The women are, as a general thing, much inferior in good looks to the Spanish, though of much the same type. In their girlhood some are extraordinarily beautiful, their beauty consisting principally in their long oval face, delicate nose, black, languishing eyes, small mouth, and luxuriant black hair; but their beauty is fugitive, and they grow rapidly old, tending very frequently to excessive *embon-point* in middle age.

As children, the Brazilians are very bright, intelligent, and quick, making excellent scholars, but noted, however, rather for quickness than for depth. Brazil has a school system well-nigh as perfect as that of New England, and every one learns to read, write, and keep accounts. It is well known that in Brazil, as in other tropical countries, the children mature very early, so that one misses in Brazil the big immature boys and girls of North America.

Except in the cities, and especially among the educated, there is nothing which corresponds to the English and American home-circle, with all its attendant advantages for culture. The education of the girl is confined to the merest rudimentary acquaintance with the Portuguese and French literature,

and the accomplishments of music and dancing end with her leaving the college or nunnery, or with her marriage, and thenceforth she is, in most parts of the country, shut up within her house, never going out alone, and mingling with society only at the ball or the *feira*. In the large cities, where French manners prevail, the ladies may be seen at the table or in the parlor with their families. In the country, the *fazendeiro* receives and entertains a guest, and one may spend a month in a *fazenda* without being introduced to the lady of the house or her daughters, and without seeing them at all except at the chapel. Thus secluded from every-day society and surrounded by servants, the ladies of the *fazenda* lead an aimless and inert life, one which, from its inactivity, tells on them physically as well as morally. Music, French novels, and gossip are their recreations, and they are sentimental and wholly void of the energy and stability of character of the American or English woman. The want of education and the seclusion of the Brazilian woman unfit her for the proper training of her children, who grow up in the society of the young slaves and really receive their first education through them. The mothers are the making of a nation. Brazil needs a good system of female education, and a placing of woman on her proper level as an intellectual companion to man, before she can come up to the same intellectual and moral standard with other civilized nations.

There are many collegiate institutions in Brazil, as at Rio, Bahia, Pernambuco, and elsewhere, some of which are well endowed and have large staffs of professors; but there being no demand for a liberal, generous culture, these institutions fall far below the rank of the high schools of the United States, and their graduates are scarcely fitted to enter one of our colleges. There is a great ambition among the wealthier Brazilians to educate their sons for a professional life, and especially for the bar, and the country is flooded with young lawyers, candidates for political honors. One is astounded at the number of youthful doctors of law and judges he meets with. The Brazilians are a very polite and courteous people, and very fond of complimentary speech-making and discussions. They cultivate a neat and florid style, and write well, though with little depth. An American is much struck with the readiness, fluency, graceful diction, and animated delivery of the Brazilian orator, and nothing could excel in delicate compliment, roundness, and turning of sentences, or warmth of style an after-dinner speech. Evenings are spent among Brazilian gentlemen in conversation which is most likely to turn upon politics, and then becomes exceedingly animated. The Brazilian is particularly easy, fluent, and polished in conversation, and is more given to discussion than we are. They are very apt at acquiring foreign languages, and a speaking acquaintance with several is not uncommon. Music is much cultivated in Brazil, and there are prob-

ably more gentlemen in a hundred in Brazil who play on some musical instrument than with us. The piano, guitar, and flute are the favorite instruments. The music most admired is the Italian, Portuguese, and French. One need not feel surprised at hearing *Ah che la morte!* nicely performed on the flute everywhere. There is a peculiarity about the Brazilian national music which it is very difficult to describe. It is monotonous and melancholy, and there is a great fondness for a



A BOTOCUDO—FRONT VIEW.

singular mode of beating time, a rest following in the first beat in the measure or a part of it. One observes the same peculiarity in the Spanish music of the West Indies and South America. The music of the lower people is very plaintive, sentimental, and monotonous—the expression of a life devoid of vigorous culture, of a morality and religion dimly appreciated and worshiped as an idea.

Nominally, the religion of Brazil is the Roman Catholic; but the influence of Dumas and Paul de Kock, *et hoc omne genus*, has had a terrible effect. The ruined churches everywhere tell of religious decay; the profligacy



A BOTOCUDO—SIDE VIEW.

and immorality of the priesthood, and the open expression of infidel views, present a sad picture. The Virgin receives an outward worship, but it is not the homage of the heart. Is it then to be wondered at that, in a country where the religious teachers are, as a class, men of immoral lives, purity and truth, though worshiped in song, should fail to be exemplified in the lives of the people?

In business, the Brazilian is sharp and un-

scrupulous. Let me give an instance to illustrate his mode of dealing. I had been kindly treated in the Province of Minas Geraes by a young mulatto merchant, who had given me a free passage with him in his canoe down the river Tequitinhonha. Money ran low. It was impossible to draw any, so there was no resource other than that of selling a part of my baggage. I had a good hammock, new and unused, for which I had given eight milreis on the coast, where they were very cheap. So I produced it and offered it to the merchant for what I originally gave for it. It was no use—he would give no more than half that sum. It was used and worn, etc., etc. At the last moment I parted with it for the price. The merchant rolled it up and put it one side. Presently there came in a friend. The merchant unrolled the hammock and displayed it with the same words of commendation I had used, and said it had cost eight milreis, but he would sell it for nine, and that in my presence.

As a planter, the Brazilian is noted for his hospitality, courtesy, and pride. Nothing can exceed him in the kindness with which he receives and entertains a traveler. A letter of introduction from a friend obtains for one immediately the freedom of the *fazenda*; but many a time, when weary and travel-worn I have descended the roof of a planter's house at night-fall, my request for shelter has been granted, my mules have been taken care of, and, overwhelmed with a thousand attentions and kindnesses, my departure, intended for the morrow, has been delayed for a week. Traveling in Minas, I have time after time put up at a poor farmer's house, been fed and lodged, and on the morrow have only been charged a few pennies for the corn for the mules and the milk for our coffee. Once, at Minas Novas, my mule broke down, and, in addition, I was seriously ill. A gentleman, a stranger, meeting me on the road to Chapada, lent me a mule, took me to his house, and his mother, brother, and himself nursed me through a violent attack of fever and delirium. They had only the faintest idea of who I was or what was my mission, and when I came to leave they refused the slightest remuneration.

The manners and customs of the people are Europeanized, dress, etc., being as in Portugal, except in the interior, where, among the lower classes, the national mode of life still lingers.

The negro population consists of freemen and slaves. Among these last are representatives of very many African races, who, of course, preserve the national characteristics. The finest, as well as most independent-spirited are the Mina negroes, who are tall, very muscularly built, and more rebellious than the other negroes. A great number of the slaves are African born and are tattooed. There is no finer field for the study of the negro, from an anthropological point of view, than in the cities of Rio and Bahia. At Rio one may hear spoken under his hotel window within one hour a dozen African tongues.

Prof. Agassiz has collected a very large number of full-length photographs of naked African-born negroes at Rio and elsewhere, and we may hope that one day he may publish them, with the results of his ethnological studies *in extenso*. There is a marked contrast between the muscular, plump, and glossy negro form and the thin, fallow, wiry descendant of the Portuguese in Brazil. The negro is at home in the hot Brazilian climate, and stretches himself at noon-day in the sun on the sidewalk to sleep; but the white is degenerating in every way.

The Brazilian negro is the same laughing, happy being he is in the Southern States; he is docile and submissive, but active only when spurred to work by a master or by necessity. He is fond of music, but of a different class from that which pleases the North American ear, less lively, more monotonous, and more dreamy. He is superstitious, believes in the "bad eye," in charms, and is a devout worshiper of the Virgin. Generally, he is very trustworthy and honest. You might dispatch the first negro you met in Rio for the change of a dollar and feel quite sure of its return. The slaves are, as a general thing, well treated, but they receive no education, and are a most debased and unintellectual class. The free negro is on terms of equality with the white, politically and socially. I have met at the table of a wealthy planter a negro as black as a coal, who received the same attentions and same hospitality as the white guests. I have known many educated men, lawyers and physicians, government officials, who were not only perfect gentlemen, but whose intellectual attainments were such as would command the highest respect.

The mulattoes are, as a general thing, a fine-looking class, physically; the women among them are noted for their handsome faces and well-molded but voluptuous forms and loose morals. The men are effeminate, lazy, and unreliable.

The civilized Indians along the coast are short in stature, of heavy build, and with a dark swarthy skin. Their faces are round, with rather prominent cheek-bones, their beards are scanty, and their hair coarse, black, and straight. They are noted for their indolence, fondness for their superstitions, their lack of honesty and truthfulness, and their quick, revengeful spirit. They are much mixed with the whites and negroes.

Between Rio and Pernambuco, the principal tribe of savage Indians is the Botocudo tribe, which now occupies the forest belt in the provinces of Espirito Santo and Bahia, a tribe of which Von Tschudi and Prince Max. Zu Neu Wied have given very elaborate descriptions. These Indians differ very remarkably from the civilized tribes physically as well as in their language. They are somewhat taller and more lightly built, the legs being very slim in proportion to the body, the color of their skin yellowish and light, not swarthy; the hair black and coarse, and the features

more regular and less Indian-like than among the other aboriginal tribes. Among the many individuals I saw while there, I observed a remarkable variety in the shape of the features. They go naked, live on fruits and the chase, using very long arrows which they shoot from a heavy bow. The men pull out their scanty beards, cut their hair very close and shave it away all round for a finger's breadth or more. They pierce the ear-flap and insert in the hole a plug of wood sometimes three inches in diameter. The women, in addition, pierce the lower lip, in which they wear a similar plug. They are a warlike tribe, in constant feuds with one another, and are undoubtedly cannibals.



THOMAS H. STOCKTON, D.D.

OBITUARY.

THIS eminent Methodist minister died at Philadelphia, Wednesday, October 7th. Being widely known as an able divine, a charming poet, an elegant religious writer, and having for many years officiated as chaplain of either the national Senate or House of Representatives, his death claims much more than ordinary attention from the public.

He was born at Mount Holly, N. J., June 4, 1808. He received a plain education, and at the age of sixteen began authorship by publishing a brief poem in a Philadelphia newspaper. Thenceforth he made frequent contributions to various periodicals, furnishing essays, tales, poems, criticisms, and a variety of productions.

At the age of eighteen he lost his admirable mother, and about the same time he formally united with the M. E. Church. The following year he became a student of medicine, attending lectures in Jefferson College, Philadelphia.

In 1829 he became a preacher. He had previously made various efforts in other directions—medicine, from the practice of which he shrank; type-setting, newspaper-writing, and editing. At last, upon the suggestion of Dr. Dunn, a minister of the Associate Methodists (afterward Methodist Protestants), he commenced preaching. He preached his first sermon at an unoccupied country-seat near Philadelphia, May 31, 1829. He afterward traveled several large circuits on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. In 1830 he was in Baltimore; but

in the following year, on account of ill health, he was missionary at large, traveling North and West.

In 1832 he returned to Maryland, and was nominated for the chaplaincy of the U. S. Senate. Next year he was stationed at Georgetown, D. C., and was elected chaplain of the House of Representatives. Not being re-elected in 1835, he engaged in writing a poem, "Faith and Sight." In the winter he was re-elected to the chaplaincy. In 1836 he had charge of St. John's Church, Baltimore. In 1837 he finished compiling the Church hymn-book; for which service, by the way, the Church afterward displayed marked ingratitude.

He was still in Baltimore in 1838, when he wrote the poem on the Duel of Graves and Cilley; but he soon afterward removed to Philadelphia, where he continued for the next nine years, engaged with successful zeal in religious labors of various kinds. From 1847 to 1850 he resided in Cincinnati, in charge of the Sixth Street M. P. Church. While there he declined the presidency of Miami University, to which he had been unanimously elected. From 1850 to 1856 he was again in Baltimore, chiefly at St. John's. In 1856 he returned to Philadelphia, where he preached regularly for the Church of the New Testament, except when absent at Washington, serving as chaplain of the House of Representatives.

All of these labors, incessant as they have been, he prosecuted under the depressing circumstances of ill health, for he was a consumptive from his youth. Yet his industry never failed and his courage never seemed to waver.

His writings are many, and his pulpit labors have been great and extended. There are very few persons in America who have not either heard his eloquence or of his power as an orator.

He edited several periodicals, and published an edition of the New Testament in paragraph form. The following works also are from his pen: "Floating Flowers from a Hidden Brook;" "The Bible Alliance;" "Sermons for the People;" "The Blessing;" "Stand up for Jesus;" "Poems, with Autobiographies and other Notes;" and "The Peerless Magnificence of the Word of God."

His volume of "Sermons for the People" has passed through several editions, and has been widely circulated.

Dr. Stockton possessed an exceedingly fine-grained organization, with a temperament elastic, active, and vivacious. He had a strong appreciation of the true, the beautiful, and the harmonious. Much as he owed to nature for the gifts bestowed on him, the greater part of his acknowledged ability and mental power was due to careful culture. We may confidently say, too, that the science we advocate contributed in no little degree to Dr. Stockton's mental development and prominence, as he for many years took a warm interest in phrenological matters, both theoretically and practically.

On Psychology.

The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes infinite,
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless inner sight;
Lovely, but solemn it arises,
Unfolding what no more might close.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

NIGHT.

"In her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learned the language of another world."—*Byron.*

'Tis night, and o'er the silent world
The shadows slowly fall,
As though the darkness had unfurled
Its canopy o'er all.

The fiery day-god's golden light
No more on earth is shed;
But by the stars serene and bright,
We know he is not dead.

And when a few brief hours are o'er,
The stars will cease their light;
The morning sun will beam once more,
And hide them from our sight.

'Tis thus when sorrow's night appears,
And joy's bright sun seems set;
To Heaven we look, and stay our fears—
We know *He* liveth yet.

Then though thy path be dark as night,
And hope be almost gone,
Let faith in that fair land of light
Sustain thy spirit on,—

Till in that home of heavenly rest
Beyond the viewless shore,
Thy soul shall dwell with seraphs blest,
There dwell for evermore.

DELTA KAPPA PHI

MIRACULOUS HEALING.

A SENSATION IN PARIS.

From the London *Star* we extract a brief account of a Zouave in Paris, whose gifts of healing aroused a wide-spread sensation. His performances remind us of the redoubtable Dr. Newton, whose fame, doubtless, has reached the ears of our readers.

The *Star* says, in the words of its correspondent:

"The great novelty of the day, and the subject of all conversation, is the miraculous gift of healing possessed by a Zouave of the name of Jacob, who, by the mere exercise of his will, performs daily the most extraordinary cures on paralyzed persons who for years have been unable to move without assistance. The Zouave receives no payment for the boon he confers; he is perfectly unassuming in manner, and does not attempt to explain by what means he accomplishes the cures he undoubtedly effects. His regiment is quartered at Versailles, but in consequence of the difficulty the poor experienced in reaching the only portion of the barrack in which he was allowed to receive his patients, the Count de Chateaullaid, himself a paralytic, offered him the use of several rooms in his hotel, where Zouave Jacob daily administers relief to thousands who flock from all parts. The Count publishes in *La Petite Presse* a plain statement of his own experience in the efficacy of Jacob's influence. He drove in his carriage, accompanied by his

wife, to the manufactory of M. Du Noyet, where Jacob was engaged with several poor and disabled patients. The Count, who had been paralyzed for years, was supported by his footman and a workman, who obligingly lent him his arm from his carriage to the *salle*, where he was allowed to take a place in the circle of the sick surrounding Jacob.

"Persons were being transported on litters or carried in men's arms to his presence, many being so utterly helpless as to be unable to sit upright, and only able to support themselves by leaning against each other. As soon as the room was full, Jacob entered and said, 'Let no one speak until I question him, or I shall go away.' Perfect silence ensued. The Zouave then went from one sick person to another, telling each exactly the disease from which he or she was suffering. Then to the paralytics he simply said, 'Rise.' The Count, being of the number, arose, and that without the slightest difficulty. In about twenty minutes Jacob dismissed the crowd. M. de Chateaullaid walked to his carriage without the slightest difficulty; and when his wife wished to express her gratitude to Jacob, he replied that he had no time to listen, for he had other patients to attend to. Medical men are themselves taken by surprise, but the facts are not contradicted."

In a later letter the same writer says:

"The 'Zouave Guérisseur' is decidedly the lion of the day. The importance attached by the public, as well as by the press, to the *so-disant* cures operated by this private, affords a striking indication of the temper of the public appetite in this country toward supernatural agency. France is a Catholic nation, and can not do without miracles. To many, the feats accomplished by the said Zouave appear as a delusive farce and extravagancy of superstition; but to many more, I am assured, it is a serious, all-absorbing faith. Scores of people in Paris, as well as Versailles, are actually made crazy by the miracles operated by Monsieur Le Zouave. He has created the greatest curiosity, and hundreds of men and women of character and ability now seek opportunities to witness and investigate the phenomena produced by Jacob, le Zouave.

"If this Jacob is a mere impostor, which many persons broadly assert, it is nevertheless confessed by careful and candid investigators that he is most successful in concealing his imposture. The fact is that Jacob, disdaining the former manifestations of spiritualism, which merely consisted in rocking, lifting, rapping, or tipping, has had the good sense to turn his mind toward things of ordinary and tangible utility. He does not pretend to introduce you to Socrates and Solomon, to put you in communication with Voltaire or Alfred de Musset, and offer to describe to you the scenery of the planet Jupiter or the star Aldebaran; but he, more practical and matter-of-fact, undertakes to rid you of rheumatism, gout, amaurosis, palsy, etc. For startling effects, the phenomena which he produces are worthy of the age of Michael Scott."

No human being possesses the power of "healing," nor of creation. These powers belong alone to God and to nature. The "effects" produced by the Zouave simply show the power of mind over matter, and what can be done by FAITH. There are thousands of bed-ridden invalids whose *minds* are diseased—who have been disappointed in the affections, in the attainment of fame or fortune—who take to their beds and remain there days, weeks, months, and even years! We have met several cases of "love-sickness," in which the parties fancied themselves unable to stand or sit. Physicians were consulted, medicines prescribed, and all to no purpose. Nothing but setting the bed on fire would start the "poor patient" into anything like energetic action. A lady had been ill and a-bed for more than two years—nothing seemed to relieve her—her case was pronounced singular and hopeless. One day her little four-year-old boy fell into a deep well, and the almost distracted woman sprang from the bed, descended by the rope into the well, and saved her child and herself. She had become bed-ridden from long confinement, and nobody supposed her able to sit up or dress herself. She was *started out of the rut* by the screaming child, and soon recovered. Men and women sometimes "*hug their aches and pains*" as though they were afraid to let them go. They are sad, gloomy, desponding, hopeless, faithless, dejected. All the drugs in the world could do them no good. Give them a warm bath, a good sweat, something to eat, a horse-back ride, or gymnastic exercises, and they would soon come up out of the slough of despond, and begin to recuperate.

The Zouave Jew Jacob performed no miracle. He simply induced a *belief*, on the part of his followers, that he could will away their diseases. But only ignorant or superstitious persons would ascribe to him supernatural powers. The effects produced—whatever they were—were *mental* or psychical, and may be produced as well by one as another. Of course the Zouave would not explain by what means such effects were produced. He may have read our Library of Mesmerism and Psychology, and have thence learned "how to do it."

When a withered limb shall be restored—when the dead shall be brought to life—it may do to talk about miracles. But we beg the public not to run after French Zouaves, quack doctors, and the rest, with the hope of seeing miracles performed.

The sick may be best put in the way of recovery by the simple agencies of nature—good food, pure water, fresh air, exercise, and sleep. The power of prayer, hope, and faith is vastly more potent to cure than all the Zouaves and all the drugs in the universe.

HENCEFORTH be mine a life of action and reality. This alone is life,—

"Life that shall send
A challenge to its end,
And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend!"

NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1868.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Fur.*

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RETROSPECTION.

It can not seem amiss, now that we are about closing the file of our JOURNAL for 1868, to briefly review the year's work. It affords an earnest and industrious soul no little satisfaction to glance a brief space backward over his track, and note here and there some meritorious accomplishment—some work performed with good intent and with happy results to himself and his neighbor. He is encouraged and inspired for further effort; he gathers sunshine and cheerfulness from the past to animate his hopes for the future. Even though he halted on his way weary, faltering, and sometimes depressed, the pleasant retrospect infuses a new life, a revived vigor, a reassured mind into his being, and he briskly resumes his intermitted task. So we would scan *our* year's march, trusting that the labor of a twelvemonth has not been in vain, but that here and there may be seen some healthy growth, some evident token that the seed we have scattered has not fallen altogether on "stony ground," or where there was no "depth of earth."

If assurance were needed to persevere in the line which we have freely chosen, and in which truth and duty encourage us to work and to battle, we can find much in the very favorable attitude of the American and foreign press toward us. During the year we have received more attention, and more commendatory attention, from the "knights of the quill," those exponents and wielders of public sentiment, than it was our experience in former years to receive. Newspapers and periodicals, religious and secular of every class, appear to vie with one another in their expressions of approval and courtesy. There have been a few attacks

upon our science, but their isolation and lack of candor wrought their own refutation. Very lately one of the leading religious newspapers of the country devoted over two long columns to a careful consideration of the ethics of Phrenology, as avowed by the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. The closing paragraph of the article we quote as illustrative of its general tone.

"Phrenology means the *Science of Mind*. Surely Christians should understand the functions of the mind—perception, memory, reflection, comparison, conscience, judgment. Christianity presented the truth to those who would (1) "see," (2) and "hear," (3) and "understand," in order that (4) they might "turn" and (5) be "healed." Matt. xiii. This is the mental process—seeing, hearing, understanding, turning, healing. Strange that people permit themselves to be influenced far more by dreamy sight-seeing and grotesque hallucinations than by the infallible truth of God. In the absence of the knowledge of the Plan of Salvation, we commend the close study of the science of mind to those who seek after things unrevealed and unforbidden by the Almighty, trusting that by the time they master that divine science they will be ready to begin the study of the Bible."

This is as fair a statement and as full an admission as a disciple of Dr. Gall could wish; and, coming as it does from a religious publisher of unquestionable orthodoxy, it must have no little weight with impartial readers.

In educational circles the practical bearings of Phrenology have been much discussed, many teachers openly declaring their belief in its principles, and testifying to the good results obtained by its application in the school-room. An address delivered by Mr. Chamberlin, before the Wisconsin Teachers' Association, which the reader will find on another page of the present number, conveys an adequate idea of the progress of our science in relation to the training of the young.

In the department of Biography—in which the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL excels all other periodicals of the day—we have published during the year upward of *one hundred and twenty-five* men and women of distinction, represent-

ing nearly every sphere which human activity has rendered conspicuous. The statesman, the scholar, the educator, the divine, the merchant, the projector, the mechanic, the poet, the musician, the politician, the traveler, the sovereign, the man honored for his philanthropy, and the wretch despised for his crimes, are accorded places in the long catalogue. Even Africa is explored for her contribution to these personal histories, and the strange, eventful career of Theodore, king of the Abyssinians, is spread before the reader. The JOURNAL enacts the part of a leveler—all class distinctions disappear under its trenchant polity. The American, the Englishman, the Frenchman, the German, the Turk, the Chinaman, the Negro, the king, the emperor, the subject, and the slave find equal admission to its columns. Aristocrat and plebeian receive no differential consideration there. Its platform is a broad *democratic* one—indeed, a radically democratic one, measured by no party standard promulgated at Charleston, Chicago, New York, or elsewhere. Human nature, whatsoever the shape in which it may appear, ethnologically or socially, has only to command attention and it will have a hearing. Our *democracy* includes all mankind. Our departments of Ethnology, Sociology, and Physiology have presented a good variety of matter, humorous, entertaining and didactic, while the graver spheres of Religion and Psychology have been amply furnished with the choicest and soundest thought which we were able to provide.

The number of illustrations, including the portraits which accompany the sketches of character and biography, is nearly two hundred! Many of these were procured at considerable cost, particularly those groups, and others, occupying full pages. We have published single illustrations, the mere cost of engraving which on the wood was twenty-five, thirty, and even thirty-five dollars. Such portraits as Rev. Dr. Deems, Mr. Peter Cooper, Mr. Macy, in the February number—Mr. Reed, the phonographer, in the March number,—Adelina Patti and Mr. Griffith, in the April number, are rated at such figures. From this statement some idea may be gathered of the expense of conducting a work like the

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. If the illustrations alone require an outlay of more than two thousand dollars, how shall we estimate the cost of preparing the matter for the printer, the paper, printing, binding, and forwarding? Well, no matter—the work goes on. Four hundred and eighty quarto-sized pages, equivalent to nine hundred and sixty pages octavo—the usual magazine size—replete with good reading, are furnished annually to our subscribers. Certainly they must be satisfied. They get the worth of their money almost in paper alone, to say nothing of the print. They *are* satisfied, and inundate us with thankful letters, expressive of their gratitude and satisfaction. We thank them, praise God, and take courage.

It must not be expected that this JOURNAL will strike into new channels and introduce new and startling features, *except* as the progress of science may develop them. As time rolls on, whatever may appear and exhibit a relation to Phrenology, Physiology, or Physiognomy, especially whatever may have a bearing upon man, individually or collectively, for his improvement, we shall endeavor to render practically available for the purposes and ends of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1869.

END OF THE VOYAGE.

HERE we are, dear reader, at the end of our year's pilgrimage,—and so much farther on in the voyage of life! "How times flies!" and how we must fly to keep up! Think of it,—we are just about to enter upon the new year of our Lord 1869. Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's! What joyful emotions these words excite in all young hearts! and what grave thoughts in the minds of the aged! The young and vigorous are ever pushing on toward the goal of their ambition; while old age, having reached the mountain top, pauses and meditates before taking the final step which separates them from earth and opens up eternity.

The present year has been most eventful. In Europe, at least one decayed monarchy has almost silently fallen; and Spain lives! That was a glorious, as it was a bloodless, revolution.

The ignorant, superstitious—and we

may say insane—Theodore of Abyssinia, who imprisoned and brutally treated strangers who visited his country, has been extinguished, and all the captives set free!

The Cretans have thrown off the Turkish yoke, and are bravely contending for their right to worship God according to enlightened Christian principles.

China and Japan are opening their vast countries to Christian civilization! Benighted Asia and Africa are being explored by scholarly travelers who publish to the world important facts, no less useful to the merchant and manufacturer than to the missionary, the philanthropist, and the educator.

At home, we are reorganizing our political and labor systems,—developing our agricultural, mineral, and other resources,—building thousands of miles of new railways, opening up for settlement new territory enough for a population of 500,000,000 souls! Inventors and mechanics are startling the world with their new and useful improvements; artists are beautifying our homes; authors fill our libraries; teachers instruct young America—the ambitious ones putting more advanced ideas into his head than healthful vitality into his body; preachers are zealous in doing the work of their Master, coming as near practicing what they preach as can be reasonably expected; physicians are learning to treat their patients with less poisonous remedies and with more common sense; women are trying to reform their fashions, looking to comfort and economy as well as to beauty; they are also reading up law and the constitution, to qualify themselves to take part in political affairs,—studying medicine, that they may know how to treat and nurse the sick and make their services generally available. Farmers grow crops to feed the world, and the world returns an equivalent in implements, tools, clothing, books, sermons, lectures, works of art, and other like advantages; while *we* ransack creation, study up the laws of our being—body and brain—to make the most instructive and useful JOURNAL in the world! So we go; each is striving to do his part in the great drama of life. It were useless for us to edit and print the JOURNAL did not our friends—*voluntary co-workers*—distribute it. Believ-

ing in the doctrines we teach, they second our efforts by forming clubs and in advocating the truth on all proper occasions. This they do year after year,—and it is believed that the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL has on its list to-day more subscribers of many years' standing, renewed every year, than any other serial publication of the same age. It has been our happiness to greet the return of their familiar names to our new subscription books each succeeding year. Nor do they come alone. With the father's name come that of the son, now grown to manhood and settled in the West, and that of the daughter away at school; and each of these will hand down the rich legacy of useful knowledge. Thus one year succeeds another, and we are growing older—if not wiser—together.

A word more at parting. We can not doubt we shall now part company at least with *some* of our readers, to meet in this relation no more. Changes occur; death will come to some of us ere another year rolls round; our places will be filled by others. But *while* we live, if it be the will of God, we shall try to serve Him by serving our fellow-mortals here on earth. Our good ship touches the shore,—the gang plank is out,—we must part. Here are our hand and our heart! Good-bye! Farewell! Adieu! Shall we meet again?

DO AS OTHERS DO.

A CHILD may be said to be justified in following the example of its seniors, for as society is constituted and human nature developed, young persons, both girls and boys, must be expected to imitate their elders. If a mother is truthful or deceitful, orderly or disorderly, saving or wasteful, slow to anger or quick-tempered, affectionate or indifferent, neat or slovenly, her daughter will in most cases resemble her. "Precept is great,—example is greater." If a father be active, energetic, and enterprising, the son will most probably exhibit like qualities, unless brought up in idleness, and be thus permitted to contract those vile habits which Satan finds so readily "for idle hands to do." It is a law of nature, that "like begets like."

But only children or weak-willed adults fall into the wicked or foolish

ways of others, and blindly "do as others do."

How often do we hear the question, "Why did you commit so foolish an act, or form so foolish a habit?" answered thus: "Oh, my father sets the example." Or, "The old man swears and drinks, so why not I?—what's the harm?" Can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit? Parents are responsible not only for the morals and manners of their children, but also for their "make-up," health of body, and other qualities. There is no shirking these things. *It is so*, and God will require a full account of their parental stewardship at their hands. A young man with all the elements of a strong character, one who could grow into a commanding position, often becomes so perverted by some one or more bad habits, that in a measure he blocks his own way to success and usefulness.

"Hello! John,—come, let us have a game of 'old sledge,' 'euchre,' or 'seven-up.'" John is reading a useful book; but being unable to say No, yields, and so not only *loses* his time, but forms a habit which follows him through life.

"I say, Charley, come, let us take a drink." "No, thank you, I am not thirsty." "O, come along and be sociable. You are not a teetotaler, are you?" Charley hesitates; but not having been fortified by proper moral, intellectual, and social training by his parents, and not realizing the demoralizing effects of the social glass, finally yields to persuasion, and so stumbles, and finally falls. He halts between two influences—sociability and bad companionship on one side, and his own innate moral sense on the other. He gives way to the propensities, and loses his manhood. In the same way we are all more or less beset by temptations. One is urged to eat when not hungry, or to over-eat when dining. To appear obliging, or appreciative of an acquaintance's hospitality, one with more Approbativeness than decision would eat, stuff, and gormandize, because urged to try this and that. Instances of this kind are of daily occurrence in every one's experience. Can we wonder, then, at the extent of the perversion of our appetites? How few there are who eat and drink by any rule of judgment! How many there are who stuff and stuff, simply to gratify the appetite! Dyspepsia, apoplexy, and

other diseases arise from these excesses; many eat and drink their way into early graves. One who holds himself more accountable to God than to man will strive to decide *all* questions on their "merits." He will inquire, first, whether or not in the sight of Heaven a subject or undertaking is right. It is wicked for one to part with his time or his means without an equivalent. If the expenditure be for charity, see to it that the charity be worthy, and not "bogus." Giving to every habitual street beggar is a most mischievous policy,—it only encourages common pauperism. When you give a dollar or a dime, let it be accompanied by a benediction; and if you have doubts as to the worthiness of the applicant, satisfy yourself before you bestow your gifts. This "doing as others do" is a very unsafe rule, in charity matters, and no man of sense will follow it. Take counsel of Heaven, and then be your own judge.

Our principles apply equally to the silly slaves of fashion, who spend most of their time and money on external decorations, without regard to cost, good taste, health, or comfort. Here, in the fashions, we find nearly all the ladies "doing as others do," even to the wearing of those great bundles of somebody else's hair, or wool, on their heads, with a long twisted handle like a Chinaman's queue hanging down over one shoulder or straight behind. We hope the dear creatures will not try to imitate the South Sea islanders and wear rings in their noses; nor the East India ladies, by blackening their teeth. This organ of Imitation is large in children, weak young men, and in those ladies who never rise above fickle fashion, or "doing as others do."

Adult human beings are accountable, not so much to others as to themselves and to God. The question of "doing as others do" should first be considered with reference to the approval or disapproval of the "All-Wise," and next with reference to its subservience to our health and happiness. If these considerations confirm our desires, we may safely execute them, without regard to what others think or say. Let each one seriously cherish within his heart this most admirable resolution: "As for me and mine, I am resolved to follow Him."

AUTUMN.

THE summer has passed away; the flowers have faded, withered, and died,—children of the light and lovers of soft, balmy air as they are. The skies are of clearer, deeper blue, and the soft, fleecy clouds float quietly along, more beautiful they seem than summer skies and clouds. The trees are clothed in their autumn robes of crimson and gold, and the wild ivy, changed to golden hue, encircles many of the evergreen pines with a glorious crown. The birds have ceased their warblings, and have gone away to warmer climes. The insect songs are tinged with sadness, and the shrill cicada no longer offends our ear with his nerve-scraping drum.

The leaves drop from the trees in their ripeness—not because the frost has touched and killed their life, but because they have come to the perfection of their nature, and the sap has withdrawn into the body of the tree, which, having first provided its buds for the ensuing season, and wrapped them closely in their warm and waterproof covering, no longer needs "its lungs," and stands dormant during the winter until the warm spring sun and air shall rouse it from its sleep, again to put forth buds and leaves and branches.

The reapers are busily stacking their corn and gathering up the golden ears. "The harvest is past, the summer is ended." And oh! with how many of us the summer life is past and gone! Some have ripened under sunny skies, and brought forth summer fruits. Others needed shade to perfect their natures. The hot sun of prosperity has scorched some, and the cold, shady spots of adversity have given others stunted, sickly growth; but for all alike, the summer is gone, the autumn of life is come, and the harvest is being garnered, and they are waiting for the great Reaper to gather them in.

And to those of us whose autumn life produces not full ears of golden grain, which might have filled us with gladness and hope, but to whom time still is given to produce something to the Lord of the harvest, nature has still a voice of gladness and hope; for soon, very soon now, the snow will cover the earth with its soft, warm mantle, protecting the tender wheat seeds, sown even in autumn. Then, amid the surrounding desolation, some fields shall be clothed with summer green, the promise of a future harvest. So, though we may have been barren of good works in the bright, sunny days of life, even in hoary, white-haired age we may cherish and plant some seed of good which may spring up to future generations, and produce a harvest of which though we may not ourselves reap in this life, others who come after us may enjoy the fruition, and at the great harvest of the world we may still be garnered in good grain, though not so full and ripe as we might have been. For He, our loving Lord, and great example, did not refuse the service of those who entered into His vineyard to labor even at the eleventh hour, though the day was nearly spent.

If we sow to the spirit and not to the flesh, we shall in the end reap life everlasting.

PREMIUMS.

IN addition to a monthly magazine, which is richly worth its price, we now offer to those who may send us new subscriptions, valuable and useful premiums. As this JOURNAL is essentially useful and substantial in its general character, so the premiums named are of a useful and substantial sort. Many, to be sure, lay claim to the character of ornamental, but their decoration is but an attractive accessory to their utility. We offer no worthless frippery—no mean “pinchbeck ware” or “sham jewelry;” but appreciating more highly the mental tone of our readers, we invite their consideration to a short programme, which is thought to include things adapted to the tastes and wants of every well-ordered household and of every right-minded individual. As regards the liberal terms we make in this “premium business,” we invite comparison with other magazine inducements.

TABLE OF PREMIUMS.

Names of Articles.	Cash Value.	No. Sub- scribers at \$2 ea.
1. Piano, Steinway or Weber, 7 octave, \$650 00.....	350	
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Our own books may be substituted in all cases for any other premium, if preferred.

Two old subscribers will be counted as one new subscriber.

ONCE MORE we call the attention of readers to our Class of 1869, for “PROFESSIONAL INSTRUCTION IN PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY.” It will be opened on Monday, Jan. 4th, 1869, and continue about five weeks. In this course of instruction we aim to be very specific and thorough, giving students the benefit of all the information we have derived from thirty years of experience in the daily study and practice of the science. A person desiring to avail himself of our instruction may learn the terms, subjects treated, etc., on sending a pre-paid envelope, properly addressed to himself, asking for a circular entitled “Professional Instruction in Practical Phrenology.”

PROGRESS IN CO-OPERATION.

HUMAN meetings promote human activity, by either the stimulus of opposition or the stimulus of co-operation. Combativeness and Destructiveness are the ruling faculties of the former sort of stimulus, while Adhesiveness and Benevolence color the latter. Where one company opposes another company, each man finds both these couples of faculties in activity; for while he does his best in combating the opposing host, he is stimulated in his opposition by his sense of the presence of his companions, and of their need of his best aid. And again—to complete the theoretical analysis—while he helps his friends to the uttermost, his opposing faculties, aided by Approbativeness, make him try to rival and outdo them in services to the cause.

A battle is the rudest sort of human congress, and it gives place for the play of these dominant mental powers in their extreme manifestations. But if we substitute oral or written discourse for arms, and the forum for the field, we shall find exactly the same mental diagram for peaceful contests, at least for all those meetings where there is competition between two sides for the winning of something, or debate and argument for the demonstration or assertion of something. Even in meetings where there is supposed to be only one object, and an object common to all, the combative element is pretty certain to have a full representation.

The joining together of numbers of human beings to accomplish anything too great for one is an obvious process. But their joining into an organized force, though it is a method as old as history for the purpose of war, has hitherto been very little used for the purposes of peace. It is only within a few years that associated action has even begun to contribute to the vast field intended for it—for the improvement of all industrial arts, and in particular to bettering the condition of the people by increasing their gains, diminishing their toils, elevating their condition, developing their minds, and extending their means and their enjoyment of happiness.

It is interesting to observe the number, the varied objects, the earnestness, the respectability, and the efficiency of the various co-operative meetings that have taken place within a few months past, by the names of “Congresses,” “Conventions,” “Annual Meetings,” etc. Some of them have been only to promote sports or gambling, such as billiard “tournaments”—absurd name!—and the numerous races that have so long been promoted in England, and are so rapidly increasing in interest in America. Some of them are for religious purposes; such is the annual meeting of that awfully long-named thing the A. B. C. F. M.—we really can't print all of it! This meeting, the fifty-eighth, was held at Buffalo, September 27th. It was notable for the announcement that public interest in foreign missions is waning. Is it not probable that this decrease may, in part, be the result of

a sense of the enormous and pressing importance of elevating the condition of the freedmen in the South who are at our doors. It is of course also more or less caused by the unprosperous condition of business in the country, and the consequent inability to give.

The great meeting of Roman Catholic bishops at Rome some months ago was another religious one. It was not for any very direct immediate religious object, but rather part of the regular machinery of that vast and powerful centralized hierarchy, the Church of Rome. The bishops meet around the Pope once in a while—bring him gifts, receive his blessing, take counsel together, and go home refreshed and stimulated.

The “Pan-Anglican Synod,” which met in London, was another; a consultation of Episcopal bishops, a good deal like that of the Roman bishops, but without any Pope. This Synod really seems not to have done anything at all. They met, talked, heard sermons from each other, and went home. A comic paper most keenly satirized their do-nothingness, by a picture of some old washerwomen (with bishops' costumes, hats, and faces) scrubbing away at their tubs, but ill-naturedly rejecting an enormous basketful of real dirty clothes (church abuses of many sorts) brought up by Mr. Punch, with the fretful remark that they can't meddle with those nasty things! The “May meetings,” or “Anniversaries,” as they are called, or the annual meetings in New York in May, of many of the leading American religious societies, were prosperous and efficient for many years, but of late have been a good deal neglected.

Science, however, is comparatively very lively. The British Association, which met at Dundee, Scotland, in September of last year,—and the American Association—for foolishly enough there are two—which met about the same time, had quite enthusiastic and prosperous sessions. The speeches delivered and papers read showed great zeal and activity among the best scientific minds of the day. There is a paragraph in the newspapers which even announces that Professor Somebody has just got home from the “International Congress of Oculists” at Paris. These gentlemen, it appears, get together once every five years, in order, probably, to “see eye to eye.” Our Professor says there were over three hundred delegates present. Suppose that each was appointed by one other. Did anybody dream that there were six hundred oculists in the whole world?

The great Universal Exhibitions at London and Paris—ours in New York need not be talked about—have been important and useful industrial co-operative institutions; and so are the innumerable local agricultural fairs and similar gatherings. They keep people's eyes wide open, give them new ideas, show them either how smart they are or how much smarter somebody else is; and in either event stir them up to further trials.

Of diplomatic and political congresses little can be said that is good: they are against the

people, not for them; conspiracies, not reforms. They are consultations of rulers to try how they can keep the people down. Such was the congress of Vienna and that of Verona. Somewhat better, but not so very good yet have been sundry councils of European rulers about the Turkish question, the Eastern question, the Italian question. Napoleon is said to be anxious for a European congress now, for something or other, but the other monarchs won't "come into his parlor." Such congresses are "neither here nor there." Their end approaches. The congresses of the people are growing more and more important, and they will choke down and exterminate the old diplomatic weeds.

These congresses of the people—that is, those at present most properly so called, are of two kinds, which may be called popular and scientific. The popular are trade unions, associated stores, and banks, etc.; all associations formed to make the poor man's wages greater, his expenses less, his home happier. The scientific ones are pretty well described by their name, and there are several of them. All that need be mentioned are, the Social Science Congress at Belfast, Ireland, in September, and the annual meeting of the American Social Science Association at Boston, in October. A little bit of a body, for similar objects, was organized in New York, and made a small utterance; but although it included some *men*, it included no *go*, and on its present footing will do nothing. The other two are wide awake and busy. At Belfast there were some useful addresses and papers on legal reform, education, international arbitration, commerce and industry, and criminal reform. At Boston the leading subjects were population in Massachusetts, the health and training of American women, and value of life in city and country.

Sociology is the youngest of the sciences, and the most benign. It is just budding into early youth, but gives signs of a near and an immensely useful maturity. The Sociological Congresses—the truest congresses of the people—are richly entitled to the attention, the good wishes, the active aid, of all. From them and the practical discussions and instructions connected with them must probably come a large part of the progress of humanity in the future.

This rapid, and far from exhaustive, sketch will refer to only one more sort of congress—the Peace Congress. Of Peace Congresses there have been lately two important ones. One was the meeting of the American Peace Society at Boston, October 9th and 10th, 1867. This very respectable and well-meaning body was a good deal "rubbed out" during the war, when it presented, on the whole, a pretty ridiculous appearance, as some of its leading members were also leading promoters of the war. Still, there is logically no doubt that the doctrines of the Society will be practically excellent, as soon as circumstances allow them to work. Peace, not war, is the proper atmosphere of American polity more characteristically than of any of the standing-army kingdoms

of Europe; and it will doubtless be safe for the lamb to lie down with the lion (outside of him) in America, sooner than anywhere else in this quarrelsome world.

Last on our list is a still more ridiculous, though equally well-intended meeting—that of the Peace Congress of Geneva, September 10th and 11th, 1867. This singular meeting was, in one sense, an utter and absurd failure. Hardly two of its members agreed on any question discussed; it wrangled as long as it sat; it had very little idea of confining itself to the subject in hand; and it finally broke up in a regular New York city Democratic row, in which large words, and even direct assault and battery were freely used. Besides, it received a letter from Mazzini, in which he argued at length and with force, that war will prevail for a time, and that peace belongs to a period after the destruction of the despotisms. And Garibaldi wrote a letter, and even came and made a speech containing a programme, all so worded as to provoke much opposition in consequence of its alleged infidelity. So there was neither theoretical nor practical peace at the meeting, as a matter of fact. Yet imperfect and abortive as it was, it was a beginning of Peace Congresses in Europe; it appointed another meeting at Mannheim; and it was at least a protest against the monstrous tyranny of the standing-army system, and the irresponsible hereditary-monarchy system, and a declaration in favor of the government of the people by themselves.

In this last particular it signified exactly what all popular gatherings for counsel and deliberation *must* mean, whether they will or no—the spread of the practice of combined organized co-operation for the common good. That practice will destroy political abuses if anything can. Its effect on them is indicated by the French Emperor's law, now in force in France, that no meeting of so many as twenty people may take place for any purpose whatever, except under express government management. Popular meetings would soon destroy the Empire. But this law will not last long. Popular intelligence grows all the time. Popular strength grows in a corresponding ratio; and popular freedom must necessarily come close behind. These amicable co-operations are regenerating society. They will extinguish war, lead to the harmonious instead of the inharmonious development of all the human forces, and open the road to whatever good the kindly aid of all men can secure for the benefit of each one.

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.—Cars now run regularly *eight hundred miles west from Omaha* into the Rocky Mountains! The track is graded to Salt Lake City! Twenty thousand men are now at work on the road! Soon the Atlantic will shake hands with the Pacific. Clear the track when the bell rings. Every American ought to have an interest in this great work. How many shares will you take?

ADDITIONAL PREMIUMS.

As many of our readers reside in the West, where game is plentiful, we think it not amiss to offer those who are fond of hunting, some opportunities to empty their stock of sporting *materiel*, and at the same time extend our circulation. The rifles and shot-guns enumerated are accounted among the best in the market.

Name.	Cash Value.	By what
Henry or Winchester Repeating Rifle	\$50	6
Double-barreled Shot-gun, breech loader	55	4
An Allen or a Wesson Rifle, breech loading	30	2
Double-barreled Shot-gun, English Twist and patent breech	30	2
The "Thunderbolt" Breech-loading Rifle	25	2
The "Gazette" Breech-loading Shot-gun	25	2
Revolving Pistol, Smith & Wesson's, 6 shots	20	1
Single-barreled Shot-gun, good quality	12	10

These premiums apply to both old and new subscribers, to be sent in before the 1st of January next, for 1869. Here is a chance to obtain a first-rate gun at a very small cost. Young man, will you have one?

FROM THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—Messrs. Savage and Ottenger, artists, of Salt Lake City, to whom we are under many obligations for portraits of leading men, including Brigham Young and other prominent Mormon leaders and Indian chiefs, some of which have been used to illustrate these pages, have just sent us an oil painting representing a view in City Creek Canon, one of the most sublime scenes of that grand country. We have placed the picture on view in our cabinet, where it has been much admired. When we take our next vacation, we shall try and look in upon City Creek Canon and other Rocky Mountain grandeurs. We commend Messrs. Savage and Ottenger to our art-loving friends with the assurance that they are producing some of the best specimens in photography and oil painting to be found in America. Their album and stereoscopic pictures are unrivaled.

A PRINTERS' CEMETERY.—On Wednesday, October 14, a very interesting ceremony was performed in Woodland Cemetery, Philadelphia, dedicatory of a plot of ground for the interment of deceased printers. This plot was presented to the Philadelphia Typographical Society by that large-hearted publisher Mr. George W. Childs, and the exercise of presentation and dedication drew together a large assemblage of the prominent publishers and printers of Philadelphia, and others. Appropriate and impressive addresses were made by the Hon. Ellis Lewis, late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, Mayor McMichael, Mr. H. J. Dubarrow, President of the Typographical Society, and Mr. E. H. Munday.

BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.—A short list of appropriate books for presentation to the old and young, with publishers' prices annexed, will be found in the department headed NEW BOOKS. We invite the reader's attention to them, as the selection has been carefully made from the latest publishers' list.

FAIR HAVEN HARBOR AND THE COMMERCE OF LAKE ONTARIO.

WHEAT, CORN, LUMBER, COAL, IRON.

THE beautiful and capacious harbor of Fair Haven (formerly Little Sodus) is being rapidly improved by the General Government, and will soon be opened to the commerce of the great lakes. It lies in an indentation on Lake Ontario, in Cayuga County, N. Y., some fourteen miles southwest of Oswego, and in the southeast basin of the lake, which gives it a most favorable geographical position for commercial purposes. It is as near the great cities of New York and Philadelphia, and the great anthracite and semi-bituminous coal-fields of Pennsylvania, as any harbor on Lake Ontario, and much nearer than any harbor on Lake Erie.

The already large and rapidly growing commerce of the lakes, with the limited capacity of Oswego Harbor—now taxed to its full capacity—has made the improvement of Fair Haven a commercial necessity. This harbor has ample room to shelter the commerce of the lakes. It is two miles and a quarter long, two hundred rods wide, and from thirty to forty feet deep. It is of easy access in all weathers, the entrance being protected by the adjacent highlands, and it affords an excellent anchorage.

The obstacles that have heretofore prevented it from assuming a commercial importance will all soon be removed. The first obstacle was a sand and gravel drift across the entrance. This the General Government is now removing, and a deep and safe entrance is being made, and protected by piers and breakwater extending several hundred feet into the lake. The work is well advanced, and the present season will open it to any craft that floats on the lakes.

The other obstacle to its assuming a commercial importance was the want of a channel of communication to connect it with the seaboard and the coal-fields of Pennsylvania. Such a channel of communication will soon be supplied. THE SOUTHERN CENTRAL RAILROAD, now building, terminates at this harbor, and extends across the State, intersecting the Erie Canal and New York Central Railroad at Weedsport, the old branch of the New York Central at Auburn, and thence through a beautiful and productive valley to Oswego, on the New York and Erie Railway, and thence southwest in the Susquehanna Valley to the State line, where it will unite with the Pennsylvania and New York Railroad and Canal Transportation Company, which manages the lines running through the Susquehanna Valley to Pittston—the center of one of the richest and most extensive anthracite coal-fields on this continent. The road-bed of the Southern Central is two thirds done, and will be nearly completed the present season. A large portion of the bridging is done. The track-laying will soon be commenced, and in all probability completed next year.

The development and utilization of this splendid harbor, and the completion of the

Southern Central Railroad, which will extend, as we have seen, entirely across the central part of the Empire State, and connecting with our present thoroughfares, will be an important addition to the public works of New York. It will add a new gate to commerce and a new channel for the accommodation of the great and vastly increasing business between the commercial and manufacturing East and the great agricultural, mineral, and lumber regions of the North and West.

We require, and must have, more highways of communication between the East and the West—between the great lakes and our tide-water cities. The Niagara ship-canal should be constructed without further delay. The commercial interests of the country demand it, as well as national dignity, safety, and independence. The Lake Ontario Shore Railroad Company, of which Hon. Gerrit Smith is President, is organized to construct a road from Oswego to Lewiston on the Niagara River, passing Fair Haven, and will be an important link in connection with the projected New York and Oswego Midland Railroad, and other railroads at Oswego between the East and the West. Boston and Portland are making strenuous efforts to reach Lake Ontario and the West by new and improved routes; and while the Lake Ontario Shore Railroad will furnish them their Western railroad connection, joining hands with the grain, grazing, and mineral regions of the prairies, the Rocky Mountains, and California, Fair Haven and Oswego will form the harbors on Lake Ontario for their accommodation.

The commerce of Lake Ontario, now considerable, is destined to equal, if not to exceed, that of any of the great lakes. Its geographical position and the surrounding elements of commerce will give it that advancement. The construction of the Niagara ship-canal will let the commerce of the upper lakes down into Lake Ontario in large measure, from the fact that the southeast basin of Lake Ontario is more than a hundred miles nearer the great ocean markets of Boston, Portland, New York, and Philadelphia than Lake Erie. The great importance of this lake communication between the East and the West lies in the fact, that Western productions can be moved on the great lakes toward Eastern markets for one fifth of the cost by rail.

Boston, Portland, New York, and Philadelphia will soon have new and improved channels of communication with Lake Ontario by shorter and lower grade lines of railroads. Portland has recently pledged her credit for seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars to attain that object. Boston, or more accurately Massachusetts, by her last Legislature provided five millions of dollars to prosecute her Hoosic Tunnel, which means a short and level route to Lake Ontario and the West. New York will have her Midland Railroad, and the cities of New York and Philadelphia will have their connection by the Southern Central and connecting lines at Fair Haven.

Heretofore the elements of trade on Lake Ontario have been made up principally from the grain-growing regions of the West and Canada, and from the Canadian pine-lumber district. The West sends now more than a hundred million bushels of grain down through the great lakes yearly. This amount will be doubled during the next ten or fifteen years, for the West is yet comparatively in its infancy in population and production.

The eight food-producing States contiguous to the great lakes—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri—in 1850 contained a population of 5,403,666. In 1860 their population was 8,957,700. When they shall have become as densely populated as Massachusetts, they will contain a population of 61,893,894. In 1850 these eight States produced of wheat and corn 266,389,000 bushels. In 1860 they produced 485,161,000 bushels. It is evident from this data that the grain trade on Lake Ontario will go on increasing.

The great pine country of North America east of the Rocky Mountains is in Canada, and directly north of Lake Ontario. The Valley of the Ottawa alone embraces a region of country as large as the States of New York, Vermont, and New Hampshire, and is covered with a dense pine forest. It is estimated that the existing growth of pine would support a trade equal to that now carried on for a century to come. Nearly all the cities and villages on the north shore of Lake Ontario are important lumber points. The cities of Albany, New York, and, to a considerable extent, Philadelphia, derive their supply of pine lumber from Canada. A large portion of this lumber is shipped across the lake to Oswego. The want of room at that harbor is a great drawback on the trade, and will be relieved by the opening of Fair Haven. The iron deposits of Canada are attracting considerable attention, and will add to the commerce of the lake. The ore is being mined and brought out at Cobourg, and shipped to different points; a considerable quantity of this ore is taken to Pittsburg and there converted into iron. It has been fully tested, and found to be ore of a superior quality. Canada also produces considerable quantities of grain for export, which adds to the commerce of the lake.

Heretofore the south side of Lake Ontario has furnished no very considerable element of trade for the lake. A want of "equilibrium," or return freight, has been felt by the grain and lumber vessels trading in its basin. The defect has been partially supplied at Oswego in coal; but on account of the limited capacity of that harbor, no considerable amount of coal has been shipped. This "equilibrium" will soon be fully supplied. The construction of the Pennsylvania and New York Railroad to the New York State line, and connecting there with the Southern Central, which runs across the State of New York as before stated—terminating at Fair Haven, will form a direct and easy channel for the transportation

of the anthracite and semi-bituminous coals of the Susquehanna Valley to Lake Ontario. This combination will make Fair Haven the principal coal depot on the lake.

Pittston is on the Susquehanna River, and the center of the Wyoming and Lackawanna Coal Basin, and is the most northerly anthracite or hard-coal depository. The basin is some fifty-five miles in length with an average width of three and a half miles, and is estimated to have a capacity 14,768,000 tons—a quantity sufficient to sustain a trade equal to that of 1866 for 1,000 years. We give these figures to convey an idea of the magnitude of the coal resources of Pennsylvania, as well as to show the elements of trade on Lake Ontario. Canada has no coal, and the great West has no anthracite or hard coal.

This useful article of fuel will be carried as ballast on their return trips by the vessels which come down loaded with grain from the upper lakes. It will be carried also across the lake in the returning lumber vessels. Toronto already consumes 80,000 tons of coal annually. It will soon be used in smelting the iron ores of Canada, which can not be successfully done with charcoal.

A few words more in conclusion. It is believed that the magnitude of the lakes, and the commerce now carried on over their waters, are not generally appreciated. These lakes are truly inland seas; they have an aggregate length of one thousand five hundred miles, and it is estimated that they contain five sevenths of all the fresh water of the globe. On their picturesque shores are springing up the most flourishing cities and villages of this continent. Fair Haven itself is a surpassingly beautiful spot, and although it has now only the nucleus of a village, we venture the prediction, that its geographical and other natural and acquired advantages will make it a thrifty village, and in due time something more.

A DREAM.

"I had a dream which was not all a dream."

[FROM time immemorial dreams have, by their frequently truthful premonitions, called forth the strongest efforts of the intellect to arrive at a full and satisfactory explanation of them. It would seem as if the window of the soul were sometimes raised and the light of futurity admitted to the mental apprehension. Many a one can call to mind vivid dreams which have proved the phantasms of reality. Here is the experience of a lady—she asks for an explanation.]

One year ago, while sleeping alone, my husband's business requiring his absence almost continuously from home, my rest was disturbed by a strange dream. I thought I started out of a sound sleep and saw my husband close to the head of my bed, hurriedly preparing to depart with a young girl who stood a few feet distant, anxiously watching and awaiting his preparations. O'er me flashed the conviction that I was thus to be forsaken—that my right, through the might of another's attraction, was to be snatched—stolen from me. In the vision even guilt showed its inherent weakness, for they appeared excited and nervously anxious to be gone. On

my husband's return home I related my dream to him, saying that girl's face is stamped upon my mind—I should know it wherever I saw it. He made very light of it. Subsequently, however, I found a likeness, two letters, and a valentine (two hearts woven together) that had been sent to him. The likeness was *hers*—the midnight illusion, and the destroyer of my once calm repose. Though I had never seen the original I knew the face, for it was graven as indelibly on my mind as grief upon my heart since the night of that vision. My suffering long after the dream was sore; but now, when I looked on that face and read those letters, my agony seemed too much for weak mortality to bear. My heart sank within me, and I felt a withering, consuming flame penetrating my very soul. I could neither eat, nor work, nor sleep. For six long weeks I could not shed a tear, and then the flood-gates of my sorrow were opened, and I felt as though I could weep my life away. Time passed thus for five months. I lost flesh; my countenance grew haggard; and the neighbors read that something was wearing out my mind and body; but still I loved my husband, and felt that I must keep his secret and let it wear my life away. They had carried on a correspondence for seven months, and in one of her letters she thanked him for *his* likeness which he had sent her.

Sequel: My husband and the girl have disappeared, and nothing has been heard of them. What is the explanation?

[If the Scriptures be true, dreams and premonitions were regarded as something not to be slighted. In the present case, we can only suggest that it is possible the lady may trace and find out the whereabouts of the truants in the same way she first discovered *his* infidelity. Why not try to dream it out?]

AN IDEAL CHALDEA.

ONE imagines the world's early years, the new age after the great flood, the increase of population on the plains of the Euphrates, the dispersion of peoples.

The sphere of man is full with Divine ideas, and the nations move with the purposes of God over all lands.

The Chaldees separate in sight of Babylon; one part remains upon the land of man's ambition, but the other wanders to the north.

Chaldea wanders to the north in quest of godliness, leaving a moiety that hope for away.

Thy high valley, O Euphrates, is the end of pilgrimage; for thy waters flowed from Paradise, that navel of the earth, and the City of the Garden towering beneath the throne of God, his viceroy on the earth of man's ambition. Thy high valley, O Euphrates, is green, and blossoms from the deluge; but no hand of man is there to kindle a fire among the solitudes!

It was in days primeval,—and there came to the banks of the great river a wayworn crowd of Chaldees, spurning the freshness of the ground, in quest of holiness.

Weary and worn the wanderers hasten for repose. At their head went on two prophets, two leaders wasted with anxiety, of audacity unflinching, stirring up the jealousy of pilgrimage, seeking the source of the great river.

The pilgrims follow up from valley to valley with springing courage toward their hopes.

But now the advance collects at forking waters, and stops perplexed.

"Brother," says one of the fellow-seers, "our judgment is embarrassed here. What shall we do?"

"We must evoke the spirits of the streams," replied his mate.

"And whither shall our first adventure be?" the other asked.

"The lot must choose our course," was the reply.

So the two by chance went up the stream alone, leaving the people camped about the fork.

As the two men journeyed, they stopped from time to time to cast pebbles into the water, evoking from the tranquil deeps, but nothing came of it. And at noon they lay down, tired and dispirited.

A burning noontide; and the men repose beneath a tree that overhangs the water.

"Brother," says one, "this search is seeming vain."

"The world is out of shape," replies his friend, "else would our destiny appear in bright recesses of the darkling north, blessed of the only star that stands majestic." *

"My nightly contemplation troubles me," one speaks again, "yet hereabouts was once the joy of Paradise. Be it our toil to find its site beneath God's throne. For there must needs the city be wherein our blood shall triumph in the power of the Highest."

A still, hot midday in the valley, and the two men lay by a shady pool and mused upon the mystery around. Suddenly a loud bubbling beside them, startling the men to their knees as they turned to see a girl, clothed only with her tresses coming half out of the water, to stare upon them and then quickly sink from sight.

Regarding each other for an instant, the two rose to their feet and continued up the current in silence.

A cry arrests them. "Do men inhabit this valley? No one inhabits this valley."

"Child of the torrent," called the travelers in reply, "show us the beauty of the torrent."

Presently the naiad came peeping upon them, coyly advancing into clear and shallow water, and reddening as in anger while she came. "Why do you hunt me?" she asked, with mock asperity.

"Beauty of the streamlet!" exclaimed the prophets, "all this fair valley up have we been calling you." Noting her arch behavior they continued, "Believe us, sweet trifter, our hearts are heavy. Listen to us, for there is distress on the river below; there are eyelids that ache for repose. They would sleep by the temple of Euphrates. Light of the streamlet, will you conduct us thither?"

"You are right in the way," said the spirit.

"But, child, the course is devious and untrudened. Guide us, and win the blessing of the river."

* I will ascend the heavens; above the stars of God I will exalt my throne; and I will sit upon the mount of the congregation in the recesses of the north.—*Isaiah xiv. 13.*

"As far as the lilies grow?" she questioned, timidly.

"The lilies love thee, then," said one. "Aye, lead on, dainty piece; we follow thee forever for the sake of sorrowing ones that need their rest."

"It is a long way," said the girl.

How scant the waters of Euphrates now! A brook within a glen.

The Chaldean seers pursue the tortuous path laboriously. Their guide has long since left them; she feared to go beyond her haunts of flowers.

The travelers tire on the narrowing way—a glen, a straitened glen, a dark ravine, a cave, and a low, dank tunnel. They penetrate the mountain's side, and hand-in-hand encounter slippery night.

By rocks and slime they force a passage won by straining falls and chills, exhaustion on the mire.

Is such the gateway to Euphrates' fount—that river of the Garden?

"Brother," sighs one, "my strength is going; my faith is gone."

"Courage!" exclaims his friend, "the light appears."

Courage and strength, with hope for a few more trials with the rough obscurity; then they tear and struggle through the dense entanglement that screens the cavern's mouth, emerging into brightest sunshine. One glance at Paradise, and the worn-out pilgrims faint upon the sod.

What birds are singing all about them? and trees waving in the fragrant afternoon? Quick refreshment steals upon their senses: "O God," they question, "can this be thy garden?"

"O vale of loveliness!"

While brook and breezes cleanse them from their toil, from meadows and flowers to woods and hills beyond, and high, green mountains crowned with peaks of snow, their wondering gaze explores unnumbered charms.

Then all their motions yielded up to childhood's impulse the fair secluded spot is wandered over.

No awe of angels in the enclastered solitude beneath the blue of heaven; and the spirit of the dale is lost in dreams.

The pilgrims had long been lost in sensual mazes, and the mountain shadows were creeping over the valley unheeded, when all at once some one spoke from within the grove that hid the source of water. Shocked from their self-forgetfulness the two men listened. A lamentation breaking into song, a woman's song of sorrow, sweet as the chant of angels, sobs of melody that thrilled and melted hearing. The birds had ceased their warbling, for the master voice was heard.

The singing ended as suddenly as it had begun, and all was quiet in the valley now lying in shade.

"It is Euphrates in her temple," whispered one, "and she sings to the setting day. Brother, brother, how have we been unmindful?"

"By the mourning we have heard," his fel-

low answered, "I know there is no Paradise of God on all the earth, nor are we now beneath the throne on high."

"Come," said the other, "let us inquire at the fountain of this mystery."

Slowly they approached the grove, and with agitation entered the solemn precinct of shadows. No form was visible. All was silence but the whispering overflow.

By the rocky basin of the plaintive stream two children stand and watch the water sadly while the twilight deepens.

"Euphrates, hear us!"

Then a pale glow in the fountain, and a motion that causes the men to fall back as the spirit, veiled in mist, comes up and stands luminous before them.

"What do my pilgrims seek?" a sweet tongue asks.

"Spirit of song," they answer, "is this the garden of the blessed?"

"Your question mocks me," she exclaims; "the woe of waters ruined it forever."

"Tell us," they speak again, "is not our God above thee in thy temple?"

The form sighed deeply. "My springs indeed were once in Paradise; but, sirs, ye see them now. Once my hand was kissed aloft; but where is my worship now? My God, this heart is breaking for the songs that once were mine: but all Thy ways are just, Thy will is tenderness."

Because her wail was overpowering, she checked the lamentation and continued: "Can poor Euphrates dry the tears of hearts she understands? Your Paradise may yet be found. Some favored stream may well up from its midst and Heaven smile upon it. I do not wish to know. Children, beseech great Ararat. Ask her above what happy realm eternal thrones are set. But come not back to tell me. The spirits of the land will show your way. God and His messengers assist you!"

The men looked up, and night had fallen and Euphrates gone. The sound of water coursing in their ears seemed like her tears unfailing.

They moved not from the sway of melancholy until the moonlight on the vale without made the grove's shadows seem like threatening gloom.

Out on the meadow, in their conference, spoke one to the other: "Should we advance forthwith?"

"Certainly we must advance," was the reply; "the hope of glory pending is worse than failure."

"Should we then both advance?" was asked again.

"No," was the answer; "one must return to the people's side."

"Which of us should advance?"

"Brother," replied his mate, "it is you must venture. My confidence is broken by our trials. Yours will be broken too on Ararat."

"Dear fellow-wanderer," said the other, "may our confidences ever be alike. Return then to the camp, and send me on my way.

Make haste, before this garden of great sorrow can work its power on us, Euphrates seems a-dying."

Then the two friends embraced, and turned each to his own adventuring.

Chaldea invokes direction: her prophet is on pilgrimage for Ararat.

The Chaldean seer invokes a guidance for his steps; and from the pitfalls comes a spirit that beckons him away.

A guide conducting cruelly as Fate, heeding no roughness of the straight swift stages; pausing not ever until its follower has fallen down, faint with fatigue.

A pilgrim on the rocky heights falling to rest. And Chaldea rests, his weakness reinforced by angels' food, his hope rejoicing.

O hope, rejoicing for the coming spectacle of heaven and earth in unison! the firmament down reaching to the earth; the crystal height ablaze with angels' speed down reaching to the sands of gold—the sands of Chaldea's promised verdure and Babylon of God.

Then Chaldea follows on by day and night, with hurried stumbling, the rugged course that leads to Ararat.

At last upon a desert tract he sinks, and hears with falling senses how his guide exclaims: "Behold the haunts of Ararat!"

The breath of evening bathes the fallen brow, and Chaldea lifts himself from off the sand. He calls his guide, and calls in vain until the night is on him; then is he afraid to call on Ararat.

Chaldea is sitting lonely on the waste, by mystic starlight, watching, wondering to heaven in fear, and awe, and silence. And now he murmurs, "O Ararat, declare thy seat is blessed, and not this wilderness;" and a pang of hopelessness bows down his head. "O God, let not this desert be my grave!"

Is such the end of Chaldea's pilgrimage?

Prophet, a host expects thee—be not cast down. Look up, and see how something shrouds thee from the light, and mark the glimmerings round within the dark. Do lamps in order ranged arrest his glance, and archwork overhead, and forms in motion dimly visible? A hall contains the astonished seer. Amazement wakes audacity. "Hall, be thou lighted up!" he shouts. A flood of softest radiance fills the place, and busy servants do hospitality. Then Chaldea knew his journey at an end, and his spirit rested for a while.

Do cloud pavilions spring from every desert? Does every pilgrim meet celestial rest?

Chaldea is resting in a palace pearl, the guest of lightsomeness and warm serenity; pleasure eternal seems to wait at hand. Chaldea is slumbering by eternal happiness.

Is such the ending of a nation's toil?

Chaldea, awake!

"Servants," exclaims the prophet from his throne and lap of ease, "who gives me all this entertainment?"

"Master," one answers him for many, "thy palace entertains thee."

Chaldea, awake!

Out from a maze of thought the master speaks again. "Servant, how long have I been here?"

"Time is not measured here, my lord."

The startled pilgrim rises to his feet. "I should be moving," he mutters, tremblingly; "good servitors, conduct me. Slaves, lead me elsewhere!" sharpens the command from Chaldea's mouth, alarmed at their inaction. "Slaves, lead me elsewhere!"

"O my dread lord," says one, "what is there elsewhere?"

The frightened prophet lifts a flashing hand: "Tell me, or I will bleed thee to death," he thunders.

From the floor comes up the whisper of the suppliant: "Master, the haunts of Ararat."

The haunts! why not the seat and joy of Ararat, great Ararat of God, the holy land of earth?

"Spirit of blessedness," cries out the seer, "thy pilgrims are at hand. Their servant waits, refreshed within thy vestibule—waiting to see thee throned within thy shrine—to see thy beauty and to praise thy reign—to hear the word of Chaldea's destiny."

"O master!" the anxious servant interrupts, "master, we serve this palace and thy pleasure; master, thy words have terrified us!"

"My hope may well be terrible to thee," said Chaldea. "But rise up, lead me onward."

But now the impatient pilgrim sees with vexed alarm the disobedience of his menials, all prostrate at his feet, immovable. "My servants fail me—may God sustain me," is the piteous cry.

"Master, dear lord," one cries, "these speak to thee."

"And what does silence say?" the trembler asks.

"Master, these dying speak to thee. O master beloved, these say great Ararat is dead!"

Quick for thy soul! Poor Chaldea hold thy soul! A single clap of thunder shakes the palace walls and all is gone. Hall, light, and service, all—all pass away; and there, by night, upon the desert place he knew before, stands Chaldea, left alone. The cold moon lights the desolation round; the man is staring, stunned, in vague expectancy.

A gleam of recollection on his mind gives utterance to his fevered tongue piercing the air of night: "O Ararat, great Ararat, declare thy seat is blessed, and not this wilderness!"

Out of the darkness comes an echo of despair. He listens fearfully.

Do far-off spirits call, or owls?

Great Ararat is dead.

Dread utterance of death! See Chaldea kneel. The cold moon lights the solitude around. Crushed by his hopes, see Chaldea bow his head. Death and confusion on this earth of ours! The man sinks down and hides his head in stupor of despair.

A pale, robed figure coming from the shadows moves toward him. It comes and stands

above him in the attitude of God's compassion. A tear from heaven falls down and wets his hand. Another falls. He lifts his wretched face to look aloft.

"O holy Ararat! She weeps upon my grave."

"O man, thy will is very great."

"Pure and divine existence, what art thou?"

"Ah, what am I? Once was my joy filled up by God. Listen, strong heart. Once was my glory in the love of God; but now I wander on my barren heights, and wait and wait forever. Can I forget my life? My soul is disembodied, and it cries for flesh. Chaldea, when thou wast coming to my place, the power was mine to rest thy weariness and weep upon thy misery. Go now, brave spirit, bring thy people to these mountains, and the grass will grow. Your sorrow is my comfort. Come thou, and with thy mate lie down and sleep, and rest your tired hearts upon the bosom of my land. Here shall you slumber till your people's need has come."

The form has passed away; but all night long the man of Chaldea sits and gazes heavenward. The stars despise him, and the dead sand claims him.

The dawn is coming, but he has not moved. The dawn has risen, and the sun is shining now; but stars invisible are mocking him to death.

The sun is high and fierce, but Chaldea can not stir. How long can manhood thus resist fatality? Sore smitten heart, thy strength is weakness now—the cruel glare of noon upon thy woe! He falls at last, and lies beside his rock. The groan of Ararat is sensed afar—the sympathy of earth with every hero's fall when conquered not by man. And Chaldea's long pilgrimage is ended.

By the forked Euphrates' waters, where the naiads die, the worn-out Chaldees hope no more for holiness.

Then spoke the Lord of heaven to a man: Get thee out of this place of the Chaldees, and from thy kindred, and thy father's house, and journey to a land that I will show thee—a land which the Lord thy God careth for, and his eyes are always upon it as the gateway to the ladder of my heaven. And I will make of thee a great nation, and a great name, and a blessing: kings shall come out of thee, and a royal priesthood, and a holy people not counted among the nations; and I will say over them—ye are gods. For the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until then—the manifestation of the sons of God. And in thee and in thy child shall all the nations of the world be blessed.

Said the prophet of the Chaldees, as he raised his brother from the sand: "Is thy heart broken too?"

Lift him and bear him to the camp. Call back the spirit to his ears and tongue. Tell him concerning his long absence, and the searching for his place of overthrow, all when the river groaned; and listen for the utterance of his memory.

"High heaven has mocked us!" says the sufferer.

"Nay, brother," speaks his fellow; "heaven is too lofty for our utmost reach."

"The will of God is hidden," sigh prophetic souls; "the ways of God are hidden. Let us kiss the vail."

So Chaldea came to dwell in Ararat, and fed her sheep upon secluded hills, until the kings of Nineveh built Babylon.

SMOKING ON THE STREET RAILWAY CARS—

If there be one public nuisance more common and annoying than another, it is this. Men—common fellows—not gentlemen—with filthy old pipes or stinking cigars crowd the front platform and suck away at the nasty stuff, filling the air with impure and unhealthy smells to the annoyance of all decent people. Nor does the evil or nuisance end here. The filthy tobacco smoke sticks to all it strikes. In many sensitive natures it causes headache, sick stomach, and prostration; and, as is well known, there is nothing in the world more distressing than severe tobacco sickness.

Why our railway superintendents and conductors permit the nuisance is indeed most strange. It is clearly an outrage to permit the filthy fellows to pollute the air which all passengers—men, women, and children—must inevitably breathe.

But, "General Grant smokes," say these men, and why may not we? So do nearly all the gamblers, thieves, robbers, and murderers smoke. Nearly all beggars and paupers, white, black, and red, smoke. But it does not follow that *any* man is the *better* for it. We do not propose at present to go into a discussion of the merits of the general question. We simply wish to enter our most emphatic protest against being *compelled* to breathe the fumes of burning tobacco on a railway car where we *pay* for our ride. Any man may smoke, chew, snuff, drink, and make a beast of himself in his own house, or in his own barn-yard, stable, or pig-pen,—but *not* in our house; nor should it be permitted on a street railway, where we have all the common rights of citizens to protection from nuisances. We call on the officers to protect us in our rights, and to abate the common evil, for evil it most certainly is, "and we will ever pray."

THE WORLD'S ELECTRIC TELEGRAPHS—

The total length of electric telegraphs in the world, not including the submarine, amounts to upward of 180,000 miles, which is more than enough to go around the earth half a dozen times.

Germany and Austria.....	30,000 miles.
Russia	24,500 "
France	21,800 "
Great Britain	17,350 "
Italy	9,800 "
Spain and Portugal	4,650 "
Sweden and Norway	5,900 "
United States	43,850 "
East Indies	13,500 "
Switzerland	2,500 "
Belgium	1,300 "
South America	4,000 "
Australia.....	1,750 "

180,500 "

Personal.

MR. NATHAN SHEPPARD, of Chicago, after spending some months in Europe, has returned physically refreshed and mentally expanded, and will soon again enter the lecturing field. His former subjects, the Tongue, the Disposition, Motives, and the Pathos and Humor of Human Life, were formerly very popular; so also were his Sunday evening lectures, On the Bending of the Twig—a lecture to young men; The Love of Money—a lecture to business men; The Manliness for Woman; and An Imaginary Lecture by an Advocate of Intemperance.

MR. C. J. HAMILTON, formerly connected with our office, has at last entered the very ancient and respectable order of the "Benedicts." We commend his wisdom in adopting so reasonable and *manly* a course. His only fault—that of bachelorhood—is redeemed. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton have our warmest wishes for their happiness in their new and intimate relations.

MRS. LUCY OSGOOD died at Mexico, Me., last week, aged one hundred years eight months and eighteen days. At the time of her death she had living five children, twenty-four grandchildren, forty-two great-grandchildren, and two great-great-grandchildren, being seventy-three in all.

REV. JAMES MCCOSH, LL.D., lately Professor of Logic in Queen's College, Belfast, and well known as the author of "The Divine Government," "Intuitions of the Mind," etc., was inaugurated President of the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, October 27th ultimo.

MR. T. R. PICKERING, of New York, has designed a new velocipede, which is said to be an improvement on any of the French models. It is probable that this man-power vehicle will soon become a favorite mode of exercise with many Americans.

MR. H. C. FULLER, a most worthy photographic reporter,—formerly of our establishment—is now in Washington, D.C.

MRS. ANTOINETTE B. BLACKWELL—a regular graduate of a theological seminary, and an ordained Christian minister of the Presbyterian denomination—has written a book—Messrs. Putnam and Son, publishers—under the title of "Studies in General Science," of which we shall have more to say when ready.

Literary Notices.

[All works noticed in THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL may be ordered from this office, at prices annexed.]

WHAT ANSWER? By Anna Dickinson. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Price, \$1 50.

We venture to say that the impression created by this title in the mind of one totally unacquainted with the character of the book would be altogether remote from its true nature. With a knowledge of Miss Dickinson's public career in memory, we expected to peruse page after page of well-prepared essays, embodying her views on politics and social life in America. What was our surprise when the book came under our inspectorial eye to find a novel! Anna Dickinson has written a novel! Does she emulate the reputation of Mrs. Stowe

or Mrs. Childs? The narrative, however, embodies in a most marked manner the author's well-known anti-slavery sentiments; is written in a style of the highest fervor; yea, is even sensational. We think that the fusion of the novelist and the politician in the composition of this book has marred its effect.

THE AMERICAN BUILDER AND JOURNAL OF ART. A quarto monthly, with Designs; and matters relating to Engineering, Mechanics, etc. Terms, \$3 a year; single numbers, 25 cents. J. C. Adams, Chicago.

Another Western enterprise. We agree with the editors as to the necessity of such a work as this, and have no doubt it will be the means of doing good, and, if properly conducted, prove remunerative. Succeeding numbers will, we presume, be gotten up with less apparent haste.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALFRED TENNYSON. Complete. Half-dollar edition. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. A very neat edition, in paper binding, of the English laureate's poetry.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. By Charles Dickens. With eight illustrations. "Charles Dickens' Edition." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cloth, 12mo. Price, \$1 50.

Those who find enjoyment in studying variety and incongruity in human character, and like such variety and incongruity in juxtaposition on the novelist's pages, have but to read "Our Mutual Friend," to fully realize their heart's affection in that respect. We do not say that the book will improve their moral tone, for its most striking features relate to degraded life.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE FIRST ANNUAL MEETING OF THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION, held in Boston May 28 and 29, 1868. Boston: published by Adams & Co.

This "Free Religious Association" is an effort to unite men and women of all creeds in a harmonious co-operative society. It does not accept any instituted form of religion as necessarily a finality, and of course admits the possibility of advance in religious truth beyond any present religious system. It is composed, as might be inferred, largely of free thinkers, men and women who can scarcely be termed "religious" in the ordinary acceptance of the term. It claims as one of its aims "to encourage the scientific study of theology," and also seeks to avoid all species of sectarianism in religious matters, and to promote the free expression of opinion on religious subjects. Prominent among those who took part in the proceedings detailed in the above pamphlet were Revs. O. B. Frothingham, James Freeman Clarke, Robert Collyer, John P. Hubbard, Olympia Brown, Miss Lizzie Doten, and Messrs. Wendell Phillips, Thomas W. Higginson, and F. B. Sanborn. Many religious denominations were represented, including even the Hebrew Church. The addresses, which form the main bulk of the pamphlet, are in many respects very interesting.

THE CHRISTIAN HOUSEHOLD.—Embracing the Christian Home, Husband, Wife, Father, Mother, Child, Brother and Sister. By Rev. G. S. Weaver. 1 vol. 12mo, 160 pp. Muslin, \$1.

This little volume is designed as a partial answer to one of the most solicitous wants of Christian families. I have for years seen and sorrowed over the absence of Christ in our households. Among the Christian people of every sect, there is a sad deficiency of Christian principle and practice at home. . . . Why is it so?—Preface.

It has been out of print for some time past. A new edition is now in press, and will be ready on the 1st of December. Orders solicited; booksellers and agents supplied on best terms. Single copies by mail, \$1. May be ordered from this office.

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON BUSINESS; or, How to Get, Save, Spend, Give, Lend, and Bequeath Money; with an Inquiry into the Chances of Success and Causes of Failure in Business; also Prize Essays, Statistics, Miscellanies, and numerous Private Letters from successful and distinguished Business Men; also Business Education, Choice of Business, Habits of Business, getting Money by Farming, getting Money by Merchandising, how to get Customers, the True Man of Business, how to get Rich by Speculation, Interest, Banking, Private Banking, getting Money by Inventions, how to become Millionaires. By Edwin T. Freedley. Post-paid, \$1 50. Address this office.

Here are hints, suggestions, and rules which young men may read with profit. Let it not be supposed, however, that the reading of the book will be the means of bringing wealth to anyone. That requires personal exertion, energy, perseverance, application, integrity. But there are many kinds of wealth in the world besides that of dollars and cents. There is the wealth of knowledge, acquired by long and hard study, which is a greater power than dollars and cents. There is the wealth of affection and friendship, compared to which "lucre" is as dross. Then there is the wealth of benevolence, of honor, of Christian charity, and of godliness, which abides to the end of life, and goes with us to the realms of bliss. Let us not neglect, while getting money here, to lay up treasures in heaven by cultivating the nobler sentiments.

COACHMAKER'S INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL. Philadelphia: J. D. Ware, Publisher.

The October number of this magazine is before us, and commands our approval for its neat typography, clear engravings, and excellent adaptation to the branch of mechanical industry of which it is a representative in the current literature of the day. Price, \$3 a year; 35 cents a number. Clubbed with the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for \$5 a year.

THE STATESMAN—a weekly Journal of Politics, Business, Literature, and Art. Published by the Maryland Democratic Association, at \$3 a year. Address *The Statesman*, Baltimore, Md.

This is the late *Leader* newspaper in a new form, as that was the *Southern Society* under a new name. The present journal is published by a joint stock company of \$100,000, in shares of \$5 each.

True democracy is the thing for this republic. But "bogus" democracy will never more thrive on American soil. We hope the *Statesman* will advocate and defend the genuine article. The *Statesman* is fashioned after the New York *Nation*. Is it not on too small a pattern?

HOW CROPS GROW. A Treatise on the Chemical Composition, Structure, and Life of the Plant, for all students of Agriculture. With numerous Illustrations and Tables of Analysis. By Samuel W. Johnson, M.A., Professor of Analytical and Agricultural Chemistry in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College, etc. New York: Orange Judd & Co. 12mo, cloth, \$1 75.

In point of practicability, this volume appears to us the best that has come under our notice, of treatises relating to the chemistry of vegetable growths. The arrangement is excellent; tabulated results of careful analyses of all the ordinary articles of vegetable food are furnished,

besides clear and concise descriptions of the nature and properties of their elementary constituents. The author is well known for his scientific researches in the department of agricultural chemistry, and possesses a weight of authority on the subject that can be attributed to very few American chemists. The constitution of plants and their adaptation to soils is a matter of no slight importance to the intelligent farmer, planter, or horticulturist in this great agricultural country, and the book which contributes reliable information thereon is welcomed with no little satisfaction. "How Crops Grow," is placed before the American people as one which will "serve the student of agriculture for thoroughly preparing himself to comprehend the whole subject of vegetable nutrition, and to estimate accurately how and to what extent the crop depends upon the atmosphere on the one hand and the soil on the other for the elements of its growth."

THE PRESBYTERIAN HISTORICAL ALMANAC, and Annual Remembrancer of the Church, for 1867. By Joseph M. Wilson. Volume IX. Philadelphia: Joseph M. Wilson.

This volume, although somewhat late in its appearance, is a valuable addition to American church history. It of course is special in its data, and therefore the more comprehensive and reliable. In one respect it may be said to be unique; for it is the only denominational work published in the United States which treats fully and satisfactorily of religious affairs. The other religious societies would do well to follow the Presbyterian example in producing comprehensive annual expositions of their movements. Fine portraits on steel of Rev. Drs. E. D. Macmaster, Miles P. Squire, and Rev. James Dickson, with their biographies, are included in the work. Biographical notes relating to over one hundred other clergymen of the Church are also given. To the thorough-going Presbyterian such a work must be most desirable.

THE CO-OPERATOR; A weekly Record of Co-operative Progress by Working Men. Edited by Henry Pitman, Manchester, England.

We have received some copies of this well-managed weekly from the publisher, and are very willing to indorse its progressive and reformatory character. Among its contributors we find many eminent names, for instance: Henry Vincent, Goldwin Smith, Dr. Levison. The laboring classes find in it expression of their grievances under injudicious government, and a cogent appeal for reform. We notice in its pages lengthy quotations from the columns of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

A DEFENSE OF JESUS CHRIST. By Menard Saint Martin. Translated from the French by Paul Cobden. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. \$1.

This volume contains five discourses on the following subjects: (1) The Testimony of Prophecy with regard to Jesus Christ; (2) The Testimony that Christ Himself has given in His Words; (3) The Testimony that Christ has given of Himself in His Life Among Men; (4) The Testimony that Christ has given of Himself in His Inner Spiritual Life; (5) The Testimony that the Christian Church has given of Christ. These embody, as is apparent, the leading features of the Christian religion, and having been uttered by one of the noblest ministers of France in modern times, are worthy of examination for their learning, reasoning, and fervent piety. The translator, who by the way is an old contributor to the columns of the PHRENOLOGICAL

JOURNAL, has performed the task of rendering the French into suitable and adequate English with unusual accuracy. The spirit of the original with its many delicate shades of significance and deep feeling is preserved with a rare fidelity. We commend the book to all inquirers after light in religious matters.

THE TIM BUNKER PAPERS; or, Yankee Farming. By Timothy Bunker, Esq., of Hookertown, Conn. With Illustrations by Hopkin. New York: Orange, Judd & Company. 12mo, cloth. Price, \$1 75.

This is a compilation of papers published in the *American Agriculturist*. Their popularity is the reason for their appearance in a convenient book form. The preface of the collection speaks of them as "a humble attempt to represent the average wisdom of the Connecticut farmer, and the steady progress which this class is making in rural improvement, and in the comforts and moralities of social life." The style of composition and the incidents narrated are amusing enough to engage the attention of general readers, but the vein of common sense underlying the mere phraseology imparts to the papers an instructive character. Farmers, young and old, who are still in the meshes of old fogeyism with respect to the conduct of their farms, would derive much benefit from a reading of Tim Bunker's sententious reflections.

CAST AWAY IN THE COLD. An Old Man's Story of a Young Man's Adventures, as related by Captain John Hardy, Mariner. By Dr. Isaac J. Hayes, author of "An Arctic Boat Journey," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Here is an interesting book for our boys and girls; one that contains much real information as well as a great deal of that lively, tripping fascination which the juvenile mind so warmly appreciates. Dr. Hayes shows himself as capable of interesting children by narrative and incident suited to their capacity, as of winning the respect of the mature mind by his sedate, graphic, and well-written accounts of arctic researches.

WHERE THE ROSES NEVER WITHER—is the title of a new and sweet song, "written and composed" by James C. Clarke, and published by C. M. Tremaine. New York. Price, 40 cents.

The author's portrait (as we take it to be) is neatly lithographed on the title-page. Besides, he dedicates the effort to no less than four ladies, all Marys, and all pretty, no doubt! Can't he decide which to choose?

IF, YES, AND PERHAPS. FOUR Possibilities and Six Exaggerations, with some bits of fact. By Edmund E. Hale. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cloth, \$1 50.

A queer book in most respects, containing several stories, which are not altogether wanting in fun, humor, philosophy, pathos, and some useful hints. The table of contents contains the following: The Children of the Public; A Piece of Possible History; The South American Editor; The Old and the New Face to Face; The Dot and Line Alphabet; The Last Voyage of the Resolute; My Double, and How He Undid Me; The Man Without a Country; The Last of the Florida; The Skeleton in the Closet; Christmas Waits in Boston.

THE LIVES OF HORATIO SEYMOUR AND FRANK P. BLAIR, JR. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

This book purports to be a complete history of the lives and services of these distinguished candidates for the highest office in the gift of the American people.

THE WORKSHOP. No. 8 of this elaborate work lies before us, and exhibits evident marks of progress on the part of the publisher. Its popularity, already attained, has induced an enlargement by way of a supplement, in which matters of interest to American artists and mechanics will be presented. This new feature will greatly add to the "Workshop's" value, and doubtless materially extend its circulation. Those who love art should subscribe to this monthly exposition of really exquisite engravings. Price, \$5 40 a year; single numbers, 50 cents.

THE ATLANTIC ALMANAC FOR 1869 is published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, at 50 cents a copy. It contains upward of sixty large octavo pages, with several pictures in oil-colors, and many excellent wood engravings. The "Atlantic" is gotten up after the fashion of the "Illustrated London Almanac," and, for Americans, greatly surpasses its European prototype in interest.

TEUBNER'S AMERICAN AND ORIENTAL RECORD is a monthly register of the most important works published in North and South America, India, China, and the British Colonies: with occasional notes on German, Dutch, Danish, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Russian books. We receive it regularly from the London house, and are able to testify to its value as an important aid to the philological scholar. It is especially rich in Oriental literature.

Subscription 5s. per annum—about \$2 currency. Messrs. Trübner & Co., Publishers, 60 Paternoster Row, London, Eng.

The October number of the New York *Coachmaker's Monthly Magazine* is embellished with several neat drawings of carriages representing the newest styles. Its reading matter is more than usually varied and instructive. \$5 a year; 50 cents single. New York: E. M. Stratton, Publisher.

THE Homeopathic Sun is a new candidate for public consideration. It is intended more for general circulation than for professional use only; for in the words of its prospectus, "it is designed to furnish a medium of intercourse and communication between homeopathic physicians and the now rapidly extending circle of intelligent and inquiring laymen." Does it not include "laywomen," too, in its beneficence? It seems to us that the old-school physicians are permitting the "progressionists" to forestall them by reaching the public eye first through medical periodicals of a comparatively untechnical character. The *H. S.* is published by Wm. Radde, New York, at \$2 a year.

LE BON TON, a Journal of Fashions, gives, monthly, four highly colored steel engravings, executed in Paris, representing the latest styles of dress adopted in Europe and America. Its descriptive matter is in French and English. Two full-sized paper patterns accompany each number. Price, \$7 a year; 75 cents a month. New York: S. T. Taylor, Publisher.

MESSRS. WILLIAM A. POND & Co., Broadway, New York, have just published—

VOCAL EXERCISES for the Training and Developing of the Voice. By H. S. Perkins. 60 cents.

THE DREAM OF THE BALL. A Waltz. By Dan. Godfrey. 75 cents.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP. A Song. By Arthur D. Walbridge. 30 cents.

CHICAGO boasts a weekly paper devoted to legal matters; it is titled, *Chicago Legal News*. It is printed neatly, and has a shape well adapted to the needs of the profession which it technically represents. The editor promises to do all that is practicable "to make it a paper that every lawyer and business-man in the Northwest ought to take." Price, \$3 a year.

PART XVII. OF ROUTLEDGE'S ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY OF MAN, in all Countries of the World, takes up the consideration of Australia and its People. As in the preceding number, the text is plentifully strewn with striking illustrations. New York: George Routledge & Sons, Publishers. Price, 50 cents.

EDUCATION IN MISSOURI. We notice with interest the new effort to establish a JOURNAL OF EDUCATION, by J. B. Merwin, of St. Louis, in the rich and rising State of Missouri. It is published monthly at \$1 50 a year, in the usual quarto form, and makes a very creditable appearance. There are many "live teachers" from the East in Missouri, and they will put the Journal at once on a paying basis.

We shall hail with gladness any effort to advance the common schools of our country, especially in the South and West. Why not establish at once journals of education in each of the Southern States? Look at California, Kentucky, Louisiana, and now Missouri, with their educational journals as rallying instruments in the work of civilization! Where are Georgia and Alabama? Where are the Virginias? Let each have a Journal of Education!

THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE is the name of a new monthly journal published by Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin at Indianapolis, Ind., at \$1 50 a year. Motto, "Elevate mankind through the influence of cheerful, happy homes." We wish the *American Housewife* the best success in its laudable enterprise.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL now comes out with a fine pea-green cover, and aspires to a place among the magazines. It is all alive with energy, hope, zeal, and "go-ahead." It is still published at \$1 a year, by A. L. Sewell, Chicago.

New Books.

Notices under this head are of selections from the late issues of the press, and rank among the more valuable for literary merit and substantial information.

WHITTIER'S POEMS. Complete, and illustrated with twelve full-page Engravings. Small quarto. Cloth, \$4 50; Turkey morocco, \$8.

THE KING'S LILY AND ROSEBUD. A charming Fairy Tale. Finely illustrated. 16mo. \$1 50.

THE POETRY OF COMPLIMENT AND COURTESY. Revised Edition, with ten Steel Engravings. 12mo. Cloth, \$4; morocco, \$6 50.

TENNYSON'S POEMS. Complete. Illustrated. Cloth, \$4 50; morocco, \$8.

DICTIONARY OF POETICAL QUOTATIONS. Mrs. Hale's. Octavo. Cloth, \$3.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF DE QUINCY. 12mo. \$1 50.

HOME INFLUENCE. A charming Moral Tale. By Grace Aguilar. 12mo. Cloth, \$1 50.

THE WORDS AND MIND OF JESUS AND FAITHFUL PROMISE. By Rev. J. McDuff, D.D. 1 vol. gilt. 85 cents.

BRITISH POETS. From Ben Jonson to the present time. Most complete Edition of the kind. 3 vols. royal octavo, with 30 engravings. \$12.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS. Cabinet Edition. 2 vols. \$4.

WHAT MAKES ME GROW; or, Walks and Talks with Amy Dudley. Illustrated by Frohlich. \$2.

LITTLE WOMEN; or, Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy. A girl's book. By Louisa M. Alcott. Illustrated. \$1 50.

CHRISTMAS STORIES. By Charles Dickens. With original Illustrations. 12mo. \$1 75.

POETICAL WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE, BYRON, SCOTT, AND BURNS. Completed in 4 volumes. Cloth, \$8; half calf, \$13 50.

KATHERINA. A poem by Dr. J. G. Holland, 12mo. Cloth, \$1 50. With 70 Illustrations; in small quarto form. Turkey morocco, \$12.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S KNITTING WORK; and what was done by her plucky boy Ike. With Illustrations. 12mo. Cloth, \$1 75.

MAKE OR BREAK; or Half Around the World. By W. T. Adams (Oliver Optic). Illustrated. 16mo. \$1 25.

GOLDEN TRIBUTES. In Prose and Verse. A beautiful book. \$2.

CHIMES FOR CHILDHOOD; a collection of Songs for Little Ones. Illustrated. 16mo. \$1 50.

OAKENDALE. A Story of Schoolboy Life. By R. Hope Moncrief. Illustrated. \$1 25.

HOW TO CONQUER; or, Ellen Ware. A Temperance Tale. By Catharine M. Trowbridge. Cloth, \$1 25.

POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN. Beautifully illustrated. With notes by S. R. Wells. 12mo. Cloth, gilt, \$1.

WEAVER'S WORKS FOR THE YOUNG. Comprising "Hopes and Help for the Young of both Sexes," "Aims and Aids for Girls and Young Women," "Ways of Life." By Rev. S. G. Weaver. 12mo. pp. 636. Cloth, \$3.

NEW PHYSIOGNOMY; or, Signs of Character. With over 1,000 Illustrations. By S. R. Wells. A splendid presentation book for old or young. Cloth, \$5; calf, \$8; Turkey morocco, \$10.

HAND-BOOK FOR HOME IMPROVEMENT; How to Write, How to Talk, How to Behave, How to do Business. Adapted to youth and middle age. 12mo. \$3 25.

ORATORY—SACRED AND SECULAR; or, the Extemporaneous Speaker. By Wm. Pittenger. An excellent manual for the young man who would become a ready and accurate speaker. Cloth, \$1 50.

LIFE IN THE WEST; or, Stories of the Mississippi Valley. By N. C. Meeker, of the New York *Tribune*. 12mo. Cloth, \$2.

THE EMPHATIC DIAGLOTT; or, the New Testament in Greek and English. With notes and varied readings of difficult translations. References and a valuable Index. By Benjamin Wilson. Cloth, \$4; extra binding, \$5.

ÆSOP'S FABLES; Pictorial Edition. With 70 fine Illustrations. 1 vol. 12mo. Cloth, gilt, \$1.

SELECT MUSICAL WORKS. **MANN'S NEW METHOD FOR PIANO.** The best elementary book for teaching young pupils to play the piano—being comprehensive, progressive, and reiterative. The work has received the highest encomiums from many of the best teachers in the country. Price, post-paid, \$3 50.

NINE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING. The new day school-book, by Henry Tucker; especially adapted to the wants of public schools, comprising in its pages, Marching, Gymnastic, Opening and Closing Songs, arranged expressly for the work. 50 cents.

THOMAS'S SACRED MUSIC. A selection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Anthems, etc., selected from the works of the best masters, together with a number of original compositions, arranged with a separate Organ Accompaniment. By J. R. Thomas. \$1 25.

BUCKLEY'S VIOLIN TUNES. A collection of the most choice Jigs and Reels, for the Violin; to which is added Buckley's celebrated imitations of the "Farm Yard," and celebrated "Cuckoo Solo," and all the new and beautiful melodies of the day; the whole carefully arranged for the violin. By James Buckley & Sons, of Buckley's Serenaders. 50 cents.

FOSTER'S SOCIAL ORCHESTRA. A collection of Popular Operatic and other Melodies, judiciously arranged as Solos, Duets, Trios, and Quartets, for Flute, Violin, Violoncello, or Piano-forte. Among the Quartets are several beautiful sets of Quadrilles, Waltzes, etc., suitable for the country hall-room. Compiled and arranged by Stephen C. Foster. \$1.

CZERNY'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY ON THE ART OF PLAYING THE PIANO-FORTE, from the earliest rudiments to the highest state of cultivation. By C. Czerny. In cloth, 50 cents.

LODER'S VOCAL METHOD. A simple and concise method of acquiring the art of singing well at sight. By Geo. Loder. \$1.

To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will respond in the earliest number practicable. As a rule, we receive more than double the number of questions per month for which we have space to answer them in; therefore it is better for all inquirers to inclose the requisite stamp to insure an early reply by letter, if the editor prefers such direct course. Your "BEST THOUGHTS" solicited.

RELIGION AND NATURE.—ED. PHREN. JOURNAL: "The question I propounded to you in a former letter, viz., 'Is religion a truth?'—is man immortal? was conclusively answered in the JOURNAL for November, page 170; but I did not mean exactly to inquire if religious feeling was true, for this I know by experience,—but might not all this feeling be exercised toward an imaginary being?"

Ans. In reply to this question we say we think not; all the analogies of nature speak the contrary. The twining vine has a law of clasping, and it reaches for something to be clasped; and when nature's works are without man's intermeddling, the vine will find something to cling to—a tree or a shrub, by which it will be lifted into sunshine. Take as an illustration the instincts of animals. These are relatively no nearer perfection than are the purely human instincts, the fact not being forgotten that many things are left for man to reason out in the progress of civilization and development. Our instinctive qualities, including the moral, are just as perfect instincts as is the tendency of the calf to look upward for its first meal, and for the ox to look downward for his food; and the whole realm of nature is adjusted on the principle of truth, reality, and adaptation. Does manly strength sigh for gentleness, grace, and beauty? and do beauty, gentleness, and grace admire the stalwart form, the broad chest, the heavy beard, the bass voice and the thunder of courage, and all by interior instinct? Do not these preferences and

fancies grow out of instinctive truth? The more widely we examine nature, and the more extended our knowledge becomes of the institutes of nature, the more reverence and confidence we shall have respecting these teachings. The heart of man sighs for immortality. The heart of man yearns for something to worship, and when he worships a Supreme Being, he is conscious of being lifted up and strengthened; and as the twining vine reaches up and begins its twining even before it reaches the object it blindly yet truly seeks, so the soul directed by an infinite intelligence and goodness, by means of its instincts, yearns through worship and aspiration for its God. The fact that all nations look upward, acknowledge superiority, believe in superior goodness and superior power and wisdom, is to an anthropologist the strongest possible evidence of the existence of God and the truth of immortality, and the fact that we have those feelings ought to be proof enough that they have their counterpart in a Being to be worshipped. Since the wide world of nature is full of these instincts, acting blindly through animal life, shall we doubt the correctness of the higher instincts of the higher animal, man? That there may be error in regard to trinity or unity; in regard to predestination, election, forms, services, baptism, and other ordinances, good men may be permitted to believe; but when we forget the Quaker, Episcopalian, Roman Catholic, Baptist, Unitarian as such, and stand in the midst of our common humanity looking forward to a higher life and a better state, we believe the earnest-hearted Christian sentiment of the world springs from an inborn truth, and that some sublime condition of immortality, more than the eye hath seen, the ear heard, or hath entered into the heart of man to conceive, shall be the lot of those who, in this life, seek righteousness, purity, and holiness. May this not be the result of education? you ask. Who got the first idea to promulgate? Where was born the thought of a superior Being and of immortality? It is in us, and the best organized of the human race have the most elevated and consistent ideas of a higher life, of God, and of godliness. We do not speak of single persons, but of the great mass of the well-intentioned and refined of the human race, who have the most earnest religious convictions. We hope your doubts will be dispelled, and that more of purity and beauty in the life to come than we now conceive shall be our lot.

CONCRETE BUILDINGS.—We are often questioned by letter in regard to houses constructed of concrete—sand, gravel, and lime—and have written many descriptions of the method of constructing the walls of buildings with this material. For the past fifteen years we have thus referred to the subject many times in the JOURNAL, besides writing frequent letters on the subject. In 1852 we built a house near Lake Ontario, in Cayuga Co., N. Y., the walls being composed of lime, sand, gravel, and small stones. That house still stands, the walls being firm and durable. A book, entitled "A Home For All," has been published at this office, in which everything is explained in detail. We send the book to those who wish it, by mail, post-paid, for \$1 50. Since that time some changes—probably improvements—have been made, in the construction of concrete walls, by different persons. We have no doubt that there is to be an era of cheaper buildings, and that efforts now being made will tend toward its realization. Another method has been devised, and a description of the material and the mode of using it, entitled

"Building with Concrete," can be had by sending to us 40 cents; or the two books for \$1 90. We beg to say that we have not, personally, the slightest interest in any system of house-building, but we have good-naturedly answered scores of letters on the subject; and now, by referring to the works above named, we doubt not persons who wish to try the concrete house-building experiment will hereafter ask for the book instead of requiring us to write lengthy letters on that subject.

A single suggestion in conclusion. Instead of trying the experiment on a large or expensive scale, it would be better for parties to build an ice-house, ash-house, milk-house, wood-house, or other small out-building, and then, if the plan works well, try a stable or a carriage-house, and then a dwelling. But, first of all, let the foundation be thoroughly drained, and, if convenient, laid on good-sized field stones.

COURTSHIP QUARRELS.—EDITOR JOURNAL—Sir: If a man be courting a woman for a year, and they quarrel frequently through mistrust and jealousy, would they not be likely to live unhappily together if married?

Ans. If people quarrel before marriage, when they are proverbially solicitous to please each other, we think it better for them never to marry; for if they can not harmonize before, they will not be likely to harmonize after marriage.

LAW STUDENT.—We can furnish you "Hillard on Sales," for \$5; "Story on Contracts," \$14; "Reeves on Domestic Relations," \$6; "Wharton's Criminal Law," \$15; or any other law-book in market at publisher's price.

PHRENOLOGIST.—We can supply one complete set of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1838 to 1868 (except vol. 4), thirty volumes, for \$175. The price of volumes for 1854, 1858, 1862, and 1863, separately, is \$10 each. For 1866, '7 and '8, \$3 50. If post-paid, \$4.

HYDROPATHY AND HYGIENE:—In reply to numerous inquiries relative to the old *Water-Cure Journal*, we would say that we have copies bound in cloth, from 1847 to '62, and will supply them as long as they last, at \$3 per volume. Each year makes a complete volume.

BASHFULNESS.—I wish to get your opinion in reference to bashfulness; whether or not a natural, mental diffidence can be cured, and where I can obtain the most light on the subject. I am in receipt of a letter from Dr. —, of — city, who says that bashfulness is as much a disease as rheumatism, and as liable to treatment, and offers to furnish appropriate remedies for two months for the sum of \$30; but my organ of Cautionness is large, and I fear he would be getting the best of the bargain.

Ans. If you will read an illustrated article in our Combined Annals, entitled "Bashfulness," you will find this subject thoroughly discussed. The Dr. who offers to cure you of bashfulness with medicine for \$30 is both a knave and a quack. He might as well undertake to treat a person for idiocy, for pride, or for selfishness, as for bashfulness. If he succeeded no better than most physicians do in treating rheumatism, you would require a good many months' treatment at \$30 to effect a cure. Beware of the quacks who set traps for ignorant and indiscreet young men and foolish women!

INJURY OF BRAIN.—On the 30th day of December last, a Mr. Gifford, residing in Indiana, was accidentally shot with a pistol. The ball struck two inches above the left eye, and was flattened on

the skull. The wounded man went home, and then a mile and a half farther, to see a surgeon. After two days, Mr. Gifford was compelled to go to bed. He continued to get weaker, and died on the 6th of February. During his illness he suffered from convulsions. In the intervals between these convulsions he retained his senses. The skull of the deceased was opened and examined, when it was found that from the inner table of the skull, at the point where the ball had struck, a splinter of bone one eighth of an inch wide and an inch and a quarter long had been detached and driven into the membranes which cover the brain. Matter had collected to the amount of one and a half ounces. Now comes the very pertinent question—How was it possible that, notwithstanding so great an injury to the front part of the brain, which, according to Phrenology, is the seat of the intellectual organs, the injured man retained his power of thinking through all his sickness, unimpaired?

Ans. The injury to the brain was on one side, involving only one hemisphere. The brain is divided anatomically from the root of the nose to the back of the neck, and connected at the base by ligaments. The brain being double, and all the organs being also double, one set being in each half of the brain, it follows that one half of the brain may be injured without serious impairment of mind, as one eye may be injured or destroyed without destroying the sense of sight. The injury was sufficient to produce convulsions, but those convulsions might have been mainly connected with one side of the person. They were sufficient to render the patient unconscious while they lasted, and during their continuance the opposite side of the brain sympathized with the paroxysms. Paralysis is generally more or less partial, one side being alone affected, and an injury of one hemisphere of the brain may occur without obscuring the mind, as the uninjured half or hemisphere of the brain contains a full set of the mental organs.

IDIOT AND FOOL.—In order to appreciate the real difference existing between these terms, they having become almost interchangeable in common speech, we must consider their respective derivation. *Idiot* is derived immediately from a Greek word signifying an uneducated, ignorant, or ill-informed person. *Fool* is from the Celtic, and originally had reference to a jester or buffoon. If we wished to designate a person devoid of intellect—a natural—we would be inclined to select *idiot* as the more appropriate term.

WARTS.—There is a man in our neighborhood who can cure warts by looking at them a short time intently, and bidding them begone. Can you explain it?

Ans. No, we can not. We have recollections of such feats kindly practiced by a beloved aunt of ours, in our boyish days. No explanation is given for the appearance of warts, and none whatever for their disappearance either without any incantation or apparently by means of it. *Rub* them.

STUDYING GERMAN.—The following works are recommended for students: "Ahn's German Method," \$1 40; "Ollendorff's German Grammar," \$2; "Adler's German Reader," \$2; "Adler's German and English Pocket Dictionary," \$3 25; "Fulborn's German Instructor," \$1 15. We can send any of them by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

LEVELING.—The instrument called the "level" used by mechanics, is influenced by the same forces which produce the water level. As is well known, the surface of the ocean is curved, that curvature producing a declination from any given point of about eight inches to a mile.

Publisher's Department.

THE END.—What! so soon! And is it a year since the last December number announced the end of a volume? Aye, verily. And this closes the volume for 1868. In accordance with our custom, we open new books with each new year—and only enter the names of those who renew their subscriptions. Reader, will you be re-booked for 1869? We are promised a large company and a good time generally. Good-bye.

GRAPES.—As some of our readers doubtless appreciate this delicate fruit enough to make some effort to secure a vine for home cultivation, we offer a two-year-old vine of that superb variety the Walter, and a copy of the JOURNAL for 1869, for \$10—the growers' price of the vine itself.

LANGÉ'S COMMENTARY.—An American edition of Dr. Lange's "Commentary," translated and edited by Dr. Scenaff and others, is now being published. The following three new volumes of this great work have just been issued: Thessalonians, Timothy, Titus, Philemon, and Hebrews—translated and edited by Drs. Harwood and Washburne, Professors Kendrick, Hackett, and Day, and the late Dr. John Lillie. Genesis—translated and edited by Professor Taylor Lewis and Dr. A. Gosman. Corinthians—translated and edited by Drs. D. W. Poor and Conway Wing. The four volumes previously issued are: Matthew—translated and edited by Philip Schaff, D.D.; Mark and Luke—translated and edited by Prof. W. G. T. Shedd, D.D., Philip Schaff, D.D., and Rev. C. C. Starbuck; Acts—translated and edited by Charles F. Schaffer, D.D.; the Epistles General of James, Peter, John, and Jude—translated and edited by J. Isidor Mombert. Each volume is complete in itself, and the seven volumes already completed make in themselves a library which no clergyman can well do without, if he aims to keep abreast of the times; while they are indispensable to Sunday-school Teachers, and an invaluable aid to laymen and all Biblical students, without regard to profession or denomination.

The German edition embodies the results of the labors of the most earnest and profound Christian scholars of the Continent; and the American translation, which is in progress, under the supervision of Dr. Philip Schaff, aided by a large corps of our own most eminent and learned divines, is enriched by numerous and important additions which entitle it to be considered to a great extent as an original and independent work. That the undertaking has thus far been prosecuted in a spirit which elevates it above all sectarian or denominational considerations, is sufficiently proved by the fact that among the Continental scholars, more than twenty of whom are engaged upon the work, under Dr. Lange's direction, are representatives of all the different evangelical denominations of Germany and Holland, while the ecclesiastical connections of the contributors to the American edition are quite as diverse.

By a special arrangement we are enabled to offer this most valuable work as a premium for clubs to the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL on such liberal terms that any one can procure it by a little effort. For seven new subscribers at \$3 each, we will

send any two volumes, or for ten, we will send any three volumes desired; for twenty, we will send the seven volumes complete. Here is a chance by which any congregation may present their pastor, or a Sunday-school class their teacher, with this valuable work. Published at \$5 per vol.

OUR BOOKS IN ALBANY, N. Y.—The young and enterprising firm of Messrs. Gottwails & McDonough have opened a commodious book and stationery store at 83 State Street, where all our publications may be obtained. Subscriptions for this JOURNAL will be promptly forwarded by them.

FARM LANDS IN KANSAS.—In the past we heard much of "bleeding" Kansas. Of late, we hear of flourishing Kansas. Happily that State is now settling down to civilized modes of life. Farming, stock and fruit growing, are everywhere going on; railways, school-houses, churches, etc., constructing, and that young prairie State bids fair to become the successful rival of her older neighbors. There are yet a few millions of acres open for settlement.

MR. A. HOFFSTETTER, of Riverhead, L. I., has entered the field as a lecturer on popular subjects, and has already received flattering notices from the press, testifying to his ability, etc. He may be addressed at 392 Canal Street, New York or through the American Literary Bureau, Nassau Street.

VERY POPULAR.—Our Illustrated Annual for 1869 is proving the most acceptable of any we ever before published. One edition after another, of 5,000 each, goes off in rapid succession. The press everywhere praises it. Agents and newsmen duplicate their orders, and the friends of Phrenology use it as an entering wedge, to introduce the subject into new quarters. A reading of the Annual creates a desire to learn all about the SCIENCE OF MAN, and thus performs useful missionary work. For this purpose it is furnished at a very liberal discount, so that it may be widely circulated. In noticing this new "Hand-Book" for 1869, the Lawrence *Sentinel* says: "Phrenology is now classed as a science, and inductive observation yearly adds to the facts enunciated by Gall and Spurzheim." The Putnam *Herald* says: "The Annual is a very entertaining book, and furnished at the low price of 25 cents." [Much less to agents.] The *Hosack Valley News* says: "It embraces all the topics of information usually treated in such publications. It is finely illustrated, and will be found a book of great and valuable interest." The Washington *Daily Union* says: "It contains a great variety of articles upon subjects of every-day importance, such as education, culture, character, etc., and is illustrated by nearly fifty portraits of distinguished characters, civilized and savage." We might extend these notices to any length—suffice it—we shall be glad to have all our readers order a dozen or more to sell or to give away, as they can afford.

POPULAR LECTURES ON SCIENCE.—The American Institute have arranged for a course of lectures on scientific and other subjects, to be delivered weekly during the winter months of 1868-9. Gentlemen of acknowledged eminence in their several spheres of scholarship and research comprise the programme. Some of these we are at liberty to mention. President Barnard, of Columbia College, the first lecturer in the course,

whose subject is "The Microscope and its Revelations;" Prof. Alexander, of Princeton, following Pres. Barnard, will lecture on "The Telescope;" Prof. Guyot, of Princeton, on "The Barometer and Meteorology;" Prof. Cook, of Cambridge, on "The Spectroscope;" Prof. Silliman, of Yale, probably on "The Endiometer;" Pres. Dawson, of McGill College, Montreal, on "Primeval Flora;" Prof. Hall, of Albany, on "Primeval Fauna;" Dr. T. S. Hunt, of Montreal, on the "Formation of Continents." The lectures promise to be peculiarly interesting from the fact that so many of them will have for their consideration important philosophical instruments. The intelligent class of the community, already somewhat accustomed to popular lectures on scientific topics, will find in the lectures a rich fund of literary enjoyment. Steiny Hall is the place designated for their delivery.

BULBOUS ROOTS.—Lovers of fine flowers would do well to examine the large catalogue of bulbous roots offered for public appreciation by Messrs. Griffling & Co., Nos. 53 and 60 Cortland Street, New York. We must acknowledge the receipt of several fine specimens of hyacinth, tulips, crocus, and amaryllis, which they lately sent to our office.

MESSRS. FELL AND DUFFEE, 711 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, booksellers, will supply all our publications at New York prices. Give them a call.

General Items.

ART AND SCIENCE COMBINED.—We have often referred to the exquisite chromos produced by the Messrs. PRANG & Co., of Boston. Their latest achievement, and one of the most brilliant landscapes ever issued in chromo, is just ready for public consideration. It is a view in the Yosemite Valley, by Bierstadt, the well-known American painter. The Boston *Daily Advertiser* says of it: "The Falls of the Yosemite is a characteristic bit of California scenery, in Bierstadt's well-known style. It represents a bright sun-set on a lonely lake, whose solitude is disturbed only by a pair of water-fowl that hover over and rest on the rocks at the shore. Abrupt, steep, and rugged cliffs, over a part of which tumbles headlong a graceful waterfall, form the southern boundary of the lake; and a fringe of gigantic branchless fir-trees skirts the northern shore. It is a careful study after nature, and very Bierstadtish."

This warm and cheerful picture awakens at once a love for the grand and sublime in nature, and begets a gleam of gladness, with a hope that we may some time look on the original scene which inspired the artist. The picture will find millions of admirers, and we hope many purchasers.

A ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Our citizens are becoming impatient for that long-promised "collection" which is to form one of the attractions of the Central Park. We want to secure for this purpose the best native and foreign specimens of all living animals, birds, reptiles, etc., and thus form what shall be in itself a school of natural history. It is a shame and a reproach that we have nothing in America to compare with the collections of London, Paris, and Vienna. We are the most traveled people in the world,—have many explorers, hunters, and lovers of natural history, but no collections worthy of

note. In this city there is great wealth, great enterprise, and public spirit, but we ask a leader to put this thing in the way of accomplishment. Where is the man? Let him appear! He shall have men, money, and the gratitude of all Americans.

POPULAR LECTURES ON ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY, HUMAN AND COMPARATIVE, by Dr. F. G. Lemerrier, illustrated by the classic models prepared by Dr. Anzous, of Paris, delivered in New York under the auspices of the Association for the Advancement of Science and Art. This is the programme of Dr. Lemerrier's lectures:

1st Lecture.—Presentation and description of the organic structure of the human body, including the bones, the muscles, the heart, arteries and veins, the nerves, and all principal organs of digestion, breathing, circulation, and secretions, considered in a general manner, to be compared with the similar organs and functions of other principal classes of animals.

2d Lecture.—Resumé of the first lecture: the senses, skin, and touch; tongue and taste; the nasal structure and smell; the ear, its organization, mechanism of hearing; the eye, its delicate organization; mechanism of vision—long sight, short sight—cataract; and comparative anatomy of some of these senses.

3d Lecture.—The brain; the little brain and spinal marrow, or central nervous system; sensitive and motor nerves; progressive development of the nervous system in the principal classes of animals.

4th Lecture.—Resumé of the third lecture; the anatomy of the gorilla, the comparison of its organs with similar ones in other animals, especially with those of man.

5th Lecture.—Anatomical and physiological study of the horse: its wonderful structure arranged to give strength and quickness; practical explanations.

6th Lecture.—Vegetable anatomy and physiology; structure of a dicotyledon tree—of the flowers and fruits; comparison of animal and vegetable ovules, or eggs.

It is presumed that these lectures—so elaborately illustrated by classic models—and so popular in Europe, will be repeated in other cities in America. If well patronized, the lecturer will remain some time in this country.

CRANBERRY FARMS FOR SALE.—Mr. Barclay White, of Julietstown, N. J., offers fifteen cranberry farms for sale. They are offered at from \$15 to \$100 per acre.

PRETTY PICTURES.—The season for selecting Christmas presents has arrived. Our Broadway windows are teeming with beautiful temptations. There is no end to cheap toys for children, or to the more expensive toys for adults. There are "stacks" of jewelry—genuine and bogus—watches, clocks, hats, caps, boots and bonnets,—and cords of books useful and ornamental. But among all the pretty things, a thing that most resembles the friend we love best would be most highly prized. Do you ask what that thing? We answer, A LIKENESS of that friend by our neighbor A. BOGARDUS, of 263 Broadway, on the corner of Franklin Street. He makes pictures that almost wink, if they do not talk. We send all our downtown friends there, and enjoy the happy assurance that they will be well pleased with both his polite treatment and his high artistic skill. If you wish for pictures on ivory or for plain photographs, for Christmas presents, that is the place to get them.

Business.

[Under this head we publish, for a consideration, such matters as rightfully belong to this department. We disclaim responsibility for what may herein appear. Matter will be LEADED, and charged according to the space occupied, at the rate of \$1 a line.]

A CHALLENGE FROM A LADY.

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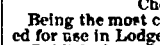
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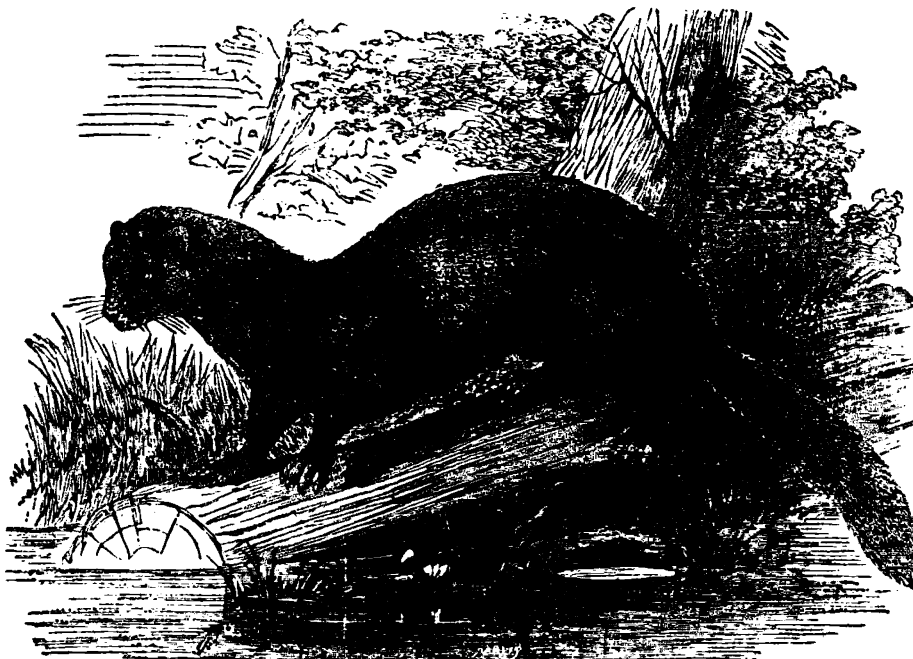
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The fur of the mink was formerly considered hardly worth collecting, a skin being valued at only 50 cents; now that fashion has discovered its utility, skins of a fine quality are worth about \$4.

The common mode of taking minks is in traps baited with fish, birds' heads, or the flesh of a muskrat. Like most other animals of its genus, the mink is very tenacious of life.

AN ARCHITECTURAL CURIOSITY.—The tallest chimney in the world is said to be at the Port Dundas Works, Glasgow, Scotland. Its height from the foundation is 468 feet; above the level of the ground, 454 feet, the foundation being fourteen feet deep; the outside diameter, on a level with the ground, is thirty-four feet; at the top, twelve feet eight inches; thickness at the ground, seven bricks; at the top, one and a half bricks; the internal diameter at the base is twenty feet, which gradually contracts at the top to ten feet four inches diameter. There are no other human structures in the world higher than this chimney but the Strasburg Cathedral, which is 466 feet above the ground, and that of St. Stephen's Church, in Vienna, which is 465 feet high.

The most wonderful part of the story of this lofty chimney is, that, having been twisted out of the vertical line to the extent of seven feet nine inches, by a violent wind, before the mortar was hardened, human skill has reduced it to a perfect perpendicular again. The mortar was sawed out on the windward side, so as to allow the chimney to settle sufficiently to restore the perpendicular, which was soon accomplished.

A GOOD TEMPERANCE STORY.

JUDGE BAY, the temperance lecturer, in one of his efforts, got off the following hard hit at "moderate drinkers:"

"All those who in youth acquire a habit of drinking whisky, at forty years of age will be total abstainers or drunkards. No one can use whisky for years with moderation. If there is a person in the audience whose experience disputes this, let him make it known. I will account for it, or acknowledge that I labor under a mistake."

A tall, large man arose, and folding his arms across his breast, said:

"I offer myself as one whose own experience contradicts your statement."

"Are you a moderate drinker?" asked the Judge.

"I am."

"How long have you drank in moderation?"

"Forty years."

"And were you never intoxicated?"

"Never."

"Well," remarked the Judge, scanning his subject closely from head to foot, "yours is a singular case; yet I think it easily accounted for. I am reminded by it of a little story: A colored man, with a loaf of bread and a bottle of whisky, sat down to dine on the bank of a clear stream. In breaking the bread he dropped some of the crumbs into the water. These were eagerly seized and eaten by the fish. That circumstance suggested to the darkey the idea of dipping the bread into the whisky and feeding it to them. He tried it. It worked well. Some of the fish ate of it, became drunk, and floated helplessly on the surface. In this way he easily caught a large number. But in the stream was a large fish very unlike the rest. It partook freely of the bread and whisky, with no perceptible effect. It was shy of every effort of the darkey to take it. He resolved to have it at all hazards, that he might learn its name and nature. He procured a net, and after much effort caught it, carried it to a colored neighbor, and asked his opinion in the matter. The other surveyed the wonder a moment, and then said: 'Sambo, I understands dis case. Dis fish is a mullet-head; it aint got any brain!' In other words," added the Judge, "alcohol affects only the brains, and of course those having none may drink without injury."

The storm of laughter which followed drove the "moderate drinker" suddenly from the house.—*Southern Sun.*

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* From "The Trapper's Guide," a Manual for Capturing all kinds of Fur-bearing Animals, and Curing their Skins. By S. NEWHOUSE. Illustrated. Price, \$1 00. May be had at this office.